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January 25c



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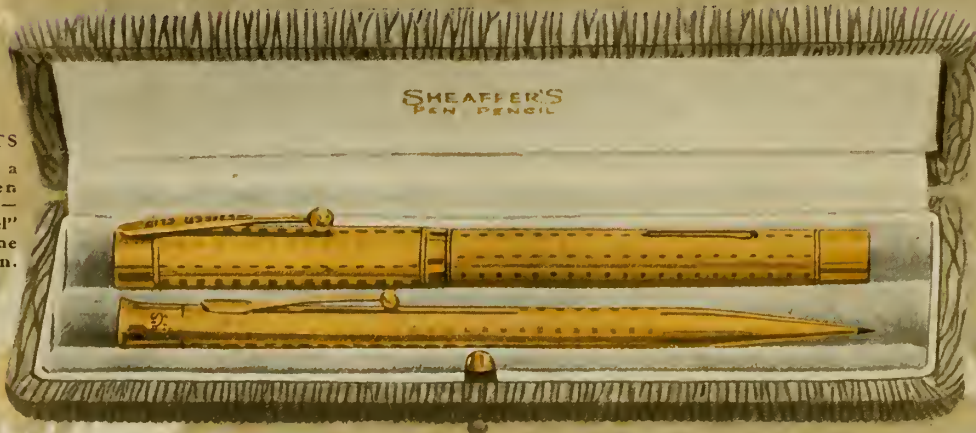
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A Wm. S. Hart Production

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with Betty Compson;
by Alice Duer Miller

"The Bonnie Brier Bush"
by Ian MacLaren
A Donald Crisp Production

Marion Davies in "Enchantment"
by Frank R. Adams

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Cosmopolitan Productions
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 "Conjurer'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

"Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford"
From George M. Cohan's famous play
A Cosmopolitan Production
Directed by Frank Borzage

Pola Negri in "The Last Payment"

Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson
and Elliott Dexter in
"Don't Tell Everything!"
by Lorna Moon

"Just Around the Corner"
By Fannie Hurst
A Cosmopolitan Production
William S. Hart in "White Oak"
A Wm. S. Hart Production

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, Theo-
dore Roberts and Helen Ferguson
From the novel and play by Zona Gale

Betty Compson in
"The Little Minister"
by James M. Barrie

A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production
Wallace Reid in "Rent Free"
By Izola Forrester and Mann Page
Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"Fool's Paradise"

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

"Boomerang Bill"
with Lionel Barrymore
By Jack Boyle
A Cosmopolitan Production
"Back Pay," By Fannie Hurst
Directed by Frank Borzage
A Cosmopolitan Production

Agnes Ayres in
"The Lane That Has No Turning"
by Sir Gilbert Parker

John S. Robertson's Production
"Love's Boomerang"
with Anne Forrest. From the
novel "Perpetua" by
Dian Clayton Calthrop

Betty Compson in
"The Law and the Woman"
Adapted from the Clyde Fitch play
"The Woman in the Case"

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A George Fitzmaurice Production
"Three Live Ghosts" with
Anna Q. Nilsson and Norman Kerry

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FAVORITE PLAYERS - LASKY CORPORATION



The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XXI

No. 2

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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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The Greatest Moving Picture Magazine Ever Published—Photoplay for February

A line-up you can't beat—in any magazine in the world. PHOTOPLAY is proud of its next issue. It believes that the February number is one of the greatest magazines of any kind ever issued. There is something in it to please everybody.

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— FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN CASH PRIZES!

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are as daring and as original as the Modern Woman herself. When the confession is made by GLORIA SWANSON, you may expect a surprise and a punch in every paragraph. It's feminine; it's subtle; it's just what its title implies.

The Battle of the Cities

Which shall be the producing center of America—California or New York? The most famous financiers and prominent producers have answered according to their own views, and it's *some* argument!

Mary Roberts Rinehart

Perhaps the most popular woman writer in America, writes on the subject of "New Faces for Old," the requirement of new screen faces. Everything Mrs. Rinehart writes is valuable and absorbing.

Review of the Year's Acting

By PHOTOPLAY'S critical staff. It is an honest, unbiased opinion of the best efforts for 1921. Like the Shadow Stage every month, this article will be of real service and instruction.

Photoplay's Own Personalities

Next month we are going to show you the people who make PHOTOPLAY. Its writers and its artists and the editors of its departments—even the Answer Man, whom everybody in the world seems to be curious about—will have their pictures in the paper! They have written about and drawn everybody on the screen, so it seems only fair to give them a chance.

If you want to read the Star
Magazine of the Screen at its
best, buy the

February Issue of Photoplay

P. S. Better order your copy now!



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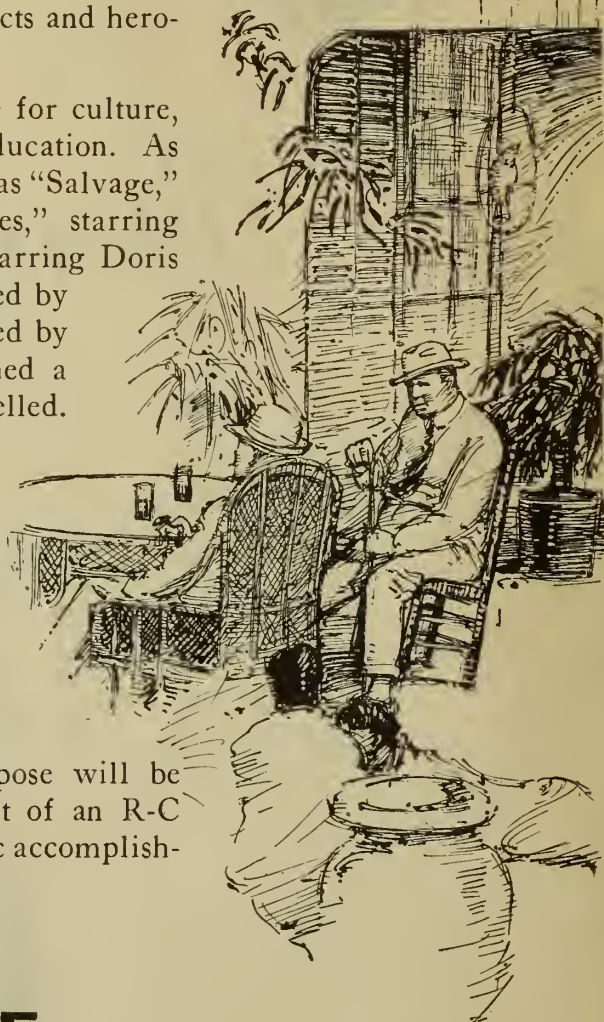
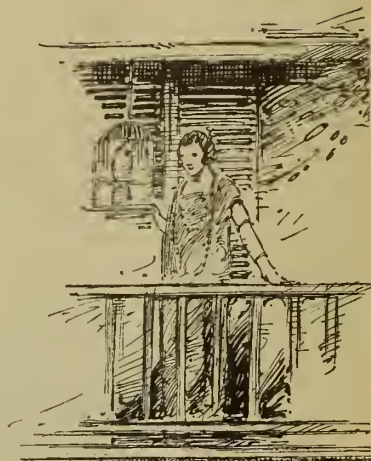
Through the magic of its enchantment the home folks of Portland, Maine, or Albuquerque, N. M., stroll the streets of London or Tokio, climb the Alps, float on the canals of Venice or explore the out-of-the-way places of the earth.

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

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

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

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



R-C PICTURES

New York



Pauline Frederick

"THE LURE OF JADE"

Down through the ages love and jealousy have fought for power. In the conflict men and women have reached the heights of sublimity, or have been hurled headlong to oblivion.

"The Lure of Jade" in climax on climax, unfolds a story of deepest love, violent hate and spiritual sacrifice.

In the difficult role of Sara, a woman whom sorrow and tragedy at first make bitter and unrelenting, but whose greatness of soul eventually conquers, Pauline Frederick stands resplendent.

No other woman of the stage or screen could have successfully interpreted this "enigma woman" and kept the love and sympathy of her audience.

A visionary creature of the author's imagination, Sara steps forth a living, vibrant woman who will remain as deathless as "Camille," as matchless as "Carmen" or "Cho Cho San" in *Madam Butterfly*.

As a further example of R-C ideals, an R-C picture that will live long in your memory, you are invited to see Pauline Frederick in "The Lure of Jade."



"... Watching her from every corner of the crowded room"

Strangers' eyes, keen and critical — can you meet them proudly — confidently — without fear?

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ARTISTS AND ACTRESSES



Edward Tayer Monro

YOU have seen Gloria Swanson in all the expensive, luxurious gowns of a lady of fashion, in surroundings that accentuate her beauty, in parts that demand genuine acting ability. Youth and brains and beauty win deserved success



Pach

HERE is a new and different pose of the ever-changing personality of Constance Talmadge. It suggests the possibilities of deeper and subtler emotions than the parts she so regularly plays on the screen—something very real and vital



Campbell

STAGE and film favorite, short story writer, playwright. Brilliant Madame Petrova, who journeyed to Spain to collect material for her own play in which she appears on the stage this year, is going to write a page for *Photoplay* each month



Seely

PAULINE FREDERICK is younger and more fascinating every time we see her. One who can wear huge diamond earrings and a real pearl necklace and still look as youthful and naïve as she does, is a really great artist!



Donald Biddle Keyes

A FEW years ago a young man disappeared from New York, and that innumerable family of men and women who play small parts well was increased by one. Then opportunity knocked: and Rudolph Valentino achieved instant success



Donald Biddle Keyes

SOMEONE you think you don't know? Oh, but you do! We are so used to thinking of Mary Miles Minter in a gingham dress with her hair down, that we may forget the social engagements that demand hair up and French Gowns



Mandeville

SURPRISINGLY enough it is not the ingenue roles you would expect Betty Compson to play which have won for her her greatest success. Her picture tells as little as the daisies, for she is best known for her emotional portrayals



Actual photograph of white satin chemise and petticoat and black silk lace hose after 60, 45 and 36 washings respectively. Garments and statements of original owners on file in the Procter & Gamble offices.

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with easy directions for the care of fine silks, wools, and other fabrics too delicate for the regular family wash. Address Section 45-MF, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O.

Satin Undergarments and Silk Lace Hose still lustrous and lovely after 36 to 60 washings apiece—

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WHEN the photograph above was taken, the white satin chemise had had sixty washings—the satin and lace petticoat forty-five—the fragile silk openwork hose thirty-six—yet every one of these garments looks as if it would stand as many washings again. All were washed with Ivory Soap Flakes exclusively.

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An Ivory Flakes bath for a piece of fine lingerie, a delicate blouse, or a pair of silk hose, takes just a few minutes in the bathroom washbowl. It repays you out of all proportion to the time you spend, in the added weeks and months of wear the garment gives you.

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Makes Pretty Clothes Last Longer*



PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XXI

January, 1922

No. 2

Make Your Kick Count

WHEN you see a bad picture—kick. When you see a sex picture foisted on you under the guise of a picture with a moral—kick.

When your exhibitor overadvertises or misrepresents his wares—kick.

Don't just tell your friends. Tell the man who got your money. Hunt for the owner or manager of the theater, and tell him that you feel you have both been cheated. Tell him the man who sold him the picture cheated him, and that he, in turn, cheated you.

Don't just say this to the man who takes the tickets at the door; don't just tell the girl in the box office. It is nothing in their young lives. They get their pay every Saturday night, whatever you think of the pictures. They will just label you "Grouch" and let it go at that.

But if you tell the man who runs the place that he isn't going to get any more of your money if he shows that kind of pictures, you're going to receive a respectful and attentive hearing.

Don't be afraid of hurting his feelings. He wants to know what you think. He doesn't want to show pictures that you don't want. He's a business man.

If you bought a package of raisins from your grocer, and found they were mouldy, you wouldn't murmur your woe to your next door neighbor. You'd go back to the grocer and get your money back. And he would send the raisins to the wholesaler, and the

wholesaler would send them to the packer, and everybody would be set right. If you didn't, the packer would go on putting up his raisins in an improper manner.

And another thing—when you see a picture that is deliberately bad, remember the name of the producer. Put him on your black list, and, if he repeats the offence, boycott him. If the picture is openly, deliberately filthy, don't even give him a second chance. Tell the manager of the theater that you will not enter his house again so long as he shows pictures made by this man or firm.

You who pay your quarter—and war-tax—to see a picture, are the boss of this huge industry. But nobody can be boss by going around sulking because things are not the way they want them. You have to speak out loud—kick.

Also you must be fair. If your kick is the result of a nasty disposition, or a mean prejudice, or stupidity, it will have no effect, because there won't be many like it. But when you kick in a righteous cause, there will be a lot more of the same kind, and the result will be felt clear into the studio where the picture was made.

Don't be afraid to boost when you are pleased. It makes your kick that much more effective. But whether you boost or not, kick when you feel you have a kick coming, and land where it will do most good—with the man who got your money; and if he continues to mislead and disappoint you, stay away from his theater.

Charlie Abroad

Decorated by the French Government—The Hero of the Hour in Paris and Berlin—
His Face Served as a Passport—Met Pola Negri and Praises Her
Beauty—Now Back in California Hard at Work

By CHARLES CHAPLIN

PARIS!

Yes, I am here again at last after ten years away. When I arrived the newspaper men asked me right off how I liked Paris. I replied that I had never seen so many Frenchmen.

I am a bit disappointed. My little cafe is gone. When I used to be at the Folies Bergere, there was this little place around the corner from the theater. Here I would take coffee after the performance. It is like losing an old friend—to come here and find it gone. But there have been compensations.

The polite acclaims of the French, their quiet but sincere "Vive Charlot!" I am not pursued by the crowds as in England. It is a contrast.

I came to Paris from London by boat. I did not return by boat, I assure you! Why should one go through the unpleasantness of a channel crossing when one can fly?

I am absolutely incognito most of the time. I wish I could be many places at once. The "Spiritual Mayor" of Montmartre extended an invitation to visit him and his comrades. I was compelled to refuse.

But I spent some time with my good friend Dudley Field Malone, Waldo Francis and Georges Carpentier. I went to Versailles with Georges and Sir Philip Sassoon. And I was honored by the decoration of the Beaux Arts in Paris.

I appeared also at the first public performance in France of my film, "The Kid." Outside of that, I have been resting.

Then I flew over to England to spend several days at Sir Phillip's estate at Luympe and also enjoyed a week-end with H. G. Wells. He is a man I have always wanted to meet. His "Outline of History" and his other great books have interested me tremendously. Wells and I, at his country home, spent a splendid few days together. He is a great man indeed. His latest work, "The History of Mr. Polly," is one of his best. Someday I am going to do it in pictures.

In England I was to have met the Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, but was delayed by fog at the channel and it was my misfortune. I am told that he sent for some of my films while he was in Scotland, recuperating. That is most gratifying. James Barrie, Thomas Burke, Rebecca West and

E. V. Lucas were others of the notables with whom I became acquainted while in London.

I am impressed with the celebrities I have met. They are, most of them, supremely simple. No matter what great works of art they may have produced, they are as sincerely charming as if they had never written a book, painted a picture, performed a great play, or executed an exquisite bit of statesmanship.

In my hotel in Paris, I was interviewed by a great many writers. One of the most interesting of them was Cami, very well known in France, and a contributor to America's "Vanity Fair." I met him in the foyer. We began to talk. People came and crowded about us. So I took his arm—Cami's—and steered him into the elevator. We rode up and down, up and down, until we had finished our conversation.

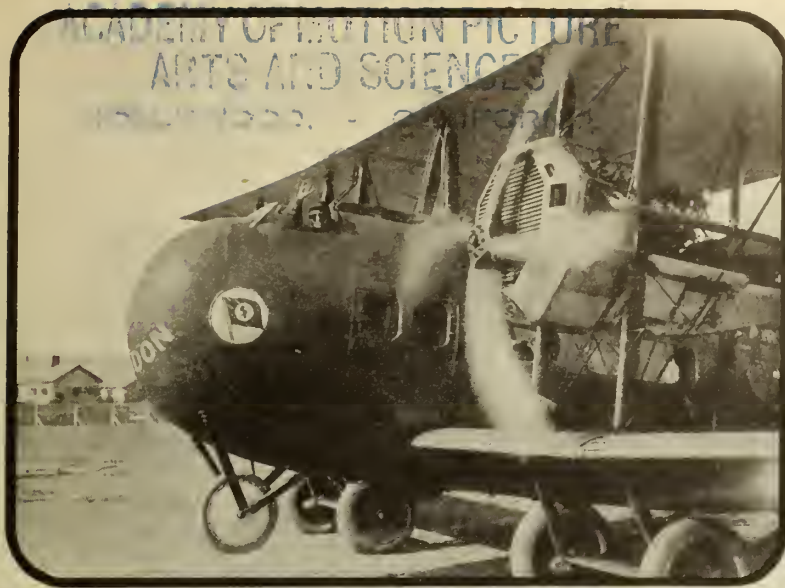
The hotel staff seemed a bit astonished when one evening at the bar I called for a glass of Vittel water.

While I was talking to the newspaper people, a startled and red-headed young man burst in. I had never seen him before in my

life. Evidently he had seen me. He rushed up, grasped both my hands, pumped them, and rattled off in broken English, as if he had memorized it, "My dear Charlot—is it really you? I am so glad to see you. We have been waiting so long for you. Now I do hope you will like Paris. Paris is such a wonderful city, you know. And, dear Charlie, you must visit our shows. But you look so funny, Charlot. Where is your mustache? And where is your hat? And how long are you going to stay in Paris? And where do you go now, my dear Charles? You must be so tired."



Pola Negri and Charlie Chaplin in Berlin. Her brilliant acting and beauty established her name in America over night



Indeed—"Why should one go through the unpleasantness of a channel crossing when one can fly?"

The others collapsed. I had difficulty in suppressing my own laughter, until I realized how very well meant was this outburst. It was impossible to be amused by it. Instead, it touched me.

I visited the Quartier Latin. (Since we are in France, we must *not* call it the Latin Quarter!) I wanted to see it, but I was frankly afraid of the "intellectuals." I went, and I didn't get near enough to the intellectuals to be afraid of them.

I AM reminded suddenly of an incident in London. You remember last month I told you about the little restaurant noted for the excellence of its stewed eels? Well, I went there one night and had four helpings. The news that I had been there got about and some imaginative person said that as stewed eels evidently were a gastronomic obsession with me, I would surely be there the following evening. I didn't come—but others did, so that the restaurant was popular and the bobbies busy! I didn't know about it until later. If I had known it would have been a great temptation to go again!

I left Paris to go to Germany. I came back to Paris.

I made up my mind quite abruptly to go into Germany and spend several days in Berlin. It never entered my head that there might be passport difficulties. There weren't. The Belgian inspector who looked at my passport as we came into Germany sent it back to me in the train with this message: "I see your face and I know it. You may go."

I was not recognized in Berlin. Not for a day. At the Adlon Hotel they did not know me at all. This was a great relief. I do not mean that I am ungrateful for the splendid receptions that have been given me everywhere. I mean I was glad, for a day or two, to be simply myself, to see Berlin without being seen. They have had only one of my pictures there, "The Rink," a very old one. It was playing the week I arrived.

The evening of my arrival, I went to the leading restaurant, the "smart" cafe of Berlin. I

did not dress. I had been browsing about all day, and did not go back to my hotel. I was motioned unceremoniously to the farthest corner, and the tiniest table, of the big dining-room. It was a beautiful place, and there were many beautiful women and well-dressed men there. I couldn't see much from my table, but I meekly sat there, and I enjoyed myself hugely.

I was passing out as unceremoniously as I came, when a man from one of the *good* tables, rushed up to me. It was Al Kaufman, Paramount's European representative. He brought me to his table. There sat Pola Negri and Mrs. Kaufman.

She is a delightful person. Young, vivacious, beautiful. She speaks no English—she is Polish, you know, not German, even though she has played in the German pictures, "Passion" and "Gypsy Blood"—and we became good friends. I dined with the same party every one of the three nights I spent in Berlin. Negri is coming to America in January to make pictures in California. She will be a revelation.

I also met Ernst Lubitsch, the German director of "Deception" and "Passion" and "Gypsy Blood." He does not speak English; nothing but German—so we did not have many conversations.

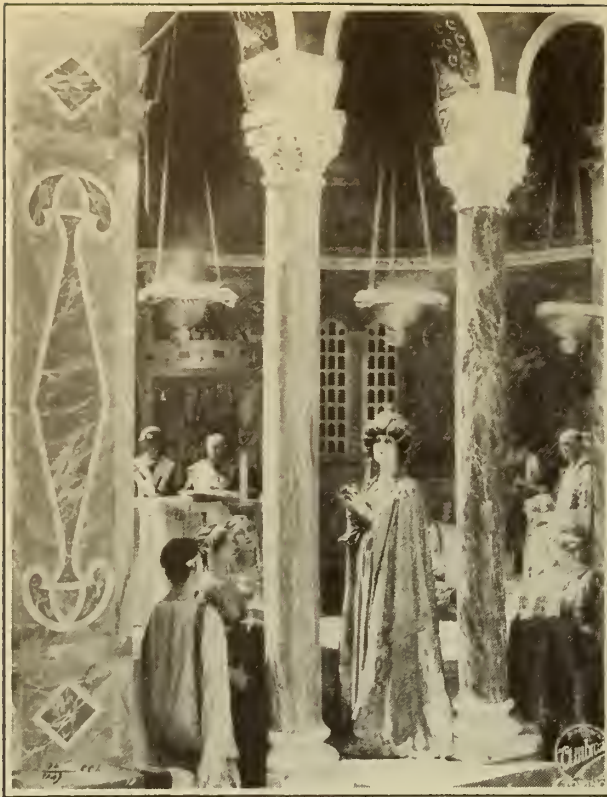
I HAVE picked up many ideas for future pictures. The "serious" photoplay I am going to do someday will not be entirely tragic. It will have humor in it, just as "The Kid" did. Because of the picture pirates—who grab ideas of others and use them—I cannot tell you what it is going to be about, but it will be in seven or eight reels. I am going to start a new picture as soon as I return to California. This will be the seventh of my eight short reel pictures and the last will follow as soon as this one is completed.

I am going back to America as hastily as I left it. Somehow I do things that way. I made up my mind in Hollywood that I was going around the world. I left twenty-four hours after I made my decision. I fully intended to visit other countries besides England and France. But I've got to get back to work. I'm happiest when I am working, even though it seems to me mine is the hardest work in the world. All the while I was traveling, I was thinking (*Continued on page 105*)



Newspaper men at Cherbourg, France, are like newspaper men everywhere. They are all waiting and waiting to talk to the Mr. Chaplin

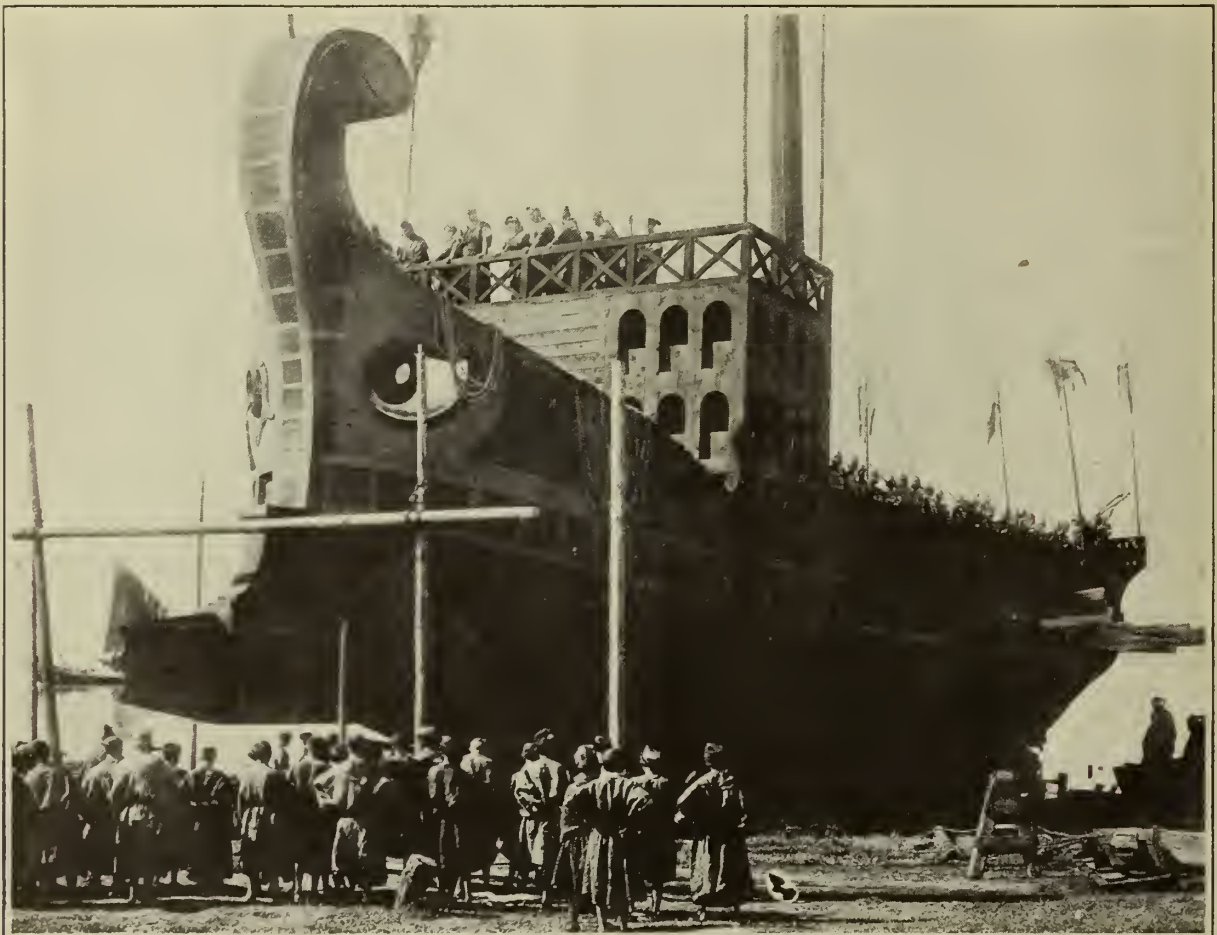
Two Great Italian Pictures



A scene from "Theodora," a tremendous spectacular production, which Goldwyn brought from Italy

AND now—Italy. We have had French pictures, and German pictures. Now the Italian invasion has begun. Goldwyn has imported what are said to be the two finest examples of Italian motion picture art: "The Ship," with Ida Rubenstein, the great dancer, in the Gabriel d'Annunzio story, and "Theodora," from Sardou's drama, with Rita Jolivet the featured player.

"Theodora" is now running on Broadway. The picture to the left shows Jolivet, whom you may remember in Famous Players pictures some years ago, in a scene from this photodrama. The picture below is one of the many interesting things from "The Ship." This latter film will soon be released. They are both well worth seeing.




d'Annunzio sent us "Caberia," and it was the masterpiece of its day. "The Ship" shows how Italian productions have improved since then

Wise and Otherwise

This is the story of Albert Henry—who suddenly ceased to be reliable. And of a chorus girl who knocked a paragon off a pedestal

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

Illustrated by R. Van Buren



He emerged from the waiting room and moved hesitatingly toward the alarmingly frank young lady

THE future was very promising for Albert Henry Robinson.

Albert Henry was a nice, reliable young man. He had appeared in Woodland six years before to assume the duties of telegraph operator and today held forth proudly as station agent. And while the position of station agent at Woodland was not the most important job in the world, he was yet the biggest frog in a tiny puddle.

But the station-agency was not the thing which assured Albert Henry's future. Rather it was his magnificent reliability. Quite a personable young man, he carried a worthwhile head on not unbroad shoulders. He taught a Sunday School class, attended church regularly and never missed a Wednesday night prayer meeting.

True, had Albert Henry been given to analysis of self, he might have made the startling discovery that this punctiliousness was directly attributable to the boredom of existence in Woodland. But Albert Henry didn't analyze, and the citizenry of the little town cheerfully accepted results rather than bother itself about motivation.

During his six years at Woodland, Albert Henry had been preyed upon by no vices. He did not drink, play cards or indulge in any other form of wickedness. And his salary became increasingly worthwhile. So it was, because there was nothing else to do with his money—Albert Henry Robinson saved a goodly portion of his monthly income with the result that he now had on deposit in the Woodland Farmer's Bank a sum in excess of four thousand dollars. And he was engaged

to marry the daughter of the president of that rural Gibraltar of finance.

Albert Henry's fiancée was the single unwelcome fly in the ointment of passive, unquestioning contentment. It wasn't that she fell short of being a nice girl. Certainly no one could say that of Phyllis. And Albert Henry didn't know that his instinctive aversion to matrimonial contemplation was due perhaps to the fact that she was too nice.

Phyllis was distinctly of the type born to be a good wife and mother. She was ample in height and figure, neutral of complexion, several years too late in style and teetotally lacking a sense of humor—which explains how Albert Henry happened to become engaged to her.

That event had occurred nearly a year before on the occasion of a moonlight hayride. The party picnicked in The Grove and Albert Henry found himself strolling through an avenue of maples and spreading oaks with Phyllis Garrison.

The night was marvelous: a sensuous, compelling blackness, pierced by the silver of bright moonlight. And Albert Henry was a virile and lonely young man. Phyllis was a full-blooded young woman who indicated very clearly that Albert Henry was personally pleasing to her. They seated themselves upon the trunk of a fallen oak and, quite unexpectedly to Albert Henry, he found his arms about Phyllis and his lips on hers.

That was all. But, returning to the picnic grove, Phyllis announced to her parents that she and Albert Henry were engaged. This was news to Albert Henry, but he never thought of registering a protest. He was a nice, reliable young man.

And for a month or so he passively enjoyed the uniqueness of his position as an engaged man. Phyllis's father approved. The future was very promising for Albert Henry and he was taken into the bosom of the Garrison family.

As for Phyllis, she was a vague disappointment to the reliable young man. She was indifferently quiescent and maddeningly practical. Within her there was none of the fire with which he understood engaged young women were imbued. Once across the threshold of novelty, her lips became almost clammy against his, and, without knowing that he was doing so—he struggled against the inevitability of marriage to her. Which explains why their engagement already had lasted almost a calendar year.

It never occurred to him to break off the engagement. He was entirely too steady-going and reliable for any such proce-

4
dure. Besides, becoming unengaged to a girl of Phyllis's stolid type is considerable undertaking. And even had she been more temperamental, Albert Henry would not have known how to go about it.

Certainly the future promised much to Albert Henry—measured by Woodland standards. He earned a good salary and earned it regularly. He was soon to marry the daughter of the town's wealthiest man and leading—and only—banker. That meant eventually a cashiership and heirdom to the presidency. Also a good wife and a large family. Or a large wife and a good family.

Albert Henry experienced no wild surge of elation at the prospect; yet, because his disinclination was founded upon nothing tangible, his protest remained unuttered. He was not even conscious of the vague rebellious yearnings within him . . . of the unformulated desire for the wine of life: for something which was not so confoundedly correct.

Until—it was eleven o'clock in the morning of Monday the thirteenth of April, when Number 119, southbound, hesitated at Woodland for water. The day was unseasonably hot and the passengers aboard Number 119 intensely uncomfortable. Therefore, the majority of them took advantage of the respite and alighted to walk the platform of the little station.

WOODLAND itself was dozing. Albert Henry was alone at the station—the stopping of Number 119 being an unusual and unscheduled occurrence. He noticed, with vague wistfulness, that among the passengers who alighted for a brief constitutional were many young women whose cheeks were abnormally red and whose skirts were delectably short. Albert Henry was healthily interested. He would have been more interested had he then known that these young ladies were the chorus girls in the burlesque troupe known as "The Broadway Beauties," en route to the industrial metropolis of Ironton for a week's engagement.

Of these salient facts Albert Henry was ignorant. Too, he failed to notice that one of the curviest of the young ladies wandered across the dusty breadth of Railroad Avenue toward the fruit emporium of Peter Pappageorge. But this particular young lady was called pointedly to his attention five minutes later when Number 119 pulled hurriedly out and upon the platform there appeared a flurry of skirts, a twinkling of well-rounded calves and wild shrieks which he interpreted as demands that Number 119 reconsider.

Number 119 obviously did not hear. It rumbled swiftly and contentedly on toward Ironton, disappearing in a cloud of dust around a distant curve. And the proprietress of the short skirts and very prettily rounded calves seated herself on the station platform where she fervently and profanely apostrophized herself, the railroad and the town in which she was temporarily resident.

It was then that genuine interest awakened in the breast of Albert Henry Robinson. He heard the language of the young lady, but it did not shock him. Not even a little bit. Later he wondered why it had not. Just at present it seemed the most natural thing in the world—and the most pleasant. Perhaps because this particular female person was the direct antithesis of the bovine Phyllis Garrison. Perhaps, too, because she was the personification of the vague yearnings which Albert Henry had so long stifled.

He glanced up Elm Avenue, Woodland's principal thoroughfare. Apparently the pausing of Number 119 had precipitated no grand rush to the station. The little building itself was empty. Even the telegraph operator had wandered up the street to enjoy a quiet game of pool in Ransom's place, leaving his superior to handle the key. Without knowing why—Albert Henry was thankful for his underling's transgression.

He emerged from the waiting room and moved hesitatingly toward the alarmingly frank young lady. She paid no par-

particular heed until he was upon her, and then her eye lighted upon the black sleeve protectors, the green eyeshade and the sheaf of yellow papers which bespeak the railroad official. The sight did not cause her any great enthusiasm, for she favored him with a glance in which anger struggled with superlative contempt.

"Well," she said finally—and he noticed that her voice was very sweet despite its angry timbre, "what sort of a bum railroad is this you work for?"



He found his arms about Phyllis and his lips on hers.
Phyllis announced to her parents that

He smiled—and when Albert Henry smiled something had to melt: "The train went off and left you?"

"No indeed. It's playin' hide an' seek with me."

That appealed to Albert Henry as being excessively funny and he said so. But the girl's face became lugubrious in the extreme.

"Laugh! Go ahead an' laugh! I wouldn't have minded bein' left in a regular town . . . but a hick burg like this. . . ."

"Woodland aint so bad—"

"My Gawd!"

She rose and shook herself. He again became nervously conscious of her aggressive pulchritude. "Listen here, Little Boy, when does the next rattler come along for Ironton?"

"Eight-forty tonight—if it's on time. Which it never is."

One shapely foot stamped violently. "Which means that by tomorrow morning The Broadway Beauties will have a new shimmy dancer."

There was nothing he could say. He said it. It was she who broke the silence: "Say, Kid—what does a person do in this village when they've got nine hours to kill?"

That was a poser. One can occupy six years of time in a town like Woodland with infinitely greater ease than one can fill nine hours. "Why—er—you can eat dinner at the

Grand Hotel and go to the movies this afternoon and—er—take a walk—and—"

She looked around in a sudden daze and emitted a panicky wail. "And I left my purse on the train. I've got just eleven cents!"

He yanked the telegrapher to the station and was rewarded by an expression of dumfounded amazement as that young gentleman visioned the frank friendliness with which Albert Henry and the young woman conversed as Albert Henry doffed eyeshade and sleeve protectors and donned coat and hat. The telegrapher had never suspected this of Albert Henry, but certainly his superior lost no prestige thereby. He did not hear the dialog as they started slowly up Elm Avenue.

"My name," he hesitated, "is Albert Henry Robinson."

"Mmm! I might've suspected that."

"What's yours?"

A dimple appeared at the corner of her mouth. "Myrtille Farnsworth."

"Gosh! That's a pretty name."

"Uh-huh! That's what I thought when I made it up."

He didn't quite understand her remark but felt that it would be tactless to request an explanation. And then, as they passed the Night Owl Drug Store, he found himself unable to explain anything or to ask questions.

THE Night Owl Drug Store was the corner of Woodland. Daily, from nine in the morning until three in the afternoon, the chairs were removed from the vicinity of the marble-topped tables before the soda fountain and lined up behind the plate glass windows where their occupants could—and did—command a view of the town's chief thoroughfare. And although he heard none of the startled comment as he passed, he knew that it had to do with him.

"Lookit Albert Henry!"

"Who's he with?"

"Aint she sumthin'?"

"Gosha'mighty! Them skirts. Might's well not have on none a tall."

"Pretty legs. Wonder where she come from an' how she got here an' how long she's been with him?"

"Painted up—that's what she is. All painted up."

"Regalar hussy! I seen some like her in Chicago. A heap of 'em."

"Awful pretty gal, though. Wonder if Phyllis Garrison's ol' man knows about her?"

"Dunno. But I never would of thought it of Albert Henry—of all people."

Myrtille glanced curiously at her suddenly silent companion. "What's eatin' you now, buddy?"

"Nothin'."

"Aint sore, are you?"

"Sore. Mm-mm! Couldn't get sore at you."

"Little ol' kidder, aint you? Say—how long is this street? When do we eat?"

They turned in at the gate of the Grand Hotel—a ramshackle, two-story frame structure sadly in need of paint. An old lady who had long since dropped her crocheting that she might miss no step of the slowly approaching couple, rose from her seat and fluttered cluckingly inside. A couple of clerks, awaiting dinner, nudged one another and grinned broadly. "Lookit there!"

"Geewhillikens! An' Albert Henry!"

The proprietress of the Grand Hotel frankly disapproved and, because she did not wish to contaminate her regulars, seated Albert Henry and Myrtille at a private table in the far corner of the malodorous dining room. And while during the early part of the meal Albert Henry was fidgety—believing that the stares turned upon him were of mere speculation and not at all critical—he gradually became less self-conscious as friendship between himself and the girl ripened with each bit of fried chicken which she eagerly consumed.

Not for one single instant did it occur to Albert Henry that he was doing anything which he should not. Nor did he take into consideration the fact that the too-good townfolk knew not whither or why came Myrtille. So far as Woodland was concerned Myrtille was the guest of Albert Henry—his guest with malice aforethought. And Albert Henry had



That was all. But returning to the picnic grove she and Albert Henry were engaged

He shook his head commiseratingly. "That's too bad."

"I never expected the durned old train to leave me. The conductor told me we'd be here ten minutes. Said I had time to go over to the fruit stand. I might've known. . . . An' I'm so hungry!"

There was but one thing for Albert Henry to do under the circumstances, and he did it. Nor did Albert Henry ponder upon the local effect of his invitation—

"Why not take lunch with me up to the hotel?"

She met his eyes hopefully. "You mean it: Honest?"

"Sure. If you will." And his manner indicated clearly that the pleasure was one hundred percent his.

"If I will! Ow! And me so empty my belt buckle is jammed against my spine! Lead me to it, Kid—lead me to it!"

Albert Henry excused himself and traveled with great haste to Ransom's, where he extracted his assistant from an absorbing game of kelly pool. Albert Henry was treading on air, breathing an atmosphere of exotic romance. How different this from the unbearable placidity of Phyllis: as different as wine is different from tepid water.



And although he heard none of the startled comment as he passed, he knew that it had to do with him

thus slapped the intensely decorous little municipality in the face. Fortunately, Albert Henry did not know that.

During the progress of the far-from-unpalatable meal Albert Henry learned many things. He learned, for instance, that there was internal strife rending The Broadway Beauties, civil war having to do with Myrtille's proficiency as a solo shimmy dancer and the preference of a portly road manager for another damsel of the troupe who had aspirations to the shimmy spotlight and the additional ten dollars a week which that delectable dance attracted to the pay-envelope. To say nothing of one's name on the program apart from the un-individual group captioned "Ladies of the Ensemble."

ACCORDING to the story told by Myrtille, her present predicament was serious. "That fat old slob can't fire me s'long's I'm on the job. I've got a contract. But lemme miss a show an' he sticks this other dame in there an' wires back to N'Yawk that I've jumped the troupe. An' b'lieve me, Al, (he liked her use of 'Al'—no one had ever thought of it before) there are a heap of good lookin' chorus girls lookin' for work an' the show aint doin' so awful good anyhow—so little Myrtille is about to get dumped in the soup."

Albert Henry was sorry; terribly sorry. He understood that only her appearance at the night performance in Ironton could extricate her from the present dire predicament. And suddenly a thought came to him. He leaned across the table, eyes sparkling: "I've got it!"

"My Gawd! What?"

"An idea."

"No? 'Taint possible."

"Honest. I can get you into Ironton in time for the show

tonight. It's only sixty miles—'bout three an' a half hours drivin' over the new roads we've got in this here county, an'—"

She gazed upon him with renewed interest. "You don't mean it!"

"I do—really."

"You got a car?"

"No-o. But I can borrow one."

Relief shone from her face. Impulsively she reached across the table and squeezed his hand—neither hearing the chorused gasp of outraged propriety which arose spontaneously from the table. As for Albert Henry, the firm pressure of that warm, ardent hand set his heart to beating like a trip-hammer and flooded his face with delicious crimson. Phyllis never grasped his hand like that . . . holding hands with Phyllis was more closely akin to fingering the stock of a fish market.

Albert Henry was all excited. So was Myrtille. They walked to the veranda together with the young lady hanging appreciatively on his arm. The town quivered. So did Albert Henry. He excused himself to the girl and a half hour later drove up to the door in a glistening little roadster. Myrtille climbed in beside him and they headed for the Ironton pike. A chorus of indignation broke loose on the porch of the Grand Hotel.

"The gall of him; borrowing the car of his future Pa-in-law to take that lussy riding!"

"You sure that's Ol' Man Garrison's car?"

"Don't you s'pose I know his car when I see it? I'll bet the old man don't suspect what he wanted it for."

"An' I bet Phyllis aint heard nothin' yet."

"Of all the nerve. . . ."

(Continued on page 116)



CONSTANCE BINNEY

THE Editor couldn't resist this Christmas greeting. An old fashioned fireplace, a holly wreath, and a girl like Constance Binney — when such a combination wish you the joy of the season you know that it's the real thing! Incidentally, PHOTOPLAY and all its staff, from the Editor to the Answer Man, second the motion

My Husband

As Related by ELSIE FERGUSON

To Ada Patterson

Miss Ferguson is perhaps our most elusive star. She seldom talks about her private life, and has surely never before written about it

I HOLD that the actress does well to marry out of her profession. Whether her aim in marriage be to attain happiness or to further her success, or a combination of both, I believe she is more likely to achieve it in marriage with what we of the screen and stage term an "outsider."

For "the outsider" may be without the little circle that binds our lives of make-believe, but he is an insider of life. Big life. He has contacts of which we in our land of makeup, treading our little, mimic stage, have but the vaguest knowledge. We, although we profess to hold the mirror up to nature, are the real outsiders of life. We play life, but few of us live it in the largest sense. Only when some great event, as the World War, jostles us out of our dreams, do we sense the fact that we, not they, are the outsiders.

I am glad that I did not marry an actor. Indeed, I never considered marrying one of my own craft. Because the player has enough of the details of his work in the theater or the studio. He does not want to repeat them in his home. Just as the business man wants to forget the ordinary details of his business when he reaches his hearthside.

IT is argued with truth that a married pair should have the same interests in order that they may speak the same language. But I maintain that the educated and cultured business man may know the language of the dramatic art as well as several others. It would be lamentable if he could talk only of stocks and bonds, or of merchandise. But the well-informed, well read business man is like a linguist. He speaks several tongues.

Marrying outside the profession has been an undoubted success with me. I married an exceptional man. I believed this when I married him. I am unshakably convinced of it after five years of marriage. Yet I believe the fact that he is an outsider, has helped to make our marriage a happy one.

It was a fortunate day for me when I went to the Harri-man National Bank to draw out a part of the little money I had left there. It would have been hard to convince me that

it was not a most unfortunate day. I had been in a play that failed. I was going out in another in which I had no faith. I remember that it was a sultry, humid day, which added to the depression from which I already was suffering. It was suggested to me that I meet Mr. Thomas Clarke, the

vice president of the bank, so that I might arrange for drawing out my remnant of money while on tour. I remember whispering, "No, I don't want to meet anyone this morning. I don't feel like it." Besides I had seen Mr. Clarke several times through the glass compartments in the bank. I had thought him a most forbidding man. Determination had etched deep lines from his nostrils to his lips. He had a habit of staring through his eyeglasses at persons in a most bankerlike way. I was positive I didn't want to meet him. Of all times that morning.

BUT Mr. Clarke had heard the suggestion. He did not hear my whispered "No, no. I don't want to meet him." And presently I found myself looking up into a face that was minus the eyeglasses and not at all forbidding. He said he understood I was going on a tour. I answered, "Yes, in a play I expect to fail. I am not at all happy about it." He said, "If you will come back in 'Such a Little Queen' I will arrange for a mileage ticket." I looked up in surprise. "Did you like it?" I asked. "So much," he answered, "that I saw it nineteen times."

I looked up at him in amazement. This man with the deep lines about the mouth and the banker's look through glasses had liked that delicate little play, whose appeal I supposed had been particularly to women. That argued great delicacy and

fineness of perception. I looked up gratefully at him and saw a new being in him. I thought, though I did not say, "You angel man!"

My play was, as I expected, a failure. I came back to town. My business at the bank brought about a further acquaintance. Gradually we became friends. But when he talked of marriage he met an amazing antagonism.

I told him of my early start on the stage. I had gone in



Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Clarke. Mrs. Clarke is better known as Miss Elsie Ferguson. They have been married five years

the chorus of "The Belle of New York," when I was fourteen on a tour of forty-one night stands. Life had been a thing of shocks and surprises to me. I must have been sadly disillusioned, for at eighteen I had decided that men were my enemies; that I must defend myself against them; when I needed their attention or their advice, take it; use them when they were needed, but I must have affection for none. I had married once, unhappily. I had fully determined that I would never again marry. I told him that men were not dependable. He answered: "I am glad that you don't trust me. I want the chance to prove to you that I am dependable." It took him five years to make me know that. And we were married. Most happily so. Our marriage was as successful as was the courtship.

He has proven over again in the five years of marriage his complete dependability. I am probably the most shielded, most protected woman that can be found in this country.

And yet I have freedom. I feel as free as before I was married. That is because I must be free to do my work. I must travel when my health or need of mental stimulus demand it. Mr. Clarke, being active in the bank, seldom takes a long vacation. He was unable to go with me to the Orient.

My secretary went in his stead. But we did have a delightful visit to Europe together last summer.

I am fortunate, too, in having a husband with a sense of humor. He has a delightfully fresh outlook upon matters that I would consider vexing. He makes me laugh away what might otherwise be cumulative and troublesome.

DOUBTLESS I puzzle him. People of the stage and screen are big children. They are necessarily so else they wouldn't be interpretative artists. Children are mimics. Acting is the mimetic art. Therefore I can understand my husband's occasional remark: "I feel like a hen standing on the bank watching my one duckling and wondering what she will do next."

We interpreters of life are emotional. Over-emotional, indeed, for our emotions, being in a way the instruments of our art, are overtrained. The keen, sane, tolerant, view of the man of business is invaluable to the actress. A business-man-husband is a balance wheel.

He helps her to handle her business. He is helpful even in her profession, for he sits in the seat of the beholder. He helps her to see a play as the spectator in a twelfth row aisle seat would see it.

I believe in the layman husband because through him his actress wife escapes the continuous life of the theater or studio. Through him she moves far back from it and acquires

perspective. It is like leaving the stage or screen and returning to it. The truest criticism ever made of us is that we live and play the stage or screen. Life companionship with a man of business corrects this warped view. Association with him compels us to see things straight which, I once heard, was Maude Adams' definition of genius.

WHEN Julia Arthur returned to the stage, having been absent from it for a long time after she married Benjamin Cheney, she said that she had returned a better actress than she left it because, for all those years, she had had the companionship of a well-informed, widely-read, intelligent man.

The possibility of friction in the home is eliminated by marriage with an outsider.

I hold a brief for the layman husband. Summarily, he furnishes perspective and a balance wheel and preserves the normality of his actress wife.

Speaking personally, I have an exceptional husband. Some day, when I am



The Clarkes recently returned from a holiday trip to Europe. It was really a belated honeymoon



As Lisa Parsonova, the heroine of "Footlights," Miss Ferguson does the most notable acting of her distinguished career

through with the stage and all public life, I shall sing my swan song. It will be an appreciation of the best, the noblest, the most brilliant and the most modest man on earth. The man whom it is my great happiness to have and to hold as my husband.

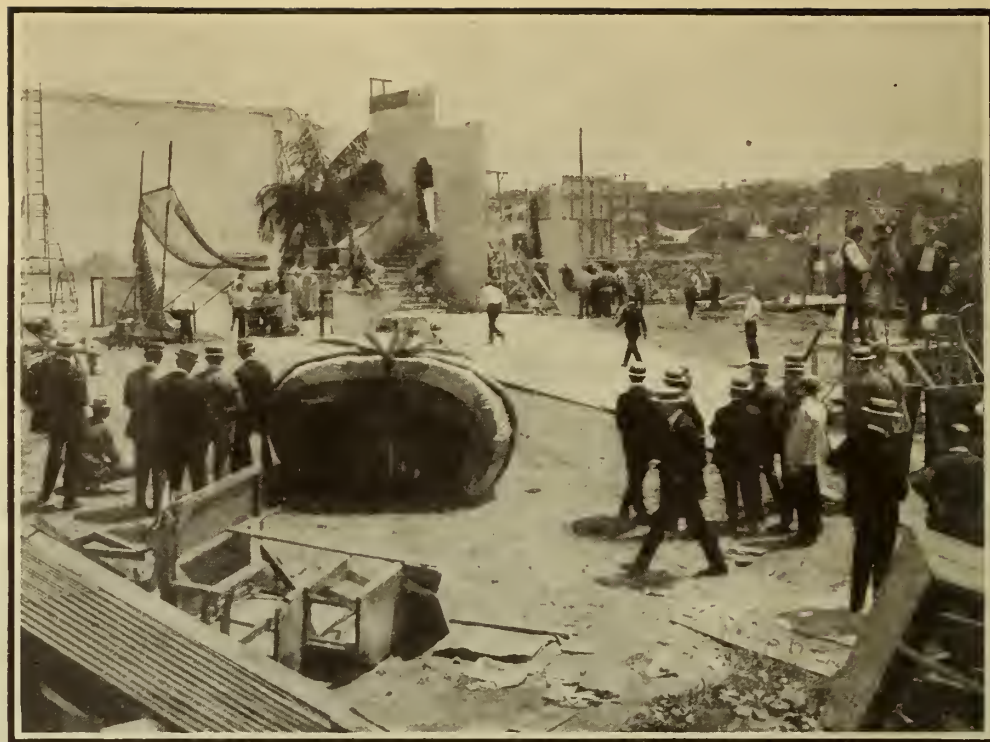
FOLKS THAT LIVE

FICTION is entertainment. It must be wholesome and deal with real human beings, **FOLKS THAT LIVE** and face the same problems that we do—not imaginary people that talk and live only on pages of printed paper. That's the only kind of

fiction Photoplay prints. During the past year Photoplay's fiction, selected on this basis, has included some of the greatest short stories ever written, and has made a real sensation in the magazine world. There are only two in every issue, so don't miss a single one of them.

Algiers— Long Island

The desert has blossomed—the desert of Long Island City. From a stretch of Long Island a scene of Algiers was made; and it was complete to the last detail, even though it was only a flash on the screen in “Forever”



In the picturization of “Peter Ibbetson”, Elsie Ferguson, as *Mimsy*, or the Duchess of Towers, and Wallace Reid as *Gogo*, or Peter Ibbetson, dream a love dream in which they journey to far countries and see strange scenes—always together. Among the many places they visit is Algiers; and since Paramount couldn't send its stars to Algiers, Algiers came to them, summoned by those modern geni, the property men



Against a background as sordid as any in the world—stark, drab houses of a Long Island City street—blossomed Algiers, with its picturesque palms and its turbaned natives. In the large picture, above, the versatile carpenters of the Paramount eastern studios are building an Algiers that would deceive a native Algerian, to say nothing of the natives of Long Island City. The small picture in the center shows the scene completed. Note the painted “drop” against the real sky, with its mosque in the distance. And then look at the picture at the left. You'd never know that the drop wasn't the real thing—that the scene wasn't really of Algiers, would you? And it's so good we hated to give it away!

Secrets of Mae Murray's Success

By MARY MORGAN

How the little Follies chorus girl came to be
the famous screen star of today

FOR fifteen years I have known Mae Murray. I have seen her evolve from the lowly state of a meek unknown to the shining one of a celebrity; have seen her unfold from a pale little bud into a full-blown rose; have watched her expand from a little girl of Manhattan Island to an accomplished, everywhere-at-home citizeness of the world. They have been growing years. She has been successively chorus girl, principal, dancer, screen star, and before a twelvemonth has passed we are to see her as a luminary of the stage.

Why have all her years been growing years? It is not always so. There are slumps and sags and stumbles on the upward way. There are good years and bad. Profitable seasons and execrable ones. Folk who wear the masks of philosophy to hide their tears and frowns know this. But Mae Murray has mounted and mounted.

Again, why?

I, who have known her since she was sixteen, believe there are several reasons,



A portrait by James Montgomery Flagg of Miss Murray as she really looks

a chief and several subsidiary ones. But first let me picture the Mae Murray of an earlier time.

I met her first when her skirts were short, her hair long, and her eyes full of the dreams of romance. She should have been in an exclusive school for girls up the Hudson. She was in the chorus and she had just been married.

Her face had curves of baby softness. A mass of golden hair thrust itself from beneath her quaint, poke-like hat. Her voice had the slow cadence and caress of the South. She talked naively of her year or two on the stage and her runaway marriage in Hoboken.

It was wonderful to be on the stage; wonder-



She was a favorite dancer of metropolitan audiences before she went into the films. She still dances occasionally for the edification of screen audiences

ful to be married to a boy who adored you. Life itself was enchanting. But through all her girlish speeches, steady as a pulse, constant as a heart, throbbed her ambition.

She was one of a group of girls who presented the ideals of famous illustrators in the "Follies of 1908." Charles Dana Gibson's dreams of beauty were reproduced. So were those of Harrison Fisher, the bachelor lover of beauty. And Howard Chandler Christy's. The fair little Virginian was enamored of a newer illustrator.

Julian Mitchell became aware that a small, determined hand was plucking at his sleeve. A childlike voice pierced his not acute ear.

"Mr. Mitchell, please let me be a Nell Brinkley girl."

"Don't bother me, child; I'm busy with this number."

"But Mr. Mitchell, Miss Brinkley's pictures are quite different. I love them. I've been covering them with tracing paper and doing them over. I know every one of her types. And I look like some of them. Can't you see that I do?" She held up a Brinkley drawing from one of the newspapers and held her own eager young face beside it.

"Um;" said Mr. Mitchell. "Well!" And he gave her a sweeping, critical glance. She knew he had said she "was too little for that group of big girls."

"I'm all ready to play her, Mr. Mitchell. Nobody could ever have so much hair really as her girls have and I have bought a curly wig. Let me show you."

She danced out to the chorus dressing room and back. "Look!" She placed the printed sketch close to her bewigged head.

The great stage manager was preoccupied. He was unconvinced. She repeated her speech the next day, and the next and the next. Each day she brought the wig with (Continued on page 112)



Would you ever recognize the Mae Murray you know in this quaint old-fashioned girl? This is how she looked when she played the Nell Brinkley girl in the Ziegfeld Follies of 1908

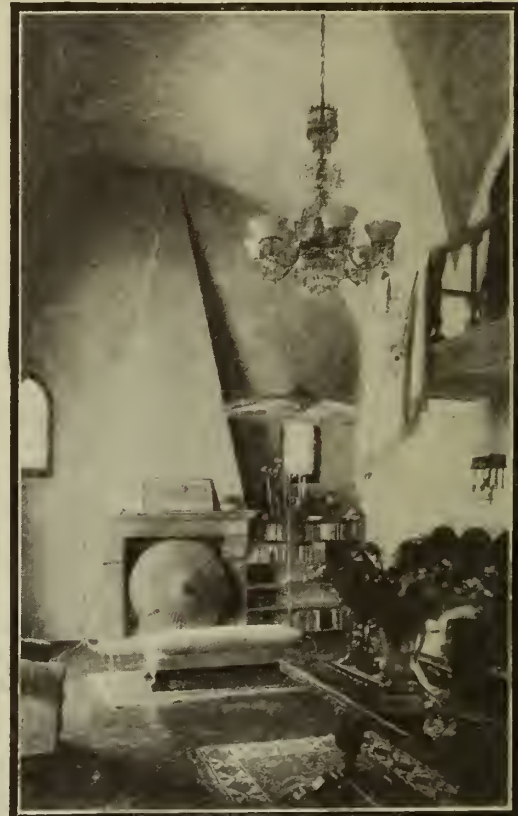
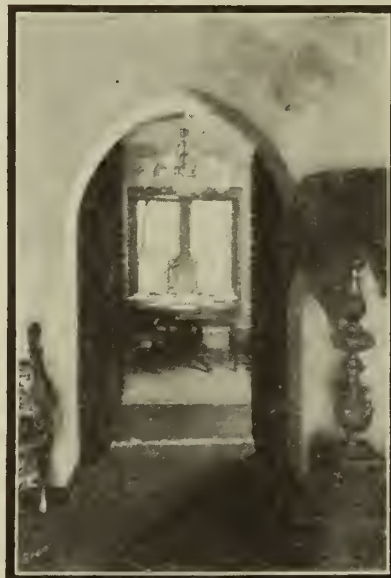


The home of Casson Ferguson, in the Hollywood hills, is not California, not 1921. You feel that you have strayed into Italy, of the nineties. He sailed the seas and visited many lands as an actor and a singer, and has embodied his ideas and ideals in his house

A glimpse, as the home-beautiful magazines put it, into the dining room. It is a little gem, and one particularly appreciates it when Ferguson's Jap boy, Ki-ku, serves his celebrated salad of blanched almonds and other things, in jelly



The rooms in his house are out of a Casanova tale. This is a great Italian room, two-storied, domed, and with a remarkable effect of age attained in the painted, plaster walls and the dark, worn floor. Casson is about to launch into some Debussy dream at his grand piano



There are stained glass windows, and crimson cushions, and old rugs, and a niche with its tiny saint. The little balcony is draped with a priceless shawl of Italian workmanship, and through the windows you may glimpse Hollywood hills

An Italian Villa in Hollywood



John Carteret had faced the future with glad eyes and a song on his lips. For John Carteret was about to be married

Smilin' Through

As a play people loved it: they said,
"Wouldn't it make a wonderful picture!"

By ELIZABETH CHISHOLM

SOME of us are born to be happy and contented. Some of us find, in life, the daily promise of dreams coming true—the almost hourly sign of faith and hope. Some of us know only the sweetness and the joy and the fulfillment. But there are those among us who lead lonely and monotonous existences in which bitterness goes but thinly masked and romance is laid permanently away—but is never quite forgotten!

John Carteret was a lonely old man. For him the sweetness of life had turned to disappointment and vain regret. His romance had been folded away in a dusty trunk in the attic of his English cottage—his dearest dreams had turned to dust and vague moonlight. A packet of old letters, a little song book stained with age, and a doll dressed after the quaint fashion of a bride of yesterday—they were all that was left of John Carteret's love story.

JOHN CARTERET was not always old. Fifty years ago, a young man with all of life before him, John Carteret had faced the future with glad eyes and a song upon his lips. The song was one that he and his Irish sweetheart, Moonyeen, had loved. It was a simple song, a song about a little green gate,

"at whose trellis I wait,
While two eyes so true,
Come smiling through. . . ."

For John Carteret was about to be married. The house

had been decorated for the wedding, the guests had assembled, and the bride had arrived. It was when she arrived that she sent to him, as a playful little gift, a tiny marionette—a doll dressed in an exact copy of her wedding gown. And then, when life was so full, a great tragedy had taken place. And John Carteret had been left, alone, to face the empty years.

It had been the jealous suitor—the rejected lover—who was accountable for the tragedy. One Jeremiah Wayne, he was, a boy who had loved Moonyeen with a desperation that amounted almost to madness. Her coldness to him, and her love for John Carteret, had driven him to drink. And it was in a violently intoxicated state that he arrived at the wedding. Despite all efforts to keep him away, despite all endeavors to soothe him, he had insisted upon seeing Moonyeen before the ceremony and had told her that he could not give her up. But she had begged him, if he really cared for her, to let her marry the man she loved in peace. And so he went away.

He went away. But he returned just as Moonyeen, radiant in her bridal finery, was walking up to the flowery altar in the garden where John waited. Staggering toward her, with wild eyes and a twisted mouth, he sneered, with something of pathos in his broken voice:

"No place here for the rejected suitor!"

Moonyeen's face was white as she saw the man coming in her direction. But there was only sweetness in her voice as she spoke his name. It was John who stepped angrily forward—who spoke harshly.



How could he know that it was the anger and hate in his soul that had changed things—
that the spirit of his sweetheart was still at the garden gate, waiting to come smilin' through

"What do you mean," he questioned, "by coming here to create a disturbance?"

To Jeremiah Wayne the sound of John's voice was like a blow. All of his fury, held painfully in leash, came to the surface. He started ferociously toward his successful rival.

"Get out of the garden, all of you," he roared to the assembled company, "I want to talk with this man alone."

But the wedding guests did not leave. And Moonyeen, with a little frightened cry, ran toward her lover. John, his arm tight about her, tried to control his temper.

"Leave this place," he said shortly, "leave this place! I'll settle with you later."

It seemed as if every word from John made Wayne more furious. His voice was fairly shaking as he advanced toward the altar.

"You'll settle with me now!" he screamed.

IT was too much for John. Losing his temper completely he started forward. But he had scarcely taken a step before Wayne drew out a long dueling pistol. Leveling it at John he spoke in a furious voice.

"I couldn't keep you from winning her," he said harshly, "but, by God, I'll keep you from marrying her!"

It was then that Moonyeen made the supreme sacrifice. With arms outstretched she threw herself in front of her lover. And, as Wayne's pistol discharged, it was she who staggered back, she who would have fallen but for the strength of John's arms.

As she staggered, Wayne dropped the pistol. And the madness leaving him, he began to cry hysterically.

"My God, I didn't mean it," he sobbed. And, turning, he ran blindly, from the garden.

Of course they did what they could. But there was little that could be done. Dr. Owen Harding, John Carteret's closest friend—knew that the end was near as soon as he bent over her. But to John the realization came more slowly.

"In God's name, no!" he sobbed. "It cannot be. In God's name—no!"

Moonyeen was lying against his arm. She looked up at him, smiling faintly. "Love like ours can never die," she said softly. And then—"It's a shame to disappoint them!"

For a moment John did not understand. And then, realizing her absolute bravery, he motioned to the minister. And there kneeling on the ground, her head supported on his shoulder, they were married. It was only as he placed the ring upon her finger that she seemed to slump down in his arms, that her eyes began to close.



It was even more unfortunate that he should go to the town hall and find Kathleen dancing with Kenneth. All of his bitterness and hatred flared up as he took his niece quite unceremoniously away from her partner. She demanded an explanation

Smilin' Through

NARRATED, by permission, from the Joseph M. Schenck-First National photoplay. Adapted for the screen by James Creelman and Sidney A. Franklin from Allen Langdon Martin's play of the same name. Directed by Sidney A. Franklin with the following cast:

| | | | |
|--|-------|----------------|------------------|
| <i>Kathleen</i> | { | | Norma Talmadge |
| <i>Moonyeen</i> | { | | Wyndham Standing |
| <i>John Carteret</i> | | Harrison Ford | |
| <i>Kenneth Wayne</i> | { | | Alec B. Francis |
| <i>Jeremiah Wayne</i> | { | | Glenn Hunter |
| <i>Doctor Owen</i> | | Grace Griswald | |
| <i>Willie Ainsley</i> | | | Miriam Battista |
| <i>Ellen</i> | | | Eugene Lockhart |
| <i>Little Mary (Moonyeen's sister)</i> | | | |
| <i>Village Rector</i> | | | |

In an agony of grief John bent over her. His soul was in his voice as he spoke.

"Moonyeen," he sobbed, "don't leave me!"

It was the heartbreak in his tone that made the girl lift her eyes once more to his face. Her voice was a mere whisper when she finally spoke.

"John dear . . ." she murmured. "don't be sad . . . I'll find a way . . . to come back. . . ." And then, after a long pause, "at the little green gate I'll be waiting for you . . . smiling through!"

JOHN CARTERET, embittered by hatred of Jeremiah Wayne, who had never been captured and punished, lived alone in his English cottage for many long years. Only Ellen, his servant, and Dr. Owen Harding, his close friend and near neighbor, saw his gentler side. And then, after an aching period of loneliness, a letter came to him from Moonyeen's sister in Ireland. It was the last request of a dying woman and it asked him to take her only little daughter—his niece by marriage—into his home. "She's all alone and I know that you'll care for her," the letter read, "for she is the image of Moonyeen—the woman you loved! All I ask is that you

never tell her the story and that you try to forget this hatred for Wayne that has embittered your noble life."

And so Kathleen came to gladden the heart of John Carteret. Like a ray of sunlight she was—like a rose bud in the first glow of June. And as John and his friend, Dr. Owen, watched her grow in sweetness and beauty, it was as if they were renewing their own youth. Everyone loved her and one boy, Willie Ainsley, took every opportunity to propose to her.

Only once, in all the years between, did John Carteret hear of Jeremiah Wayne. It was when he received a letter from America, from a woman who signed herself Sarah Wayne. It told that Jeremiah had died and had left only one son, a boy named Kenneth. And it said that Kenneth had never heard of the terrible tragedy. And, in the last sentence, it had begged John Carteret to forgive. But, though John had kept the letter—as well as the one from Moonyeen's sister—he had

been unable to drive the hatred of even the name of Wayne from his heart.

Moonyeen . . . her last word to him had been a promise to come back. And, curiously enough, she had been able to keep her promise. For quite by chance, one night, John had taken the little marionette—the doll dressed as a bride—into the garden. Sitting there, he had happened to hold it away from him. And by some trick of the moonlight its shadow had been enlarged and had fallen across the garden gate in a strangely life-like way. It might almost have been the silhouette of a living woman that he saw—the silhouette of his loved Moonyeen! It was like finding her again. Softly he called her name—and it seemed as if she answered him.

IT was in the summer of 1914 that war swept over England. And it was in that same summer that Kenneth Wayne came to the peaceful English village from which his father had fled. He came buoyantly, knowing nothing of the shadow that lay on his name. And Kathleen, who had never heard the story of her aunt's tragic death, met him. And, because youth attracts youth, she liked him very well indeed!

It was in a rather unusual way that she met him. It was when her horse refused to cross a ford that he came to her aid. The first meeting might have been laid to fate, but it was Kathleen herself who arranged the second one. She it was who invited Kenneth to a bazaar at the town hall, whither she was bound. And it

was there that Kenneth interrupted one of Willie Ainley's proposals—there that they laid the foundation of a friendship that was to ripen into something more.

It was unfortunate that John Carteret should learn that the son of his old enemy was in town. And it was even more unfortunate that he should go to the town hall and find Kathleen dancing with Kenneth. All of his bitterness and hatred flared up as he took his niece quite unceremoniously away from her partner. She demanded an explanation, and he had only one answer to give.

"He's the son of his father—that's enough," he told her. And then he hurried her home.

Kenneth Wayne was left alone with old Dr. Owen, who was also at the bazaar. In his amazement he spoke his thoughts aloud.

"Whatever did my father do to him?" he queried blankly.

Dr. Owen, who had been a silent and sympathetic spectator, answered. "Whatever he did, you shouldn't be blamed for it!" he said kindly.

Romance thrives on opposition. And so Kathleen and

Kenneth did not stop seeing each other. It was Dr. Owen who helped them—who carried notes and messages. He did it with no feeling of disloyalty to his old friend, for he believed that Kenneth should in no way be held responsible for the sins of his father. He was an old man and the past was only the past—to him. To John Carteret the past was everything.

But—because it is hard for honest folk to carry on anything clandestine—it was not long before John Carteret discovered which way the wind was blowing. An intercepted note brought the affair to light. It was a note from Kenneth asking Kathleen to meet him, and it enraged the old man. It precipitated a quarrel between him and Owen. And Kathleen, by bringing them together again, was able to direct their attention from the matter of the letter. And so, for a short time, the affair was calmed down.

But Kathleen, because she loved Kenneth, could not ignore the note's message. Instead she met him in the garden, as he had asked her to, and there learned from him that he had enlisted with Kitchener's army, and was going to Franco.

War—and the partings that are made necessary by war—has precipitated many a love scene. Playfully—but deeply earnest, withal—Kathleen told Kenneth that she didn't believe he knew how to propose to a girl. And still playfully she began to give him instruction. It was while the lesson was in progress that John came into the garden. And it was then, with all the dignity his anger had left to him, that he

sent Kenneth away. Even Kathleen's plea that her lover was going to the front did not move the irate old man. He would not even let her say goodbye. And he utterly ignored Kenneth's statement that: "I'm coming back—war or no war. And Kathleen and I are going to be married—with your consent or without it!"

It was that evening that John told Kathleen—in Dr. Owen's presence—of her aunt's death and of Jeremiah Wayne's part in it. He told it brokenly—but he spared no detail, though it was like turning a sword in an old wound to tell. And Kathleen listened—with incredulity and horror. He told it to the very end, to Moonyeen's assurance that she would come back. And then, after a moment of hesitation, he went on:

"At first I thought that I couldn't bear it," he said, "and then one night as I sat with this toy of hers—" he held up the dainty little marionette, "the moonlight struck the shadow of it on the gate, and she came back to me!"

For a moment after he had finished Kathleen and Dr. Owen were silent. And then Kathleen spoke.

"If you can love like that" (Continued on page 114)



Staggering toward her, with wild eyes and a twisted mouth, he sneered with something of pathos in his broken voice: "No place for the rejected suitor!"

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ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE
ARTISTS AND TECHNICIANS
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.



BETTY COMPSON

WHO is this? Bebe Daniels? No—but we don't blame you for thinking so. It is Betty Compson, who here presents another portrait to be added to her gallery of them. It illustrates the fact that her "still" camera personality is never the same as her moving picture camera self, and these two are also different from the real Betty. She shares this versatility with most of the other stars. You may wonder why PHOTOPLAY'S covers do not always resemble your preconceptions of the subjects. You'll have to ask Old Man Camera



She is an amazing contradiction, this Corinne Griffith. She is, we might say, a chameleon with a soul. This new portrait shows her in one of her soft and silken moments

CORINNE GRIFFITH has the face of an early Italian angel and the hands of a twentieth-century-American business woman.

Her hands are large and thin and sturdy. Her face—you do not need to be reminded of her face.

She is ancient Athens in tailor-mades. She is one of Raphael's saints with a hat on. She is Sappho in a smock. She is Swinburne's poems, paper-bound.

And that is really all I have to say about her. The rest will only be repetition.

You will notice that the hands of great women are never lovely. The Venus de Milo may have had beautiful hands, but there is no proof of it. To get down to current cases: Mary Pickford's little hands are not artistic. Lillian Gish has unusual hands, and expressive hands, but an artist would never approve of them. Elsie Ferguson's are like that, too. Corinne Griffith's do not go with the exquisite rest of her.

But they hold the secret of her success. They prove that beauty was not the only reason for her present fame and fortune. They are working hands. Watch them the next time you see her on the screen.

Corinne Griffith, no matter what you may have believed about her from Vitagraph's billboards and her popularity, is not really a star. The reason I know she isn't a star is that she has no camp-chair at the studio with her name on the back. She sits in any old chair. And when I watched her one day doing the Salome sequence for the first reels of "The Single

The Girl on the Cover

A girl you haven't
heard much about:
Corinne Griffith

By
DELIGHT EVANS

Track." every time she walked some feathers fell off, and she managed through it all to keep her aloof dignity and her air of a young debutante who is indeed working in pictures for a day or so, but after that will go back to being a debutante again.

In spite of the fact that she has probably performed before the camera with less on than any other star with the possible exception of her good friend Betty Blythe, Corinne Griffith is an aristocrat. She has an unconscious insolence that is charming. She is not a snob in fact, but she has all the appearance of one.

When I was with her once in her well-upholstered limousine, she saw a flapper staring at her with round and awed eyes. She smiled at her and carelessly nodded: a very young American queen paying accustomed recognition to the homage of one of her subjects.

She seems to have a Southern indifference. I cannot imagine her being surprised at anything. When she was discovered at a Mardi Gras, I can see her smiling faintly and almost

languidly promising to come and be camera-tested.

You may have heard the story of her "discovery," and then again you may not. She went to school at the Sacred Heart Convent in New Orleans, where her family moved from Texarkana, Texas. She was a first-season debutante when she went to her first Mardi Gras. She happened to meet there Rollin S. Sturgeon, who was then a director for Vitagraph in the West. He was immediately impressed with her charm, and approached her mother with the idea of putting Corinne in pictures. Mrs. Griffith demurred a little; then she saw that her daughter wanted to do that more than anything else, so she accompanied her to California, where Corinne was given a job. She stuck at it, and was soon advanced to leads, and in two years, stardom.

She must have "held the thought" for success. There is no other way to explain it. She is not a girl who has ever had to fight for fame. She would probably be the first to indignantly deny this, but I am sure it is true. I do not mean by this that she has never worked night and day to finish a picture; that she has not worked and hoped for success. It is simply that she has always had that invaluable conviction that she was, one day, to be very famous indeed. And she is right.

She is studying dancing now. It is simply a preparation for a stage career that she may undertake. She has probably had an intimation that some day a great theatrical manager will beg her to star in one of his musical comedies. She can

visualize it all through those mysterious, unearthly eyes of hers. And she will be right.

Her dressing-room at the Vitagraph studio in Flatbush is done in rose. It is an intensely feminine room. The dressing-table is rose-hung and it has a mirror for her face. But her hands have cleared the room of everything but essentials. It is prosaically neat and practical.

Her face is one soft curve after another. Her speech is square and quick and humorous. She never wastes words.

She is not a usual person. She is much misunderstood by usual persons. She is an artist, and cannot be understood in inartistic circles. She is fastidious in speech and habit. Yet she has made a deMille bathroom scene that for sheer sparkling audacity has never been approached by Gloria Swanson or anybody else.

You can't tell Aunt Susan of Sioux Falls that a nice girl would go around like that. But she should meet Miss Griffith. I am sure she would ask her to be the guest of honor at the Ladies' Aid.

This girl who looks at you so wistfully from the Cover can be anything she wants to be. She can be the temperamental artist. She can be the sparkling satirist. She can be the lovable, sweet-tempered girl and she can be the haughty star.

Have you ever noticed that it is only extremely interesting and varied personages who care to wear wigs? Sarah Bernhardt, it is said, had a wig for morning, afternoon and night. Other stars have changed their hair to suit their moods. Corinne Griffith has appeared in her own hair, which is a beautiful brown, or she has appeared in a blonde wig, or a dark curly wig, or a black wig.

Although she has lived in the Hotel des Artistes, the smart home of such screen celebrities as Mae Murray, Dorothy Dalton, and George Fitzmaurice, for four years; although she has a quiet car and quiet clothes and only one dog, she is a bohemian at heart. Her wise head, symbolized in her hands, is more than a match for her heart. So she has always lived the usual busy life of the usual busy film star in Manhattan; but I have an idea that she would like to be wickedly adventurous.

She has done very good work in all her pictures. If she hadn't, she would never be a Vitagraph star.

The Vitagraph star has done some of her best work in "poor parts"



But I am sure that some day she is going to surprise you with a screen performance of rare power and beauty, or she is going on the stage and startle you.

I would like to see Corinne Griffith play *Du Barry*, or *Pompadour*. She is the modern incarnation of one of the delicious French beauties. She is the mixture of sensuousness and spirituality that captivates poets and enchants painters and writers. She is one of the women you hear about.

She has been called "a typical Southern girl." Isn't that stupid? She might have been born anywhere: England or Indiana or France or New Jersey. She happened in Texas.

Her film stories have not always been worthy of her.

And when I say that I don't know what I mean.

She is not a great actress, so it is not required that she be cast as *Camille* in every picture. She is not a great comedienne, so that it is no sacrilege to put her in drama. But it is things like "The Broadway Bubble" that make her a favorite in the gelatines. She had a chance to be every one of her several selves in it.

Corinne Griffith is the kind of girl you associate with rose colored boudoirs and fudge and toy dogs and wigs and kitchen aprons and books bound in mother-of-pearl and ermine and ostrich feathers and country school-teachers and French novels and high heels and chaise-longues and love. She is a contradiction.

The first time I ever saw her was in her dressing-room. She was making up and eating lunch at the same time. She was such a pretty thing, such a frail thing, such a sweet thing, I didn't know what to say to her. One doesn't ask a Dresden china doll what she thinks of her work. Then the wardrobe mistress rapped on the door, and poked her head in and said, "Pardon me, Miss Griffith, but what dress do you wear for the next scene this afternoon? The director doesn't remember, and I don't know whether it's the black suit or the blue dress."

"Neither," smiled the star. "It's the purple tailleur. And don't bother. I've got it all ready to put on."

After that it was easier. Don't ask me why. But when she had eaten a full-sized luncheon and we had talked about films and fights and drama and dancing, I was a friend of hers. I can't think of anything she has said that I can quote. She doesn't say a great deal and somehow I can't remember it. But you value rather extraordinarily a friendship with her. She is some one you should know.

Alexis Kosloff is her dancing teacher, and told some one who told me that if she could keep up her dancing to the exclusion of (Continued on page 105)



In "The Single Track," she plays two of her several selves. In the first part of the picture, she is a society girl. In the latter reels, an enterprising business woman. This scene with Richard Travers illustrates the contrast



Underwood & Underwood

You don't hear about her in the papers. You have never seen a picture of her before. As far as publicity is concerned, she has let Bill have all the close-ups. But Olive White Farnum has been her husband's manager through most of his distinguished career. Here she is and here he is, about to leave the ship that brought them home after a year's vacation in Europe. Mr. and Mrs. William Farnum visited England, France, and Italy. The Fox star spent much time in the ruins of ancient Rome, where he had been before—as *Julius Caesar* and others

The Sorrows of Mrs. Carter

The story of one of America's most famous stage stars who has just made a wonderful come-back in "The Circle"

By EILEEN O'CONNOR



Mrs. Leslie Carter, the heroine of one generation in "Zaza" and of distinctly another one in "The Circle"



Benjamin, Paris

Mrs. Carter, returned from abroad, has recaptured both America and Broadway

no premonition of any kind that pointed toward a career that was to obliterate my past experience and create an entirely different life for me. The future was sealed.

"A season of desolation and utter darkness came upon me. A wise purpose, they say, is hidden in the throes of those awful tragedies that now and then engulf a human soul.

"On a certain morning, a memorable one in my life, I lay on the sofa of my little rented room, staring blankly at the bare, whitewashed ceiling. My own future seemed as bare and meaningless. If I had allowed myself to think of the past I should have gone mad. I stared stupidly at the ceiling and wondered in a vague way by what means this broken hearted young woman whom I knew to be myself, lying on the sofa with my hands under my head, was to solve the problem of earning a living.

"I can't explain how the thought of being an actress came into my mind. It was like a flash of blinding light in the darkness. I turned suddenly to my mother and said: 'I am going upon the stage. We must start

at once for New York and see Mr. Belasco.'

"I remembered that numbers of society women about this time had gone on the stage. I recalled the eagerness of several in my own set to appear under the auspices of Mr. David Belasco. That was what had brought his name and repute to my attention. It was by a feat of memory in my grief stunned state that there recurred to me the name of the man whom I had never met but who was to prove my savior in the hour of awful disaster."

The years of creation of "The Heart of Maryland," of "Zaza," of "Du Barry" and "Adrea" by the distinguished pair, are part of the most brilliant annals of the much historied Highway of Amusement. Rose then fog of misunderstanding. Came the time when Mrs. Carter was no longer received in the Pelasco offices, when her telephone calls were not delivered. Her picture was taken down from the lobby of the Belasco Theater.

Mrs. Carter said nothing at the time about this fog of misunderstanding. Mr. Belasco withdrew within himself and closed the door. Compared with him the Sphinx was chatty.

The tall woman with hair of flame who had dominated Broadway, whom the critics have (Continued on page 108)

ECHOES along the Rialto an oft recurrent maxim of art. "Make your sorrows profitable." Can you? Can't you? It depends upon the inner strength of the man or woman who makes the experiment.

Broadway is fitting the proverb to Mrs. Leslie Carter. For while one friend of former days meeting her on the intersection of Broadway and Forty-second Street, said gaily, "My only misgiving is whether you are not too young to play *Lady Kitty* in 'The Circle,'" another who passed on the other side observed: "There is a woman of sorrows. Her smiles are rainbow ones. There are always tears behind them."

If ever woman distilled success from tears that Leslie Carter has already done. She wrote her memoirs. Briefly, poignantly, that which she told but emphasizing that which she did not tell. In those memoirs, forgotten by the busy, bias street, I find:

"As I look back now, over the new emotions and experience that crowded into this period of my life, it seems to me like the changes in a confused dream in which I took part without volition of my own,—the sick room where lay my dying parent; the heavy sense of coming calamity; the arrival and departure of physicians and friends; the coming one never to be forgotten evening, of a group of unknown relatives, who eyed me solemnly, and then retired to hold a consultation upon my future; finally my hurried marriage and removal from my quiet, peaceful home.

"ALL these events took place so rapidly that I was dazed. I moved through them all as one asleep, and awoke to find myself in a strange city, Chicago, the mistress of my own home, with entree into a brilliant society waiting to receive me with the eclat due to a young and fashionable bride.

"It is not astonishing that I entered into this new life with all the zest of a young, enthusiastic nature. I loved this world of beautiful things, polished manners and sparkling wit. I loved and trusted it. It seemed far more beautiful and sheltered than the woods, the cotton fields and the shabby old homestead on the plantation near Lexington, Kentucky.

"I did not take part in private theatricals; in fact I had



Abbe

Frank Bacon—and "Mother." This is the favorite portrait of Mr. Bacon, because it is such a good likeness of "Lightnin' Bill Jones'" wife. "Lightnin'" has amused and moved the audiences of Manhattan for three years, and now he is entertaining the theater-goers all over the country

LIBRARY ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES Making Good at Sixty

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA
The great star of "Lightnin'" says
that he owes his success to his wife

By ADA PATTERSON

FRANK BACON'S success is the lengthened shadow of some woman, Frank Bacon believes. That lovable actor, successor of Joseph Jefferson in the hearts of the American playgoers, says that but for his wife there would have been no "Lightnin'," the play in which he starred in New York for three years and will go on starring in Chicago and on tour three years longer. "I would never have got by with my part in 'Lightnin'' and in life but for her. But for her there would have been no 'Lightnin','" so he assures all who congratulate him on the unique success that has arrived in the early evening of his life, and lent to that evening the rich glow of a magnificent sunset.

"Mother," he calls her, following the example of their daughter Bessie, their son Lloyd, who served in the United States navy during the war, and little Dixie, their second child, a tiny daughter who stayed with them but twenty-one months. "Mother," he called her, when he made a speech at the actors' strike saying that he was going out with his brethren and sisters of the stage. "Mother says it's all right," he told them. "She said she used to make the children's clothes and she can make them again."

She who answers the call of "Mother," responds to it from the lips of her husband, her son and daughter, as often as do any who read this page every day of her busy life, is Jane Bacon. Thirty-six years ago she was Jennie Weidman, a brown-eyed girl with a reputation in San Jose, Cal., and beyond, as a clever elocutionist. She was ambitious for a career of her own. But Cupid entered her life and Baconized her, and the career slowly, surely and agreeably melted into, mingled with, and was lost in that of her gifted husband.

Sometimes, if you have seen "Lightnin'," you may have seen her, although she has no part in the play. Occasionally, if she is on some errand for her husband, or her daughter, Miss Bessie Bacon, at the playhouse, she yields to the call of the theater and the spirit of fun and sits among the silent supers and extra women in the stage courtroom. She watches with sparkling eyes of appreciation that which is her husband's best, the courtroom scene, when in his character of *Old Bill Jones* he defends himself against the charges that if proven will divorce him. He is quite unconscious of his real wife while he plays this moving scene that causes a general resort to handkerchiefs by the audience, and forces many women to weep without reserve or apology. Once when she had been indulging in what she terms this lark of sitting in the courtroom scene he stumbled against her in the wings.

"I beg your pardon, Madame," he said, with his slow and sure gallantry, taking off the shabby blue and the tarnished gold of his Grand Army hat.

"All right, Father," she answered with a laugh.

"You! What's this, Mother?" He watched her winking off the drops from her eyelashes.

"Only that you made me believe it," she said. "Now hurry up and change or we'll miss the eleven-thirty home."

The man who is one of the most beloved actors in America told me this was the highest praise he has ever received. The President of the United States wrote asking him for a

copy of the bee story which he tells in the play. An English critic, returning to London from a survey of American plays and players, said the best play in America was "Lightnin'" and the best actor, Frank Bacon. I have seen beautiful actresses fling their arms about his neck, kiss him and weep their tribute to his art. His feet have crushed the roses of appreciation at every step he has taken for three success-crowned years. But no encomium has so stirred him as Jane Bacon's speech as she winked off her tears: "You made me believe it." If an actor can make his real wife weep about his troubles with his stage one, that is dramatic art.



Jane Bacon, at twenty-six, when she too was on the stage. Today she is content to be Mrs. Frank Bacon, her husband's best friend, wisest manager—and sweetheart

JANE BACON knows the technique of the theater. For twenty years she played at her husband's side, sometimes in parts as great as his, sometimes in greater rôles. Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson said that the supreme moment of his life was when he played "Hamlet" at a professional matinee and his fellow actors cheered him. "Praise from our fellow craftsmen is the highest praise and the most gratifying," he said, "for they

know theirs is the approval I value highest."

On an afternoon when the curtain had fallen upon the matinee of the play that had run longer in New York than any other play had ever continued, even "The Old Homestead," Mr. Bacon, wearing his uniform of a Grand Army man, leaned back in his easy chair and talked to me about "Mother."

"There would never have been any 'Lightnin'' but for her," he said, with the drawl that is an indivisible part of *Bill Jones*, and of Frank Bacon. "I had played *Bill Jones* in one form or another for thirty years. Whenever a play or a part needed plumping up I would draw the good-humored, irresponsible old fellow off the shelf and put him to work. People always liked him. I worked him into three or four vaudeville sketches that Mother, Bessie and I played. One day she said, 'I think you ought to expand this into a play.' (Continued on page 110)



Donald Biddle Keys

WE watched Bebe Daniels grow up. We have seen her in just about every picture she ever made; the two-reelers when she wore a bathing suit; the later comedies with Harold Lloyd; the Cecil deMille marriage-dramas—and now, as the star of her own comedies. And Bebe is the same Bebe—except that she is prettier, if possible. Here she is in a Juliet gown especially designed for her

Ask Dad

And he will tell you that he didn't want Mildred to go into pictures, but he is mighty proud of her now

By JOAN JORDAN

MILDRED DAVIS plays the motion picture game with reverse English.

In fact, she comes mighty near being a paradox.

First place, she went from drama into comedy, instead of following the recognized order and using the laugh-makers as a spring board into oceans of tragedy.

She was born with a fuzz of black hair, that gradually turned gold and more golden, and has never been assisted in its struggle by anything stronger than lemon juice.

She went from the screen into boarding school—and back again.

And she is the first motion picture actress I have ever met with a father.

Undoubtedly sometime, somewhere, all girls—even those that later went into pictures—had fathers. Movie girls may be different in some ways from the ordinary female of the species, but there is nothing to warrant the assumption that they sprang like Venus from the sea.

Nevertheless, the percentage to date is certainly in favor of female rather than male parents in the picture game.

Mrs. Pickford, Mrs. Talmadge, Mrs. Gish, Mrs. Frederick, Mrs. Daniels, Mrs. Mary Miles Minter Shelby, are almost as well known as their famous offspring. All these ladies are



She is the perfect blonde, rose-petal skin and blue, blue eyes. You know her best as the delectable leading woman in the Harold Lloyd comedies

widows with the exception of Mrs. Talmadge. Still, we see Ethel Clayton and her mother, May Allison and hers, Mildred Harris and Mrs. Harris, Dorothy Davenport Reid and her mother, Lila Lee and hers.

So you can understand how surprised I was to discover that Mildred Davis had a nice, young father—a newspaper man and apparently, "boss."

It isn't being done. Even if they have 'em, they never mention them to me. (I suppose I will now be deluged with information concerning male relatives. But the fact remains.)

Mildred Davis is the first one to boast openly of her "Daddy."

"He's an awful old tyrant," she told me. "Won't let me have callers or go out evenings when I'm working. Has to know every single thing I do as though I were still sixteen, instead of most twenty. Never says a single nice thing about my work, but goes and sits through my pictures five or six times, which I call true devotion."

Of course, Mildred has a mother, too, a very charming young person, but she is Mr. Davis' wife, as well as being Mildred's mother, it seems, and there is a young brother of seven, who wields a mean hammer, on the furniture.

Father didn't want Mildred to go into pictures.

She told me all about it, sitting in her pretty wicker and cretonne bedroom in her Hollywood flat—that surprisingly enough has "H. B. Davis" on the doorplate, instead of Mildred Davis.

She is very, very pretty—the perfect blonde doll. Bright blue eyes, roseleaf skin, coral lips over even, little teeth. Very tiny—almost birdlike, yet not childish in any sense of the word. Rather poised, in fact, but jolly and friendly.

She finally "got around father" and went to work for Universal. Her delicate prettiness and the perfect way she photographs got her a chance in drama. Later she played in some comedies, and finally with Viola Dana in heavy drama.

"I'd really only become camerawise when the war broke out. Father went, so he wanted us to come to Philadelphia, where he was then, and we went. I was born there, you know, so I went back to school—to finish my high school course at the same finishing school. It's a nice old town, but not for me now."

When she came back to California, she immediately signed to replace Bebe Daniels with Harold Lloyd, and she has been with him for three years. Rumor now has it that she may make feature pictures of her own (Continued on page 106)



Mildred Davis is the only prominent celluloid personage who has a father. Others doubtless have had fathers, but they are never present. Mildred's dad is pretty proud of her, but he's the boss of the family. Here's Mildred's other boss: her small brother



A screen "society queen" and a real one—both appearing in the same picture! You see Norma Talmadge's version at the left. At the right, Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, as herself. She is one of America's most beautiful women, and has a distinguished position in New York society. She is noted as an actress in smart amateur theatricals, and went in for it in earnest in Norma's new photoplay, "The Wonderful Thing." We hope to see Julia Hoyt in other films. She brings to the screen a rare delicacy, and good taste

How I Keep in Condition

By MARION DAVIES



ANOTHER contribution to PHOTOPLAY'S series of articles by famous screen stars on keeping fit. This month, Marion Davies, long noted for her beauty,

and generally recognized as one of the loveliest of stars, tells you how she manages to work and keep well. Next month, Lillian Gish.

HOW do I look so well—how do I keep so well—how do I feel so well? These are the questions asked me by the score in every day's mail. The writers in most cases, are women and they seem to think that

the artificialities around us and preserve our well being so that we may carry out the work assigned to us.

And unless one is born with inherited weaknesses which actually cannot be overcome there is no reason for a decline

there is a particular charm in motion picture actresses that keeps them immune from age and sickness.

This is a ridiculous assumption, of course, as there is only one assurance against ill health and one recipe for well being—and that is proper, intelligent and constant care. Don't try to "live on your nerves." It can be done, to be sure, and is done every day but not for long! The person who lives on his nerves, unless he gets other sustenance very soon, *doesn't live long.*

That is the tragic reason for the untimely deaths of so many people of genius. They try to cram into a few brief years the work of a lifetime. Soon the strain begins to tell; the genius falls out of the public's short lived memory, until the next that is heard of him is an unobtrusive death notice—"So-and-so, noted for such-and-such, died at the height of his career at the age of twenty-seven yesterday at Sanitarium."

PEOPLE really seem to pay less attention to their health than to any other phase of their life, although it is the only sure foundation for any kind of successful existence whatever. Not all of us can be a Robert Louis Stevenson who, while coughing his life away, was writing some of the merriest and brightest things of the English language. And how much more he could have written if he had been well and strong! And how many, suffering as he did, even with his many gifts of mind could do the things he did? They would have given up the struggle very early and the world would have never known what great works might have been produced.

Good health is the bulwark of life and in our present civilization, so fraught with nerve-racking, head-splitting, vigor-reducing conditions, with everyone on the *qui vive* all the time, more care than ever must be taken if we are to conquer



One of the few stars who possesses neither the temper of temperament nor the grand air of a prima donna. Marion Davies is surprisingly enough thoughtful of others

in bodily health. One of the great reassuring developments of the present decade is the child welfare activities and the noble fight made by the government and other agencies against tuberculosis. Vast numbers of persons are becoming aware for the first time in their lives of the paramount importance of their health, and the health of their children, and the health of their neighbors, and the health of the immigrants.

AS to my own health. I have never been sick for one day in my life except, of course, those childish visitations such as the measles and croup, which seem as necessary as first teeth, somehow. And I give a great deal of credit to the foresight of my mother who taught me and the other members of our family since we were little tots that we could do nothing in life unless we were always well. I used to think it a nuisance, a "necessary evil," when she would run after me with umbrella and rubbers on a rainy day as I thought I was making a clever get-away out the back door. Now I know what it was all about and appreciate her constant vigilance.

She sent us regularly to gymnasium. She put us to bed at the same time every night and supervised all our meals, our hours of study and play, et al.

Today it is as natural to me as eating and as pleasurable to consider regularized exercise a part and parcel of the day. No matter how early I have to be at the studio nor how late I must work, I begin each day either with a ride on horseback or with a walk on the river drive. My hot bath of morning and evening is followed by a cold shower and a rub down. I eat my meals at regular hours and eat only those things that have long since proved beneficial to me. I sleep seven hours every night. (Continued on page 106)

There is no set style, no "accepted mode"



fab

Directly above, "The Sweet-brier"—a charming costume sponsored by Abercrombie and Fitch. The cape and skirt are of imported Scotch tweed with striped borders. The hat is of felt and velvet, of the same color as the suit, which may be grey, copen or tan



fab

Center above: A daring coat dress of duvetyn from Russek's with quite a Cossack air in its high choker collar and its vividly colored embroidery. Note the decidedly different treatment of the sleeves



fab

From Paris: gloves! Gloves and more gloves. And three bags. I need not attempt to describe these gloves, for you can see them for yourself. Suffice it to say that they are of many designs and shades and of the finest French kid. The bags are of velvet with steel beads in various designs



fab

Above, the smart girl who goes in for sports wears knickers nowadays. And they are especially smart when designed by Davega and made of English tweed, with a pleated back and belt. Incidentally this is the very latest for golf

Miss Van Wyck's answers to questions will be found on page 100

this season, says Carolyn Van Wyck

The Observations of Carolyn Van Wyck

THIS winter that is upon us, brings us the most unusual and interesting fashions we have ever had. There is no set style, no "accepted mode," this season. There are daring originalities, and amazing conceptions; and long sleeves and flowing sleeves and

high necks and round necks — there is everything, for every type of woman, for every taste. I hope you will find inspiration for your winter wardrobe among them. I wish to recall to your particular attention the newest gloves from Paris. They are delightful.

Carolyn Van Wyck



Underwood & Underwood.

Gloria Swanson, the film star, is noted for her unique head-dresses. Here she is wearing two big jade combs of fan design in her hair. Her earrings are also of jade



fab

Here is a smart and stunning semi-fitted coat from C. G. Gunther's & Sons, of broad-tail trimmed with chinchilla. Broadtail is extremely good right now. The bell sleeves are trimmed with chinchilla

The beautiful and statuesque Marjorie Rambeau wears an evening gown of black, with a gorgeous Spanish shawl. Spanish shawls are really Chinese, you know—or don't you?

Hope Hampton and Russek offer a compromise between a fur and a duvetyne taillieur, with sleeves and skirts of black duvetyne and the rest of the suit of American broadtail



Donald Biddle Keys

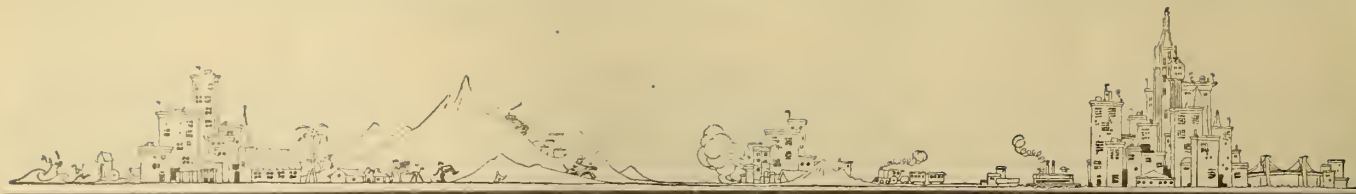
My favorite coiffure for a debutante, illustrated by Mary Miles Minter. A soft, natural and very youthful headdress: a wreath of silver leaves



fab



iab



West is East

A Few Impressions
By DELIGHT EVANS

BILL HART was in Town—
Three Times.
You Know, he was Staying
At the Waldorf, and then he was
At the Rivoli Twice,
In "Three Word Brand."
I Hadn't Seen Bill
For Three Years, and he Looked
Pretty Good to Me.
He's the Same Old Bill
Except that he Wasn't Wearing
His Cowboy Clothes.
You'd Know him Anywhere.
He is Writing
A Big Story about
Revolutionary Days, with himself
As Patrick Henry.
He Played that Part
On the Stage.
He writes a Lot, you know:
Stories for Boys that
Other People Read.
He had Some New Photographs, and
He Asked me
Which Ones he Should Take.
This is One of them.
If you Dont Like it, you can
Blame me.
He Made
A Few Personal Appearances
And
Visited his Farm
In Westport, Connecticut; and
Then he Went Home.
I Like Bill.
He Never
Disappoints You
He is Just the Same
As he Is on the Screen.
Western, but Not Rough.

THEN Elliott Dexter
Called Me Up.
He Wanted Me
To Go to Lunch
With him.
Imagine.
Well, I Went. And
We Went to
The Gotham, and
That's a Very Grand Hotel, and
There are Lots of Ladies—
Dowagers, you Know—
And they all Looked at Elliott
And they All Recognized him.
He's High-brow,
But
He's Nice.
He doesn't Look Like
An Actor, or Talk
Like One.
I Told You,
Once Before
About him:
That
He Wouldn't Talk
About himself?
But he was Going to Europe

To be Gone a Long Time, so
He Finally Told me
What he was Going to Do.
"I'm Going
To Visit
All the Countries
Over There.
It Makes it Exciting for Me:
I have Sailed
On Every boat
In the Last Two Weeks—
In the Newspapers.
I've been Booked,
And Mary and Doug
Wanted Me to Go Over
When they Went;
True; but Now



William S. Hart

I'm Really going.
To Live
At the Big Hotels.
I'm Going
To Put Up
At the Small Interesting
Places so that I can
Study the Country, and
The Languages, and
The People.

I've Never Been Abroad
Before. I Know—
Everybody Thinks
I Have, because
I'm Supposed to Be
An English Actor.
They Say
I Have an Accent.
Well—
I'm Going to Find Out
What Kind of an Accent
I Have.
I'm Taking a Camera—so
I'll Send You
Some Pictures of Me—"
"What?" Could this be
Elliott Dexter?
"In the London Fog,"
He Finished.
I Hope he Went
Stay Away Too Long.
If there is One Actor
I'd Rather See
Than Another, it's
Elliott Dexter.
There—
The Secret's Out.

I WENT with
Dorothy Gish
To See
Her Husband's Play,
"Pot Luck."
It's a Peach of a Play,
And James Rennie
Is Great in it.
A Woman
Next to Dorothy
Kept Saying,
"That Leading Man
Is Dorothy Gish's Husband.
Dorothy Gish
Is in the Audience
Somewhere."
And she looked Right at Dorothy—
And Didn't Recognize her.
Dorothy Looks like
A Debutante, and she's Prettier Even
Than she Looks on the Screen; but
She sits Way Down
In her Second-row Seat
Every Evening.
And Nobody Knows she is There.
Just two Nights after I went with her,
The Leading Woman Was Ill, and
Dorothy Got up on the Stage—
She knows
The Play,
Backward and Forward—
And Played the Part.
The Last Line in
The Play is
"My Wife—God Bless her"—and
The Audience Went Wild.
Maybe Dorothy is
Going on the Stage
As her Own Star Soon.
If she Does—
Don't Miss Her.



MEN and women who do not like dogs have a strange twist somewhere in their natures. But Sessue Hayakawa and his wife, Tsuru Aoki, are not numbered among these. And not least in their affections is their prize dog, "Dynamite"



SENORITA Maria Tubau in characteristic costume. Earrings, hat and hair are all typical. One of Mexico's favorites



SENORITA Maria Conesa, a native of Barcelona, Spain, and the idol of the Mexican theater-going public

Picture Stars You've Never Seen

A country that boasts but one picture studio and almost no good theaters.

After ten years of turbulence the picture industry in Mexico is just beginning. But it is not to be disregarded with a word despite that fact, for its one small studio is complete in every detail of lights and cameras such as we have here; and its stars hold a very important position in the amusement industry of South American Republics.

Theaters there are dark, dirty and badly ventilated. A foreigner finds the titles all in Spanish, the conversation too, but one is intrigued into forgetting all that by the sheer beauty of the artists themselves.

May we introduce:



SENORITA Christina Pereda, who has appeared with Cody and Farrar in American pictures, is also noted for her dancing



IT is rumored that Senorita Conesa may come to the United States to appear both on the stage and in pictures



EUGENIA ZUFFOLI is a celebrated beauty, a talented singer and dancer as well as a picture actress



EMMA PADILLA, the "Mexican Mary Pickford," is the original moving picture actress, and is extremely popular



SENORITA ELVIRA ORTEZ is the dramatic artist of Mexican pictures. She is famous for her vampire roles



MANY people have furniture made especially for them, but it is not often that it suits them as well as Jackie Coogan's suits him. That contagious, mischievous smile has won friends for him the world over. You see "the kid" making up



Rupert Hughes, in his Beverly Hills home, within easy commuting distance of the Goldwyn studios, where Mr. Hughes is an Eminent Author

New Faces for Old

You read Samuel Goldwyn's article in the December PHOTO-PLAY. Here Rupert Hughes gives his ideas on the absorbing question of new talent for the films

By

RUPERT HUGHES

NEW faces come along whether we want them or not. They appear in the audiences, and must be reflected on the screen. New faces mean new souls, new needs, new ideals. The same old human soul is still doing business at the old stand but dressing the window differently; changing its ideas somewhat as fashions come and go, and altering its ideals slightly. Humanity does not change so much as we pretend, but languages, costumes, knowledges, sympathies, passions, are in constant flux, since the dramatic art is devoted to holding a more or less cracked mirror up to nature.

The dramatic arts must reflect the changing faces and the changing souls, and dramatic art is a business of translating manuscripts into human flesh. Authors must speak through actors. New authors cannot be satisfied with or expressed by old artists. The women of 1865 were neither better nor worse than our own, but their bodily and mental clothes were different. The wicked ones were more demure in their behavior than our wildest ones now. A woman of then would have been stoned off the street for wearing what our most conservative grandmothers wear now in public. And the graduates of our most learned women's colleges wear costumes and give public performances in athletics, in dancing, or in dramatic rôles that would have sent a woman to jail twenty years ago.

DIALOG and dialects change and change the faces that utter them. The author who is true to life or who at least hopes to interest his audiences, must give his stories some resemblance to what the audiences of his day will understand and sympathize with. Even if you are writing a new version of "Cleopatra" or "The Three Musketeers" you must realize that the spectators are not what they were ten, fifteen or even five years ago.

When Mr. Goldwyn calls for "new faces" on the screen he has many reasons for his demand. The young girl of yesterday is not the young girl of today. Not only does the cruel progress of time change the face of most actresses, but the acting itself is likely to harden most of our players into set methods, set expressions, set gestures. A few great geniuses

keep not only their beauty but also their souls progressive. Yet complete elasticity is not given to many. A few artists build up such loving followers that they would rather see their favorite of thirty play a girl of eighteen than see the same part played by a stranger of eighteen. But neither geniuses nor loyalty can be relied on for the bulk of the dramatic or cinematic output, and even those authors who most amiably steal each others' plots over and over again must freshen them with little touches here and there and fit them to newer impersonators.

ALL screen history is as fresh as paint. It is amazing to realize that the classics of filmdom were produced only a few years ago. The rapidity that characterizes all recent activities has characterized the moving-picture. The fashions move almost as fast as the projecting machines. An enormous public has learned to understand the new language as if a gift of tongues had been suddenly instilled in the universe. It is no longer profitable to translate the old plays and the old novels hastily and dump them in front of the camera. The public will not accept a hack translation. The filmwright must work directly for the camera, whether he be a layman who adapts himself to its needs or a writer in the older forms who can shift his method of approach.

In all the other arts, though the public is far less numerous than the screen public, the great majority of the novels, plays, operas, stories, statues, portraits, landscapes, songs and dances are without originality, novelty or personality. In the screen world one ought not to be surprised if most of the films are lacking in revolutionary inspiration. We cannot all be geniuses and if we were, the public is not generous enough to stomach an endless diet of rich foods.

Most of the films must be oatmeal, bread and butter, eggs and bacon; staple articles for regular customers who want to be interested but not perplexed, and even the geniuses cannot "gene" all the time. Homer nodded and lesser men will fall asleep. Instead of despairing therefor, as many of the critics do, and frothing at the mouth because a great film is not turned out every day, or because there are weak spots in the greatest

films, let us rejoice that so much wonderful work has been turned out in so short a time. The authors, the directors, the producers are all groping. They make new mistakes incessantly, but even their mistakes are comparatively new and they are turning up new riches every day like pioneers in a gold rush. In the frenzy of pioneering, new blood is required and people of adaptable natures with new smiles, new heartaches, new opinions and personalities.

Someone asked me the other day what type of person was most needed on the screen. I said that every type is needed. We want pink little pretties to play flappers; we want dark gloomy people to play sombre roles; we want old hags to play hags; we want fat and lean, ugly and beautiful, emotional and stolid. The one thing necessary in an actor or actress is the ability to project a personality. If you can look into a mirror and really see what the mirror is saying, really see yourself as others see you, you are an unusual person. If you can throw your soul into unfamiliar situations and realize what it will look like, you have the dramatic gift. To know oneself is considered the final wisdom and to play oneself is the final dramatic art. You may be cast for a thug or a priest; a sister of charity or a shoplifter. You

should be able to play the part as you would if fate really made you a thug or a priest; a shoplifter or a sister of charity. But the trouble with the very difficult dramatic art is that we become set in our ways.

The newcomer who makes a success with a vivid personality and an individual manner can hardly help repeating those things that succeeded when they were new. The more powerful the personality, the harder it is to change. Authors also become set in their ways. Most authors repeat themselves in numberless carbon copies. They happen upon a few new characters and a few new situations, and if they make a hit with them they go on turning out the same patterns with slight alterations that only emphasize the monotony.

But audiences tire of the same food in the same dish, whether it be fried eggs or caviar. New authors push the old ones into the background and make fun of them, only to be made fun of themselves a little later. Fresh young

actors and actresses laugh at the old stagers and by and by are amazed to find themselves dubbed stagey. For such authors as are pleased to build plots without reference to reality, the conventionalized actors serve well enough. If your story is based upon the same old lay figures (Continued on page 121)

PHOTOPLAY considers this one of the most interesting of all discussions on motion pictures. In no art or profession is so much talent, so much beauty, so much expression necessary as on the silversheet. And there must always be new talent, new beauty; there must be new life in the celluloids; new artists to interpret the emotions; new writers to describe them. In this series Samuel Goldwyn and Rupert Hughes have so far spoken. Next month, Mary Roberts Rinehart, one of the most distinguished and popular authors in America, will tell you what *she* thinks about "New Faces for Old."



Reasons why Goldwyn Pictures has been accused of having a corner on authors. Top row, left to right, Leroy Scott, Abraham Lehr, (Goldwyn vice-president); a studio visitor, Samuel Goldwyn, Gouverneur Morris, Cleston Hamilton. Bottom row, Katherine Newlin Burt, Rita Weiman, Gertrude Atherton, Mary Roberts Rinehart, and Rupert Hughes

Close-Ups

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

THE difference between the German picture, "Dr. Caligari," and some of our American films, says Will Rogers, is that the former is frankly about the ravings of two maniacs while the latter is the result of the ravings of a director and a star.

THERE was once a Man who said something that had to do with "the least of these." He also, at another time, advised against the casting of stones. And record shows that, finally, He died upon a cross—between two thieves. All of which has no bearing at all upon the case of Dr. Hillis.

Dr. Hillis, who, to quote from the newspapers, is about sixty-five years old, has brought to court a complaint against a certain pastor—the Rev. Pietro Grigilio—who has dared to make open air movies a nightly feature in his churchyard.

"Crooks and thieves and many otherwise undignified and undesirable characters from the slums gather in our exclusive street to witness the show!" said Dr. Hillis. He added that the congregation of the church comprised some fifteen nationalities.

PERHAPS in his long career of ministering to bodily ills, Dr. Hillis has forgotten that there is such a thing as mental suffering. Perhaps he does not know that life in a city slum is rather conducive to this mental suffering. Perhaps he has forgotten that joy and laughter—rather than dignity and desirability—go hand in hand with real religion. Perhaps he has grown too old (though the man of sixty-five, today, is usually a young man) to remember that there *are* such things as joy and laughter. At any rate, the Judge—to whom Dr. Hillis carried his complaint—was inclined to be tolerant. For he dismissed the case.

There aren't many churches that can boast a congregation made up of fifteen nationalities. And there aren't many pastors who can really interest thieves and crooks. Perhaps if there were more of such churches and pastors there would be fewer thieves and crooks. Who knows?

Personally, we can not help feeling that the Rev. Pietro has accomplished a splendid work—that he has, in fact, "gone into the highways and the byways" to do good. That one of his mediums for doing good should be the motion pictures seems, to us, rather fine.

But then, perhaps, we are prejudiced.

YESTERDAY we sent our office boy, on an errand of no particular importance, to the sanctum of a certain prominent censor. In due time he came back, the errand having been accomplished, with incredulity in his eyes and frank astonishment sounding from his voice.

"Say," he told us, "that bird ain't so bad. He's almost a regular feller!"

Our office boy was right. The censor, as an individual, wasn't so bad. But—

Take poison ivy, for instance. If you leave the question of infection out of it (as you can't), it's as pretty a vine as the Virginia creeper or the trailing woodbine.

And the bee—so long as it doesn't sting you—is as colorful and vivid as a butterfly.

And many snakes, that carry swift death in their fangs, are marked with splashes of gold and emerald.

And they blend, very nicely, with the foliage of a sunny forest place.

And some oysters carry pearls under their grey shells—and some carry ptomaine poisoning. And, from the outside, they all look alike.

Censors, when you leave their profession out of the argument, are apt to be not very different from other men. They are doubtless good husbands and fathers. They are sometimes successful in business and social life.

But—like snakes and poison ivy and bees and even occasional oysters—you can't leave their profession out of the argument!

A PROFESSOR in the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts says that ninety per cent of all women are homely. Wonder how old he is.

THE worst sort of hypocrisy is the sort that hides away under the guise of morality. The wolf who appears swathed in garments of pure white wool is more dangerous—and infinitely more contemptible—than his brother who howls, quite undisguised, at the pleasant rays of the moon.

Under a sheep's clothing of smug titles and assumed virtue another Audrey Munson atrocity has made its appearance or reappearance. It is called "Innocence." That it contains nude scenes and many a questionable episode is—in the eyes of its producer—more than allowable. For it teaches a lesson. Just what that lesson is may be left to the imagination.

The picture had its first showing in St. Louis, where it was stopped by the police. According to reports there may never be another exhibition of it. For Audrey Munson and her manager—one B. Judell—were placed under arrest when the picture was withdrawn.

St. Louis has the right sort of ideas. And the right method of enforcing its ideas. If more of our towns and cities would follow its lead the greatest menace to better pictures would be swept away.

THERE is a movement afoot to regulate the unscrupulous little theater owner who indulges in sex-lure in his advertisements where there is nothing in the pictures which he is showing to justify them. Of course the right way to treat this skunk is to hit him in the box office by boycotting his theater. But if the folks in his neighborhood stand for it something else must be done. The patent medicine fakers have been almost smothered and so can these pests.

A BRITISH motion picture concern named The Lionel Phillips Co. has some very original ideas of advertising. Here is the text of one of their efforts:

"I have given up going to the pictures," says Max Pemberton, "because I object to the shoddy American dramas, and the preposterous Yankee sentiment. There is a magnificent field for any man who will exploit British ideas and scenes." Do you think the same? Then don't stop picture-going altogether, but visit the theaters which show British films."

A much better argument would be to produce a few pictures such as Max suggests. We need all the good pictures we can get.

That Chin

Illustrating the
Chin

The story of Jane Novak, who made the world realize that a chin can be expressive

By
MARY WINSHIP

SOME beautiful women have made one thing famous—some another.

For instance, there are:
Mary Pickford's curls.

Kitty Gordon's back.

Gloria Swanson's nose.

Bebe Daniels' mouth.

Mabel Normand's eyes.

Pavlova's toes.

Phyllis Haver's ankles.

And Betty Blythe's figure.

When you think of Charlie Chaplin the first thing you picture is the famous feet.

Doug Fairbanks could be identified in the pyramids by his grin.

Wally Reid has done almost as much to make eyebrows famous as Bob Fitzsimmons did to teach us the locality of the solar plexus.

It remained for Jane Novak to bring into the limelight the chin.

The idea of a chin that is beautiful, expressive and appealing was originated by Jane Novak, so far as motion pictures are concerned.

There is something about Jane Novak's chin that is wholly original.

Had she lived a few thousand years ago, her adorers would have written sonnets to her chin. You know the kind I mean.

If you will think for a moment about Miss Novak, you will



recall that chin. When it quivers delicately, uncontrollably, you experience a rush of warm sympathy for which any leading woman should be grateful.

When it curls a bit and exhibits a whole flock of dancing little dimples, it provokes a smile—tempered by a tear.

And when it freezes stark with terror—remember in "River's End"—it can express more horror and make your hair feel more stand-on-endish than most tragediennes can convey to you with their whole faces and hands.

It is a very useful chin—and usually chins are about as useless as a hatpin would be to a bobbed haired girl.

It was rather interesting to me to discover, in discussing her with several Hollywood authorities, that she has a marvelous reputation as a business woman and that she is one of the two highest priced leading women in pictures in the west. Colleen Moore is the other.

That is partly of course because a lot of good leading women are now mediocre stars.

But the fact remains that Miss Novak and little Colleen—now playing for Goldwyn in Rupert Hughes' productions—have boosted the weekly pay check into the four figure class, and that such money is paid not only for ability but for popularity.

I myself feel her charm.

But I cannot quite understand it.

Sitting across the luncheon table from her I tried to analyze it, to discover the why and wherefore of her success.

She is medium tall, with a slim, girlish figure that adapts itself well to the straight-cut, heavy tweeds she affects. Her eyes are a rather light blue—Swedish blue—and not at all out of the ordinary, save perhaps for their expression, which is unusually sweet and placid. Her hair is a nondescript blonde. Her mouth is pretty and very expressive. But altogether she is the sort of a person you wouldn't notice in a crowd.

And yet—and yet—

All the time your reason is establishing that very thing, her gentle, pervasive charm is seeping into your brain like the pale scent of narcissus. She registers in your brain not flashily, but deeply, so that you have no trouble in calling her distinctly to mind.

"How long have you been in pictures?" I asked her, as we admired Alice Lake's chic new gray frock across the aisle. (Continued on page 107)



Although they are great friends, neither anticipates wedding bells for a long time



When the newspapers are shy a picture of a pretty woman Monday mornings they run one of Jane Novak above the rumor that she and Bill Hart are to be married soon



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MAE MARSH

YOU knew Mae Marsh was an artist, but you didn't know she was as expert at scene-painting as at acting and sculpting. Here she is, working on one of the cycloramic drops for her new stage play, "Brittie." As PHOTOPLAY was first to announce, she has temporarily deserted the silent for the spoken drama



The young new-comer is welcomed into the sacred midst of the seven older Arts

THERE are as many fine, sincere, artistic and enduring achievements among American motion pictures as there are among American novels, musical compositions, paintings, or plays

We Offer No Apology

By THE EDITOR

MOTION pictures have now reached a stage in their development where they are fully capable of standing on their own feet and of entering into equal competition with the other contemporary forms of art.

Too long has the silent drama been pampered and coddled like some puny child that was too young and feeble to shift for itself, and therefore needed constant care and attention in order to survive the rigors of life.

The self-appointed apologists and volunteer wet-nurses who are constantly prating of the infancy and inexperience of the cinema, and sending forth geysers of impassioned parts of speech in its defense, are no doubt actuated by a most commendable instinct for justice and fair play. But the truth is, that, by their attitude of toleration and patronage, they have done more harm than good.

Their continual excuses for the screen's shortcomings, their persistent apologies for the extreme youth of the films, and their specious explanations of why the producers have not made better pictures—all this has unconsciously worked against a just recognition and appreciation of the truly high status of cinematographic art; for it has focused attention on the screen's errors and deficiencies, and, by inference, has disseminated the erroneous idea that motion-picture productions, as a whole, are inferior to the corresponding productions of the "older" arts.

It is true, of course, that the silent drama, *as an art medium*, is young. But its youth lies solely in its medium. The substance of motion pictures is founded on art forms, and moulded by art principles, which are centuries old, and which have long been understood and practised by mankind.

Motion pictures are a synthetic, hybrid art—a combination of pictorial values, literary sequence, dramatic procedure, histrionic projection, and pantomime. They contain no new basic elements, no new aesthetic ingredients. Fundamentally, they follow the same creative and structural lines as do all the other arts—literature, painting, music, drama and sculpture. The same material enters into them, the same mental processes

govern them, and the same standards of appraisal apply to them.

There is nothing really new about motion pictures except their technique and their mechanism. And once their technical difficulties had been mastered, and their mechanical problems solved, there was no reason whatever why they should not produce results fully as artistic and significant as those produced through the media of the other arts.

And this is exactly what has happened. Certain serious workers and investigators have succeeded in mastering this new technique; and motion pictures have actually produced, and are producing, their full quota of artistic and worth-while results—results which, gauged even by the most rigid and uncompromising of contemporary aesthetic standards, rank co-equal with the achievements of the other arts of today.

"OF today." Do not overlook this qualifying phrase; for a certain number of superficial critics have sought to discredit the art of the films, and to demonstrate its inherent inferiority as an art form, by comparing its present accomplishments with the art masterpieces of bygone days.

It is, however, manifestly unjust to compare the present output of the screen with the art works of yesterday, unless one also compares the output of today's music, literature and painting with the exalted masterpieces of the past. By such a comparison the other arts would suffer fully as much as the art of the screen.

Obviously, therefore, the inferiority of motion pictures to the art works of other days is not a question of youth or of inexperience. The explanation is to be found in the very undercurrents of human evolution.

There have always been cycles of aesthetic achievement, and recurrent golden ages of art creation. One epoch of history will be aesthetically sterile; another, prolific. The present age does not happen to be rich in the highest artistic production.

Other great forces—commerce, science, invention, ethics—are now in the ascendency. Today there are no writers who

rank with Balzac, Goethe, Cervantes, Dante, Milton and Shakespeare. Our painting and sculpture are almost negligible arts when compared with the works of the Renaissance Titans—Giorgione, Titian, Veronese, Michelangelo, Leonardo and Donatello. And in music we have no composers who even remotely approach the stature of Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Mozart and Brahms.

Why, then, should the art of motion pictures be disqualified because it fails to measure up to the highest standards of the past?

Another important consideration is this: certain countries, because of their age, their traditions and their cultural past, produce higher types of art than other countries.

America is young, and she is still busy with the great problems of building and commerce. Therefore her arts are as yet inferior to the arts of certain older European countries. Consequently, it is inevitable that the art of the cinema in America—the only country where it has practically attained to mechanical and technical perfection—should fall short of the art achievements of Europe, just as our literature, our drama, our music and our painting fall short of the European standards.

Such a condition in nowise reflects upon the motion pictures as an art, or upon our achievements in that medium. It merely indicates that Europe leads America in art creation.

The vital point, however, is that, during the past two years or so, our motion pictures have held their own with the other arts in America; and at the present moment they are producing fully as artistic results, and fully as high a percentage of such results, as any other art form in this country.

For example, select at random any hundred recent American novels, or musical compositions, or paintings, or plays. Among them you will find just as many crude, trashy and utterly worthless productions as among any random hundred motion pictures.

Moreover—and here is the point which the screen's apolo-

gists have apparently overlooked—you will find among the hundred motion pictures just as many fine, sincere, artistic and enduring achievements as among any of the other random art groups of a hundred.

Only a very small number of the novels, or plays, or songs, or paintings, that are produced in this country during the course of a year, are genuine and lasting works of art. In fact, the vast majority of them are cheap and trivial. But you would not denounce our present art production by this worthless majority. And yet motion pictures are, as a rule, criticized on just such a basis.

The fair-minded and intelligent critic does not judge a nation's literature by the average popular novel, or its painting by the average mediocre illustration, or its drama by the average commercial play. He gauges the æsthetic capability of any art medium of a nation by its finest and highest accomplishments. And, gauged in this manner, the art of the cinema in America today is not inferior—either as a medium or in point of actual achievement—to the other arts.

To enumerate the specific screen plays which bear eloquent witness to this fact is a task which anyone familiar with the cinema's recent achievements is capable of performing. And after this has been done, let that person make a corresponding list of the truly great American novels, musical compositions, plays and paintings which have been produced in the same period of time. It will then be manifest that the art of the cinema stands in no need of gratuitous vindication or apologies; for these lists will be pretty evenly balanced.

Therefore, let us call a halt on these futile excuses for the screen. Let us stop this silly defense of an art which needs no defense. And, above all, let us put an end to this untrue and patronizing insistence on the "youth" of motion pictures. Instead, let us judge the cinema as we judge the other arts—not by the average routine film, but by the truly fine and meritorious pictures which have been made and are continuing to be made in a constantly increasing ratio.



Photography
by Rice,
Los Angeles

The MAGIC of the SCREEN

By CLARENCE E. FLYNN

WE look down summer lanes on winter days,
We see the snow amid the summer's heat.
Far lands are brought and laid before our gaze.
The woodland stream runs by the city street.
The light of noonday breaks the shades of night,
And then is softened to the starlight's sheen.
The dawn and twilight mingle in our sight,
Such is the fairy magic of the screen.

THE heavy-hearted slip away from tears
And find the gladness of a fleeting hour
In fairer spaces and more peaceful years,
Where is no dearth of laughter, sun, and flower.
Youth sees the future. Age with faded eye
Looks back in joy on many a vanished scene,
And walks again among the days gone by.
Such is the fairy magic of the Screen.



They're Married

THEY have been engaged ever since the blonde and exquisite Alice Terry became the heroine of director Rex Ingram's finest photoplays. She was a little extra girl when he, then a promising young director, met her and gave her good parts in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and then in "The Conquering Power." It is said that when she became Mrs. Rex Ingram Alice Terry renounced all her stellar ambitions and is going to retire from the screen. We hope it is not true. Meanwhile—congratulations!

Society

THIS is the third of a series of satirical articles on the different phases of life as depicted in the motion pictures

By
WILLARD
HUNTINGTON
WRIGHT

Decorations by
RALPH BARTON



They gaze contemptuously at all strangers, with elevated brows and sneering nostrils

SAY what you will against those motion picture gentlemen whose occupational livery consists of puttees, riding-breeches and a sport skirt, and whose official totem is the megaphone—call them marplots and *ganuifs* and varlets; accuse them of mayhem and massacre and piracy; denounce them as the sworn enemies of the good, the true and the beautiful. But, in all justice, you must give them credit for a colorful and fantastic imagination—for a rare and rococo originality—when it comes to the depiction of screen environment.

Already we have inspected the aesthetic life and the island life as conceived and projected by these Generalissimos of the Lot. Let us now turn our attention to the "society life" as it is revealed on the silver sheet. Here we have a chimerical world of incredible and fascinating aspect—a world unlike anything which heretofore has been witnessed on land or sea—a world whose every inhabitant is possessed of wholly unique and original manners and modes of life. Not even in their palmiest and most passionate literary days did Charlotte Brontë or Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth—or even the feverish "Duchess"—produce a blue-blooded fiction wherein was portrayed so amazing and singular type of "high life" as that which is encountered in the average society film.

TO begin with, in the exclusive social life of the screen there are no simple or monosyllabic names. The entire Four Hundred are equipped with compounded monikers, reinforced with umlauts, accents and direses. And not to possess a composite patronym sutured with hyphens and prefixed by a Van or two, is to belong to the incult rabble.

The moment you are introduced to a film character whose

name sprawls out over the screen like that of an old English syndicate of marmalade makers, you know at once that you are basking in the dazzling presence of the *haut monde* and are about to hobnob with the élite.

Just how the social aristocrats of the silent drama support themselves in their apparent luxury is one of the most cryptic of directorial mysteries; for no member of the cinema's exclusive set ever stoops to the vulgar practice of toil. True, some of the gentlemen have elaborate offices with Louis Quinz furnishings and Royal Bakhara rugs; but the only activity one ever surprises in these expensive commercial bureaus consists of the ingenue perching herself on the arm of the swivel chair and chucking the author of her being under the chin for the purpose of wheedling some favor from him.

SOMETIMES a bold vampire undulates brazenly and unannounced into these sanctums, and indulges in a bit of blackmail; and now and then the juvenile heavy uses the inlaid desk to forge his father's name to a \$1,000,000 check with which to meet his gambling I. O. U.'s. But no labor is ever done or business transacted in these offices. Indeed, their owners have little time for so inelegant an occupation. The nabobs of film society are too busy diverting themselves and changing their clothes.

Which brings us to what is perhaps the most conspicuous idiosyncrasy of the screen's social life. It appears that the members of the fashionable set have created a new and original mode of attire—to say nothing of their multifarious changes of costume. Each film aristocrat is, of necessity, a rapid change artist; and it is apparently an unpardonable breach of etiquette to be seen twice in the same habiliments.

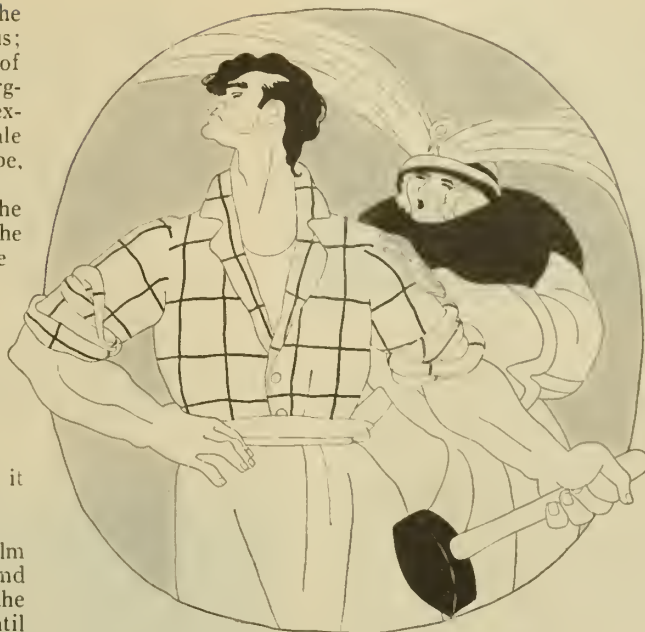
Life in the Films

The individual dress creations of the film's socially elect need not detain us; but the general styles are worthy of note, due to their extraordinary divergency from the current modes. For example, the evening clothes of the male aristocrat are adorned with miles of tape, an inch or more in width.

Not only does the trimming cover the outside trouser seams, but it encircles the coat cuffs and terminates in a large fleur-de-lis figure extending nearly to the elbow. This tape likewise follows the line of the coat-collar, and plays a conspicuous decorative part in the configuration of the lapels, doing snappy figures-of-eight about the marble-shaped satin-covered buttons beneath.

In short, wherever tape is usable, it is used.

THESE evening clothes of the film gentlemen are almost skin-tight; and the coat is cut so short in front that the white brocaded waistcoat (drawn in until it wrinkles across the midriff) is visible four inches below. Then there is the evening shirt with its pleats and self-figures; the black onyx buttons on the waistcoat; the wristlet-cuffs showing a full six inches; the bulging silk handkerchief in the outside breast pocket; the pendant fob with the huge scrolled monogram of gold, hanging down the right trouser leg; the metal suitcase for cigarettes protruding from the lower waistcoat pocket; and the wide black ribbon encircling the neck and flapping athwart the shirt bosom.



They nearly always fall in love with one of God's own noblemen

Moreover, special mention must be made of the white kid gloves which accompany this nocturnal attire. All male members of fashionable film society invariably wear white gloves with formal dress, no matter what the occasion—at their clubs and cabarets, at private and intimate gatherings, at soirees and dances and dinners. A cinema gentleman would positively feel naked without his white gloves after sundown. They are his mark of distinction, his badge of position, his social *sine-qua-non*.

AS for the ladies of film society,—it would appear that their sartorial motto is: "Life is short—why not skirts?" For when it comes to public anatomical exposure, they leave little to the imagination. If one

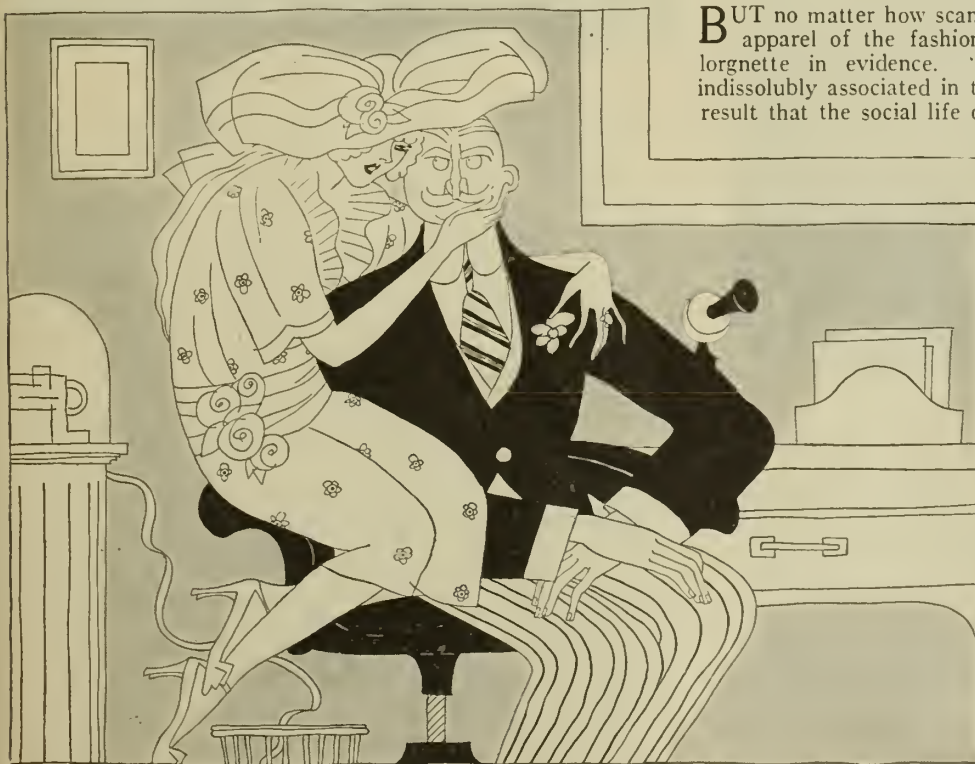
were to judge the dress of society women by the dramas of the screen, the ineluctable conclusion would be that the feminine aristocrat—the woman of blue blood and distinction—goes about in the evenings practically in a state of nudity. There is something downright clinical about her attire. Her gown is little more than a diaphanous drapery, a mere concession, as it were, to the Occidental custom of physical decoration.

BUT no matter how scant or abbreviated may be the wearing apparel of the fashionable screen lady, there is always a lorgnette in evidence. "High Society" and lorgnettes are indissolubly associated in the average director's mind, with the result that the social life of the films is one long succession of these optical appliances.

A lorgnette to a motion picture matron is what puttees are to the director himself, what a bamboo cane is to Mr. Chaplin, what hair-pants are to the "movie" cowboy.

The lorgnette, in the society dramas of the screen, is used exclusively for the purpose of inspecting persons who have just arrived upon the scene; for one of the dominating characteristics of feminine aristocrats of the films is their studied and aggressive hauteur. They gaze contemptuously at all strangers, with elevated brows and sneering nostrils; and whenever anyone is presented to them (even in their own homes) they hoist the lorgnette, and coolly, slowly, and with infinite disdain, inspect the person from head to foot and back again before acknowledging the introduction.

And we find this same arrogant and glacial condescension (Continued on page 113)



Chuckling the author of her being under the chin for the purpose of wheedling some favor from him

The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



JANE EYRE—Ballin-Hodkinson

THIS film may not be a masterpiece. At any rate, it has no log jam, ice-flow, chase or chariot race. But we found it the most restful thing we have seen in many months, and one of the most quietly charming. You know the story by Charlotte Brontë. You have, in fact, doubtless seen it on the stage, and several times before in the films. Here is the real "Jane Eyre" that Miss Brontë meant when she wrote. Hugo Ballin, who is an artist before he is a moving picture director, has painted beautiful pictures with a consummately quiet brush; and, if dramatic punches are few and far between, we think that you will forgive him.

Actors behave so that you never know whether they are acting or not. His wife, the lovely Mabel Ballin of the liquid eyes and expressive brow, plays *Jane* delightfully.

Norman Trevor, as *Mr. Fairfax Rochester*, is perfect. Others are competent. Mr. Ballin deserves much credit and well-filled theaters for this delightful family film.

A review of the new pictures



THEODORA—Goldwyn

"THEODORA," the latest importation from Italy, is a screen version of Ringling's Five Ring Circus, with a few extra rings thrown in. In attempting to describe it adequately, one looks in vain for suitable superlatives. All the old ones have been used up on spectacles like "The Queen of Sheba," but "Theodora" so far eclipses these in point of genuine magnificence as to render the reviewer inarticulate. It literally knocks one's eye out. There are so many people involved in the big scenes that the casual spectator is moved to wonder whether there is any truth in the stories that are now going around about the tremendous depopulation in Europe.

However, there is a catch in the picture. As is the case with so many productions that are designed on this expensive scale, the dramatic interest is subordinated to the spectacular effect; while you are marveling at the splendor of the picture you may lose track of the superb story. The heroine of the Sardou drama, *Theodora*, is the wife of *Justinian*, Emperor of Rome during the final days of the mighty Empire. Even though *Theodora* is the first lady of the land, a regular human heart beats in her breast and she yearns for love. Her husband, the Emperor, is old and cold, and so she is forced to turn to *Andreas*, a young and sympathetic revolutionist. Rita Jolivet, as *Theodora*, is stately and pictorially effective, but the chief acting honors go to Ferruccio Biancini, who plays *Justinian*, and who possesses a sense of restraint that is usually lacking in Latin movie actors. The director of the picture, who deserves most of the credit, bears the flowery name, Commendatore Arturo Ambrosio.



WOMAN'S PLACE—First National

JOHN EMERSON, Anita Loos and Constance Talmadge combine to make this a picture that ranks very close to 100 per cent as entertainment. The Emersons provide a story that is both original and highly amusing, and Miss Talmadge provides herself; and the result will delight everyone except those people who go to the movies to cure their insomnia.

"Woman's Place" proves that woman's place is wherever she is needed—in the home, in politics or in the heart of a lonely man. It has a quaint idea, and Emerson and Loos succeed in sliding across some wicked satire in their subtitles. The consistent Constance is her old roguish self, and she receives excellent support from Kenneth Harlan, as a refined political boss, and Hassard Short as the young social lion with the one-button cutaway and the one-way brain. "Woman's Place" is well directed, well photographed.

PHOTOPLAY'S SELECTION
of the SIX BEST
PICTURES of the MONTH

JANE EYRE

•
WOMAN'S PLACE

•
THEODORA

•
THE SIN FLOOD

•
DANGEROUS CURVE AHEAD

•
THE SHEIK



DANGEROUS CURVE AHEAD—Goldwyn

HAVING settled the tragedy of motherhood in conclusive fashion, Rupert Hughes turns his attention to another phase of the great American home life, and focuses the lens of his camera upon the vicissitudes of a young married couple. "Dangerous Curve Ahead" is the result. Viewed as entertainment, it ranks with "The Old Nest." The harrowing experiences of *Harley Jones* and his bride, *Phoebe*, will strike responsive chords in the heart of every normal person who has ever had occasion to murmur those two wonderful and terrible words, "I do." These young people both possess the usual quota of human faults and virtues; they love, marry, have children, and pay the grocer's bill in the usual healthy way. Finally, the inevitable third person appears on the scene and makes an attempt to wreck the happy home. It is at this point that Mr. Hughes almost sails into dangerous waters and almost forsakes the realms of reality for the realms of melodrama to supply a theatrical climax for a story that needs nothing of the kind.



THE SIN FLOOD—Goldwyn

IT is a photoplay you will wish to see, and, seeing, you will remember. One hesitates to say the obvious things in connection with it. It is drama, with a beauty and dignity that does not stoop to the melodramatic at any time. Locked in an air-tight bar-room, while a flood surges over the Mississippi town, is an odd assortment of human beings who can live only until the oxygen in the air is exhausted. Among them we find an unfrocked minister, played in masterful manner by James Kirkwood; the bar-keeper, who has stolen his wife; a successful cotton broker, Richard Dix, and the girl he has deserted, Helene Chadwick; a tramp; an actor; ruffraff from life's wreckage called to face death together.

Those who believe that massive sets and thousands of "extras" are necessary to the photoplay of the day, that "Action!" must be the watchword, that a vast expenditure of money or the "Made in Europe" trademark makes for success in this field, will do well to see this intense, masterful drama, unfolding for the most part in one bare room, with but seven or eight members to the cast.

Frank Lloyd, with "Madam X" and many other successes to his credit, directed this filmization of Henning Berger's "Synafoden." His skilled touch is not unlike that of the late George Loane Tucker.

James Kirkwood does the greatest work of his entire career, but the other players have parts of almost equal importance, and play them well.

Here is a photoplay for the entire family, an exquisite bloom in a desert of mediocrity.



THE SHEIK—Paramount

HERE is romance. Red-hot. If you read the story you will go to see the filmization. If you haven't, you will go anyway. This is popular entertainment—that and nothing more. But that is enough. The best-selling story by E. M. Hull, scoffed at by the higher-browed critics, but read and re-read by two-thirds of the women in this country, has been made into a very exciting, very old-fashioned photoplay.

It's the old-time adventure, much more artistically presented than formerly, but still just a glorified movie. The exquisite Agnes Ayres as *Diana*, the English heroine, and Rudolph Valentino in the title role, perform their parts splendidly. George Melford's direction is, as usual, competent but not unusual. You should see this if you aren't too weary to imagine that you might have been *Diana* and *The Sheik* living their desert romance.



RIP VAN WINKLE—Hodkinson

Washington Irving's immortal classic has been screened in a most artistic and delightful manner, with Thomas Jefferson, whose father first brought fame to the rôle of the incorrigible but lovable *Rip*, assuming the screen characterization. You will enjoy every moment of it, if you number yourself among the young of heart, whether your age be eight or eighty.



HIS NIBS—Exceptional

Charles (Chic) Sale brings a new face and a new personality to the screen. His first photoplay suggests his ever-popular vaudeville act in that he assumes seven distinct rôles, all rural characters, and is, in short, the whole show himself. It is amusing and unquestionably different. There is a place for this actor on the screen. He is as individual as Charles Ray or Charles Chaplin.



ALF'S BUTTON—Hepworth—First National

A film from Britain, and a novel one. It's about the Tommy who, when he rubs a button on his coat, summons a genii named *Eustace*, who can give him whatever he wants. He wants fine clothes and harems and a box at the opera. Leslie Henson, playing *Alf*, indulges in some delicious comedy. Alma Taylor, a fine actress, is *Alf's* sweetheart. The best of the British films so far.



TWO MINUTES TO GO—First National

Having tried his hand at every known variety of sport, Charles Ray now turns to football, and appears as a college gridiron hero in "Two Minutes to Go." The results are disappointing, for, while Mr. Ray himself is satisfactory, his surroundings are far from convincing as a depiction of the dear old college life. Moreover, his story is foolish and unexciting.



THE CASE OF BECKY—Realart

This picture narrowly misses being one of the Six Best Pictures of PHOTOPLAY's month. And we can't tell you just where it misses, or how, or why. The direction is able; Constance Binney gives an amazingly accurate performance of *Becky*, the bad, and *Dorothy*, the good, in this story of dual personality. There is suspense in it, and climax. Glenn Hunter is splendid.



THE WONDERFUL THING—First National

Norma Talmadge's admirers, and most of us belong to that class, will view her latest production with satisfaction. It is a filmization of the stage play of the same name, and while it offers no unusual situations, the star is pleasing and sincere. Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, the famous society leader, is most convincing. She possesses personal magnetism and charm.



CONFLICT—Universal

Priscilla Dean's new picture starts with a punch and ends with a wallop, but the intervening space is long-drawn-out and dull. "Conflict" is well worth while, though, if only for the climax, in which Miss Dean rides a log through swirling rapids and makes faces at the waterfall that is waiting to receive her. The picture suffers from poor continuity, but the scenes are splendid.



NOBODY'S FOOL—Universal

A most scintillating starlet, Marie Prevost. She leaves her bathing suit at home, and fares forth into the wilds to get next to Nature. Traps a woman-hater, Harry Myers, and whether she finds him worth the struggle or not you can find out for yourself. Remember him as "The Connecticut Yankee?" You'll agree she is nobody's fool. Neither is her scenario writer.



THE SINGLE TRACK—Vitagraph

Corinne Griffith's latest shows her only in the first reel as her usual screen self, the dashing debutante. But the first reel is well worth seeing, because Corinne dances as *Salome*, simply attired in a costume composed chiefly of feathers. Then she goes west to see about a railroad. That's where the title comes in. She has to fight for her rights, and she is ably assisted by Richard Travers.



LADYFINGERS—Metro

Bert Lytell in a rôle reminiscent of his *Jimmy Valentine*. It is probably the best of his recent releases. The plot has several unusual twists and though the climax is reached, really in the middle of the story, the remaining reels have been handled in such a manner as to prevent an anti-climax. Ora Carew does some excellent work opposite the star.



BAR NOTHIN'—Fox

A cyclonic melodrama of the fast and furious West. Buck Jones is the fighting ranch foreman who shoots up the town right regular until Ruth Renick slides down a cliff into his life. The story at times bears some claim to logic, and Buck combines his daredevil stunts with a real histrionic ability. The blonde Miss Renick is most satisfactory as the heroine. It's well titled!



MY LADY FRIENDS—First National

Bringing some of the best of the stage comedies to the realm of the flickering Kleig lights, is the favorite pastime of Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven, and who in cameraland can do it better than they? Here's a jolly mix-up, consisting of one virtuous husband, one suspicious wife and three businesslike vampires. Guess who wins out, and then guess again. (Cont'd on page 120)

Non-German Dictators



GOODNESS cannot be put—by law—into the hearts of people. Righteousness cannot be legislated. But there are some folk who think that it can be. And they are the sponsors of compulsory censorship of motion pictures.

The men upon this page are prominent censors. They, for a consideration, are quite willing to undertake the rather thankless job of making public morals one hundred per cent pure. One does not question their motives—no indeed!—but at times their methods seem a bit obscure. And, be it added, more than a bit hard to understand!

George H. Cobb is one of the most newly appointed censors in America. Only lately, and at Governor Miller's appointment, has he taken his place in a New York City office. We hope that his bland expression is a good omen

The Honorable Joseph Levenson is Mr. Cobb's associate—also newly appointed. He was a ward leader before he became an arbiter of art



Harry L. Knapp is a better sport than the majority of his profession. He went at it with surprisingly keen intelligence for he travelled out to Universal City to see for himself



This is Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts. He is the god-father of every movement that is both violently, and unpleasantly, religious



Timothy J. Hurley, of Chicago, is one of the more seraphic of this little group. Jackie Coogan in half-socks might be edited out for indecent exposure—if Mr. Hurley were doing the censoring



Dr. Harry L. Bowlby, one of our nation's most zealous workers, has tried his hand at establishing Sunday blue laws, at bringing about National Censorship, and at being a Latter Day Saint. All three are fairly difficult tasks!

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ARTS AND SCIENCES

A Game Girl

HOLLYWOOD, - CALIFORNIA

Who was handicapped by too easy a start, who failed, and then fought her way back

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

THERE must be people in the world who are not baseball fans.

Only I rarely ever meet any, so I'll have to write this story just as if the whole world loved a good ball game as much as I do.

You all remember Merkle.

Fred Merkle—first baseman for the New York Giants—better known as "Bonehead."

Sometimes a man is so supreme in his chosen line that his name becomes a synonym or an adjective. Titian is known to the 20th Century because of the color of his ladies' hair. Paul Revere—Marconi—Romeo—you know what I mean.

Likewise you could once say—you pulled a Merkle—or a bonehead. Take your choice. Because Mr. Merkle certainly won the tissue paper bathtub and the complete set of rubber knives and forks and the cut glass brassiere.

In a game with the Chicago Cubs that would decide the National League pennant, Merkle forgot to touch second base when he brought in what should have been the winning run. Instead, that little oversight lost the ball game, the pennant

and the chance to play the World Series.

But "Bonehead Merkle" had so much—I can't use the word I ought to but you know what I mean—so much grit, that he *did* play the next season. In spite of the Vesuvius of the bleachers and the bayonets of the sporting writers, who have to fill up their columns, he played baseball and *good* baseball. He played better than he had ever played in his life.

So that by the end of the season, the American public—which is just as quick to hang garlands of laurels on a hit as showers of pop bottles on a boob play—said.

"Come home, Freddy, all is forgiven."

That was eight years ago—and Merkle played until last year, when I suppose old age overcame him as it does all of us in time.

But what I'm driving at is this—think of the thing it took for Merkle to come back. Think of the stamina, the grit, the cheerfulness and sheer courage

it required to march out on that diamond day after day, with nothing between him and the rabid multitude but a few cubic feet of ether. Think of the chance of pulling another boot. Think of going to bat in a pinch under those circumstances. I tell you that will break the heart and soul of ninety-nine men in a hundred. It is worse than any physical danger. It requires more than physical courage. It demands moral courage of the highest order.

I know of but one other person who has that same kind of sporting blood, who belongs in that peculiar niche in Fame's Hall. And that is Lila Lee.

My pet name for her is "Mrs. Merkle." (By the way, if there happens to be a legal one, I offer her due apologies. It is purely a descriptive title.)

I have told you all this long tale about the baseball hero, only because in no other way can I illustrate to you the thing that Lila Lee has done.

She is the Merkle of the movies. Let me show you why, and then you will understand why Lila Lee occupies a very real place in my heart as well as in my head.

(Continued on page 109)



Declared a failure as a star, Lila Lee did not quit. She stuck it out, gamely she did bits, ugly ones sometimes, until eventually, through sheer grit, she made good



Lila Lee as "Cuddles." This is the way she looked when she was taken from vaudeville at the age of fourteen and made a motion picture star

FERDINAND EARLE, director and artist, has intensely interested all Hollywood in an idea of his—something entirely new in motion picture making.

Everyone knows the enormous cost of sets; the difficulty involved in the making of proper backgrounds. Companies have traveled many thousands of miles to find suitable locations—motion picture corporations have gone bankrupt over the filming of one special feature.

Mr. Earle's method will never supersede the actual building of sets, but there are many cases in which it can be used to advantage. For his sets consist of innumerable paintings done on eighteen by twenty-four academy boards. By a method of double and triple exposure he is able to introduce real actors and actresses into these sets and, when the results are projected on the moving picture screen, and translated into terms of light, they look like real photographs.



Mr. Earle's studio—more like a Parisian artist's atelier than the workshop of a motion picture director—is hung with a number of his "sets"



All the romance and color of the orient is in this scene from "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." Mr. Earle's most ambitious picture. There is a splendid imaginative quality, a depth and beauty, that is found in some of the larger panels by Maxfield Parrish. One cannot help feeling that the photographer has gone back across the years to secure this effect. But Mr. Earle, with his bits of cardboard, knows better!

It's hard for any woman—no matter how clever an actress she may be—to walk up a flight of stone steps that are painted on a small section of academy board. But with the assistance of Mr. Earle and his genius, the well nigh impossible has been attained. Living people stroll through his painted vistas, lean out of his painted windows. And it is all done with an amazing sense of loveliness and unbelievable realism



Magic Carpets of Cardboard!

The hands of Mary Nash, celebrated for their beauty, are an example of how proper treatment enhances natural charm. Miss Nash uses only Cutex in the care of her nails. 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 well. I regard Cutex as a real toilet necessity."



Baron de Meyer Photo

Do just two things— and your nails will look professionally manicured

ALL that made manicuring slow and difficult has been done away with. You don't have to soak your nails—you don't have to cut the cuticle. Just work carefully around the nail base with an orange stick dipped in Cutex Cuticle Remover; then rinse, and the hard, dry edges of dead skin will simply wipe away.

Then you are ready for the polish. If you are in a special hurry, Cutex Liquid Polish will give you a particularly brilliant shine—instantaneously and without buffing. But if you are doing a more leisurely manicure, you will probably wish first to burnish your nails lightly with one of the other marvelous Cutex Polishes, which for convenience come in Paste, Cake, Powder and Stick form. Then apply a light coat of Liquid Polish.

You can form no idea of how quick and easy Cutex has made manicuring until you have given it a trial.

This very minute before you forget, sit down and send for a Cutex

Introductory Set. In the cunning little box of black and rose—so smart and taking in itself—you will find samples of everything you need for manicuring this new way—with a book of instructions.

Follow the directions and give yourself a complete Cutex manicure. It will seem like a miracle to you. However ragged you may have made the cuticle by cutting, Cutex Cuticle Remover will leave it smooth and even. And you will agree that you have never used a polish from which you get as quick, lasting and brilliant a shine as from any one of these provided by Cutex.

Cutex sets in three sizes

To many thousands of people, a Cutex Set is now an absolute toilet necessity. You can buy them in three sizes, at 50c, at \$1.50 and at \$3.00. Or each preparation can be had separately at 35c. At all department stores in the United States and Canada.

The quickest, easiest manicure



Spread the Polish on the soft part of the hand and burnish by passing the nails lightly over it—or, if you want a still quicker, brighter lustre, coat each nail lightly with Cutex Liquid Polish.



First dip the end of the orange stick in Cutex Cuticle Remover, work carefully around the nail base, then rinse. The hard dry edges of dead cuticle will simply wipe away.

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The Unrecognized Drew

Introducing Georgie Drew Mendum, cousin of the celebrated Barrymores, Ethel, John, and Lionel, and niece of John Drew

By MARY MORGAN

IN circles that know her well, Georgie Drew Mendum is regarded as one of the cleverest of the Drews. Some persons, over cups of loquacity stimulating after dinner coffee, pronounce her the cleverest of them. Save in those circles she is still The Unrecognized Drew.

It were idle to deny her cleverness, or to minimize her resemblance to that unique and brilliant family whence she sprung. She has the facile, flashing, sometimes stinging wit, of the Drews, that which causes the bon mots of Louise Drew, daughter of John Drew, to be quoted in the Twelfth Night and the Sixty Clubs, and the words of Ethel Barrymore to pass into headlines, as, for instance, Miss Barrymore's summary of Maxine Elliott's beauty. "She is the Venus de Milo with arms."

She has the full, Drew eyes and employs them according to the Drew methods, the methods, in the main, of comedy. Too there is a hint of the Drew characteristic that still inheres in her cousin Ethel, of dragging speech. Yet she delivers her speeches with all the propulsive power of her cousin Louise

Drew, and the significant pauses of her "Uncle Jack." John Drew, schooled of Augustin Daly, had learned perforce, as all that eminent manager's eminent actors learned, the emphasis and the suspensive value of the pause.

Physically she bears no challenging resemblance to the present generation of the old and esteemed family of actors. By one of the caprices of capricious nature she is of physique and physical traits more like her aunt, Georgie Drew Barrymore, than is that gifted comedienne's daughter, Ethel Barrymore. A few ancient folk, last leaves on the nearly bare tree of other generations, find in her facial resemblance and mannered reminiscence of her grandfather, John Drew. Visible in her, they assert, are the rounded profile and the engaging insouciance of the ancestor who was an Irish singing comedian, a Billy Scanlan of his long gone time, and who returned from a trip around the world in time to help his distinguished wife to manage the Arch Street Theater in Philadelphia and retrieve its fortunes. Mrs. Drew often looked fixedly at large eyed Georgie and said, "Child, you're very much like your grandfather. Very."

Miss Mendum is the daughter of Louisa Drew, whom, the casual minded say, was "the only one of Mrs. John Drew's children who never went on the stage." Her daughter corrects this impression by a characteristic speech.

"My mother was on the stage, but only for a few minutes. She had evinced comedy gifts. But she married when she



She has all the wit and the charm of her famous family, though she is not quite so well-known. Hers are the full Drew eyes and the slow speech

was seventeen and she had three children. They kept her busy in a constant rehearsal of life. And she died while we were very young."

Louise Drew chose for a husband Charles Mendum, then a theatrical manager. Their abode was Boston. That was the abode of the child, Georgie Drew Mendum, although as others of that family she was born in Philadelphia. "Grandmother would never have forgiven any of us if we had been born in any other city," says Ethel Barrymore.

At two Louise Drew Mendum's daughter evinced a trait to which we will give the name firmness of will or tenacity of purpose. Noting it her father bestowed upon her an after christening title.

"Let us call her Budge because she won't," he said, a suggestion that has been adopted by the Drew family unto the last ramification.

At four she displayed the spirit of comedy which after a decade or more was to register in the appreciative consciousness of Joseph Jefferson. For after her debut in the usual maid's part, with Annie Russell in "Catherine," a debut which

was followed by small parts in her Uncle Jack's company in "Richard Carvel" and "The Tyranny of Tears," Joseph Jefferson selected her as his leading woman in a company made up largely of members of his own family. She was *Dot* in the "Cricket on the Hearth" and *Lydia Languish* in "The Rivals."

The venerable actor discovered one night that she had the family assertiveness and will to command in a crisis. She came off the stage one night during a performance of "The Rivals," and found Mr. Jefferson sitting in the wings, spending a wait in amiable chat.

"I wish you wouldn't talk in my scenes," she flashed.

The venerable actor rose a little stiffly from his camp chair. Awed members of the company awaited rebuke of his childish censor. Instead he said: "You are quite right, my child. I shouldn't like it myself. I won't do it again." Tradition of one honored family was making obeisance to another.

She went on a road tour in "The Secret Dispatch" and with "Would You for Five Millions?" She rejoined her uncle in "The Mummy and The Humming Bird" and was with Ethel Barrymore in "Cousin Kate." As *Tessie Rode* in "Glad of It," she made a strong impression upon both public and author. Clyde Fitch declared he would write a part for her that would establish her for all time, or approximately that period. The author died untimely and Miss Mendum was one of those players whose ambitions were nipped by his premature passing. She was one of Clyde Fitch's dramatic widows. (Cont. on page 101)



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The Billboards of Berlin

WHEN Herr Dinkleblatz comes bustling home from the office and tells Frau Dinkleblatz to hurry along the frankfurters and sauerkraut and to wash little Ludwig's face so that they won't miss the first show at the picture-house around the corner, it is because he has seen a big feature announced with a poster similar to those reproduced (from *Das Plakat*) on this page. We can only wonder what our Censors would say if they were used on our billboards to exploit the "alarming invasion" of this country by—as far as we know, some half-dozen—German films.



UPPER right-hand corner—the famous chopping scene from *Madam DuBarry*, the film that we called *Passion*. Above at the left—a difficult step in *The Dance of Death*. Center—Lubitsch's *Sumurun*, with Pola Negri in the *hauptrolle*. Above—*The Island of Happiness*; population 2; flora, daisies, pineapples and cabbage; boat runs every hour. Left—the hymn and her of "Hate."



What do they think when they leave your parties?

“MY, oh, my, I was never so bored in my life,” or “Well, didn’t we have a jolly time! Those folks certainly know how to entertain.”

The answer is in the *kind* of entertainment you provide. Follow this suggestion—

Play cards for wholesome recreation

and you will find everybody helping to make the evening pleasant for everybody else. The most backward people will enter into the spirit of a card game as if they had known each other for years. The informal folks will be calling each other by their first names before the evening is over. And they’ll all be glad to come to your house again whenever you say the word.

Send for these books:

“The Official Rules of Card Games” giving complete rules for 300 games and points for better playing, and “How to Entertain with Cards”, a 48-page book of interesting suggestions. Check these and other books wanted on coupon write name and address in margin below and mail with required postage stamps to

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“500” at a Glance

THE PACK—Two-hand, 24-card pack, A (high) to 9 (low); three-hand, 32 cards, A to 7; four-hand, 42-card pack, A to 4, (omitting two 4’s); five-hand, regular 52-card pack; six-hand, 61-card pack, with 11 and 12 spots; plus Joker if desired.

PLAYERS—Two to six; a good three-hand game. Four, six, and five-hand are partnership games—four hand, 2 against 2; six-hand, three pairs of partners. In five-hand, successful bidder calls any one player as his partner for that hand; or he may designate one partner on bid of six or seven, and two partners on higher bid; or he may call holder of a certain card for his partner, but holder of card makes no announcement until card called for falls in play.

RANK OF CARDS—Trump suit: Joker (when used) high; J (right bowler); J of same color (left bowler); A, K, Q, 10, 9, etc. Other suits: A, K, Q, J, 10, 9, etc.

CUTTING—Cut for deal. Low deals—ace low.

DEALING—Deal 3 cards to each player, then for a “widow” lay 2 cards face down on the table, (3 if Joker is used), then deal 4 cards to each player, then 3.

OBJECT OF GAME—To take tricks. Bidder, (or partners), must take full number of tricks bid. Adversaries score each trick they take.

MAKING TRUMP—Beginning at dealer’s left, each has one chance to bid or “pass.” Bids are made to take a certain number of tricks, with a named suit as trumps; or to take them without a trump. Form of bid is: “six clubs”; “eight diamonds,” etc. Six tricks is lowest bid. When all pass, cards are bunched and deal passes to left. In some localities, if no one bids, the hands are played “no-trump”, without using “widow”; each trick taken scores 10; and there is no “set back.”

AVONDALE SCHEDULE

| Tricks | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
|----------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| Spades | 40 | 140 | 240 | 340 | 440 |
| Clubs | 60 | 160 | 260 | 360 | 460 |
| Diamonds | 80 | 180 | 280 | 380 | 480 |
| Hcards | 100 | 200 | 300 | 400 | 500 |
| No Trump | 120 | 220 | 320 | 420 | 520 |

IRREGULAR BIDDING—In partnership games, if any player bids out of turn, his bid is void, and his partner loses right to bid that deal.

DISCARDING—Highest bidder takes “widow” then discards to ten cards, and leads any card.

PLAY—Beginning at bidder’s left each player must follow suit, if possible; otherwise trump or discard. Winner of trick leads for next. On “no-trump” bid, the hand is played without trumps, with Joker as highest card of all; but Joker may not be played to another’s lead if holder can follow suit. Player who leads Joker names the suit that shall be played to it.

IRREGULARITIES IN PLAY—Failure to follow suit, when able to do so, is a *revoke*. When revoke is proved, hands are abandoned. If adversary of bidder revokes, bidder scores full amount of his bid; side in error scores nothing. If bidder revokes, he is set back full amount of his bid, and adversaries score any tricks they already have taken.

SCORING—If bidder takes number of tricks bid, he scores amount bid as per Avondale Schedule, but no more, except when he takes all ten tricks. For this he scores 250, if his bid was for less. Adversaries score 10 for each trick they take.

SET BACK—If bidder fails to “make” his bid, the number of points bid are deducted from his previous score. If set back before he has scored anything or for more points than he has scored, he is “in the hole” (indicated by drawing a ring around the minus amount). Partners are “set back” together.

GAME—Game is 500. If more than one player scores game on same hand, and one of them is bidder, bidder wins. If neither is bidder, player first winning enough tricks to make his score 500 wins.

FIVE HUNDRED FOR TWO

When 2 play Five Hundred, 33 cards may be used and a third hand dealt, besides usual “widow”. This “dead” hand must not be touched. Its purpose is to make bidder speculate as to location of cards and make high bids possible.

For full rules and hints on play see “The Official Rules of Card Games” or “Six Popular Games” offered below.

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All 6 books 40c. Write Name and Address in margin below.



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.



It Happens—In The Movies

WILLIAM S. HART, in "O'Malley of the Mounted," enters the presence of his superior officer, and salutes. The salute starts with a real military snap but ends with a graceful wave of the hands.
M. C. M., Chicago, Ill.

That Was The Miracle

IN Episode Number 1 of the serial, "The Miracle of the Jungle," just before the hero recovers from his fight with the lion, he is seen with long scratches in his face and shoulder; but a few minutes later when he is looking into the Pool of Life, there are no traces of the injuries.
Q. B., Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Movie Mommers

THE day his wife (Helene Chadwick) presents him (Richard Dix) with their first born, in "Dangerous Curve Ahead," he is given a day off by his office. But when he returns home half an hour later, his wife is all dressed up and entertaining five or six other ladies, who are "making over" the baby.
EDNA WOLD, San Diego, Cal.

Leave It To 'Gene

IN Eugene O'Brien's picture, "Gilded Lies," the two men in the cabin are able to see through a snowed-up window, and at a distance through a blinding blizzard the form of a man quite a way off. Before the men inside can get into their coats, a matter of a few seconds, O'Brien opens the door and enters. Snappy work, eh?
MRS. C. B. BROOKS, Somerville, Mass.

They Undoubtedly Do

CONWAY TEARLE, in "Society Snobs," is a waiter at the Ritz. He is posing as a duke. Pays his own expenses and everything, and later is installed in a wonderful suite of rooms. Why don't waiters at the Ritz own pleasure yachts?
Miss H., Cowden, Ill.

An Artist To His Finger Tips?

CHARLIE RAY plays the part of a country boy in the picturization of James Whitcomb Riley's poem, "Ole Swimmin' Hole." He keeps a diary of his own and in his own style, yet when a close-up of him writing is shown, his fingernails are as nicely manicured as any nobleman's you ever saw.
C. B. A., Greenville, Texas.

Old Stuff

IN "The Fighter," a girl and a young man are supposed to have fallen from a canoe, into the water. Conway Tearle, the hero, had left the scene, but was called back immediately. Upon his arrival the girl's hair was perfectly dry, and the young man had on the same clothes, and was comfortably dry. A doctor was on the scene at once, even though the camp was out in the wilds.
Mrs. B. F. C., Indianapolis, Indiana.

It Wore Well

I NOTICED this in that splendid picture, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."
As *Julio Desnoyers*, Rudolph Valentino wore the same tweed suit at the reading of *Madariaga's* will in Argentina that he had on in a scene in Paris five or six years later.
K. S. R., Wilmington, Delaware.

Lessons In—Well, Not Love

KENNETH HARLAN, Connie's leading man in "Lessons in Love," places his hand—gently on another man's face and pushes him. Of course he falls—but backwards. Yet, when he gets up, he has a most beautiful "shiner" and a lip that would do credit to a prize fighter.
G. E., Dalton, Mass.

It Was A Great Picture, Anyway

IN the beginning of Charlie Chaplin's latest, "The Idle Class," a title reads: "The summer season, etc." Yet you see the beautiful Edna Purviance getting off a train, wrapped in a huge sealskin coat. At the hotel you see the girls in light dresses.
ADELE ROLLAND, New York City.

Censored, Perhaps

IN "Whizz Bang," yes, a comedy—the heroine falls into a deep puddle of muddy water; the villain follows. In the next scene, they are both clean and dry. Why didn't they emerge good and dirty as you or I would do?
SCHUYLER SANFORD, Hollywood, Cal.

I'd Hate To Think That

WHEN Marguerite Clark jumps off the train in "Easy to Get," she carries only a small week-end bag, and is wearing one—one—count em—small hat. She takes refuge in the Professor's cottage. When she leaves next morning, lo and behold she has changed her hat. Did the Prof. keep a supply of hats for unexpected visitors?
M. E. M., Boston, Mass.

We Have Always With Us—The Papers

IN "The Golden Snare," *Bram* rescues the baby from the burning boat, and nothing but the baby. When *Cecelie*—the same baby—has grown up, she is shown treasuring a chest of clothes and some Papers. I can understand her acquiring the clothes, but the Papers! How? When? Where?
NORMA ENDER, Wyoming.

Coiffures De Cinema

MAY ALLISON, in "The Cheater," is first seen with her bobbed hair beautifully curled. Later she is wearing a sweet little bun, neatly twisted.
In "The Man from Nowhere," *Elaine Hammerstein* returns from a masquerade with her hair powdered as white as snow. When she is seen a second later, her hair is perfectly dark, and arranged differently.
LUCILE HARRISON, New York, City, N. Y.

Premature

IN Lionel Barrymore's "Jim the Penman," *Enoch Bronson* and *Jim Ralston* leave the Bronson home on Christmas day to go to Bronson's office. The calendar in the office is dated September 25th.
G. M. I., Indianapolis, Ind.

Evidently

IN "Three Musketeers," Douglas Fairbank's corking picture, when he returned the diamond buckle to Anne of Austria his shirtsleeves were tattered and torn from his strenuous activities. But when the Cardinal's guards captured him and brought him before Richelieu, the sleeves were whole again. Did he change his shirt on the way?
BEN BLISS, Cleveland, Ohio.

Keep That Wedding Day Complexion



The blushing bride of today should be the blooming matron of tomorrow, retaining the charm of girlhood's freshness to enhance radiant maturity. For bridal beauty should not fade, nor the passing of each anniversary be recorded on your face.

Keep the schoolgirl complexion which graced your wedding day, and you will keep your youth. With a fresh, smooth skin, no woman ever seems old.

The problem of keeping such a complexion was solved centuries ago. The method is simple—the means within the reach of all.

Cosmetic cleansing the secret

To keep your complexion fresh and smooth you must keep it scrupulously clean. You can't allow dirt, oil and perspiration to collect and clog the pores if you value clearness and fine texture.

You can't depend on cold cream to do this cleansing—repeated applications help fill up the pores. The best way is to wash your face with the mild, soothing lather blended from

palm and olive oils, the cleansers used by Cleopatra.

Science has combined these two Oriental oils in the bland, balmy facial soap which bears their name. You need never be afraid of the effects of soap and water if the soap you use is Palmolive.

How it acts

The rich, profuse lather, massaged into the skin, penetrates the pores and removes every trace of the clogging accumulations which, when neglected, make the skin texture coarse and cause blackheads and blotches.

It softens the skin and keeps it flexible and smooth. It freshens and stimulates, encouraging firmness and attractive natural color. Oily skins won't need cold creams or lotions after using Palmolive. If the skin is inclined to dryness, the time to apply cold cream is after this cosmetic cleansing.

And remember, powder and rouge are perfectly harmless when applied to a clean skin and removed carefully once a day.

Don't keep it only for your face

Complexion beauty should extend to throat, neck and shoulders. These are quite as conspicuous as your face for beauty or lack of it. Give them the same beautifying cleansing that you do your face and they will become soft, white and smooth. Use it regularly for bathing and let it do for your body what it does for your face.

Not too expensive

Although Palmolive is the finest, mildest facial soap that can be produced, the price is not too high to permit general use on the washstand for bathing.

This moderate price is due to popularity, to the enormous demand which keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night, and necessitates the importation of the costly oils in vast quantity.

Thus, soap which would cost at least 25 cents a cake if made in small quantities, is offered for only 10 cents, a price all can afford. The old-time luxury of the few may now be enjoyed the world over.

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Volume and efficiency
produce 25-cent quality
for

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IN "ENCHANTMENT"—that exquisite photo-comedy, in which Miss Davies graduated into the galaxy of stars—her admirers are delighted with the strides this brilliant young player has made in her art. In "The Bride's Play," soon to be released,

she reveals a versatility and a development in dramatic ability that is a complete fulfillment of the promise the lovely little lady showed in earlier productions wherein she was featured. Watch for these pictures at your favorite theatre.

*They are Paramount Pictures. Supervised by Cosmopolitan Productions.
Presented by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.*

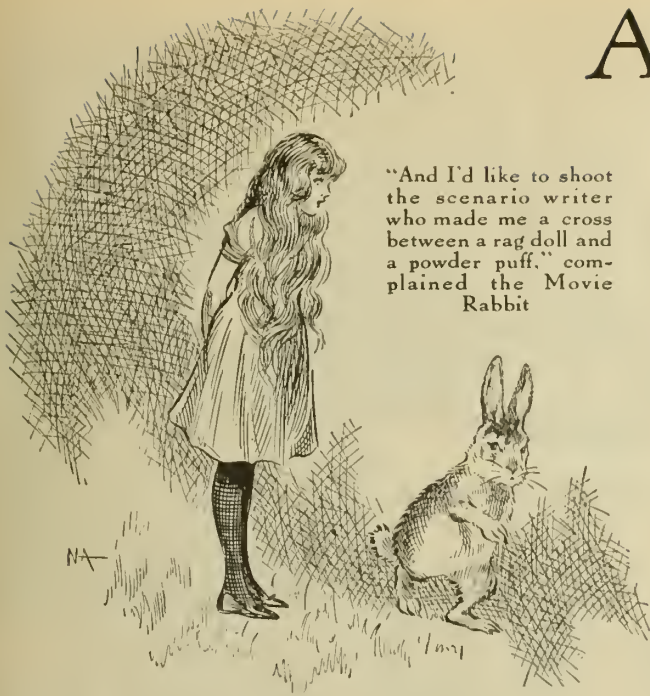
Alice in Movieland

Demonstrating that adventures just as unusual may happen in a film studio as behind a looking glass or down a rabbit hole

By
WILLIAM WARREN

Illustrated by
Norman Anthony

"And I'd like to shoot the scenario writer who made me a cross between a rag doll and a powder puff," complained the Movie Rabbit



ALICE sat in the movie theater watching the show. She was very much interested in it and wished she had brought along the black kitten that had started her on her adventure in Looking-glass Land so he could see it too. But they did not allow kittens in the theater on account of foolish rules made by the grown-ups on the Board of Health. The place was nice and warm, and Alice felt quite comfortable as she sat watching the hero and the heroine ride along a gray ribbon of road on the screen and vanish over the top of a hill.

"I wonder what it's like in Movie Land," said Alice to herself. "Everything seems so nice and quiet there. I'd like to walk along that road and take a peep at the country behind that hill."

Then Alice remembered how easy it had been for her to get into Looking-glass Land by just walking through the mirror. Why couldn't she do the very same thing here? All she would have to do would be to step right through the screen onto that road and follow it wherever it led. Alice got up from her seat and made her way to the aisle, apologizing to the people whose feet she stepped on.

She trotted down to the stage and climbed up by the organ. The large lady at the console who was chewing gum was surprised to see Alice clamber by her. She was so surprised that she pulled the vox humana stop all the way out and left it there. She started to call Alice back but it was too late. Alice had walked up to the screen and found that, as she had thought, she could go right through it.

The next minute Alice was pattering up the road. She got to the top of the hill and there,

on the other side, she came upon the hero and the heroine sitting by the road eating lunch out of a tin box.

"Hello, little girl," said the Movie Hero to Alice. "Who are you and what are you doing here?"

"Why, I'm Alice," said the little girl. "I'm Lewis Carroll's Alice who went to Wonderland and to Looking-glass Land afterwards. I thought I'd like to see what Movie Land is like so I came up your road."

"Well, we're glad to see you, Alice," said the Movie Heroine. "Sit down with us and have some lunch, won't you?"

Alice thought it was nice of the Movie Heroine to ask her to eat with them and thanked her with a curtsy. The Movie Hero pulled out a sandwich and gave it to her. The long performance in the theater had made Alice quite hungry and she took a great, big bite out of the sandwich. But it was a funny kind of a sandwich. Instead of having butter and chicken between the slices of bread it had newspaper clippings.

"Don't you like it, Alice?" asked the Movie Heroine.

"I'm sure it is a very nice sandwich," said Alice politely, "but I am not used to eating sandwiches that are made of paper."

"Why, that's what we live on here in Movie Land," said the Movie Hero. "That paper is newspaper clippings about ourselves telling what fine actors we are and how many hundreds of thousands of dollars we get a year. In Movie Land we eat up all the notices about ourselves we can find."

Alice could not think of anything to say to this, and she did not want to hurt their feelings by refusing to eat the food they had offered her so she pretended to nibble at the sandwich while watching them closely. (Continued on page 103)



Alice was staring at an immense jumble of wild west saloons, Moorish palaces.... every kind of building



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 by the Judges you will win \$200.00. 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 cannot 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 MINNESOTA

The purchase of one of our \$5 Minnesota Fountain Pens makes your answer to the picture eligible for the \$500.00 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

"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.

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.

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 blot or stain the fingers. Writing becomes a real pleasure when you use the Minnesota.

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

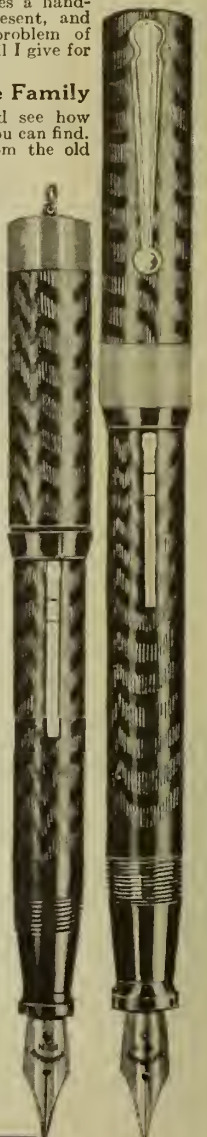
We guarantee Minnesota Fountain Pens to be perfectly satisfactory. If you are not satisfied with it on arrival, return it and we will exchange it or refund your money.

MINNESOTA PEN CO.

Dept. 666 Saint Paul 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 | 15.00 | 30.00 |
| 10th to 15th | 2.00 | 10.00 | 20.00 |



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.

MISS BEAVAN.—The (Mr.) Answer Man is only too glad to answer your questions (Miss) Beavan. Alec B. Francis is a character actor. He's a fine chap, and is now appearing with Norma Talmadge in "Smilin' Through." There is also Harrison Ford and Wyndham Standing, a real all-star cast. Francis was *Matt Sills* in "The Man Who Had Everything." Come again, (Miss) Beavan.

CHARLES T.—You can always apply to the casting director for work in the films. You have to fill out a blank and they call you when and if they want you. You cannot get inside a studio unless you are cast for a part in a picture, or are a friend of the director or the star or the head electrician or somebody big like that. Hollywood is a suburb of Los Angeles, Cal. Cal. is a state in the United. The center of Hollywood is about thirty minutes, or a half hour, on the street car from the business center of L. A. There are not many hotels in Hollywood, but Los Angeles proper (sometimes) has scores of them. I never advise anyone to go out to L. A. to work in pictures unless he has genuine ability or is sent for. But that won't stop you.

JENNY.—Please read the answer to Charles T. The same applies to you, only more so. Of course, telling you not to try your luck in pictures is like advising a small boy not to smoke cigarettes. They do it just the same. Norma Talmadge and Constance are going to work in the west, Constance will be gone only for a month, but Norma may stay for a long time. Natalie, (Mrs. Buster Keaton) is living out west and they are anxious to see her. Yep—Norma is a peach. She's not upstage a bit.

RAPHAEL.—You're a bit optimistic in your choice of a *nom de plume*, if you're an artist. You want to know about PHOTOPLAY'S covers, as you like them. Well they are all painted from life. The pastels are the same size in the original form as they are in the reproductions. Rolf Armstrong usually works about three weeks or a month on our covers. I particularly like the cover in this issue: that of Lillian Gish. You want Norma Talmadge and Constance on the cover? Better write to the Editor about it.

B. L., NEW YORK.—One of these little gals from upstage, eh? Robert Gordon seems to have dropped out of the public eye, so to speak. He is in California and has finished "The Rosary." His wife is Alma Francis, a former Merry Widow—on the stage, of course.

JEALOUS.—You have nothing to be jealous about. Harold Lloyd is not married. But I suppose it is easier to be jealous of one wife than a lot of women who may want to be Mrs. Lloyds. Never mind. Harold is still fancy-free at present.

HAZEL MCC., ROCHESTER.—You are right. Ethel Clayton is not by any means as obviously Irish as you are, with all due respect to you, but she has Irish blood in her veins, and it probably accounts for her sense of humor. Although I am one of those few who does not think it necessary to be Irish to have a sense of humor. Now that you pin me down to it, I'll admit that I am Irish—also Scotch and English. Some combination. You really can't blame me for being a bit scrappy at times, can you now?

SANDY.—Why, the best book I know is William Butler Yeats' "Irish Fairy and Folk Tales." It is most comprehensive. I don't blame you a bit for studying the lore of the little good people. It's fascinating; and good to know something about the beliefs of every race. It's a pity that America is too young to have much folk lore. The Pickfords, the Gishes, and Mabel Normand and Mae Marsh are Irish, although none was born over there. All the Moores are Irish, and born in County Cork.

STRANGER.—You certainly are—stranger than anyone who has been writing to me lately. You want to know if, if you came to New York, you could go up to see Lillian Gish. You could go up, but whether you would see Lillian is a question I cannot answer. Visitors are not allowed at the Griffith studios in Mamaroneck unless they are connected with the company, or newspaper or magazine or have a permit. I can't tell you how to get a permit. I'm really sorry. I can sympathize with you about wanting to see Lillian. I've a pretty good job, after all.

HELEN OF TROY.—So you have been to Paris. I've been wondering why you haven't written. Gaston Glass with Mary Miles Minter in "Her Winning Way." They had the loveliest newspaper office in that picture. It had oak panels and shiny desks and Japanese prints on the wall. And on the door of her office Mary had "Literary Editor" in nice big black shiny letters. I wish I knew where that newspaper office is. So do lots of other fellows.

ROBERTA.—It is awful the way prices and things stay up. And I thought—at least Miss Van Wyck tells me—that skirts are coming down: I'll be glad. There will be some sense to seeing a Sennett comedy or a musical show now. There was a time when every man to himself has said: "Why spend the money?" Dorothy Gish is Mrs. James Rennie. Her husband is in "Pot Luck," a new play, and is not doing pictures right now. Dorothy is, he repeated wearily, one of the two heroines of Griffith's "The Two Orphans." Lillian is the other.

BOBBETTE.—Oh dear, oh dear! You are *too* clever. I never can think of a retort to one of your hot shots until the Magazine is on the stands. Every time, too, that I think of something snappy, I rehearse it and wait for one of your *billet doux*. And then, when they come, they're so sweet I can't be mean. You say, among other things, "And some day when I'm famous, when I'm on Easy Street, I'll change your cold hall-bedroom for one with furnace heat." Bobbette: I've heard that before. You people are all so kind—in correspondence. The gentleman who presented me with the carved ivory cane is the only one with a really good memory. Candy and ties and cigarettes; but only one cane. You didn't ask any questions, did you? Thanks for that. But don't do it again.

BERT LYTELL ADMIRER.—So you want pictures and stories about Virginia Valli, your admiree's (careful there, printer) leading lady. Virginia is a beautiful brunette, twenty-two years old, and married to George Lamson. Address her Metro studios, Hollywood, Cal. Mr. Lytell is married to Evelyn Vaughn. Ruth Roland is not married. But she has been.

(Continued on page 84)

(Continued from page 83)

LENA.—From Palestina? Charmed, I'm sure. I've heard about you before. How people do love to gossip! No, I am not Delight Evans or anybody else but me. I'm sure I don't know why you should think I am a woman. Perhaps because I am so vehement in my denials of it.

HESTER.—Lester de Pester's sister? Charmed—charmed again. Mary Miles Minter has not married since you last asked that question. Billie Burke was born in 1886; this makes her—let me see—Oh, figure it out for yourself. I never was good in arithmetic.

CRYSTAL MAY.—And then again—Why, Bessie Barriscale is appearing on the stage in "Skirts." Yes—that's the name of the

play! She was born in 1885, and is married to Howard Hickman, and is the mother of a son. Natalie is the middle Talmadge, older than Constance and younger than Norma.

KERMIT, MASS.—May McAvoy is the radiant acting child with Lionel Barrymore in "The Devil's Garden." She played Grizel in "Sentimental Tommy" and then became a star. Since she has become a star she hasn't done much acting—she hasn't had a chance in "A Private Scandal" and stuff like that. Her latest are "Everything for Sale" and "A Virginia Courtship." Let's hope the "Courtship" will be good. May is a marvellous little actress, and I believe she has a wonderful future if—they give her a chance.

ISABEL M., HASBROUCK HEIGHTS, N. J.—The Talmadges use their own name. Their father is living. He is employed at the Talmadge studios in New York. Norma is Mrs. Joseph Schneck. Constance, Mrs. John Pialoglo. Natalie, Mrs. Buster Keaton. Those girls sure married well.

BOBBY.—I don't blame you for not going to that barber shop any more. That was one of the last refuges of man. Now where can he go? (Chorus of ladies:—) Marguerite Clark is married and has retired from the screen. Her last picture was "Scrambled Wives." Whether or not she returns depends upon whether or not she can find a good story. And whether or not I answer you next time depends upon whether or not you sign your right name.

(Continued on page 122)

Style Invading the Mennonites

Are the "Movies" Responsible?

By FREDERICK E. LYTLE

DOWN around Lancaster, Pa., travelers ten years ago used to hang out of train windows in order to see the Mennonites in their quaint costumes. They still do—but in a lesser degree, because the great god

Change has been at work and today the costume has been largely replaced by ordinary clothes.

In those days, Mennonite men, women and children dressed according to the prescribed pattern. Most of the men have broken away from the conventional straight cut coat with stand-up collar, but until recently the women still wore the plain drab dress, wide of skirt and tight of bodice, with a little triangular shawl down the back affording the only relief from a rigid plainness.

But today the tight little bonnet of the sect, beside which a sun-bonnet is a frivolous affair, is the only distinguishing sartorial feature of the younger generation. The older women still wear the regulation dress, but it is evident that the younger women are in revolt.

Can the change be traced to the influence of the movies? With no inspiration, or with no examples before her, a woman may permit herself to wear a dowdy costume. But show her a few fashion plates or a few pictures of pretty clothes, and there is bound to be a change in her appearance. Only a ribbon at first, perhaps, but eventually the ever victorious Fashion will emerge triumphant.

If the movies have done nothing else, they have spread the gospel of fashion far and wide, and few there are who can resist it. So the Mennonite costume of plain gray, blue or black is gradually being replaced by more becoming clothes. A few of the bolder spirits even go so far as to

wear frilly hats to church instead of the customary bonnet. As yet they are in a minority, but they are undoubtedly pioneers of the new movement.

Never yet has a costume designed by a man for women *en masse* been successful unless it has been becoming. And the Mennonite costume is notoriously ugly. Therefore it is doubtful if it will withstand a sustained revolt against it.

At the same time, ugly or not, a certain amount of old-world picturesqueness is lost in the transition to everyday clothes. Particularly in the church itself, where the women, set apart from the men, removed their bonnets and displayed their little linen caps. These are the only attractive feature of the whole costume, and in a way it is strange that no Fifth Avenue milliner has adapted them to city wear. With a little adornment they

could be made quite charming, bewitching even on some few.

Certain adverse elements are predicting the downfall of this church because of its apparent laxity in the matter of clothes. But the change has not been unaccompanied by bitter controversy, and perhaps the guiding spirits realize that their tolerance in the matter will do more to prevent a break than a rigid enforcement of obedience to the old laws. There is always, sooner or later, a natural reaction from ugliness to beauty. And from an aesthetic standpoint there is as little of beauty in the religion itself as in the adopted dress.

So, while it may be worldly to wear pretty clothes to worship, the chances are that the Mennonite maidens have found it much more agreeable. They have evidently come to the conclusion that the maximum amount of spiritual beauty does not necessarily require a minimum of exterior attractiveness.



If the movies have done nothing else they have spread the gospel of fashion far and wide

GETTING THIN TO MUSIC

Reducing Reduced to a Science

ARE you bulky of body, and heavy of heart? Would you really like to reduce? Will you accept without cost the proof that you can? Then read what this man has done! Not long ago, in Chicago, it was stated that the scientific secret of weight regulation had been discovered. Wallace, a leading physical director, had worked seventeen years to make the announcement. But it did not take long to prove it was true.

UNDER observation of the press, he took fifty persons, each at least 50 lbs. overweight. Pictures and weights were published daily. In exactly forty days, every member of the class was down to normal weight and measurements! Nothing so crude as starving was employed; the method lets one eat. In fact, Wallace's success in reducing is due to his discovering that food does not cause fat. When you stop and think, some of the most humorously fat folks eat less than a child. Wallace simply found a way to prevent the system from turning too much of what *is* eaten, into fat. His course gives you things to do—to music—which makes your system use every bit of nourishment for blood, bone and sinew. Nothing is left from which to make fat. Getting thin to music is simple enough, but results are fairly astounding.

THIS interesting course has reduced thousands of women living in all parts of the U. S. Most of them had tried other means of losing weight without success. A typical example is Mrs. Grace Horchler, who resides at 4625 Indiana Ave., Chicago. She weighed 242 lbs. and in four months reduced to 168 lbs. This loss of seventy-four pounds was accomplished solely by Wallace's reduction records, sent her by mail. Because of the natural method of reducing, her body was left symmetric, firmly moulded. A hundred similar instances are on record, while the loss of fifteen, twenty or thirty pounds seems mere play; innumerable women have reported reductions of these amounts. Every mail brings new letters of appreciation.

GET thin to music, and Nature will make your bodily proportions normal, and keep them so. For this remarkable reduction course on phonograph records—set to music—brings instant and permanent results. As the



He makes them thin to music. A close-up of Wallace, a physical director now nationally known for his discovery of an unfailing, scientific method of reducing weight. It is done to music. His phonographic reduction records are sent everywhere.

knowledge of it grows, the number of women who carry a burden of excessive flesh will grow visibly less. Distance is no obstacle, for the lessons are sent everywhere. One's own phonograph is all the equipment needed. No incentive to keep at the course is required—it is all too novel and interesting to be a task. The course is full of surprises, and results come very quickly.

YOU may test this wonderful method of reducing without paying a penny. Wallace will reduce you five pounds *free*. He will do it in five days' time! You don't have to agree to take the course. You don't have to send any money. He will send postpaid, plainly wrapped, a full-sized regular reducing record and instructions. All he asks is to try it. For your own sake, don't doubt what he can do—for his method has proved unfailing. Women of every weight, height, and age have been rid of their fat as if by magic.

How can anybody who really wishes to get thin decline such an offer of proof! Clip or tear off the coupon below; fill it in now; mail it today.

WALLACE, 178 Jackson Blvd., Chicago: Please send record for first reducing lesson, free and prepaid. I will either enroll or return your record at the end of five-day trial. (134)

(Miss or Mrs.) _____

(Address) _____

(Advertisement)

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Plays and Players

The livest, most accurate, and most interesting news and comment about motion picture people

By CAL. YORK

MARYON AYE, vaudeville star, has just signed the first movie contract with a "morality clause" in it. This young actress put her name to something that reads like this:

"SAID party of the second part will at all times conduct herself in public in such a manner as not to subject herself to any great amount of publicity or criticism of said conduct."

Will Rogers, as usual, pulled the most pertinent remarks on the subject:

"I hear they're going to put what they call a morality clause in contracts," said Rogers. "They've appointed a committee to see about it. Don't suppose they'll take any action until the committee finds out what morality means. And if any of them guys asks me to sign a contract with that kind of a gewgaw in it, I'm going to tell him, 'Well, you sign it yourself first.'"

MAE MARSH'S play, "Brittie," has not yet had its New York premier; but the advance notices from out-of-town are distinctly favorable. The star plays a little slavey with all the famous Mae Marsh pathos.

IN his quest for "New Faces for Old," Samuel Goldwyn is entirely sincere. He practices what he preaches.

The other day he signed up James Rennie for a big picture, with an option on the actor's services for two years.

In spite of the fact that he was Dorothy Gish's leading man in several comedies, Mr. Rennie's is a new face to screen-goers. He is exceedingly—and deservedly—popular on the stage. If "Pot Luck" hadn't closed prematurely, he probably wouldn't be going to California now.

Dorothy Gish is consoling herself that it is only for four weeks. After that, Jim will come back east, or Dorothy and her mother, who is just recuperating after her long and serious illness, will go out west to join him.

Lillian?

I think it's the stage next season for the beautiful Griffith heroine.

HERE'S Barbara La Mar, whom you saw and admired as *Milady* in Douglas Fairbanks' "The Three Musketeers."

Miss La Mar has not always been a film queen.

Once, she was little Reatha Watson, and figured in four marriages, and was advised by a judge to leave Los Angeles, California, because she was too beautiful.

She took the advice and left, only to come back as Barbara La Mar, and to "come back" is probably the most difficult thing in the world. But she did; first as an ingenue and then she was acclaimed one of the screen's most beautiful girls. She is now happily married, and is sought after by the producers to play important parts.

tremely. Evidently, he had never seen Marie's knees.

SPEAKING of ministers—Will Rogers addressed a meeting of them recently. On the censorship bill. One preacher had spoken and Bill got up to answer him.

"Now," said the famous cowboy, "I want to explain something. I was in that brother's church last Sunday evenin' an'—"

"Don't believe it," shouted the pastor, "don't believe he was ever in my church. Don't believe he was there last Sunday night. If he was, let him tell what I preached about. Tell me my text."

Bill twisted his hat, hung his head. "Well, brother, you got me there. I can't do it. I can't tell you what you preached about. But you bet next time I go to your church, I'll stay awake and hear what you say."

MY young friend Al Wilkie, Cecil deMille press agent de luxe, is responsible for the announcement that the new deMille feature "Saturday Night" is not a bathing picture. It isn't. But, oh boy, wait until you see the new bathroom in it and what's in it.

A PRETTY little movie actress was coming out of a drug store on Hollywood Boulevard. She paused at the news stand and saw the Hollywood daily paper, prominently displayed, sporting a three-column cut of William Shakespeare on the front page.

"Who's that?" she demanded of her escort.

"Will Shakespeare," said that enlightened young man.

"Well, my gracious, what's he been up to to get his face on the front page of the paper?" demanded the brilliant young thing.

WE do not wish to dwell on the Arbuckle disaster. But this is too good to lose.

"Yep," said Will Rogers to a friend, "I been hired to do the story they was goin' to have Arbuckle do. I—I got a little money for doin' it, too. Well, yu see, here's where virtue and ignorance finally cum into their own."

YOU just never can tell about these blond ingenues. Never!

Now when our little Bebe of the sparkling black eyes and the wicked Spanish walk and the pouted mouth was arrested for speeding, we felt bad, but not wholly surprised.

But Mary Miles Minter—she of the blonde curls and the round blue eyes—and four times in one day. Well, as my grandmother

(Continued on page 88)



Barbara La Mar's beauty got her into a lot of trouble, but now it's earning a big salary

CLARA WHIPPLE YOUNG was granted a divorce from James Young—former husband of Clara Kimball Young—in the Los Angeles divorce courts the other day. The second Mrs. Young declared that Jimmy insisted on twin beds. The furniture dealers should be forbidden to sell 'em if they're actually grounds for divorce.

AT a hearing on the proposed ordinance providing for the establishment of a board of motion picture censors in Los Angeles, the old arguments both pro and con were retailed.

One reverend Breigleib—that may not be exactly right, but it's some appellation of that character—orated at length, taking as his text a subtitle from Marie Prevost's first starring vehicle—

ONE DIMPLE IN THE KNEE IS WORTH TWO IN THE CHEEK.

It distressed the reverend gentleman ex-



Every normal skin needs two creams

A protective cream for daytime use
a cleansing cream at night

*Complexion flaws prevented
by a daytime cream without oil*

Rough, chapped skin. To make up for the drying effect of dust and wind you need a daytime cream that softens and protects the skin without adding a particle of oil. Before going out into the cold air, touch your face and neck and hands with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It disappears at once and leaves the skin delightfully soft and satiny.

Shiny skin. This almost universal annoyance is due to powdering without providing a base for the powder. Try powdering this way—

First rub the face lightly with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It cannot reappear in a shine. See how smoothly and evenly the powder goes on over this base and how long it stays.

Dull, tired skin. When you are tired apply a little Pond's Vanishing Cream to your face. It instantly relieves the strained look about the eyes and mouth and gives the whole face a fresh youthfulness.



POND'S Vanishing Cream

Start using these two creams today

The regular use of these two creams helps your skin to become continually lovelier.

They will not clog the pores or encourage the growth of hair. In both jars and tubes in convenient sizes. At any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.



Before going out smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into the skin

*Flaws prevented by nightly
cleansing with an oil cream*

Blackheads. Blackheads need a more thorough cleansing than ordinary washing can give.

Wash your face with hot water and pure soap. Then work Pond's Cold Cream thoroughly into the pores. As this rich oil cream penetrates the skin, it loosens all the dirt which has lodged deep in the pores. Wipe the cream off with a soft cloth. This leaves the skin really clean.

Wrinkles. For wrinkles you need a cream with an oil base, for oil is the greatest enemy known to wrinkles. Pond's Cold Cream, rubbed gently into the face at night, acts as a tonic, stimulating the blood, rousing the skin, and warding off the wrinkles. Too vigorous rubbing is apt to be harmful, but gentle, persistent rubbing, systematically done, is beneficial even to the most delicate skin.



POND'S Cold Cream

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
130 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 _____

The Letter That Saved Bob Johnson's Job

—and paved the way
for a better one!

IT was written to his employer by the International Correspondence Schools. It told how "Robert Johnson had enrolled for a course of home-study and had received a mark of 94 for his first lesson."

Bob answered the summons to the Chief's office with just a little fear and trembling, for a lot of men were being dropped—a lot more were having their pay reduced.

But as Bob came in, his employer did a surprising thing. He got up quickly from his desk and grasped Bob warmly by the hand.

"I want to congratulate you, young man, on the marks you are making with the I. C. S. I am glad to see that you are training yourself not only for your present job but for the job ahead.

"We're cutting the pay-roll. Until I received this letter, I had you in mind as one of the men to be dropped. But not now. Keep on studying—keep your eyes open—and pretty soon there'll be a better job for you around here. We're always looking for trained men."

Won't you let the I. C. S. help you, too? Won't you trade a few hours of your spare time for a good job, a good salary and the comforts that go with it? Then mark the work you like best on the coupon below and mail it to Scranton today. That doesn't obligate you in the least, but it will be your first big step towards success. *Do it now!*

TEAR OUT HERE
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 6452-B SCRANTON, 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:—

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| <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 |
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| <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 |
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Occupation _____

RESINOL

Soothing and Healing
Household Ointment
for

Cuts, Burns, Scalds, etc.

Every home needs it

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 86)



Photographing a foot! It belongs to Allan Hale, who is registering emotion aided by a good stout Norwegian calfskin oxford. The envious gentleman is Will Rogers; the lowly ones are the poor cameramen, who have to go through fire, water, and gymnastics to get their pictures

used to say, still waters run deep. And sometimes shallow waters run still.

However, it was only for breaking a few speed and traffic laws and Miss Minter will come out with nothing damaged but her check book—and since she has a checkin' account for \$7500 a week, it won't hurt her. She wisely selected Los Angeles instead of Santa Ana for the scene of her operations.

Pretty Mary has other troubles, too, they tell me. The Pacific Fleet inconsiderately sailed away right in the middle of a Perfectly Good Romance—in which Miss Minter and a handsome young officer had the star parts.

And when a romance is interrupted like that—especially in the Navy—you never can tell, can you?

DOUGLAS McLEAN, whose reputation as a real story teller is rapidly growing, related the following at a recent luncheon given by the Los Angeles Ad club with such success that it seems worth repeating.

"A young motion picture director," said Mr. McLean, "of excellent reputation went to a friend of his who was a banker and asked for the loan of several thousand dollars on good security, to use in his business.

"The banker hemmed and hawed a bit and finally agreed to let him have it, but added 'Look here, John, it's a shame for you to go on in this picture industry. It's a rotten game—a rotten game. Look at this Ar buckle mess. Why don't you get out of it?'"

"Well," said the director, "I have thought of it. But what'd I do? What other business is there. I thought some of banking. But look at this Stillman mess. I'd be just as badly off."

HERE'S something new—from Paris. It's a memory test, a liberal education, and good entertainment, all in one. The idea is to show, on the screen, scenes from the classical works of French literature, offering substantial prizes to the person who is successful in guessing the work from which the scenes were taken, and the author's name.

RUPERT HUGHES was watching some esthetic dancers floating about with little on but soap bubbles the other evening on a set of Goldwyn's—in connection with the new Lon Chaney production.

"Those young ladies are so well developed I know it wasn't done in our laboratory," remarked the chief Eminent Authority.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN stopped over in Chicago for two days on his return from his European trip. He was a very busy man, of course, sought after by interviewers and people with all sorts of propositions.

Yet the way he spent his last evening was typical of Chaplin. He put everything aside and went to dinner at the home of Paul Frank, 5478 Greenwood Ave., whose eight-year old son had broken his leg, was in constant pain, and in his suffering had only one wish and that was to see Charlie again. The boy had met the great comedian in Los Angeles and they became great friends.

It was just like Chaplin to make life more pleasant for the little sufferer for a few hours.

THE King of Comedy has been offered \$15,000 a week to go in vaudeville as a single act. But Charles Spencer Chaplin, on his return from Europe, refused the offer.

IF anybody but Tommie Meighan had told me this I wouldn't believe it—but you know how Tommie is. You just believe anything he tells you.

Anyway, he went north to make some scenes for his new pictures—to a small town in the country Bret Harte made famous—a little town that is almost like one of the "ghost cities of the west." Haven't built a building in ten years.

"Day I got there, they were having an election," said Tommie.

"What kind of an election?" I asked. "To see if the town'd go wet or dry," said Tommie. "And the dries won by two votes. But the wets were still hopeful because they had the town marshal on their side. He owned the saloon."

(Continued on page 90)



A Beauty Secret that Has Been Kept Too Long

To the Women of America:
There are few complexions which cannot be made *absolutely perfect in three weeks*. This is not an advertisement for a book, nor for any cream, lotion, powder or soap.

There is one beauty truth all women should know, and we are determined to tell it. We are a women's organization, now 22,000 strong.

How to FORCE a Beautiful Complexion

In England, they do not have bad complexions. Skins are satiny, cheeks abloom. For they know over there how to 'force' good complexions.

Many of our actresses—notably those in the movies—know and apply this principle. It's simple enough, once learned, but amazing in its results. The whole secret is just this:

The skin is an organ; just as responsive as heart, lungs or liver. Normally, it is of fine texture, glowing and pink. But one skin in a thousand is normal! To bring the skin texture to perfection, you have only to restore it to *normal action*.

The 'Inside-Out' Method

Human skin has three layers. Skin action is *outward*. So any beauty treatment *from the top* is only temporary. Nothing can be applied to the innermost skin layer—but you *can* take something away! Chemistry of the body is the force that will clear any skin, make any skin smooth—and this wonderful, natural action can be brought about almost instantaneously! Blackheads, for instance, will begin to disappear in 48 hours. Blemishes of years' standing start yielding to this treatment within a week. Even a thickly-pimpled skin turns smooth. Prominent pores contract to rightful size. All without drugs or dopping, or any drastic measures.

It Requires Only Three Weeks

The beautiful part of it all is the *ease* and the *speed* with which women positively *transform* the skin by this method. Not merely a slight improvement that you must look closely to see, but a beautiful, velvety skin, with surges of natural color. In other words, a complexion requiring no make-up of any kind. This result is attainable in three weeks' time!

Any type—blonds or brunette—skins too dry or skins too oily—no matter how sallow or yellow, or deathly white—a rich, natural color comes speedily through this method.

Here is the letter that inspired me, together with other Olympian associates, to put this course in the compact and handy form now offered to you:

Hollywood, Calif., July 9, 1921.

Dear Miss Roberts—

The information I got from you has done unbelievable things for me. I never dreamed of having such color—of my own! My skin is such as now defies the 'close-ups' which only a month ago were such a nightmare! Why can't a way be found to tell every woman in the land of this *marvelous* way to build beauty?
Ever gratefully,

I Will Reveal This Plan to Any Girl or Woman on One Condition:

Olympian Society made it possible to offer these scientific beauty building principles in wonderfully practical form, with plainest directions for each day of the three weeks. Everything in one compact box; there are many features I cannot mention here. I know you'll be delighted with it all.

If you fill out the blank below, I'll send you the full course—but please do not send any money. Your course will be mailed in its turn, and you can pay the postman. The total cost is just \$2.50. No further payments—nothing more to buy—the \$2.50 covers *everything*.

The condition I make is this: When you have gained the marvelous results desired, *tell other women* of the course, and where to get it.

Alice Roberts

Care of OLYMPIAN SOCIETY

CALUMET AT 21ST. ST. : CHICAGO, ILL. (103)

Send me in plain package, complete course revealing the natural means of securing an absolutely perfect complexion in three weeks' time. I will pay postman \$2.50 on delivery, in full payment of everything.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 88)



—the Finest Reproducing Phonograph in the World

TO bring to you the voice of the artist in all its beauty and to reproduce faithfully the music of any instrument—that is the supreme achievement of a phonograph. The STEGER, of all phonographs has succeeded—and because of this distinction it is universally regarded as the finest reproducing phonograph in the world. The Steger plays all makes of disc records correctly—without change of parts. Hear and play it at your Steger dealer's. Style book mailed on request. Steger dealers everywhere.

STEGER & SONS
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STEGER BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILL.

Factories: STEGER, ILLINOIS, where the "Lincoln" and "Dixie" Highways meet



"It's a STEGER—it's the most valuable piano in the world."



Norma Talmadge "Smilin' Through"—the lights, and the clicking cameras, and the scurrying property boys, and the studio sun! Here is the big set at the Talmadge studios in New York, where Norma made her latest and largest picture. This is an exterior scene, with the "sun" just as realistic as the original, the grass even greener, and the flowers blooming brightly. They couldn't "go out on location" for this scene, because they couldn't find a manor house in the vicinity of New York to suit their purpose

ORMI HAWLEY is back—again.

The erstwhile Lubin luminary, after a long absence from the screens, spent at her home in Whitesboro, New York, personally appeared in conjunction with her film, "The American Prince."

THE Los Angeles postoffice handles 8500 letters a day addressed to film stars.

Of these letters 1500 go to Mary Pickford. About 500 each to Douglas Fairbanks and Wallace Reid. Other stars whose mail is noticeably heavy are Bill Hart, Bebe Daniels, Pauline Frederick, Charles Ray, May Allison, Douglas McLean, Tony Moreno—who has an enormous foreign collection—Mary Miles Minter and Bert Lytell.

WILL ROGERS, after leaving Goldwyn and making one picture for Paramount, has signed a contract to appear in Shubert vaudeville, according to an authentic report—if a report is ever authentic. The screen will miss him.

Rogers will get \$3,000 a week. This is said to be the second largest salary ever paid to a vaudeville "single." Rogers, who first won fame as the lariat-monologist in the Ziegfeld Follies, became one of the most popular entertainers in the world as a Goldwyn star. He is a homely man, and a shy man; he is not a great comedian like Chaplin. But he has made a place for himself that is unique. People go to see Will Rogers on the screen when they won't go to see anyone else.

HERE'S an absolutely new one:

David Wark Griffith has lodged a complaint with the War Department against airplanes flying over his studio estate at Mamaroneck, N. Y. And he introduces a brand new reason. There is a very costly reproduction of a French village—very old, very genuine—on the big lot. It's for "The Two Orphans," and a year's research work

and many months' construction made it. Griffith alleges that the airplanes flying over the set are for the purpose of photographing it, so that some "promoters" may use the photograph in a book they are getting out, to help other directors in building similar sets! Besides, the plane, which sometimes almost sweeps the house-tops, and its noisy progress is a great annoyance to the players. We don't blame Griffith for objecting.

THE Ohio censors are at it again.

Censorship in its most virulent form has broken out in Cincinnati. This time, they picked Marshall Neilan's masterpiece, "Bits of Life," as their victim. They saw it and slashed it. If you have seen it, which you undoubtedly have, you remember the first of the short stories that made up the picture, "The Bad Samaritan." It was a little tale with a big wallop. The censors cut it out entirely, so that the picture had to be withdrawn altogether—and something else—something innocuous and uninteresting and unoriginal—was substituted.

Marshall Neilan did a daring thing when he produced this picture. Because he dared to be original, the reformers have landed on him. Where is the great picture of tomorrow going to come from, if this sort of thing is permitted to go on?

ANITA LOOS and John Emerson have moved again.

A month or so ago they were leaving their town house in Gramercy Park for their country place in Great Neck, Long Island. Now they're leaving the Park for the Fifties off Fifth Avenue, where their new house is.

Anita is such a little, such a pretty chatelaine.

She and her husband go to every one of the first nights on Broadway.

Incidentally, they are going to California soon to write more stories.

(Continued on page 91)

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, box . . . \$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.

PAUL RIEGER & CO.
138 First St., San Francisco, Cal.
(Since 1872)

TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Rieger's
PERFUME & TOILET WATER
flower Drops

\$2.00 Silk Velvet Tam

Silk-lined, trimmed with ribbon and bow. Fits any size head. Made in Black, Blue, Brown, Red.

Same style in all wool felt, silk-lined: \$1.25 made in all colors.

Wonderful Values

We pay postage. C.O.D. 10c extra. Write to Dept. P.

CRITERION CAP CO. 157 W. 21st St., N.Y.

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 90)

ALICE JOYCE is the mother of another little daughter: born in October at the home of the James Regan Juniors.

The beautiful Vitagraph star retired from the screen six months ago. You remember her marriage to the son of the former owner of the Knickerbocker Hotel in Manhattan was one of the most charming of all film romances. Miss Joyce has a little girl named Mary Joyce Moore, whose father is Tom Moore the film star.

Now the tiny Joyce Regan has come to keep her company.

AT last—the Legend of Sleepy Hollow is to be immortalized.

Allan Dwan, one of the screen's greatest directors, is to film it. He is going to take a company to Tarrytown and put into pictures *Ichabod Crane* and the others Washington Irving wrote about.

America is filled with charming folk lore. It is a great field for the more artistic producers.

WHEN Mildred Harris was suddenly released from the cast of "Miss Lulu Bett," film circles wondered just what she had done—or what she was going to do. Guesses were wild and plentiful, but Mildred said nothing—only smiled her sad, sweet smile. And now we know why she was smiling, although we cannot understand the sadness of it. For Famous Players-Lasky have announced that she will play opposite Thomas Meighan in his next picture.

HERE is something that should be not only interesting, but very lovely. Florence Walton, the dancer, has promised to pose—in a series of dances—before the slow motion camera. The machine will register every movement in exact time, and every detail of her consummate grace will be shown minutely.

SOMETHING new landed in this country a few days ago—that same being a vest pocket movie camera. It arrived on the Cunarder Bulgaria in the possession of one C. D. Wellington, who hails from Australia. He bought the little thing in Paris where he paid about one hundred dollars for it. Its capacity is twenty-five feet of regular film, and it operates by a spring instead of the time honored crank method.

We imagine that this camera will be much in vogue with the society folk who prefer a self-starting method.

MME. OLGA PETROVA has successfully opened in a new stage production, "The White Peacock." The program states it was written by a Polish woman who has lived in America ten years. We more than suspect that Mme. Petrova is the author. The critic, of the Indianapolis News, among other nice things says:

"In the first place, the dialogue is unusual in that it is natural speech, and not theatrical. This is a Russian trait. Tolstoy, the greatest of all Russian writers, was always straining to have his characters say what would obviously be said under the circumstances. He hated artificiality. So it is here. There is scarcely a speech in the whole play that seems forced. The leading role is, of course, emotional, but the star does not "act all over the place," as the saying is. For the most part her acting is restrained. She has a problem to contend with and she faces it as any intelligent woman would."

(Continued on page 92)



Ask Us Now

This test will delight you

Again we offer, and urge you to accept, this new teeth-cleaning method.

Millions now employ it. Leading dentists, nearly all the world over, are urging its adoption. The results are visible in whiter teeth wherever you look today.

Bring them to your people.

The war on film

Dental science has declared a war on film. That is the cause of most tooth troubles. And brushing methods of the past did not effectively combat it.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Then night and day it may do serious damage.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Very few people have escaped the troubles caused by film.

Two film combatants

Now two combatants have been found. Many careful tests have proved their efficiency.

A new-day tooth paste has been created, and these two film combatants are embodied in it. The paste is called Pepsodent.

Now every time you brush your teeth you can fight those film-coats in these effective ways.

Pepsodent PAT OFF
REG U S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

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

Also starch and acids

Another tooth enemy is starch. It also clings to teeth, and in fermenting it forms acids.

To fight it Nature puts a starch digestant in saliva. She also puts alkalis there to neutralize the acids.

Pepsodent multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. It multiplies the alkalis. Thus these teeth protecting forces, twice a day, are much increased.

They must be done

These things must be done. Teeth with film or starch or acids are not white or clean or safe. You know yourself, no doubt, that old tooth-brushing methods are inadequate.

See what the new way does.

Make this pleasant ten-day test and watch your teeth improve.

A few days will tell

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.

Do this now. The effects will delight you and lead to constant delights. To all in your home they may bring new beauty, new protection for the teeth.

10-Day Tube Free 753

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 387, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family

Chase Pain Away with Musterole

When the winds blow raw and chill and rheumatism starts to tingle in your joints and muscles, get out your good friend Musterole.

Rub this soothing white ointment gently over the sore spot. As Musterole penetrates the skin and goes down to the seat of trouble you feel a gentle, healing warmth; then comes cooling, welcome relief from old man Pain.

Better by far than the old-fashioned mustard plaster, Musterole does the work without the burn and blister Grandma knew so well.

For croupy colds, sore throat, rheumatism and congestion of all kinds, just rub on Musterole.

Don't wait for trouble, keep a jar or tube on the bathroom shelf.

Recommended often by nurses and doctors, it comes in 35c and 65c jars and tubes; hospital size, \$3.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

Ma mere—Vividly I remember the delicate fragrance of her lightly powdered cheek. Lablache—her powder—always suggestive of her complexion, beautiful as wild rose petals. More than ever I appreciate the refreshing purity of Lablache.

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.

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 57
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

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.

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 91)



In the spectacular set at the huge studio ranch in Berlin, Germany: "Pharaoh" himself, Ernst Lubitsch, the famous director of "Passion" and "Deception"; Albert Kaufman, European manager for Famous Players; Watterson R. Rothacker, the well-known American laboratory wizard; and two production men of the European company. Lubitsch's newest spectacle will soon be seen in this country. P. S. Sorry Pola Negri isn't in this. But you'll find a snapshot of her with Charlie Chaplin on page twenty

GLORIA SWANSON seems to have more than her share of troubles just now—and troubles that really don't belong to her, either.

A suit has been filed in the Los Angeles courts against Gloria and her mother, Mrs. James Burns, which has all the earmarks of being very silly but which still may do harm to the reputation of one of the foremost women of the industry unless the other side of the affair is brought to the public.

The suit is an attempt to break the will of the late James Burns, Gloria's stepfather, who left his widow an estate valued at \$100,000. It is filed by Mr. Burns' sister and other relatives and alleges that Gloria and her mother used undue influence upon Mr. Burns, first, to make him marry Mrs. Swanson and then to leave her all his property. It declares that Mr. Burns was never in love with the mother but with Gloria, and that—as Gloria was married at the time—he was persuaded to marry the older woman upon the promise that he should see Gloria every day, be with her constantly and live under the same roof with her.

ALL of which is most vigorously denied by Miss Swanson and her mother. Miss Swanson was not then and never has been in need of money. Mrs. Burns is herself a young and attractive woman, and during Mr. Burns' lifetime they were happy and devoted, according to their friends. Mr. and Mrs. Burns never did live under the same roof with Gloria, except for one day. And while the old man was proud of his famous stepdaughter, there seems to be no proof of any kind that it was anything but a fatherly affection.

"Oh, it's wrong," said Gloria, her wonderful eyes full of tears, "that's because I'm known—and because they want to get some of the money. It's a lie—every word of it. He adored mama. We didn't want his

old money. Why, I earn more than that in six months."

THEY say that the Famous Players studio in Long Island City, the largest in the east and one of the best equipped in the world, is going to open soon.

This will pep things up some in Manhattan and film environs. There hasn't been much doing, now that D. W. Griffith has finished actual shooting on "The Two Orphans," and the Talmadge sisters have gone to the coast, and Selznick is way over in Fort Lee, and Fox has moved most of his companies to the coast.

NO, the Duke of Manchester hasn't made a picture yet, Annabelle. But he may any day, so you had better keep your eyes open.

A real live Duke would be a bit of a novelty, what? Even though we have had plenty of close-ups of princes and premiers and presidents and ladies, a duke is something else again.

The Duke of Manchester has, like so many movie actors, had an offer. An American film concern has begged the Duke to be photographed in a fiction film. But he says himself nothing has been definitely decided. Have patience!

A PARISIAN doctor has discovered a new disease called screenitis.

"Screenitis," said Micky Neilan, "is the disease screen actors and actresses get when they see the fatal old camera beginning to show the least little bit of sign of slipping in their looks. That's all. But it really is—a nervous collapse."

BARBARA BEDFORD has been made a star, by Fox and for them.

Outside of "The Last of the Mohicans" and a few other films, Miss Bedford has had
(Continued on page 93)

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 92)

little screen experience. There were those who, when her stardom was announced, doubted that she was stellar material. Her first Fox release is by no means a masterpiece, but it proves that little Barbara, with her eccentric coiffure, and her piquant and decidedly not pretty little face, and her uncanny eyes, had a definite place on the silversheet.

That doesn't mean that she will rival Mary and Lillian and Norma right away. It does mean that she is a new and vivid personality, and as such she is interesting.

FOUR times married, once kidnapped, finally exiled, Miss Watson had a lively career. First she was abducted, according to the story current at the time, from her father's house in El Centro. Then she was married to a caveman who held her prisoner for several months. Later, her husband died. Another marriage, this one annulled. Then came her cruel exile. After her fourth marriage, she attracted the attention of Fred Niblo, the director, who cast her in an important part in "The Three Musketeers." She has made good. The face that caused all the trouble has now brought her fame and fortune.

WELL, the ladies are going to have to stay up late nights for a while, but it's in a good cause.

However, in passing, I should like to mention what they seem to have passed over, and which it might have been tactful and right to have noted—that there are in Hollywood many people connected with the motion pictures who are as eminently respectable, as cultured, as high-principled as the clubwomen themselves. And that while there are no doubt people in Hollywood who would be better for a little vigilante-ing, some movies and some not, there are also many people claiming connection with the industry who do not actually belong to it.

NO one desires to see the "morals of the movies" held to a high level as much as the people themselves—for everything of that kind reflects on their standing.

For instance, the homes of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ellis (May Allison), King and Florence Vidor, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eyton (Kathleen Williams), Mr. and Mrs. Jack Holt and their three kiddies, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Sills and little Miss Sills, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Scardon (Betty Blythe), Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Cameron (Anita Stewart), Miss Constance Binney, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. William deMille, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace MacDonald (Doris May), Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Washburn and their two sons, Miss Ethel Clayton, Mr. and Mrs. Will Rogers and the three Rogers youngsters, Harold Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Lon Chaney and their son, Miss Lois Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Tod Browning, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Wood, Miss Katherine MacDonald, "Mother" Sylvia Ashton, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa, Mr. William and Miss Mary Hart, Miss Gladys George, Miss Mildred Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Wood—

OH, I could go on endlessly, really I could.

And all the people I have named have charming, respectable, cultured homes in Hollywood, most of which they own, and spend their time as decently, as quietly and as morally as any vigilante committee could wish.

(Continued on page 94)



Complexion Secrets

What Scientists Know About Your Skin

A CLEAR, radiant, youthful complexion, what else but internal cleanliness can produce it? A clean system is the originator of charm, the handmaid to beauty, the basis of personal attractiveness. The texture of your skin, the brightness of your eyes and the sheen and lustre of your hair, all depend upon cleanliness—internal cleanliness. Truly, the fastidious woman keeps clean inside. She is careful to see that her bodily organs function properly, particularly those organs that eliminate waste from the body. If these do not act regularly and thoroughly, poisons are formed, absorbed by the blood and carried to the great covering of the body, the skin. They poison the skin cells, causing facial blemishes, muddy skin and sallowness. These poisons are the most common cause of personal unattractiveness.

Result of Research



Experts have conducted exhaustive research to find some method of eliminating these poisons in a harmless and natural way and thus keep the system clean.

The result of their experience in treating thousands of cases has been the discovery that *Nujol* has the unique property of dissolving readily many intestinal poisons. These it carries out of the body along with the food residue as Nature intended.

It thus promotes internal cleanliness by preventing the insidious poisoning of the skin cells, the most common cause of skin troubles.

This is why so many women have found *Nujol* to be an invaluable aid to a clear, radiant, youthful complexion. *Nujol* is for sale by druggists everywhere.

MISTOL, a new product, for
Colds in head, Nasal Catarrh,
Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Hoarseness
and acute paroxysms of Asthma.
Made by the makers of *Nujol*.

Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

How and why the elimination of intestinal toxins will bring beauty and attractiveness is told in a plain, instructive and authoritative way in the booklet, "A LOVELY SKIN COMES FROM WITHIN". Fill out and mail the attached coupon today.

Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), Room 819-E 44 Beaver Street, New York. Please send me a copy of "A LOVELY SKIN COMES FROM WITHIN".

Name

Address

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 93)

Buy Your Xmas Gifts Now
Only a few cents a day

31A \$35.00
40A \$375.00
44A \$90.00
45A \$120.00
43A \$9.75
36A \$127.50
35A \$125.00
34A \$75.00
47A \$110.00
46A \$100.00
32A \$122.50
43A \$118.75
37A \$132.75
48A \$137.50

No Money Down

JUST send your name and address for our 128-page book of diamonds, watches and jewelry on credit. Millions of dollars worth of jewelry from which to choose your Xmas gifts. Your choice sent you on approval, without a penny down.

Charge Account Plan

Don't send a penny in advance. Your simple request brings any diamond or piece of jewelry you choose. When it comes examine it and if it is not the greatest bargain you have ever seen send it back at our expense. If you decide to keep it you can pay at the rate of only a few cents a day.

8% Yearly Dividends

You are guaranteed an 8% yearly increase in value on all diamond exchanges. Also 5% bonus privilege. Catalog tells how.

Write Today for Xmas Catalog

Send your name and address now. No obligation. Beautiful Christmas catalog comes free by return mail. It explains all about Lyon Charge Account Plan. See this great collection of jewelry bargains now. Send your name for catalog today to Dept. 1721

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Everything About Cuticura Soap Suggests Efficiency

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c. everywhere. For samples address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. D, Malden, Mass.

WHY BE A WALLFLOWER?

Learn to Dance Well, at home, by my fascinating new method; surprisingly easy! You need no music or partner. "60,000 learned dancing by mail."

I guarantee to teach you! To prove Free! you can learn easily and quickly I will send you one lesson FREE. For mailing, etc., send 10c today!

ARTHUR MURRAY, Studio 62, 290 E'way, N.Y.



Making a poor girl climb up a house—just to shoot her! Just before the jump that provided the biggest thrill before the "Continued Next Tuesday" slide in Universal's serial, "Terror Trail." Eileen Sedgwick remains calm and unruffled through it all

So, as I say, it might have been at least polite for the 1200 clubwomen who passed that resolution, to mention this fact in passing.

IRVING BERLIN'S beautiful new theater, "The Music Box," has been filled to capacity at every performance since the opening in the early fall. Mr. Berlin, who you may remember was once engaged to Connie Talmadge, and is one of America's most popular song writers, appears in the show himself.

Norma Talmadge and her husband, Joseph Schenck, have a large financial interest in "The Music Box Revue," the theater, and the expensive ground it's built on.

Saw Norma before she shut up her East Forty-eighth Street studio. She was glad and sorry to be leaving. Sorry to forsake her studio, and glad to go to California to see her sister Natalie, who has been Mrs. Buster Keaton for some months now.

LUIGI MONTAGNE, Italian by birth, became a full fledged United States citizen the other day when U. S. Judge Bledsoe passed his application in a Los Angeles court.

That probably doesn't sound interesting, but when I tell you that under that dignified moniker is hiding one Bull Montana, hero of a thousand battles and a thousand films, all is different.

But the judge handed Bull an awful jolt when he informed him that he couldn't be an American citizen unless he understood and would abide by the 18th Amendment. "Will you lay aside all prejudice and obey the liquor amendment?" asked the judge.

Bull swallowed a couple of times before he got out a "Yes."

"EAST is east and west is west, etc.," as Mr. Kipling so aptly said.

It had a new experience the other day, too, that saying.

Constance Binney, the Realart star, came west to work after the closing of the Famous Players-Lasky studio in New York. Miss Binney comes from Boston. She had never been west before.

The first day she worked at the Hollywood Realart studio, her maid came on the set during the afternoon and said: "Four-fifteen, Miss Binney."

Miss Binney smiled. Later, "It's four-thirty, Miss Binney." Miss Binney smiled, stopped work in the middle of the scene and walked off the set.

The frantic director flew to Elmer Harris, studio chief of the Realart forces, who caught Miss Binney as she climbed into her limousine. "I always stop work at 4:30," she said sweetly. "And I never work Saturday afternoons. It's in my contract. Good-bye."

ELMER HARRIS sought Charles Eyton, general manager of the Lasky studio and the next day Mr. Eyton, who has the reputation of being one of the best poker players in California, sent for the pretty star.

Miss Binney came and brought her contract.

"Dear, dear," said Mr. Eyton, calmly, "this is too bad. Because out west here we always work until 5 o'clock and sometimes we work Saturday afternoons."

"But it's in my contract," said Miss Binney.

"I know it. So that if we asked you to work until five and even on Saturday afternoons, it would break your contract, wouldn't it? And this is a bad time to have a broken contract isn't it?"

Miss Binney has acquired the 5 o'clock and Saturday afternoon habit, now. Quite western. But it really wasn't quite fair. Because poker is a western game—and little Miss Binney came from Boston.

(Continued on page 95)

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 94)

ERIC VON STROHEIM was guest of honor at a dinner given the other evening by the press agents of Hollywood—though how they find a place big enough to meet in I don't know—there are more press agents in Hollywood than anything else except puttees and palm trees.

He related one very interesting item.

Paul Christian was engaged to play the lead in the monstrous von Stroheim-Universal spectacle.

When he went on salary, von Stroheim wasn't ready to shoot and an enterprising young director begged Mr. Laemmle, president of Universal, to let him make a picture with Christian first. Said he'd complete it in twenty-one days.

He did. But when he'd finished it, it was too terrible for even Universal to release.

When Mr. Christian died toward the end of the \$1,000,000 production Mr. von Stroheim was frantic. He doubled Bob Edeson in for the long stuff, but he was floored as to the close-ups.

It was then that he remembered the other picture which was too bad to release. He went to this and found there emotional close-ups of all the stuff he needed.

"And it all came of having faith in the working out of a thing, too," he said.

A PRETTY little wedding took place in Hollywood the other evening—one of those real love affairs that make everybody remember their own courtship.

Bill Boyd, a young juvenile of promise now working at the Lasky studio, and Ruth Miller, the pretty girl whom you've seen many a time as the ornamental maid in Cecil deMille productions, were quietly married at the home of "Mother" Sylvia Ashton.

Wallace Reid gave the bride away, while Mrs. Wally served Miss Miller as attendant.

"I HAVE to look young and beautiful and everything in this picture," said Colleen Moore to the cameraman, after she had read the script of the new Goldwyn-Rupert Hughes production in which she is to play the lead. "It's not my style—no acting. Just looking. Very ingenue."

"I'll do my best, Miss Moore," said the cameraman, "and if I make you look better'n Mary Pickford there's a new suit down in—"

"Say no more," said Colleen, "it's yours."

By the way, Colleen and John McCormack—western head of First National—are seen continually and constantly together lately. Don't know whether it's serious, but they make a nice looking couple.

THE national anthem of Hollywood is now going to be "The curfew shall ring tonight."

And when it rings everybody has to go to bed and be good, or if they don't the vigilantes'll get 'em if they don't watch out. Nobody is going to be naughty or immoral or noisy any more.

All "wild parties" are off.

The Hollywood Women's Clubs got together and decided all about it. It's very simple.

They passed a resolution which stated that:

Hollywood should become a strictly moral residential district. That everybody must go to bed at a respectable hour. That they will aid the police by reporting all unseemly activities and all elements of the kind which we desire to suppress.

And that the stain attached to Hollywood by reason of the alleged immorality of the picture people must and shall be wiped out. And that the City Council should give them some policewomen.

(Continued on page 96)

He sold two stories the first year

Will you clip the coupon, as Mr. Meehan did, and take the free creative test which he took?

This sentence from J. Leo Meehan's letter to the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, tells the whole story:

"I'thin one year I have been able to abandon a routine life that provided me with a meal ticket and a few other incidentals for the infinitely more fascinating creative work of the photoplaywright."

But it would not be fair to you to end the story there. It is interesting to know that a young man in an underpaid job was able to sell two photoplays and attach himself to a big producer's studio in one year; that a few weeks ago he was engaged to pieturize Gene Stratton Porter's novels for the screen.



But if you have ever felt as you left a theatre, "Why, I could write a better story than that," you want to know just how Mr. Meehan went about it to become a successful photoplaywright in one short year.

He was doubtful when he enrolled, but he wrote that he was "willing to be shown." And with complete confidence in Mr. Meehan's ability, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, whose test he had to pass before he was acceptable, undertook to convince him.

The rest was a simple matter of training. The Course and Service merely taught him how to use, for screen purposes, the natural story-telling ability which we discovered in him—the ability to think out the kind of story for which producers are glad to pay from \$500 to \$2,000.

You, too, may doubt your ability

At the outset, let us correct one false notion that is keeping many talented men and women from trying to write for the screen. Literary skill, or fine writing ability, is not necessary—it cannot be transferred to the screen. What the industry needs is good stories—stories that spring from creative imagination and a sense of the dramatic. Any person who has that gift can be trained to write for the screen.

But, you say—just as Mr. Meehan said—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—the test Mr. Meehan passed—provided you are an adult and in earnest. And, notice this particularly, we shall do it free.

Send for the Van Loan questionnaire

The test is in the form of 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, 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 is not in business to hold out false promise to those who can never succeed.

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 solely to develop and 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.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation cannot endow you with the gift of story-telling. But we can discover it, if it exists, through our questionnaire. And we can train you to employ it for your lasting enjoyment and profit.

Advisory Council

THOMAS H. INCE
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We invite you to apply this free test

Clip the coupon below, and we will send you the Van Loan questionnaire. You assume no obligation, but you will be asked to be prompt in returning the completed test for examination. If you pass the test, we shall 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.

This questionnaire will only take 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

PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation, Dept. of Education P. 1

124 West 4th Street, Los Angeles



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.....

"Danderine"

Grows Thick, Heavy Hair

35-cent Bottle Ends all Dandruff,
Stops Hair Coming Out



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

Learn to Dance

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. **Write me today for my interesting free book!** Special low offer if you answer at once.

WILLIAM CHANDLER PEAK, M. B.
Studio 13 4737 Broadway Chicago, Ill.



Wanted: Railway Mail Clerks, \$135 to \$195 Month

U. S. Government wants hundreds. Men—boys over 17. Write IMMEDIATELY for free list of Government positions now open.
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. T220, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 95)



Little "Breezy" Eason is dead. This child star was playing outside his parents' home in Hollywood when an automobile ran over him. He died within an hour. He was the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Reeves Eason, and had appeared with them, and with Harry Carey, in Universal pictures. Universal City in California was closed the day of the funeral. Breezy was one of the few screen children who was absolutely unspoiled and sweet. His death is mourned by everyone in the film industry and by many who knew him only on the screen.

FRANCES MARION, the scenario writer, left Manhattan for California, in company with Norma Talmadge. Frances, after a summer up in the Maine woods, looks and feels better than ever. Since she left the Mary Pickford company the public has not seen much of her work, since the beautiful little picture that she directed herself—"Just Around the Corner," has not yet been released. But now she is going to do the continuity for Constance Talmadge's new film, an original by Edgar Selwyn.

Miss Marion and her husband, Fred Thompson, have always been lovers of dogs. They have always kept kennels of 'em—all kinds and colors. One day a sick canine rushed up on Frances and seriously bit her, and her husband, coming to the rescue, was also hurt. They were laid up for several months.

But just before she left for the Coast, she said to me: "I'm busy today—running out to Long Island to look at my dogs before I go!"

SPEAKING of the Talmadges: I hear that Natalie is very happy in her Hollywood home, that she loves to cook and keep house for Buster, and that—there may be a new little Talmadge added to the family before very long.

Norma and Constance may be aunts. They hope so.

VERA STEADMAN, whose pretty face and other things you have seen so much in Christie Comedies, is the mother of twin girls. One of them is named after Marie Prevost and the other is named Frances. Miss Steadman is married to a good-looking young chap who leads the orchestra at the famous Ship Cafe.

And oh, by the way, don't expect to see Naomi Childers—now Mrs. Luther Reed—on the screen for some time to come. Mrs. Reed is likewise to be otherwise occupied.

THERE was an "old timer's party" at Cecil deMille's home the other evening—a party which included such veterans as Dustin Farnum, the first Lasky star, William deMille, Cecil, his father-in-law, Judge Adams and Mr. and Mrs. James Neill (Edythe Chapman). Those who remember 20 years ago when Neill and Chapman were great stars of the day will appreciate the directions Mr. Neill gave for determining whether or not you are an old timer.

"Twenty-five years ago when I was a handsome young leading man," said Jim Neill, "when I passed a pretty girl and looked back, she was always looking back too. Now—she isn't. That's all."

By the way, it developed that evening, too, that Dusty could have bought a quarter interest in Lasky-Famous Players then for \$5000. Imagine! (Continued on page 97)

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 96)

MAUDE ADAMS is still in Schenectady, New York, where she is co-operating with the officials of the General Electric Company in the further development of new ideas in motion pictures. Miss Adams has been working on a picture and many outdoor scenes have already been taken. The General Electric Company has fitted up a studio for Miss Adams.

Some scenes in this film are laid in the General Electric Plant—new lighting effects are being tried out—and that is all that anybody knows. For Miss Adams' silence is not yet broken, and the General Electric Company is not exactly chatty!

RALPH GRAVES has reached the West Coast. We print this because some of our fair readers have made innumerable inquiries as to the whereabouts of this Griffith player—despite the fact that he is but recently married. He has gone to Hollywood to play in a R. A. Walsh production, "Kindred of the Dust," which was taken from a Peter Kyne story.

A SENSE of dignity is a curious thing. And a difficult thing to carry about with you. A sense of dignity is quite likely to interfere with a sense of humor. As was proved in New Jersey a few days ago. Right out in public one of the New Jersey police force spoke up and said that he disapproved thoroughly of the comedy cops that are put into the movies for the edification of the T. B. M., and his equally tired wife. And so, the first cop being backed by all other Jersey policemen, a resolution was drawn up asking that all comedy minions-of-the-law be clipped from all films—feature and otherwise. And the police force believe—and who are we to doubt 'em?—that their resolution will be taken seriously.

We have been thinking lately that New Jersey was getting too much in the line of amusement—what with Governor Edwards, and Sandy Clemons and the Dempsey-Carpentier fight and everything. But we've about decided that the law of compensation is beginning to work.

BEN TURPIN tells this one on himself: He hunted up a restaurant to buy himself some near-beer in New York. And, as he sat drinking it, he heard two men arguing at a table close by.

"Say, I hate that stuff, Joe," said one.

"Well, near-beer is all you can get," answered the other, "what you gonna do about it?"

"I can stop drinkin' it," retorted the other man, "it ain't even got the shadow of a kick!"

"Oh, I dunno," replied his friend, "I saw Ben Turpin drinkin' it, and he seems to find a kick in it—they say he hasn't been able to see straight since he drank the first glass!"

WILLIAM FARNUM says that his trip abroad was his first vacation in twenty-five years.

All through Europe—leaving out the censored bits—went Mr. Farnum. And at last he reached Rome, where, he says, he was handed the greatest thrill of his not over-quiet life.

"I can't begin to tell you how big a thrill it was," he says, when asked by an interviewer. "You know I have played every rôle from a page boy up to Julius Cæsar. Well, I went to the Forum one morning—that is, what was left of it. All those Shakespearean characters—Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Marc Antony—seemed to come up around me. Honestly, I wanted to get into action."

(Continued on page 98)

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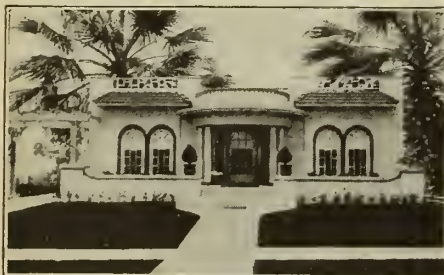


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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 97)



Buster Keaton and Company. The only Keaton who isn't represented here is Natalie, who was a Talmadge not so long ago. They all look alike, don't they. Here they are: sister Louise, Mother, brother Harry, Buster, and Dad, his Father

BILL DEMILLE—I like to call him that because it's so incongruous—came to Manhattan to confer with Clara Beranger about the original scenario she is writing for deMille's next picture. The two have finished "Miss Lulu Bett," which is said to be William's best photoplay.

THERE seems to be a frightful dearth of young leading men who can act around the Hollywood studios.

Have you noticed it?

Anyway, when Rex Ingram came to cast the leading role of the "Prisoner of Zenda"—that wonderful dual role of the dashing, handsome, wonderful young Englishman and the brilliant *King Rudolf*—he certainly had his troubles.

Only two men seemed to really fill the bill—John Barrymore, who of course fills every bill—and Wallace Reid, who isn't available apparently for anything but stupid comedies of late.

Of the new leading men, only Richard Dix, of Goldwyn, and Conrad Nagel, of Laskys, were even possibilities.

No doubt Lewis S. Stone, finally selected for the role, who is one of the best actors in America today and whom many years ago I saw in a splendid stage portrayal of *Rudolf*, will give an excellent, thrilling performance. His art, his magnetism, his distinguished good looks, will bring much to the part.

But Mr. Stone isn't a young leading man by any manner of means.

Where are the youths of the screen who ought to be ready and on fire to play one of

the two greatest romantic heroes of modern fiction?

MR. and Mrs. Robert Ellis (May Allison) have been the honored guests at a lot of "affairs" this month. Kathlyn Williams gave a delightful little dinner dance for 20 couples at the Los Angeles Athletic Club recently, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Moore followed with a dinner dance at the Alexandria the night Max Fisher's orchestra got back in town, Ethel Clayton was hostess at a small but select supper at the Ambassador, and Marion Davies also entertained in their honor. May's trousseau included the most gorgeous black chiffon velvet dinner gown I have ever seen, with a short skirt and long panel train, clasped about the waist with a flexible gold snake with a jade head. Also a brocaded cloth of silver evening wrap, lined in blue velvet and trimmed with a real silver fox collar.

Mr. Ellis' wedding gift was a marvellous diamond pendant.

FRANK MAYO, Universal star, and Dagmar Godowsky, daughter of the world famous pianist, were married at Tia Juana, Mexico, on the first of October, only a few days after Mr. Mayo obtained his divorce from his first wife.

This wedding is the outcome of a somewhat troubled romance which began almost two years ago when the dark foreigner arrived in Hollywood to go into pictures. Many things happened which are too intricate and legal to set forth here—but Mr.

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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 98)

Mayo was already married when Dagmar came on the scene, and the first Mrs. Mayo did something and mentioned her and then Miss Godowsky was or did do something, too, and it was quite hectic for a time.

Finally Mrs. Mayo left her husband, it being quite general knowledge that his friendship with the beautiful Dagmar was at least a contributing cause. Perhaps Frank is fond of music. Anyway, he sued on the grounds of desertion and got it, and in order that he might not have to wait for his bride the year required by the California law, they slipped over the line into Mexico and became man and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo, after a brief honeymoon, will reside with the Godowskys in Hollywood until their own home is completed.

EVER since Harold Lloyd bought that beautiful new home, the Hollywood Boulevarders have been speculating as to whether that meant Harold had begun sniffing the orange blossoms and hankering for the sound of Mr. Wagner's most popular composition.

Now that all hope of Bebe becoming Mrs. Lloyd seems to have vanished and Harold has at last recovered from her decision, the spectacled comedian is beginning to have a look that indicates he may follow in the footsteps of his rival, Buster Keaton.

However, he seems to have difficulty in making a selection. There are, it appears, four charming little girls, upon whom he showers impartial attention. For instance, if he takes Maggie to Sunset Inn on a Wednesday night, he will take Mamie to the theater on Friday, and Mil—excuse me,—and Lizzie to the Coconut Grove on Saturday evening and Sally for a motor drive on Sunday.

So the betting is that the one that happens to be with him when the matrimonial germ rears its head and causes him to blurt out the fatal question, will be Mrs. Harold Lloyd.

ALL Los Angeles mourned the death of Harry Duffield, beloved veteran actor, who died at his home, October 13th. Mr. Duffield was 71 years old and had been on the stage and screen 59 years—having appeared in support of some of the world's greatest actors. The funeral was at the Elks Hall and hundreds were turned away, while over 500 people stood bareheaded in the street during the process of the services.

MARRIAGE is like that. Anyway, Harold and Tony Moreno now seem the most eligible bachelors in pictures—Mr. Chaplin not being in that list—but Tony is showing a decided preference for the names that come in the Social Register. We hear he had a few weak moments when he met Mae Busch—but everyone in Hollywood has an attack of Mae Busch-itis sooner or later—and Miss Busch's affections were elsewhere engaged, so he returned to the debutantes, golfers, and handsome young divorcees of the Los Angeles 400.

But he nearly ruined his reputation for being such a "dear, nice boy," when Elinor Glyn—who was giving character and psychic readings of the guests at a dinner party—told him he had been Irish a few generations back.

"No, by damn," yelled Tony, "by gosh, I guess not. I'm Spanish, so is my mother and father and my grandmother and grandfather back 7000 years—I'm no — kind of a Irishman—not me. Every damn relative I got is Spanish, you bet. I like be Irish—but I never been, I know that, by gosh."

"In Every Man and Every Woman There Is Some Great Moving Picture Scenario"

THIS is the astonishing statement made by the world's greatest motion picture producer—David Wark Griffith, the man who made "Birth of a Nation," "Way Down East," "Broken Blossoms," "Intolerance." Is his surprising statement true? Can it be possible that there is "some great moving picture" in the life of every man and every woman—in YOUR life?

"Every man or woman has known, has seen, or has lived part of a great story," says Mr. Griffith. "There is material for screen masterpieces in the life of the dullest person you meet on the street today. Your neighbors are living stories that, if told naturally and spiritedly, would touch and thrill the world."

Why don't YOU get the story out of YOUR life? Wait! Don't say you CAN'T, because you don't KNOW you can't! Thousands of people, who thought they COULDN'T, found out they COULD, and now make big money in their spare time, live comfortably and happily, envied and admired by all their friends.

Maybe YOU could write stories and plays and don't know it! Don't laugh at the idea! "Ofttimes one can do best the thing he least suspects." YOU may possess hidden talent only waiting to be developed and brought out. You may not suspect this but it may be true just the same. Many of our greatest authors suddenly discovered they could write when they least thought they could.

For years the mistaken idea prevailed that you had to have a special knack in order to write. People said it was a gift, a talent. Some imagined you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. They vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged and often scoffed at attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

Yet only recently a great English literary authority declared that "nearly all the English speaking race want to write! It's a craving for self-expression, characteristic of the present century."

So a new light has dawned! A great New Truth that will gladden the hearts of "all the English-speaking race who want to write!" Astounding new psychological experiments have revealed that "the average person" may learn to write! Yes, write stories and photoplays; thrilling, human, life-like; filled with heart-throbs, pathos, passion, pain.

You may learn it just as you may learn anything else under the sun! There are simple, easy principles to guide you. There are new methods that produce astonishing results for beginners. A great literary

bureau at Auburn, New York, which is indorsed by some of America's greatest editors, authors, and magazines, is now busy night and day supplying this information broadcast. And this free information is everybody's property. It is not for the select few. Not for those specially gifted. Not for the rich or fortunate; but for anybody—any man or woman of ordinary education and no writing experience whatever—thousands who don't even DREAM they can write!

EVERYBODY is taking up the idea of WRITING. The fascination has swept the country by storm! People are unbundled

at the ease with which they learn to write! Many find that about all they need is an ordinary education, an observing mind, some will power, and a little confidence. You know it was Shakespeare who said: "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players." Life's stage all around you is filled with people and incidents that will make stories without number. From the great Sermon of Humanity, with its constantly changing tide of Human Emotions—Love, Hatred, Jealousy, Happiness—you can create endless interesting plots for stories and photoplays. There is never a lack—it flows on in an Endless Stream of Circumstance—like Tennyson's brook—forever. Every person you know is a type, a character. "Every house has a story." And those who dwell within have impulses, ideas, hopes, fears, fancies that furnish material for you. The columns of the daily newspaper are filled to the brim. The Footlights of Fate reflect scenes and incidents providing rich food for the Pen of Realism.

There is nothing in all this world that so dominates the heart and mind as the fascination of WRITING. It gives you a new power, a new magic, that charms all those around you. It lends a new attraction to your entire personality. You are looked upon with eyes of envy.

For the world of story and playwrights is no longer the starve-in-a-garret fraternity of old. No, indeed! Many of the Story Kings these days cruise around in large limousines, have elegant country homes or town houses, live in the highest social spheres in America! No society is too high or exclusive for them to enter. No marble mansion but what is open to them. Men and women writers, from humble stations in life, have been the honored guests of Kings and Presidents.

We have just published a new book for you that amazes every reader—and the most amazing thing of all is—IT'S FREE! This new book, now being distributed by the thousand, is pouring glad sunshine into the lives of aspiring people who want to become writers, who want to improve their condition, who want to make money in their spare time. Within its covers are surprises and revelations for doubting beginners that have caused a sensation everywhere, because it is crowded with things that gratify your expectations—good news that is dear to the heart of all those aspiring to write; illustrations that enthuse; stories of success, brilliant instances of literary fame coming unexpectedly; new hope, encouragement, helps, hints—things you've long wanted to know!

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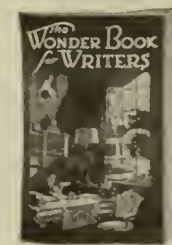
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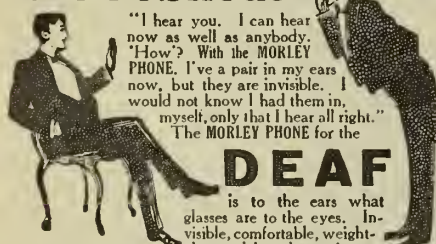
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MISS VAN WYCK SAYS:

In this department, Miss Van Wyck will answer all personal problems referred to her. If stamped, addressed envelop 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 48 and 49.

MADGE, COLUMBUS, OHIO.—Sorento blue is a good color and a pretty color, and I am sure it will become you. Don't be afraid to try a new shade occasionally. You are too young to wear the sombre blues and browns all the time.

CLARA.—Imagine thinking yourself too old at twenty-five for bobbed hair! It is true that the coiffure Irene Castle made famous is not so smart now as it used to be; but I think it is always charming for any young person. Provided it is at all becoming, and it usually is except for a very round face. If your mother doesn't approve of your cutting your tresses I am sure I don't wish to encourage you. But tell your mother that it is very good for the hair—if you think that will do any good!

MARIE.—Another Bobbed-Hair! Do not curl your hair with an iron—it is decidedly not good, and it doesn't look well either. Put your hair up in papers or use one of the patent curlers on the market. Stick to the cream you have been using. Pond's.

MISS BILLIE.—I am glad you took my advice and wore a simple frock to the dance—and that you had a perfectly splendid time. I knew you would—and I know, too, that you will go right on having good times, because you are a sweet and sensible little girl. Remember, simplicity and charm of manner mean more than elaborate gowns and an accent; and augur well for a successful social career. Pope said: "Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

ANNA.—Skirts are longer. Some are slim and some are full. The street skirt is usually rather wide, but the evening frocks are, many of them, made with bouffant skirts. Some even have small hoops. The dresses from Paris all have extremely long skirts, but many American women, like you, do not care to go back to the ankle-length and so have lengthened their skirts only a little. It is simply a matter of taste.

MURIEL.—Dear child, don't cut those beautiful black curls. I am sure curls are most becoming to you; and you should be very thankful your hair is not straight and wispy.

MARY M., PASADENA.—You want me to tell you how to dress and act so that you will look like Mary Miles Minter. If I could tell you, I wouldn't. Miss Minter is a charming young lady, and dresses expertly, and behaves becomingly; but if I were you I should not try to imitate her. Don't imitate anyone—be yourself. Each of us is individual; develop your individuality. I wish I could impress upon you the great importance of personality. Your own. The most famous film stars are celebrated because they have concentrated on personality. If one has beautiful eyes, she learns to make the most of them. Mary Pickford's curls; Lillian Gish's eyes; Corinne Griffith's mouth—they are the real stars. Send me your picture and I'll be glad to tell you what you should wear.

MISS ARNOLD.—Puffs are antiques, my dear. The simpler the coiffure today, the

smarter. Thank heaven, women are beginning to realize the importance of simplicity in dress as in thought and action. Do not bob your hair. A round face demands a hair arrangement that directs the attention from its roundness. If you will send me a stamped addressed envelop I will gladly send you a little booklet of interesting coiffures from Simonson, the Fifth Avenue hair-dresser.

ALICE, SPOKANE.—Black is, again, in favor with the Parisiennes. In fact, it has never been out of favor. The wide drooping plumed hat would be most becoming to you, if your face is not too small. Indeed, I approve of the artistic use of cosmetics. A bit of rouge is certainly to be preferred to a dull cheek. Lip rouge is not necessary, as a rule, to a very young lady. Powder is. You wish me to recommend a good cleansing soap. I know of no better one than Palmolive. Its slogan, "Keep that school-girl complexion" is a good one. Woodbury's is splendid, too. Good soap is as important as anything else in retaining a smooth, white complexion.

JACQUELINE.—Why not silver slippers and stockings with your pink evening gown? The silver brocades are very pretty. The only fur slippers that have been offered so far have been made of baby caracul in black or gray, or both colors combined. If you like green, wear ear-rings and a pendant of jade, and a jade hatpin as the finishing touch. I would have your furrier make your fur suit.

RUTH G., NEW YORK.—The very latest are the feather slippers. Made in vivid colors: red and green, or pink and black—these shoes are charming for a formal costume. They are not very practical, it is true; but so many charming things are not! The smartest Manhattan shops are showing them, as you have doubtless noted by now. Write to me again and often; I enjoy your letters.

D. D., STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA.—The set of various toilet articles you want may be obtained from A. Bourjois and Company, 35 West 34th Street, New York City. I thought that they would interest you. What is more delightful than a collection of cosmetics? The children used to play with "Beauty Boxes," which meant tiny samples of all the favorite soaps, perfumes, creams, etc. It's something like playing with dolls. A "gold lip stick" is no better than the ordinary lip-stick, except that it is encased in gold. The contents are the same.

JEANETTE.—Wear small piquant hats. You are the sub-deb type, not the willowy statuesque "vamp," as you call it. Don't be too ruffly and fluffy, but don't dress in long clinging things, because they will not become you.

HARRY S.—If I were you, I should present your wife with a check, instead of attempting to buy her frocks and hats. Your taste may not be hers, and I am sure she will appreciate the gift more if she selects it. I know that it isn't so sentimental but it is infinitely more satisfying. Give her a bag of your own selection.

The Unrecognized Drew

(Continued from page 74)

New York saw her as the stenographer in "Via Wireless" and she endeared herself to Chicago as the nurse in "The Time, The Place and The Girl," and as the waitress in "The Girl Question." Chicago was the first to recognize her as a proficient player of pert parts. That city dubs her "Our Own Georgie Mendum" and she glows happily while she talks of "Dear Chicago."

Miss Mendum ought to play plump parts. Yet she is playing an exceedingly thin one in "Lightnin'." No one, not even Miss Mendum, knows why her roles have been comparatively few and unprofitable, and the recent years have been lean ones.

Miss Mendum was born within a few months, so practically under the same planet as her unusually fortunate cousin, Ethel Barrymore.

For several months she has been appearing in print in verse form. The serious lines, she says, express her outlook. The light ones she classes as "mere jestings."

The Joy Killers

"What is this?" we cry in horror,

We the movie fans so gay,

"No more shotguns, no more ladies

Prancing o'er the screen each day?

No more fights or scraps or murders,

No more vamps with little on;

No more thrillers, no more close-ups

(Hear the moanings) All are gone!"

Now we'll stand for flannel nighties,

Very long and much too thick;

Quiet scenes of rainy weather

That would make a parson sick,

Little chickens in a farmyard—

Not a pistol, axe, or knife—

Donkeys frisking in the clover—

Oh, my dear, ain't this the life!

"Maiden's Prayer!" on pianola,

Chopin's March on sweet guitar,

Not a drink within the planet!

We are happy—Yes, we ARE!

Ah! The joy of simply living!

IF they'd let us, but they won't.

Many folks will line the rivers,

Diving quickly—TIRE D OF "DON'T."

At the Train

A pause, a thrill. My heart beats loud.

My loved one's voice amid the crowd!

A face, a form, so dear and fine,

My loved one's hand is clasping mine!

A look, a smile, and vis-a-vis,

My loved one's lips are kissing me!

Shades of Diogenes

Liquor gone, tobacco's going,
Soon they'll quench electric light,
Then some day, without our knowing,
They'll decide no speech at night.

Rents are up, good food is upper,
Leastwise for our slender purse,
Eat one prune, unlit, for supper,
Silent be. Act like a hearse.

Soon there'll be no place to live in,
Get a tub and sit in state,
Be a Cynic, never give in
To sad luck and you'll be great.

Take a little lantern, be a
Diogenesian fan,
Hoping ever, that you'll see a
Really true honest man.

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New York

The Unrecognized Drew

(Continued from page 101)

"Really Truly Me"

In everyone born in this world,
A "really truly me" is found,
Some call it Spirit, Karma, Soul,
By human body it is bound.

When in childhood's wondering years,
It laughs and plays, is good and true,
Frank-eyed and merry—undisturbed,
So willing to be known by you.

But when the years creep slowly on,
The "truly me" is hidden deep,
Is smothered, crushed and pushed aside,
Convention's laws we all must keep.

Don't ever show just what you feel,
Smile brightly when you'd rather cry,
Meet people you don't care to see,
Condemn, when "Me" would pacify.

Poor "Little Really Truly Me,"
Is all boxed in and wrapt about
With Pride and Selfishness and greed.
It feels it never will get out.

Then in a flash! A glance! A tone.
And one by one "Me" breaks the bands,
Across the centuries! A friend!
And "Truly Mes" are shaking hands.

An Appeal

Mr. Edison, please stop asking!
I am going insane—stark;
Once I was a peaceful female,
Now I am a question mark.

Who invented frying onions?
How did cooties e'er evolve?
Why do people wear red flannels?
Are galoshes hard to solve?

Who said carrots made the hair grow?
Why leave traffic cops alive?
Who invented things like subways?
Why do bees live in a hive?

Why do actors stand on corners?
Why do Chinamen wear queues?
Who concocted choc'late sundaes?
Why are managers most all Jews?

Who invented near relations?
Why do people wear a skin?
Who thought first of early rising?
Tommy Edison, I give in.

How Careless!

A man passed by and bowed to me.
I bowed to him. "Oh! who is he?"
I murmured low. "Now let me see!
I place him not. Who CAN he be?"

"Perhaps the waiter at the Ritz;
The manager who gave me fits
For being late? No. I feel it's
Not. Good gracious! That face! It flits!

"Who is there like him on the list
Of folks I've known? A pianist
He is I'm sure—or humorist
Maybe—or corner oculist!

"That face! Is it of friend or foe?
My brain is like a tomato
Of ancient lineage. I KNOW!
A man I married years ago!"

Conscience

Remorse cuts like a sharp edged knife
Into one's soul. And life
Seems drear. But knife can't reach
The utter guilt of unkind speech.

Alice in Movieland

(Continued from page 81)

The Movie Hero, she thought, was terribly good-looking. She liked the Movie Heroine at first sight, too.

"Let's go back to town and show Alice what kind of a place we live in," said the Heroine to the Hero.

The Movie Hero helped the Movie Heroine onto her horse. Then he mounted his and took Alice on the saddle in front of him.

"Don't be afraid, Alice," he said. "The horse won't run away. No horse ever runs away in Movie Land unless it is the heroine's and the scenario writer had fixed it up for the hero to save her life."

Soon they came to a bend in the road, and Alice was staring at a great, flat plain with an immense jumble of buildings close at hand. There were French chateaux, Moorish palaces, English castles, country places, tenement houses, bank buildings, sky-scrapers, Swiss chalets, shooting lodges, farmhouses, barns, country stores, Wild West saloons, railroad stations, factories, town houses, sawmills and every other kind of a building you could think of.

"That is Movie City," said the Movie Heroine.

By this time they had reached the main street of the town.

The Movie Hero gently let Alice slip to the ground, and he and the Movie Heroine dismounted.

"Hello, little girl. Come over and talk to me," trilled a silvery voice. Alice turned around and saw a lovely lady lying on a divan. The lady had on a dress cut very low; her eyes had an odd slant about them that made her ever so alluring. Alice started to go to her.

"Stop, Alice!" called out the Movie Hero. "You musn't go in there. That lady is a vampire."

"Why shouldn't I?" inquired Alice.

"She isn't a nice lady, dear," said the Movie Heroine. "She has broken up dozens of happy homes, and scores of bank cashiers and company treasurers have gone to prison for stealing money to buy her jewels. When they find out she has tricked them and curse her she just laughs and lies back on the sofa and lights another cigarette. She never gets found out until the last hundred feet of film. Why, she almost stole the hero here away from me once."

"Oh, do look!" called out Alice as the cutest little white rabbit ran up and sat on his hind legs in front of her.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I'm Alice," she said. "Are you one of the mad March Hare's children? I used to know him awfully well."

"Never heard of the mad March Hare," said the Movie Rabbit. "And I'd like to shoot the scenario writer who made the Movie Rabbit a cross between a rag doll and a powder puff," he complained.

The Movie Rabbit hopped away rudely, and Alice was glad to see him go.

"Say, bo, gimme a match," husked a voice in the Movie Hero's ear. It came from an undersized young man in a shabby suit who wore a cap pulled down over his eyes and stood with a shiftless slouch. His jaw was stuck away out and he needed a shave badly. Alice didn't like his looks at all.

"Here, Alice, let me present the Movie Gunman to you," said the Movie Hero. The Movie Gunman smiled crookedly.

"Yer a cute little tike," he grinned.

"He's not such a bad sort," said the Movie Hero as the Movie Gunman swaggered away.

They went down to the station and saw the train off. The farmer's daughter climbed on with the tail feathers of a hen sticking out of her valise, and a princess

traveling incognito had a seat in the Pullman and toyed with a magazine.

There was a stout, white-haired gentleman in a frock coat and silk hat with a big gold chain across his waistcoat, standing on the observation platform of a special car. He was the president of the road, and his daughter was somewhere inside talking with the elderly millionaire her father wanted her to wed.

Just as the train pulled out a good-looking young chap dashed up on a motorcycle, all covered with dust, but he was too late. He was the sweetheart of the railroad president's daughter, and he was following her to tell her he had struck it rich in his gold mine after two long, lonely weeks of prospecting.

It was a typical train departure scene in Movie Land, the Movie Hero informed Alice. When the cars had left, the stationmaster came out and stood looking down the tracks, scratching his head. Then the telegraph operator rushed out with the news that the bridge over the river was down and all on board the train were rushing to certain death. The young chap who loved the railroad president's daughter at once ran over to an airplane in a nearby field and started off in it at ninety miles an hour to stop the express.

Alice thought this was the liveliest railroad station she had ever seen, and she was sorry when the Movie Heroine took her by the arm and said they had better be going back into the town. They were walking quietly along when, all of a sudden, Alice chanced to look up into the air and saw a man falling from a balloon. He landed in the street not ten feet away and a huge steam roller ran over him.

"Oh, the poor man!" cried Alice.

"Don't worry, Alice," said the Movie Heroine kindly. "He isn't hurt a bit. He's the Movie Comedian."

The Movie Comedian got up, dusted his clothes with a tiny cane, set his hat at a jaunty angle, and skidded over to the opposite sidewalk where a pretty girl was standing. At that minute an automobile sped by with a clergyman in it, and the Movie Comedian reached out and grabbed him by the collar. Then the Movie Comedian led the Movie Clergyman up to the pretty girl and took her by the hand, and the marriage service started.

"There, Alice," said the Movie Heroine. "You've seen a bit of real comedy in Movie Land."

Alice was about to pass on with the Movie Hero and the Movie Heroine when the strangest thing happened. Across the street the Movie Clergyman shot backwards into the automobile and at the railroad station the train came rolling in backwards and the airplane flew home backwards. Everywhere Alice looked, the people of Movie Land were going around backwards. Then she heard piteous cries from the Movie Hero and the Movie Heroine who were disappearing backwards down the street toward the station.

"Help us, Alice," they cried. "Run out to the movie operator in the theater and tell him to stop, quick. He's running us all the wrong way!"

Alice waited for no more but started up the hill. She ran and she ran, and she ran, knowing how important it was to help her friends in their terrible plight, and at last she came to the top of the hill, and away off in the distance she saw the lady at the organ.

"Just one more little minute and I'll be there," she said to herself and shut her eyes so the way wouldn't seem so long.

Alice opened her eyes to find that a fat

(Continued on page 107)

Ask your best friend if you dare!

YOU may even get intimate enough with some friends of yours to swap the real truth about your income tax and about many other very personal things.

But how many people do you know well enough to enable you to get on the subject of Halitosis with them? Not very many, probably. Halitosis is the medical term meaning unpleasant breath.

As you know yourself, Halitosis is one of the least talked about human afflictions and at once one of the most commonly prevalent ailments.

Nine out of ten people suffer from Halitosis either now and then or chronically. Usually they are unconscious of it themselves.

Halitosis may come from smoking, drinking, eating. It may be due to a disordered stomach, bad teeth, lung trouble or some other organic disorder. If it's a chronic ailment, of course, then it is a symptom of a condition your doctor or dentist ought to look after.

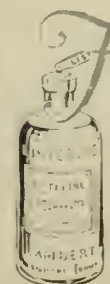
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Movie Studio on Wheels

IT has remained for Louis Mercanton, the French motion picture producer, to find a new use for the army motor lorry.

Mercanton is attracting the attention of the whole cinema world these days by his unique method of traveling all over Europe, via the motor lorry route, seeking the ideal locations for his pictures.

Does a certain scene require the interior of a chateau? Mercanton loads his entire equipment into five of the big camions, gives his troupe marching orders and away he goes.

After several hours' traveling they find a beautiful chateau somewhere in the southern part of France. After a little negotiation the owner of the chateau is persuaded to rent it for two months for a sum approximating two thousand dollars in American money.

Mercanton and his entire company move in and live in luxurious style during the two months required for the taking of the picture. Before renting the chateau the producer has made sure that the proper exteriors are also close at hand.

In his picture "Phroso," an adaptation of Anthony Hope's novel of the same name, soon to be released by the R-C Pictures Corporation, Mercanton has achieved the seemingly impossible.

For the first time in motion picture history, scenes have been taken in an actual cave four hundred feet underground.

It wasn't enough for Mercanton that a papier maché cave should be built on some studio lot. He must have the real thing. He found it in the south of France, a grotto filled with stalactites in fantastic chalk formation.

THE cave had been discovered by a peasant when his plow struck against a rock. He dynamited the rock—and discovered the grotto underneath. To go down into it the members of the company, which included Miss Malvina Longfellow, Reginald Owens and men and women embracing

many different nationalities, had to crawl through an aperture no bigger than a coal hole on their hands and knees. Owing to the lack of air it was impossible to stay in the cave longer than an hour at a time.

Most of the scenes for "Phroso" were taken on St. Margaret's Island, just off the coast of France, made famous by reason of the fact that "The Man with the Iron Mask" was confined in the fortress prison there for seventeen years.

The same old fortress was used in many of the most thrilling scenes in "Phroso." Mercanton rented the entire island for two thousand dollars for the time necessary to take the scenes.

TO see this moving studio trundling its way through Europe is to witness a new step in the making of pictures. Mercanton predicts that within five years there will be no built-up sets for interiors, real homes being used instead. Whether or not American producers will be able to emulate the sturdy Frenchman is a question. In a day and a night Mercanton and his traveling studio can jump from the northern to the southern part of France or over into Italy. It would be quite a journey from Los Angeles to a quiet main street lined with maple trees in the middle west.

At any rate his innovation is worth pondering over. Certainly he has achieved some remarkable effects. Then, too, he is able to make pictures at about half the cost of those made in America under the ordinary methods of costly built-up sets.

Recently, in California, one company is reputed to have spent twenty thousand dollars on a cathedral set which is only shown in the actual film for a space of about ten minutes.

When Mercanton wanted a cathedral for one of his recent pictures he paid the sexton a small sum, concealed his cameras in the gallery and at a certain point in the religious ceremony turned on the lights and flooded the place with such a golden radiance that

(Continued on page 105)

Movie Studio on Wheels

(Continued from page 104)

the peasants fell on their knees, thinking a miracle had happened. And Mercanton got some very good church interiors at a trifling cost.

He generally uses five of the big motor lorries. These are capable of making thirty miles an hour. By a simple device he is able to switch the driving power of the motor onto his lights.

Seventy or eighty small lamps furnishing an electric current of seven hundred amperes furnish ample lighting.

The noise of the motors which might otherwise disturb the actors is obviated by the use of a seven-hundred-foot cable which places the noisy motor at a respectful distance.

"Get your stories. Kill your stars. Stars are anti-artistic," is Mercanton's motto. His search for ideal locations is duplicated in his search for ideal types.

He does not care about an actor's years of experience. But he insists that he look and act like the character portrayed in the story.

It was in this way he engaged Ivor Novello, the young musical composer who wrote "Keep the Home Fires Burning." The producer saw the young man's picture and at once decided he was just the romantic type for a part he had in mind.

The fact that he was not an actor made no difference. Mercanton felt sure that he had dramatic talent.

He had, and has been with the French producer ever since portraying leading roles.

Mercanton was formerly associated with Sarah Bernhardt and with Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. His headquarters are in Paris.

Charlie Abroad

(Continued from page 21)

about my next pictures. Besides, the trip has been a rather strenuous one, and I don't want to see all the world at once. I want to save some of it for another time!

There is a call from you, my audiences, always in my ears. Sometimes I do not hear it so plainly. But it is always there. It brings to me a restless spirit; almost a melancholy one. After all, I am only a servant of the public. I owe you much. And now it is up to me to make some of the best pictures I have ever made, so that I may hear your applause.

The Girl on the Cover

(Continued from page 39)

everything else, in a few years she would be the best dancer on Broadway.

If he had said that if she kept up her dancing she would be another Pavlova, I would not doubt him.

There are pretty women and there are beautiful women and there are witty women. And then there is Corinne Griffith.



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How I Keep in Condition

(Continued from page 47)

I know I am no paragon of perfection in these matters but the times I have disregarded these precautions the result has always made me snap back to my trusted program.

When I feel a headache coming on or a slight flush indicative of a possible fever I immediately give way to it and cure it instantly by recognizing it instead of coolly ignoring it.

Of course though health is the bulwark, it is not the object of life and this is the point I wish to make. Only through health, the *best health*, can the best things in art or business be accomplished.

A real and enduring poise of mind is possible only through a poise of body which means that everything is functioning properly. And poise of mind is what makes for progress among individuals, nations and races.

A GREAT many women make the mistake of shamming illness or magnifying a slight indisposition to bring them into the limelight.

Sometimes they are really ill—and then their family and friends, tired of hearing their complaints, refuse to take them very seriously.

Often, when your work is discouraging, you imagine illness to excuse yourself for a mental ailment. Be sure you're sick—then go to bed!

I have heard strangers say, after their first visit to a motion picture studio, "I don't see how you can stand the waiting and the lights." It is wearing. Just as you are about to make a scene something happens to the lights, and you have to wait a while.

This doesn't make me nervous because I always occupy the time reading a good book, talking the story over with the continuity writer, discussing the scene with the director, or designing new costumes. After all, there's no excuse for having nothing to do and complaining about it.



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Ask Dad

(Continued from page 45)

under the same management, when her three-year contract is up January 1st.

Harold Lloyd told me an interesting little tale about her—and one that he declares is entirely characteristic of her.

He was working—pictorially—on board the U. S. battleship Frederick, and Mildred, who was not in that sequence, came down to watch him.

THIS is what she did: made friends with the Admiral of the Pacific Fleet, who was visiting, so that he insisted on her having lunch with him; sat in the captain's own special chair in his office and visited with him and had him laughing his head off; captured one of the lieutenants, who was supposed to be a confirmed lady-hater, so that he ate out of her hand and was kidded by the whole ship in consequence.

"But though he was a lady-hater he was a fast worker, because when Mildred reached home there was a box of roses there from him waiting for her; saw the ship's trial for the day and pleaded for the prisoners so that most of them got off scot free; was sent home in the Admiral's private yacht.

"That's the way Mildred is," said Mr. Lloyd, "she just gets around everybody."

I can understand it perfectly.

Alice in Movieland

(Continued from page 103)

lady was poking her. "Wake up, little girl. The show is over," said the fat lady, and Alice found that she was back in her seat in the theater. On the screen, not going backwards at all now, the Movie Hero and the Movie Heroine were clasped in each other's arms, while a circle of black was drawing in about them. The Movie Heroine's face was towards the audience, and she was looking directly at Alice.

Alice was quite sure the Movie Heroine smiled at her just as the "fade away" went out.

That Chin

(Continued from page 59)

"Eight years. Isn't this salad great?" said Jane.

Probably that is the only time on record that an actress being interviewed ever admired a salad that wasn't supposed to be concocted by her lily white hands. It was great. Thick slices of very ripe, red tomatoes, sandwiched with thick slices of pineapple and melted together with thousand island dressing.

"Eight years," Miss Novak was musing, "goodness, how things have changed! You see, I was born and brought up in St. Louis and when I got through high school, I had an aunt that was interested in the pictures. She brought me out to California to get in—and I did.

"I began with the old Kalem, playing anything that came along. After a while I was promoted to leading lady. Why, I was leading woman in an old Kalem company when Harold Lloyd and Roy Stewart alternated in the principal parts—when Harold was the star in a comedy, Roy Stewart played villain or character man or heavy stuff. When Roy had the big part in a western, Harold played grandfathers and juveniles. I was the leading lady either way it went.

"The first real hit I ever made was in 'The Eyes of the World.'

"Since then I've done a lot of pictures with Bill Hart, and feature productions. I just finished 'The Rosary' for Selig and now I'm to be starred in Chester Bennett productions. We're going to do outdoor things entirely.

"And I've only worn an evening gown in a picture twice in five years."

Aside from her screen reputation, Miss Novak's chief claim to fame has been the frequency with which her engagement to William S. Hart has been announced. When the papers are shy a picture for Monday morning, they publish a pretty one of Jane Novak, above the rumor that she and Bill are going to be married soon.

Miss Novak doesn't talk about it, and while there is the greatest friendship between the two, close friends at present state that they don't believe there will be any wedding bells in that direction for some time to come.

She has been married and divorced—her husband's name was Frank Newburg and she has a baby daughter four years old. She lives with her sister—Eva—in a pretty Hollywood home.

Altogether she is a hard working, well read, normal, well behaved young woman.

And then—there's that Chin.



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WRESTLING FOR HEALTH

The Sorrows of Mrs. Carter

(Continued from page 41)



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acclaimed as The American Bernhardt, signed a contract to appear under Charles Dillingham's direction. But the contract lapsed because Mr. Dillingham was unable to find a play to the taste of both star and manager.

"My own country is young and impulsive and often sometimes unjust," she said. "You wrote a story once. It was fiction. The title was 'The Dust of the Road.' I wept over it. It was my story.

"You told of a girl who gave up a part to help another girl whose mother was dying. The manager was angry. He said she was undependable. The other managers heard the story and believed it.

"It showed how one can be tagged with a reputation she doesn't deserve. I have the reputation of being unmanageable.

"It isn't true. I remained with one management for seventeen years. I could not have done that if I were hard to get on with."

MR. CARTER managed herself in John Luther Long's play "Kassa." Mr. John Cort entered into a contract with her. There were rumors of discord. Mr. John Cort denied them then.

He still denies them. He said to me an hour before I began writing this: "She is a lovely woman and makes no trouble for a management. She had had the advantage of superb training. She realized this.

"When she and the stage manager differed she several times sent for me and stated the case before him.

"Is he right or am I?" she would ask. "Go through the scene and I will tell you," was my answer. She was always right.

"She played in 'Two Women' for two years. The third she appeared in 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.' We made money."

But there were lawsuits. Three times Mrs. Carter passed through the bankruptcy courts.

She entered vaudeville in an act of her old success, "Zaza." For film managers she revived "Zaza" and "Du Barry."

She went to England and toured the provinces in a revival of "Zaza." News came that she was ill and wearied and was leaving the stage.

She retired to Neuilly. In that peaceful suburb of Paris, best known because of its great American Hospital, she was living quietly when Arch Selwyn sailed for England.

Mr. Selwyn saw Somerset Maugham's play, "The Circle," the sardonic humor of which had captivated London.

"I should like to see 'The Circle' done in America," said the author. "But I do not know what actress could play it."

"One could," said Mr. Selwyn. "That is Mrs. Leslie Carter. But I believe she is through with the stage."

AND so it lay, on the knees of the gods, until one night in a cafe in Paris Mr. Selwyn saw a tall woman sitting at the table next but one to his. A tall woman, with flame-like hair, and a figure powerful and pantherlike. They who sipped green liquids at surrounding tables stared in surprise. They saw Mr. Selwyn leaped at her.

"Mrs. Carter! I was just saying you were the one to play *Lady Kitty* in 'The Circle' in America."

"Indeed!" Mrs. Carter's tone was calm, indifferent. "But I don't want to go to America and I don't want to play there."

Encounter with Arch Selwyn is a meeting with the law of dynamics. Before he went back to his table he had Mrs. Carter's

promise to go to London to see "The Circle."

She wept and laughed at *Lady Kitty's* adventures. Mr. Selwyn gloated over her decision. "I will play *Lady Kitty* if you will engage John Drew to play *Lord Porteus*. He is assuredly Lord Porteus as I am *Lady Kitty*."

It was done. And is Mrs. Carter no longer the woman of sorrows, the My Lady of Tears? No. To friends of the nearly forgotten time she says:

"I never pass the Belasco Theater without tears. Tears of gratitude for my training under the greatest master of the stage craft in the world. Tears because of the quarrel that ended our long and beautiful friendship."

SINCE coming to America Mrs. Carter's most potent reason for leaving the stage has been revealed. She had been partially blinded by stage light.

It was once feared that she might utterly lose her sight. For two years she was as one without sight, except that inward vision which, she says, turned itself upon the past. In those years of darkness and self communion, in her villa at Maidenhead, where she was Vesta Tilley's across-the-Thames neighbor, came clearer vision, she says.

"I understood as I had never understood before that there were persons who would benefit by my leaving Mr. Belasco's management. I understood with the poet 'whispering friends can poison truth.'

"The ordinary things of life held no further interest for me. I lived but with one thought, that, sometime, somehow, Mr. David and I will be reconciled."

"That may be," consoled one who listened. "There was a bitter quarrel between Mr. Belasco and Charles Frohman about 'Zaza.' But when Mr. Frohman was very ill and thought he was dying he sent for Mr. Belasco and asked him to carry on his work."

"Did he?" Mrs. Carter whispered the question. Her gray green eyes widened.

She talked of life in rural England and in quiet Neuilly. "It is smooth," she said, "and sometimes brilliant. It has sparkle. But also it is insincere.

"The theater is languishing over there. They are doing trivial things. The plays are light. None of the big things are discussed by the playwrights. They are doing none of the big things that Mr. David and I did together. Perhaps because they are war weary.

The American stage today is the best in the world. It has depth as well as sparkle.

There is the same difference between the European stage and ours as between sparkling moselle and champagne. The American stage is the champagne.

"Work is the best thing in the world. And one must work alone. The ambitious worker should not marry."

HER mind drifted back to the storms and calms of Broadway. "Some bitter quarrels on the old street have been forgotten. Harrison Grey Fiske and Marc Klaw are working together in productions. "One hears David Belasco and Abraham Erlanger are to produce the 'Wandering Jew.'"

A half smile flashed across the vivid face. A shadow banished it. Her voice was pervaded by wistfulness.

"My heart's desire, the greatest wish of my life, is that Mr. David and I will be friends before I die," she said.

A Game Girl

(Continued from page 71)

When she was a little less than fourteen (over three years ago) the Famous-Players Lasky organization took Lila Lee from the vaudeville stage and made her a motion picture star. Before that she had been the protégée of Gus Edwards and his wife, and a child-favorite under the perfectly fitting name of "Cuddles." You may also remember that the Edwardses took her from her mother when she was a little thing, in some poverty and distress, and that her mother eventually won her back about a year ago only through long legal procedure.

Anyway, the film company didn't even make a test of her. They fell, as many have done before and since, for Cuddles.

They watched her delivery and signed her for the big leagues. They made her a star. Figuratively speaking, Lila forgot to touch second.

It wasn't altogether her fault—the coacher slipped on the signals. But explanations are difficult things and the fact only remained that she had been knocked out of the box. The public and press said frankly, "We can't see Lila Lee as a star."

So she was de-starred.

Consider for a moment what it means to be plucked from the stellar firmament and chucked back into the ranks.

FORTUNATELY for Lila, during her brief grandeur she had remained sweet, unaffected and kind. Therefore the "lot" didn't kid her—much.

From being a star, she became a leading woman even an ingenue, sometimes a character ingenue. There were times when she played bits, ugly ones, at that.

She had flopped. And everybody said then, "She's through. She won't have the nerve to stick on that lot where she was a star."

Quietly, with that soft, big-eyed smile, and that happy, soft way of hers, Lila did stick. Inch by inch, never balking at anything, never afraid, never nasty, or bitter, always hard-working, she fought her way back up the ladder.

Whatever came her way, she did well—her best. She studied, learned, grew wise in camera ways. She made "Tweeny" in "Male and Female" stand out like a lily in a bed of roses. She played one of the wives in "Midsummer Madness" with dramatic appeal and fervor.

I don't know whether he wanted to be quoted, but Cecil deMille said the other day, "If she doesn't lose her figure and get fat like her mother, Lila Lee will be the greatest dramatic actress on the screen. No, I'll take that back. I believe that in ten years, barring earthquakes, Lila Lee will be the greatest dramatic actress in the world."

Since then, I have seen her work in William deMille's "After the Show." As usual I am bound to acknowledge C. B's infallibility.

It's at least a possibility. Duse must have been like that at seventeen.

"Thank God it happened as it did," Lila Lee said to me the other evening, "If I'd been successful, I'd probably have been contented, and stagnated until it was too late to do anything real. Now at least I have a fighting chance for big things. I'm learning—I'm ready. If I succeed now, I will have a foundation."

Seventeen—a sweet, soft, beautiful little creature, absolutely brimming with emotion, feeling, drama. Always acting, always sparkling, cutting capers, imitating grand opera and doing "Camille,"—humorously—to amuse her friends.

But funny as it may sound I can pay her no higher tribute nor ask you to accept none higher than my pet name—"Mrs. Merkle."



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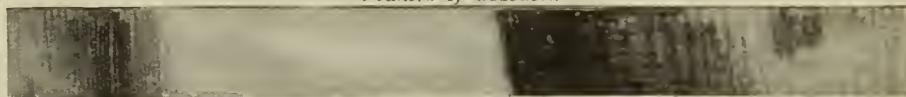
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Making Good at 60

(Continued from page 43)

"I depended upon her judgment. I always do believe in it and I act upon it. I did this time. As you know, her idea was a good one. She draws half the royalties of the play. She is the co-author and the editor of it.

"I'm more afraid of what she will think of anything I've written than any one else's opinion. I am writing a new play. I gave her twenty pages of the play and she handed me back three. The rest she threw away. She is a severe critic, but she is right."

I asked him when he first saw the brown-haired, brown-eyed girl who was to be his wife and constructive critic.

"I can't remember," he answered, staring smilingly into the haze of the past. "She went past our place on her way to school. My father kept a woodyard. I was twelve years old and used to help him about the place. I got used to seeing her pass. She was generally on the run. But I didn't pay any attention, for she was three years younger than I was. I felt wise and grown up. If I had any feeling toward her it was one of pity, because she was a girl. There was some contempt, too, because she was only nine.

"I didn't think she was pretty, but I knew she was bright. She used to recite 'Corporal John' at school affairs, and town hall meetings and church socials. I admired her memory, for I never had any. 'Corporal John' was forty-five minutes long and she never 'dried up' in her lines, as we say in the theater.

"A TOWNSMAN of ours, Louis Leiber, was getting up an amateur play. He was wondering where to get an actress to play a comedy part. I said, 'There's a girl named Jennie Weidman, about fourteen years old, that could play it. I don't know her, but I've heard her recite.'

"Louis and I went to see her about it. We rapped on the door. She answered our rap. Her face was wrapped up in a towel. Louis said, 'Is this Miss Weidman? I am Mr. Leiber and this is Mr. Bacon.' We had known about each other all our lives, but were trying to be very polite. Miss Weidman said, 'Excuse my appearance. I am suffering from toothache,' and seemed to forget all about it. I thought, 'What self-possession.' Mr. Leiber told her he was getting up an amateur theatrical company and wanted her to join it. She said she might if her aunts were willing and she asked us to come in. Her aunts, one she called Auntie Em and one Aunt Mary, listened to our plans and said their niece might join us.

"We played in the same company for three years. Somewhere about the middle of the last year I said to her, 'I'm going to take you home tonight.' She said, 'Are you? What about the neighbor who has always brought me home?' I said, 'I asked him to let me take his place this evening.' That was the beginning and the end. I called every day after that for a year. I must have been a nuisance to the family. But they didn't say anything to me. I learned later that Auntie Em favored me, but Aunt Mary was for another fellow from San Francisco. She said he had more polish and would amount to more. Toward the end of the year I proposed and we were married the next week.

"We got married on a capital of twenty dollars. I gave ten to the minister. We lived with my wife's two aunts and I got a job soliciting advertisements for a San Jose newspaper at twelve dollars a week. It was hard work, but I didn't mind it.

And Mother never complained. We were always interested in the theater and always hoping to go on the stage.

"I remember when Edwin Booth came to town. We both longed to see him. But the seats cost four dollars apiece. I came home and asked my wife what she thought about it. I had already formed the habit of never doing anything without talking it over with her. 'Do you think we can manage it?' I asked. 'We'll manage it,' she said. I've never known what she did or did without to piece the twelve dollars a week over eight dollars for theater tickets and our keep. She would never tell me. That eight-dollar investment was the best we ever made. We saw Edwin Booth play 'Hamlet.'

"MY salary was raised to fifteen dollars a week, but that didn't satisfy me. I wanted to own a newspaper. I managed to get a little country one, a weekly. It didn't go well. Do you think Mother sat at home and brooded? Not a bit. She used to come down with friends of ours to the office and tell jokes and stories while the paper went to press. I had really to give the paper away, for the man who bought it from me gave me a note that was no good. He couldn't pay the note and I let him have the paper. We went to Napa to take over a photograph gallery from my brother. No luck. We sold it for a hundred dollars and couldn't collect the hundred. But Mother never complained. We kept on expecting the chance to go on the stage.

"Stories have been told of our abject poverty. Some of them are true. But we never missed a meal, for Mother was a good manager.

"We haven't always seen things alike. We've had our debates, but no ambulance has been necessary. Only once did I do something against her advice. That was when I bought the ten-acre farm at Mountain View. It is about twenty-three miles from San Jose. Mother didn't want to leave the town. She likes people about. But she soon liked the farm and named it Baconia. There's a great deal of sentiment woven about the old place. Our son and daughter grew up there, and our three grandchildren were born there and learned to talk and call us 'Gram' and 'Gramp.'

"While I played in the stock company at the Alcazar, as I did for sixteen years, we had our hottest debates. I didn't want to sit up to study nor go through my part for the next week. I was sleepy. Even a baby is cross when it is sleepy. But Mother won. She put me through the part even if I toppled over on the pillow at the tag. That's what actors call the last line. She was right," Frank Bacon affirmed in a quiet tone of conviction.

"I think the best thing about Mother is that she never commands nor demands. She talks things over with me. She says, 'I think that you'd better do this or that.' She gives her reasons. And that's all. She knows when to stop.

"With a wife like her any man, play actor or other, that isn't a defective could get along.

"We have avoided the long separations of the usual stage life. And in the few times when we have been separated we wrote to each other every day.

"Now, I am glad that when she wants anything she can get it. It was a pleasure to give her her second motor car the other day. She's earned it. I am glad that these days when there's a rap on the door each doesn't ask the other to answer it.

Making Good at 60

(Continued from page 110)

"I could never have got along without Mother. . . When my son married I said, 'You haven't enough to start a cart.' He answered, 'How much did you have when you married?' I reminded him that he wasn't marrying Mother."

The Jane Bacon into whom the Jennie Weidman had evolved sat on the wide porch of the new Baconia at Bayside, Long Island, and laughed at what I repeated of her husband's appreciation.

"I remember that when I saw him first, the evening he called with Mr. Leiber, I noticed how much hair he had. He's never lost it. I thought he had kind eyes. He hasn't lost them.

"I don't believe in husband worship, but I do in husband comradeship. When Father played a part badly I told him so. He resented the criticism, but my aim was achieved, for he improved in the part.

"A couple can get along by talking things over, exchanging views.

"Common sense is a great solvent of family troubles. And a sense of humor. A husband and wife will get on if they laugh much together."

When We Went to School

WHEN we went to school we acquired our learning by what almost amounted to brute force. It was pounded into us. It was beaten upon our consciousness by an endless repetition of wounds. It was enforced by hand slappings, and other such methods. When we failed in a memory test we were "kept in" or made to sit—crowning indignity—in the cloak room.

If the lessons given us had been more interesting—but they weren't! The books we studied from were often stereotyped and dull. Small wonder that our mind wandered away into a land of romance and adventure—a land that lay infinitely far beyond the walls of the school house.

We took our learning hard—we who belonged to the schools of yesterday. But the children of this generation will—if plans do not miscarry—never have to share our lot. For the motion picture machine has at last taken its place in the classroom.

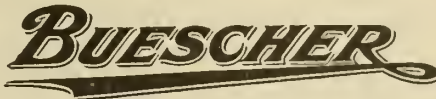
Experiments have been made—with rather amazing results. In New York City, five hundred pupils of the seventh grade, divided into three groups, were tested. One set was given a prescribed lesson orally, the others through the medium of the camera and the silver sheet. The latter received marks averaging 23 per cent higher than those orally instructed. In Detroit two groups of scholars were selected for comparison. A certain film was shown twice, with no explanation from the teacher, to the first group—the time occupying thirteen minutes. The instructor of the other group gave them a fifty-five minute talk on the same subject. Then identical lists of questions were given to both groups to answer and the first group averaged far higher marks than the second!

Of course some subjects cannot be taught by motion pictures. But in most cases the camera will—in time—triumph over the spoken word. The child eye is more alert than the child ear—unless parents happen to be talking over certain taboo matters!

It is interesting to note that such an educator as H. G. Wells champions the use of the motion picture camera in schools. Those among us who are thoroughly commercialized cannot help feeling that he is secondly of the scenario possibilities of his thinking first of the future generations and "Outline of History."

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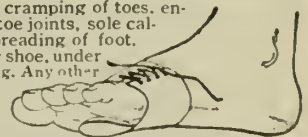
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Secrets of Mae Murray's Success

(Concluded from page 31)



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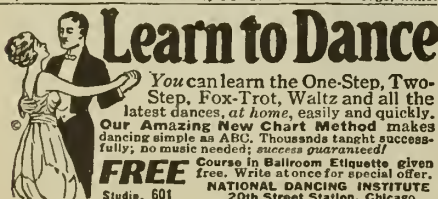
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her. Each day she donned it and showed Mr. Mitchell how like she was to the Brinkley girl. At last he said: "Oh, well, try it."

When the "Follies of 1908" opened in New York, the Nell Brinkley girl "led all the rest." The critics praised her. The artist whose work she interpreted said: "She is the essence and embodiment of my girls. She has gotten the idea exactly. She is very intelligent."

The day after the opening of the "Follies" a blonde girl whose smile was a soft radiance that nothing could dispel, arrived at the hairdresser's. She laid a two-dollar bill on the counter. "Here is this week's installment on the wig, Mr. Hepner," she said. The cost of the wig was twenty-five dollars. She was paying for it by installments, two dollars a week. She had gambled on the wig, but it had gotten for her what she wanted.

Which is one reason for her success. She has initiative.

The dance craze was sweeping across the country with the swiftness and intensity of a prairie fire. Mae Murray heard that in Paris they were dancing the pericot, the maxie and the tango.

Her capital was five hundred dollars and high hope. She calculated closely, to her last half-dollar.

"That will pay my passage back and forth and my expenses for twelve days in Paris," she said. "I won't need to take any lessons. I can learn by watching."

She executed her programme to the hour. Twelve days and evenings in the cafes and cabarets of Paris and she had learned the desirable dances. She sailed back to New York, acquainted the managers with her acquisition, and was engaged for "Her Little Highness." The play was an almost instant failure. But she had been seen in the new dances. Offers followed.

THE second reason for her success: She studied the times and tastes and gave the public what it wanted.

Came a fad for restaurants conducted by dancing celebrities. The Castles had Castle House and a restaurant in the Metropole. Mae Murray had her San Souci and her Folies Marigney.

Mrs. Irene Castle, then the most popular of drawing-room dancers in the world, became ill. It was necessary to replace her instantly in "Watch Your Step" at the New Amsterdam Theater. A message came to San Souci: "Mr. Dillingham wants to see you in his office."

She hurried to his office.

"It is about Mrs. Castle?" she asked.

"Yes. Are you afraid to try to follow her?"

"No," she answered. "Can you give me an hour's rehearsal with Mr. Castle?"

Her appearance was very successful.

"Weren't you really afraid?" I asked.

"No," she answered. "A great happiness crowds out fear. I was so happy at being chosen as the substitute for the world's greatest dancer that there was no room for fear."

Another reason for her success. She is never afraid to try.

A small motion picture was a feature of one of the "Follies." She was a figure so outstanding in it that the next day offers came from the principal screen managers. Would she go into pictures? Certainly. America's dance madness would not last always. There is a time to turn one's back upon the old and step into new fields.

No clinging to former things! No looking backward! She thinks Lot's wife de-

served her saline fate. Face ever forward she advances to meet the new.

About this spirit was the moving force of the company of which she is star and partner. The Murray-Leonard company's first picture was "Peacock Alley."

"When I came back from Paris I wanted to play a French woman. You see I was enchanted with Cecile Sorel. She is the most popular actress in France. She is much interested in dancing. Fanny Ward gave a tea for me and Mme. Sorel was there. Mme. Sorel gave a dinner for me. She is the most fascinating of women. When she is giving a dinner she eats nothing herself. She dines before her guests arrive. She wants to be free to give every second to her guests. I watched her with supreme admiration. She wore a long string of pearls. She constantly played with them, and with such grace! The French woman is always doing something. I have introduced Cecile Sorel's way of toying with her pearls into 'Peacock Alley.'

WHAT I saw in Paris filled me with enough inspiration to last for a long time. It must. For one of my rules is 'Keep away from people.' Watch them. Be on the edge of the crowd. Study it. Be in it but not of it. I have no patience with players who say we can look within and find in the manifold man or woman within us all we need for interpretation. Races differ. Nations differ. Individuals differ. They eat differently, walk differently, talk differently. We must know how they do these things. There is a fine actor of rich background in 'Peacock Alley.' Mr. W. J. Ferguson was a call boy who saw J. Wilkes Booth kill Lincoln at Ford's Theater. He says he has a catalogue of French types, and German, Russian, English and American types in his memory. He has played all these types, and he files them away in memory's cabinet and gets them out when needed. That is very clever and true. I believe one must keep away from people to keep her poise. They rob her of her strength. They gossip."

Miss Murray is not one of the cult that believes in the immolation of the artist upon the altar of art. "Certainly I believe in marriage," she says. "The artist is first the human being. A genuinely human being needs companionship. There is no quarrel between art and life."

She has followed this light. She has been married three times. The marriage to William N. Shwenker, the son of a millionaire manufacturer, was ill starred, although she lived in a furnished room and cooked their meals herself during their honeymoon. A marriage to James Jay O'Brien was not such because she protested against too much conviviality at the wedding supper. The story of the picturesque wedding and hasty permanent quarrel were told in the divorce court. She has married Robert Z. Leonard, her director and partner. In marriage as in art her last success rule holds. "A great wish in our heart is a prayer that will be answered, if the purpose is sincere. I believe that all good things await us if we deserve them."

In all the fifteen growing years Mae Murray has been a prodigious reader, an omnivorous one. "I read biography to inspire me," she has often said. "Thomas Edison's life is the most inspiring of all. But I read trash too. The other night I read a novel that had nothing worth while in it but this sentence 'He kept on keeping at it.'"

"Keep on keeping at it." There we have Mae Murray's chief rule of success. The rest are subsidiary.

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) Maurics Tourneur, Culver City, Cal.
(s) Thos. H. Ince, Culver City, Cal.
J. Parker Read, Jr., Ince Studios, Culver City, Cal.
(s) Mack Sennett, Edenda's, 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. 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) Plerce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, New York.
- (s) Lasky, Hollywood, Cal.
British Paramount (s) Poole St., Islington, N. London, England.
Realart, 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, 3500 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 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 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.
- 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 Plekford 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 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.

Life in the Films

(Continued from page 65)

in all their dealings with vermiform humanity. Even when addressing servants, their manner is one of heaven-kissing superiority.

Among their own exalted kind, however, they loosen up and thaw out. Free from the danger of contamination with the vulgar and the lowly, they become downright affectionate. The ladies fondle and caress one another genteelly; and the gentlemen put their arms about each other and thwack each other on the back till their teeth rattle.

The chief occupation of the screen's blue-stockings is, of course, social entertaining. Their lives are just one round of teas, soirees, receptions, musicales and balls. And here we are confronted by one of the strangest customs of fashionable society in the silent drama. At all these "functions" there are practically as many servants as there are guests.

AND the uniforms and costumes of the various butlers, servitors, footmen, lackeys, ferashes, and other Jeameses who roam stiff-jointedly about the numerous reception halls and drawing rooms, would make Solomon himself spin jealously in his grave. A group of these gorgeously caparisoned flunkies resembles a full-dress conclave of Oriental potentates and Balkan generals.

This populous army of gaudily uniformed menials is not wholly for the purpose of ostentation, for, from all indications, film aristocrats are inordinately helpless. Without numerous servitors at hand they would probably fall in a heap and starve to death.

One wonders how they learned to ring the bell for assistance; for many of the tasks for which they summon butlers are quite as simple as the operation of ringing. If they desire a decanter from the sideboard, or wish to light a cigarette, or want their chair moved a bit, a detachment of musical-comedy drum-majors in full regalia is immediately summoned.

There are numerous other peculiarities to be noted in the social life of the screen. For instance, all ladies of the ultra-fashionable set have breakfast in bed. From every indication, the average director of these "high-life" dramas labors under the delusion that only the *bourgeoisie* and the proletariat ever rise before eating, and that to do so is to brand oneself as common and democratic.

Then there is the peculiarity attaching to the status of society bachelors. These unattached gentlemen, without exception, use great quantities of hair grease, wax their moustaches, carry long jeweled cigarette holders, and are devoid of all honor. Invariably one finds these putative male celibates of the aristocracy either making suave and courtly love to some virtuous married lady, or else endeavoring to compromise some trusting debutante by enveigling her to his apartment on the promise that other blue-bloods are to be there.

And while on the subject of debutante—ingenues, it might be mentioned that they nearly always fall in love with one of God's noblemen—a flannel-shirted, forward-looking, God-fearing, right-thinking plebeian who believes that one bath a week on Saturday night is enough, that all rich men are scoundrels, and all laboring-men are honest and unselfish, and that any woman who smokes a cigarette is a hussy.

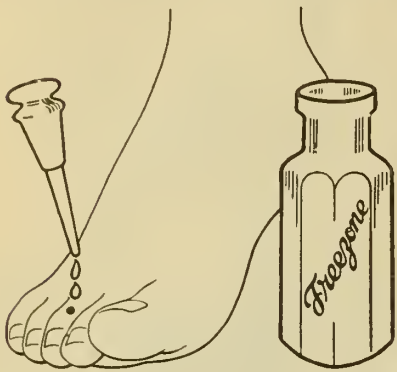
Of course, the delicate young orchid of society is at first shocked and repulsed by this Rough Diamond; but in the end, after meeting his octogenarian mother (who never saw a lorgnette and peels her own potatoes), this pampered darling of the Four Hundred awakes to the true worth and inner beauty of honest sweat, and forthwith turns her back upon the hollow sham of afternoon teas and fancy-dress balls.

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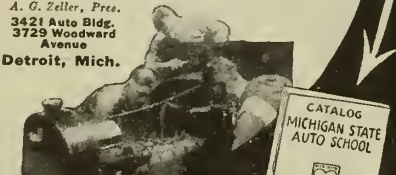
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Smilin' Through

(Continued from page 36)

she said softly, "how can you be so hard about my little love story?"

Forgetting his tenderness John leaped to his feet.

"Because you're of the stock of Moon-yeen," he told her, "and because his is the blood of Wayne. You don't belong together!"

A latent anger that lay under Kathleen's sweetness came to the surface.

"I love Kenneth," she said, "and I'm going to say goodbye to him."

John was angry too.

"I forbid it!" he exclaimed.

Kathleen faced him—looked squarely into his eyes.

"If it wasn't that I don't believe she ever comes to you, except in dreams, I'd wish she'd never come again!" she told him. And then she ran away out of the garden gate.

John and Dr. Owen, left alone, began to quarrel. It was a desperate situation for John. His beloved Kathleen had turned from him, and now his old friend was siding with her. In utter fury he told Owen that their fifty year long association was at an end.

In the meantime Kathleen, who knew where Kenneth's regiment was starting from, went hurrying down the country road. A little old Inn—called the "George and Dragon Tavern" was the starting place. By hurrying frantically she was able to reach the place just as the motor lorries were about to start. There was only time for a kiss, an exchange of promises, and then Kenneth was on his way and Kathleen was left alone—as many women, all over the land, were being left—with a breaking heart.

CURIOSLY enough, after his quarrel with Kathleen, John Carteret was never again able to see his vision of Moonyeen. True, he could make the shadow with the little marionette—but it was not the same. It was only a shadow—the spirit that had glorified it would not re-appear. How could he know that it was the anger and hate in his soul that had changed things—how could he know that the spirit of his sweetheart was still at the garden gate, waiting to come smilin' through?

Four years passed. And, though the poppies bloomed again in Flanders there was no peace in John Carteret's little English garden. For the gate leading to Owen's house had been locked fast ever since their quarrel, and the moonlight played no more magic, and the postman had ceased to bring letters from the front. But John—though noticeably broken by the bitter years—still held the seeds of hatred in his heart. He tried to make himself believe that he could get along without his friend—and even without his memory!

To Kathleen the years had been hard, also. At first letters had come regularly from Kenneth Wayne, but toward the end of the time they had stopped coming. There were only two things to believe. One was that he had forgotten her—the other that he was not able to communicate. Both thoughts were disquieting. And now that the war was over, that the men were returning, her mind and heart were in a turmoil.

And then, when it seemed as if there was no hope left, Kenneth came back. He came back limping, for one of his legs had been permanently injured. At Dr. Owen's house he stopped first, and from there went to see John Carteret. His mission was a strange one, for he seemed ready to give up all hope of marrying Kathleen. He would have gone away without seeing her, had she not come into the room just as he was leaving.

Of course Kathleen could not understand his attitude. But she was a brave girl and she tried not to show the depth of her emotion. So she winked back the tears, and tried to smile. Kenneth, seeing the smile, said huskily. "I'm not worth a single tear, dear!" And then he explained that things had changed and that he could not marry her. Anyone who was less in love than Kathleen would have known that he was fairly aching to take her into his arms, but Kathleen did not know. It was only after he had gone faltering down the garden path that she turned on John Carteret.

"Kenneth doesn't want me any more," she told him. And then, as he tried to offer comfort—

"You've taken him away from me, as surely as Jeremiah Wayne took your Moonyeen—and I hate you for it. I'm going away from here—forever!" And she went hurriedly into the house.

John sat, for a long time, when she had left him in the garden. Upstairs in her room Kathleen was packing—getting ready to leave. When the moon came up he was still there, and his utter loneliness was near to crushing his soul. It was that loneliness that brought him to his feet, that made him call over the dividing fence to Dr. Owen—breaking, as he did so, a silence of four years.

"Old friend," he called tremulously, "I want you!"

Kenneth, after leaving Kathleen, had gone back to Dr. Owen's house. When John Carteret's call came he was still there. As the two old friends were reunited he could not help hearing John's faltering voice as it said—"Kathleen is leaving me forever."

"The words drew him to his feet—brought him face to face with the enemy of his father. To his, and Dr. Owen's surprise, John Carteret extended his hand.

"Kenneth, son of Jeremiah Wayne," he said, with a great dignity, "I ask your pardon. Will you grant it?"

Of course Kenneth grasped the shaking old hand. And then John and Owen, guided by the same impulse, seized him on either side, and started with him toward the Carteret house. They arrived just as Kathleen, her wraps on, was kissing Ellen goodbye. As he saw her Kenneth started back, as if in physical agony.

"But I'm not fit!" he almost sobbed.

"I'm not fit!"

And then it all came out. It was his deformity—his wounded leg—that had made Kenneth turn away from his sweetheart. Urged on to what he thought his duty he had turned away from the open gates of happiness. It was his sacrifice—but it was a sacrifice that Kathleen, for purely selfish reasons, would not accept.

AND so, leaving the lovers together, the two old men stole out of the house. And there in the garden they started to play dominoes. And, in the middle of the game, John fell suddenly asleep. And Owen, smiling softly, tiptoed away, back to his own garden. And John was left alone in the moonlight.

Alone in the moonlight. . . . But, no,—not alone! For as he slept there a dainty figure, radiant in bridal gown and veil, came smiling through the garden gate. And something in the sleeping figure seemed suddenly to wake, and John—younger by fifty years—stepped forth to welcome his sweetheart. And his voice—a voice vibrant with the joy of springtime—spoke aloud.

"Oh, my dear," it said, in thrilling tones "thank God that you have come back to me!"

And the bride answered, sweetly:

(Continued on page 115)

Smilin' Through

(Continued from page 114)

"I've been here all the time only you couldn't see me because you've been obstinate . . . because you've kept those dear things apart!"

John answered eagerly—with a question. "But now that I've made that right shall we be together always?" he asked.

Moonyeen nodded gently. But with a sudden realization John covered his face with his hands.

"But you're just as you were that night," he cried, "and I'm old!"

Moonyeen interrupted. Her voice was laughter-touched as she spoke.

"Look there," she said and one slim finger pointed to the chair in which John had been sitting.

With agony in his eyes John looked back. And then he saw what had happened. For his old body lay sleeping in the chair. Glancing down, he noticed that he was clothed in his wedding attire, that his hands were unwrinkled, that his limbs were straight.

"It's a miracle!" he cried, "a miracle!"

"It's the miracle of love," Moonyeen answered softly.

"Then," John's voice was husky, "Then isn't it stupid for people to be afraid of dying?"

Again Moonyeen answered. Her voice was sweeter, more gentle, than ever.

"Some poor dears are," she told him, "but they'd be smiling through the years if they only knew what was waiting at the end of the road."

The Proposal

By Carol Sheridan

As it was YESTERDAY—

I MAY not be Adonis, dear,
And yet my love for you,
Is forged so strongly that no knife,
Could cut it quite in two.
As flowers turn to greet the sun
When morning comes, I rise
To meet each day, and pray to see
Affection in your eyes.

I may not be Apollo, dear,
Men handsomer, by far,
May lay their treasures at your feet;
But you will be my star—
My guiding star through life's dark night,
A comfort, guide, and glow,
I may not be your heart's ideal,
But, dear, I love you so!

As it is TODAY—

I MAY not be no Charlie Ray,
My hair—it's kinder thin!
But with this here high cost o' things,
A feller can't begin.
To think o' marryin', or such,
Until he's got along . . .
I may not make much fancy love,
But—kid—I'm for you strong!

I may not be a handsome guy,
Like that there Wallie Reid—
But I got common sense an' weight,
Th' same as he's got speed!
I may not have this Bill Hart's grit,
Nor yet his figure, neither,
But, say, you better take me, kid . . .
You ain't no Pickford, either!

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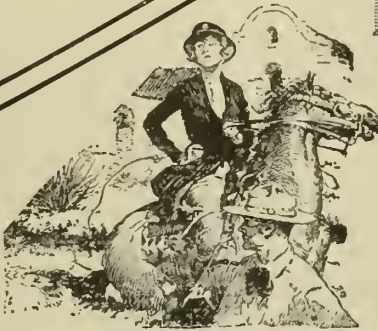
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Wise and Otherwise

(Continued from page 26)



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As a matter of fact Mr. Garrison did not know why his prospective son-in-law had borrowed his automobile. He knew that it was for a rush trip into Ironton . . . but Albert Henry had innocently neglected to inform him that he was not to be alone. It simply never occurred to Albert Henry that explanation was necessary. He would have been surprised indeed had he comprehended the gossip storm which he had loosed in Woodland. He understood, of course, that he was excited by the bizarre occurrence—without understanding how excited he was—but of the fact that others were interested in his acquaintanceship with Myrtille he was unaware.

Albert Henry was a good driver and Myrtille an expert and experienced passenger. They rolled beyond the town limits and swung westward on the Ironton pike, lately and greatly improved by a road gang. Albert Henry stepped on the accelerator and the little car responded nobly. Myrtille lay back in the seat and closed her eyes.

They passed an occasional car, Woodland-bound. Fortunately, Albert Henry did not hear the buzz of vicious speculation afloat joy-riding which arose after each passing. And Myrtille, rousing herself from the soothing delight of the swift driving in the gentle spring air, regarded her benefactor from the corners of her heavily lidded eyes.

ALBERT HENRY was nothing to be ashamed of. True, his haberdashery shrieked of the rural districts, but he was above medium height and blessed with considerably more than medium breadth. He had a fine, clean-cut face and clear, straight-looking eyes.

All in all, he was a distinctly new type to Myrtille, and Myrtille was no rank amateur when it came to knowledge of the stronger sex. It had been said of her that she knew more than was strictly proper: but at least that was the verdict of bitter tongue-waggers and had never been substantiated. Certainly, however, she was not unwise.

She puzzled her brain as to whys and wherefores. The answer simply was not. Myrtille found herself hoping that she would not be disappointed in Albert Henry. She wanted to keep on thinking that he was what he appeared to be.

She moved slightly in the seat, snuggling cozily against him. Albert Henry shivered deliciously. And then Myrtille asked a pertinent question—

"Can you drive this bus with one hand?"

"Sure."

For a quarter mile silence maintained, and then Albert Henry awakened to the fact that the conversation on this particular subject was incomplete.

"Why?" asked Albert Henry.

She smiled to herself. "Why don't you?" He was puzzled. Her quizzing appeared pointless—yet he knew instinctively that such was not the case. He speculated intently on the matter. And finally a great light came to him. She meant . . . but that couldn't be! It was deliciously impossible.

And yet it must be that. Nervously, awkwardly, he removed his right hand from the steering wheel. With eyes glued to the white ribbon of road ahead he slipped his hand timidly along the seat. It touched hers—grasped tentatively.

Then he sighed beatifically as her fingers contracted warmly about his. And when the superb contact had endured for a half minute he made a remark which was not entirely inane—

"That's awful nice," said Albert Henry.

He didn't even notice that they passed a car which was not only headed toward Woodland but that contained three cousins of Phyllis'. He wouldn't have cared had he noticed. Albert Henry was gripped by a new sort of exaltation. He didn't care what happened—or how soon.

And as they sped toward Ironton, they talked: and their intimacy ripened with even greater speed than the car travelled. He, being more or less tongue-tied, listened eagerly to her story of herself: learned that she was a shimmy-dancer . . . he was vaguely curious and put his curiosity into words.

"What's that?"

"What's what?"

"A shimmy-dancer?"

"It-it's—well, that is—it's—Oh! just a sort of a thing."

"What sort?"

She darted a quick, speculative glance toward him. His face was guileless. It was plain that he had heard of the dance but was unfamiliar with its minutiae. "Just a sort of a crazy dance. It aint so awful nice: kinda roughneck." Her cheeks were dyed a deep pink. For the first time in a burlesque career she felt no pride in her position as one of the best shimmers on the Wheel.

She told him of life with a burlesque troupe, marvelling at the literalness of his belief: told him—delicately enough, yet not so delicately that he failed to blush—of the affair between her shimmy rival and the company manager, and of their conspiracy to have this girl usurp her enviable place with the troupe. And of her desire to eventually leave the stage—"Not just now, of course . . . but some day."

"Al—who do you do for a livin'?"

"Me?" He was embarrassed: all this which she had told him was marvellous—colorful. His own life—"I aint nothin' but a telegraph operator. Station agent at Woodland, but it don't mean nothin'—that sort of a job."

"Telegraph operator! Gosh! I never could make no sense outa them little dots an' dashes."

"Taint hard when you know 'em." And then, out of the void, a new idea came to him. "You know, sometimes I wish I could get away from Woodland and go to the city. They say good operators can get jobs awful easy."

"You bet they can. An' listen, Al—you ought to shake loose from that hick burg. My Gawd! It's awful! You ought to cut loose—you sure ought!" And then, for no particular reason—she sighed.

DURING the final hour of their drive, there was little conversation. Dusk was settling over the landscape: soft and gentle and alluring. And far ahead lay the smoke and soot and dinginess of Ironton. The girl borrowed his notebook and scrawled laboriously for several minutes. She returned the notebook to his pocket:

"I've written out the route for the Broadway Beauties—just where we're gonna be every week for the next three months. Thought mebbe you might wanna write me a post card wunst in a while."

"Can I? Honest?"

"Say—Al. . . ." She choked. "You'd better: that's all I say."

They reached Ironton at seven o'clock. They ate dinner at the dilapidated hotel where the troupe was quartered. Then he escorted her to the stage door. He held her hand tightly in his—and spoke with eyes that more than atoned for the muteness of lip. Yet his mind was not entirely filled

(Continued on page 117)

Wise and Otherwise

(Continued from page 116)

with the girl before him. Within it there was a disturbing vision of the maddeningly phlegmatic Phyllis—Phyllis of Woodland—Phyllis, his fiancée.

"G'bye, Miss Myrtille."

"S'long, Al." A pause—"Wisht we was gonna see each other again."

"Wish so . . . gee! I do."

And then, quite suddenly and unexpectedly, she threw two plump, warm arms about his neck and implanted a long, passionate kiss upon his lips. Then she broke away—

"You're sure a good kid, Al. . . ."

The stage entrance swallowed her.

And Albert Henry bought a ticket and sat in the rear of the house during the night show.

When he emerged, he had learned two things.

One of them was the technic of the shimmy dance!

Immediately upon his return to Woodland the following morning, Albert Henry became aware that all was not as it should be. There was a strange and oppressive air of open hostility about the town. Men and women gazed at him disapprovingly and bowed furtively, as though fearful of being caught in the act of recognition. Albert Henry sensed that there was something wrong—but could not understand.

THE previous night was a glorious memory. But upon crossing the Woodland city limits, Albert Henry ceased to be the cavalier and became himself again. The habits of six years overcame him: once more he was the nice, reliable young man whose future was very promising. And, being reliable, he first visited the station to receive the assistant's report. Then he turned away—but, as he was leaving, the pool-playing young telegrapher jovially nudged his superior in the ribs and remarked—cryptically enough—"Oh! you Kiddo!"

Considerably bewildered, Albert Henry mounted to the driver's seat of Old Man Garrison's car and started bankward. He didn't know why he had been Oh-you Kiddo'd nor did he understand why the expression was not unpleasing to him. His thoughts were still occupied with that matter when he entered the bank and was frostily informed by a prospective aunt-in-law who was aggressively a maiden lady and employed as business deterrent at the bank—that Mr. Garrison wished to see Albert Henry in his office.

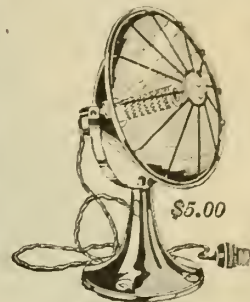
Albert Henry entered. Shortly thereafter Mrs. Garrison did the same thing. From an ante-room came the sound of violent sobs, and Albert Henry had more than a half-suspicion that the sobs belonged to Phyllis. He was glad that he could not see Phyllis sobbing. It was bad enough to hear her. Somehow, emotion of any sort seemed ill-fitted to that ample and unimaginative young lady.

And then the storm broke. It never gathered: it was there all the time—and it broke. Words—millions of them—vitriolic words—seethed about him. He learned that he had disgraced himself, Phyllis, the Garrison family, the municipality of Woodland, the county in which that town was situated, the sovereign state and the country as a whole. He was made aware of the fact that he was a scarlet-dyed deceiver, a wrecker of innocent lives.

Albert Henry staggered under the impact. In one wild, unexpected sweep, all the basis of six years' meticulous building had been swept from under. He was not now a nice reliable young man: no longer a desirable citizen. He had outraged community virtue. . . . (Continued on page 118)



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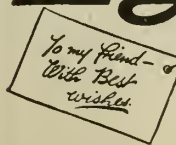
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Wise and Otherwise

(Continued from page 117)

There was no misunderstanding the gist of this particular bit of vituperation.

Mr. Garrison was informing Albert Henry that his engagement to Phyllis was ended!

Albert Henry heard nothing more. That was enough. He knew now that he had always desired liberation from those particular shackles. And so—

He inquired of the acidulous maiden lady his exact bank balance. Thereupon he withdrew from the bank four thousand three hundred and eighteen dollars and seven cents: in cash—which virtually paralyzed the institution. And he traversed the distance to the station at a dog-trot: a broad smile—which he himself did not yet entirely understand—decorating his lips.

He busied himself at his desk for a few minutes. And then he handed an official yellow slip to his assistant.

"Wire that," he ordered. "It's my resignation—effective immediately."

The assistant gasped. "Good Gosh. . . Where you goin'?"

Albert Henry shrugged: "Oh! Everywhere!"

"B-b-but s'pose some mail comes in. . . ."

Albert Henry rescued from his notebook the route which Myrtilene had scrawled. "Forward any mail that comes for me by that routing. Address me care Miss Myrtilene Farnsworth, Shimmy Dancer, The Broadway Beauties Burlesque Company!"

Whistling gaily, Albert Henry headed for a garage where he intended hiring a car to carry him to Ironton.

He was no longer a nice, reliable young man.

But the future was very promising for Albert Henry Robinson!

Slamming New York

WE are tired of seeing motion pictures that take a slam at New York. We are tired of watching the great white way dyed scarlet through six reels of sin—we are bored with the foolish virgins and the too wise demi-mondes who go romping through Central Park West and Riverside Drive. We are beginning to be annoyed at subtitles that have to do with the city's coldness and bitterness and callousness.

As a matter of fact New York is neither cold nor bitter nor callous. It is—scenario-writers to the contrary—the kindest and most sympathetic town in the world. It holds out a welcoming hand to strangers, it gives talent a chance to find itself, it is forever making dreams come true. It is whole-heartedly appreciative of all success, and it is tender with life's failures.

O. Henry—who, more than any other writer, has painted New York in true colors—calls the city "Bagdad on the Hudson." And he has named it well. For New York has princesses and caliphs, romances and thrills, and more than its quota of Aladdin lamps and magic carpets.

Of course there are women who have gone wrong in New York. And men who have betrayed them—and been betrayed. There are false friends, and unscrupulous strangers. Envy and hate and passion rub elbows on every street with innocence and trust and hope. But that is not typical of New York alone—it is typical of any city—and of life. Women have gone astray in Kalamazoo and Oshkosh; men have been betrayers in St. Louis, Mo., and Montclair, New Jersey.

We would like to see a motion picture that would give New York for once, at least, its due.

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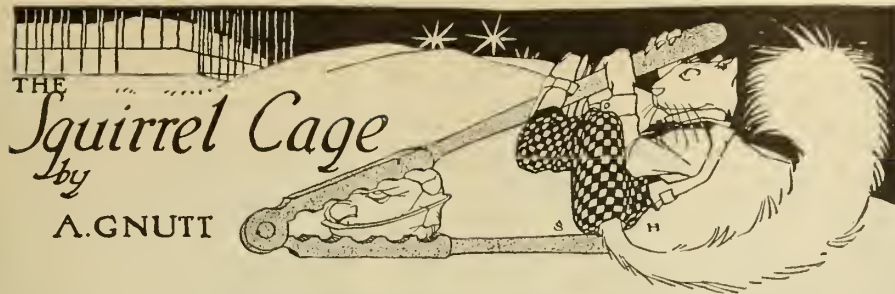
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CUTTING OUT THE MONKEY GLANDS?
ABOUT twenty-five prospective barbers from eastern Illinois were in Urbana Tuesday taking the quarterly state examination, which was held at Martin Bros.' shop. All the candidates were extremely young men, while a year or two ago they were of middle age.—*Champaign, (Ill.) News-Gazette*

SIC 'EM, TIGER!
AN irate fan, who had watched the home team go down to defeat, stopped the umpire as he was leaving the park.

"Where's your dog?" he demanded.
 "Dog?" ejaculated his umps. "I have no dog."
 "Well, you're the first blind man I ever saw who didn't have a dog," returned the disgruntled one.—*American Legion Weekly.*

WHICH caused fond recollection to recall the gentleman traveling to San Francisco. It was in the vicinage of Green River, Wyo. Hour, about midnight. He had donned pajamas and gone to the smoker for a final puff. Concluding it, he walked into the Pullman ahead and climbed into a convenient berth. He awoke the following morning to discover the train had been split during the night and that the Pullman in which he was marooned without clothes was bound for Portland.—*Chicago Tribune.*

DEAR Birdie: Just calling your attention to the fact that the Psychology department is now quite the berries. Instruction is being dispensed by Messrs. Berry, Kingsbury, and Mayberry, from a textbook by Prof. Pillsbury. If Mr. Logan taught Psych. instead of Pol. Econ. the list would be complete.—*Daily Maroon.*

GENERAL PERSHING was greeted by cheering thousands in London. The General must be a popular idol over there—that's all they did for Charlie Chaplin.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

UNCLE SAM will kindly paste this in his hat during the limitation of armaments conference: "The great thing in the world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving."—*Paz. Chicago Tribune.*

ARTIFICIAL silk is now being made from alcohol. Think of buying the precious stuff by the yard.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

EVEN if the railroads find plenty of strikebreakers they will still have to use their union stations.—*Dallas Union News.*

FROM the Nashville Tennessean, who quote in turn from the Burns (Tenn.) *New Idea*, substituting fictitious names.

"SHOULD IT?"
 "Last week we made an error in the death of Miss Arabella Hix. It should have been Mrs. Myrtle Arabella Judson."

SPEAKING of bumpy pavements—if we must have them might not all the bumps be concentrated at crossings for safety's sake?—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

THE melancholy and aspirin days are come again.—*Springfield Republican.*

"GIRLS will be girls." Is that a moral reflection or a hint for winter?—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THE other evening my sister and her son came to spend the evening.

"I am a bit afraid to go home alone. The streets are so dark," remarked my sister.
 "But, mudder, I won't let you be afraid," said Frederick.—*Chicago Tribune.*

REUBEN LONGFELLOW said that in this world a man must be either anvil or hammer.
 He was wrong. Some men are neither: they are merely bellows.—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

WHEN they film a story it always gets a new name and more heart interest.
 "I know. I suppose Ben Hur will now be featured as Her Ben."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

IT is said that "The Four Horsemen" is going better in the East than in the West, but Mrs. Leonidas Van Quentin says: "Those Wild Western pictures always do."—*Kansas City Star.*

A YOUNG fellow, who was the crack sprinter of his town, had a very dilatory laundress. One evening, when he was out for a practice run in his rather airy and abbreviated track costume, he chanced to dash past the house of that dusky lady, who at the time was a couple of weeks in arrears with his washing. He had scarcely reached home again when the bell rang furiously, and an excited voice was wafted in from the porch: "Foh de Lawd's sake, won't

you-all tell Marse Bob please not to go out no migh till I kin git his clo'es 'round to him?" — *S. F. Argonaut.*

WHEN a hostess asked a guest the other night if he'd like some corn, he said, "Yes, indeed," and passed his glass.—*Kansas City Star.*

THE Amazon, which is more than 100 miles wide at the mouth, is the W. J. Bryan of rivers.—*Houston Post.*

'66—"WHAT a lovely ring! Is it silver?"
 "16—" "No; platinum."

'66—"You don't tell me! I thought it was real. What good imitations they do make nowadays!" — *Harvard Lampoon.*

NEXT time a public utility applies for a raise in rates why not ask it to devote a little less time to proving its deficits and a little more to proving its utility?—*Kansas City Star.*

"IN certain districts of China," says Professor John Dewey in *The New Republic*, "being a robber is a recognized profession. One hears the story of the traveler who met a whole village in flight with their household goods on mules and in wheelbarrows because the soldiers were coming to protect them from the bandits."

THE young school teacher was reading sentences to her class, letting the pupils supply the last word.
 "The sphinx," she read, "has eyes but it cannot."
 "See," cried the children.
 "Has ears," went on the teacher, "but it cannot."
 "Hear," they responded.
 "Has a mouth, but it cannot."
 "Eat," came the chorus.
 "Has a nose, but it cannot."
 "Whipe it!" thundered the class.
 Then the lesson ended.—*School Board Journal.*

"IF you are skilled in some particular pursuit, we shall be glad to let you follow it," said the deputy warden to a newly arrived prisoner.
 "Thanks," said the prisoner, "I'm an aviator." — *Science and Invention Magazine.*

THE Chicago police have been forbidden to swear at motorists. The pedestrian will continue to exercise his natural rights.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"DO Englishmen understand American slang?"
 "Some of them do. Why?"
 "My daughter is to be married in London, and the earl has cabled me to come across." — *Boston Transcript.*

ONE thing that continues to surprise us about the Armenians is that there are any of them left.

SANDY, the farmer, had been staying with some friends for about a month, and while he and his host were out for a walk one day they called at a wayside inn for a drink.

As his host was about to pay for it, Sandy stopped him.
 "Na, na," he said, "I'll not allow it. Ye've been keeping me in everything at yer house for a month, and ye've treated me to the theaters, and cab fares, and paid for all the drinks. I tell ye, I'll hae na mair of it. We'll toss for this one." — *Punch.*

O VACATION, what awful places are lived in in thy name!—*Chicago Journal of Commerce.*

"I CAN'T keep visitors from coming up," said the office boy, dejectedly. "When I say you're out they won't believe me. They all say they must see you."

"Well, put them off somehow," said the editor, with a worried look. "Whatever they say, just tell them, 'That's what they all say.' Be firm. See?"
 "Yes sir."

That afternoon a lady called. She had hard features and an acid expression, and she demanded to see the editor at once.

"Impossible," said William.
 "But I'm his wife," persisted the lady.
 "That's what they all say," said the boy.
 — *Til-Bils.*

THE American wounded were being brought in from the second Marne battle, and a fussy American woman in a Khaki uniform and Sam Browne belt knelt over a stretcher and said, "Is this case an officer or only a man?" The brawny corporal who stood beside the stretcher gave her a grim laugh and said: "Well, lady, he ain't no officer, but he's been hit twice in the innards, both legs busted, he's got two bullets in both arms, and we dropt him three times without his lettin' out a squeak, so I guess ye can call him a man." — *Seattle Argus.*



A Big Raise in Salary

Is Very Easy to Get, If You Go About It in the Right Way

You have often heard of others who doubled and trebled their salaries in a year's time. You wondered how they did it. Was it a pull? Don't you think it. When a man is hired he gets paid for exactly what he does, there's no sentiment in business. It's preparing for the future and knowing what to do at the right time that doubles and trebles salaries.

Remember When You Were a Kid

and tried to ride a bike for the very first time? You thought that you would never learn and then—all of a sudden you knew how, and said in surprise: "Why it's a cinch if you know how." It's that way with most things, and getting a job with big money is no exception to the rule, if you know how.

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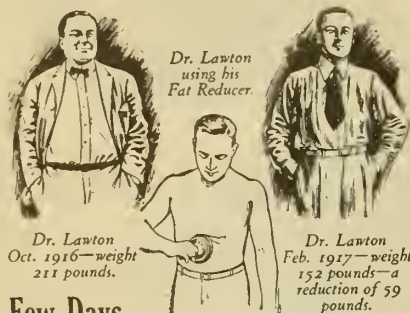
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|Civil Engineer |Shop Superintendent |
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Few Days Shows Reduction

NO need of being fat if you will use Dr. Lawton's Fat Reducer. In my own case I reduced 59 pounds as my above pictures show. That was five years ago and during these years my Fat Reducer has been reducing fat from thousands of other men and women.

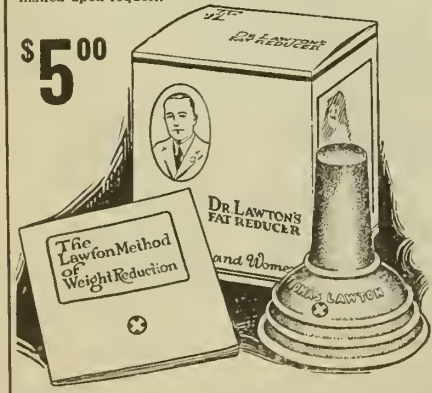
I don't ask you to starve nor exercise, take medicine or treatments of any kind. All I ask is that you use my Fat Reducer and method as per instructions and you will find reduction taking place in a few days; at the end of eleven days, which is full trial period, you either keep the Reducer or return it to me complete and I will gladly refund your money.

You gently apply Reducer to fatty parts and by easy manipulation it performs a deep-rooted massage which extends well down into fatty tissues. This manipulation breaks down and dissolves the fatty tissues into waste matter, which is then carried off by the elimination organs of the body.

Dr. Lawton's Fat Reducer is non-electrical, made from soft rubber and weighs but a few ounces. You can reduce where you wish to lose whether 10 or 100 pounds overweight.

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My free printed matter "How to Reduce Fat" mailed upon request.



Dr. Thomas Lawton, 120 W. 70th St., Dept 78, New York

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 69)

UNDER THE LASH—Paramount

UNDER THE LASH" gives Gloria Swanson her first opportunity to wear simple clothes since the day when she stopped being a Mack Sennett bathing girl, and became a Cecil B. De Mille bathing girl. Not once, in this picture, is Gloria permitted to recline in the lap of luxury. She is thrown entirely on her own merits, and she comes out well in the test. Nevertheless, "Under The Lash" is rather depressing.

HOMEKEEPING HEARTS—Pathe

THIS is suitable only for a children's program. It concerns mostly, a nice child of ten who goes about in Little Elsie manner, scattering sunshine. Other little girls will doubtless be pleased to see what reward awaits her effort. The cast is composed of unknown players, many of them amateurs with the exception of Louella Carr, daughter of Mary Carr of "Over the Hill," who is a sweet and believable ingenue. Sweet and simple. Oh, sugar.

THE POVERTY OF RICHES—Goldwyn

GOLDWYN, which has done so remarkably well this month, comes a cropper in this sad, sad tale. It concerns a tearful young wife who desires children but whose husband has ambitions along other lines. Also, of course, there is the happy, shabby couple whose children do cute tricks for the camera. The subject, carefully handled, does not give offense, but that is one of the very few good things that can be said for it.

HER SOCIAL VALUE—First National

THE frostily beautiful Katherine MacDonald is so sinned against here, that we don't blame her for congealing. Imagine a nice, gentle shop girl with no thought beyond her glove counter, suddenly finding herself the bride of a millionaire, just to be snubbed by all his playmates (excepting the villain) and finally—but that's the story. The star poses nicely in every scene, sharing a few of them with Roy Stewart.

THE IDLE RICH—Metro

THE SatEvePost story "Junk" pleasingly projected, with Bert Lytell as the young financial ruin who rebuilds his fortune through the junk business. Metro saw fit to change the title that no puns might be made concerning it. They need not have worried. It's clean, amusing stuff, handled quite in the Lytell manner. Delightful Virginia Valli. May we see her often.

SURE FIRE—Universal

THIS isn't sure-fire, though it hits the mark occasionally. Hoot Gibson hasn't the sort of face that goes with self-sacrifice. According to this story, he accepts the blame for everything that happens, including murder and robbery. All for a woman's sake. He is so honorable it is painful to witness his sufferings. The late "Breezy" Eason, Jr., is appealing in a child rôle. "Breezy" was an actor!

FIGHTIN' MAD—Metro

OUR "westerns" are moving southward, and lining up along the Mexican border, where almost anything is likely to happen. Here is Bill Desmond in his first independent production. He's a cowboy adventurer with

ten bandits to each bullet and a lovely leading lady high and dry on the wrong bank of the Rio Grande. Bill fights the whole Mexican Army, and swims for it. Peppery as a tamale—if you like them that way.

THE MYSTERIOUS RIDER—Hampton-Hodkinson

THE Great West, as a subject for novelist and scenarist, is becoming a barren waste. Zane Grey himself, can find no new situations lurking amongst cactus and cottonwood. Everything that could be done, has been done! In this trite plot several of the old problems are worked out in the good old way. All assistance possible is rendered by Robert McKim, Claire Adams and Carl Gantvoort.

CINDERELLA OF THE HILLS—Fox

AN unusual story, well presented, introducing Barbara Bedford as a star. She possesses individuality and shows an intelligent understanding of characterization. A touch of mystery running through the story, keeps interest up, and no hint is given beforehand of the surprising climax. From a story of the Ozark mountains by John Breckenridge Ellis.

GO STRAIGHT—Universal

FRANK MAYO just can't look like a parson. He tries to here. Fighting parson, you know, surrounded by an angry mob of parishioners and some really vicious enemies. He'd have saved himself a lot of trouble if he had resigned in the first reel. We knew all the time the church would burn and someone be locked in the belfry. Someone always is. Frank saves 'em and then the rope breaks. If this sounds good, see it yourself.

THE HUNCH—Metro

GARETH HUGHES grows more frivolous with each production. Here we have him as a luckless stock broker who becomes entangled in a maze of impossible events, including imprisonment for his own murder. Incidentally, Gale Henry is the jailer! Merrimont waxes high, so if you enjoy Gareth, and his quaint antics, you'll find this quite satisfactory. It's clean fun, all the way through.

HIGH HEELS—Universal

WHEN we saw the opening scenes of this picture, with palm trees growing along Fifth Avenue, N. Y., we felt that something was wrong. By the time it faded out, we had decided that everything was wrong. Gladys Walton couldn't save it. No one else tried. Society drama. y'know, with stiff butlers, amazing drawing rooms and unlikely people. A most futile effort.

THE BLACKSMITH—First National

IT'S a sad day when one of our comedians fails us. Buster Keaton is guilty this month. There is hardly a smile in his latest comedy, if such it can be called. The situations are forced and his work laborious. His scenario writer should consult Webster and discover that the words silly and funny are not synonymous.

A CERTAIN RICH MAN—Hampton-Hodkinson

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE'S story has been filmed in forceful and dignified manner, bringing home its lesson severely. (Continued on page 121)



"Looking more fascinating than ever, a famous prima-donna returned from abroad with bobbed hair."—From a New York news item.

OPERA STAR RETURNS WITH BOBBED HAIR

EVEN the stately beauties of the operatic stage have turned to bobbed hair for additional charm and fascination. Just picture yourself, too, in an artistic mass of bobbed hair, with the lovely little curls making you beautiful and attractive (and underneath the bob, your own hair safe). With the bewitching NATIONAL BOB your hair can be

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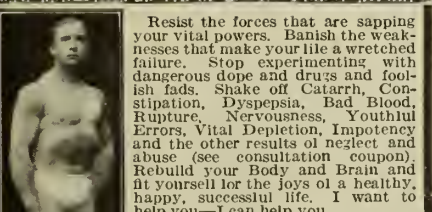
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| .. Hay Fever | .. Insomnia | .. Falling Hair |
| .. Obesly | .. Short Wind | .. Weak Eyes |
| .. Headache | .. Flat Feet | .. Gastritis |
| .. Thinness | .. Stomach | .. Heart Weakness |
| .. Rupture | .. Disorders | .. Poor Circulation |
| .. Lumbago | .. Constipation | .. Skin Disorders |
| .. Neuritis | .. Biliousness | .. Despondency |
| .. Neuralgia | .. Torpid Liver | .. Round Shoulders |
| .. Flat Chest | .. Indigestion | .. Lung Troubles |
| .. Deformity | .. Nervousness | .. Stoop Shoulders |
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Shadow Stage

(Continued)

It is one of the year's good photoplays and will stand the test of time. You will remember it. Robert McKim is at his best in the title rôle, Claire Adams and other players are well cast. For every member of the family.

THE ROUGH DIAMOND—Fox

TOM MIX starts forth as a lowly ranch hand. He becomes bareback rider in a circus and then commander of the Bergonian army (whatever that is). And there's Little Eve. Eva Novak, you know. She is held by the enemy and it takes much hard riding, leaping from cliffs, etc., etc., to rescue her, smile intact. Mix has given us better entertainment. Other western actors have given us much worse.

RED COURAGE—Universal

HOOT GIBSON has been given an excellent Peter B. Kyne story here, and his admirers will find it quite the equal of his first five-reeler. Not the usual type of "western." Hoot buys a newspaper, uses it as an influence for good in the wild and woolly town, turns a political campaign, and—but see it yourself. Molly Malone is pleasing.

New Faces for Old

(Continued from page 56)

playing the same old puppet show with Pierrot, Columbine, Pantaloon, and Harlequin dancing through the classic pantomine, then the more set in their ways the actors are the better for you. The grand old minuet will not be disturbed by any nervous young rebels if you present a hundred percent heroine loved by a hundred percent hero, pursued by a hundred percent villain and a hundred percent adventuress.

If you are satisfied to show absolute innocence threatened by absolute wickedness and to rely on a missing will or a merciless police force or a mistaken identity, a ruthless broker, a doll-eyed gel and a fiendish woman of sin; if you are content to present only Desperate Desmonds and Guileless Galahads, Serpentine Sirens and Lily-white Lulus you will find old school actors and actresses by the thousand whose methods are as hide-bound, muscle-bound and spirit-bound as your own, but if you dip your pen in your own heart and cast your eyes out over your own world and try to portray upon the screen the heartaches and bewilderingments; the despairs and ideals of your own time, for an audience that comes to you from real life and is going back to real life, then you will need new faces, new methods, new inspirations.

When I say "new faces" I do not mean young faces. Many very old people are always modern in their outlook. Many others are old-fashioned, stupid and stubborn in their cradles. And let me say with all earnestness that the new art of the screen has largely depended for what success it has had on the experienced artists from other fields of human expression. Let me emphasize that experience and hard labor can teach important lessons that can only be learned by practice. And let me underline the thought that behind the new faces that are needed, must be brains that will take up the new tasks with humility and tirelessness, and with eagerness to learn what the old faces can teach.

New faces are vitally needed but they will appear in vain unless new authors keep coming along with new stories and new ideas.

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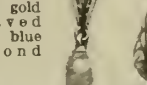
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B2—Dadies 7 Diamond cluster 14K white gold mounting \$48.50.

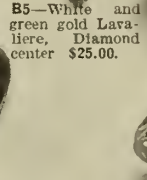


B3—Ladies solid gold ring set with perfectly cut blue white Diamond \$35.00.

B4—14K white gold hand engraved mounting, blue white Diamond \$40.00.

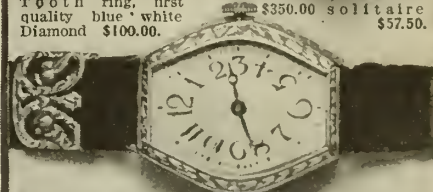


B5—White and white gold hand engraved set here, Diamond with 3 perfect blue white Diamonds \$55.00.



B7—Gentlemen's 14K solid gold Tooth ring, first quality blue white Diamond \$100.00.

B8—Ladies Diamond cluster platinum set, resembles \$350.00 solitaire \$57.50.



B9—Hand engraved watch and solid 14K white or green gold case 15 Jewel, guaranteed movement \$37.50.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 84)

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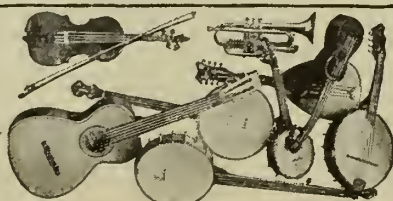


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GEORGE R., GLENBROOK, NEVADA.—Rudolph Valentino does spell his name Rodolpho, but everybody seems to prefer Rudolph. So that's that. "Once to Every Woman," "Passion's Playground," "Stolen Moments," and "Uncharted Seas" are other Valentino releases besides "The Four Horsemen" and "The Conquering Power." "Which Woman" was the name of the Universal picture in which Priscilla Dean and Ella Hall co-starred. Miss Hall has retired from the screen. She replaced Wanda Hawley as Fred Stone's leading woman in "Under the Top." You're living in the past, man. Ever hear of Douglas Fairbanks? He's a promising young feller.

NELL CRAIG.—Not the Nell Craig! Of the "Queen of Sheba," and the older Essanays? But no—she is in California, and your letter is from New Smyrna, Florida. I won't say I'm disappointed at its not being the Nell Craig, because that wouldn't be polite—and I am nothing if not polite. (Chorus: He's nothing). But I did hope—Nev' mind; one day you, too, may be the Nell Craig. Jack Perrin was leading man to, or for, Viola Dana in "The Match Breaker."

CURLY HEAD.—The joy and the hope of all women, the tribulation and terror of all men: curly hair. Shirley Mason and Viola Dana are the Misses Flugrath—although Shirley is in private life Mrs. Bernard Durning, and Viola is the widow of John Collins. Address Shirley, Fox studios; Viola, Metro.

DORIS M. B.—You think I am a nut. Well, I always have thought that men make better nuts than women. I have no information concerning Miss Esther Roley. I don't know her cousin Hester Poley, either. Sorry.

G. LA M.—So you were Charlie Ray's vaudeville partner and say that Mr. Ray was not on the stage four and a half years—not nearly that long. Well, all the more power to Charlie, that he has made good with so little dramatic experience.

MRS. C. C., ATHENS, PA.—Goddess of Grace, I appreciate your kind letter. Mighty nice of you to take the trouble to write to me just to express your appreciations and not ask me any questions. Lady, you have never sent me any embroidered handkerchiefs or knitted ties or home-made fudge; but, lady, I like you. Please drop in at the office here, whenever you're in New York on Forty-fifth Street between Fifth Avenue and Sixth. I'll be glad to see you.

W. E. H., WILDWOOD, N. J.—You wish to know where Mr. Ziegfeld's institution is and what it accomplishes for you. Wildwood is the place for you.

BERNARD GOODMAN.—Johnny Dooley has made some two-reel comedies, but I believe they have not been shown yet. Johnny is one of the famous comic family, which includes Ray, the sister, who is in the Ziegfeld Follies and is very funny too. Willie Dooley, the acrobat, died from a fall from a taxi not so long ago.

VIOLA H., CLINTON, IND.—Well, Mary Miles Minter was nineteen the last I heard, but then that was almost a year ago, so she must be eighteen now. She is not married. Bebe Daniels and Wallace Reid, Lasky, Hollywood, Cal.

(Continued on page 123)

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 122)

BEATRICE.—Edna Mayo and Frank are not related. Edna seems to have dropped out entirely. Remember her, with Essanay? Frank Mayo is divorced from Joyce Moore Mayo and is married to Dagmar Godowsky now. You don't keep up with the times. Dagmar is the daughter of the famous piano-playing Leopold.

MARY, TORONTO.—I would love Pauline Frederick very much indeed if I were a youngster of fourteen. As it is, an oldster of three score and ten—I never did know what those scores-and-tens meant, but I do like their sound—I can only tell you that she is starring for Robertson-Cole in Hollywood, Cal., that she isn't married now, and that she lives with her mother in a beautiful house in Beverly Hills.

AMARILLA.—Ralph Barton is not an actor. He is an artist, and a good one. His work appears regularly in PHOTOPLAY and it is worth watching for.

D. J., DALLAS.—Jean Acker was the fortunate girl to become Mrs. Rudie Valentino. But the marriage didn't take, and they are now divorced. Rudie was born in 1895 and has brown eyes and shiny black hair.

MANDY.—Theodore Roberts, Raymond Hatton, Theodore Kosloff, Cecil deMille, Jesse Lasky, and Adolph Zukor are all married. Any more Paramounters you would like to ask about before I shut up shop for the day? Ruth Roland is the serial girl you mean; she was born in 1893. Katherine MacDonald is coy about her age.

S. S. H., MONTEVIDEO.—I have sent your letter to Madame Alla Nazimova. I could not hand it to her for unfortunately I am not on Madame's list for her At-Homes. But she will get it, and answer it, I am sure—your letter.

MAID MARIAN.—How's Mr. Hood? Why, I have seen the feather shoes in the windows on Fifth Avenue, but I didn't know anybody ever really wore them. Miss Van Wyck says they do; and she ought to know. She wore the first fur shoes in Manhattan, you know. She was in Paris a year ago. She will go again soon. In the future, would you mind addressing your fashion queries to Miss Van Wyck? and your age-and-height questions to me? Of course it makes it interesting for me to get letters like yours; but I would probably tell you to wear a purple hat with a pink dress; and she would say that Theda Bara was married to Ben Turpin, and that Wallace Reid was not married. And that would never, never do. Exit laughingly.

E. F., NEW YORK.—Yours was a leading question. It led me to use impolite language to my stenographer—who is now, by the way, henna-haired again. She has decided that henna is as henna does—and has used another six bottles. And to maltreat my typewriter, and to decide that life is not worth living any longer if you will not read the rules. You know we cannot answer questions concerning religion, so why do you ask them? I'm mad.

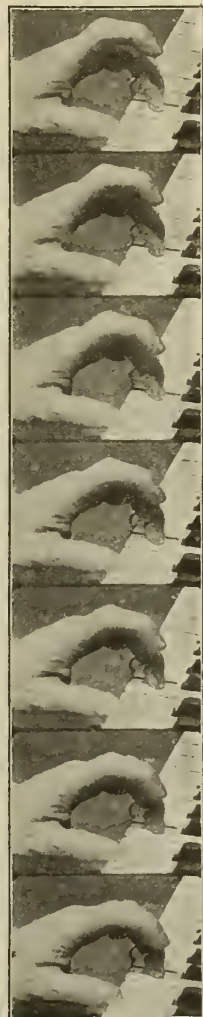
GEORGE L., BRONXVILLE.—There aren't many film theaters in Manhattan—only about nine hundred and ninety nine. In fact, when you see the lines waiting to buy their tickets and the expensive cars drawn up outside and the mobs inside, you begin to realize how insignificant the movies really are.

(Continued on page 125)

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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 123)

ANXIOUS.—About Louise Huff? I don't blame you. Louise is charming—who would ever think she was the mother of two children? Not because she is so charming; but because she is so young. She is George Arliss' leading woman in "Disraeli," and is performing in the same capacity for Richard Barthelmess in his second starring picture, written by Porter Emerson Browne. Dick has certainly cornered the good authors; his first was written by Joseph Hergesheimer, and both Joseph and Porter worked right with the young star all through the picture. I love to call them Joe and Port. It's as if I knew them.

FLUFFY OF MELBOURNE.—You are really quite staid and sedate; that's why you chose that nom de plume. Thanks so much for the Views. I love Views. Particularly views of the Weir, and the Pool. They remind me of Sir Walter Scott, though goodness knows why they should. I should love to come to Melbourne. In the meantime, Creighton Hale is married, and Herbert Rawlinson's address is Universal City, California, where he is starring in Universal pictures. Off again on again—he used to be a star for them, then he was destarred, and now he's starring again. Roberta Arnold is his wife.

THE BAT.—I agree with you that Lois Wilson is a much wiser choice for the rôle of "Miss Lulu Bett" than Mildred Harris. Mildred is such a frail, fragrant little whimsy on the screen; Lois is more dependable, human, and sympathetic. Miss Wilson is one of the screen's finest actresses. Bill deMille says she does her greatest work as Lulu; he directs it, you know.

J. H., SUPERIOR, WIS.—Rex Ingram is engaged to marry Alice Terry, the exquisite blonde of all his best pictures. Rex was married to Doris Pawn; divorced. Miss Terry was not married. She is very beautiful and as sweet as she looks. She is really a brunette, as you know if you read Ralph Barton's story about her.

ARMELLA, PENNSYLVANIA.—Related to the Armadillos, are you? I trust so. They are a very old family. You say Tom Mix was not born in Texas, but in Du Boise, Pennsylvania. All I know is that Tom is a fine actor, a wonderful rider, and a charming gentleman. And that's enough for me. You should be proud of him in Pa. And he says he was born in Texas. So there, Ammy! Harold Goodwin in "Sweet Lavender," with Mary Miles Minter. Harold was starred by Fox for a film or two; one being "Oliver Twist, Jr." Fox can star and unstar players faster than anybody I ever saw.

M. L., ASPINWALL.—You sure do like Jim Kirkwood. And I sure don't blame you. Gal, you picked one of the greatest actors and the most interesting men in the fillums. Kirkwood is at present with Paramount's British companies. He is playing in "The Man From Home." Than whom, there is none better suited to the rôle. As Henry James would say. Or was it William Dean Howells?

M. T., LONDON, ENGLAND.—I do not mind telling you, M. T., that you are one of my favorite correspondents; that when the British mail comes in, I snatch eagerly at it for a letter addressed in your charming chirography. I wish we could see more British films. "Alf's Button" is most amusing. Have you seen it? Your Cecil Hepworth

and Alma Taylor are here at present. You say—when we say "snappy" it is complimentary and when you say it, it means bad-tempered. On the other hand, homely here means plain and ugly; there, comfortable, home-like. That's true. Please write to me often and soon. Your little comment is worth more to me than many persons' compliments.

COUNT DE H.—How quaint you must think us! And you can't think us quite so quaint as we think you. "The Wonderful Thing" is Norma Talmadge's latest picture.

ADELA.—So you think I am a classic. Does that mean I should be on the shelf? Mary Garden has not made any more pictures since "Thais" and "The Splendid Sinner" for Goldwyn. The marvelous Mary is much, much more fascinating on the operatic stage than on the screen. There is one opera in particular that I should like to see filmed: "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame." The last time I went to see and hear it, John Emerson and Anita Loos sat near me, and their enthusiasm was as great as mine.

E. M., HOUSTON, TEXAS.—You ask many questions, but you won't get much of an answer. I don't like you; you are too pretty and too petty. Hoot Gibson is starring for Universal. So are Priscilla Dean, Harry Carey, Marie Prevost, Gladys Walton, Eileen Sedgwick, Miss Du Pont, and Eddie Polo.

S. S., BELLEVUE, OHIO.—If May McAvoy refuses to tell her age will it make you love her less? She can't be very old; she's over sixteen and under twenty-one, I'll wager. Wallace MacDonald and Doris May are married. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are married. Enid Bennett and Fred Niblo are married. Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay are married. Dorothy Gish and James Rennie are married. Tom Moore and Renee Adoree are married. There—I think I have anticipated all the questions you intend asking me from time to time. Now you can just sit back and rest for five months. Then you can write and inquire if Wallace Reid is married.

J. ELLIOTT.—My pink-haired steno assures me she will leave tomorrow if I do not give you a nice answer. In spite of that, I am answering you. Your drawing: I have seen worse, and I have seen better. In other words, I'm always neutral on objects d'art. For one thing, I don't know an object d'art when I see one; for another, I wouldn't know how to appreciate it if I did. So there you are. Delight Evans has a page every month in PHOTOPLAY. Adela Rogers St. Johns is also a member of the editorial staff.

DOROTHY.—Dear, dear, Dorothy. After all these years! At least, two. So you are, at last, in New York to see Norma Talmadge At Work. What a pity 'tis that Norma is in California. What a pity! She probably wouldn't see you anyway, but *what*, etc. She and Connie have gone to visit Natalie Talmadge Keaton in Hollywood and to make a picture each. No, I don't know Harry McLaughlin. Never met Harry. But I know he appears in "West of the Rio Grande." He is a most uncommunicative person, meaning that he has not told this department whether or not he is married. Better luck next time, dear, dear Dorothy.

(Continued on page 126)



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lesson?..... How many?.....

B. R., TORONTO.—There is a rumor that a man named Douglas Fairbanks has been on the screen in unimportant parts in a production or two, but if I were you I wouldn't pay much attention to these wild reports. Mary Pickford is twenty-seven years old. You're a bright young feller, to know that Mary played "Tess of the Storm Country." Yes sir, a bright, up-to-date young man.

FOOLISH FLORENCE.—I never, never contradict a lady. Ward Crane is not married. I don't know how old he is, but he looks about thirty. Yes, he was in "In the Heart of a Fool." Careful there, printer. His latest picture is "The Broadway Bride" with Irene Castle. Crane lives in New York at present.

MARY M., SIOUX FALLS.—You change your nom de plume, but never your habit. I can't understand you. Crane Wilbur was on the vaudeville stage in a sketch co-starring with Martha Mansfield the last I heard of him. He was the leading man in "The Heart of Maryland." Mr. Wilbur has been married. I don't know whether he is still married, or married yet, or again, or what.

THELMA.—Will I write you a long description of myself? *Jamais—jamais*—as Sarah Bernhardt said, but not when she was asked for a long description of herself. Eileen Percy's sister is called Thelma, even as you. Miss Eileen is married; Miss Thelma is not. Eileen is still starring for Fox. Betty Blythe was "The Queen of Sheba." She is married to the director Paul Scardon. These Queens!!

JERRY.—Of course, I hate to commit myself, but I do say right out in public that I think Charles Chaplin is the funniest man in the world. Yep. And one of the best. He came up here to **PHOTOPLAY** to see the Editor and the others and *I met him. I shook hands with him.* And the same hand that C. C. shook is now pounding out your answer on the typewriter. Mr. Chaplin went abroad and wrote impressions of England and France for this Magazine. He came back to make more pictures.

MISS NEW ZEALAND.—You like Anita Stewart because her birthday is the same date as yours, and you are thinking seriously of sending her a present. Now, now N. Z., you mustn't think *too* much. So you were in a movie once in New Zealand because you walked in front of a camera while a scene was being taken. But when you went to see it on the screen it was cut out. I should think it would be! You didn't expect them to write in a special part for you, did you? Norma Talmadge has dark brown hair and eyes. Constance was born April 10, 1899. She is the youngest of the three Talmadge sisters.

MARGERY, ROCKVILLE CENTER, L. I.—Thanks for the ad. Very nice of you to say those things. I hope you are sincere, but how shall I ever find out? Lloyd Hughes in "Mother o' Mine." The vague for Mother pictures started by "Humoresque" is sort of petering out. Gareth Hughes stars in "Garments of Truth" and "The Hunch." The former Metro film is reviewed in the Shadow Stage department in this issue. (It's still a Metro and still a film.)

MARILYNN.—Not Miller? No. Not Miller. That would have been too good to be truthful. I often go to film shows. I usually pick the people I want to see and follow

them up. I never miss a Pickford, Chaplin, Hart, Fairbanks, Lloyd, Gish, Griffith, Talmadge, Ingram, Pola Negri or Lubitsch picture. There are others I like to see, but these are absolute and indubitable. As for favorites, I have so many I can't begin to numerate them. Is that all for this time?

ENA, WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.—One of my film favorites is President Harding. He films well. Another is the Prince of Wales. The salary that Edward could get if he would only go in seriously for screen work! He has evidenced his dramatic ability and his fine sense of humor. With these sterling qualities he would go far. The New Zealand girl must be an extra still. I have kept an ear open but have not heard of her. Write again. Chuck the baby under the chin for me; I never know how to behave with a baby. It's an art.

ELIZABETH.—I think you can reach Leon Gendron, who was Marguerite Clark's leading man in "Scrambled Wives," at the Hotel Algonquin, New York City. I see him around there a lot. Rudolph Valentino is five feet eleven inches tall; John Bowers, six feet; Jack Pickford, five inches shorter than Rudie; and Richard Dix is a six-footer too. Bowers is married. The others are not.

MARTINA, WESTBROOK, MAINE.—Your name; your tan paper with purple border; your coy chirography—that must be my favorite word; I use it so persistently—should inspire me to poetic heights. Instead, it induces a literary lapse in which I can only stare, and stare, at your paper with its purple border. If you wish to be really artistic, Marty, why not use ink of the same shade as the border, instead of a pale blue? Only by observing these little things can you become a *real* artist. Why, think what an upheaval in the art world there would be if the Greenwich Villagers painted their places red and blue, instead of blue and orange. I cannot think of it; it hurts too much. Address Vivian Martin, care the "Just Married" company, Nora Bayes Theater, New York City, N. Y.

MARGARET C., INDIANAPOLIS.—Why did Universal change Marguerite Armstrong's name to Miss Du Pont? Don't ask foolish questions. Dorothy Terry is a sister of Alice, the exquisite heroine of the Rex Ingram pictures. Dorothy is or was also with Metro. Fannie Ward has retired from the screen and the stage. She sold her California home some time ago, and will live in Paris and London hereafter. Joan Morgan, who is Bryant Washburn's leading lady in "The Road to London," which Bryant made abroad, may be addressed care Screenplays Productions, Inc., 140 West 42nd Street, N. Y. C. Washburn is now making "Hungry Hearts," a Goldwyn film.

DOROTHY H.—The Gish girls are still with Griffith, making "The Two Orphans." Lillian is not married. Dorothy is Mrs. James Rennie. Lillian is on this cover, and there is a story about her by Delight Evans. I know Lillian myself, and think she is one of the finest girls in the profession. You see I'm beginning to call it "the profession"—just like a vaudeville actor!

VIOLA VALE, FOX.—She is a sister-in-law of William Russell and often plays opposite him for Fox.

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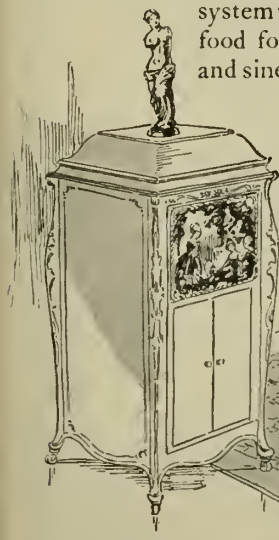


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PHOTOPLAY

February 25c



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LILA LEE

HADLIN'S GREAT SECRET—In This Issue



L'Empire de la Joie

(from an old
French Tale)

But the last knight, *le dernier chevalier*, bore in his hand only a little bouquet, *les fleurettes de la Jeunesse*. But there was in them so much of sunshine and starshine and soft dewy fragrances that to keep them meant youth in the heart forever.

A. H. S. Co.
1921

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A William S. Hart Production.Gloria Swanson in "Under the Lash"
From the novel "The Shulamite"
by Alice and Claude Askew.Betty Compson in
"The Little Minister"
by James M. Barrie.
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production.A William de Mille Production
"Miss Lulu Bett"
with Lois Wilson, Milton Sills, Theo-
dore Roberts and Helen Ferguson.
From the novel and play by
Zona Gale.Wallace Reid in "Rent Free"
by Izola Forrester and Mann Page."Back Pay," by Fannie Hurst.
Directed by Frank Borzage.
A Cosmopolitan Production.Thomas Meighan in
"A Prince There Was"
From George M. Cohan's play and the
novel "Enchanted Hearts"
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"The Lane That Had No Turning"
by Sir Gilbert Parker.Cecil B. De Mille's Production
"Fool's Paradise"
Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story
"The Laurels and the Lady.""Boomerang Bill"
with Lionel Barrymore
by Jack Boyle.
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"Love's Boomerang"
with Ann Forrest
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Dian Clayton Calthrop.A George Fitzmaurice Production
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Will Rogers and Lila Lee
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"The Law and the Woman"
Adapted from the Clyde Fitch play
"The Woman in the Case"
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"Moran of the Lady Letty"
with Dorothy Dalton
From the story by Frank Norris.Marion Davies in
"The Bride's Play"
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Supervised by Cosmopolitan
Productions.Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid
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The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XXI

No. 3

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What Every Woman Wants to Know!

EVERY woman's wish will come true—in the next, the March, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

Is there a woman in the world who doesn't want to be well-dressed and who wouldn't like to know the best, easiest and cheapest way to go about it?

PHOTOPLAY has a solution to the dress problem. Through its Fashion Editor, Carolyn Van Wyck, this Magazine is enabled to offer its women readers an opportunity to have a delightful gown—of the latest mode, the most conservative yet exquisite taste.

A Bon Ton Pattern— For You!

A Pattern for a gown specially designed for and worn by your favorite screen star—one of the famous shadow celebrities noted for her good taste in dress—will be offered to you. We can't tell you all about it now. Wait until next month.

Every woman should take advantage of this offer.

Every woman will!

So you had better order your March PHOTOPLAY NOW!

A Temperamental Delay

Unlike screen stars, editors are not used to having their photographs taken. It's too much like a visit to the dentist's. So PHOTOPLAY is unable to present the pictures of the folks who make up the book this month. They'll be in next month's issue, sure.

What's Wrong in This Picture?

It's so easy to make embarrassing mistakes in public—so easy to commit blunders that make people misjudge you. Can you find the mistake or mistakes that are being made in this picture? Can you point out what is wrong? If you are not sure, read the interesting article below, and perhaps you will be able to find out.



IT is a mark of extreme good breeding and culture to be able to do at all times exactly what is correct. This is especially true in public where strangers judge us by what we do and say. The existence of fixed rules of etiquette makes it easy for people to know whether we are making mistakes or whether we are doing the thing that is absolutely correct and cultured. They are quick to judge—and quick to condemn. It depends entirely upon our knowledge of the important little rules of etiquette whether they respect and admire us, or receive an entirely wrong and prejudiced impression.

In public, many little questions of good conduct arise. By public, we mean at the theatre, in the street, on the train, in the restaurant and hotel—wherever men and women who are strangers mingle together and judge one another by action and speech. It is not enough to know that one is well-bred. One must see that the strangers one meets every day get no impression to the contrary.

Do you know that little rules of good conduct that divide the cultured from the uncultured, that serve as a barrier to keep the ill-bred out of the circles where they would be awkward and embarrassed? Do you know the important rules of etiquette that men of good society must observe, that women of good society are expected to follow rigidly? Perhaps the following questions will help you find out just how much you know about etiquette.

Do You Know —

- how to introduce men and women correctly?
- how to answer a dinner invitation?
- how to greet a man or woman acquaintance in public?
- how to plan church and house weddings?
- how to use table silver properly?
- how to word invitations and acknowledgments?
- how to avoid blunders at the theatre and opera?
- how to do at all times the thing that is absolutely correct and cultured?

Etiquette at the Theatre

When a man and woman walk down the theatre aisle together, should the man precede the woman? May they walk arm-in-arm? When the usher indicates their places, should the woman enter first or the man?

Many puzzling questions of conduct confront the members of a theatre party who occupy a box. Which seats should the women take and which the men? Should the women remove their hats—or don't they wear any? What should women wear to the theatre in the evening? What should men wear? Is it correct for a man to leave a woman alone during intermission?

At the theatre, evidences of good conduct can be more strikingly portrayed than perhaps anywhere else. Here, with people surrounding us on all sides, we are admired as being cultured, well-poised and attractive, or we are looked upon as coarse and ill-bred. It depends entirely upon how well one knows and follows the rules of etiquette.

At the Dance

How should the man ask a woman to dance? What should he say to her when

the music ceases and he must return to his original partner? Do you know the correct dancing positions?

How should a woman accept a dance and how should she refuse it? How can the embarrassment of being a wall-flower be avoided?

How many times may a girl dance with the same partner without breaking the rules of etiquette? Is it considered correct, in social circles, for a young woman to wander away from the ball-room with her partner?

Very often introductions must be made in the ball-room. Should a man be introduced to a woman, or a woman to a man? Is it correct to say, *Miss Brown, meet Mr. Smith*, or *Mr. Smith meet Miss Brown*? Which of these two forms is correct: *Bobby, this is Mrs. Smith*, or *Mrs. Smith, this is Bobby*?

When introducing a married woman and a single woman should you say, *Mrs. Brown, allow me to present Miss Smith*, or *Miss Smith, allow me to present Mrs. Brown*?

When leaving the ball-room, is the guest expected to thank the hostess? What should the woman guest say when she leaves? What should the gentleman guest say? It is only by knowing exactly what is correct, that one can avoid the embarrassment and humiliation of social blunders, and win the respect and admiration of those whom one comes in contact with.

In the Street

There are countless tests of good manners that distinguish the well-bred in public. For instance, the man must know exactly what is correct when he is walking with a young woman. According to etiquette, is it ever permissible for a man to take a woman's arm? May a woman take a gentleman's arm? When walking with two women, should a man take his place between them or on the outside?

When is it permissible for a man to pay a woman's fare on the street-car or railroad? Who enters the car first, the woman or the man? Who leaves the car first?

If a man and woman who have met only once before encounter each other in the street, who should make the first sign of recognition? Is the woman expected to smile and nod before the gentleman raises his hat? On what occasions should the hat be raised?

People of culture can be recognized at once. They know exactly what to do and say on every occasion, and because they know that they are doing absolutely what is correct, they are calm, well-poised, dignified. They are able to mingle with the

most highly cultivated people, in the highest social circles, and yet be entirely at ease.

The Book of Etiquette

There have probably been times when you suffered embarrassment because you did not know exactly what to do or say. There have probably been times when you wished you had some definite information regarding certain problems of conduct, when you wondered how you could have avoided a certain blunder.

The Book of Etiquette is recognized as one of the most dependable and reliable authorities on the conduct of good society. It has solved the problems of thousands of men and women. It has shown them how to be well-poised and at ease even among the most brilliant celebrities. It has shown them how to meet embarrassing moments with a calm dignity. It has made it possible for them to do and say and write and wear at all times only what is entirely correct.

In the Book of Etiquette, now published in two large volumes, you will find chapters on dinner etiquette and dance etiquette, chapters on the etiquette of engagements and weddings, chapters on teas and parties and entertainments of all kinds. You will find authoritative information regarding the wording of invitations, visiting cards and all social correspondence. The subject of introductions is covered exhaustively, and the etiquette of travel devolves into an interesting discussion of correct form in France, England and other foreign countries. From cover to cover, each book is filled with interesting and extremely valuable information.

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Let us send you the famous Book of Etiquette free so that you can read and examine it in your own home. You are not obligated to buy if you do not want to. Just examine the books carefully, read a page here and there, glance at the illustrations, let it solve some of the puzzling questions of conduct that you have been wondering about. Within the 5 days, decide for yourself whether or not you want to return it.

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Art and refinement meet in R-C Pictures

"PLEASE TELL ME A STORY," is a craving as old as the human race. From the days of the ancient minstrel to the modern writer of fiction, the successful teller of tales has had the ear of the King and the applause of the people.

Centuries of authors, actors and painters of pictures have carried a fascinated world away on the wings of fancy to scenes of adventure, of love, intrigue and daring. And then came moving pictures, the greatest achievement of the story teller's art.

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We have set for ourselves a standard of quality that demands all the best there is in stories, in acting, in directing and artistic motion picture photography.

To help us in realizing these ideals we have employed the talents of such famous artists as Pauline Frederick, Sessue Hayakawa and Doris May, and the versatile experience of such able directors as Louis J. Gasnier, Wm. Christy Cabanne and Colin Campbell.

Already such successes as "The Stealers," "The First Born," "The Foolish Age," "Kismet," "Turn in the Road," and "Possession" bear the distinguishing mark of

R-C PICTURES

New York



"AT THE STAGE DOOR"
directed by Wm. Christy Cabanne

This is the wistful story of a girl who from childhood constantly "gives up" to her younger sister. Then comes the tragedy of learning her lover prefers "the baby." Unable to endure the torture of having her heart break daily at the happiness she thought to be her own, she leaves home. At the brink of disaster a great love finds and claims her.



Pauline Frederick
in
"TWO KINDS OF WOMEN"

Coming home, at her father's untimely death, to take charge of his enormous cattle interests, Judith Sanford (Pauline Frederick) finds herself surrounded by treacherous and avaricious interests who plan to despoil her. A few staunch adherents, loyal to their old employer, unflinchingly stand by. Fraud, brute force and flagrant villainy run the gamut of their evil powers, calling into superb action all the audacious courage, all the sweetness and culture of perfect womanhood which this talented star so well knows how to delineate.



R-C Week
— February 5th to 12th

This is a special occasion arranged to acquaint all lovers of the silent drama with the wholesome, magnetic entertainment afforded by R-C Pictures.

Make it a point to see one or more of these new, cleverly written, skillfully acted and beautifully photographed R-C Pictures during R-C Week.



"SILENT YEARS"
directed by Louis J. Gasnier

One of the most delightful books of recent years is Harriet T. Comstock's "Mam'selle Jo." It is a story in which mother love, touching the supreme heights of sacrifice and devotion, stands as a rock against which the evil forces of malice and slander hurl themselves to their own destruction. "Silent Years" is a thrilling dramatization of "Mam'selle Jo."

"FIVE DAYS TO LIVE"
starring Sessue Hayakawa

Recognized critics state there is no more finished dramatic actor for the screen today than Sessue Hayakawa. In his latest picture, "Five Days to Live," he draws the veil from that deep, spiritual, fatalistic love that Eastern stoicism completely shadows from Occidental eyes. This picture is a peep into the soul of the ancient East.



"POSSESSION" from Sir Anthony Hope's novel "Phroso"
a Mercanton production

Sir Anthony Hope, master teller of dramatic stories—Mercanton, the "Griffith of Europe," a rare combination of matchless talents, resulting in a picture of such intense realism as to hold the spectator breathless. This tale of adventure, intrigue and romance, acted amid the identical surroundings that gave the novel its atmosphere and color, the background a real and famous old castle and a great natural cave 300 feet below ground, has all the thrill of a vivid personal experience.



"EDEN AND RETURN"
starring Doris May

Dainty Doris May, who delivered a landslide of mirth in "The Foolish Age," repeats with a vengeance in "Eden and Return." For sheer fun, marvelously ingenious situations, the snappiest kind of rollicking, riotous action, this comedy offers an evening of uproarious hilarity that you willingly will go far to see.

The MASTER FORMULA

During the Civil War a certain material used in making one of the Squibb products became very scarce and its price extremely high. A young chemist suggested to Dr. Edward R. Squibb that another ingredient be substituted—one which cost less and was easier to obtain, but was not so satisfactory. "By changing your formula in this way," the young man argued, "you will save money and most people will never know the difference."

"Young man," said Dr. Squibb, "I am always willing to change a formula when I can improve it. But please remember that the Master Formula of every worthy business is honor, integrity and trustworthiness. That is one formula I cannot change."

We all know that there are men and women who devote a lifetime to some science, art or profession with no thought of wealth or profit beyond that which naturally follows worthy achievement. Not only are there such men and women, but there are such business institutions as well.

Such institutions are interested primarily in making something as fine as it can be made, and only secondarily are they interested in the profit.

Of all manufacturers, this honor, integrity and trustworthiness should guide the maker of pharmaceutical and chemical products. Of all things used by mankind there are none where purity and reliability are more important.

For sixty-three years, the House of Squibb has adhered to "the master formula" in a way which has won world-

wide recognition for the supremacy of Squibb products. For sixty-three years, the House of Squibb has shared with the world its scientific discoveries. It has used no secret formulas and has made but one claim: That its products are as pure as nature and science can make them, and that there is never an exception to this.

For sixty-three years 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 Cod Liver Oil—selected finest Norwegian; cold pressed; pure in taste. Rich in vitamine.
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 detrimental substance. Corrects mouth acidity.
Squibb's Talcum Powder—a delightfully soft and soothing powder. Boudoir, Carnation, Violet and Unscented.
Squibb's Cold Cream—an exquisite preparation of correct composition for the care of the skin.
Squibb's Pure Spices—specially selected by laboratory tests for their full strength and flavor. (Sold only through druggists.)

Sold by reliable druggists everywhere, in original sealed packages.
The "Priceless Ingredient" of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.

SQUIBB





Alfred Cheney Johnston

ALWAYS dainty and exquisite—always the patrician from the tips of her slim fingers to the pointed toes of her just-as-slim slippers—that is Estelle Taylor, who has climbed to honors on Fox screens. She is one of our very best ingenues



Pach

THE average young man, cast as a hero, leaves much to be desired. But Glenn Hunter is not an average young man. Poised, unusually attractive, and a good actor, he satisfies the most exacting. His latest picture is with Norma in "Smilin' Through"



Ira L. Hill

THE wistfulness in the eyes of Alma Rubens is contradicted by her curving lips. She is the enchanted princess of every fairy tale. She was the feminine attraction in "Humoresque", which won PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE first Medal of Honor



Alfred Cheney Johnston

TEDDY SAMPSON'S middle name should be "demure." But her demureness is of the most provocative sort. Wide appealing eyes, lips just slightly pouted and—didn't we once read a poem about a nose "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower?"



Alfred Cheney Johnston

LONG a Broadway favorite and one of the ablest comedians upon the legitimate stage, Raymond Hitchcock is now working on a film version of "The Beauty Shop." He had an unfortunate experience when Sennett went out after stage stars



Melbourne Spurr

NO MATTER what part he plays, Will Rogers is always loveable and endearing. He has a great gift—the ability to make people cry and, in the next minute, laugh away the tears. We hope that his reported return to the stage is not true



Clarence Bull

TO play opposite Thomas Meighan, to be young, appealing and beautiful—what more could any girl desire? We cannot help feeling that Jacqueline Logan is well content with her role in life! She is now one of the ornaments of Goldwyn pictures

The Confessions of a Modern

to
ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS

The enigmatic
star breaks her long,
weird silence,
and gives some startling
views on the relations
of man and woman



Edwin Bower Hesser

and heard Gloria Swanson, the mystery woman of the screen, really talk for the first time in all the years I have known her, and with a vivid tongue and ruthless hand unveil for me the hidden meanings of the Modern Woman, the twentieth century beauty, the ultra-advanced American female, of whom she is the screen's greatest exponent.

I HAVE known Gloria Swanson since she was an extra girl—a sullen, opaque creature, as unknowable, as awkward, as enkindled as a young lioness.

I have seen her now and then ever since, during the years that she has climbed so relentlessly, so doggedly, ahead. I have viewed her dramatic characterizations of the Cecil deMille women—her cold, selfish, finally awakened wife in "Anatol," her entirely modern woman in "Why Change Your Wife" and farther back in "Don't Change Your Husband." And she stands to me today as the final picture of a Modern Woman—that woman about whom so much is being said and

Gloria Swanson is usually a silent creature, enigmatic, with a disconcerting perfection of poise. In this story she has broken that weird silence of hers—and it is as though the Sphinx has spoken, as though the Mona Lisa had whispered her secrets

ONCE when I happened to be in Egypt, I met the mummy of a Princess of the Nile.

It was an intriguing-looking mummy, and as I listened to the guide's indiscretions concerning her former reputation, I wished ardently that the lady might open her so-long-mummified lips and tell me exotic secrets of the wit, wisdom and wickedness of the men and women of her ancient day.

In Paris, I stood one spring afternoon in the Louvre, spell-bound before the most famous of all feminine smiles—the strange, subtle, pale lure of Mona Lisa. And as it stole over my senses like the scent of waterlilies under passionate moonlight, I prayed fantastically that La Gioconda might part those wise, persuasive lips and picture me romantic days in Florence when men and women laughed and lied and loved and Leonardo painted her deathless smile.

But Mona Lisa knew that to speak she must cease smiling! Still, life held in store for me something as fascinating—and almost as miraculous.

For one foggy, pallid morning, I sat on a long, velvet divan

written and thought.

But she is a silent creature—unsmiling, enigmatic, with a disconcerting perfection of poise that always makes me positive my hat is on crooked, my nose shiny and my hands hopelessly large and destructive.

So that when she spoke and presented to me suddenly the results of her long and careful study of the present evolution of the female, it startled me. The Egyptian mummy had spoken—Mona Lisa had whispered me her secrets—Gloria Swanson had voluntarily broken that weird silence of hers that has been the despair of and the red flag to interviewers for many moons, and through the shattered wall I saw an intelligence I had always doubted she possessed, a warmth I had barely suspected and a real ability to think in a straight line.

We were discussing her present production, "The Husband's Trademark."

"That's an odd title," I said, "yet I suppose it's true."

"True?" said Gloria Swanson. "Of course it's true. It

Woman — as Told by Gloria Swanson

has come to the place where most men are glad to get a woman who can serve them as a good trademark—glad to get so much from the woman of today. And women reach out to place on their bare shoulders the emblems only of a man's financial success and eminence.

"I have studied the modern woman—she is my business. I have read and watched and listened and have tried to strip from her every vestige and pretense and tradition. I've had to.

"It is not myself personally that speaks—my own experiences are a mere drop in the ocean of feminism that I must navigate if I am to portray her correctly—this bodily-beautiful, selfish, emancipated, restless, intolerant, unhappy woman who makes up so large a percentage of womanhood in this country today. And it is as the actress, the student of human character and emotions, that I speak—and not as myself."

She kicked back almost viciously the gold and green silken train of her negligée that had wrapped itself about her exquisite, tiny feet and her perfect ankles. One tiny strong hand—her hands look strong enough to stop the rush of a tiger, yet they are very small—shoved back the thick mass of her mahogany hair, that falls in short, thick curls to her shoulders. The scent of some heady perfume that was like a black narcissus came from her golden skin.

And yet her eyes had a look that amazed me—like the eyes of a young art student before the canvasses of Agnolo.

"No woman in the world is ever happy with a man unless that man is her master—*her master*. No woman is happy without a master. No woman can love a man who is not her master.

"There you have the whole thing—the bitter, deep, spreading, hidden cancer of the unrest of the modern woman.

"He may be her slave—her adorer—her devoted servant, but, at the same time, he must be her master.

"And let me tell you this, either the American man has got to assert his mastery, has got to arise and conquer woman and make her realize that he is the superior being and that she must be big enough

"EQUALITY between the sexes means mutually giving those things in which each excels—not equalling each other in the same thing."

"No woman in the world is ever happy with a man unless that man is her master. He may be her slave, her adorer, her devoted servant—but at the same time he must be her master."

"Woman's highest ambition today is to be the trade-mark of a successful husband."

"Woman's emancipation and equality have too frequently led her down to man's level instead of bringing him up to hers."

"The modern woman knows too much or too little. A wife that always knows more about everything from Babe Ruth's batting average to the market quotations on cotton sounds to him about as pleasing as the alarm clock that goes off at six o'clock. But the woman who can't carry on an interesting kissless conversation is just as bad."

and fine enough and loving enough to make him happy—or in a hundred years this country will have gone back to the days of the Amazon and woman will rule by right of might and not, as she now does, by the tyranny of the weak over the strong.

"The American woman of today—the husband's trademark—is hopelessly, horribly unhappy. Look at her face and you will see it. Why? Because she is linked to a mate who does not make her feel his superiority. Because she *does* get her own way. Because, like a child, she has been pampered, spoiled, indulged, yielded to, until she doesn't know what she wants or get any pleasure from anything she gets.

"Where is the woman whose face is alight with joy over such simple things as a beautiful day, a service rendered, a child or a dog? Where is the woman who studies what happiness means and how to get it?

"Woman's emancipation and equality have too frequently led her down to man's level instead of bringing him up to hers.

"The second cause for unhappiness—and it is an offshoot of the first—between men and women, in love and marriage, is the success of woman in her venture into the business and professional worlds.

"If the surest way to get rid of a bore is to lend him money, the surest way to get rid of a husband that is worth keeping, is to earn it.

"I do not believe that marriage—happy, successful marriage in the higher sense of a home, a center, a joint growth and future—is possible if the woman insists on following a career.

"And I stand on that absolutely!

"Professional women—women who wish to go on working—should not marry. This, understand, is not my personal opinion necessarily. But as a theory; it seems to me more logical, more sane, as a working out of our present difficulties than the present mistakes. We can proceed only by improved beliefs. Balzac said, 'Marriage is a science.'

"What woman today regards it as such? Yet somebody has got to be the scientist of marriage



She stands as the final picture of a Modern Woman—that woman about whom so much is being said and written and thought

of each marriage. It's got to be somebody's business. And since nothing can alter the fact that women bear the children it should be the science of woman—the business of woman, when she goes into it.

"I claim that any woman in the world can make a success of any marriage if she will devote her time to it, study it, sacrifice to it, work at it, as any other scientist does. And that her returns will be a thousandfold.

"How many women do you know who do it?"

"Maria Theresa, who was an empress and a queen and the head of an army and a nation, as well as a beauty, once said to her ministers, 'Ah, gentlemen, the only true happiness for a woman in this world is in a happy marriage.'

"Perhaps she was right. No amount of modern emancipation has given woman more power, pomp, fame and freedom than had the Empress Maria Theresa.

"Perhaps she is wrong. Perhaps since that day we have developed a civilization where woman can find the same happiness in work and art as she can in marriage.

"But both she cannot have.

"Let us establish a business, a professional or an artistic celibacy, as we have established a religious.

"We must find a radical solution, and this is the only one unless man consents to let the wife carry the burden of support and business, and he assumes the marital obligations.

"If a woman's desire for a career, for her art, her business, is stronger than her desire for wifehood and motherhood—well and good. That is fair enough. But she must leave marriage alone. Let her follow the path of her choice and sacrifice marriage. Nor is it logical to say that men in the past have always had both a career and marriage—for then the woman carried her share of the partnership and while the career was his, and she shared its benefits, the marriage was hers, and she took his portion of its joys.

"But if a woman is going to marry, let her devote herself to it. Let her make it a success and let her be taught in her girlhood the responsibilities, the labors, the trials and hardships that are necessary to produce a happy marriage. Let her be disciplined to undertake them.

"The least interesting woman in the world to a man is a

so-called "successful" woman. The most obnoxious wife, a famous one. It is not possible for a home to serve two masters—a master and a mistress. Yes, a man resents deeply every penny his wife earns, and every penny she spends that she earns. Money gives a woman security, confidence, makes her sure of her judgment. It steals away from her the child qualities that all men love in a woman.

"Equality between the sexes, in my opinion, means mutually giving those things in which each excels—not equaling each other in the same things.

"Let us consider some of the things a woman should know and have in order to be a successful wife.

"The wise wife must prefer peace of mind and harmony to the vindication of her own opinions, comfort and congeniality to the emphasis of her own dignity, and a contented husband to a personal success.

"How can a woman who every day gives the best of her brain and heart and soul to the impersonal master of a career have the patience, tact and humility to govern a home?"

"Sweetness is a quality that the modern woman has almost forgotten. It has gone out of date. There are many clever women, successful women, smart and talented women, but I see so few women nowadays that are sweet and simple and sincere.

"The modern woman, the modern beauty, lacks the one essential of a satisfactory wife or sweetheart, or even a real friend—amiability.

"Practically every woman who has been famous in history for her ability to win and hold love had the quality of pleasing—not only the senses, not primarily the senses, but of being affable, amiable, kindly in manner to the people about her. Even Cleopatra was much beloved by her people, for you know they did not break the head of her statues after her death. Ninon de L'Enclos, Marguerite de Valois, Mary Stuart, Lady Hamilton, Nell Gwynne, Madame de Montespan, Madame Récamier, Ann Boleyn—were all noted for their amiability and their keen wit.

"No, no, the modern woman wants to have her cake and eat it, too. Matrimonially speaking, it's impossible to achieve a happy marriage and to be a free agent at the same time.

(Continued on page 114)

Sonnet Impressions



NORMA TALMADGE

Dim teakwood forests, fragrant in the night—
Sandalwood, spices, bits of ivory;
Storms creeping out across a jade green sea,
Silver and glass by shaded candle light.
Eyes that can cloud with tears, and still be bright,
Lips that are fraught with scarlet mystery;
Slim, luring hands that almost seem to be
Cut like a cameo, intense and white.

Songs without words—far heights and untold deeps,
Castles in Spain, pale lilies in the dusk;
Black, stealthy leopards, and the scent of musk,
Velvet draped rooms where latent magic sleeps.
Charm from a distance—never face to face—
Roses that bloom in a walled garden place!

By
MARGARET
SANGSTER



GLORIA SWANSON

Flashing before our eyes . . . A lighted fire,
Vivid with eagerness and pulsing flame—
Touched with the glamor of earth's keen desire,
Putting—almost—the sunset clouds to shame . . .
Ardent and shy, untamable and willing,
Swept with the knowledge of life's force and power—
Almost unconsciously, yet gladly, filling
All of the world with brightness for an hour!

Flame that is palest violet in places,
Flame that is throbbing crimson at its heart;
Flame that is silent for long, glowing spaces
E'er, with a sob, it tears itself apart!
Beauty that nearly devastates the eye,
Beauty that warms and thrills all passers-by!

A Course in Cosmetics

Colleen Moore Gives Lessons in Make-up

Photographs by Goldwyn



"First, wipe your face thoroughly with cold cream. Now apply the grease-paint stick. Rub in a thick coating"



"Next powder profusely. Then brush powder off lightly with a baby-brush, which is soft and fine as possible"



"Curl back the eyelashes with the mascara brush, first brushing them clean of any trace of face powder"

"Now comes the difficult art of making up the lips. With your little finger dipped in rouge, make a rosebud of your mouth!"

"And when you want to clean your face of all cosmetics, a generous coating of cold cream does the work"





JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

He appeared torn between an impulse to push her away from him and leave the house, and another powerful and possibly more natural urge to crush this glorious girl to his breast

Seven Heavens

By
FRANK R. ADAMS

Illustrated by
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

One of the best stories which
ever came from the typewriter
of one of our most entertaining
short story writers

THE saxophone has practically replaced the harp as our smart musical instrument," the guide was telling Corbin Banks. "But if you prefer the strings to the wood-winds there are a lot of slightly used solid gold chassis, streamline lyres in the repair shop right now being rewired."

Corbin Banks was not interested. "I have no musical preferences," he said glumly.

The guide resented Corbin's attitude. "Cheer up, my friend. You're a false note in a realm devoted to gayety. Perhaps you need your morning muleshine. Step with me into this bar which is the haven of departed American spirits. They serve nothing but bonded stuff and the price is fifteen cents,—two for a quarter, words which may have a familiar ring to your ears if you are old enough."

"I don't drink," Corbin declined shortly.

"You're a motion picture fan perhaps?" the guide persisted patiently. "The building on your left is the Strand Theater. The feature for today is 'Wine, Woman, and Whiskers.' It may interest you to know that we have no censors here and even stories from the Bible can be shown without cuts or alterations. And our bathing beauties! You'll admit there is nothing like them on earth."

Corbin shook his head. "Not interested."

"Maybe you're an ex-soldier?" hazarded the lecturer. "If so a visit to the War Department Building will lighten your heart. Just step in and get your bonus, land grant, disability allowance, anything you want and without waiting more than a few minutes. It's the only place you ever will get any of those things. Besides—"

"I don't want a thing in the way of compensation," Corbin interrupted him.

"I've got to please you in some way," murmured the despairing guide.

"Why 'got to'?" demanded Corbin testily.

"Because I'm a Celestial Boy Scout and I have sworn to do one kind act every day. If I fail they'll take my knee pants and my Pollyanna badge away from me. You're my problem for today. I won you on a raffle just as you came through the crowd. So you see I've got to make good. I have to admit, though, that you're a cast iron egg and I don't know yet how I can make you happy."

"There is only one thing that will make me happy."

"Something to do with the,—ahem! Opposing sex as Mr. Lardner puts it?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you say so? Step on this rug with me and have a look at the Kismet Kozy Korner. It was originally designed as a Mussulman Paradise, but it is so much in demand by New Yorkers who hate to change their habits of life even here that there aren't enough Mohammedans around to be offensive. You may have wondered what becomes of the Ziegfeld girls. They are sent here direct, also the Mack Sennett silent sirens. This girl coming along now wearing a left bracelet is a Sennetter from Illinois."

Corbin interrupted him irritably. "To perdition with these women."

The guide considered it thoughtfully. "I have the power to grant you one wish, but I don't believe it would be quite fair to accede to that one. It would disappoint so many of the other fellows. If, for some reason or other, you are off the ladies you will find it pleasant in our Silent Sanctuary. It is a haven which no women may enter. We maintain it chiefly for men who have been married twice and are confronted by the dilemma of polygamy upon reaching this side and for men whose contract to love, honor and listen has expired and who grow hysterical at the sound of a woman's tongue. Strangely enough the Sanctuary is not very crowded. Thousands of souls rush to it as soon as they arrive, but the poor deluded fools want to get out again almost immediately. I think their imaginations lure them away from the zone of safety. Will you drop in here?"

"No."

I GIVE up. We have no attractions which I have not enumerated. And yet you say there is one thing which will make you happy. What is it?"

"You can't get it for me."

"Perhaps I can. Name it."

"I want to return to earth."

"But why? Man, your troubles are over and here you want to go through them once more. It isn't reasonable."

"I knew you couldn't grant my desire."

"But perhaps I can. Tell me first your reason and I'll decide whether or not it is for your own good. I am not allowed to do a client an injury even if the client himself thinks it will be a benefit. Why do you desire life again?"

"Because of my wife, my Hortense."

"Oh." The guide was all sympathy at once. "You hadn't been married long?"

"Scarcely a year. Here's her picture. No, confound it, they buried me in the wrong pair of trousers. But anyway she is lovely, she is young, she is guileless, we loved one another and she depended so upon me that I fear disaster will attend her unguided footsteps. My place is by her side. Duty, inclination, everything commands me to be with her and here I am sight-seeing and joy riding in an egoistic effort to please only myself. I can know no joy apart from her, no peace, not even rest. My soul is tearing at the gold bars which are between us."

The speech ended with a groan like the wail of a lost soul. Quite naturally because Corbin Banks was just that.

"Quiet, my friend," admonished the guide. "You'll disturb the bridge-players and the chess-experts in their padded paradise. Besides there is hope that I may be able to send you back to earth if that is what you really desire. I understand from your record tag there on your neck that you are a good soul, that when you were a boy you attended Sunday School almost regularly. For that reason you are entitled to especial consideration. This granting of rain-checks, however, is a little bit beyond the sphere of my authority and I'll have to see somebody higher up to find out if it can be arranged. You wait here with this unclassified group while I see what I can do about your case."

CORBIN BANKS took a seat in an unoccupied rocker and prepared patiently to wait.

All around him was a hum of conversation.

"The surgeon said he had never seen such an appendix as mine in his life. I heard him exclaiming about it just as I passed out. I could—"

"Wait a minute, dearie, and I'll show you the place where the doctor—"

"No it didn't hurt much,—no more than pulling a tooth—"

"I think the Mayo Brothers are the best—"

"—old family physician. Gave me an overdose of strychnia. Wait until he comes up here."

"—and if I had to die again I'd go right back to that same hospital."

"You've no idea how I suffered. Besides that I hadn't slept a wink for over a year. The nurse said—"

"Hello, Mrs. Balfour. I'm so glad to see you. What did you die of?"

"I can't imagine. The doctor didn't arrive until after I was gone. But Henry, that's Mr. Balfour—"

"Mr. Banks. Corbin Banks," called a page, threading his way through the fleet of rockers. "Mr. Banks."

"Here, boy." Corbin Banks signalled the messenger.

"Step into the private office, Mr. Banks. Right this way."

There was a long line of discontented looking people waiting to see about getting better accommodations, but his own case seemed to have the right of way and Corbin Banks was ushered immediately into the private office.

The manager regarded him sternly. "You're the man who wants to see his wife again so badly that you are willing to go through the pain of living and dying once more?"

"Yes, sir."

"OF course you realize that we can't send you back in your original body. We could, of course, because we can do anything, but it isn't practical because it would disturb so many preconceived notions on earth. We have no desire to work any so-called miracles at this date. Besides it would give you too much notoriety for your own comfort. There is a way, however, by which your return could be accomplished quite naturally. You can be transferred to the shipping department and go out as a child, in fact we can arrange it so that you can be your wife's own baby and thus be with her constantly. How does this strike you?"

Corbin Banks reflected. "The chief difficulty in the way of the solution you mention is the fact that when I left there was absolutely no prospect of anything like that happening. To bring it about would involve another miracle."

"No, not at all. We could arrange it in a natural way."

"Heaven forbid, no! A thousand times no! I'd rather die first."

"Your protest means nothing because you are dead. But we interpret your emotion correctly, however, as jealousy."

"Perhaps you are partly right, although upon a moment's reflection I can assure you that there is no cause. My wife is cold, she is a soul unstirred by passion. Our relations though sincere and indissoluble were practically Platonic.



The celestial guide resented Corbin's attitude. realm devoted to gayety. Perhaps you

Besides I would be of no use to her as a baby. I want to be her protector, to guard her tenderly from the harsh things of a cruel world. All during her life she has been shielded, first by her father, now dead, and then later by me. Now there is no one."

"Is she beautiful?"

"As a rose dawn."

"Then why worry? Someone will protect her from want anyway."

"But you don't know Hortense. She is proud and besides she loves me. Let me go back to her."

The manager sighed. There was apparently no way to dissuade this headstrong youth. "Very well, back you go."

"As a full grown man?"

usual formalities. Do you wish to go under those conditions?"

"Yes."

"Good-bye."

II

MRS. HORTENSE BANKS, young, lovely and sad, contemplated the long evening ahead of her with extreme melancholy. There was a dance going on at the country club which she, quite naturally, could not attend on account of her recent bereavement. But because of that party there was no likelihood of anyone's dropping in for a sympathetic call. And there was no place where she could with propriety go all by herself.

Therefore she put on a black negligée which did not in the least distract from her fair beauty because of its somber color. It wasn't an unrelieved black anyway, because when she moved little hints of rose color glimmered through,—a silk lining doubtless, although with these lacy peignoirs there is always a delightful uncertainty. Her hair, which was short and wavy (it had been bobbed two seasons before), she left unbound and on her feet she put a pair of extremely comfortable sandals that laced half way up to her calf over exquisitely sheer dull black hose.

The result, as she surveyed it in her pier glass, was eminently satisfactory even though it did cause her a pang of wistful regret. If Corbin were only there to—but no, she mustn't cry. The tear just standing on the brink of the eyelid was wonderfully wistful but she mustn't let it flow over. That wasn't so good.

The door-bell rang. Hortense with childish curiosity went out to the head of the stairs to find out who it was as soon as the maid opened the door.

A young man stepped into the hallway on the maid's invitation and then, to everyone's surprise, started up the stairs two steps at a time.

Screams from both mistress and maid arrested him and he paused confused. He passed a hand across his brow.

"I beg your pardon. For the moment I thought I was in my own house. I wouldn't have frightened you for worlds, Hort—I mean Mrs. Banks. Will you forgive me?"

Hortense, peering over the balustrade, recognized him finally. "It's Mr. Rogers, isn't it?"

"Yes. I thought I'd drop in for a little chat with you to help pass the time away. You must be lonely."

"Oh I am.—fearfully lonely. But I'm not dressed to receive callers, Mr. Rogers. If you'll wait a few—"

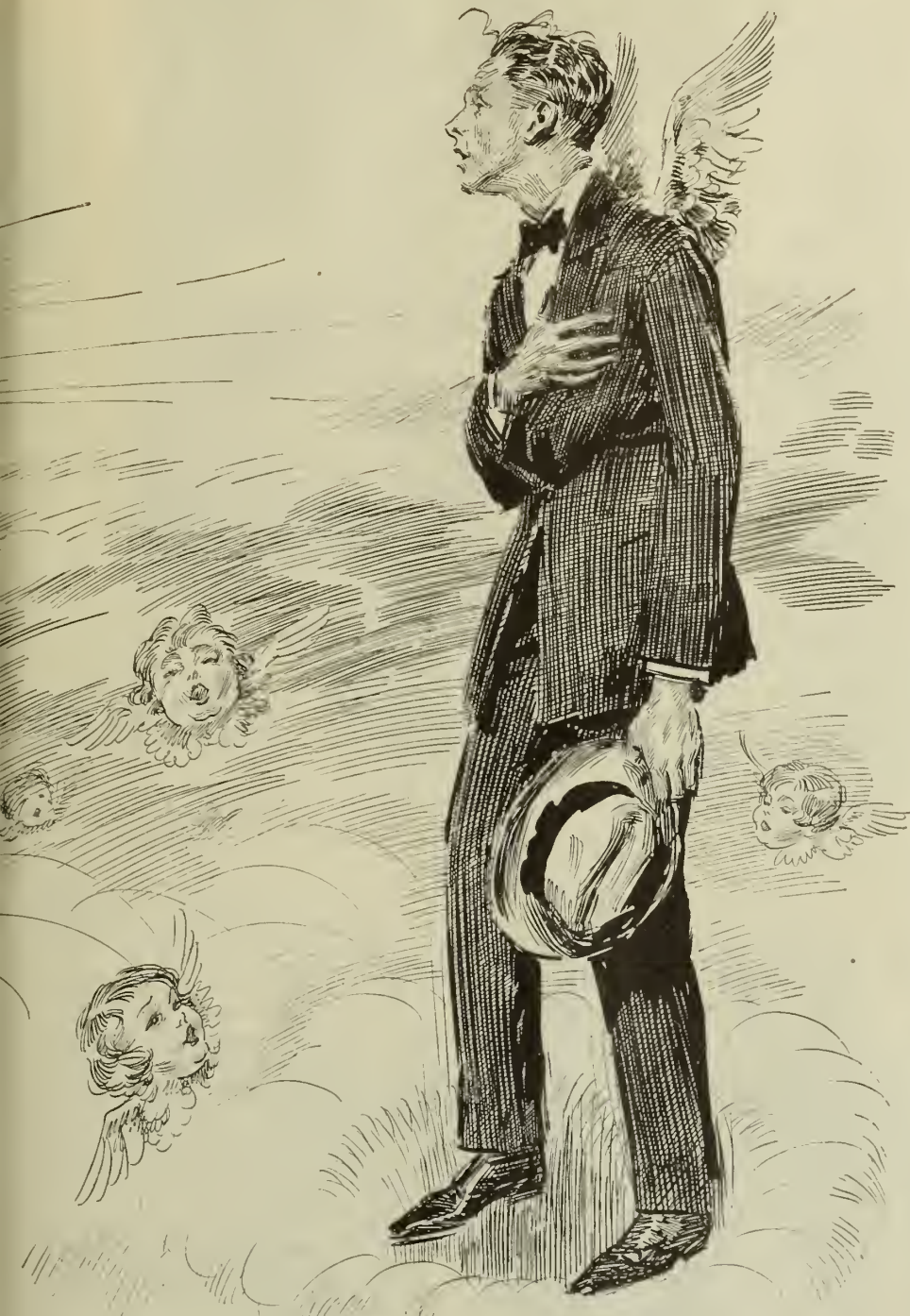
"Please don't bother to change. I've seen you in your negligée already and you couldn't be any more lovely to look at even if you wore your gold-green Paquin frock."

"Oh how wonderful of you to remember that dress. I only wore it once and men seldom notice—"

"I remembered because you wore it. That made it unforgettable."

Hortense had descended several steps during his remarks so as not to miss a word of them. For some reason or other they were music to her ear.

He ran up the remaining stairs and took her hand gently. "You may as well come all the way (Continued on page 115)



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"Cheer up, my friend. You're a false note in a need your morning muleshine"

"Yes. There is a young man of your acquaintance, Melvin Rogers by name, who is foolish and prying enough to want to peep into the secrets of this world before we call for him. He is one of those criminal idiots who allow their minds to be possessed by disembodied spirits, who go into trances and amuse their friends by conversation under 'control.' Just now his body and soul are at the mercy of every foul-minded spirit in Hell. But for your sake we will interfere and put you in possession of his body for as long a period as you like. Because your record is good," here the manager glanced at the dog-tag hung around his neck, "and because, as a boy, you read all the Rollo books in the library we will grant you one other special privilege. If you find the experiment is not a success you may come back here without going through the



One of the little things in every serial-actor's life. The idea is to get as near as possible to the saw without spoiling the picture. Stunts like this have got to be timed to the minute. The man on the floor is trying to cut the ropes that bind him and the poor devil on the log is wishing he had never signed a contract to make that serial

The Business of Making Thrills

A man who makes them tells how they're done

By WILLIAM DUNCAN

WHEN the subject was first broached of my dwelling in print upon incidents which occur in the making of serial thrills, it struck me that—well, that I should have some sort of alibi. Naturally I do not wish to be accused of placing too much import upon my participation in the various risks involved.

Upon reflection, however, I decided that it might be interesting for picture-goers to know that the dangerous stunts accomplished in the making of a serial, or chapter-play, are figured out beforehand upon a mathematical basis.

I shall not enter upon a technical explanation of how and why certain achievements are possible, providing everything goes according to schedule; rather shall I endeavor to prove conclusively that those of us most experienced in picture-making seldom can be certain that what we expect will take place, even with the most careful calculations.

My Scottish forefathers were agreed with Bobby Burns that, "the best laid plans o' mice and men gang aft agley." And indeed I have found that Maister Burns must have foreseen the motion picture serial when he penned his notable words. "Gang aft agley" is uncannily right as regards pictures. Ask anyone who has taken part in the making of chapter-plays.

Often a simple stunt will end disastrously, while a comparatively difficult



"This was easy. All I had to do was to lie in the middle of the road with my hands and feet tied together and let a log wagon run over me"

one will meet with success. It might be well at this point to give an example of just how the "big idea" is liable to "gang agley."

Requirements of a serial episode called on me to leap a chasm in an automobile. Fremont Pass, in Southern California, was selected because of its depth. The pass was cut through by General Fremont in the early days to avoid moving his artillery over the mountains. It lies between San Fernando and Newhall, a section familiar to motorists and residents of Southern California.

At the point selected for my automobile leap, the pass is thirty-five feet across and about ninety feet, sheer, to the bottom. Many difficulties were experienced in our preliminary activities. We found that the machine could not be hoisted up the side which was to mark the getaway, so by means of block and tackle and the hand power of some twenty to thirty men, we pulled the car up with ropes and then built a bridge, across which it was taken for the jump.

Then as we gazed across the gap we realized that it would be necessary to dig a cut into which the car could be propelled at the conclusion of the leap. Unless this precaution were taken, as the side of the gap on which the car was to land sloped upward, it meant that though the car might jump safely across, it might also run backward and slip down the chasm.

So a little runway, or landing place, probably six feet longer than the length of the car, was dug. On the opposite side, from where I was to take-off, wooden grooves were built on the incline, down which the car would accumulate speed as it raced for the edge of the gap preparatory to hurling itself across the thirty-five-foot pass.

Explaining the use of these wooden grooves, I will point out that we figured the car, shooting straight from the grooves, would have but one objective point, the little cut in the wall across the gap. I must land in that cut or suffer the consequences.

I may say here that in making an automobile leap over a gap wedges or approaches are first built. These are long contrivances, lying flat and so built that they make a rising incline. This causes the automobile, gathering speed all the time, to leap upward as it takes off.

"All set, camera, let 'er go!"

My car started down the incline, gaining momentum at every second, straight along the wooden grooves to the edge of the gap. The wedges are covered with grass and dirt so as not to show in the picture. As I leaped off at Fremont Pass, I had my feet on the brakes. I wondered in the few seconds of the leap whether I could jam them on at the exact second of landing to make certain that the car would not rebound from the cut in the wall and drop back into the chasm.

Crashing onto the other side, the impetus threw me hard against the brakes and into the dashboard but the brakes worked perfectly, as the force of my landing had thrown my feet against them at the proper moment. But something else, which had not been figured on at all, occurred. Every tire on

the car was split, and I really believe that it was due to this fact, after crashing into the opposing wall, that an unfortunate rebound did not occur, even though my brakes had worked well.

One would imagine that after leaping thirty-five feet over a ninety-foot chasm hurdling a woodpile would prove easy. But here is where the "gang agley" phrase enters. The requirements of one serial story called upon myself and four companions to race in an automobile along a dirt road which paralleled a railroad track.

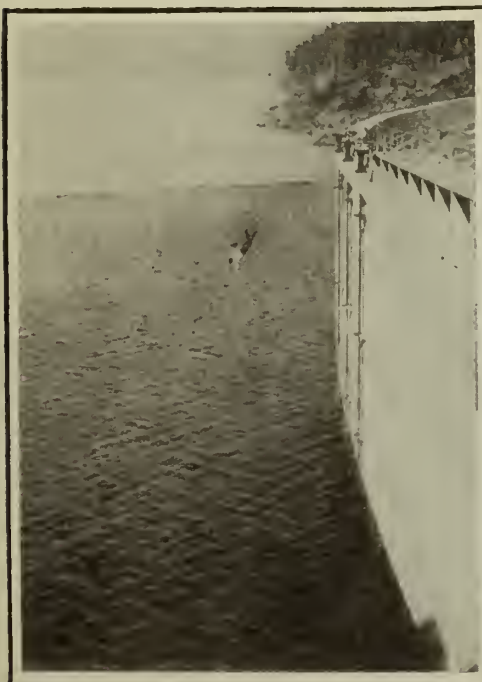
At a certain point, a gang of outlaws had thrown a pile of railroad ties on the road to hinder us. Now in making an automobile leap, you must figure the stunt out to the finest mathematical point, but even then something may occur to spoil matters.

The degree of speed for an auto of a certain weight to safely jump a gap or ob-

struction, the exact amount of rise necessary at the takeoff, conditions of the road and various other items must be gone over carefully. Unless all these points are taken into account the chances of an accident are manifold. (Cont'd on page 108)



"One of my favorite forms of exercise is illustrated here. I know of no more pleasant way to spend the day than jumping from a moving train to a ladder suspended from an airplane. Incidentally it is one of the thrills that makes the audiences gasp most audibly."



"This is my most popular portrait. I did this one day for an episode in a Vitagraph serial. It got over. So did I"



"I figured that if I told the extras there was a five-dollar gold-piece concealed about my person, and that the one who found it could have it, I'd get a good realistic scene. Did I? If you saw that episode in 'Daredevil Dick,' you know I did"

Long Shot, Medium Shot and Close-Up



YOU remember, perhaps, when a certain director was ridiculed because he showed only a face or half a figure on the screen. People said then it was the funniest thing they ever heard of. They said that, too, about the first locomotive, the first steamboat, the first telephone. The three pictures on this page show Marshall Neilan making a scene. This is not a reference to Mickey's temperamental disposition, because he hasn't any. He is simply demonstrating the three steps a director has to make in building a scene: the three focal-lengths. The picture is "Penrod," with Wesley Barry.

THE LONG SHOT

THE top picture illustrates the "long shot." Neilan, in the director's chair, is directing Wesley Barry and Gordon Griffith, the two principals. Note the cameraman; next to him, the electrical expert; the continuity clerk, and the electricians standing by the overhead and side lights. Behind the black rag hanging from the top center is a Cooper-Hewitt "bank," partly visible.

THE MEDIUM SHOT

THE center picture shows the "medium shot," just as you will see it on the screen. The "set" represents the interior of the cave in which *Penrod Schofield* (Wesley Barry) and his gang hold their secret meetings.

CLOSE-UP

THE last picture is the "close-up" of Wesley and Gordon. You will note to the right of Wesley and on the right wall, tin cans hanging from wires and supposedly holding candles. They really hold powerful little arcs throwing light on the actors.

Griffith's Newest Heroine

She is that shy young
star, Carol Dempster

By
DELIGHT EVANS



She is never sensational. But somehow you find yourself thinking of her long after memories of more gorgeous girls have paled

CAROL DEMPSTER is one of the very few modern motion picture actresses whose appeal is entirely cerebral.

She uses her brain in her work as others use their faces and their bodies. She is popular as far as I have been able to discover—only with other cerebrals.

Because of this she is an interesting person. As yet she has done very little on the screen. She has only been in pictures for three years, and in that time has made only two really important pictures: "The Love Flower" and "Dream Street." But she has a surprisingly large following.

I know personally one gentleman who hates films. Perhaps because he sees so few. At any rate, he saw Carol Dempster in "Dream Street" a dozen times, and is now her slave. The gentleman is one of the most brilliant thinkers in America. I asked him why he liked her.

"Because she seems to think," he answered. "I don't know whether she really does or not, but she seems to."

You hear very little about her in film circles. She is never seen at the Algonquin, the Claridge, Delmonico's, or any other of the numerous haunts of screen celebrities in Manhattan. Once in a while you glimpse her, slim and simple in a quiet white gown,

with her glorious hair coiffed as plainly as possible, at a first night. And then you hear people say, "Who is that girl?" or "There's Carol Dempster." She is not a marvelous beauty; she is never sensational. But somehow you find yourself thinking of her long after memories of more gorgeous girls have paled.

I was very curious about her. I had watched her work at the Griffith studios in "Dream Street"—curiously detached, quiet, but with illumined eyes and expressive hands working intelligently in her close-ups, coached by Mr. Griffith. I saw her again, when, as she thought no one was watching, she whirled into a delicate little dance, in a deserted corner of the great studio: a slender, vivacious little creature in her tight-fitting costume, her legs twinkling and a little half-smile on her lips.

Then I was with her for a whole afternoon. And I am still curious.

She is not a girl one knows at once. Sweet, and affable, and (Continued on page 116)



In "Dream Street," her best picture, with Charles Mack

By Their Feet Ye

A character analysis of feet and



Exhibit A: the charming feet and ankles of the fascinating Bebe Daniels



The lower limbs of Anita Stewart peeping forth from a fretwork of lace



A nether view of Norma Talmadge shod for the evening in silk and satin



And here we have a worm's-eye view of the slender, languorous extremes of the petite May Murray



The next exhibit, ladies and gentlemen, are the feet and ankles of Lila Lee, attired for the country club

THE human foot has never gotten its due in America, despite the fact that we are the best-shod nation in the world. We have palmists, and phrenologists, and even experts at reading character by the shape and forms of the ear. But, to us, feet are feet—a kind of necessary anatomical device; and we gauge them by their ability to perform their utilitarian functions.

We make only one aesthetic distinction: a person's foot is either pretty or ugly. The finer points of variation escape us. In fact, we don't take our feet seriously, so to speak. We make light of them; and the majority of our nicknames for them are either facetious or opprobrious—such as: dogs, ferry-boats, clod-hoppers, pads, pedals, tootsies, fried pies, hoofs, and dewbeaters.

And yet, the shape and size and proportions of one's feet and ankles are as much a guide to personality and character as the lines in the hand or the features of the face.

In Europe a person may be accepted or rejected in certain social circles wholly by the contour of their feet. The *maitre d'hôtel* of one of the most exclusive cafés in Paris once said in an interview in "Figaro" that he judged people entirely by surreptitiously looking at their feet and seated them accordingly.

Balzac tells of a popular musical comedy actress who, because she had very short feet and an exceedingly high instep, compressed her feet, wore low heels, and stuffed cotton in the toes of her slippers to give her feet length, so that her admirers would not see that she was plebeian. Max Beerbohm spends an entire paragraph describing the long, narrow, flat feet ("like calves' tongues") of one of his highly patrician characters.

And do you remember Du Maurier's description of Trilby's lovely feet, and the influence they wielded? The human foot has even been colloquially named after this little model of the Latin Quarter! Then there is the famous story of Cinderella, based on the beauty of an unknown lady's foot. Compared with that beauty, nothing else really mattered to the romantic prince who found her slipper.

Shall Know Them

ankles by Hugo H. Smythe, M. A.



How the feet and ankles of our beloved Mary Pickford look when she takes a morning stroll



Do you blame Gloria Swanson for showing her pedal extremities so often in her pictures?



Herewith you may feast your eyes as long as you desire upon Betty Compson's shapely feet

Throughout all history and literature you will find that the human foot has played a most important part; and yet how little attention or consideration we give it today!

There are many different and distinct types of feet and ankles; and scientists tell us that each type has its defined psychological significance. Here are a few of the commoner ones and what they denote:

1. The very long, extremely slender foot, tapering to a point, with the low, sweeping, and almost flat instep, and the straight ankle. Denotes: Fine breeding, aristocracy, patricianism.

2. The very short foot, with the broad, extremely high and prominently arched instep, and the slender, shapely ankle. Denotes: Inferior breeding and a sensuous, mercenary, pleasure-loving temperament. (Of late years, and especially in America, this type has been wrongly regarded as patrician and indicative of good breeding.)

3. The slightly large foot, broad and solid through the ball, and pointed at the toes, with a medium-high instep and a sturdy, but not thick, ankle. Denotes: Capability, strength, deep emotion.

4. The short, stocky, square foot, thick through the heel, with a high, fat instep, and a slender, sinewy ankle. Denotes: Aggressiveness, unscrupulousness, conceit, pretentiousness, plebeianism.

5. The long, sharply pointed foot, with a very low, almost flat instep, and a thin, flat ankle. Denotes: Hyper-sensitivity, artistry, over-breeding.

6. The medium-sized foot, neither square nor pointed, with a well-rounded instep, and a neat, shapely ankle. Denotes: Poise, sensitiveness, strength, competence, intelligence.

To which class do your pedal extremities belong? Be honest, now! Sometimes a plebeian foot is almost entirely disguised by a tapering shoe; and sometimes a lady feels that her foot is too large, so she cultivates the short vamp. But it doesn't do much good!

The tootsies of Corinne Griffith, garbed in pumps equipped with "sensible heels," are here presented for your careful inspection



And, last but not least, a generous glimpse of the nether limbs of the beautiful Pearl White





J C Milligan

PADEREWSKI AND "THE KID"

THE great Polish pianist and statesman, Ignace Jan Paderewski, and the little chap whom Chaplin made a star, are great friends. Madame Paderewski is also extremely fond of him and they entertain him often at the great musician's California rancho. One day, after Madame had filled his little tummy up with chicken and ice cream, Paderewski and little Jackie Coogan were missing for several hours. They found the pair in a limousine, the shades drawn, the little fellow sound asleep, and the famous pianist holding him in his arms and softly singing old Polish lullabies.

TO be a woman — and homely! To be a heroine, with a face like a comic Valentin It's hard. It's hard to be a Rolls Royce sort of a person when you've been handed a flivver set of features—it's next to impossible to be a snappy dresser when all the taste you've got is in your mouth. But that's what Idalene Nobbin was up against. How she accomplished the almost incredible—and made the legend of the ugly duckling, who turned into a swan, come true again—is told in this story



Idalene Nobbin wanted to be a wild flower. But she was a born wall flower instead

The Wall Flower

By RUPERT HUGHES

Fictionized by Elizabeth Chisholm

IDALENE NOBBIN wanted to be a wild flower. But she was a born wall flower instead. Her features were commonplace, her figure was shapeless, her hair—though it had possibilities—was badly arranged. Moreover, she was awkward; she moved with neither grace nor charm. And yet, when she was getting ready for a party, she knew the same dreams, felt the same tender little thrills, that other girls knew and felt. For being a wall flower doesn't keep a girl from thinking in terms of romance, from wondering about the knight who will some day come a-riding! Idalene pictured her knight as a college boy, an athlete, and a millionaire. But she had never had even the most casual sort of a beau!

Getting ready for a party—who could blame Idalene for being excited? Especially when the party was her friend Prue's birthday dance—and especially when Prue had written her a letter that was one big thrill in itself:

Dear Idalene: Don't forget that my annual party is next Wednesday night. Phin Larrabee has promised to bring over Roy Duncan, the football hero from the state college. So we should have a lovely time.

Was it any wonder that Idalene pranced awkwardly about—much to the detriment of the new dress that her mother was fitting on her!

Many careful mothers—by clever planning and dress design—

ing—have done a great deal for plain daughters. But Idalene's mother was not what you'd call careful. Her one idea was to marry off a daughter whom nobody could see with a magnifying glass. Neither she nor Idalene knew anything about the mystery of line, the magic of simplicity. Where the party dress should have fallen into simple folds it was made hideous by panniers and bunches of cheap lace; where it should have been daintily fluffy it was severe in the extreme.

Prue, Idalene's closest friend, was a very pretty girl. Catty she was, and small enough, in spirit, to jump through the eye of a needle. But—she had beauty. Perhaps that was why she had chosen to make a friend of Idalene. For many an attractive girl, wise in the matter of contrast, has chosen to make a chum of some one who, by comparison, would make her charms seem more pronounced. And it is a curious fact that the homely girl is seldom aware of any ulterior motive. Usually she is pleased by any sort of attention—just as Idalene was delighted at Prue's invitation.

Idalene Nobbin was an only daughter. She and her mother and her two half-grown brothers lived in a homely house in a homely little town. With no standards of beauty to go by, they were well satisfied as the night of Prue's party came around—Mrs. Nobbin was like a proud though fussy mother hen, and the boys were frankly bewildered. For Idalene, going *Sis Hopkins* one better, had added the contents of a large powder box and the mock allure of a wide sash and hair



That dance, to Idalene, was like a glimpse into Heaven.
To Roy—quite different

ribbon to her other finery. Prue, greeting her friend as she came into the room, was filled with a sudden merriment. But her excitement over being the leading vamp of the village soon distracted her attention.

Prue's party was a pretentious small-town affair. Hired palms and oleanders, home-made salads and ices, and an orchestra that had never heard of jazz, but was strong on perspiration, made festive the old-fashioned house. Only Prue, and the young men who had come over from the state college, were modern.

Phineas—commonly known as "Phin"—Larrabee was the leader of this state college group. Long an ardent admirer of Prue, he had unwisely brought to the party his chum, one Roy Duncan, the football hero. And Prue, like most young ladies, was inclined to be a trifle too interested in football heroes. Phin, struggling for a dance with her, soon realized his mistake and, with deep malice and cunning, singled out Idalene, who had not yet had a chance to dance, and thrust her, with a hasty word of introduction, into Roy Duncan's reluctant arms.

Perhaps it was the hastiness and the confusion of that introduction that laid the foundation for the mistake that later happened. With his mind full of Prue and his feet busily trying to keep out of Idalene's way, it was not at all strange that Roy Duncan stopped thinking coherently. His one ambition to get away from Idalene—his one dream to dance with Prue—it so happened that he confused their names!

Roy danced only a single dance with Idalene—for which we will not judge him too harshly! He was only human, and Prue was bewilderingly pretty, and, after all, none of the other boys had even danced once with the little wall flower. Young men, of the intensely selfish college age, seldom think in terms of

Idalene Nobbin was a wall flower, and she didn't realize it for a long while. When she got wise to herself—well, she made haste to grow away

self-sacrifice. And it was nothing short of self-sacrifice to dance with a girl who trod on one's feet and clung, heavily, to one's cherished dress coat!

The party, like all parties, was too soon over—for everyone except Idalene Nobbin. To her the evening had been a horrible failure, the only bright spot in it had been her one, all too short, dance with Roy Duncan. It had been like a glimpse into Heaven, that dance. How could she know that it had meant something very different to Roy? She went home, with her mother, to dream radiant dreams which centered about him.

In the meantime Phin Larrabee, still annoyed at his friend, was adding a bit to Roy Duncan's mistake in names. For up in the room where the boys had left their coats and hats there was a picture of Prue. And when Roy, lifting it in affectionate hands, asked suddenly:

"What's her name—Prue?" Phin had answered, craftily.

"Prue? No, indeed, that's not Prue. That's a picture of Idalene Nobbin!"

That was why, several days later, a letter came to Miss Idalene Nobbin, from the state college. It was not a long letter, but it was a bewildering one. For it read like this:

Dear Miss Nobbin:

You may have forgotten me, but I will never forget our dancing together. I should be highly honored if you and your mother would be my guests at the Junior Prom here the 16th of this month. I have engaged rooms for you at the best boarding house. Please don't fail.

*Yours as ever,
ROY DUNCAN.*

Of course Idalene accepted the invitation. And then began a series of preparations that put those for Prue's party quite into the background. Almost hysterical with joy, the girl and her equally excited mother began to get ready. Idalene was no longer allowed to wash dishes—it might make her hands



"Am I dead yet?" she asked. "Am I in Heaven?"

from the wall. If you're even a little bit like her, take Rupert Hughes' advice—and see where it gets you!

red. She was no longer allowed to sweep lest she get overtired. And, final crown of glory, she was taken to the dress-maker, one Mlle. Dooley by name, for a frock. No home-made dress would do for a Junior Prom!

It was in Mlle. Dooley's shop that Idalene and her mother met Prue, who was also buying a dress for the prom, where she was going as Phin's guest. And it was there that Idalene told her friend that she was going to take part in the great event. To say that Prue was astonished was to put it mildly—she was flabbergasted! And for the first time she showed Idalene the claws that were hidden under her velvety sweetness. Prue was jealous.

Between them, Idalene, Mrs. Nobbin, and Mlle. Dooley chose a gown so much more terrible than Idalene's other party frock that it challenged even the most vivid imagination. Gauguin in his worst moments could have committed no more ghastly crime in the name of art! But Idalene and her mother adored it!

* * *

To one cleverer than Idalene, the situation at the Gramlin station, where the state college was located, would have been a revelation. But Idalene was not clever. She was only a very young, deliriously happy girl, off on her first big adventure. She did not notice that Roy Duncan rushed to meet Prue—that he fell back, in bewilderment, when she repulsed him. She did not even catch his utter lack of recognition when she brought herself to his attention and introduced "mommer." She could never have imagined his depth of horror as he realized his mistake.

It was all tremendously appalling to Roy, who, after all, was the hero of the college. But he made the best of it; he had to! Vowing revenge on Phin, he escorted Idalene and her mother to the boarding house, and there left them. And



The dress was a crime committed in the name of art. But Idalene and her mother adored it

then, with a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach, he began to go about the matter of filling Idalene's dance card.

It cost a great deal of money to fill that dance card. Most of the boys had seen Idalene. Dollar bills and favorite neckties were sacrificed to the cause. And, after deluging Phin with water and thus gaining his revenge, Roy would lend dry clothes only on condition that five dances went with them. And Phin, looking miserable in the borrowed suit, had to comply with his hard-hearted friend's request.

When the moment of the dance came, and Roy saw his partner for the first time in Mlle. Dooley's creation, he was nearly desperate. But remembering the well-filled dance card he took heart. And he hustled the girl and her mother to the hall. And then began an evening of disillusionment and utter bitterness.

By no stretch of imagination could Idalene dance. And the college boys, with the cruelty of youth, stood in corners and made fun of her. But, all unconscious of their mirth, she tried, ever so hard, to get the hang of the so difficult steps.

Idalene was not the only one, however, who danced badly. There was a certain beautiful woman who had a difficult time with her partner, who, tall and good-looking though he was, could not make his feet behave. The woman was Pamela Sheil, and the man was Dr. Walter Breen, lately returned from scientific work in a far off and savage country. As the laughter caused by Idalene was reaching its height they were having a little discussion of their own.

"I'll have to give it up, Pamela," the man was saying. "I've been too long away to know anything about these new dances!" But Pamela looked up into his face and laughed, as she answered him.

"Why, Dr. Breen," she said, "it's the first time that I've ever known you to play the quitter!"

And so they struggled on until, on the outskirts of the dancing crowd, they



It was Idalene's great moment of triumph. "Miss Nobbin is dead," she told him; "she committed suicide when she heard your opinion of her!"

passed Idalene and Phin, who was at that moment her victim. And, as they passed, they noticed that Phin was surreptitiously offering money to the unattached youths who stood along their wall. And they heard the unkind comments of those youths—the blunt refusals. Pamela made a little exclamation of pity, and Dr. Breen stopped short as he spoke:

"That girl has my sympathy," he said; "if those boys don't mend their manners I'll break their heads!" He even started forward, threateningly, but Pamela stayed him with a gentle hand.

"Come on home," she said softly, "there's nobody here but cubs and dubs!"

It was after Pamela and the Doctor left that Idalene met her Waterloo. For one of the boys whom Roy had hired to dance with her, thinking, and rightly, that she looked better in the dark, took her out upon the dimly lighted porch. And there left her. And then Prue and Roy wandered out upon the self-same porch and began to talk.

"Of course, Miss Prue," Roy said, "it was you that I meant to invite to the dance. I'll kill Phin Larrabee tomorrow for palming Idalene off on me!"

Prue giggled. But Idalene, in the shadows, did not make a sound. For a certain youth, who had danced with her, also came out upon the porch. And when he spoke to Roy she suffered her most awful humiliation.

"Take back your two dollars and your girl," said the youth angrily. "I can't dance with her any more. She's made me ridiculous, and I'm through!" He only promised to thoroughly fill his contract when Roy offered to sacrifice his bulldog.

When they went into the hall again, each one of them quite unaware of the little heart-broken listener, Idalene did some rapid thinking. Her soul was in torment, her poor mind

was in a whirl. She felt disgraced—a pariah. Suddenly she rose to her feet, stumbled off the porch and into the dark. Crossing the campus, narrowly avoiding Roy and Prue, who were seated closely together upon a bench, she came at last to a road, which she followed blindly. Speeding motor cars threw their pitiless searchlights upon her; and went by. It was the motor cars that gave Idalene a ghastly inspiration. Waiting her chance she cast herself into the path of a car driven by a crowd of hilarious joy riders. When it had passed she lay, a little crumpled heap, in the road. And the occupants of the next car, coming at a moderate speed, saw her and stopped.

Idalene was not a stranger, exactly, to the two people who were driving in the car that stopped. For they had watched her, at the dance. They were Pamela and Dr. Walter Breen. Rapidly they climbed out of the car and, at once all physician, the Doctor bent over the girl and felt of her pulse and her heart. Seeing that she was alive he, with Pamela's aid, got her to the Sheil mansion. As he was making a hasty examination there, Idalene opened her eyes and asked a question:

"Am I dead yet?" she asked. "Am I in Heaven?"

Dr. Breen looked up from his examination.

"Not yet," he said; "you've got to go through the other place first. Both of your legs are broken."

For a moment the girl did not say anything. Her words were philosophical when at last she spoke.

"Well, they weren't much use to me," she said slowly; "they couldn't get me anywhere dancing!"

Idalene's mother, almost frantic, was located and told of her daughter's condition. And, late that night, Idalene's legs were set. The next morning, still in great (Continued on page 112)

The Wall Flower

NARRATED, by permission, from the Goldwyn photoplay by Rupert Hughes. Directed by E. Mason Hopper with the following cast:

| | | |
|-----------------------|-------|-------------------|
| <i>Idalene Nobbin</i> | | Colleen Moore |
| <i>Roy Duncan</i> | | Tom Gallery |
| <i>Phin Larrabee</i> | | Rush Hughes |
| <i>Dr. Breen</i> | | Richard Dix |
| <i>Mrs. Nobbin</i> | | Fanny Stockbridge |
| <i>Prue</i> | | Laura La Plante |
| <i>Pamela</i> | | Gertrude Astor |



CALIFORNIA'S QUAINTEST STUDIO

OUT in Hollywood, there is a film factory that excites admiring ah's even from the hardened sight-seers. It is like a glimpse into the Middle Ages, this studio designed by Harold G. Oliver. Fronted by an artificial lake, entrance is gained only by a draw-bridge. The entire structure is covered with odd shingles of many colors.



FILMS THAT TALK AND SING

NOT the old-fashioned "talking pictures," but a brand-new invention by an Englishman named Grindell-Matthews. He has perfected a machine by which the voices of the actors synchronize with their filmed actions. The picture above shows the inventor directing a scene for "Round the Town," the first of his singing-and-talking pictures, with the machine recording the voices. Wonder how it will seem to hear our stars? Some of them will surprise you, as their voices are in perfect accord with their screen personalities. The promoters say it will "revolutionize" the motion picture industry, but that is an old familiar threat.

Close-Ups

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

IT was a shock to see the following paragraph in the column of one of our best loved newspaper writers, Dan Marquis, of the N. Y. Sun.

"Flesh reduction," it said, "is one of the fads of the hour—take it from the popular magazines. For brain reduction go to the movies."

Can he have meant *head* reduction? Quite a few intellectuals have come out of the studios with a noticeable reduction of the hat band.

IT gave us quite a start the other day when we realized that a well known opera singer was not a typographical error. For when we read in a headline that "Chaliapin" had received a great ovation at the Manhattan Opera House it took us some time to realize that the personage referred to was not one Charles Spencer Chaplin.

IF the professional reformers had their way:
Skirts, hours, prayer meetings and men's faces would be longer;

Joys, kisses, movie fade outs, and women's tempers would be shorter;

Salaries would be smaller—but troubles and families would be larger;

Bootleg would poison, and home brew would kill;

Eating, drinking, sleeping and living would be regulated by those who eat "calories," drink water, sleep grudgingly from fear of missing something to reform, and live totally ignorant of the things that make life really worth while;

And—worst of all—

We'd have to think just what the censors wanted us to think:

But, thank God,

They cannot put meters on the minds of men and women, even if curfew and the police hustle them in at eight P. M. every night!

MOTION pictures have been accorded many triumphs in the last few years. They have, despite what the censors say, been praised and elevated in many ways. The legitimate stage has bowed to their authority, the press has gravitated steadily toward them, even the pulpit has been known to speak in their praise. And now they have been elevated to the ranks of the sort of art that is spelled with a capital A. For they have been admitted, this year, to the Paris Salon.

Patrons and participants are delighted—and infinitely encouraged—by such recognitions. For art critics and connoisseurs will attend the showing. Bringing the films into such prominence will expose the cinema to people who can tell a picture from a daub of paint—who know, and appreciate, sound principles of harmony and design.

YOUR real estate magnate is seldom romantic. A house, to him, is only a house. And a building site can only be measured in square feet—and round dollars. The most photographed house in New York

is being torn down to make room for a huge, and decidedly unromantic, apartment building.

It stood on Riverside Drive at the northeast corner of Ninetieth Street—a two-story structure of grey stone with a wide veranda. And it has been the scene of many a stirring conflict, of a vast number of elopements, and honeymoons, and kidnappings, and domestic triangles.

When the last brick is being tossed aside the ghosts of four hundred photoplays will stand, weeping, in the shadows.

THE press protested vigorously against the starring of Clara Smith Hamon—acquitted murderess—in a feature film. But the protests were of no avail and the picture was recently released.

Doubtless the producers figured that the newspaper notoriety would bring with it a great demand for the picture, which was called "Fate." But the public has fooled them. Tired of cheap sensationalism, of threadbare emotions, of dirt thinly veneered, it has reacted to the side of the newspapers—and to the side of all right thinking producers and exhibitors, the country over.

The film was first boycotted in San Francisco. Where record breaking crowds were expected, the picture played to a sparsely filled house. And the film was withdrawn.

That was the first step. It was only when other cities in both the east and the west followed San Francisco's example, that the showing of the film began to take on a nation-wide significance. Detroit, Chicago, Boston and New York—they fell valiantly into line. In most cases the film was not even permitted in the good houses and, when it was exhibited, the audiences were extremely small. Its reception has justified those people who maintain that pictures are daily growing better and cleaner—that the standard of production is far higher than it used to be. And that the public is still clinging to the right sort of ethics and ideas.

IF you don't like the necktie your wife chose for your birthday gift, scrap it and get one to suit yourself. If you don't like the apartment you're living in—or the rent thereof—move to Keokuk, Iowa, or to Jersey City. And there purchase a real house on the instalment plan. If you don't like your mother-in-law . . . but that's old stuff!

The people who lived in Milton-on-the-Hudson didn't like the brand of photoplay that was being shown in the motion picture theater at Newburgh, N. Y.—a nearby town where the Miltonians took their pleasure. The churches, particularly, were wrathful. And so the people, backed by the churches, banded together and purchased a theater of their own. And they operate it through a board of representatives of said churches.

The theater—curiously enough—has been, to date, a financial success. And, if it's been a financial success, it's doubtless been a success in other ways. Only—we can't help wondering whether there are still a few unregenerate souls who run over to Newburgh, of a Saturday night, to get a—dare we breathe it—thrill!



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HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH

Mr. Chaplin is a symbol. He personifies one of the most basic and powerful instincts of mankind—namely the instinct for humor



Underwood and Underwood

Mr. Chaplin has taken a powerful hold upon all of us—old and young, illiterate and cultured alike. In London and Paris, as well as New York, they acclaimed him

Chaplin's Great Secret

A remarkable psychological analysis of how one man has come to be regarded as the symbol and the personification of the modern world's humoristic needs and impulses

By WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

Author of "The Creative Will," etc.

WHEN one has said that Mr. Charles S. Chaplin is the greatest comedian of modern times, only a part of the truth has been told—and the least important part, at that! The reason that Mr. Chaplin has taken so powerful a hold upon all of us—old and young, illiterate and cultured alike—is not merely because of his pre-eminent capabilities as a buffoon and his inimitable gift of pantomime, but because he embodies—more vividly and more completely than any other living actor—the very spirit of modern humor. Mr. Chaplin, in fact, epitomizes mankind's present need for recreation and relaxation.

Our reverence and respect for Mr. Harding, for instance, is not due to any transcendent political greatness and unique intellectual insight possessed by a certain amiable, golf-loving citizen of Marion, Ohio. Were he but a private individual or even a senator, the nation would not accord him the honor and deference he now commands, although he would be just as wise and, personally, just as great. The applause we give him, whenever his smiling countenance is flashed upon the screen, is really inspired by the high office to which we have elected him—the office of which he is the symbol. He, as an individual, stands for our ideal of government and represents our instinct for political power.

In exactly the same way, the admiration and respect which we shower upon Mr. Chaplin is not due merely to his prehensile feet, his abortive mustache, his agile cane, and his

fascinating antics, but also to the fact that he has been, as it were, unofficially elected to an office which is, in many ways, quite as important as the one held by Mr. Harding. He, too, is a symbol. He personifies one of the most basic and powerful instincts of mankind—namely: the instinct for humor.

No one individual, as an individual, could possibly have attained to Mr. Chaplin's present status of almost universal popularity. It is not within the realm of human possibility for one man, however gifted, to have personally insinuated himself so firmly into the affections of the human race. In order to arouse the world's admiration, he must be something more than a mere individual—he must represent some principle, some ideal, some great human impulse—just as Napoleon once stood for the world's ideal of autocratic power, and just as Mr. Harding now stands for this nation's ideal of democratic government.

MANKIND is forever seeking personal representatives for its basic impulses and needs. Every religion has had its *personal* god—an individual who embodied the traits and beliefs of that religion, and upon whom the followers of that religion poured forth their reverence and obeisance. It was not the person himself who inspired the reverence, but the things he was supposed to symbolize.

And, just as with the religious impulse, so it has been with all the other impulses of man. (Continued on page 104)

Battle

Producers, directors, bankers and stars voice their opinions in the struggle between New York and Los Angeles for picture leadership



Nowhere in the world will you find a landscape like this except in New York. The lower end of Manhattan can boast the biggest and the most beautiful buildings in the world. Representatives of American art and industry, these skyscrapers have no equal—and you can't build a set like this

A GREAT industry and a new art, the motion picture, is the bone of contention between two great cities.

Los Angeles, and Hollywood, its suburb, are aware to the importance of holding the position they have developed as the production center. They regard it as *theirs*. Their city officials and business organizations are prepared to fight to hold that position. Its leading bankers offer full co-operation.

New York, as a city, is more complacent. Its mayor has probably no thoughts on the subject. Its business associations ignore it. Manhattan bankers, with few exceptions, have not the slightest idea of the financial problems involved. They are just beginning to wake up. The western bankers have been alert to the opportunities offered, while the easterners have been asleep behind the counter.

LOS ANGELES sunshine first drew the pictures to the Pacific Coast. That is not so essential now, for the great majority of scenes are artificially lighted, in western as well as eastern studios. With the progress of technical skill and requirements, even the sunshine of Southern California has proved too undependable.

There was a time when Los Angeles and Hollywood folks were antagonistic to the film colony, often with good reason. But now the motion picture is its civic pride. The camera has made Los Angeles famous, and in ten years turned Hollywood from an insignificant suburb and a group of ranches into a thriving and beautiful city.

The old retired Iowa farmer element looked upon the picture colony as intruders, forgetting that they themselves were unwelcome and oftentimes considered unpleasant and penurious invaders.

Sitting on the front porches of their tiny bungalows, they watched with jealous and intolerant eye the coming of the film folks. Now they're all figuring how they can get \$5 a day for character parts, and boasting they're in the "movies."

The opinions of many leaders of the motion picture industry and bankers on the relative merits of Los Angeles and New York as producing centers follow:

MOTLEY FLINT—Vice-president,
Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank

Akron for tires.
Hartford for insurance.



The largest and most complete studio in the east: Paramount's new Long Island City film factory. Only a few minutes from Manhattan, it is convenient and comfortable. Closed for repairs, it will open soon. The fogs interfered with production for a while, but specially-made machines have been installed to overcome this climatic difficulty

of Two Cities

Detroit for automobiles.
And Los Angeles for films.
That's all there is to it.

There can be no argument about whether New York or California shall have the production of pictures. Simply because California has, and always will have.

I can make more money for my bank in beans or fruit. But I like the films and its people. I like to do business with them.

GEORGE E. CRYER,
Mayor of Los Angeles:

There are many reasons why Los Angeles is, and should continue to be, the capital of the film industry.

A strong factor of importance is that the labor conditions in Los Angeles are of the best.

Years ago, when the film industry was making its first entry into the commerce world, the business interests of Los Angeles, appreciating the value that the industry would some day be to this community, offered every co-operation and assistance to producers at that time, and have continued in their efforts to promote harmony, and assist this industry in its unbounded growth.

ELSIE FERGUSON:

Naturally, I like New York best, as my home and many of my closest friends are there in the east.



Broadway—Los Angeles. This is the busiest street of the California city, with its tallest buildings. Away down the street you can see the mountains, but not in this view. Quite a contrast to New York's Broadway, isn't it? But many "big city" scenes are "shot" right here



One of the most beautiful film production plants in the world; the studios of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation in Culver City, California. This is a view of the dressing-rooms—left—and the stages—the large glass structures at the right. Almost every kind of a picture may be made without leaving the "lot"

As to the desirability of New York as a producing center, as opposed to Los Angeles, I am naturally prejudiced for this reason in favor of New York. As a matter of fact, I have made only one picture in Hollywood, "Sacred and Profane Love." "Peter Ibbetson," "Footlights" and all of my other pictures have been made in the east. Whether Los Angeles is a better producing center than New York must be decided, so far as I am concerned at least, on the merits of the pictures themselves. But, quite aside from that, I want to reiterate that my home is in New York, and woman's place, you know, is in the home!

WILLIAM FOX, President Fox Film Corporation:

Neither Los Angeles nor New York, the two leading producing centers of the motion picture industry, will be abandoned. The California city certainly will not abdicate in favor of the eastern metropolis, nor will New York surrender its film charter. There is abundant room at the top for both.

New York and Los Angeles will have rival producing centers in many parts of the world. Wherever on earth there exist in harmonious human combination, dramatic genius and productive inspiration, there we may expect the art of the photoplay to blossom and bloom; from that city or state or country will come motion pictures—and good pictures.

D. W. GRIFFITH:

To me there is no particular rivalry between Los Angeles and New York as centers of motion picture producers.

Los Angeles is the largest city in the semi-tropical zone. New York is the largest city in the temperate zone. The greater part of the nation is in the temperate zone and therefore the majority of its stories involve that zone.

Both have advantages. It is certainly pleasant to produce in California.

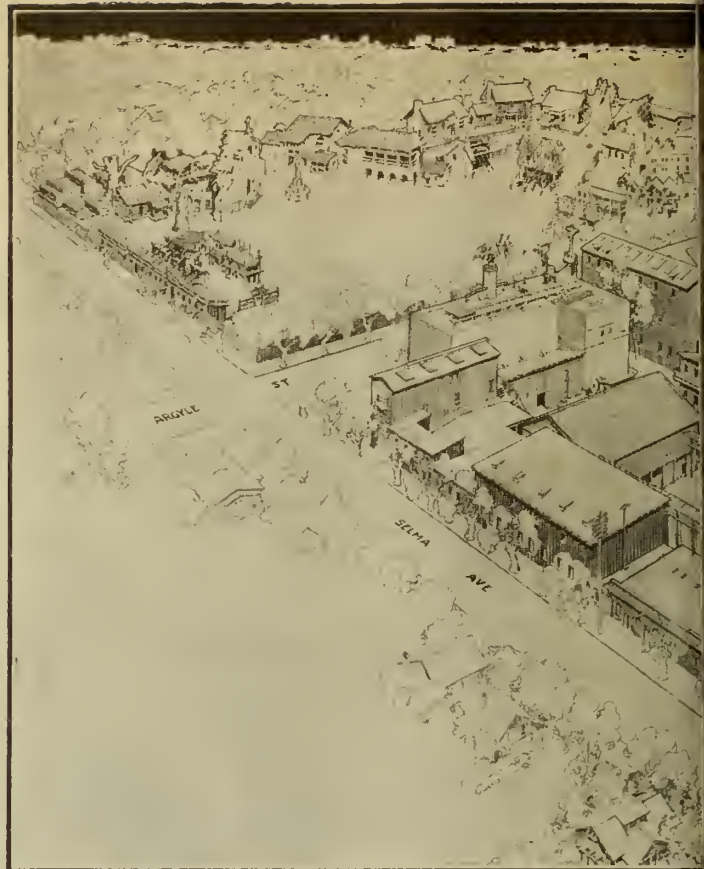
But one doesn't go to a silk market to buy jewels.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN, President of Goldwyn Pictures:

As a producing center there is no comparison between California and New York. The conditions of climate on the west coast enable us to maintain all year round in the studios a little facsimile world where we can take whatever local color we require. Street scenes of China, Russia, Italy—the atmosphere of every interesting corner on the globe—are at our disposal in winter and spring, in fall and in summer. The advantages of the east are negligible

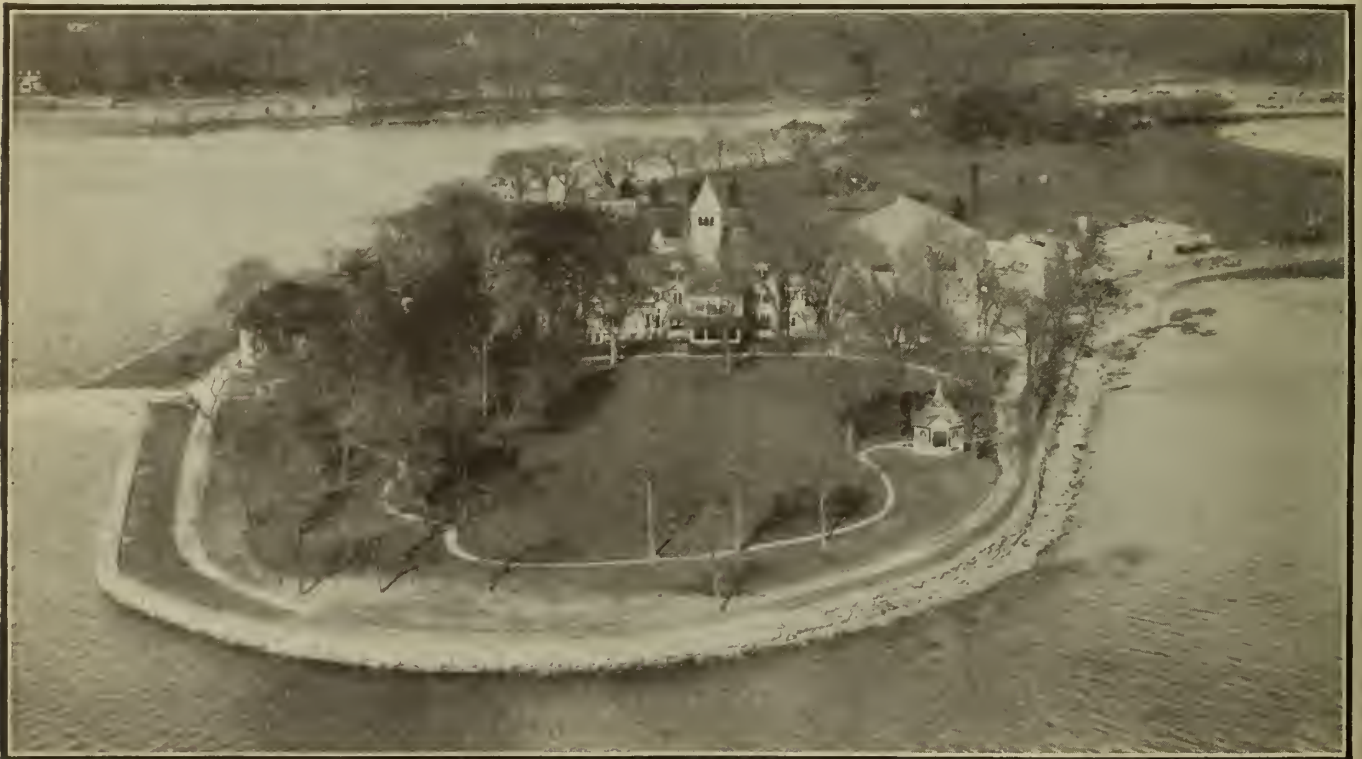
ADOLPH ZUKOR, President Famous Players-Lasky Corporation:

The open spaces and the nearness of nearly all sorts of scenery as well as the sunshine of California, combine to make Los Angeles well suited for motion picture production.

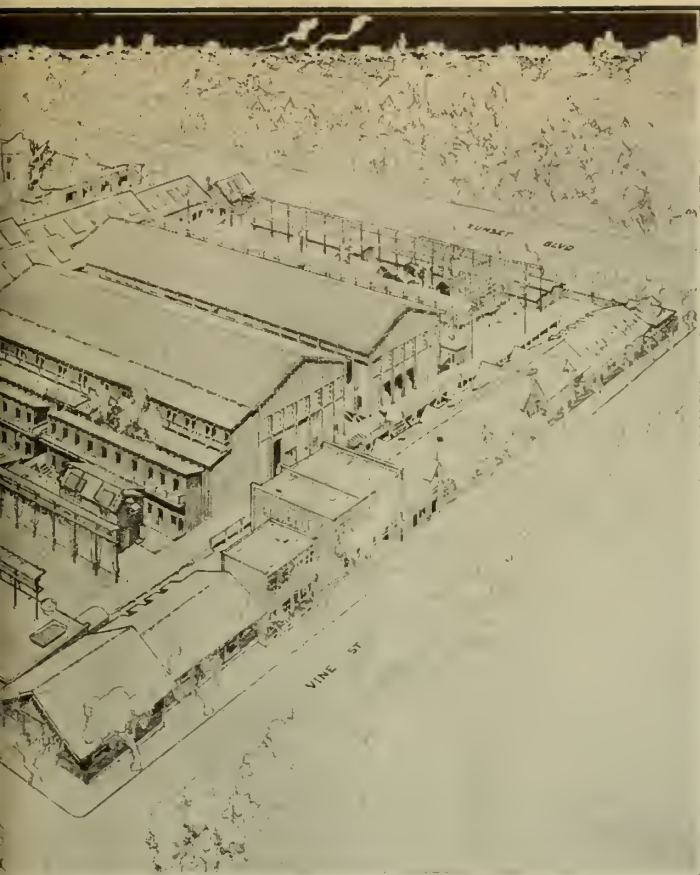


A bird's-eye view of the Lasky studios in Hollywood, California made most of the Paramount productions and many of the Real-the glass stages, and every type of outdoor scene in any corner Algiers rubs shoulders with Main Street, Indiana. This studio

The atmosphere of certain pictures, however, such as "Footlights," "Experience" and "Peter Ibbetson," demand that they be produced in New York, where exterior settings



The most artistic studio in the world; D. W. Griffith's in Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, one hour from Manhattan. Mr. Griffith bought a whole peninsula and converted the houses of a one-time show place into a film plant. Here he can have his own ocean, his own villages. It is the most ideal spot in the east for screen work. It combines the scenic advantages of Los Angeles with the cultural advantages of New York



ifornia, one of the first and best equipped in the west. Here are art. They can make westerns on the lot; society dramas inside of the estate. Streets from every city in the world are built; fronts on Sunset Boulevard, once the Main Street of studios

suitable to the story can easily be found.

Therefore, both Los Angeles and New York are necessarily important producing centers, and we have studios in both places.

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

In the beginning of motion pictures, Los Angeles, with its sunshine, open spaces and proximity of mountains, surpassed all other parts of the country as a suitable place in which to produce pictures. With the perfection of lighting equipment, however, Los Angeles' sunshine is no longer a necessity; indeed many of our pictures produced in Hollywood are made entirely inside the Lasky studio by artificial light. On the other hand, New York, with its resources for the purchase of properties for settings, and its large population of well-known actors, is becoming more and more favored as a production center. Our faith in New York, I think, is pretty well demonstrated by the \$2,000,000 studio which we have built on Long Island, which we are soon to reopen.

ALBERT E. SMITH, President of Vitagraph Company:

The east and west both hold much for the making of motion pictures. New York stands for better casting, costuming and property facilities, while Los Angeles offers much more in the way of beautiful locations, sunshine and agreeable climatic conditions.

You won't find anything like this around New York. This is the Grand Canyon in Arizona, but you can find locations almost as good in the Painted (Mojave) Desert; and you have the Yosemite—all accessible from California

From a financial viewpoint what you pay out in the east you save in the west and vice versa—it is a fifty-fifty break no matter which way you figure things.

CARL LAEMMLE, President of Universal:

"I would change the phrase, 'Los Angeles vs. New York' to 'Los Angeles for New York,' because the two great cities are equally important capitals of the motion picture industry. Los Angeles has a big lead over any other city in the world as the presiding center of the motion picture industry. New York is not an advantageous place to produce pictures but it is equally important to the film world because of its strategic economic location and the fact that films can best be distributed from there. The two cities are alike in importance to the success of the screen.

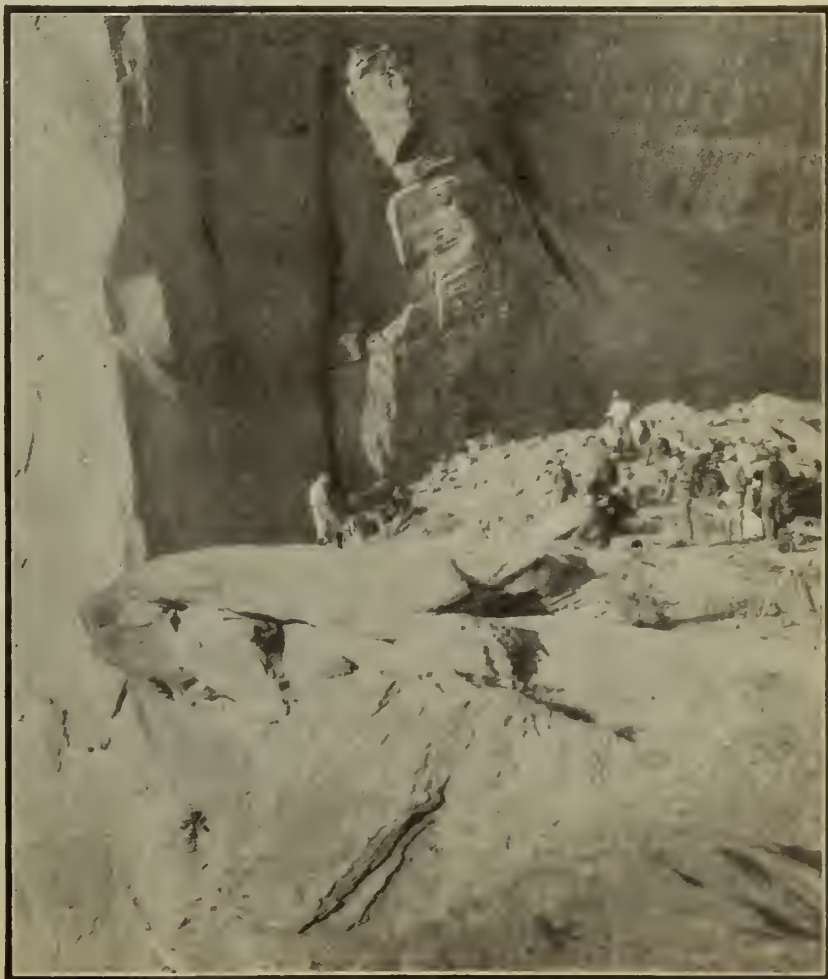
LEWIS T. SELZNICK, President of the Selznick Pictures Corporation:

The outstanding point in favor of New York as a producing center, and the reason that I have always preferred the east, is its proximity to the main and executive offices of the organization. New York is the headquarters and distributing source of the Selznick Company. I prefer to have production within close reach. A lot of things can happen three thousand miles away.

THOMAS MEIGHAN:

Physically, Los Angeles may be a great production center for motion pictures. Mentally, it is terrible. I favor New York as a center, the only center, for production if an actor is to be kept at the height of his ability. It is only there that he can keep in touch with the developments of dramatic and literary art of all kinds. It is only there that he can get the necessary mental kick to keep him eager, keen and anxious about his work.

In Los Angeles, and particularly (*Cont'd on page 100*)





Her new Hollywood bungalow

A Prohibition Beauty

Margaret Armstrong,
model, now "Miss DuPont."
Birthplace—Kentucky

By JOAN JORDAN

"SHE was born in old Kentucky"—and that's pretty near as good a start for a woman as it is for a race horse.

Certainly old Kentuck can add another name to her list of beautiful daughters, which is mighty near as long as her war record of colonels.

Of course there's one, other thing the state's famous for—but 'twouldn't be any use mentioning it now. And it wouldn't be much good as a descriptive or a comparative, because Miss DuPont is sort of a prohibition beauty anyway—not much kick.

She is more like a pineapple ice cream soda than a mint julep.

Hers is the cool, perfect beauty of the Swiss Alps—the serene loveliness of the Italian lakes—the scentless perfection of a hothouse Bride rose.

But beauty she actually has and it is her complete justification for screen and star existence. For beauty is apparently becoming rarer and rarer. We are going in so much for charm, personality, kick, prettiness, sex appeal, and exotic appeal that we have almost forgotten the days when Lillian Russell and Maxine Elliot reigned supreme.

I sat in the hot November sunshine, in a small white-painted arbor outside her dressing room, and looked into her lovely face, and actually failed to miss the conversational orilliance of a Priscilla Dean, the intellectual stimulus of a Helen Ferguson, or the pervading hypnotism of a Gloria Swanson.



Miss Dupont's is the cool, perfect beauty of the Swiss Alps



We have had on the screen three definite types of beauty—the Mary Pickford type, under which fall such stars as May Allison, Mary Miles Minter, Marion Davies and Wanda Hawley; the sex type, including Corinne Griffith, Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson, Phyllis Haver, Betty Compton and a long list of others; and the Katherine MacDonald-Elsie Ferguson school, where we find Betty Blythe, Florence Vidor, Harriet Hammond, and now Miss DuPont.

(Of course that doesn't pretend to be a complete explanation, but it's my idea of the different types of physical beauty that have been successful on the screen.)

The last-named classification is the only one founded on the Greek theory of perfection of line, feature and repose.

Miss DuPont has the big, clear, perfectly shaped blue eyes, the finely arched brows, nostrils and mouth, the oval chin line, the pronounced classic nose. Her hair is golden and heavy, and her skin is very fair. As yet she is a trifle heavy and she has not acquired that stateliness of manner and queenly poise which go with her type and which make Betty Blythe, (Continued on page 106)

Faces and Brains

By
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Screen actors must have
personality, but that is just
another word for
brains of a peculiar order

THERE will always be room for new faces in pictures, particularly where those new faces are not merely types, but have intelligence and acting ability behind them.

Certainly the old familiar favorites cannot retain their popularity against our very American desire for something new, without giving us the best that is in them. All successful people who have reached the top of any profession find that it is as hard to remain at the top as to reach it. It is hard to excel a success, or even to equal it.

But the frenzy for novelty may be carried too far.

We are a wasteful people. We elect our presidents, use them for their period of service, and when they have learned their hard lesson of statesmanship and have become great national assets we throw them aside, electing new men again, to struggle and to learn.

And this wasteful demand for the new goes into our daily lives. We must have new clothes, new houses, new books, new motion pictures, even sometimes new wives and husbands! We use and discard, and much of that discarding is wasteful. We make public idols and tear them down, to elevate new idols, neither better nor worse than the last, but new.

Old lovers of the theater will tell us that acting is not acting any more. They bewail the days of the fine old stock companies, where a leading man played *Romeo* one night and *Shylock* the next; where make-up was an art, and acting was acting. I hold no brief for that system. It was better for the actor, as training, than for a public which must have found it hard sometimes to preserve the illusion which it is the theater's province to provide. But it gave us actors.

NATURALLY this method is not possible with the screen, which reveals with extreme cruelty the false and the unreal, and which tolerates neither painted wrinkles nor beards



Mary Roberts Rinehart, America's greatest woman writer, who insists we must have new screen faces

held on with spirit gum. We must fit our pictures with men and women approximating in appearance the types demanded by the script. But we have fallen into the error of subordinating acting ability to this fetish of "type" with results frequently disastrous.

However, we must at least approximately "type" our pictures to conform with the characters of the story, and as there is little or no limit of the imaginations of authors, we shall of course continue to see new faces on the screen. But these new faces should come as a response to a legitimate demand, and not merely to satisfy our American hunger for novelty.

There is something to be said for the old faces. Perhaps they do become too much associated in our minds with certain roles. Perhaps they have no more surprises for us. But they have certain very real values, not to be disregarded, which the new screen actor cannot have. They have experience, and if we have known them for a long time, they have a popularity built on solid work and our affection for the familiar.

Popularity, if it has been held, has always been deserved. Equally, the moment it ceases to be deserved, it is lost. The great fault with our star system, both on the stage and in pictures, the thing that has destroyed it, has been a probably unconscious conviction that the only struggle necessary is to reach the top. That having been achieved, the star might take things a bit easy. The belief of managers and head-liners alike was that only the star mattered, and that the public would take that star in anything.

Occasionally that seemed to work out, as when a star's personal popularity put over an indifferent picture indifferently done. Popularity, then, has its value, but also it has its limitations. And also, it may be overworked.

Too much of any one individual on the screen becomes monotonous and boresome. I have sat in a theater, helpless unless I wished to depart, and have watched a young woman on the screen in her various poses until the action and the story died, and my patience died with them.

The demand of the public for new faces has sprung out of this lack of moderation and proportion. Stars should live for great moments in a picture, but they have been given an hour and a half. Those stars and leading men and women who are still popular have given us good stories, good acting, and a restrained use of themselves.

But our old actors have another quality which the new ones cannot have. They have experience. They have learned the technique of acting before the camera, and developed a method.

The amazing conviction is wide-spread that acting for the movies is easy. One did not really act at all. One stood or walked in front of the camera, and a kindly gentleman with a script in his hand stood off to the side and told one what to do. One did it, and that was all. Perhaps it was all, earlier in the making of pictures. It was sufficiently strange then simply to see movement, any sort of movement, on a screen.

But times have changed. We are dealing now with picture-wise and acting-wise audiences. They are paying more and demanding more. And if they want newness they will not tolerate crudity or rawness with it. Already they know, and we know, that acting before the camera is an art, and a difficult art.

Watch a theatrical company rehearsing, before empty seats, and then see it before an audience. Observe the enormous stimulus that audience gives it. At the rehearsal it is forcing itself, struggling to feel reality in what it is doing. But on the opening night that feeling of unreality goes; the sense of reality returns. These things it is doing are real things. The audience sends over the footlights its own waves of emotion, responding to laughter and to tears. The actors *become* the play.

Acting before the camera is much like a rehearsal. Such stimulus as comes must come from the actor himself. He must in effect be able to turn on, like turning a tap, the emotions he is called upon to depict. Not until he has seen his rushes can he know if he has succeeded—and mostly he does not see them.

IN a word, screen acting not only calls for skill of a high order, but for experience to secure the best results. And it is this experience which our demand for novelty may too easily discard. It is lack of understanding of this which has placed on our silver sheets today so many pretty, vacuous faces, new and young and therefore appealing at first, but as cloying as a milk diet after a time. How can we expect people to depict life who have never lived it?

This is not an argument against new faces for the screen, but an attempt to strike a balance between the two extremes; on the one hand those who uphold the star system and trade only in established names, and on the other, those who lay too much stress on novelty and type without regard to experience or popularity. These two schools of thought are easily recognized among our producers today.

We must of course have new faces in pictures. So we have them in life insurance offices, and at our typewriters, and in politics and in all walks of life. But what about these new faces? They are the grist that comes to the mill. From them, not at once but after perhaps years, will come the few entitled by ability to survive in their chosen line. They may come because they are new, but they stay because they are worth holding on to.

It is the rise from obscurity of vast numbers of new and skillful screen actors which has shown up the falsity of the belief that any place may be held without effort. They have brought competition, and as a result many old familiar faces are vanishing from our pictures. Those that remain have held their places through sheer ability and hard work.

In every business and profession we are looking for new workers. But we do not want them because they are new. We want them because time passes, and as some fall out of the ranks there must be others trained to take their places. We want them because their competition is healthy and stimulating to those already arrived; we want them because they bring new zest, new ideas, freshness of outlook and enthusiasm; we want them because out of the many who start, some few will finish the race and win out.

But we do not, should not, want them only because they are new.

This craze for newness has elements of tragedy in it. The man who knows more of international affairs today than any other man in the world sits in a (*Continued on page 107*)

A Quest for New Faces

"NEW FACES FOR OLD" is not merely an empty phrase.

PHOTOPLAY and Samuel Goldwyn are actually looking for them. We want new faces—faces of intelligence and expression that will photograph to best advantage for the screen. The world wants them. And that is the reason for the remarkable search for them which will be inaugurated in the March issue of this Magazine.

It will not be the usual contest. It will find the new faces and test them by actual motion pictures. It will not hold out a false promise of immediate stardom, but it will give dramatically ambitious girls a chance to *work* for success. In fact, it will be the most unusual and genuine event ever conceived. In fact, it is not a contest at all. It is a quest.

Mr. Goldwyn has proved his sincerity in looking for new screen personalities which will be human, and vital and real. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE desires to aid him in every possible way.

The screen face of the future is not going to be the vapidly pretty face. It may not even be pretty, providing it photographs well. But there will be something in that face. The eyes will shine with real purpose, with intelligence. That face will be expressive. But it will not express merely the ingenue or the "vampire."

We are looking for "types"—yes. But not "types" as you know them. They will not conform to the old cut-and-dried motion picture regulations. They will not look like someone else. They will be *new*.

For detailed announcements and outlines of this quest,
read the March issue of PHOTOPLAY, out February first.



CLAIRE WINDSOR AND COMPANY!

YOU know Claire: the beautiful blonde who came into fame in the Lois Weber productions, and who won additional celebrity by being a reported fiancee of Charles Spencer Chaplin. But you don't know Bill. Bill is Claire's permanent leading man. He has never appeared on the screen, and this, above, is the first published picture of her son. Claire Windsor is now a Goldwyn luminary.



SENTIMENTAL Tommy's Grizel has gone the way of all movie flesh. She wearied of Barrie's staid old Scotch village of Thrums, packed her eyebrow pencils and her lip-sticks, and hied her to Hollywood.

In other words, May McAvoy is now a star. If you will look into the eyes above, you will say that it agrees with her. She hasn't had a chance to show the marvelous emotional gifts she displayed in "Sentimental Tommy." But she has made herself increasingly popular.

Realart has heard her called the doll-like star so often, it decided to cast her as a Baby Doll in her newest production.

Donald Biddle Keyes

Formerly of Thrums

A Modest Hero of The Stage

By CHARLES MANOR



Capt. Allan Pollock, wounded 18 times in one battle, spent three years in the hospital, and now has achieved success on his merits as an actor manager

FULLY fifty per cent of the monuments that have been erected in this country to the heroes of the great war bear graven somewhere on the pedestal the words, "Lest We Forget." Sculptors are commissioned to cut them into the stone because everyone knows that we do forget heroes as promptly as we forget unsuccessful presidential candidates. We feel ourselves unforgivable ingrates and make solemn vows to mend our ways and remember.

Now, this self-condemnation is not altogether just. Most of the blame for forgetting heroes rests on the shoulders of the heroes themselves. They refuse to advertise. A colossal modesty seems to be a part of the regular equipment of the first-class hero, and the hundreds, even thousands, that the war developed shuffled home with the other boys and mingled with the rest of us hiding their heroism as though it were something to be ashamed of.

Just such an exasperating hero is at present adding dignity to the American stage in New York. Captain Allan Pollock wants to be known as an actor and we must thank his friends who knew him as a hero for breaking faith and disclosing the story of his part in it.

An Englishman born and bred, he began his career as a singer in the London music halls. Then came a long period of touring the provinces in musical comedies, Irish dramas and finally in Shakespearean repertoire.



After several more or less successful productions, he had a long New York run in "Seven Days" and at last definitely won his spurs as the King in "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." His last appearance in America was with Billie Burke in "Jerry."

When the war came, Pollock dropped everything and joined his regiment, The Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, and was soon in the thick of the fighting in France.

During his first big battle his comrades assaulted the German lines and were swept back with heavy casualties. They left their dead and wounded scattered over No Man's Land. Among them, conscious and in frightful pain, lay Capt. Pollock, his jaw shot away.

When night came, men from the Ambulance crept out under cover of the darkness to bring the wounded back to the Base Hospital. Working under fire, they darted from one dark figure to another as they were revealed by the light from exploding shells. Two men with a stretcher bent for a moment over Pollock—still conscious but far too weak to lift his hand—and passed him by for dead.

Throughout the night and during the heavy shelling of the next day Pollock was wounded eighteen times, each bit of shrapnel and each rifle bullet torturing him horribly, but never lodging in a vital part of his body. When darkness fell again, twenty-four hours after he had fallen, details were sent out to bury the dead. When they reached Pollock, one of the men, spade in hand, stooped down to roll his body into the shallow pit they had dug for him and noticed that blood was trickling from his wounds. By that sign they knew that he still lived.

Capt. Pollock spent the next three years in a hospital. The surgeons, bringing all their magic art to play, mended his shattered bones, healed his wounds and made a new jaw for him, leaving scarcely a trace of their skillful work behind them.

Finally, white-haired, looking considerably older than his forty-two years warrant, but feeling the blood of a new life coursing through his veins, Pollock was discharged from the hospital and stepped into the streets of London with three years back pay as a Captain tucked away in his pocket. His first act was to buy fifteen of the finest suits of clothes that could be had in Bond Street. His next move was to go to see Miss Clemence Dane's remarkable play, "A Bill of Divorcement," then a great success in London. It offered him, in the part of

(Continued on page 102)

As the shell-shocked hero in "A Bill of Divorcement"



Dorothy Hall still makes her own clothes—success hasn't either turned her head or made her hand lose its cunning

The Girl in the Black Dress

Proving that, though clothes do not make a woman, they often get her into the movies!

Having made doll clothes from the time that she could hold a needle it was only natural that the girl should begin to make her own dresses. As she made them she dreamed dreams—about a future in which she would wear them before great audiences. For Dorothy Hall wanted to be an actress!

It was when her aunt heard of that ambition that she began to take a belated interest in Dorothy. She told her that folk who went on the stage were socially submerged. And that she would not permit it. And she ended by sending her charge to a school in New York City—to study interior decoration!

Dorothy Hall went to that school—for three months. It didn't harm her, either. For she got new ideas in color and texture and drapery. At the end of that time somebody told her that she ought to go in pictures. And, as that wasn't going on the stage, exactly, she was able to salve her conscience!

When she stopped school her small allowance stopped, too. But she was young and full of hope. So she began to haunt the studios—to get an occasional job as extra girl in a mob or a ballroom scene.

"But I would never have 'arrived' I'm sure," she told me, "if it hadn't been for a certain evening frock of mine, a filmy black thing with quite wonderful lines—if I do say it myself! I was waiting, at one side of the room, when a casting director saw me in that gown. And he shouted out—

"'Girl in the black dress—come here!'"

"I came. And I got a small part. Not because of my 'fatal attractions' or my acting ability—but because of my clothes! And after that part things were easier. I played with Ethel Clayton. And then I got other bits to do. And my last picture was as leading lady opposite Arthur Rankin—he's Lionel Barrymore's brother-in-law, you know. And now I've just signed up for a series of fifty two-reel comedies."

She'll never buy a dress—even to wear on the screen—she says. No matter how grand her part may be.

And she wouldn't act natural anyway—I'm quoting!—in a Paris frock!

MOST girls think that being a movie star means Lucile frocks, and Tappé hats. Most girls think of movie stars in terms of Worth coats, and Jenny dinner dresses, and Paquin evening gowns, and Poiret atrocities a' la Orient.

But Dorothy Hall went at it the other way around. She got the dresses first—and made a success in the movies, after.

But then Dorothy was different from most girls, for she could design, and cut, and sew—even though she was pretty enough to be a star!

And she solved the clothes problem by making "them" herself!

She had a lonely childhood for she was an orphan—and the aunt who brought her up was too busy to waste much time, or love, on her. So she spent all her affection—and most of her spare hours—on a battered doll baby.

That doll baby was the best-dressed infant in town! Every scrap of lace, every bit of silk or satin or ribbon that little Dorothy could buy, borrow, or steal, went into its wardrobe. There were dozens of dresses, and coats, and hats, and so forth—

HEWYWOOD BROWN, speaking of salaries in an article published not so long ago in *The New York World*: "When an actor tells you how much he receives, you discount his figures by fifty per cent, and arrive at approximate truth. This ratio does not hold with the players from the motion pictures. Time is required to take their figures and work out the answer. Nobody can very well be expected to divide a given sum by eleven and one-half in his head."

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

A story of schemes that
were false and loves that were true—
an honest swindle

By GENE SHERIDAN



"You must not go like this," said Wallingford. "I want you to come back—and be my secretary."

THE way train from Des Moines whistled for the crossing at the edge of the village of Battlesburg and came to a creaking rheumatic stop at the depot. There was the customary and almost ritualistic gathering of villagers at the station to see the train come in, signaling this bit of daily routine, as a happening of relative importance. Events did not have to loom large to interest Battlesburg. Nothing more exciting had happened in the history of the town and there was small prospect that anything would happen.

But this day the Des Moines local did carry a freight of destiny for Battlesburg. Indeed, Battlesburg has just cause to date its whole history from that pregnant hour of arrival.

Abe Gunther, who drove the hack wearily between the station and the Palace Hotel, was all but ready to cluck to his horses and go rattling up Main Street fareless when a sprightly-stepping stranger called up to him.

"What's the best hotel in town?"

Abe held up and regarded the newcomer, a gay blade of a person, dressed niftily and with an acutely cute waxed suggestion of mustache.

"Th' Palace—it's the best, I reckon, seeing it's the only hotel we got, mister."

The stranger smiled his gracious thanks, pointing to his smart luggage on the platform as he sprang aboard.

"Daw is my name—Horace Daw from New York—my trunks will be along later."

Abe was satisfactorily impressed by the smart stranger, and improved his time on the drive to the hotel with remarks which he felt would subtly draw his passenger out.

"Goin' to be here long?"

"Can't tell—maybe a month—maybe a year."

"Huh! Then you're not a drummer!"

"No—I don't know enough to be a drummer. Many people at the hotel?"

"Ah, a few, yes, sir—but I reckon you won't find it dull."

Mr. Daw was making a rapid survey of Battlesburg as they trundled up the street. Hicks, simon pure hicks right out of the hickory, and plenty of them, was his internal observation, a source of hope and satisfaction.

Andrew Dempsey, heralded by the signs on the windows as the proprietor and manager of the Palace, being an exponent of pleasant personalities and cordiality, came out to greet the arriving guest, making him welcome with extended hand. Eddie Lamb, the clerk, looked across the counter with a broad grin as he spun the register, and Fannie Jasper, the stenographer and typist, glanced up with a flash of interest. Mr. Daw saw all and saw nothing.

For some days Mr. Horace Daw was the favorite subject of mystery and conjecture in Battlesburg. He could tinkle a bit of lively jazz from the hotel piano. He could dance exceedingly well and converse with a snappy metropolitan air. He radiated that emanation of atmosphere the village folks accepted as "class." In a week he was on a high tide of popularity and paying marked attention to Dorothy Welles, the chum of the hotel man's daughter and one of the prettiest girls in the town.

And still no one knew why Mr. Daw was there. He chatted pleasantly of anything and everything, but never of the particular thing that brought him to Battlesburg. All Battlesburg wanted to know.

Now and again, most discreetly and in the terms of a personal grief, Mr. Daw lamented the unprogressiveness of the otherwise charming Battlesburg. He carefully avoided the attitude of a foreign critic. There was something in his manner that suggested he took the whole responsibility for the situation on himself. He spoke in reproach of Mr. Daw for the shortcomings of Battlesburg.

It had not taken Daw long to observe that Timothy Battles, the mayor, was the oracle and spokesman of the community and that George Washington Battles, his brother, the richest man in the town, stood back of him in an attitude of hide-bound, cast-iron conservatism. The Battles were rich and satisfied, therefore the *status quo* in Battlesburg was perfect and satisfactory. Any change, any progress would be dangerous. That settled it.

But Mr. Daw had one convert in Clint Hawkins, the editor and reporter of the Blade, the only newspaper. Hawkins was bold enough to voice in print as his own some of the ideas imparted by the urbane Mr. Daw.

And straightaway the heresies of Hawkins, his talk of the town "going to seed, suffering from dry rot" and such insults, climaxed with a plea for a wake-up campaign, became an inflamed subject in the sessions of the board of strategy and debate that gathered daily in the lobby of the Palace.

"I'll bet he got his fool notions from that fellow in there playing the piano," Andy Dempsey decided. And George Washington Battles snorted.



It was the hour of dreams-come-true, this dream that was born in falsehood and redeemed by love

YOU mean that Daw fellow?" Battles jerked his head toward the hotel parlor.

"Yes," Andy replied. "He's the fellow I mean. What's he here for anyway, spendin' all his time running around with the girls? He may be a hold-up man for all I know."

Whereat Fannie Jasper, the stenographer, snickered in amusement. That drew the fire of hot old G. W. Battles.

"What're you laughing at, Fannie? He's been sending telegrams, and if you know what's going on you've got a right to tell."

"I know enough to keep things to myself, especially when they are confidential," Fannie retorted with a fine air of professional dignity.

Clint Hawkins stepped into the group.

"Well, gents!" Hawkins beamed. "What do you think of my wake 'em up editorial—pretty good, eh?"

"Pretty rotten," Battles snarled back. "We've got a town full of good, sound, conservative men and you're just trying to upset things. My great grandfather, Benjamin Battles, preached against these circus stunts and red-fire methods and my grandfather did and my father did and I am going to live up to their notions. Pretty solid, seems to me."

When G. W. Battles wanted to settle anything he referred the matter back to his great grandfather, the founder of the

little Battles fortunes. That was bed rock and datum for G. W., and for Battlesburg, too, so far as he could make it stand.

"Well, then, you don't believe in progress?" Hawkins was on the defensive.

"I believe in saving money." G. W. felt that was a crushing answer.

Andy Dempsey ventured out into a slightly differing position.

"A new hotel wouldn't hurt business any here," he remarked, casting his eye about in measurement of the Palace's realities against his own modest ambitions for the place.

"Good enough," was Battles' verdict. He could not see himself being drawn into any new hotel project.

"And we sure need a trolley, too, between here and Hoytsville," Hawkins put in eagerly.

"Nonsense," Battles ejaculated. "I don't believe in trolleys; there's too many accidents. They go too fast."

Welles, the real estate magnate of the town, came in with a cordial "Howdy" for the group. He turned to the clerk, Eddie Lamb.

"Seen my daughter?"

YES. I seen her, she's in there with that Daw from New York." Eddie nodded toward the parlor.

Miss Welles, accompanied by Gertie Dempsey and sleek Mr. Daw, appeared at the parlor door. The girl ran up and embraced her father.

"Am I oh time?" the father asked whimsically. Being on time was not among Miss Welles' specialties.

"Yes—just in time to meet Mr. Daw. This is Mr. Daw, father—the gentleman I've told you about—and he's been just grand to us, too. Hasn't he, Gertie?"

Gertie's assent and smile did not please Eddie Lamb much. Eddie and Gertie were engaged.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Daw." Welles extended a cordial hand.

"My daughter tells me you are thinking of settling here."

"Not personally—I'd hardly say that." Mr. Daw was soft spoken and silky. "I represent a man looking for a wide-awake town for a manufacturing plant."

"Oh, you're after a site, eh?" The real estate dealer's nose scented opportunity.

"If I can find one that just suits."

Eddie Lamb, the clerk, drew himself up in the background to listen. Battlesburg was about to find out what Daw was there for.

"Selected any yet?"

"Well, I've looked the ground over and I can't be sure yet. You see it's my cue to keep still and saw wood. The man I represent requires that of me."

"Don't forget I am the leading real estate dealer in Battles County," suggested Mr. Welles.

"That's why I have been anxious to meet you," returned Daw genially.

Andy Dempsey drew up to add himself to the group. Hawkins, the newspaper man, dropped in and grumpy old G. W. Battles himself drew closer.

"I've a dozen sites that would just suit—and I am ready to show them now." Welles was pushing his opening.

"If I were the only one concerned that would be fine, but you see it is only my business to go get a line on things, size

up opportunities and report back to the big chief—wire my views to him. He's so busy and has so many interests he can't do all this petty work himself—he's always looking for a chance to invest his surplus income, and he takes this way to do it."

The group about Daw was drawing closer, sharply attentive. He stopped talking as though that was all he had to say.

"Would you mind telling me who this man you represent is?" Welles tried to cover his curiosity and eagerness with a casual smile.

"Wallingford is his name—J. Rufus Wallingford—you don't mean to say you've never heard of him." There was emphasis and challenge in Daw's announcement.

"Can't say that we have," cut in G. W. Battles.

Daw moved back a step in an attitude of amazement.

"Let me have a good look at you—you, the man who never heard of J. Rufus Wallingford! Wait till I tell him that and let him laugh. President of the Rio Grande Rubber Company, owner of the San Diego Blood Orange Plantations, Inc., the man who built up and controls the Locos Lead Development Company, one of the biggest employers of labor in this country—the man who has given away millions—and you've never heard of J. Rufus Wallingford!"

"Likely we have, but the name slipped us at the time," Welles offered apologetically. He wanted to save the name of Battlesburg from this stigma.

"Of course, of course," warmly responded Mr. Daw. "You owe it to Mr. Wallingford that the insurance business is safe and sane, that the mining industry is what it is today, and that Wall Street has been shown where it gets off. Wallingford is a patriot and a good citizen. He loves his country."

"He must be some man," commented Andy Dempsey.

"Some man is right." Daw was going again. "Why, look at Oklahoma City; ten years ago nothing but a water tank—now a great, rich, prosperous community, office buildings, factories, the smoking chimneys of industry and prosperity. And what is the answer? Wallingford was there. That's all."



"Will you marry me?" Horace Daw was utterly unabashed. Blushing at her daring, Dorothy said, "Yes"



When the Battlesburg band in full uniform came down the street blaring "The Conquering Hero Comes," Daw and Wallingford took up a position on the veranda

A great light of pride rose up in Dorothy Welles' eyes. She looked on Daw with a deep satisfaction.

"I'd sure like to meet this Mr. Wallingford," suggested Welles.

"You'll find him the most agreeable man in the world,"

Daw responded, adding casually, "I am expecting him tomorrow."

"I'll be around to show him a factory site."

"You've done pretty well in real estate haven't you, Mr. Welles!" Daw made it sound more of a comment than a question.

"Oh, so, so—clean up 'bout a hundred thousand."

"Come up to my room and have a drink before dinner." Daw's cordial invitation was not recognized by Welles as having any bearing on the hundred thousand, but it did.

Abe Gunther, the hack driver, came up with a wire for Mr. Daw.

"Excuse me." And with that Daw tore open the telegram and scanned it swiftly, then again turning his attention to Welles, crumpled the message up carelessly and dropped it on the floor. They went out together for the drink.

As they disappeared Eddie Lamb, unabashed, picked up the wrinkled message, straightened it out and read it.

"What's say?" Dempsey demanded. Eddie read it aloud to the group. "Coming to Battlesburg—if it is all you say will not only build factory but also up-to-date hotel, modern opera house, department store and whatever else the town needs to give the right tone to our enterprise. (Signed) J. RUFUS WALLINGFORD."

"There, that's enough for me," exclaimed Dempsey, firing up enthusiasm. "He's going to build a new hotel."

"And put you out of business," rejoined the skeptical Eddie.

"Not a bit of it. I'll get the lease."

"Well, if you ask me about it, I'll say it's all a big bluff." Eddie was pessimistic.

"Never mind, Eddie, I'm still the proprietor around here and from now till J. Rufus Wallingford arrives Mr. Daw is the star guest, understand that."

"That's the stuff," Clint Hawkins agreed. "It's up to us to take advantage of the opportunities. Watch the headlines on this news in the Blade."

The dinner bell rang and Daw and Welles came out arm in arm.

"Yes," Daw was saying. "J. P. Morgan has put over two or three good things, but he isn't one-two-three with Wallingford. Wallingford doesn't care a thing about money—it's the good of the country he thinks about."

Andy Dempsey came up to Daw. "I have just been saying," the hotel man broke in, "that if there is anything you want don't hesitate—we're here to serve you."

"That's the kind of hospitality I like," Daw warmly answered, taking Dempsey's proffered hand.

"You've talked to Mr. Lamb, our clerk here, of course."

Dempsey jerked his head toward Eddie. "He's a smart young man. He's got eleven thousand salted away in the bank already."

Daw's eyes lighted up. He stepped over and patted Eddie on the shoulder.

"You little rascal, Miss Dempsey's been telling me that your wedding day is not far off and I want to congratulate you. You're a lucky man."

Eddie, who had been inwardly hating Daw all the while, felt himself suddenly warmed to him as a new friend.

"I want you all to dine with me," Daw exclaimed in another burst of geniality. "All of you—Miss Dempsey and Miss Welles and Eddie and everybody." (Continued on page 91)

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

NARRATED, by permission, from the Cosmopolitan-Paramount production from the original story by George Randolph Chester and the stage play by George M. Cohan. Adapted for the screen by Luther Reed. Photographed by Chester Lyons. Directed by Frank Borzage with the following cast:

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford.....Sam Hardy
Blackie Daw.....Norman Kerry
Eddie Lamb.....Edgar Nelson
G. W. Battles.....W. T. Hayes
Tim Battles.....Horace James
Fannie Jasper.....Doris Kenyon
Dorothy Welles.....Billie Dove
Gertrude Dempsey.....Diana Allen

Steps to Stardom

Demonstrated by Bert
Lytell at all ages



Above—the first step to a successful stage career was, in our hero's case, a Lace Collar. This Collar, Mr. Lytell assures us, is bound to give *sang froid*, *savoir faire*, and fortitude—all valuable attributes to the theater. In other words, there was nothing to do but grin and bear it. At two and a half this was not so easy



The second step, illustrated directly above. Character Study of one who follows the sea, aided by a pasteboard ship, a fish-net, and a sailor-suit. Little Bert, in this role, displayed such marked ability that one of his teachers told him he was bound to go far. Which way, she did not say



D. Evans

The brave and noble look, the poise, the promise of this picture—to the right! No one with such a tie could fail to make a hit on the stage



Above: a picture of William Lytell, Bert's father. We may presume Bert looked like this when he, too, was twenty-one



To the right we have an unusual picture. It shows Bert Lytell as he looks today, and Mr. Lytell as he will look a dozen years from today. The clairvoyant camera is responsible

Tea-Gowns, Dressing-Tables, Batik,

A Surprise!

I HAVE a remarkable feature in store for every woman reader of PHOTOPLAY next month.

I have made an arrangement with the designers of BOY TON PATTERNS to make patterns of moderate-priced gowns specially designed for and worn by famous screen stars.

Next month I intend to introduce this plan to you and permit you to get the pattern of the first gown absolutely without cost.

BOY TON PATTERNS are absolutely in the best possible taste, so you can see what a surprise I have in store for you.

Caroleyn Van Wyck



Left—The most adorable tea-gown I have ever seen! Beautiful Mabel Ballin is wearing it, and it was designed by Miss Emilia Benda, the sister of the famous Polish artist, W. T. Benda. It looks like batik; in reality it is entirely hand painted. This is a shimmering thing of soft green, old blue, and coral, with touches of gold and black



(Credit Fab studio)



Below: Norma Talmadge at her dressing-table. You who would adorn your boudoir in rose silk and lace, note the almost severe simplicity with which the emotional star surrounds herself. The large mirror has a unique woven frame. Miss Talmadge's negligee is smart and simple



If you are tall and stately, like Marjorie Rambeau, you should wear such a gown as this, of black crepe with a curious hem and fascinating sleeves. It was designed for the distinguished actress by Jacques

One could wish there was not another thing in the world to do but attend teas, when one sees a tea-gown like Colleen Moore's. It is such a foolish, feminine trifle, this concoction of lace, mole-skin and georgette

Miss Van Wyck's answers to questions will be found on page 103.

Bags, Buckles, and Other Things

The gorgeous Gloria Swanson is almost an arbiter of fashion. Here she is — several times. In the circle below, there is an effective arrangement of a Russian bodice of Venetian thread, a girdle of plumes, a black Spanish fan, and jade and pearl bracelets



There is a patrician quality about Miss Swanson which saves the sartorial day for her. She is so modern save for this delicate and delicious patricianism. In the circle below: her profile, a becoming comb, and ebony ear-rings. In the large picture to the left: still another profile, this time topped by an attractive black hat with graceful streamers



Below: pins and pendants and buckles, from Paris, by the latest steamer! Rhinestone buckles for the evening slippers. Quaint pins, of diamond and ebony. Silver pendants, clever copies of antiques. And a pendant ear-ring from an antique design

I have never heard of a woman who did not make the collection of bags one of her pet hobbies! Three new bags, from Paris, and one silver cigarette case, you may see below. The two larger bags are of moire silk, one trimmed with tassels, the other with monkey fur



Underwood & Underwood

Don't Miss This!

YOU know Bon Ton Patterns. You know their dress patterns. I consider them remarkable, and so very up-to-the-minute!

When I had the wonderful idea of making it possible for you to copy the clothes of famous stars, I selected the Bon Ton designers to assist me.

Next month I am going to make it possible for you to get the pattern of the favorite simple gown of one of the best dressed women on the screen. It really seems too wonderful to be true!

—Carolyn Van Wyck



Underwood & Underwood

Paris is the most graceful and feminine city in the world! It has a woman's whims and caprices, and the courage to carry them out! It is justly celebrated as fashion's capital

The smallest bag is the best of all. It is of velvet, with initials in diamonds, and a saucy tassel, true to the most inconsistent traditions of Paris!

Wild

THIS is the fourth of a remarkable series of articles on the different phases of life as depicted in motion pictures

By
WILLARD HUNTINGTON
WRIGHT

Decorations by
RALPH BARTON



In the wild west films the cowboy heroes always gulp their liquor, and the innocent pasteboards are always gambling tools

THERE are simple, trusting folk who harbor the notion that the wild west life of the films is the authentic wild west life of history and saga.

But, alas, for sweet faith! It is not even the semi-accurate wild west life of the popular novel and the Saturday-Evening-Post. It is, in truth, a fabulous, imaginary life—a life evolved from the fertile fires of the directorial brain. Only in its vaguest aspects does it accord with that vanished era of which we read in the tales of Bret Harte, Stewart Edward White and Clarence E. Mulford. But let not this fact cast us down. Compared with the western dramas of the screen, the actual life of the Arizona plains was colorless and trite.

Consider, first, the handsome, dashing cowboy of the films; for he is the without-whom-nothing of the prairie drama—the *deux-ex-machina* who, when the world looks darkest, mounts his trusty steed and sets everything to rights. At casual glance he does not seem to differ radically from the common type of plainsman; but on close inspection you will discover many amazing points of divergence between him and the cowboy of documentary record.

For instance, cast an eye upon his flapping, heavy "chaps." Never does he take them off and reveal his nether breeches. He wears these leg protectors indoors and out, in sunshine and in rain. He eats and woos and fights in them. He even wears them when he sleeps. Doubtless he imagines that, should he go without them, he would be guilty of immodest décolleté.

Again, the motion-picture cowboy is always at the height of

tonsorial elegance. Not only is he exquisitely shaved and talcumed, but his hair is artistically trimmed—feathered at the edges, beautifully hollowed out above the ears, and scintillant with brilliantine. Moreover, if you scan the close-ups, you will observe that his finger-nails are always highly polished, and sharpened into miniature corneous steeples.

In fact, his personal state of genteel Ciceronian loveliness leads us to the unescapable conclusion that in the early western days, whatever other luxuries the cowboy was denied, the hills and plains were at least liberally punctuated with barber-shops, where powder and cosmetics and other refinements of valet service were at all times available.

Furthermore, the screen cowboy's habiliments are always spick and span. His sombrero is new. His blouse is without a blemish. His hairpants appear as if they had just been trimmed, shampooed and carefully combed and brushed. And his riding-boots, with their Cuban heels and perforated leather scrolls, are polished into mirrors, and innocent of alkali. Punching cattle in the films is obviously not an occupation inimical to one's personal cleanliness, or detrimental to one's attire.

There are, of course, some cowboys—the supernumeraries and the "atmosphere"—who do not always keep themselves immaculate. But the mere fact that one or more of their fellows can ride the range and yet appear at all times spotless, is proof that their own unkempt and dusty state is due entirely to carelessness or neglect.

But whatever their outward aspect, the cowboys of the films are white within. Indeed, their perpendicularity of character approaches the preterhuman. They are ever on the side of justice and virtue; and they are willing, at any hour of the day or night, to risk their lives to right a wrong. All the traits of simple nobility are theirs. Their honesty belongs to a higher and better world than ours. They are the true Christian soldiers.

To be sure, they gamble and drink considerably; and they rarely, if ever, pay for their drinks. They order their refreshments, and proceed to throw them off without as much as a

West Life in the Films



The Indians of the silent drama go into battle weighted down by a mass of fancy clothes and gewgaws

grateful nod or a word of thanks to the bartender. But, by way of extenuation, let it be noted that, whatever the extent of their liquorish imbibitions, they never become intoxicated—their capacity is nothing short of miraculous. Only cattle-thieves, Indians, cholos, and highwaymen show the effects of spirituous libations. These latter, in fact, become belligerently crapulent with but a few fingers of the great American febrifuge.

The hyper-moralist may condemn the cowboys for their drinking, but this constant bibulous indulgence of theirs has one distinct advantage. Were they not at all times either leaning across the bar or sunning themselves upon the café's front piazza, many a desperado would escape just retribution; for it is to the saloon that the sheriff first turns for assistance. And he is never disappointed. The cowboys are there, waiting for the call to arms, their horses close at hand. When the alarm is given, they vault into their saddles and are instantly away in a cloud of dust, knowing not who the criminal may be, nor the nature of his peccadilloes. The mere fact that he is an offender against the law and order of the plains is enough to inspire these modern Sir Galahads to righteous wrath and action.

And this suggests the unusual manner in which film cowboys ride. Invariably they mount their steeds by an astounding flying dive, ignoring the stirrups entirely. And, simultaneously with their landing astride the saddle, they dig their spurs in the horse's ribs, causing him to leap forward as if taking a five-foot hurdle. They never permit their mounts to walk or canter, or even lope. It matters not their destination, how casual their errand, or the amount of time at their disposal; they tear along at breakneck speed, as if pursued by stampeding buffaloes. And when they reach their goal, the reins are jerked in

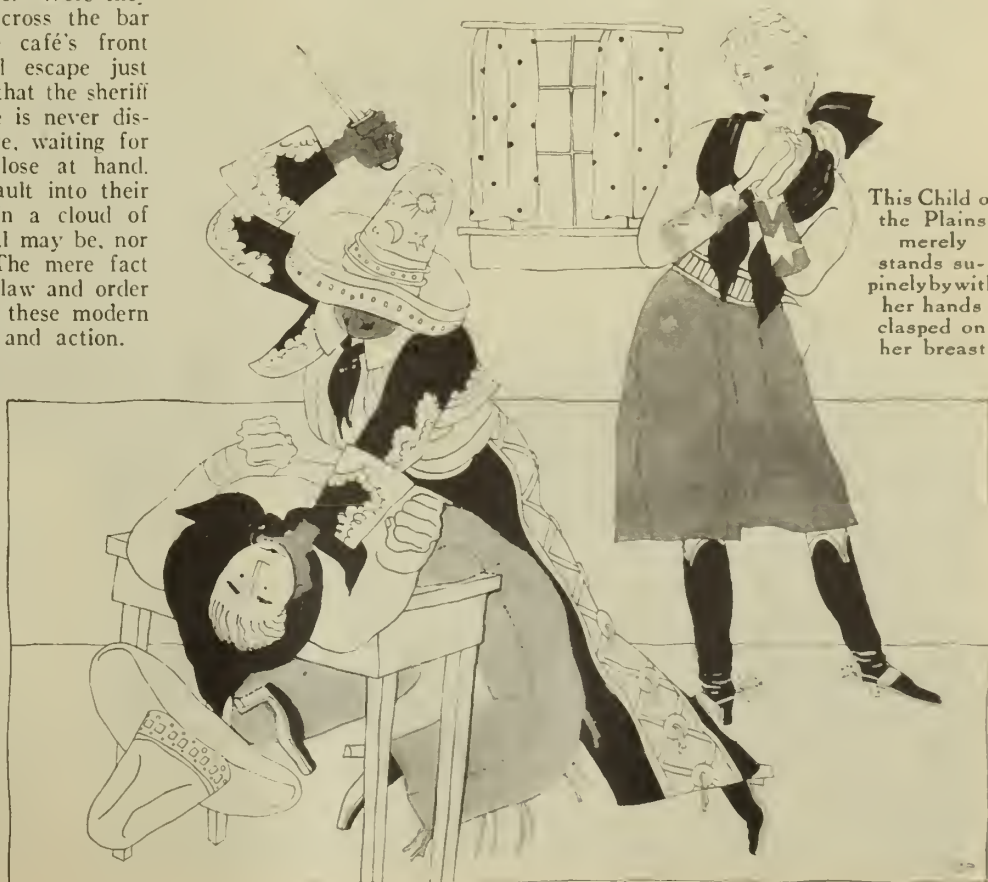
sharply, causing the astonished animal to plant his four feet firmly and slide to a halt. It would appear that the cowboy of the screen was afflicted with some strange psychic malady of speed obsession.

This mania is no doubt due to the fact that practically the entire time of cinema cowboys is given over to pursuing bandits and stalking Indians. Seldom, if ever, do they labor at their trade. And when there are no law-breakers to round up or Indian tribes to tame, they are assisting young ladies in distress—snatching them from the backs of runaway horses, rescuing them from bands of kidnapers, carrying them to *terra firma* from the middle of streams where they have been stalled, or performing similar feats of chivalry and valor. But, on the whole, their waking hours are fairly well occupied between lounging on the saloon porch and galloping through the chaparral and up the side of precipitous hills, in pursuit of desperate outlaws and bellicose Indians.

A word in passing should be said concerning the manner in which these Indians of the screen bedeck themselves. If serious historians are to be relied upon, the red-man of the early west, when going forth to slay the pale-faced interloper, was stripped for action. Not only was he, as a rule, naked to the waist, but he otherwise divested himself of unnecessary encumbrances.

The Indians of the silent drama, however, go into battle weighted down with such a mass of fancy clothes and gewgaws, that they can scarcely mount their horses without a groom. They appear actually to be tufted and upholstered.

Besides their heavy leather pantaloons, their lambrequin-like jackets, and the Navajo blankets wrapped about their shoulders, they are decorated with yards of bristling feathers, endless strips of trailing fringe, countless pieces of metal jewelry, innumerable strings of glass beads, chatelaines of carved bone ornaments, and numberless other (Continued on page 111)



This Child of the Plains merely stands supinely by with her hands clasped on her breast



May says, "My only motto for married life is the good old Biblical quotation, 'Faith, hope, and charity—and the greatest of these is charity.' Marriage doesn't change men and women—it simply unmasks them." It's a brave wife who will interrupt her husband shaving, as Cecil deMille once illustrated

MAY ALLISON and Robert Ellis were married in Greenwich, Conn., over a year ago. But it was one of those best-seller weddings where they separated "at the altar" for various professional and private reasons that would take too long to explain, but that you can find in the eleventh chapter of a number of your favorite romances. Their married life actually began only a few weeks ago—and that honeymoon is shining so brightly it dims the electric lights in which their names appear on three continents. May is an old-fashioned bride—blushing and trusting and radiant. The pictures tell the story!



One thing that probably helps to wreck the matrimonial boat is wifely insistence that friend husband hook her up. He always misses a hook; she always fidgets. Except, of course, in *Maison Allison-Ellis*

Mrs. Bob Ellis told us that a wife should hedge her husband about with her love and devotion. Such as, perhaps, smiles and careful coiffures and pretty negligees for breakfast, besides crisp toast and unburnt bacon

May—Married!

You've known Miss Allison for quite a while.
Now meet Mrs. Bob Ellis

If you think sweet blushing brides are out of date, observe May Ellis. She's one of the girls who kisses her platinum circlet every night and every morning and thinks it is bad luck to take it off!



No man could offer a woman more sincere proof of devotion than to wear the socks she darns! As a sock seamstress May is an accomplished, beautiful and charming film star

May Allison appeared for the first time in her screen career as a bride in "In for Thirty Days," and Robert Ellis was her handsome leading man. Recently Ellis has played with Katherine MacDonald and Betty Compson on the screen. His last picture was "Ladies Must Live"





STAR DUST—First National

WE didn't expect this to be a very good picture. For one thing, it wouldn't be Fannie Hurst's *Cosmopolitan Magazine* story; for another, we thought Hope Hampton, the star, dramatically inadequate for the exacting rôle of *Lily Becker*. We were wrong, and we are glad to admit it. Hobart Henley and Hope Hampton have here a picture that is pretty nearly great. It has caught the spirit if not the form of the Hurst story of modern womanhood; it is excellently scenarioized, dramatically directed, and amazingly acted. This is, we think, due to the coöperation of director, star, and cast. Hope Hampton will give you the surprise of your life. She is *Lily*. She is perfect in the part. She does some real acting, she sacrifices her close-ups to the good of the narrative, and her beauty was never more pronounced. She is a star in reality now. James Rennie's sense of humor saves a commonplace part; he is as handsome as a leading man is supposed to be, but he is more than that. He makes you want to see him in a stellar rôle.



GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD—Cosmopolitan-Paramount

CHEER UP! Every now and then, just when you're most convinced that the motion pictures are going all wrong, along comes a jolly, breezy, one hundred per cent well produced story of this type, and the celluloid sky clears perceptibly. We find here a new type of *Wallingford*, and by far the most fascinating of all *Wallingfords*. His real name is Sam Hardy, and it's a wonder he has not signed a stellar contract long ago. He is the type of masculine hero most popular at the present day, clean-cut, intelligent, talented. The filmization of the George M. Cohan play has been accomplished in expert manner. It is a big, briskly moving story directed by Frank Borzage, whose skilled work on "Humoresque" was a decided factor in winning for his company the distinction of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Medal of Honor for 1920. Why can't we have more productions of this sort?

To Assist You in Saving Your

The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A review of the new pictures



TOL'ABLE DAVID—First National

THE combination of author, star, and director has produced another great picture. Richard Barthelmess' first starring film, by Joseph Hergesheimer and directed by Henry King, is a masterpiece. It is one of the few film tragedies of uncompromising power.

Everyone is glad that Dick's first individual picture is an artistic success. We hope it will be a financial success—it deserves to be. See if you can't prove to the doubting magnates that you *do* appreciate fine things on the screen. Here is something that deserves the highest praise you can give it. You may have read the Hergesheimer story of the *Kinemon* family of mountaineers. *David*, the youngest, is "tol'able—just tol'able"—until he proves his right to be called a man by putting up the greatest fight we have seen since "The Spoilers."

This is no light, frothy little comedy. It is strong meat, but it is so masterfully served it cannot possibly be offensive. It was taken in the actual locale. It is as true to life as fiction can be. Griffith might have directed some of the scenes; certainly he could not have made Barthelmess give a greater performance. This boy is as great an actor as the films have ever had. In this picture he touches tragic heights. If you can see his scenes with his film mother—a fine player, by the way—without feeling a lump in your throat, there's something wrong with you. Don't miss this. It is a classic.

Barthelmess forgets he is the idol of every girl in America and portrays the awkward mountain youth with exquisite pathos and whimsicality. Gladys Hulette plays his sweetheart. Ernest Torrance is excellent as the villain.

PHOTOPLAY'S SELECTION
of the SIX BEST
PICTURES of the MONTH

ENCHANTMENT

TOL'ABLE DAVID

GET RICH QUICK WALLINGFORD

MOLLY O

STAR DUST

THE ACE OF HEARTS



THE ACE OF HEARTS—Goldwyn

THIS is a melodrama, pure and simple (well, not so simple either) and it maintains a high tension throughout, by means of tricks that are as unexpected as they are effective. The story concerns an organization known as The Mystic Council or The Inner Seven or something like that, composed of fanatics who are striving to reform the world by violent means. They single out their victims, and then proceed to blast them into eternity. The three principal characters in this group are played by Lon Chaney, Leatrice Joy and John Bowers, and they fit well into the general scheme of Morris's story. They provide the acute points of a more or less eternal triangle, all of whom are undergoing a severe struggle between those ancient sparring partners—love and duty. As is usual in such cases, duty comes out a very bad second. But even so conventional a climax is brought about in a highly unconventional way.



ENCHANTMENT—Cosmopolitan-Paramount

THERE is a beauty that is peculiarly the screen's. It is a blending of artistic production with careful lighting and rare photography. Too seldom we see it. But here is a picture that can claim it, an exquisite offering. The story is not particularly strong, but if you want to rest your eyes for an hour, and let your mind forget the black and white every-day realities, see this Marion Davies production. Vignola directed it, and Vignola is an artist. He deserves great credit for this picture.

As for the story, it is a humorous recounting of the frothy experiences of a vain little flapper who believes the world to be her particular oyster. Her father induces an actor friend to become a gentlemanly cave-man, with results that surprise everyone. Introduced into the picture, is the legend of the Sleeping Beauty, and in these scenes the director shows his greatest artistry. Forrest Stanley plays the hero and Miss Davies proves herself one of our most adorable heroines. She has always had unusual beauty, and has steadily progressed until with this picture she more than proves her place among the stars. Besides, she wears exquisite clothes in a charming way, and that in itself is no mean accomplishment. Hats off to Director Robert Vignola and to Miss Davies. The credit is about fifty-fifty for one of the most beautiful films the screen has seen. It is rightly named. Frank R. Adams, who has contributed such delightful tales to PHOTOPLAY, is responsible for the original story.

You may take the children to see this. It will delight them. Besides being good clean entertainment, it is a lesson in beauty, for the Urban settings are excellent.



MOLLY O—Sennett-First National

HERE is great motion picture entertainment. A comedy-drama, the most popular form of film, supervised by Mack Sennett, who made "Mickey," its eight reels are packed with humor and charm and a tear or two. Mabel Normand is *Molly O*—she would be. The screen needs Mabel. She is a tonic. Everybody missed her, because there is nobody on the screen quite like her. Even Pickford and Chaplin have not her peculiar poignancy. The simple story of an Irish girl, who yearns for a fairy prince and finally finds him, but not without considerable difficulty is pure hoakum; but you can't help loving it. Some of the sequences are masterfully directed. The dining room scene is a camera classic. The acting is unusual fine. We have no hesitation in recommending a film like this. Its villainies are harmless and its humor of the kind to make the world happier. Mabel deserves a medal for coming back with a portrayal like this. You may take the whole family.



THE CALL OF THE NORTH—Paramount

Although strictly orthodox as to title, this film contains many sparks of originality—in conception and in treatment. There are none of the usual ice floes to remind the chilled spectators that they forgot to bank the furnace before leaving home. Moreover, the worthy Jack Holt is given an opportunity to display his fine talent in a sympathetic, heroic rôle. Splendid entertainment.



HAMLET—Asta Films

In this Danish production, the pictorial values are emphasized so strongly that most of the dramatic elements in the story are overlooked. It is a series of beautiful scenes, based on the novel theory that the Melancholy Dane was a girl (evidently they thought that "Dane" was a misprint for "Dame"). Asta Neilsen in the leading rôle is remarkably good.



A SAILOR-MADE MAN—Pathe

What new things can one say of Harold Lloyd, this next-to-Chaplin young man who serenely turns out one comedy hit after another? His latest and most pretentious offering is in four reels. It is a riot of fun, and boasts a first rate story, too. He can ever be depended upon to add fresh material to his laughing-stock. Mildred Davis is, as always, a pleasing foil.



THE LOTUS-EATERS—First National

A good picture gone wrong. You'd think that Marshall Neilan, with a story like this, with a star like John Barrymore, with a cast that includes Colleen Moore and Anna Q. Nilsson, would make a great picture. You're right; he would—if left to himself. But he was handicapped with a producer who knew little about pictures. The result is merely a fairly entertaining film.



THE FLOWER OF THE NORTH—Vitaphone

Add one more name to Curwood's list of Frozen North dramas. "The Flower of the North" is ordinary stuff, but it is the sort of ordinary stuff that has been weighed in the balance and found wanted (by the public). It is materially aided by the fine work of the dark and tragic Pauline Starke and Henry Walthall in the leading rôles. Walthall's return to the screen is well celebrated.



A PRINCE THERE WAS—Paramount

The family film of the month. It is a relief to view a photoplay like this and find it devoid of sticky sentimentality. It is cleanly, directly told in a manner that will please you and every member of your family from six to sixty. Thomas Meighan does splendid work in another "Prince Chap" rôle. Little Peaches Jackson appears again as Tom's best girl.



THE FOX—Universal-Jewel

This, they tell us, is a super-western. Really, there is not much to distinguish it from the usual western except that there is more of it. Harry Carey is cast in a likable rôle. There's a kind-hearted sheriff, honestly, and the most villainous "gang" that ever wore chaps and pistols for the camera. Things start at a gallop, and keep it up until the final hitching post is reached.



BONNIE BRIER BUSH—British-Paramount

Scotch melodrama on its native heath. If this photoplay were not so picturesque, the Ian MacLaren story would seem ill suited to film purposes. The good old tale of the laird of the castle who loves the daughter of the old shepherd—oh, you know how those things go. But the Highlands—and the bagpipes! Hoot, mon, 'tis not half bad, after all. Donald Crisp directed.



BUCKING THE LINE—Fox

Introducing Maurice Flynn as a star. He is a personable chap, possessing a natural pleasing manner, and it is evident that he is to be a scrappy film hero. His first story is a lively tale of railroad building. Villains, wrecks and hairbreadth escapes figure prominently. Those who enjoy a "thriller" will find it here. Also, Molly Malone.



THE LIGHT IN THE CLEARING—Hodkinson

Long stretches of drab boredom interspersed with a few moments of exciting action. The light in question is not bright enough to illuminate the plot. The central figure in the story is a woman who has been wronged by the village cut-up (an old man with a black beard) and who has consequently gone mad. Those who have seen the picture can scarcely blame her.



THE SON OF WALLINGFORD—Vitagraph

Had some skilled director taken this Chester story, he could have made a sure-fire success of it, but Mr. Chester is an author, not a director. He furnishes excellent material, but he does not know how to project upon the screen, though he provides one sensation, at the burning of the oil wells. At times thrilling, at times disappointing—at all times, just a motion picture.



LITTLE EVA ASCENDS—Metro

Gareth Hughes as *Little Eva*, in the best picture under his starring contract. The refreshingly original and amusing story might have been written for him, so perfectly does it suit his unique personality. As the unhappy member of a barnstorming troupe, forced to play *Eva* against his will, Hughes scores heavily. See it.

(Continued on page 118)



MARRIED AT LAST!

THE feminine world has been wondering who Bill Hart would marry. For two years the rumor went the rounds that he was engaged to Jane Novak. But now Wm. S. is actually married—to Winifred Westover. Mrs. Bill Hart played in several of her husband's pictures several years ago, and they became great friends. Then she came east. He made a trip to New York, and they became engaged. They were married in California. Winifred is a pretty little blonde, of Swedish descent. She came into prominence when she played in Fine Arts pictures. Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hart are at home now in Beverly Hills.



Miss Violet Heming, who posed for this study of her lovely hands, says: "Cutex provides the busy woman with a quick, easy and delightful way of keeping her own nails always in perfect condition."

Just wipe away the ugly dead cuticle—

NEVER use a manicure scissors on the cuticle. This is what causes hangnails, and that ragged, frowsy condition of the nail rims that makes any hand look ugly and unkept.

The thin fold of scarf-skin about the base of the nail is like the selvage edge of a piece of cloth. When it is cut or torn, the whole nail rim gradually ravel's out—just as cloth ravel's when the selvage is cut.

You can take off the hard dry edges of dry skin quickly, easily, harmlessly with Cutex Cuticle Remover. Work gently about the nail base with an orange stick dipped in the liquid, rinse, and when drying, push the cuticle gently downwards. The ugly, dead cuticle will simply wipe away.

Get rid of your manicure scissors: you will never need them again. Once you

have begun to use Cutex regularly you will have no more hangnails and the entire cuticle will always be firm and even.

Two new polishes—just perfected

Cutex now offers you the very latest and finest development of two highly popular forms of nail polish—Powder Polish and Liquid Polish. Both are the result of years of experiment in the greatest laboratory for manicure preparations in the world. They are put forth now because, at last, they meet every requirement for these two forms of polish. Cutex Powder Polish will give you the highest, most lasting lustre obtainable in the shortest possible time and with the least buffing. Cutex Liquid Polish goes on with an absolutely uniform smoothness, dries instantly, and leaves a lustre that keeps its even brilliance for

at least a week. Used as a finishing touch, it will make a manicure last twice as long.

Cutex Sets come in three sizes: at 60c, \$1.50 and \$3.00. Or each article in the sets, separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

New Introductory Set— now only 15c

Send today for the new Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Cream, the new Liquid Polish and the new Powder Polish, with orange stick and emery board. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or, if you live in Canada, Dept. 702, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

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MRS. AND MR. BERNARD DURNING

SHE is known to you as Shirley Mason. You don't hear very much about this marriage, but we can tell you right now it is one of the very happiest in Hollywood! Shirley married Bernie before she had thoughts of stardom. Today they are more in love than ever. The little star recently cut short a personal appearance tour through the south because her husband missed her and wired her to come back home. This is the first photograph ever published of the Durnings together



With Pond's Vanishing Cream as a base, the powder will stay on many times longer

Every normal skin needs two creams

One to protect it from wind and dust
Another to cleanse it thoroughly at night

Complexion flaws that require a daytime cream without oil Chap, windburn, roughness. You can protect your skin from the devastating effects of the weather if before going out you apply Pond's Vanishing Cream regularly.

This cream is specially made without oil for daytime use, so that it can never reappear in a shine. It counteracts the drying effect of wind and cold, keeping the skin free from chap or roughness.

Shiny skin. Each time before you powder, apply a little Pond's Vanishing Cream, the disappearing cream without oil. This acts as a base for the powder, giving the skin a soft, velvety surface to which the powder adheres smoothly and evenly. You will be amazed to see how long you can go without having your nose or forehead become shiny.

Dull, tired skin. Whenever you feel the need of freshening your skin instantly, you will find that rubbing the face lightly with Pond's Vanishing Cream brings renewed vigor and fresh color. The tired, tense muscles respond at once to the relaxing effect of this soothing cream.



POND'S Vanishing Cream

Begin today the regular use of these two creams

These two creams are so delicate that they will not clog the pores or irritate the most sensitive skin. Neither cream will encourage the growth of hair. At all drug and department stores in convenient sizes of both jars and tubes. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.



Complexion flaws that need a night cream made with oil

Blackheads. Blackheads can only be reached by a cleansing so thorough that it gets way under the surface of the skin. At night wash your face with hot water and pure soap. Then rub Pond's Cold Cream well into the skin. This rich oil cream works its way into the pores, gathering up every particle of dirt. Do not omit this nightly cleansing. Though you may think your skin is clean, the dirt that comes off when you wipe off the cream will show you how necessary this more thorough cleansing is.

Wrinkles. Rub Pond's Cold Cream into the skin, paying particular attention to those places where wrinkles start first—around the eyes and mouth, under the chin, at the base of the nose. This delicate cream contains the oil needed to lubricate the skin and keep it elastic. It is when the skin loses its elasticity that wrinkles start to form. If you use Pond's Cold Cream regularly, rubbing the face gently but persistently, you will do much to prevent little lines from getting a chance at your skin.

Before retiring rub a little Pond's Cold Cream into the face



POND'S Cold Cream

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
131 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.

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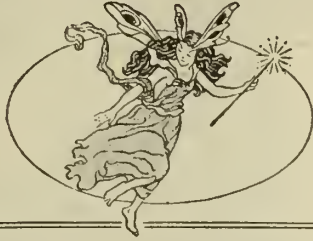


MAX IS BACK!

THE famous little French comedian is in America again, making new pictures, at the Goldwyn studios. Linder's return to the screen is the more remarkable in view of the fact that he was incapacitated for a long time because of injuries received in the war, and has worked his way back to health and humor. His latest portrait proves his complete recovery

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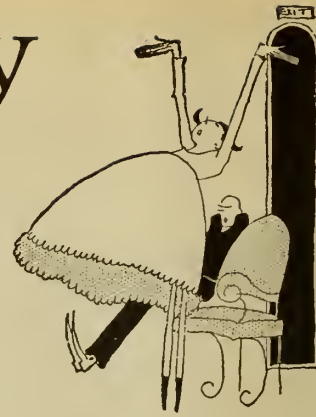
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Why-Do-They Do-It

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.



A Hot Shot

IN the battle scene of "The Child Thou Gavest Me," with Lewis Stone and Barbara Castleon as the scrappers, he is wearing a mustache. She shoots him—and then we see him sans mustache.

Mrs. O. J. K., Butte, Montana.

Can You Blame Her?

TOM MIX and Eva Novak are escaping via the roof in "The Rough Diamond." Before Eva leaves the room for the roof she is wearing French heels. When she runs across the roof she has on flat-heeled oxfords.

M. B. I., New York City.

A Good Imagination

IN "The Beauty Market," Katherine MacDonald, the star, receives a cigarette case containing a large sum of money, and places it on the table. This occurs, you understand, in a gentleman's room. When she is again in her own room she is seen holding the case—the next scene shows the case still on the table in the gentleman's room.

BILLIE L., Schenectady, N. Y.

Leave It To Lionel

IN "The Devil's Garden," Lionel Barrymore plays the postmaster of a small community. He gets writing paper, pen, and ink to write a complaint to the General Post-office. Very carefully he opens the ink bottle and without dipping his pen in the ink starts to write.

RICHARD M. RICKARD, Seattle, Wash.

Should Have Been Censored

IN "Love Never Dies," with Lloyd Hughes—the hero leaves his wife for eight years and when he returns he meets his son, who looks about three years old.

ADELE R., New York City.

Annette's Only Rival

I NOTICED this in the Universal serial, "Winners of the West": Betty is clinging to a rock in a swirling pool below the falls. Two seconds later when the villain jumps in to save her, she is clinging to a rock on the other side of the pool.

CHARLES E. W., Buffalo, N. Y.

Sartorial Shortcomings

I FOLLOWED the serial "Hurricane Hutch" merely to watch Miss Lucy Fox change her shoes, which she did at most peculiar times. For instance, in one scene she is running to the river's edge in white sports shoes, trimmed in some darker color, with flat heels. When she reaches the water, her shoes are entirely white and the heels are very high. And why on earth did Hutch always wear the same clothes, even to the identical tie?

C. W., Chicago, Ill.

"Camille Was Good Company," Anyway

TO quote Fannie Brice in the Follies. But as played by Nazimova, she was the most extraordinary lady I ever saw. Her cough was not, as your review said convincing. In the death-bed scene—that famous, touching tragic scene—I noticed this, in Alla's picture. The maid is shown opening the sliding window above the bed, disclosing snow-flakes falling gently. When the maid returns to the room, the window is closed.

M. Moss, Los Angeles, Cal.

The Month's Most Popular Error

IN "The Sheik," the jealous favorite of the villainous sheik is adorned with a vaccination mark.

Add Wild West Life In Films

IN "The Primal Law," a friend warns Brian (Dustin Farnum) that a raid is about to be made on Brian's ranch. Brian tells the friend to ride to town for the rangers. The friend does so, leaving the hero and heroine to defend the ranch. Yet, a few minutes later, we see the heroine using the ranch telephone to phone her father at the town hotel. Why did not Brian use the 'phone to summon the rangers?

FLOYD P. HARLOW, Louisville, Kentucky.

"What's The Matter with Charlie?"

CHARLES RAY, in "Two Minutes to Go," his football picture, makes a dash up the gridiron carrying the ball nearly to the goal line. In his glorious dash he runs apparently in a straight line, although his opponents are coming towards him from all directions in an effort to down him. In the eyes of a football fan, this is not a run—it is a miracle.

C. A. COOK, Erie, Pa.

A New Parlor Pastime

RECENTLY I noticed a mistake in Corinne Griffith's Vitagraph picture, "The Single Track." Here it is: Corinne and her leading man, Richard Travers, are seen sitting in the parlor on adjacent chairs. She is in a small chair, while he is occupying an upholstered one. Two scenes later we see the two again—and they have changed chairs.

T. P. O'ROURKE, Galveston, Texas.

In Re The Military

ACCORDING to the press agent Rex Ingram spent something in the neighborhood of a million dollars filming "The four Horsemen." It was a great picture, but why did Ingram not spend an infinitesimal fraction of that million to engage a French non-com to find out what the French soldier wears under certain conditions? The uniform and equipment that Julio wears, when he goes to see his father after enlisting, are not correct. As a foreigner Julio must have enlisted in the Foreign Legion. Why did he not wear the insignia of that corps? Why did some of the German soldiers wear dress-overcoats with their field uniforms? They were sticklers for dress in that army.

C. H., New Orleans, La.

Pity The Poor Bambino

IN James Oliver Curwood's "The Golden Snare," a title tells us it is dawn. Bram Johnson, the hunted man, goes for a hunt and is shot by the villain, who then moves upon Bram's house with his gang and steals Bram's adopted daughter, leaving a baby upon the bed kicking its little bare legs and waving its little bare arms. In the fracas the Royal Northwest Policeman is knocked down, gets up and follows the thieves in shirt sleeves and slippers, and is recaptured. In another title we are told that the Policeman would be killed that evening after he had witnessed the marriage of the stolen girl to the villain. After the villain is killed and the hero rescues the heroine and they return to the cabin after twenty-four hours' absence, the baby is on the floor kicking its little bare legs and waving its little bare arms.

C. W. B., Roseburg, Oregon.



“Don’t Envy Beauty— Use Pompeian”

You, too, can have the clear, warm tints of youth, the alluring beauty of lovely coloring if you know the secret of instant beauty, the complete “Pompeian Beauty Toilette.”

First, a touch of 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 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? Presto! The face is beautified and youth-i-fied in an instant! (Above 3 articles may be used separately or together. At all druggists, 60c each.) They come in shades to match your coloring.

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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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 Co., at Cleveland, Ohio.

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THE POMPEIAN CO., 2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

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A Beauty Secret 3,000 Years Old

The use of palm and olive oils to keep the skin fresh and smooth is nothing new, but a secret known to pretty girls since Cleopatra's time. Her Palmolive came in vessels and jars, and she had to do her own mixing. But the beautifying cleanser she achieved was the inspiration of the mild, soothing blend science produces today.

Take a lesson from Cleopatra, who kept her youthful beauty long after girlhood's days had passed. She used cosmetics to embellish and enhance her charm, just as women do today. But the foundation was a skin thoroughly and healthfully cleansed from all clogging and dangerous accumulations.

Perfected for washing faces

Palmolive is blended from the same palm and olive oils Cleopatra used—they are the mildest, most soothing ingredients science has been able to discover.

The scientific combination of these rare oils produces a smooth, creamy, lotion-like lather. Palmolive soothes and beautifies while

it cleanses. It keeps the skin of the face and body beautifully soft and smooth.

The importance of thorough cleansing

It is absolutely essential to complexion beauty to wash your face thoroughly once a day. Palmolive makes this cleansing doubly beneficial by its mildness.

The profuse, creamy lather penetrates each tiny pore, removing the deposits of dirt, oil and perspiration which cause clogging and enlargement. Such cleansing is the secret of fresh, smooth skins, as results prove.

Don't neglect the body

Care of the complexion only begins with the face. Neck, arms and shoulders should be kept white and smooth.

Use Palmolive for bathing and these results are accomplished. It does for your body what it does for the face.

If this seems an extravagance, remember the modest price. The firm, long-wearing cake of generous size costs but ten cents.

Our price secret

If Palmolive were made in small quantities it would be a very expensive soap. Palm and olive oils are most costly soap ingredients, and come from overseas.

But the popularity which requires enormous production has reduced the price to that of ordinary soaps. 25-cent quality is offered for 10 cents.

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THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited
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Makers of a complete line of toilet articles

Volume and efficiency produce
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A Recamier of the Films

Mary Alden is reminiscent of the famous French wit and social genius

By

MARY WINSHIP



OF Mary Alden—who has long stood out as one of the foremost character actresses in pictures, and who achieved a personal success as *Mother* in "The Old Nest"—devotees of pictures know very little, practically nothing save of her work. And yet as a person, as a hostess, and as a testimonial of the freedom of thought and action that women have attained in the past few years, she is equally interesting.

She has always reminded me of the brilliant Madame Recamier, whose social genius, understanding, and powers of conversation welded together the wits and geniuses of Paris.

I suppose every woman who has any social aspirations has desired to establish a *salon*. I've tried it myself. I started with Sunday night suppers where intellectual lights ate my food, drank my drinks, and quarreled about everything from home brew to automobiles and permanent waves. None of which is conducive to a *salon*.

But Mary Alden has succeeded. She lives on the top floor of a big, old apartment house almost in the center of Los Angeles. Her mode of life is exactly my idea of how a woman who works hard should live. When she comes home from a day of intense emotional work at the studio, providing she is not going out, she goes to bed. She has a big divan bed in her own sitting room, and there, in a velvet dressing gown, surrounded by books, papers and writing materials, she has dinner served by Zabella—her priceless cook. Her cook, by the way, has been with her for eight years, and her maid for nine. While she eats, she reads.

"You see," she explained, "in that way I am able to relax utterly. I can enjoy using my mind while my body and nerves are getting the rest and restoration they need. It saves me tons of energy and hours for study that I would otherwise have to devote to sleeping to keep up my vitality."

Mary is an epicure of the highest order. Her dinner is a sacred matter, especially to Zabella, whether she is dining alone or is entertaining a few guests; and the best food I have ever eaten in my life, I have eaten at Mary Alden's.

Last Sunday when I went about tea time I found her in a smart little Paris frock of black taffeta and white organdy—her taste in smart clothes and velvet lounging robes is distinctive—at the piano. And she plays well; considered even from a professional standard, she has strength and command of tone that is unusual.

In her drawing room were gathered a group composed of a famous novelist and his wife, whose small book of poems created something of a sensation last year; a rising young politician; a famous composer and his wife, a singer of renown and beauty; a young girl who is becoming known for her photographic studies, exhibited in London and Paris; an art director—one of the best listeners I have ever known—and his wife; a magazine writer, and a Russian woman whom I understand belonged to the Czarina's household.

I sat looking and enjoying as I always do, the artistry of the room, its richness and comfort, its personal warmth. Some good rugs, big, littered tables, several couches overflowing with marvelous pillows, for which Mary has a passion, soft lights, a picture or two, the grand piano. Incidentally the book-cases hold a very fine library; she is known as a collector to all book lovers and dealers, and owns several rare folios and first editions.

And as I sat I thought of all the people who have found inspiration and help of all kinds in that room. Mary Alden's favorite form of charity, as I know well, is to find some promising young artist, writer or musician who isn't getting along. She will feed, clothe and take care of them generally, long enough to give them a start and a chance to show what they can do.

Why Film Stars Have Beautiful Hair

How they make their hair improve
their looks

Mae Murray—Darling of the movies. Paramount Star. Soon to appear in "Peacock Alley" following her triumph in the "Gilded Lily." Her hair proves her faith in Mulsified.



© HARTSOOK, L. A.



Corinne Griffith—Vitagraph star of wonderful charm and beauty. See her in "Received Payment" soon to appear. Mulsified keeps her hair beautiful.



Betty Compson—Rising star in filmdom. Watch for her in her latest releases, "The Ordeal" and "For Those We Love." See how Mulsified keeps her hair beautiful.

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance. You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly.

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 hasn't been shampooed properly.

Effect of Proper Shampooing

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 everywhere, now, 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.

It is surprising how really beautiful you can make your hair look by the regular use of Mulsified. The method of use is simple.

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 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.

Anita Stewart—Famous "First National" attraction. Soon to appear in "Her Mad Bargain." Notice her beautiful hair. Mulsified keeps it that way.

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 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—anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for children. Fine for men.



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MULSIFIED
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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.

LLOYD L., DETROIT, MICHIGAN.—Yes, Lloyd, Douglas Fairbanks has filmed *The Three Musketeers*. How did you guess? I admire your modern spirit. Isn't anything goes on you don't hear about, is there, Lloyd?

JOHN JONES.—Brother! I certainly am glad to hear from you. I don't know the length of Agnes Ayres' contract with Paramount. But I am sure if you like her they will renew the present contract. Agnes recently obtained a divorce and has no intention of marrying again; at least if she has, I am not in her confidence. And between you and me, that doesn't surprise me in the least. Although she was very nice to me when she was in Manhattan the last time. Said she read my department, and liked it, and liked me. I tottered out of her hotel with a b. p. enthusiasm. I have a hunch that if you write to Agnes, and tell her you are a friend of mine, which you certainly are, she will write to you and maybe send you her photograph. In which case I will surely send you a New Year's greeting. It may be a little late, but it will be there. You know people who send cards don't always write on 'em.

OLGA.—It seems to me, my dear, that you should value a star's portrait sufficiently to be willing to enclose a quarter to cover cost of mailing. Do you know what the photographs they send out cost them every year? Well, it runs into the thousands.

LEO B., BRONX.—We are quite euphonious this month. You volunteer the information that "*The Ordeal*," about which one of my correspondents was anxious, was released five years ago and was a war story. Antonio Moreno, Vitagraph studios, Hollywood, Cal. Tony has never married, to my knowledge.

JOSE.—You start out with a dissertation recalling the Preamble to the Constitution of the United States. And then you ask me questions about Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne. It is impossible, and I won't be dishonest and say that I regret it, to give a list of all their productions. Here are a few: "*Daring Hearts*," "*The Poor Rich Man*," "*A Pair of Cupids*," "*Social Quicksands*," and "*Graustark*." Seriously, I

thank you from the bottom of my heart for your kind phrase. It all helps.

O. T., NEW JERSEY.—You go in for the serial drama, I see. Your nerves must be wonderful. I lived through "*The Perils of Pauline*" and had a nervous breakdown. "*Fighting Fate*" was William Duncan's last serial. Read his own story, "*The Business of Making Thrills*," in this issue of *PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE*. "*The Veiled Mystery*" was the last of the Tony Moreno serials. And I don't mean the latest. He is making full length features now. Elmo Lincoln in "*The Adventures of Tarzan*." Why, some people pronounce Tarzan with the accent on the last syllable. Others don't pronounce it at all.

GERRY.—Yes, Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, the New York society woman, had a part in Norma Talmadge's "*The Wonderful Thing*." I don't know who was the Wonderful Thing: Norma or Julia. Barbara Castleton is not married to Willard Mack, but there was some talk of it at one time. Several newspapers informed an eager world that they were engaged, but it was evidently the first Willard and Barbara heard about it. She is with R-C Pictures Corp., Hollywood, Cal.

MARGIE.—Hello. I thought you had forgotten me and Rudolph Valentino. Now I see that you have only forgotten me. The handsome slick-haired Italian was born at Castellaneta, on May 6, 1895. He and his wife, Jean Acker, have separated. He is now under a stellar contract with Lasky. His latest pictures are "*The Sheik*" and "*Moran of the Lady Letty*," with Dorothy Dalton. Dorothy has bobbed her hair and is wearing it straight. But you are probably not as much interested in Dorothy's hair-cut as I am. Rudie may be reached at Lasky studios, Hollywood, Cal.

M. A.—If you read my department as exhaustively as you claim, you wouldn't say I never mention Ralph Graves. He is married to Marjorie Seaman, is six feet one inch tall and his latest pictures are "*Kindred of the Dust*" and "*Sent for Out*." I am not making a mistake in this latter title. That's the way Rupert Hughes wrote it. Colleen Moore is in it, too.

MARY M.—It is very nice of you to write me such a nice letter about yourself. But may I not remind you very gently that this will never buy the baby's shoes? Not that I have any baby to buy shoes for. But this is a department of queries and replies, not flattery and persiflage.

JANET.—Are you and Janice twins? I'm sure you should be. Percilla Dream is married, if you happen to mean by that, Priscilla Dean. Wheeler Oakman is the lucky man.

M. W. MITCHELL.—William Farnum has not left the screen, but he went to Europe for a long vacation. He is making a new picture for Fox. Yes—I like Bill. He's a gentleman and a scholar, besides being a fine actor. He is married, and has a little daughter, who is at present in school in Paris.

GWENDOLYN.—The other evening I was sitting in a crowded cabaret watching the dancing, and writing on the table cloth and sketching the people, and all of a sudden I wrote, "*Sketches by Booze*"—just like that. It's a gift, Gwen. A great many have been imbibing, it seems, but not I. I don't get a chance. Conway Tearle's play, "*The Mad Dog*," didn't live long. I believe Conway is making films again. He has a wife, Adele Rowland; they are very happy, I understand. I suppose you're sorry to hear it.

K. L., CANTON.—I have heard that Earle Williams' matrimonial bark has come to grief, as they say. His wife is Florence Walz, a New York girl. Cal York has something to say about it this month, and I don't want to infringe on his rights—and I couldn't if I wanted to.

MISS D., BROOKLYN.—That D. might stand for much. Delightful, adorable, dear, darling—or damnable. Mrs. Coogan is in California again now, after her New York trip, to see about the presentation of her son's latest picture. "*My Boy*." Yes, I like little Coogan immensely. I only hope he will be not spoiled. Imagine a boy of six the idol of half the world and of such greats and eminent as Charles Spencer Chaplin and Ignace Jan Paderewski!

(Continued)

MARION G. KESTYRN.—I appreciate your thinking of me and sending me postcards of the various places you visit. You say you like Venice best. The next best thing to being over there myself is knowing one of my favorite contributors is there—isn't that a pretty speech?

BERYL.—Doris May's real name is Helen Garrett. No, it isn't either—it's Mrs. Wallace MacDonald.

JANICE.—Actors are no more conceited than the rest of us. They are merely more conspicuous. Write again soon and ask me some questions. I like your name, your paper, and your disposition.

M. M. S., DEFIANCE, OHIO.—Jack Mulhall of the wavy pompadour played opposite Viola Dana in "The Offshore Pirate." Here's the cast of "Always Audacious": Perry Danton, Wallace Reid; Clem Attuck, a crook, Wallace Reid; Camilla Hoyt, Margaret Loomis; Theron Amidon, Clarence Geldart; Jerry the agent, J. M. Dumot; Denver Kate, Rhea Haines; Molly, Carmen Phillips; Martin Green, Guy Olivers. Mrs. Rumson, Fannie Midgley.

ADRIANA.—Sorry I had to print your name but it was too nice to hide its light under a bushel of other letters. Niles Welch is married to Dell Boone. He is thirty-

three, weighs one hundred and sixty-five, and is six feet tall, though he certainly doesn't look it. Address him 1616 Gardner Street, Hollywood, Cal.

OPAL.—I live in a hall bedroom, but I don't drink buttermilk. Sometimes one lives in hall bedrooms so one doesn't have to drink just buttermilk. I drink—(censored.) I enjoyed your letter immensely. Richard Dix is not married. He is working at the Goldwyn studios in Culver City, Cal. Edith Roberts is a charming young lady, and is one of the leading players in Cecil deMille's "Saturday Night." Somebody said this was one deMille drama without a bathroom in it, but I can't believe that.

VIVIAN MARTIN.—I am awfully sorry I said you had a little daughter when you haven't and it is very nice of you to write and set me right. Will you, in the weary word of the telephone operator, excuse it, please?

INEZ.—You're very nice, really. You say I should change my name from Answer Man to Banisher of Blues. I wish somebody would write a song about me. Darrell Foss is still appearing in pictures. He will be seen with May McAvoy in "The Homespun Vamp" presently.

W. L., MICHIGAN.—You are Julian Eltinge's only rival. I am sure Mr. Eltinge

will be very much put out if he ever sees your photograph. Martha Mattox is a character actress. She is not under contract to any particular company, but is a freelance. Sis Hopkins is not the name of an actress. It's a play. Mabel Normand did a screen version of it some time ago. Mabel is back with Sennett. Her latest picture, "Molly O," is a knock-out. If you like Mabel don't miss it.

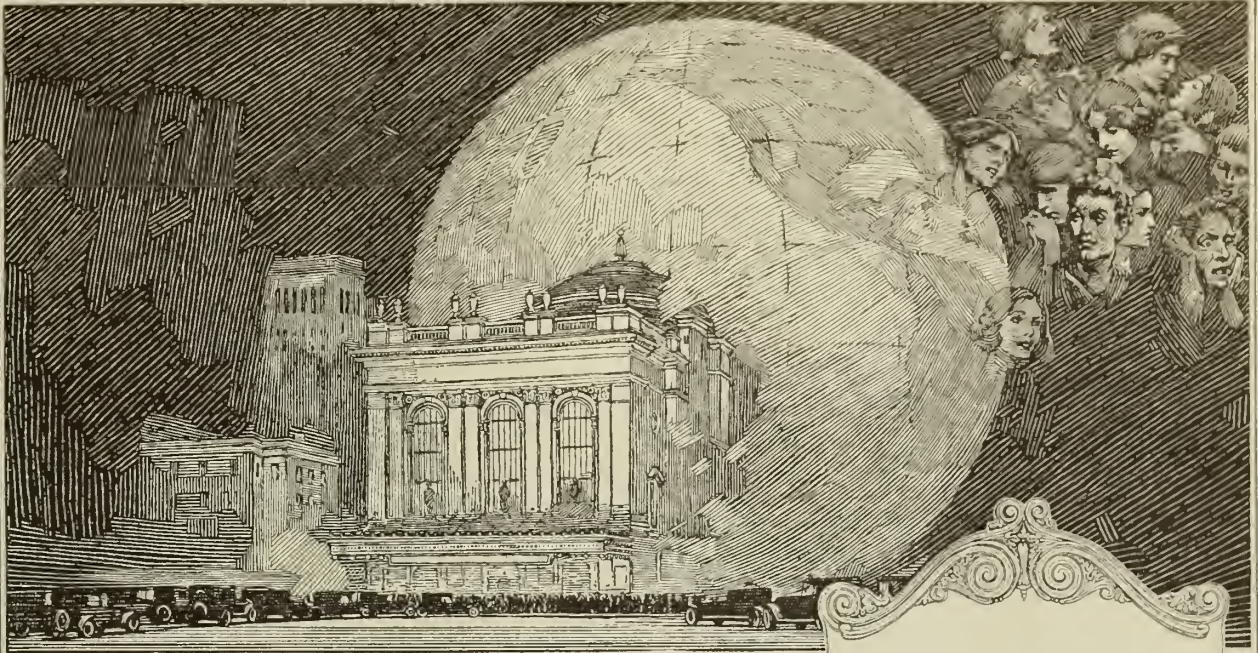
E. C. B., MONTREAL.—The glorious one is getting so famous that she is one of the few stars whom people mention by their first names. Nobody ever says Gloria Swanson. Gloria is all that's necessary. Address her care the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Gloria is divorced. She has one little girl. I have never seen the child but her mother showed me some of her pictures, which she doesn't do for everybody, and it is a beautiful baby. You would like it whether it belonged to Gloria or to Sophie Klutz.

HELEN R., WEISER, IDAHO.—A sadder but wiser correspondent since I threw your letter into the wastebasket because you broke rules about religious questions. However, since you only want to know if Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters, I take great pleasure in informing you that they are. Thomas Meighan did not appear in "The Love Expert." John Halliday was leading man. I don't see any resemblance. Dustin Farnum recently signed a starring contract with Fox, and his first picture was "The Primal Law." (Continued on page 98)



AN AQUATIC STAR

AS well as a screen star. Little Richard Headrick, who hates being called "Baby Dick," is the champion juvenile swimmer of the western world. He is only three years old, but he has more medals than most swimmers ten times his age. Richard, between pictures for First National, tries new water stunts, and on one occasion "rescued" a drowning man who weighed over two hundred pounds. The picture at the left shows the young man with his many medals. Richard may have beautiful baby-blue eyes, and marvelous golden curly hair, but he's a regular guy all the same.



The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

PHOTOPLAY Magazine will begin the serial publication of a romantic history of the motion picture in its April number. Step by step, with a sympathetic but unbiased and authentic vision, the progress of the picture, from the remote and obscure beginnings to the tremendous institution of today, will be traced.

This history of the pictures will be told in the living affairs and movements of the men and women who have made the pictures and who have been made by the pictures.

It will relate their obscure beginnings, their struggles, triumphs, loves and marriages—hundreds of facts which have never before been printed.

It is a romance transcending fiction; a tale of more wealth and color than a Klondyke or a Kimberly; more daring than the Spanish Main—more splendor than a Rome, and as much humanity as the heart of the world contains.

Seeking the writer most effectively equipped by a combination of experience and craftsmanship, Photoplay has commissioned Terry Ramsaye to perform this work, which has now been in progress nearly a year. Mr. Ramsaye is among the most authoritative of the writers on the motion picture—young enough to have the viewpoint of today; old enough to have had an intimate personal contact with the motion picture through the period of its greatest and most significant development.

Begins in the April Issue of
PHOTOPLAY



Photo by Van der Weyde

TERRY RAMSAYE

The
Greatest
Motion
Picture
Story
Ever
Told

Plays and Players

The livest, most accurate, and most interesting news and comment about motion picture people

By CAL. YORK

IN spite of the disarmament conference, there seems to be no cessation in the hostilities surrounding Charlie Chaplin's unwedded state. In fact, if anything, his return to Los Angeles after his European trip, was the signal for a lot of verbal gunplay.

Claire Windsor met him at the train.

May Collins didn't.

Later Miss Collins declared she didn't meet him because she "wasn't that kind of a girl." She intimated that she couldn't see herself flattering any man to the extent of meeting him at the train, but that she waited at home that evening for Mr. Chaplin to call upon her. Which he did.

She also coyly exhibited a very gorgeous silver fox fur, which he brought her as a present from Paris. And added that just before he went away they had "had a little tiff," but all was well again—and cleverly led one to suspect that it was during this tiff that Mr. Chaplin saw so much of the blonde beauty, Claire Windsor.

WHERE UPON Miss Windsor indignantly replied—in print—that she met Mr. Chaplin because he wired her asking her to be at the train. That she hoped she wasn't so silly she couldn't be friends with a man and do a friendly act of common courtesy like that without thinking he might put a wrong construction on it.

Then she allowed to be seen a very new, very expensive wrap of ermine. She didn't say it was her gift from the great comedian, but a blind man could see for himself the Paris label inside.

Then Mr. Chaplin declared he didn't have the slightest intention of marrying, that his unhappy experience with Mildred Harris was too vivid in his mind to allow him to think of matrimony for a long time to come.

"Not Miss Windsor?" he was asked.

"Oh, no. She's a wonderful girl—very beautiful. I like her. But I sha'n't marry."

"Or Miss Collins?"

"A lovely, brilliant young woman. I respect her. But—no, I sha'n't marry." So there you are!

ALMOST every phase of society is represented in the movies, but so far as we know, Queen Mary of Roumania is the first lady ruler to take a hand in the actual business of picture-making. She is now in Paris waiting for the public's verdict on her first attempt at playwriting.

Her first film, "The Lily of Life," is a romantic allegory. It features a prince and large swarms of butterflies and quite a flock of dancing girls.

RAYMOND HATTON has been getting a lot of credit lately for fine work in pictures. And so it was just necessary

for friend wife "to step into the ring." And so she has just finished playing in "The Wall Flower" for Goldwyn and has moved to the Metro lot to take a leading part in a new picture.

THE grand ball-room of the Hotel Commodore was hardly large enough to hold all of the people who wanted to see Mae Murray's newest picture, "Peacock Alley."

The little star herself occupied a box, with her director-husband, the jovial Bob Leonard. Mae was in a flame-colored, very brief little gown, and she was quite delightful. She had as her guest of honor, Lillian Russell. The famous beauty received almost as much attention as Mae herself.

RUBY DE REMER writes from the French capitol that she is having the time of her life. "Just went to a wonderful party and saw Lottie Pickford and Teddy Sampson there, so it seemed just like Hollywood. Leave for Berlin in the morning" is the way the postcard read. Rubye is a great favorite with the French film fans and they have given her a royal reception. It was Paul Helleu, the great French painter, who called her the most beautiful blonde in America.

EARLE WILLIAMS seems to be in trouble again.

While he has refused to discuss the situation at all, it is understood that he and his wife, who was a beautiful New York heiress named Florence Walz, have separated and that divorce action will soon be taken.

Mrs. Williams went east some time ago with her mother and has not returned. Mr. Williams has engaged Charles Erbstein, the well known Chicago attorney who is in Los Angeles, to represent him, and while Mr. Williams wouldn't talk, Mr. Erbstein did—a little.

At least he said that while (Continued on page 85)



Three famous hostesses of the annual Actors' Equity Ball: Mrs. Leslie Carter, Lillian Russell, and Elsie Ferguson. Mrs. Carter recently returned to the stage in "The Circle." Miss Ferguson has temporarily deserted the studios to appear in "The Varying Shore," a new play by Zoe Akins. Lillian Russell is usually the guest of honor at every theatrical event of importance.



Agnes Ayres, who is starring in one of the latest Paramount successes "The Sheik."

The Secret of Loveliness

An interview with dainty Agnes Ayres

AGNES AYRES, who is starring with Rudolph Valentino, in the new Paramount production, "The Sheik," has some very definite ideas about what makes women really lovely.

"If you should go into any gathering," she says, "and pick out the one woman who seems to be the loveliest person there, you would not necessarily be picking out the one with the most beautiful face or figure.

"But you would find her hair simply exquisite—soft, fluffy, silky and full of radiance.

"So few women realize that their hair is the key to loveliness, because they have never learned how to bring out the charm and beauty which lie hidden there."

When Miss Ayres told me this, it

was natural that my eyes should travel to her own hair. And I realized that she had learned thoroughly the secret of loveliness. Not only was her hair beautifully soft, radiant, and silky, but it was arranged so attractively that it threw all about her an atmosphere of charm.

You can use this secret of loveliness

It doesn't matter whether your hair is dull, lifeless, impossible to arrange or even full of dandruff. The following treatment, discovered by a hairdresser, will bring out loveliness you never knew you possessed. And your friends will soon notice a remarkable change.

Apply Wildroot Liquid Shampoo, (cocoanut oil base), and wash as usual, rinsing three or four times. After drying, massage Wildroot Hair Tonic

into the roots of the hair with the finger tips.

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 any drug or department store, hairdresser or barber, with a guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money refunded. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT

Hair Tonic and Liquid Shampoo



WILDROOT COMPANY, Inc.,
Dept. P2, BUFFALO, N. Y.

I enclose two dimes. Please send me your traveller's size bottles of Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and Hair Tonic.

Name.....

Address.....

Druggist's Name.....

Druggist's Address.....

She Wanted a Chance to Act in the Movies—

She had been told that the only way to an opportunity in the movies was—"the easiest way." Her interview with a great director is dramatic in the extreme and will become famous in film history. You will find it in—

"Souls for Sale"

The fascinating novel by Rupert Hughes that all moving-picture fans are discussing.

CHAPTER XXVIII

"I've got to have a chance. I'll do anything," she pleaded.

"Sit down a minute and listen to me," the director answered.

"A little common sense ought to have told you that what you've been told is all rot. But suppose it wasn't. Do you know how many women I see a day? A hundred and fifty on some days; that's nearly a thousand a week. I happen to have a wife and a couple of kids, and I like 'em pretty well, at that. And how long do you suppose my job would last if I gave positions in return for favors? And if you won me over, you'd still have to please the director and the managers and the author and the public. How long would our company keep going if we selected our actresses according to their immorality?"

"It's none of my business what your character is off the lot—except that your character photographs, and a girl can't last long who plays *Pollyanna* on the screen and polygamy outside."

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE for JANUARY

GET A COPY FROM YOUR NEWSDEALER TODAY

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 82)



The famous author of "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man" and "The Spell of the Yukon" visited the California studios of the Goldwyn company. This is one of the few photographs made of Robert W. Service. No—he isn't going to write for pictures. But he is interested in them

there wasn't anything to say in the Williams case yet, there would be.

Shortly after his marriage to the wealthy New York girl, Williams was sued by Miss Roma Raymond for \$50,000 breach of promise, and she was awarded half that amount by the court. Mrs. Williams stuck to her husband throughout that case most loyally, and the news of a split in that direction came as a surprise to all their friends.

THE eastern film world is rejoicing in the fact that Dick Barthelmess' first stellar picture is a success.

He is the first Griffith player to leave "the master" and make good on his own. If anybody deserves to get along it's the Barthelmess boy. He has worked hard and conscientiously; he takes his business seriously, but not too seriously.

POLA NEGRI is coming to America in January.

New York is hoping that she will arrive on this side of the continent, while the Californians are betting she'll come straight out there.

There has been no film personage in years who has caused such a sensation as Negri. Travelers in Europe's film lands have brought back news of her. Some say she is a delightful, humorous young lady whose

main interest in life is her mother and sisters, whom she supports. Others declare that she is brilliant, beautiful, temperamental, and married to a Polish count. Still others say she is really named Pauline Schwartz, whence her name Pola Negri, and that she is very German and the wife of a German.

Well, we'll soon see for ourselves.

ERIC VON STROHEIM gave up the task of cutting down his picture, "Foolish Wives," after he had reduced it to thirty-four reels. The Universal Company had given up trying to cut down von Stroheim after he had spent over a million dollars. Why not retittle it "Foolish Directors" and release it as a serial?

DID you ever hear of a serial, each episode of which was the length of the usual feature film?

That's what is puzzling Paramount right now. They bought the German picture, "The Mistress of the World," and now they are faced with the problem of how to release it.

The same company has a new Negri picture, "The Devil's Pawn." Almost every boat brings a new batch of European pictures for inspection. They don't buy all of them, either.

That's good. (Continued on page 86)



How You Can Have Prettier Dresses At Half the Cost

By Marjorie La Mar

I WANT to tell you about a new and wonderfully simple plan by which you can now learn right at home in spare time to make all your own and your children's clothes.

I want to tell you how you can not only have more and prettier dresses, suits and hats, but how you can save at least one-half of what you are now spending.

Does it sound almost too good to be true? Then, let me tell you about the Woman's Institute—the great school which is bringing the joy of better clothes at substantial savings to women and girls all over the world.

You say that you cannot sew a stitch or that you sew only a little? No matter! The Institute courses begin with the very simplest stitches and seams and proceed by logical steps until you learn the whole art of dressmaking—the designing, cutting, fitting and construction of garments of every kind.

The courses are so complete and practical that hundreds of students with absolutely no other preparation have opened shops of their own and enjoy large incomes and independence as professional dressmakers and milliners.

Best of all, you are not asked to spend long weeks on practice work. You begin almost at once to make actual garments. No matter where you live—no matter what your age or position in life, if you can be reached by the mails, you can learn dressmaking and millinery at home through the Woman's Institute.

Aren't you glad to know that at last you can have those pretty clothes for which your heart has been longing all these years? And wouldn't you like to have the full story of the school and the method that have made this possible? The way is easy.

Send for Handsome 64-page Booklet

IT tells all about the Woman's Institute. It describes the courses in detail and tells how you, too, can learn easily and quickly, in spare time at home, to make your own clothes and hats and dress better at less cost, or prepare for success in the dressmaking or millinery profession.

Use the coupon below or write a letter or post card to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 17-B, Scranton, Penna. Without cost or obligation, a copy of this handsome booklet will come to you, absolutely free, by return mail.

----- TEAR OUT HERE -----

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE

Dept. 17-B, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked below:

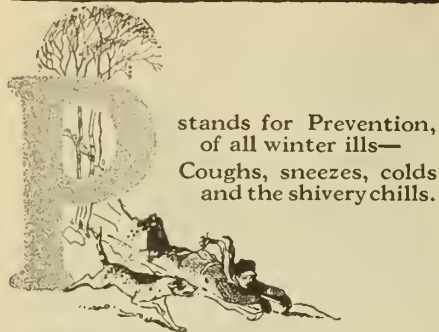
- Home Dressmaking
- Millinery
- Professional Dressmaking
- Cooking

Name
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

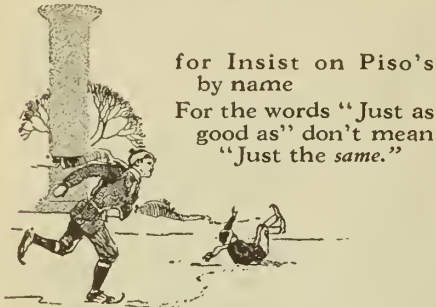
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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 85)



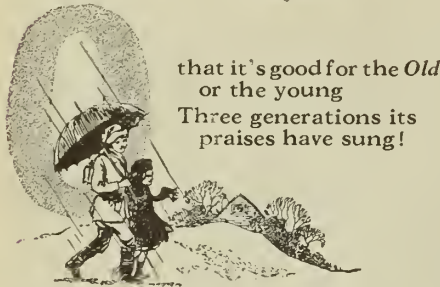
P stands for Prevention,
of all winter ills—
Coughs, sneezes, colds
and the shivery chills.



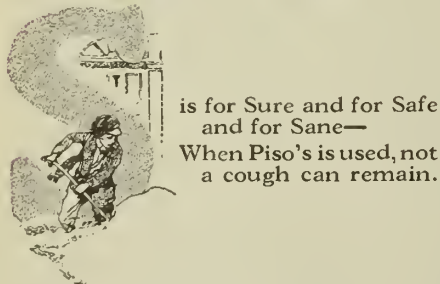
I for Insist on Piso's
by name
For the words "Just as
good as" don't mean
"Just the same."



S is for Safety which
means you are sure
That all things in Piso's
are perfectly pure.



O that it's good for the Old
or the young
Three generations its
praises have sung!



S is for Sure and for Safe
and for Sane—
When Piso's is used, not
a cough can remain.

*Piso's contains no opiate. It
is good for young and old.
Buy it today. 35c everywhere.*

Piso's Throat and Chest Salve for external
application is especially prepared for use in
conjunction with the syrup.

PISO'S
SAFE AND SANE
-for Coughs & Colds-



When you saw this scene on the screen, you thought it was the real thing. And that's why Thomas H. Ince had this miniature village made. The girl is Florence Vidor, who's working for Mr. Ince now

THERE are at least two famous motion picture stars in Hollywood who couldn't sign their own checks and get a nickel out of their own bank accounts. Their wives handle the exchequer, and they don't even know the combination. Hollywood is a very emancipated place.

SOMEBODY was asking Buck Jones about his fan mail the other day. "Do you get much?" asked this friend. "No," said Buck, "I don't reckon you'd call it much. You see, so many of the people that'd write to me can't write."

However, Buck's mail happens to be getting larger by the minute.

SUZANNE VIDOR, the three-year-old daughter of lovely Florence Vidor, was left for an instant by her colored mammy to watch a pot of coffee on the stove, while mammy went to answer the telephone.

In an instant Suzanne appeared at the door, wide-eyed, and called, "Mammy, quick, come here. The coffee pot's frowed up all over the stove."

MARIN SAIS, pioneer film actress, and Jack Hart Hoxie, western star, obtained a marriage license at Santa Ana the other day. They were to be married immediately and leave for a brief honeymoon.

HELEN FERGUSON was standing in the Goldwyn restaurant the other noon when she caused a near-riot by suddenly shrieking, "Oh, oh, my goodness, the false teeth. The false teeth. What shall I do?" Everybody, including her director, demanded an explanation, but Helen had disappeared.

When she came back she explained that a funny old Yiddish lady working with her in a scene in "Hungry Hearts" had to take her false teeth out.

"She didn't know where to put them, and

the poor old thing looked so bewildered and hurt I took them and put them in my make-up case. I forgot them, and it just occurred to me she couldn't eat her lunch without them. So I went to look for her. But it was all right. She was eating soup."

SAW Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Graves out horseback riding in the Hollywood hills bright and early the other morning. They have taken a delightful honeymoon cottage next door to Rowland Lee, the Goldwyn director, and are almost too "honeymoonish" for ordinary people. Mrs. Graves, who was Marjorie Seaman, a St. Paul society girl, is much concerned over the report that Ralph married a Follies beauty.

"He didn't. He married *me*," she says most emphatically.

NAZIMOVA had an idea. She was going to make repertoire pictures. That means she would make "Salome" and "A Doll's House" in a few reels each, and release them as one program offering. Then she went back to California and began work and changed her mind. She says "Salome" has proved so interesting that she is going to make a full-length feature of it. So you'll see more of *Salome* than was originally intended.

By the way, Madame was asked, while on her recent visit to Manhattan, what her favorite literature was. "Medical books," she replied.

THE divorce suit of Jean Acker against her husband, Rudolph Valentino, is now being heard in the Los Angeles courts. Miss Acker declares that she married the handsome actor when he was broke and unknown, and that as soon as he became rich and famous, he forgot her, struck her and quarreled with her furiously.

However, Ruddy's friends and the Holly-
(Continued on page 87)

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 86)

wood gossips declare there are two sides to the question. Grace Darmond, with whom Miss Acker lives and at whose home she and her husband once stayed, was an important witness for the wife.

PEARL WHITE has sold her beautiful Bayside estate to John Golden. Mr. Golden can afford it—he is the producer of "Lightnin'."

Pearl is, they say, no longer with the Fox company. Since her desertion of the serial drama, she has done nothing of particular interest. Fox paid her a large salary, but the returns from her five-reel "society dramas" and other features were not sufficient to make her a good investment. She was not mentioned in the billing for "A Virgin Paradise."

Reminds me of a little incident. I was walking down Fifth Avenue one afternoon and at the corner of Forty-second Street I saw Pearl White's dashing roadster parked, with Pearl in it. A group of street urchins came along. One of them saw her. "Gee—der's Poil!" he shouted. The kids gathered about her car, their open admiration finding voice in "Hello, Poil—I seen you de other day in a pitcher," or "Take us fer a ride, Poil?"

GOVERNEUR MORRIS, one of the Goldwyn Eminent Authors, was arguing with Mr. Goldwyn about the cast for his last story, a Chinese fantasy. He was much interested in getting a young Chinese actor named Jack Abbe to play the leading rôle, as he felt that a Chinaman alone could do justice to the part.

"I tell you this boy is the greatest actor in the world," he cried vehemently during the course of the argument.

"I know, I know," said Sam Goldwyn, "but you're the only one that knows it!"

However, Abbe got the part and according to everybody on the Goldwyn lot, has vindicated Mr. Morris' glowing tributes completely.

JAMES RENNIE, husband of Dorothy Gish, is now in Hollywood. He looks sort of lost and a trifle puzzled when you see him wandering about the Goldwyn lot. But everybody is doing his best to make him feel at home.

But in spite of all the stars who have returned this month, the place doesn't look quite natural, for Betty Blythe has left for New York, where she is to make a feature production for Rex Beach, for United Artists.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE, whose marriage a little over a year ago to John Pialoglo, wealthy Greek cigarette manufacturer, caused a sensation in filmdom, is going to get a divorce.

She doesn't know just when, but she does know that she is determined to get one and that she and her husband are definitely and finally separated. While rumors to this effect have been whispered about, they have been vigorously denied until the other day when Miss Talmadge, at the home of her sister, Mrs. Buster Keaton in Los Angeles, stated that her marriage had been a failure and that sooner or later she would surely seek to have it undone by the courts.

"I find I must sacrifice my matrimonial venture to my career," the pretty comedienne is quoted as saying. "My husband objected to my devotion to my work and was not able to understand that it must always come first with me. So we have decided to separate. When I came west this time, we settled things for all time."

(Continued on page 88)



Greet Them With these extra-flavorly oats

Serve the oat dish at its best.

This is the supreme food—almost the ideal food. As a body builder, as a vim-food it holds a premier place.

Give it that fragrance and flavor which Nature confers on fine oats.

Make it with Quaker Oats always.

This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavorly oats.

All the small grains are discarded—the puny, unripe and insipid.

Thus millions of oat lovers, all the world over, have been won to this luscious flavor.

Countless people send overseas to get it.

You have only to specify Quaker Oats to get it at any store.

For the family's sake, don't forget.

Quaker Oats

We get but ten pounds from a bushel

62 dishes for 30 cents



The large package of Quaker Oats will serve 62 liberal dishes. The cost is but 30 cents. It contains 6,221 calories of nutriment, of which one-sixth is protein. It supplies 16 needed elements. This is the cream of the oats—the choicest part of the greatest food that grows.

Packed in sealed round packages
with removable cover

We'll Send You Their Secret for 20 Cents!

A Simple Thing to Know But It Makes a World of Difference in One's Looks

THAT well-groomed look you see on the screen is not a gift of God. Thousands of men and women know the secret, and use it—for less than a penny's cost each day.

Your hair, too, would always be well-dressed—sleek—smooth, every lock in place—with that sheen and life-like luster—if you used wonderful Hermo Hair-Lustr. Greaseless, stainless; a clean, invigorating hair help. Dainty women love its look and feel. Careful men are never without its aid to smart appearance.

Dress your hair as it looks best; if the finishing touch is a few drops of Hermo it will stay that way, through work and play. Your hair is bound to excite admiration.



WALLACE REID

He has the ordinary man's head of hair; care makes it snap with life and lustre. Hermo Hair-Lustr will keep any man's hair looking its best.



GLORIA SWANSON

Her hair is a shining crown of glory. Hermo Hair-Lustr keeps one's hair-dress in place.

Hermo's Unusual Offer

Druggists are fast stocking Hermo Hair-Lustr, but until every store has it, we send it prepaid direct. For your own sake, get a bottle and see what a transformation it works! Use it a week, and if you are not simply charmed with its effect—we will buy back what's left, at the full price you paid. Small size last two or three weeks; big dollar size six months' supply. Use coupon now:

HERMO Co., 542 E. 63rd St., Dept. 75, Chicago

- I enclose 20c (stamps or dimes) for 2-wks. sample.
 I enclose \$1 bill for a Six Months' Supply.

Send Hermo Hair-Lustr prepaid, plainly wrapped with full directions, money back if I want it. Include your big offer of other professional beauty aids, and 50c credit certificate free.

Name _____

Address _____

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 87)



Little Mary had a party while she was making "Little Lord Fauntleroy." She invited Bill, Dick, and Thomas Ince, Jr., and George Beban, Jr. Their mothers came, too.

Miss Talmadge is to make her home with a sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton, at least for a time.

Intimate friends of the family declare that Mrs. Talmadge, who is almost as famous for her managerial ability as Mrs. Pickford, was never satisfied with the marriage.

Well, anyway, the Talmadges are all back in Los Angeles for an indefinite stay and it seems quite natural. The Mayor went down to meet Norma Talmadge and her husband, Joseph Schenck, and the whole Chamber of Commerce turned out to honor Miss Connie. Mr. and Mrs. Schenck are at the Ambassador.

While the youngest of the Talmadges is admitting the coming divorce in her branch, the other pair of the famous sisters seem to be giving excellent impersonations of real happy families. Mrs. Keaton, who was the middle one, Natalie, had very important and exciting news to tell her sisters when they arrived. Imagine Norma and Constance Talmadge as aunts.

An old friend of the family who has been much with Norma in the last few years, declared the other day that the Schencks are the most loving husband and wife in pictures. When the famous screen star went to Bermuda recently to make a picture, she refused to go unless her husband took the boat trip with her both ways and they spent a long and delightful vacation touring in Europe, where the whole Talmadge family were guests of Mr. Schenck. His latest gift to her was a diamond so large that no insurance company will insure it.

SOON after his arrival in Los Angeles, Mr. Schenck, in partnership with several other eastern picture men including Watterson Rothacker, purchased the controlling stock in the Robert Brunton Studios, from Robert Brunton, at a figure which it is

supposed ran over a million dollars. The Brunton Studio plant is one of the largest producing lots in the west and this will give Mr. Schenck a place to produce his wife and sister-in-law's pictures.

So it looks as though the Talmadges were here to stay a while at any rate. Even Norma, who is supposed to be devoted to New York, says she is tickled to death to be home again.

And just wait until the stork has visited the Keatons. California is certainly a grand place to raise children.

ANITA LOOS and John Emerson attended the out-of-town try-out of the new Zoe Akins play. They are close friends of the playwright, and once Anita was almost prevailed upon to appear in an Akins play.

But she didn't.

Anita is the chatelaine of a new house in New York. The Emersons no sooner move to the country than they move back to a new *maison*. This latest home is so large that Connie Talmadge said when she calls up Nita on the phone she can hear the tap-tap of the writer's tiny heels on the long stairs, and that by the time she answers the connection is off.

TIMES, for the multitude of extra people working in Hollywood, haven't been all that they might be during the past few months. Things are brighter now, but there was a time when the lines at the booking offices were long and when a day's work was much in demand. And steady work was a miracle.

During that time two extras were standing in line. It was just about the time that Eric von Stroheim completed "Foolish Wives," the feature picture which took him a year and four months to make.

(Continued on page 89)

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 88)

The first extra suddenly turned around and asked, "What's your idea of heaven, anyway?"

The second immediately replied, "Making a serial with von Stroheim."

ELSIE Ferguson's play, "The Varying Shore," has had its Manhattan premier.

The general opinion is that the play, which is by Zoe Akins, is too long, but that Miss Ferguson has all her old-time charm.

This famous actress has changed considerably after her long European vacation. She was tired and nervous when she left; after the rest she came back youthful, enthusiastic, and more beautiful than ever. Just the other day I saw her, an inconspicuous figure in baby lamb and a lace hat—until you saw her face—strolling along Fifth Avenue, rubbing shoulders with the meek and lowly, animatedly watching the crowds.

LYNN REYNOLDS, for years Tom Mix's director, and his pretty wife, Kathleen O'Connor, have a new invention which they declare should be in every home.

"It's the greatest little prevention for divorce in the world," says Lynn.

As a matter of fact, it's a trick door that leads into a very wonderful work room, with a big fireplace and bookshelves, arranged in the attic. The door lets down like a ship's ladder and is then drawn up and shut. Once thus arranged, it's as impregnable as Gibraltar.

"Every husband and wife ought to have a place to go away and shut up if they want to," says Kathleen with a smile. "We both intend to use it—as soon as our honeymoon is over."

It's terrible the number of honeymoon couples we have in Hollywood right now.

JACQUELINE LOGAN, former Follies beauty and now a screen star, holds the month's record for court proceedings.

The exact legal phraseology is too involved, but Jackie has been sued by and in return has sued young Mr. Craney Gartz, millionaire Pasadena clubman, in a slight altercation over the ownership of an expensive and handsome coupe.

Mr. Gartz sent a deputy sheriff out to Jackie's home, and the mean old thing took Jackie's pretty car out of her garage, on a warrant of some kind. Jackie legally then called Mr. Gartz an Indian giver and filed suit to recover the automobile.

Jackie says Mr. Gartz gave her the car as an engagement present, and that she spent considerable money having it all dolled up in her favorite color.

They quarreled then, or something, and Mr. Gartz stated he had only loaned her the car and actually sent and took it away.

Now both sides are on file in the Los Angeles courts and the judge will have to decide.

Unless he's made of granite, Jacqueline will certainly have an advantage.

Mr. Gartz, by the way, is the same young man who was so attentive at one time to Gloria Swanson. It was reported that she declined his hand and millions in favor of Herbert Somborn. Anyway, he is the son of one of the oldest and richest families in Pasadena.

THE LONDON SKETCH published, in a recent issue, a page of gymnasium photographs of Madame Alla Nazimova, under the caption: "Silent-Stage Star and Dumb-Bell Expert."

(Continued on page 90)

Many women who have been using
Hinds Honey & Almond Cream

on the hands and arms do not realize how delightfully beneficial it is for the complexion. The same distinctive qualities that soothe and heal chapping and sunburn will keep the skin of the face and neck soft, clear and refreshed, thus enhancing the charm of natural skin beauty. It is fragrant, refining.

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Miss Cecil Arden, Mezzo Soprano, Metropolitan Opera, subject of two portraits by the celebrated Campbell Phillips, and recipient of many flattering screen offers, writes:

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(Signed) Cecil Arden.

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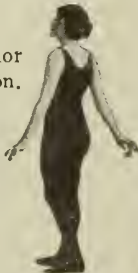
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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 89)



"He's a cousin of mine—just a cousin of mine—" Madge Bellamy was in California one whole year before she discovered that Tom Forman, the director, was a cousin of hers. Both Madge and Tom were born and raised in Texas, but they lost track of each other when they left the old home town to seek their fortunes.

MAY BUSCH moved into a new and fashionable apartment house on the Boulevard the other day.

The first evening, the black-haired vamp strolled into the lobby and dropped into a chair by the plate glass windows to await a suitor. In the next chair sat a lady tourist, with all the earmarks of Hawkins Center. She was friendly and talkative—Mae was amiable.

"Ain't this a swell place to set?" demanded the lady from Hawkins Center. "I set here a lot. I set here most every evenin' and watch the cars go pro and con." And as Mae rose to depart she remarked, "Now dearie, you come into my apartment and see me. Any time. Don't be formal. Just slip on a dejeuner and run in."

IF reports are true, Miss Dorothy Dalton is one of the very luckiest young women in America right this minute.

For the story now being told in awed whispers along the Boulevard is to the effect that she was a mere bystander at a game of chance the other evening—a game played with little white cubes with black dots on them—and that a friend of hers, worth many millions, won something like \$72,000. It being a very trifling sum to him, he turned with a smile and said, "I don't want this," and swept the whole sum into Dorothy's lap.

Well, the handsome film star ought to be mighty generous this Christmas.

Besides being one of the richest of our screen beauties, Miss Dalton is certainly the

most travelled. During the past eight months she has covered over 24,000 miles, besides making two big special feature productions.

But she says she's getting tired and she thinks she'll settle down in Los Angeles.

THEY may be moving their studios away, but they all come back sooner or later—some for a week, some for six.

Little old New York is having a shower of film celebrities right now, all come to do their Christmas shopping, to replenish their wardrobes, to sign new contracts, and to confer with presidents of companies.

Charles Ray and Mrs. Ray came for a vacation. He was in attendance at the Army-Navy football game, and at many of the theaters.

Shirley Mason was in Manhattan for a few weeks before leaving the Fox convention in Chattanooga, Tenn. Little Miss Mason made herself extremely popular with everybody. It was her first trip east in three years. She was going to stay longer, but her handsome husband, Bernard Durning, is in California and she couldn't see being separated from him for very long.

Mr. and Mrs. William Desmond have been seen about a great deal. The blonde Mary McIvor Desmond has attracted much attention because of her beauty and charm. The Desmonds were at the Equity Ball, and also at a dance at Delmonico's given in their honor. Theirs is one of the happiest romances of the screen.

(Continued on page 117)

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

(Continued from page 56)

A swagger person wearing spats and carrying an impressive stick, sauntered across the lobby, accepted the pen and signed the register.

"Make me a promise that you won't sell that signature to an autograph hunter," said the stranger with an affable sternness.

Dempsey turned the register about and without marked difficulty made out the name "J. Rufus Wallingford."

"I want the best suite you've got in the place and all my meals to be served in my room and the same waiter each time. Is Mr. Horace Daw stopping here?"

"Yes, sir!" Dempsey spoke up. "You are Mr. Wallingford."

"Yes," the guest admitted. "You must have seen my pictures in the magazines."

"Shall I tell Mr. Daw you are here?"

"Yes," Wallingford raised a cautious hand. "Tell him quietly; let no one else know."

AS Dempsey disappeared into the dining room, Wallingford looked about in appraisal of the community as represented by the Palace. Then his eyes lighted on Fannie, whom he discovered to be very pleasant.

"It isn't possible that you live here?" he said to her easily.

"Yes, sir."

"Stenographer?"

Fannie nodded.

"Well, we'll be together a lot," said Wallingford.

Daw came rushing from the dining room, with his hand extended to bid Wallingford welcome to Battlesburg.

Daw drew Wallingford aside.

"How's the exchequer?"

"Got just forty-three dollars," Wallingford replied. "How are you fixed?"

"On my last ten spot," Daw answered.

"What's the prospect—looks dead."

"Cheer up—there's lots of money here and they'll grab at a manufacturing plant song and dance," Daw assured him.

Swiftly they began to complete the stage setting on the ground work that Daw had laid in his busy idle days in Battlesburg. In fifteen minutes Wallingford had rattled out orders for the decoration of his suite with American flags, sent for a map of the city, ordered that the best motor car agent be sent in to sell him a machine, that dinner be served in his room and that a barber be sent to his rooms to shave him.

G. W. Battles, grumpy and annoyed at the fuss stalked across the lobby. Daw saw him and seized upon him.

"I want you to meet Mr. Wallingford. I have told him about you and he is very much interested," Daw was flattering.

"What's all this fuss about!" Battles interrupted, showing his distrust.

"Why, Mr. Wallingford's visit here was largely for the purpose of shaking your hand, Mr. Battles," Daw pleaded. "He is a great admirer of your great grandfather."

Battles sniffed and sneered. "Likely—my great grandfather has been dead a hundred years."

"But his achievements and principles live yet—in book form," replied the quick-witted Daw. "Mr. Wallingford has one of three copies."

"Never heard of it," admitted Battles, skeptical but curious. "What is the title?"

"The History of the Life of Benjamin Battles," replied Daw. "It was privately printed. The King of England has one copy, Mr. Wallingford one and what became of the third is a mystery."

"I'd like to see that book," Battles said.

(Continued on page 92)



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NEW YORK

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

(Continued from page 91)

Daw seized the moment and slipping his arm into Battles' led him into the august presence of J. Rufus Wallingford, then withdrew and closed the door.

In the office below Daw remarked to Eddie that "when two big men get together they understand each other at once."

Two bottles of Andy Dempsey's best homebrew went aloft to the Wallingford suite and sounds of fast and animated conversation percolated into the hall. Battlesburg's luminaries and hotel lobby statesmen were all interest and excitement over the fact that their leading citizen, George Washington Battles, was "in conference" with Mr. J. Rufus Wallingford.

Clint Hawkins came in, bursting with importance and excitement.

"We're getting out an extra of the Blade about the arrival of Mr. Wallingford and I've framed up the band to come down and play for him and we'll have a parade with a banner, 'Welcome to Wallingford'."

"Fine," exclaimed Andy Dempsey. "I was just going to suggest that myself."

Presently the conference in Wallingford's suite ended and his guest emerged. It was readily to be seen that George Washington Battles, leading citizen, had traded his stern reserve for a remarkable enthusiasm, verbal and liquid.

"You're all right, Wallingford, and I'd sure like to see that book," Battles gurgled.

"I will wire my secretary at Palm Beach to send it at once," Wallingford replied.

Wallingford's conquest of Battles was sufficient and final for Battlesburg. Wallingford had the goods.

"Tell Miss Jasper, the stenographer," said Wallingford impersonally as possible to Dempsey, "to bring her book and come to my suite for dictation."

"I will not—it isn't proper—if he wants to dictate let him come here just like other people do," Fannie answered Dempsey.

Dempsey flared up.

Fannie quietly got up and got her hat and coat and walked out.

Wallingford rushed into the street after her.

"Come back—Dempsey means all right."

Fannie shook her head in refusal.

"You must not go like this—I do not want to be the cause of your losing your place. I want you to come back—and be my secretary."

"I'll think about it," Fannie decided.

When the Battlesburg band in full uniform came down the street blaring "The Conquering Hero Comes," Daw and Wallingford took up a position on the veranda with calm assurance. Their outward bearing betrayed nothing of their inward mirth.

"I am not a man of promises," said Wallingford in response to the welcome, "but I think I can say without exaggeration that I will be responsible for a new era of prosperity in Battlesburg. I am no speech-maker, but I can, I assure you, appreciate the spirit of this magnificent occasion."

Main Street was still ringing with cheers when Wallingford signaled Daw and they withdrew to their quarters. There were excellent reasons why the conspirators should have applied their hit and run tactics, seizing easy money by any of their easy devices and departing at once. But there were two more forceful reasons why they would not. Those reasons were Dorothy Welles, who had caught the ardent fancy of Mr. Horace Daw; and Miss Fannie Jasper, stenographer, who had filled the eyes and heart of the wandering Wallingford.

"I meant to put a few notes through

(Continued on page 93)

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

(Continued from page 92)

Battles' bank and beat it," Wallingford remarked to Daw. "But I've decided we'll have to stay and promote that manufacturing plant. We'll have to be here a number of weeks. I can't tear myself away now."

A knock came at the door. Daw opened it and admitted Eddie Lamb, who came with a message to Wallingford.

"Just a moment, Mr. Lamb. Be seated." Wallingford swept him into a chair with a gesture. "I will finish my conference with Mr. Daw and be right with you." Then he wheeled about to Daw.

"As I was saying, I understand, Horace, that you think I ought to let the people of Battlesburg in on this?"

"I certainly do—I think you ought to let them have a little stock at least."

"I know—I like these people myself," Wallingford went on. "But you know I have always been opposed to the idea of small stockholders, they fuss about details they do not understand. Now, if we do incorporate, it must be a small issue, because I do not want to attract the attention of the Eureka Tack people. I am confident that after we have been going two months we can sell out to them for two million."

"All the more reason you ought to let some of the prominent citizens in," interposed Daw.

"Well," said Wallingford, "you have been here longer than I have and you know these people. I'll do it."

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. Lamb." Wallingford turned to Eddie.

"Oh, that's all right," Eddie fawned. "Mr. Dempsey just asked me to tell you he had the orchestra and everything all right for the banquet that you ordered."

"Fine," said Wallingford. "Thanks. We'll have a fine time. And let me congratulate you on the young lady you are going to marry, Miss Dempsey, I believe—and I trust you'll work yourself up into a position where you can give her all the little luxuries that a fine girl like that needs and wants. I'd like to put you into a way of making a pot of money. But I must speak frankly, Mr. Lamb," Wallingford continued, "if I hadn't made up my mind to keep out small stock holders, having so much surplus capital myself—you see if I did do you a good turn and let you in, it would just result in a lot of little fellows running after me to put in their money and I would have no peace."

"Oh, I wouldn't say anything about it." Eddie's heart was beating fast.

"Yes, yes," Wallingford waved a hand at him, "but you would give me a check and I would have to put it through the bank here with my name on it and the gossip would leak out and there I would be."

"Oh, no—nothing like that," Lamb pleaded. "My money's in cash."

"How much?" Wallingford was casual.

"I have eleven thousand," Eddie answered.

"Well, I wouldn't take all that—better give me ten thousand—and the only condition on which I let you in is absolute secrecy. If I hear a word about it I shall have to hand you back your money."

"I promise," Eddie exclaimed fervidly.

"Barnum was right, but too conservative," Wallingford commented to Daw, when the door had closed behind the clerk.

The next caller was George Washington Battles, bringing his brother Timothy, the mayor, and Henry Quig, the coal and ice magnate of the town. Their call was a signal for the gathering of the clans. Welles,

(Continued on page 94)



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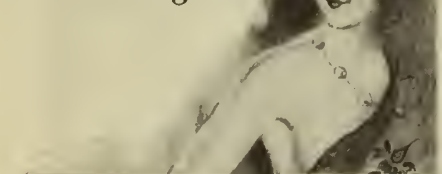
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Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

(Continued from page 93)

the real estate man, and Hawkins of the Blade followed soon after.

"I have just the site for your factory—two hundred by two hundred and sixty, near the depot," Welles broke in.

"Convenient for shipping," returned Wallingford in comment. Then with his eyes half closed, as though visualizing the future, he drew a word picture for them. "Ah, gentlemen, I can almost see the smoke belching from the chimneys of the factory, the lights gleaming from the windows, the thousands of workmen streaming from the gates and the day shift leaves and the night shift goes on, the freight cars leaving loaded with my magnificent tacks."

"Tacks?" It was a chorus of surprise.

"Yes, gentlemen, tacks. Not the kind of tacks you are thinking of." He beckoned them to him and bent over a patch of carpet. "There, that is it, gentlemen! In those rusty carpet tacks is the secret of our great opportunity—and a greater Battlesburg. You see those ugly tacks, rusty and dirty. Gentlemen, the dream of my life—the covered carpet tack, covered with material to match the carpet—will revolutionize the industry and make millions."

When the session was ended the Universal Tack Company had been drafted into a preliminary agreement and stock subscriptions noted down. The leading lights of Battlesburg were going to participate in Wallingford's soon-to-be-millions of new profits. They had seen samples of the covered tack—made up on the spur of the moment from an old necktie and a bottle of glue. As the session ended, Fannie Jasper came.

"I have come to say that I cannot accept the position as secretary that Mr. Wallingford offered me." Fannie was firm, even though unhappy, as she told Daw. At the door, Wallingford, for once truly sincere, stood before her with deep regret on his face. He fumbled with his sample tacks.

"We have just organized a big company to make these—clever idea, don't you think?" Wallingford was puzzling within himself. He was disturbed over his fondness for this girl. Girls and love affairs had long ago been ruled out by Wallingford and Daw—but this, this was different.

"It's a wonderful idea." Her eyes lighted with an honest enthusiasm. "It ought to be worth a fortune to you."

Wallingford looked at the tacks in his palm wonderingly. Had he, indeed, unwittingly hit on something with real merit? He had not so intended. He looked at the girl and wished earnestly that he was what he was trying to appear to be.

"I am proud of this invention—by the way, Mr. Daw tells me you won't take that position."

"I've changed my mind." Wallingford looked at her quickly. "Yes?"

"What will my duties be?" "Sort of private and confidential secretary. I've just closed for a floor in the Battles building, you can report there at nine in the morning—your salary will be a hundred a month—no objections, now."

"I have a little money saved, \$400, that I'd like to invest."

Wallingford raised his hand in caution. "Let me give you a tip, Miss Jasper. You hang on to the money you've saved and don't let anybody get it away from you."

"But really, Mr. Wallingford, I want to invest this money if there's a chance for such big return as you say."

"Little girl, you are making it hard.

(Continued on page 96)



Are You A Vegetarian?

NATURE places in fruits and vegetables certain elements which help to keep the human body healthy. Those who eat an abundance of such foods seldom suffer from indigestion, sour stomach, biliousness, constipation, headaches, and the endless train of distressing symptoms which such disorders cause.

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|Civil Engineer |Steam Engineer |
|Structural Engineer |Foreman's Course |
|Business Manager |Sanitary Engineer |
|Cert. Public Accountant |Telephone Engineer |
|Accountant and Auditor |Telegraph Engineer |
|Draftsman and Designer |High School Graduate |
|Electrical Engineer |Fire Insurance Expert |
|General Education | |

Name.....

Address.....

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 Nellan, 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. 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 Ark. 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., 3300 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.
 - Louis B. Mayer Productions, 3300 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 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 Romalme and Chahuenga Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
- PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 W. 45th St., New York. (s) Geo. B. Seltz, 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 Diversely 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.
- 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 Short Cut to Successful Writing

By DELLA THOMPSON LUTES

Editor of 'To Day's Housewife', author of 'A Soldier of the Dusk' and other books

I WAS sixteen when my first poem was printed. I was nearly thirty before I had a story printed. In the meantime I had written a great many things, but nobody wanted them. I didn't know how to write the things I wanted to write, nor what to do with them if I did. There didn't seem to be any way to get such information, either, since one couldn't go to college.

Then a Sunday newspaper printed two stories, and this was encouragement. Years went by, however, three of them, perhaps four, before I got anything more in print. I wrote and wrote and wrote. I sent things out and faithfully they came back to me. Always with rejection slips, and never with any advice. I couldn't get any advice. I couldn't get any help. Finally, however, my stories were good enough by sheer persistency and struggle, so that the magazines began to accept them. One went to the *Delineator*, one to *Good Housekeeping*, the *Designer*, the *Ladies' World*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and others. But always I had to cut and prune and rewrite after the story was accepted, because I didn't know how to do it in the first place. I had something to say that they were willing to pay for, but I didn't know how to say it. It took me ten years, and more, to learn what I could have learned in one or less if I had had such an Easy System of Writing as came to my desk the other day. Ten years and more, and the loss of thousands of dollars for what I could have learned in six months at a cost of a few dollars if I had had a chance!

A most astonishing assertion was recently made by one of the highest paid writers in the world. He said, "Millions of people can write stories and photoplays and don't know it."

I know from my own experience that almost every person longs at times to express himself in writing but doesn't know how. I have had thousands of letters from people saying, "Oh, I wish I could write. I know I could tell a story or write a good article if I knew how."

There is a technique to story or play writing just as there is to piano playing or painting. If you had that technique you could certainly express yourself better than you can without it, and you might find that you have an ability to do something that before you have only thought of vaguely as a wish.

Every heart has its own story. Every life has experiences that are worth passing on. The man who clerked in a store last year is making more money this year with his pen than he would have made in the store in a life time.

The young woman who earned eighteen dollars a week last summer at stenography sold a story last week for one hundred dollars. The woman who wrote the serial story which is now running in *Today's Housewife* hadn't thought of writing a story until about five years ago—didn't know for sure she could write a story. Now her name appears almost every month in the leading magazines.

A woman of over fifty came into my office one day last week to see me about a story we recently bought from her. Ten years ago she had never written a word. Within the last six months she has sold ten stories to leading magazines averaging over a hundred dollars each. You don't know whether you can write or not until you try.

Once there was a tradition that writing was a "gift" miraculously placed in the hands of the chosen few. We still believe in genius, and not everyone can be an O. Henry or a Stevenson, but the great majority of writers who are turning out the stories and photoplays of to-day, for which thousands and thousands of dollars are being paid, are not geniuses. They are simple people who have been taught how to tell a story and who then look about them and get a story to tell.

There are just as many stories of human interest right in your own vicinity, stories for which some editor will pay good money, as there are in New York City or anywhere else. Magazine editors are hungry for good stories. They will welcome a story from you just as quickly as from any well-known writer if your story is good enough. And they will pay you well for it, too. Big money is paid for stories and scenarios today—a good bit bigger money than is being paid in salaries.

There is a tremendous demand for writers—writers of stories, of articles, of photoplays. Money is being spent like water by magazine publishing houses and

photoplay companies. Big sums of money—and names do not count—until they have done something good.

This is the word I want to leave with you: If you have said to yourself, "I wish I could write," or "If I only knew how to do it, I believe I could write," or if you have plot- for stories, ideas for articles, or if screen pictures come to you and you don't know how to put them in marketable form, don't be discouraged and think, "Oh, what's the use of my trying! I don't know how." And don't get the idea that all great writers were born knowing how to write. Almost without exception they have struggled to the top through years of bitter work and waiting. They did not have the help that lies at your hand.

The Authors' Press of Auburn, N. Y., has, to my mind, solved the problem for the would-be writer. They have prepared an Easy System of Writing that is at once so comprehensive and so simple that it covers every point of the principle and technique of short-story writing and photoplay writing, and yet is so clearly and pleasantly written that the perusal of it is an inspiration and a delight.

This New System is tremendously inspirational. I have read it three times to be absolutely sure it is what I should want to recommend to the hundreds of writers who ask me for help. Each time I read it I am so filled with enthusiasm that I want to run away from the editorial desk and write a story or a scenario. It is good reading even for the person who isn't filled with the desire to write, for it tells how it is done. A study of this New Method of Writing will help anyone to think better and to express himself more forcefully in conversation or writing than he otherwise could. I am glad to have the opportunity to recommend to all writers the inspirational, helpful, and most reasonably priced System of Writing published by The Authors' Press of Auburn, N. Y.

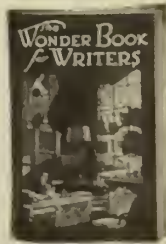
The New System of Writing recommended by Mrs. Lutes—and also endorsed by many more of America's foremost magazines, editors, publishers, and authors—is fully described in a wonderful FREE book called "The Wonder Book for Writers." This amazing book shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't even 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 "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to WIN!

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Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

(Continued from page 94)

"Yes, I guess I am," returned Fannie, her voice cold and dry, "and I am going to make it twice as hard. Why, you and your friend are just a pair of confidence men—Mr. Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford!"

Wallingford gulped.

"You are not going to rob my friends! One wrong move and I'll put the authorities wise."

"I judge you don't want that position now." Wallingford was thinking fast.

"Yes, I do. I am going to hang right on—I'll be at your office at nine."

Fannie swept out.

Wallingford looked at Daw.

"Suffering cats! She's got our number!" Horace Daw summarized the situation. "You've got Eddie's roll. Let's be going."

"No," Wallingford exploded. "I am going to stay and make her see things from my viewpoint. I will if I have to make love to her and marry her."

"Fine chance you've got," remarked Daw. "She turned down every man in town."

"Proves she's smart," returned Wallingford. "She's the only smart woman I ever saw."

WALLINGFORD seized his hat and went down the street in pursuit of Fannie. He found her and talked as Wallingford had never talked before. When they parted she shook hands as though she meant it.

The tack company offices duly opened in the Battles building and the town began to catch fire from the promotional radio-activity of Wallingford and Daw. When old G. W. Battles, and his brother Timothy, and two or three other "insiders" of the town went into a thing to the tune of \$25,000 each, that idea was sold to Battlesburg. The typical symptoms of the boom began to bud and bloom. Main Street was crowded with people who came to hear about and see this great Wallingford. His offices boiled with activity. Right and left he bought real estate options and sold them again. He branched out swiftly and organized a trolley company to build a line to Hoytsville, and went far enough with his sham to get a franchise.

From week to week he stalled with promises that the next week work would be started on the erection of the tack factory. By way of atmospheric reassurance Eddie Lamb was sent east on a two weeks' trip to solicit orders for the famous covered carpet tack. In that two weeks Wallingford promised himself he would have gathered all that could be plucked from the bank rolls of Battlesburg and be gone—even though it hurt. And Daw he sent to Des Moines to talk with a machine company's inventor about a machine for making the covered tacks, all for show and the reassurance of Battlesburg.

But delays were dangerous and the stockholders, headed by G. W. Battles, got impatient. They began to compare notes and exchange doubts. The day of storm was coming.

Wallingford sensed it all. He grew more and more devoted to Fannie Jasper, showering her with tokens of violets and sending roses to her mother.

At last the growing doubts boiled up into a crisis, and at the head of his phalanx G. W. Battles marched into the Wallingford offices. Wallingford met them with a smile.

"What is on your mind, boys?"

"As president of the Universal Tack Company I have come to demand an accounting. We elected you treasurer and put up \$125,000 and you have used the money to promote a lot of other schemes we are not interested

in. You have drawn out \$28,000 of the company's money. Where is it?"

Wallingford's face blackened.

"It is none of your business, now. At the next regular monthly meeting of the Universal Tack Company you shall have your accounting, and if you are not satisfied then, say so. Until then the money and the matters of the company are in my hands."

Wallingford's swift dramatics were not in vain.

"We don't want to lose your friendship," Battles began. When the session ended, a few minutes later, a committee had been formed to present Wallingford with a loving cup.

Daw came back from Des Moines.

"I saw the construction company about putting up the plant and stalled them for another ten days," he half shouted to Wallingford. "And the machine people showed me a model machine that will make the tacks, millions of them an hour."

"Stop," Wallingford interrupted sadly. "Horace, you're off your trolley. I don't care if this machine will make a million tacks a minute, who wants them—everybody is using rugs now."

Daw's face was a puzzle. Wallingford began discussing the storm of the afternoon and the coming getaway. He read the unhappiness in Daw's face and read it right.

"I know all about it, Horace, and the girl—I'm sorry—but the sooner the less it will hurt. I am pretty well gone myself. We had no business to have anything to do with regular girls. If we were in a legitimate business—but we are not."

"No use hashing that," Daw assented. "Anyway, we are a quarter of a million to the good. This is Saturday night. Let the boobs count up tomorrow at breakfast."

Dorothy Welles broke into the room.

"I came to ask you to come to Sunday dinner tomorrow. Mother and father want you to come so much, and so do I."

"Dorothy, I'll be counting the hours till then." Wallingford discreetly withdrew and Daw drew the girl to him.

In the outer office where Wallingford went was Fannie. The emotion was contagious.

Into this medley of a scene came a stranger, who looked too much like a policeman to make Wallingford happy.

"Are you Mr. Wallingford?"

"I am."

"Well, I am M. B. Lott, from Des Moines. I represent the Midland traction people. I want to talk to you about the Battlesburg-Hoytsville trolley project of yours."

"Pleased to meet you."

"We have been thinking of extending our lines and we would like to see if we can get together," Lott continued.

"THERE is just one way. We will buy or sell." Wallingford was himself again. "I will take a million for our franchise, half cash, half notes. What is your proposition?"

"That is exactly the offer I was authorized to make," replied Lott. "If you will come to Des Moines tonight I will guarantee to have the matter wound up by ten o'clock tomorrow morning."

"All right, Mr. Lott, we have half an hour to make the train. I will be with you."

When Lott was gone Daw and Wallingford danced about in the office.

"We are a couple of honest men, Jimmie." Daw was hoarse with delight.

Then came a greater surprise. Eddie Lamb, days ahead of his schedule:

"I've got orders for over a hundred thousand gross of tacks—the jobbers are

(Continued on page 97)

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

(Concluded)

crazy about them—going like wildfire, and a better price than we expected."

The Battles building never before or after saw such a scene as ensued.

Wallingford let out a whoop, and dashing out to Fannie swept her into his arms and Daw close after him gathered up Dorothy. The tacks were sold, the trolley was sold and they were a pair of honest business men.

Anyone on the trail of Jimmie Wallingford and Blackie Daw, confidence men extraordinary, two years later would have known neither them nor Battlesburg. A busy trolley line ran down Main street to the factory section, where night and day the Universal Tack Company's plant belched smoke and shipped covered carpet tacks by the carload. The town hummed. And up the street was the New Wallingford Hotel, the show place of the county, operated by Andy Dempsey.

Out on the edge of the old Battlesburg had risen a new residential section filled with fine homes.

Probably the most pretentious of the mansions were those of Horace Daw and J. Rufus Wallingford.

It was on the second anniversary of their coming to Battlesburg that Daw and Wallingford gave their biggest banquet.

Again came a stranger—a man in blue serge with square-toed boots—Thomas Donahue, from New York.

And it came that out there in the shadows of the porch Blackie Daw and Jimmie Wallingford, the old confidence men, and Tom Donahue, the New York plain-clothes man, talked it over, old times and all.

"Yes, Tom," said Wallingford, "Blackie and I are square with the world."

A baby's soft cry came from within.

"Boy?" asked Donahue, smiling.

"Boy and girl—twins."

When Donahue was gone, Wallingford turned to Daw.

"Did you ever tell Dorothy the truth about us?"

"Yes, I made a clean breast of it long ago."

"And so did I to Fannie," said J. Rufus.

They went to join the wives. Far in the distance shone the lights of the factories of busy Battlesburg, turning out millions of tacks night and day. It was the hour of Dreams-Come-True, this dream that was born in falsehood and redeemed by love.

Visual Education

Textbooks are to be filmed by D. Appleton and Co., the publishers of school-books. They will parallel their educational publications with films for visual instruction. School children today have the great benefit of learning their lessons from the screen. Motion pictures are much more absorbing than dry descriptions on the printed page. Lessons will be learned with a degree of rapidity never before achieved. PHOTOPLAY has always predicted that it would not be long before the films would be the favorite form of instruction. A child usually has a prejudice against ugly and drab things. The old-fashioned geographies and histories and spellers were ugly; almost always bound in a dull green or yellow, they were far from inviting. Geography, of course, will be the first subject to be put into pictures. There are no restrictions in this field—the whole world will reach the children in the school-rooms.

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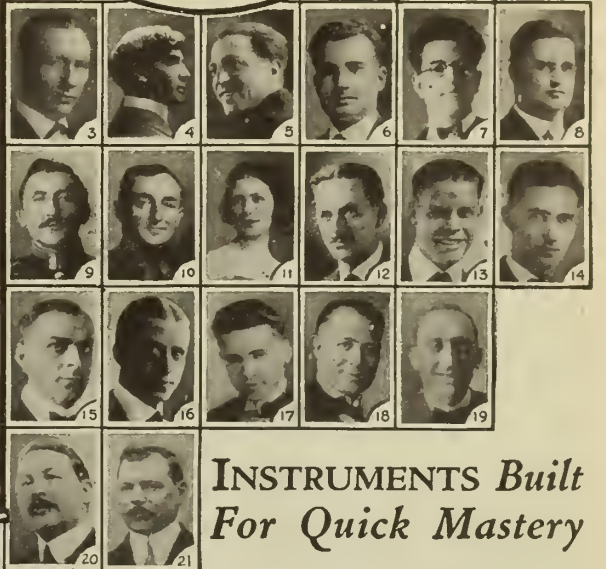
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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 80)

RAE.—I am not sure that Miss Elsie Ferguson cares to have her home address made public. Until I am sure, I will only tell you that it is somewhere on Park Avenue—in the three-hundreds. Miss Ferguson is really Mrs. Thomas B. Clarke. I have seen them lunching together and they seem quite devoted. When a busy banker and his famous wife have luncheon together it means they must be. There are happy marriages in movieland—look at Dorothy Gish and James Rennie. I am very fond of them both, and of Lillian, too. They are among my favorite players.

NORA.—Begoro, but I'm glad to hear from you again, after all these days! Betty Blythe has a bit of Irish in her, I believe. She has an Irish wit—that much I know. You can address Miss Blythe at her home, 1820 La Brea Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. She is married to Paul Scardon, the director, and has two step-daughters. Betty is now in the east playing in the newest Rex Beach picture. You know, I call her Betty because I don't know her very well.

TUESDAY.—Is that really your name? Then you're about as soulful as spinach and as truthful as a turnip. Constance and Norma are somewhere in their early, middle or later twenties, but that's all I can tell you. Their ages are given officially as twenty-one and twenty-three respectively, but I have an idea they are older than that.

K., NEW YORK.—I don't believe in public demonstrations of affliction. I keep my sorrows to myself. Pearl White is thirty-two years old; address her care the William Fox studios, N. Y. C. Elmo Lincoln was born February 6, 1880. His present address is 2719 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. Tom Mix was born in Texas, and his home is at 5841 Carlton Way, Hollywood, Cal. I think there is to be an addition to the Mix family before long. Mrs. Mix was Victoria Forde, daughter of that excellent character actress, Eugenie Forde.

L. B., YONKERS, N. Y.—Once the home of Hope Hampton. Now Hope lives on Park Avenue. Her latest is "Star-Dust," which is reviewed in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. Grace Cunard,—why, I haven't heard of her for a long time. She is still in California, I think. She was never married to Francis Ford, but they were co-stars in serials for some years. Grace was once married to the youngest of the Moore brothers, Joe, about whom you don't hear very much. Owen is now the husband of Kathryn Perry, former Ziegfeld Follies beauty—of course she is still beautiful—while Tom is married to Renée Adoree.

LILLIAN.—Why not Lilyan? Might as well. Glad, however, that you are sensible enough to realize it is foolish to attempt a film career at fifteen. But, of course, there is always the possibility that when you are older you won't want to attempt a film career. Diana Allen is twenty-two. Her latest picture is "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford." She is not married. Walter McGrail is thirty-two. Address him Lambs Club, N. Y. C.

OLGA.—I'm afraid you are doomed to disappointment. Hoot Gibson is not Swedish. He was born in Nebraska and looks, to me, of Irish descent. However, I look of Russian descent, with all the whiskers I am supposed to have, and as a matter of fact, I, too, am middle-western American. (Continued on page 90)

Masked!



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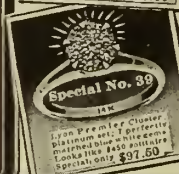
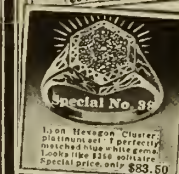
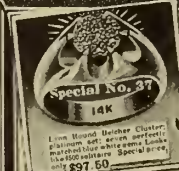
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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 98)

JASMINE.—You flutter me. If I could only believe all you say. But I am cynical, and I know the world and its ways, and I cannot believe that you really think I am as nice as all that. Because I'm not. The Gishes are stars, not Cooper-Hewitts, as you seem to think. It is an unusual name. I had never heard it before, either.

ADDIE.—It was awfully nice of you, really, to send me a birthday card. Of course, I stopped having birthdays about three months ago, when I celebrated my last one. Birthdays are terrible tyrants. May be able to fool others as to how ancient I am, but I can't fool myself. So thanks for the card. Your letter was interesting. Ethel Clayton is not married. The late Joseph Kaufman was her husband.

MARTIN ADMIRER.—As I have noted elsewhere in these columns, Miss Vivian Martin herself wrote to me to deny the existence of a little daughter. She said, "I wish this were true, but it is not." Yes, I saw Miss Martin in "Just Married," and while it is an inconsequential little farce, she is quite charming in it. She has been married. Better write to her to ask if she still is.

JOSEPHINE.—Bebe Daniels played *The King's Favorite* in the Babylonian episode of "Male and Female"—that much-disputed allegory about the Christian slave. Bebe is not married, but it isn't because nobody ever asked her. I understand she is one of the most popular young ladies in pictures.

V. S., DALLAS.—So folks say you are too emotional to be an actress. I never heard of that standing in anyone's way before. I don't know what makes Gloria Swanson so beautiful. If I did I should surely tell you. We can't have too many Glorias in this world. Madame Petrova, whom you admire so fervently, may be reached at 125 West 40th Street, N. Y. C. That is, when she is in town. She is on the road right now with her new stage play, "The White Peacock."

JACKIE.—I haven't heard from you for months. You seem to have forgotten I was on earth, and in this department. Perhaps you got to know so much about movies from me, you couldn't think of any more questions to ask. Welcome back, anyway. Marguerite Clark in "Scrambled Wives." The adorable ingenue married, retired, came back for that one picture, and retired again. She lives down on her husband's estate in New Orleans, La. I like Marguerite much.

G. M. F., DORCHESTER, MASS.—Or, eventually why not now? Rudie Valentino has played in "The Sheik," "The Four Horsemen of the Applesauce," "Camille," "The Conquering Power," "Moran of the Lady Betty." Pardon the typographical error of the Ibañez *tour de force* or *magnum opus*. I do not know Mr. Valentino very well, but I am sure that, being a man, he likes to be admired, so do not hesitate to tell him you think he is the finest, slickest-haired actor in films!

LIZZIE.—Yes, my occupation would make me out an insufferable egotist. But I am not. Emory Johnson is twenty-seven years old, weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds, is six feet two inches tall, has brown hair and eyes, and is married to Ella Hall. Whew! And—he supported Bebe Daniels in "She Couldn't Help It."

(Continued on page 102)

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Keep Its Color Natural

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medium brown . . . light brown

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Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer

Battle of Two Cities

(Continued from page 45)

in Hollywood, the portion of the city where the industry is centered, everyone gets so fed up with motion pictures that they cannot think of anything else. They lose their perspective. They absorb no new ideas—no new lines of thought.

MAURICE TOURNEUR, Director:

From the material standpoint of facilities, costs, climate and the like there is no comparison; Los Angeles is vastly superior. I have always regarded New York's theaters, its music, its arts, its hustle and bustle, its noise and clamor and color, its startling cosmopolitanism, as a most valuable mental stimulant. I honestly consider that bigger things artistically could and would be done were the industry more largely centered in New York and more productions made there. New York's intellectual circles preclude any possibility of cerebral staleness. They awaken new ideas and revive lagging ambitions. London, Paris and Vienna are like that.

PENRHYN STANLAWS, Artist and Director:

I think a New Yorker ought to produce films in Los Angeles and a Californian in New York. The ideal arrangement is to be where you have the fewest friends and can work the hardest. Also, where newness and novelty give you the biggest mental kick.

WILLIAM D. TAYLOR, President of the Motion Picture Directors' Association:

I am mighty fond of New York and could not get along without going there at least once a year, for its artistic, dramatic and literary advantages, but as a place to make pictures it certainly cannot compare with Los Angeles. Honest and disinterested thought can produce no other conclusion. It takes twice as long to make a picture in New York and therefore costs much more. And even in an artistic product like pictures, the cost is one of the most essential things to reckon with.

WILLIAM DeMILLE, Paramount Director:

There is no question in my mind as to the superiority of California over New York as a picture producing center for the simple reason that I never have, and never will, produce in the East.

California has every advantage; Manhattan so few. True, in New York you can hear the best music and lectures, see the finest plays and paintings; but most of us can make the trip from the west whenever we feel it is necessary and if you have anything within yourself, you do not need outside stimulus so much.

California means home and work to me.

LILLIAN GISH, Griffith Star:

There is so much more in New York than there is in California.

New York is the cultural center of the country. Hollywood is a wonderful place to have a home and make a garden.

I missed California when I left it. Now I could not get along without New York. Its plays, its interesting people, its exchange of brilliant ideas, its everlasting exhilaration. It is not that I love California less, but New York more. Someday I may find that my work will take me west again, and I will not object.

THEODORE ROBERTS, Screen Character actor and former New York stage favorite:

Here the motion picture industry is—figuratively—a big toad in a little puddle. Industrially and artistically, it is the pet child of a progressive and growing city. In New York it is and always has been, the stepsister of the theater. New York loves the theater. The theater's needs always overshadow the needs of pictures there.

CECIL B. deMILLE, Paramount's Director-General:

Making motion pictures is hard enough work under the best of circumstances. Making them under the handicap of eastern weather and eastern climatic conditions is more than I care to undertake. California—especially Los Angeles and its environs—is the ideal place to live. And consequently the ideal place to work.

If anyone can point out to me why a mortal should live in the heat and cold of the East and endure the inconveniences of its horrors, when it is a whole lot easier and simpler to make pictures right here in Los Angeles, I should be grateful.

ALLAN SHORE, President of the Hollywood Board of Trade:

Nothing finer has ever been done for the profession of the actor than the establishment of Los Angeles as the capital of the film industry. When you consider that today thousands of actors own their own homes, have been enabled to establish a family life and often a family, through the fact that moving pictures are made in Los Angeles, it becomes not an inter-civic, but a national proposition. For it is the principle of Americanism, this firm foundation of the American home.

Los Angeles will do all for the motion picture industry that any other city can offer to do—and she has proved it. She will meet any conditions, any inducements made by other cities.

If there has been some protest in our city against certain elements of film people—we know that the film people themselves desire to see this element controlled.

ABRAHAM LEHR, Vice-president in charge of Goldwyn Production:

New York is the financial and distributing center of the industry. The home offices of nearly all of the big companies, including our own, are located there. It would be an advantage for the studio to be near the general headquarters. New York scores in that respect.

But as long as a friendly attitude is maintained by the city and the industry fostered and protected in Los Angeles, it will probably be difficult to get the producer to abandon his financial investments and his already perfected and operating plant in Los Angeles.

SYLVESTER WEAVER, President of the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles:

The motion picture industry is Los Angeles' favorite industry.

And Los Angeles would never allow it to be taken away without putting up a good, hearty battle.

We are proud of the motion pictures. They are a part of us, they have always

(Continued on page 101)



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Battle of Two Cities

(Concluded)

been connected with Los Angeles. They have received here at all times the heartiest co-operation.

THOMAS H. INCE, Producer:

My preference for Los Angeles as a production headquarters, and I do prefer it to New York, is based primarily on its marked advantages as to production cost. Having kept closely in touch with conditions in both places, I know that the financial outlay required in making a picture in New York is from thirty to thirty-five percent greater than in Los Angeles. Accordingly, the same amount of money expended in Los Angeles will result in a thirty to thirty-five percent better picture than might have been made in the East.

We have become identified in every way with its life. I myself have my home, property interests of various kinds, to say nothing of a complete, perfect, and expensive studio plant, constructed by myself to suit my exact needs, which I could never duplicate in New York.

IRVING H. HELLMAN, Vice-president, Hellman Commercial, Trust and Savings Bank, Los Angeles:

If for no other reason that that it has more capital employed, has a larger annual value of output and employs more persons than any other industry in Los Angeles, the motion picture interests deserve the very best consideration that its citizens—bankers and business men included—can extend. And the industry knows that it will receive this. But, beyond this, there is a sentimental interest that arises from pride—pride in the growth of a lusty industrial child that, even if not born here yet certainly came to Los Angeles in its swaddling clothes.

JOHN EMERSON AND ANITA LOOS, Scenario Writers and Directors:

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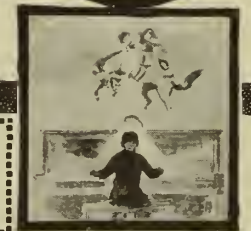
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Age... Ever taken piano lessons?..... Street

For how long a time?..... City



A Modest Hero of the Stage

(Continued from page 51)

the shell-shocked Hilary Fairfield, an ideal vehicle for his return to the business of his life. He at once put in a bid for the American rights to the piece but the producers named a price that would have discouraged even Pollock had it not been for the fact that he counted on a few good friends who had offered to lend him whatever money he might need.

To the first of these friends he blurted out, “Lend me 2,000 pounds!” “Why not ask me for 2,052 pounds, three shillings and sixpence?” said the friend. “Why the 52 pounds, three and six?” asked Pollock. “Because,” replied the friend, “that is all I have.”

The money was, nevertheless, finally collected from this source and that, the deal closed and Pollock opened the play in New York, where it seems destined to run indefinitely.

From that time it has been a cumulative sensation and seems destined to run indefinitely.

Pollock, still far from well and still obliged to spend from twelve to fourteen hours a day in bed, comes to the theater each night with as much enthusiasm as if it were the first night. And he is being forgotten as a hero and recognized as an actor—which is to say that his deepest wish is being fulfilled—the reward of all first-class heroes.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 99)

LENA.—Constance Talmadge is separated from her husband, John Pialoglo. He is a wealthy tobacco merchant, and the separation came as a surprise to many, as all the papers put it. The Queen of Sheba is to take part in a new Rex Beach picture—she stopped off on her way east to Ohio University, whose favorite actress she is. She was born in 1893, is five feet eight and a half inches tall and weighs 145 lbs.

ISABEL.—Jean Acker is Mrs. Rudolph Valentino, or was. They have been divorced, or are. They had no children. Rudie is a Lasky star now.

IRENE M.—Mary Pickford has no children. Douglas Fairbanks had one son by his former marriage to Beth Sully, who is now a Mrs. Evans. Clara Kimball Young and Theda Bara both have black hair. Theda Bara was born in Cincinnati, not Egypt. I thought that old legend had been forgotten long ago.

Mrs. G. B.—Thank you. It’s awfully sweet of you to write me such nice things. If you are sincere, I am very much pleased. But I hate insincere praise. It is worse than none. (I’d like to watch a lot of you guilty ones shake in your shoes). The Realart studio, where Bebe works, is on Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles. La Daniels is not engaged or married. I believe there was an idea at one time that Tommy Meighan was to be a Realart rather than a Paramount star, but he finally joined the stellar ranks of Famous Players-Lasky, where he is called the “Good Luck Star.” You bet I like Tom. Is there anyone who doesn’t?

(Continued on page 117)

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE! BUT YOUR NOSE?

IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your “looks;” therefore it pays to “look your best” at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny?

My latest *Nose-Shaper*, “TRADOS Model 25,” U.S. Patent, with six adjustable pressure regulators and made of light polished metal, corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Diseased cases excepted. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one’s daily occupation, being worn at night.

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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 VanWyck, to be found this issue on pages 58 and 59.

MCROSS, LITTLETON, N. H.—I suggest that you wear your hair in the style made popular by Elsie Ferguson. This style is particularly becoming, I think, to a girl with a short nose. If your friend, the brunette with the Roman nose, would adopt a more classic fashion of hair-dressing she would be very charming. She should—if she has a high forehead—pull the hair out slightly over her ears and forehead (not in puffs, but rather flat) and should do the balance of her hair in a loose psyche or a soft knot, low on her neck. Golf stockings and oxfords are exceedingly popular this season. Many of the smartest New York women wear them for the street.

NINA, TEXAS.—The best course to pursue to fill out your neck and arms is to massage them carefully with any good cream. Cold showers in the morning are not good for everyone, but you might try them for a while and see.

ALICE D., LOUISVILLE.—I am indeed flattered when a southern girl asks for my opinion. She so seldom needs it! Exercise and careful eating are the only solutions to the overweight problem that you will find practical. If you have no time to walk, do several simple exercises at home: such as touching the toes with the nose, etc.! I think brown and navy blue are always "safe" colors. On the other hand, they are not particularly pretty or unusual. Alice and French blue are, to me, delightful.

ACNES.—Mordore, a new shade of reddish-brown, would be charming for a gown for afternoon wear. Another color scheme which would serve either afternoon or evening, would be black with sphinx, a shade of grayish-green.

HAZEL B., ST. LOUIS.—From the snapshot you enclose, I see no reason why you should not be very popular. But of course you must know that there is some truth in that old proverb, "Handsome is as handsome does." Animated features and expressive, vivacious eyes mean more than cold classical beauty nine times out of ten. You wear your hair much as Marie Doro wears hers, and it is equally becoming. In fact, I think you resemble that lovely actress a little. Not much, but a little!

HELEN R., CONEY ISLAND.—The grey wool turban worn by Miss Betty Compson is made from her own design, so I cannot send you a pattern for it. Any good book on knitting—many of the yarn companies publish them, and they can be bought at the embroidery counter of any department store—will give you a foundation to work on. Then you can do some variety of loose stitch and easily get the result you wish.

N. T., TULSA.—A good graceful carriage is a most important thing. Today we are inclined to neglect it and cultivate instead our complexions and our wardrobes. Many women have won fame simply because they walked well. Have you ever seen a photograph of Dolores, the Ziegfeld Follies beauty? She is grace itself on the stage even though she does nothing but walk across it!

HELEN, TOPEKA.—Bobbed hair is charming for a girl of fourteen. I suppose you are back in school again, and I hope you enjoy your studies. Some times studies seem a frightful bore, especially at your age; but later you will be very glad you applied yourself. Dash hot, then cold water on the eyes night and morning. This process will help both the eyes and the lashes.

RUTH G., NEW YORK CITY.—Yes—by all means, use powder! Use rouge if you need it, although I do not always recommend its use for very young girls. A good rouge or powder does your skin good, not harm. I would not advise you to begin having facial massages until you really need them. And then not very often.

BLANCHE R., DETROIT, MICH.—A good treatment for an unattractive skin is this: wash the face at night, before going to bed, with warm water and a good skin soap. Then apply very hot water, and on top of this very cold water. Finish with ice, if possible. Any good cream, used regularly, will benefit a dry skin. Use a vanishing cream before applying powder, and a grease cream at night. I hope I have helped you a little.

MARIAN.—Don't feel that way about it. Other mothers may be able to give their babies rich fur robes and be-frilled bonnets, but, dear lady, don't mind. You are giving your little girl something much more precious: an instinctive taste and an ideal. Besides, some of the healthiest babies I've ever seen have worn ragged coats and no hats at all. I wish you would write to me again and ask me some questions—I should like to know you better.

L. K., NEWARK, N. J.—Always oxfords! I mean, you may hear that "they are wearing" queer shoes with buckles and straps, and satin slippers and two-strap pumps and things. But if you'll notice, they *always* come back to oxfords! And you can't possibly be in bad taste if you wear them. Now I suppose you'll go right out and buy a pair of satin shoes with rhinestone buckles, *n'est ce pas?*

GERALDINE B., CHICAGO, ILL.—You may have seen my picture in the papers—it has been there. I am not gifted literarily so I cannot describe myself to you. But one thing I can tell you: I am sure you would not know me if you saw me on the street. Because I dress very quietly, and I am afraid you think good taste in clothes means elaborate hats and frilly frocks.

HELEN MACI., HIGHTSTOWN, N. J.—Thank you so much for your sweet letter. I appreciate your interest, truly, and am only too glad to help you in any way. I agree with you that a band for the hair, for evening wear, is very pretty. I saw one in a smart shop which can easily be copied. It was of silver ribbon and green leaves; the leaves were made of ribbon and were fastened flat upon the silver band. A narrow band of green net would also be pretty with a cluster of white taffeta flowers on one side, slightly to the front. The flowers should have dull gold or orchid centers.



They say it behind your back

EVEN as you read this, some of your friends may be saying it about you.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is not a pretty subject. The thing is too delicate for conversation even among close friends.

Yet all the while, quite innocently, you may be offending your friends and business associates. Halitosis becomes a silent, unmentioned indictment that holds back many a man. And he is the last one to know why.

Why entertain uncomfortable doubts about your breath when there is a simple, scientific precaution that will put you on the safe—and polite—side?

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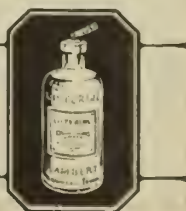
Of course, if halitosis is a symptom of some more deep-seated, organic disorder you will want to consult your physician or dentist. Naturally you wouldn't expect a mouth antiseptic to cure a bad stomach. But so often halitosis is merely local and temporary. The regular use of this excellent and pleasant antiseptic as a mouth wash and gargle will suffice.

Try Listerine this way today. Note the clean, fresh feeling it leaves about your mouth, teeth and throat. At the same time you freshen your breath you are guarding against throat infections that may anticipate more serious ills.

If you are not familiar with Listerine and its many uses just send us your name and address and fifteen cents and we shall be glad to forward you a generous sample of Listerine together with a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste sufficient for 10 days' brushings.

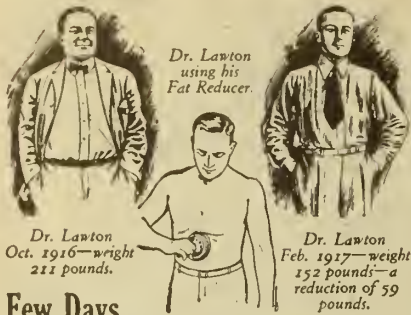
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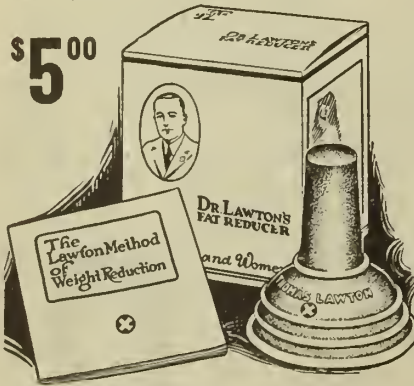
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Enlarged abdomens, thighs and hips reduced quickly.



Dr. Thomas Lawton, 120 W. 70th St., Dept 78, New York

Chaplin's Great Secret

(Continued from page 41)

TAKE the case of Babe Ruth, for example. He is a national hero, not merely because he can swing a club harder and knock a ball further than other men, but because he represents the country's ideal of sport—because, through his achievements, he has come to personify a great popular game. He, too, is the symbol of a powerful national impulse—the impulse to play. He, too, has been unofficially elected to an office—he is even called the "King of Swat." If Ruth had never been on a baseball team, but had merely given exhibitions of batting, he would not be a public idol, no matter how many home-runs he had knocked out.

Then there are the world's heavy-weight boxing champions—such men as Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Johnson, Willard and Dempsey. Here again it is the title, rather than the individual fighter, that really receives the adulation and applause of the public. The man is merely the symbol of the world's ideal of physical prowess.

AND so it goes through all the dominating impulses and instincts and needs of humanity. For each one of them the public selects a personal representative—an individual who most nearly symbolizes that particular impulse, or instinct, or need—and then proceeds to lavish him with admiration and homage.

Now, Mr. Chaplin fulfills, more nearly than any other comedian, the particular type of humor which the modern world demands. When we sit and watch him on the screen, he is actually expressing the exact kind of humorous impulse which is in ourselves. That is why he attracts us so irresistibly.

Humor is a very necessary reaction from the serious affairs of life. It is largely a breaking-forth of our suppressed desires and emotions. It is an outlet and a safety-valve; and it is as essential to man's welfare as eating, drinking, sleeping and wooing. It is both a physical and a mental recreation. Therefore it constitutes one of the most fundamental needs of mankind.

Moreover, the kind of humor, or humorous relaxation, which we demand depends largely on our environment and the conditions under which we live. Therefore, every age has its own variety of humor, which is the direct result of its economic, social, moral, cultural and ethical influences. That is why the things at which one generation laughs only bore another generation.

MR. CHAPLIN, as I have said, is a perfect personification of the kind of humor which appeals most strongly to us of today; and it is this which accounts for his tremendous popularity and vogue. Furthermore, the essence of his humor never changes. Other comedians please us at one time and leave us cold at another, for they lack that permanent, universal quality which is in all of Mr. Chaplin's work. His greatness does not lie in his details, in his material, or his plots, but in his methods, his viewpoint—his formula. That is why his poorest pictures have their fascination for us.

What, one asks, is it about Mr. Chaplin's performances that has made him the human and personal embodiment of our humorous impulses, and given him his unprecedented popularity?

The easiest way to answer this question is to glance at the conditions under which we live today.

First of all, we live in an age where there is an almost mathematical precision about life, and where our affairs are regulated with orderliness and exactitude. It is only natural, therefore, that in our recreation we should seek to balance this drab and un-

interesting condition by the wildest and most extravagant exaggerations. And in Mr. Chaplin's humor we find exactly such exaggerations—perfectly conceived to meet our needs. For an hour or so each evening we can live with him a senseless, topsyturvy existence in which everything that happens is unexpected and disorderly.

Again, this is an age of unimaginative science, of cut-and-dried formulas, of hide-bound logic—all of which demands, as an outlet, imagination, whimsical nonsense, and preposterous irrelevancies. And once more Mr. Chaplin supplies us with just these things. They are, indeed, the very basis of his humor.

Take, again, the enforced respectability of modern life—the prudish decencies, the insincerities and the pretences which are forced upon us in our dealings with our fellow-men. It is inevitable that our humor (which is one of our greatest emotional reactions) should possess the elements of rakishness and healthy vulgarity, of profanity and bad manners, of disrespect for the conventional niceties of conduct. Therefore, when Mr. Chaplin, being presented to a person socially, places his foot vigorously against the seat of that person's pantaloons, or squirts a seltzer siphon down his collar, we participate vicariously in the act, and get a real joy out of it!

WHAT Mr. Chaplin does is exactly what we would like to do nine times out of ten in real life; but, instead, the conventions demand that we shake hands politely with those to whom we are introduced, and murmur that we are delighted to make their acquaintance.

Furthermore, we all have the instinct, when invited out to dinner, to grab the kind of food which looks best to us; or to throw bricks at a deacon's high silk hat; or to turn a hose upon "swells" in evening dress; or rest our feet on the center-table when making a formal call, or shove a haughty matron into a trough of bird-lime and plaster; or remove our trousers on a hot day; or curse vociferously when things go wrong; or follow and make violent love to the attractive young ladies we chance to meet; or "pocket" anything which may take our fancy in a store; or do a hundred similar things which constitute Mr. Chaplin's principal activities on the screen. But we are not permitted to gratify these normal, healthy desires. We are forced to suppress them and to act in a restrained, polite, and unnatural fashion. And so we give vent to our true impulses by watching Mr. Chaplin, and by projecting ourselves into his personality.

Then, again, we of today are the victims of an unnatural puritanism. At every turn we are repressed by narrow-minded, moralistic laws and ordinances which restrict our spontaneous actions. However, we have to give vent to our normal instincts somehow or other; and Mr. Chaplin affords the most satisfactory and satisfying opportunity. No legal restrictions hem him in. He is an apostle of unrestraint, deviltry and illegality. His humor is the very anarchy of action. He does as he pleases, and snaps his fingers at the law. No wonder we flock to see him, and worship him as a hero! He dares to do the things which we long to do but are afraid to. He breaks every law, and what is more, he makes all laws ridiculous, especially the narrow, paternal laws which curb our personal freedom.

Another point: We are constantly having respect for authority forced upon us; we are constantly being made to bow down to

(Continued on page 105)

Chaplin's Great Secret

(Concluded)

the dignity of the law's upholders. Consequently, in our relaxations, we glory in any contempt for unpopular authority, or in any disrespect for pompous dignity. It is our only way of getting even. And Mr. Chaplin supplies us with this outlet also. When he plasters a policeman with underdone pies or other humiliating missiles, we ourselves, in our imaginations, are doing exactly the same thing, and having a lot of fun and satisfaction doing it.

In brief, Mr. Chaplin gives us—more capably and divertingly than any other modern comedian—the exact type of reaction which the modern man *must have* in order to maintain his mental and emotional equilibrium. And that is why his appeal is to the "low-brow" and "high-brow" alike. He is not a "class" humorist. The bespectacled college professor and the ignorant street urchin can sit side by side and laugh with equal delight at a Chaplin picture—one need only be human and healthy to appreciate it.

And just here we have the explanation of why even the most skillful of Mr. Chaplin's imitators have so dismally failed. They mimic only his mannerisms and appearance—they miss the fundamental fact that his influence is due to an inherent quality far beneath the mere surface of his performances.

In fact, Mr. Chaplin's true power—his unassailable greatness—lies in something which he himself, in all probability, is not conscious of, and over which he has no control—namely: in the fact that he is the personification of our modern humoristic needs and impulses.

Indian Logic

THOMAS H. INCE was telling Douglas MacLean, one of his stars, some experiences of the pioneer days of pictures—among them the following:

He was making the famous old Indian and western pictures that were so successful in those days. In them, he was using almost an entire tribe of Indians as extras. One day, the red-skin chief came to the producer's office and demanded a raise of 75 cents a day. Mr. Ince, after consulting for some time with other officials, called in this red-skin and told him he was sorry, but that if they had to pay the Indians 75c more a day, they wouldn't make any money at all, on the pictures, so they really could not consider it.

The Indian chief went back, consulted for some time with his tribe, and returned, with a message from his people. This was it: "Big white chief, you know we think you very great man. Big man—very big white chief. You great leader, great man to lead other men. Any hard anything look dangerous, you do him first. Give us no fear. Anything strange, you help us know how to do. You work very hard. Night time, we go home, sleep. You stay here, work. Work Sundays, nights, all time. You act, you write, you got business, too. You heap big man. We think so. We love you heap.

"But we think if with all you do and all you work and chances you take, if you can not make more money so that 75 cents a day to us Indians break you, you better go get some other job. You no good in this one."

Needless to say, they got the raise.

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A Prohibition Beauty

(Continued from page 46)

for instance, such a constant joy to the eye.

But she can acquire all that if she cares to, and I rather think she does.

For aside from her beauty, there is another thing very much in favor of this newest Universal luminary.

She is quite simple and unaffected and timid about herself and her work. She has a little trick of looking straight at you and turning her palms outward and upward almost supplicatingly, as though she sweetly asked your lenience and your affection. If she can get that over on the screen, it should add the one touch necessary to her beauty to make her a real star, which after all only the public can do.

She seems to say, "Here I am—making my first bow to you—all. I'm going to do my best. Please like me."

"Please, please don't say I was made overnight," she said to me, and her voice is pleasantly soft and sweet. "It seems to me I've been at it forever."

So I won't say that she was made overnight, but her sudden rise to stardom has actually been one of the quickest cases on record and one of the very few of its kind of recent years.

WHEN I first met her I kept trying to remember where I'd seen her. It wasn't until just before I left that I succeeded. A couple of years ago I went into an exclusive and expensive shop in Los Angeles to look at dinner frocks. A tall, beautiful blonde girl modeled them and tried to make me believe I'd look like she did in them.

That mannequin was Margaret Armstrong, whom Universal has rechristened "Miss DuPont."

She has been advised, I believe, to keep silent about that chapter in her life. I don't know why. She was a very good model. The most interesting thing about her to me is her climb to fame, and it is the one thing that makes me think she will climb higher.

She gave up modeling and did small bits in pictures. Then Eric von Stroheim was told about her by another director for whom she had worked, Sam de Grasse. Von Stroheim was looking for just the right woman to play the lead in his expensive spectacle, "Foolish Wives." And Miss DuPont proved to be just the right woman. He used her—and was so satisfied with the results that when he showed them to Universal, they decided to star her.

So she was very fortunate in her opportunity.

She lives with her mother and brother, and everyone who knows her and works with her declares that she is a nice, quiet, sweet-tempered kid. Which is saying a good deal.

She has made a couple of starring vehicles since "Foolish Wives," but she is impatiently waiting for the public to see her in it.

"I worked over a year on it—and I want people to see it, because then maybe they'll remember me," she says.

I shouldn't be at all surprised. It will be difficult to forget the real beauty of that face.

READE the remarkable fashion announcement on Pages 58 and 59. It is of paramount interest to every woman. A Bon Ton Pattern—absolutely without cost!

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

350 N. Clark Street

CHICAGO

Faces and Brains

(Continued from page 48)

house in Washington, while in that very city other men discuss disarmament without him. In business young men rise and sometimes, with only sheer impudence as their asset, rout the older generation with its accumulated experience. We train and educate, only to cast aside like old shoes.

And the economic waste is fearful.

New faces, yes, if they have something behind them. And even then, their wearers not pushed to the top of the ladder before they have climbed there. Let them look the part if they can, but act the part they must. Types are interesting to study; it is wonderful to see what life has done to some countenances, the lines it has drawn, of tears or laughter, of hope or wretchedness. There are faces which, flashed for a moment before us, carry all the lessons of living, preach us sermons, show us God.

BUT their function on the screen is just that, no more. They are a part of its atmosphere and color. They come, bid us look, and are gone. Their novelty is their value. They teach their lesson only once. In this sense we need innumerable new faces, but only in this sense.

Always those who make pictures are attempting to discover what the public wants. Now it is stars; again it is humor; once it was wicked allurements; now it is home and mother; once it was production; now it is story. But always they have perhaps over-emphasized the value of newness, forgetting that for all our liking for novelty, the things we love on stage or screen are the old familiar things.

No art thrives on immaturity and newness. Artists ripen as they gain experience. Only in our mimic arts do we set undue emphasis on the new. In painting, in sculpture, and in writing we reverence and esteem achievement only. The artist is forgotten in his work.

Give us all the new actors necessary, then, but give us ability with them. The picture audience today wants not only to look at pictures, but to think about them. And it wants the illusion of reality, which can only be preserved by fine acting.

It is not unlikely that the studio of the future will have its own training school, where it will take its new actors and not only teach them before the camera, but will show them the results as the camera sees them. Its pupils will then graduate into the pictures, and the winnowing of the chaff will be less expensive than by the present methods. In no other art do we ask patrons to buy from novices, yet this is precisely what we do in pictures. We take new actors and teach them in commercial pictures, and ask the public to pay for their training. When their work, due to their inexperience, is too poor for exhibition, the cutter takes out all that he can and the studio bears the expense. It is the most costly training imaginable.

We make a great deal now of what we call screen personality. Some beginners have

it, and practically all the old favorites who have survived. When actors have screen personality they "get over." But personality is only another word for brains, even if sometimes brains of a peculiar order. These people do not "get over." They put themselves over, and they do that because they have intelligence and acting skill.

This matter of our choice of new faces for the screen becomes highly important when we realize that in pictures we are now for the first time facing world competition. Pictures have no language. They are free to all the world. And the one thing which has stood out in our imported pictures has been the quality of the acting. They have sent us no vacuous young women, posturing in pretty frocks before the camera. Their actors are not always young and certainly not always beautiful. They have come to us often with indifferent photography and inferior productions, but they have without exception, given us standard acting of a high grade.

We do not take kindly to criticism of ourselves. It is said that that is always characteristic of new families and new countries. But there are certain truths that we must face about our pictures. In photography and production we surpass. In the making of our continuities we are hasty, and apt to attempt, by dressing a trivial theme elaborately, to give it significance and importance. Our execution is greater than our conception.

AND we have not put sufficient emphasis on the quality of our acting.

No real and lasting success is ever easily achieved. The people in any profession who have won its highest places have always sacrificed to win them. Back of every glittering triumph lies hard work, often grinding and solitary. There are meretricious successes; now and then accident steps in, or as in the case of some of our early picture stars a new medium carries a few to the top by the sheer momentum of novelty. But a good many of those early names are already forgotten.

The only permanent success is achieved by work and by something else,—by an attitude of seriousness toward that work. This moving picture art can not and must not be frivolously undertaken. It is not frivolous. It demands sincerity, earnestness, and honesty of purpose. And while nothing is more true than the sincerity of a large part of the picture world today, it is equally certain that another part of it goes to its work in an attitude of flippant cynicism, as a job to be done and no more.

It is that element which the casting directors are endeavoring to eliminate in their search for new faces. New faces in this sense means simply the substitution of the fit for the unfit. As in every other line of endeavor today, the competition is keen, and the slogan of an honest day's pay only for an honest day's work has at least reached the pictures.

London Fog Overcome

THE atmospheric problem which has seriously handicapped production ever since the opening of the Islington studio of Famous Players-Lasky British Producers, Ltd., has at last been solved. A system of air purification, designed by one of the foremost English engineering companies and now in successful use at the studio, has brought the desired relief and is expected to pay for itself through the saving of time on a single production.

It was just a year ago during the filming of Donald Crisp's production, "Appearances," that the studio management first realized fully what havoc London climate could play in the making of a motion picture. At that time there was a long period of foggy weather. The fog permeated the studio to such an extent that production was held up for days at a time and the loss which it entailed was conservatively estimated at more than \$50,000.



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Business of Making Thrills

(Continued from page 29)

A light, high-powered car will, of course, jump considerably farther and higher than a heavy one. The velocity at the moment of the takeoff is also one of the most important features of calculation to be considered. But after all these plans and figures, a tire may blow out after it is too late to stop, which would slow up the car and drop it into a gap; the float in the carburetor might stick; or, a speck of dirt or drop of water in the needle valve might cause trouble.

But to return to our dirt road and the race along the railroad tracks. I had planned to do the stunt before sundown, but on arriving on location, I was not satisfied with the provisions made for our safety. The approaching incline to the point where we should have been given a lift was made of wedges not more than five feet long, when they should have been as long as the wheel base of the car. But twenty minutes remained before the sun would retire, so we decided to try it.

GETTING off from a curve in the road I drove toward the ties. The last time I looked at the speedometer we were making over fifty-five miles. Realizing that a shock of some sort might jam me against the wheel to the peril of my wishbone, I had placed an overcoat in front of my chest. But my pet scheme was to drop down under the dash in the event that the car might be turned over or be hurled off to one side in its flight.

But note what did happen! The front wheels ascended the wedge which was to give us our lift, but as I had feared the takeoff was too abrupt. The front wheels struck so sharply that the rear end of the car was sent straight up. I was lucky to be able to hang onto the steering gear let alone scramble down under the dash. Would she turn over completely or come down frontward? I lived a lifetime of suspense in those few seconds.

The shock which occurred when the front wheels struck sent one of the members of the party flying clear of the car, a distance of seventy-five feet. He was unhurt. Finally the front end of the car nosed downward; we hit the earth and with one wheel broken off to the hub bounced along in a jolty fashion, to a desirable place before the camera. The film effect was splendid but that abrupt takeoff came pretty close to being our earthly undoing. Therefore you can realize that where leaping a great chasm may be done exactly as per schedule and calculation, the jumping of a small wood pile can prove disastrous.

Those who help to make the serial form of picture are always learning something new. Very often it has been my "stunt" to be jolted up and down while being dragged at full length over the hills or desert at the end of a rope attached to a saddle horn. I found, however, that it was almost impossible to secure good close-ups when being dragged behind a horse, as it was extremely difficult to place the camera in an advantageous position. If you attempt to secure close-ups by following the horse with an auto, the horse is as liable as not to become excited and run in such direction as to twist the rope about the auto or otherwise spoil the proceedings.

So we devised the scheme of having an arm extending from an automobile and the rope attached to the arm. Then the camera man was put in the car and I was dragged along behind in perfect range of the camera. Of course our long shots were taken with the horse doing the dragging.

But I soon discovered that instead of

(Continued on page 109)



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Business of Making Thrills

(Continued from page 108)

being bumped up and down as I dragged along the ground, the natural result was, that the car dragged me along steadily, and the even pull causing friction nearly set my clothes on fire. Personally I decided that I preferred to be dragged by a horse at lightning speed for a mile rather than be dragged by an automobile for fifty yards.

We might assume when it comes to diving that an ordinarily good diver would seldom meet with a mishap. But you can never tell in the serial business. Occasion called for my co-star, Miss Edith Johnson, and myself, to use a lineman's motor car while crossing a lift bridge.

The script read that we were being chased by outlaws in an engine. When we were part way across the bridge, the end of the structure was to start upward so that a boat might pass underneath. I was to circumvent this occurrence by dropping Miss Johnson through the bottom of the bridge and then dive off myself.

Everything went as per schedule! The bridge started to lift; we jumped off the motor car and I dropped Miss Johnson through as planned so that the bandits could not reach her. Then it came my turn to jump. By this time the bridge end was well up and I had climbed up to the jumping point. I was wearing a beaver hat which had been used in scenes previously taken and it was also to be worn in other scenes, immediate follow-ups of the diving incident.

In pictures the scenes are not always taken in sequence. Sometimes the first part of a picture is taken last and vice versa. In any event I valued this hat. It was worth about \$35. It was necessary to jump quickly, as I wished to save the hat. I figured I could not hold it in my hands, as I wished them to be free in breaking the force of the fall into the water. If I threw the hat into the water it might be whirled down stream and possibly cause a conflict with the scenes that already had been taken and incidentally require that additional scenes be made showing recovery of the hat. So I decided to wear it.

EVERYTHING would have worked out well, but when I hit the water, a distance of perhaps some seventy feet, my head was driven completely through the hat. About all there was left proved to be a necklace in the way of a rim and a few tattered ends. Once again calculations had gone wrong and incidentally it was necessary to send for another hat.

I have always had great success in using Mexicans in my pictures. Their Latin blood seems to make them natural-born actors. When you wish a band of Mexicans to yell in a picture, they yell; they do more than to simply wave their arms and make motions with their mouths as many of our American extra people do. Whatever your Mexican does he does as though life itself depended upon it. But I do not always tell the Mexicans just what the object of their activities are. Sometimes we get better results by deceiving them.

In one particular instance it was required that a gang of Mexicans chase me in order to secure a valuable paper. Experience had taught me that frequently extra people when supposed to roughly handle a leading man in pictures show a trace of timidity. I wished rough action. Did I get it?

In order to spur them on I called the band of twenty or thirty Mexicans and told them that somewhere concealed about my person was a five-dollar goldpiece. "It might be in my shoe," I said, "in my hat, the cuffs of my trousers, somewhere perhaps inside my belt;" the point being that the

man who found it could keep it. This I figured would provide strenuous action for the "medium shot" and after sufficient footage was obtained, I would have the paper taken from the pocket in a "close-up."

Everything was ready. Supposed to be wounded, I began to run in a hobbly fashion. Just about the time I reached the camera for the big scene, the Mexicans were on me. We had timed the chase correctly. This band of extra people showed less timidity than any others whom it had been my pleasure to direct. By the time they were through I was absolutely in rags and tatters. No tramp in the front ranks of Mr. Coxey's celebrated army could have boasted my bizarre appearance by the time the gold-piece had been discovered.

I had not counted upon my clothes being torn off, as I needed that particular suit in succeeding scenes. So there was nothing to do but go ahead and take other portions of the picture while I waited a week for a tailor to provide an exact duplicate. It was a great scene, but calculations had again gone wrong.

WHERE water work is concerned there is dire danger of unanticipated accidents occurring which threaten lives and the success of the picture. In this connection I recall an incident which took place some years ago at Santa Monica, one of the beach cities near Los Angeles.

A form of torture adopted for serial work is that of hanging men from a wharf in a manner where their toes just touch the bottom of a rowboat. The idea is, that when the tide goes down and the rowboat with it, the unfortunate victims will suffer a worthy or an unworthy death according to the viewpoint of the story writer and the audience.

In order to get sufficiently clear from the wharf and to provide a place for the cameras, we had an L-shaped platform made of three by sixteen timbers, built away from the wharf. A very heavy sea was running, and those familiar with the beaches realize that working too close under the piles is fraught with considerable danger as the waves came pounding in. So we figured to be in the clear as much as possible.

Everything had been gone into and, so far as we realized, no detail overlooked when it came time to start action. Just as I said "camera," from my position on the far end of the L, there was a tremendous crash. The entire L with its cameras and twenty people had plunged into the water. Despite our carefulness a correct estimation had not been made of the weight which the L would sustain. The platform itself had been nailed to the pier.

There was much confusion, as may be imagined when twenty people suddenly found themselves dropped into a heavy sea, with timbers and flotsam rolling all about them. The gravest possibility lay in the fact that anyone tossed by the waters beneath the wharf would be in grave danger, because the surf was running so high that a swimmer easily could be thrown like a toothpick against the barnacled piles that supported the pier.

It developed that no one was seriously hurt, and I called, "How about the cameras?" "I have mine," answered George Robinson. It seemed that Robinson, with true cameraman instinct, had held onto the strap which was connected with the magazines. But the magazines were all that had remained with the outfit. Fortunately the film was saved and several hours of hard work rescued from the salty deep.

I recall what "Slim" Cole said to Bill
(Continued on page 110)



What Every Woman Knows —and So Often Neglects

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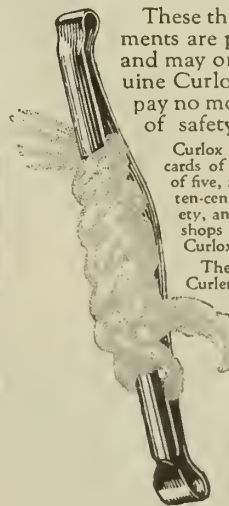
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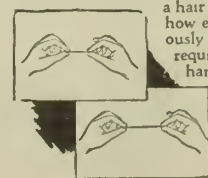
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Business of Making Thrills

(Concluded)



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McCall when they came up. These two boys were the ones we intended to leave hanging with their toes in the rowboat when the big crash came. "Slim" emerged with the water screaming out of his black whiskers and makeup. He took a look at McCall and roared with the voice like a Jersey bull, "Oh, Bill, you sure look sweet." This caused a general laugh, eased the tension which had existed for a moment, and quick action by the life guards soon restored the members of the company to places of safety. Rescuing all those people was remarkable work when one considers the roughness of the waters.

There was a humorous incident in this connection which provided everyone a smile after the anxiety was over. Miss Johnson, my co-star, had spent about all summer knitting me one of those jazz sweaters which at the time were quite the vogue. She had just finished it the morning of our watery experience.

Before starting work under the wharf I was taking off the sweater for fear that I might tear or soil it. Naturally I was quite proud of the beautiful, form-fitting garment, and everyone had congratulated Miss Johnson upon her clever work and myself upon how well it looked. But Miss Johnson insisted that I keep it on, as she declared she could darn any little tear, whereas if I tore my coat it would require a tailor.

After the L had broken it had been at least twenty minutes before I emerged from the water. Walking along the wharf I realized that something was impeding my progress. Imagine my disappointment when, upon looking down, I found the beautiful, form-fitting jazz sweater that Miss Johnson had worked so long upon, water-soaked, stretched and sagging in a rather pathetic manner about my knees. It reminded me of a shipwrecked kimono.

Members of our company traveled to the Santa Cruz Islands, off the coast of California, for the purpose of making scenes, among which was a dive of some eighty feet from a cliff into the ocean. In this particular scene I was diving to escape guards. The guards were supposed to shoot at their victim after he had dived and then leave, assuming that they had killed him. Because of the extremely rough water the boat from which we were shooting the picture rocked so violently that it was impossible to get good close-ups, so we decided to return to the studio and do the close-ups in our tank.

THE idea was to show me sinking in the water, apparently struck by a bullet from the guards' guns, and later swimming under water to escape. Now it is almost impossible for a good swimmer to simulate drowning, as the natural buoyancy of the

body tends to make him float. So, in order that I preserve a natural appearance, we had to recourse to artificial means.

Arriving at the studio, I had an iron ring attached to the cement bottom of our tank, which, by the way, is ten feet deep. A rope was connected with this ring and the other end adjusted in my belt. At one end of the tank men were placed to pull the rope through the ring and draw me down, so that a natural appearance of sinking in the water would ensue and show upon the film.

We discovered also that bullets shot from a rifle did not make sufficient splash to be very noticeable upon the screen. So we secured some heavy iron nuts and stationed men to hurl these as close as they could to my head without hitting me.

Everything was ready. I gave the signal for the camera. This also signified that the men with the iron bolts were to begin their bombardment. When the bullet effect had been attained and a sufficient peppering effect shown in splashes, the men were to start pulling, and in a relaxed condition I was to sink below the surface. Action went according to schedule except for one item. Bing! Right on top of my head, one of those iron nuts struck just as the men started pulling me down.

Downward I went, dragged by the rope attached to the ring at the tank bottom. I was not exactly senseless, but for the life of me I could not imagine why I was down in the water. Finally it came to me that I was attached to a rope. But what for? I could feel it about my legs, at my belt, in my hands when I reached for it. Try as I might I could not think of the reason for that rope. My brain cleared a bit and details of the rope contrivance slowly came back to my mind.

I grabbed for the loose end of the slip and seemed to get hold of every portion of it save the loose end. When I did get at the slipknot the water had swollen it and in my weakened condition I tugged until it seemed as though my lungs were bursting. At last I managed to free myself and started swimming upward, reaching the top black in the face from lack of wind.

My band of assistants exclaimed in chorus, "Gee, that guy sure can stay under water a long time." There wasn't one of those chaps but what was absolutely sure that his iron missile had missed me by at least two inches. I presume had the idea been to bean me that everyone would have claimed credit for hitting the mark—my head.

If an actor-director engaged in the hazardous rôles of picture making manages it so that his calculations are fairly accurate, he eventually may retire to a nice, quiet, secluded spot and rest in peace. But if his calculations have not been fairly accurate he may retire to a nice, quiet, secluded mortuary and rest in pieces.

The Superman

NIGHT was approaching. From Brooklyn bridge the lights on New York's skyscrapers glowed with the richness of a ruby. They were ever changing, yet ever the same. One moment richly opalescent, then scintillating, flashing and sparkling like a Koh-I-noor, an Orloff or a Cullinan. They had the lure of the world in their Argus-eyes; held out promises of wealth, love and future fame. They were loreleis chanting runes of the wonderful days that were yet to be.

Midway upon the bridge a youth who

had come from a farm to seek his fortune stood. The lure of the lights was upon him. His bosom heaved, his heart beat fast, his eyes glowed.

"I shall conquer," he exclaimed with the grandiose egotism of youth, raising his hand to the lacquer sky. "Men and women, greatest of the great, shall cower beneath my gaze; they shall shrink at my touch; sink supine before me."

How strange are the foibles of fate! It all came true. He became a director in a moving picture studio.

Wild West Life in the Films

(Continued from page 61)

knickknacks. Handicapped by such impedimenta, it is small wonder that they are consistently overtaken and defeated.

Which reminds us we must not ignore the amazing pistols which are used in wild-west dramas of the screen. In the first place, they possess an incredibly low mortality. Barring an occasional, and, from all appearances, accidental fatality, these revolvers are but slightly more dangerous than squirt-guns. In a pitched battle between a posse of cowboys and a score of horse-thieves and highwaymen—in which hundreds of shots are fired at close range—the casualty list, after half an hour's fierce combat, is rarely more than two wounded men and a crippled mustang. Indeed, it is a red-letter day when a bullet from one of the guns actually extinguishes life; and then death does not come until the victim has conversed with the sheriff, made a detailed confession, and signed several documents.

ANOTHER peculiarity of these western film pistols is their apparently inexhaustible cartridge-chambers. They can be discharged rapidly and continuously for ten minutes without being reloaded. On the other hand, these unique weapons have a serious mechanical drawback—namely: it requires several seconds to snap the hammer on the first shot—sufficient time, in fact, for a man to wrest the gun from an antagonist who has him “covered.” Time and again in the wild-west dramas of the screen, an expert gunman will “get the drop” on some honest cow-puncher before the latter has had time even to reach his holster; and though the cowboy's hands are high above his head (in obedience to orders), and he is standing at least ten feet from the man with the gun, he is invariably able—before the latter can pull the trigger—to leap across the intervening space, place his foot on the other's solar plexus, grasp his extended arm in both hands, and twist the gun out of his grasp.

And while on the subject of personal encounters, attention should be called to the incomprehensible actions of the young ladies who are listed among the *dramatis personae* of wild-west motion pictures. It nearly always happens that at some point during the story the cowboy for whom she harbors a secret passion comes unexpectedly to her rescue just as she is about to receive the unwelcome amorous advances of some villainous bandit; and there inevitably follows a lively catch-as-catch-can bout between the two suitors, in which the bandit draws an ugly stiletto and endeavors to translate his virtuous opponent into the spirit world. Up to the last few seconds of this devastating mêlée, it appears that the heroic cowboy is getting worsted, and that his defeat is imminent. Yet the young lady remains motionless on the side lines, awaiting the outcome with a sinking heart!

Apparently, it does not occur to her to step in and save her lover and herself—an act so simple, under the circumstances, that any half-bright child could manage it. A jardiniere, a frying-pan, a bread-roller, a bottle of ketchup—any handy missile, in fact—brought down with sincerity upon the villain's *cerebellum*, would instantly turn the tide of battle. Even should she leap upon the bandit's back and sink her teeth into his deltoid—or puncture him from the rear with an ordinary pin—it would create a temporary distraction of which the hero could take advantage.

But the life of the films has its own strange and original codes of conduct.

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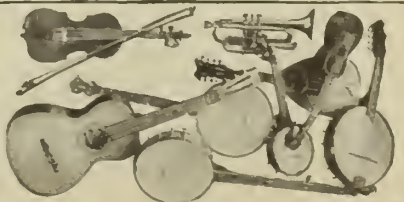
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The Wall Flower

(Continued from page 38)

pain, she told Pamela and the Doctor her reason for trying to commit suicide.

"Oh, I've got to live, I guess," she said in conclusion, "but I'll never have any fun, or dancing, or a feller—I'll never have a husband . . . or a baby . . . or anything!" She burst into tears, and the kind-hearted Pamela took her into her arms and soothed her, and made her want to live, after all.

When Idalene was well enough to be moved, she was taken home. But she did not improve very rapidly there. For her mother scolded and blamed her for the accident, and the trouble that she had caused. And when Idalene cried she would only say, by way of comfort:

"You'd ought to be glad you're alive at all."

REALIZING the harm that the girl was receiving by this lack of sympathy, Pamela finally decided to ask her for a visit. And with no hesitation she bundled her into a car and whisked her off to the charming house where she lived. And there she proceeded to instill new ideals and new dreams into the girl's heart.

"Think beauty," she urged, "be beautiful!" And again, "For Heaven's sake do something for your clothes. They can't do all the work!" And then, giving something more practical than advice, she lent the aid of an experienced maid. And the result was that Idalene was manicured, massaged, shampooed, and marcelled. And, last of all, Pamela gave her a rule to live by:

"The most gorgeous palace is not half so lovely as a little moonlit cottage with a lamp in the window. Light a lamp in your heart, honey!" That was what Pamela told her.

Idalene, made much of by Pamela's friends, grew prettier as she regained her strength. The women, wishing to flatter her—for Pamela had told her wide circle of acquaintances something of the girl's sad story, and had begged them to be nice to her—pretended that they were jealous of the attention paid by the men. For nothing is more flattering to a woman than the jealousy of other women. And, amid all the pretending, Dr. Walter Breen suddenly began to realize that he was in thrilling earnest—began to realize that his interest in Idalene was something other than the interest of a physician for a patient.

And then, one evening, when Pamela and Idalene were dressing for a party that Pamela was giving, the two girls looked into each other's hearts. For Idalene turned suddenly and, seizing her benefactor's hand, began to pour out her overwhelming gratitude.

"You've given me a new soul," she cried, "and you've lent me your beautiful clothes. How can I ever repay you?"

Pamela answered sweetly:

"The artist is more than repaid," she said, "when the result is a work of art!"

Staring at her, marveling at her kindness, Idalene asked a pointed question.

"Why don't you get married?" she asked. "You're so—wonderful!"

Pamela was a bit jolted, but she laughed, like the good sport that she was.

"It's far easier to tell other people how to do things," she said, "than it is to do them yourself!"

Idalene was silent for a moment. And then she pointed to a certain locket that Pamela always wore.

"Is his picture in that?" she questioned.

"And who is he?"

Despite herself, Pamela sighed. "That's such a secret he doesn't even know it himself!" she answered.

Idalene only asked one more question.

"Is it Walt—Doctor Breen?" she questioned.

Pamela laughed heartily, and shook her head. But Idalene had recognized an un-mirthful note in the laughter. Pamela was in love with Doctor Breen!

It was at the party, that night, that Idalene had her revenge on Prue and Roy Duncan and Phin and some others. For the boys, not recognizing her, flocked to her standard. And it was with an unholy joy that she made known her identity to them. She told one chap, after he had danced with her, that he could now claim the bulldog! And she reminded another of a certain dollar bill. But her retort to Roy was the best of all. When he stammered, "You're not—Miss Nobbin?" she answered, with a really withering smile:

"Oh, no, Miss Nobbin committed suicide when she heard your opinion of her!"

But it was later in the evening that the big moment in Idalene's life came. For it was then, after Pamela had gone upstairs, that Walter Breen asked her to marry him.

"I'm going west tomorrow, dear," he told her, "will you go with me?"

He took her hand in his, and caressed it. And Idalene knew, at last, that he was her dream man. But just as she was about to submit to his embrace she remembered Pamela, her friend. And she snatched her hand away.

"No, I won't marry you," she sobbed. And then she ran away, upstairs, where, almost blinded with tears, she wrote a letter. And then, donning her old dress, she stole away, out of the house where she had known happiness.

It was Pamela who, a short time later, discovered the Doctor in the act of leaving the house. Amazed, she had only impersonal words of reproach for him.

"But you're not going without saying good-bye to poor little Idalene?" she questioned.

Walt answered. "Poor little *nothing*," he said indignantly, "I asked her to marry me and she turned me down cold!"

ALMOST staggered by the declaration, Pamela's hand instinctively crept up over her locket. But Walt, scarcely noticing, went on:

"I thought I loved you," he said, "and I did. I *do*. But in a different way. You're too wonderful and brilliant for me, and for the hard work that I do in the far places. But that little girl, whose broken bones I reset and whose broken heart we mended . . . well, I thought it was pity. And it turned out to be love. And she—she has no love for me!"

It was then that Pamela showed the greatness of her love for Walter. For, making him set down his bag, she went at once to Idalene's room. And there she found the little note that Idalene had written. It ran like this:

"Dearest Miss Pamela:

"You have been a Heaven-sent angel to me. I don't belong in Heaven, but I'm much obliged for the glimpse you gave me. You love Dr. Breen. You couldn't help it, so I will take myself out of your life and his. Don't look for me.

"Idalene Nobbin."

Pamela, for a moment, must have felt a surge of temptation. But she mastered it. And, taking the letter to Walt, she told him that Idalene's refusal of him had been a splendid sacrifice, but a mistaken one.

"Of course I don't love you," she said.

(Continued on page 113)

The Wall Flower

(Concluded)

and Walter Breen was too excited to note the tremor in her voice, "but she does. And she'll really kill herself, this time, if you don't find her."

There isn't much more to tell. Because they did find her, after an all-night search. For the wall flower was back on the wall. Idalene, despite their fears, had gone straight home, and slept in a hammock on the porch. And when, after combing the countryside and even boarding outgoing trains, Walter and Pamela reached the Nobbin home, she was busily dishing up breakfast to the tune of her mother's complaints and bitter sarcasm.

Idalene was dressed in gingham. But she wore her simple frock with a new grace, a delightful assurance. As she came to the door, in answer to their knock, her face was undeniably attractive. And as Walter took her hungrily into his arms, she was radiantly beautiful. There was a light in her eyes that made Pamela turn away, all at once, as if she had glimpsed something so glorious that it hurt, and at the same time blessed. For Pamela, like Idalene, had learned that self-sacrifice is one luxury that is alike within the reach of the rich and the poor. And she was suddenly conscious of a wistful content.

Motion Picture Axioms

All plotters, after being shot and captured, live just long enough to make a complete confession.

All mortgages on the homes of widows are overdue.

No two men ever meet on a high piece of scaffolding without having a fight and falling off.

All horse races are won by hundred-to-one shots, which beat out the favorite by a nose at the very finish of the home stretch.

Every ship which meets with an accident at sea goes down within a few hundred yards of an uninhabited island.

Two drinks of liquor will produce a state of utter intoxication.

No one when paying for anything ever receives any change.

Anyone putting one's eye to a keyhole can see perfectly everything that is going on in the room beyond.

All comedians receive tragic news just before they have to go on for their acts, and make their entrances hurriedly wiping their eyes.

All female negro servants are stout, middle-aged and extremely black, and, at the slightest provocation, burst forth into violent fits of mirth, during which they hold their sides and sway back and forth.

In every theater audience shown on the screen there is always a young woman down front conspicuously chewing gum.

All burglars turn their flash-lights directly into the face of the sleeping person whose room they have come to rob.

All department houses have marble pillars and potted palms in the entrance, and an elevator-boy with three rows of brass buttons on his coat.



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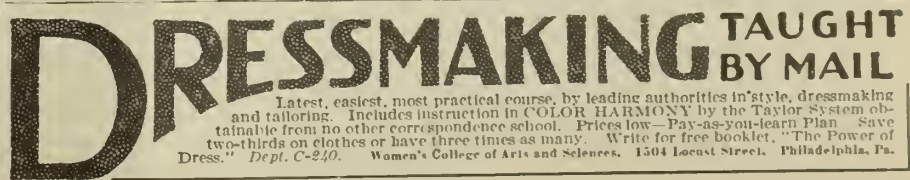
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Confessions of a Modern Woman

(Continued from page 22)



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"Those who have never suffered together can never be entirely bound, and the chief aim of womankind today seems to be to avoid suffering. The old-fashioned woman who asked nothing more than the joy of comforting and sustaining the man she loved through privation, sickness, and woe has disappeared. Yet I have never seen a woman so happy today as those women, who found the supreme joy in the love that spends itself over and over again, in self-forgetting service, and their reward in the love and respect of all about them.

"You hear a lot nowadays about the 'yes men.' A few 'yes wives' wouldn't go amiss.

"Remember that a man always judges a woman by his own experience with her and by nothing else.

"How many women do you know today who still have their husbands in love with them—I don't mean just still married to them, or even just decent to them, but actually in love with them? I think I know two. Love—it's lost its power. It's become a sort of game. Its higher significance is entirely lost. Woman's highest ambition today is to be the trademark of a successful husband.

"YET the modern woman assumes the attitude that she is a superior being, that she is doing the man a favor to marry him in the first place, and that his only way to discharge this debt is by remaining in love with her.

"But it won't do. You aren't superior. You're a flat failure. You can't keep a man's real, splendid, deepening love and admiration and companionship. You can't arouse and maintain the love that brings peace and joy. You claim you don't want it. That you can play the game as well as a man. That you're through with all that tommy-rot. But what have you in your modern, restless, dissatisfied scheme of things to take its place? Why do you rush about mad only to amuse, to kill time, to feed on new admiration?

"Your husband doesn't continue to adore you, even though he uses you as a trademark, even though he's too tired, too indifferent, too absorbed in business to make a break.

"But for all your emancipation and your charm, the chain of matrimony has grown so heavy that too often it takes three instead of two to carry it.

"Man is the most unreasonable creature in the world. That's true. He wants a woman to have all the virtues and most of the vices—for private usage. He wants a harem under the present laws of monogamy. And he can't have it, because he isn't master. But the fact remains, that unless a woman has a real 'call' for some work, her only happiness lies in loving him and having him love her.

"The theory of indifference has been exploded for years—except as a rather cheap weapon for the coquette. The man or woman to be won by indifference isn't worth winning. Love is worth while only when it is leisurely, comfortable and pleasant. Only very young girls enjoy the variety that is somewhere between an automobile accident and looping the loop in an airplane.

"Nowadays we are ruled by our passions and our necessities. Therefore the woman who is virtuous and simple is mistress of her destiny. The rest of us clutch wildly at everything that drifts by on life's stream—and nine times out of ten grasp a handful of nettles that it is as difficult to let go of as to keep.

"One of the greatest curses of the modern girl is her overestimation of beauty. It is my positive belief, founded on years of observation and study, that beauty is one of the least of the elements in exciting love, or holding it. No beautiful woman is ever adored, as is an ugly one, if she is adored at all.

"Do you know what is my greatest difficulty in the parts I play—the thing to which I devote most time and thought? Holding sympathy. I find people admire my characterizations, are often thrilled or startled by them—but how often do they love them? Yet I try to give a faithful portrayal of woman today.

"Spend a little less time in the adornment of the body and a little more in the care of mind and heart. Love is a threefold thing—physical, mental and spiritual. If you put all your eggs in one basket you may find yourself abandoned for a woman who can talk something besides babytalk.

"You may have the most gorgeous melting eyes, the most seductive lips, the curliest hair in the world, and some girl with a good sound ear-drum will steal your husband just the same. The most brilliant epigram you can make won't endeavor you to him like the stupidest one you can listen to. The modern woman knows too much or too little.

"A wife that always knows more about everything from Babe Ruth's batting average to the market quotation on cotton sounds to him about as pleasing as the alarm clock that goes off at six o'clock.

"But the woman that can't carry on an interesting kissless conversation is nearly as bad.

"The most beautiful woman in the world cannot keep a man's love unless she can be to him a friend, an inspiration and sweetheart. Men will always love goodness and fineness in woman. And no woman can be happy unless she has these things to offer.

"But unless the man becomes her master and she cares to please him, she will go on just as she is today.

"So in the last analysis, it's up to the men, isn't it?"

EVERY right-thinking person knows that the American public is prone to look down on home-made things—and to over-estimate the importance of imported articles. But it took Will Rogers to administer a much needed, and exceedingly good humored, rebuke. It was in "The Ropin' Fool" that he put a swift one across.

"If you think this picture's no good," he wrote, "I'll put on a beard and say it was made in Germany. And then you'll call it art!"

Will Rogers has flashed a telling sentence across his screen of laughter. Probably you've noticed that Will Rogers' fun is invariably one hundred percent American.

Seven Heavens

(Continued from page 27)

down now," he pleaded. "I'll only stay a few minutes."

"I'll talk to you," she conceded, "if you don't mind sitting out on the veranda. In the moonlight you won't see my dress and to notice the lack of 'do' on my hair."

They sat in a swing seat on the shrubby hedged porch. There were honeysuckle vines somewhere nearby. The sweetness of their blossoms was a little heavy in the air.

Mr. Rogers held her hand sympathetically while he expressed himself in appropriate terms anent her bereavement. After he could think of nothing further in the way of condolence he held her hand some more anyway. What could a man do when she didn't take it away?

"I have brought a sort of a message from your husband," the young man said. "You know I sometimes exercise a certain gift I have to receive communications from beyond."

"Yes, I have heard. What is the message?"

"He wants you to know that he is near you constantly, that waking or sleeping he will guard over you just as he did when he was alive."

"Do you mean to say that Corbin is here now,—watching over me?"

"Yes."

Hortense withdrew her hand hastily.

"You need not do that," Melvin Rogers protested, retrieving her fingers. "He does not mind. In fact he wants you and me to be the best of friends, eventually to marry."

Hortense gasped and then laughed. "Now I know you're lying about the whole business. If you knew how jealous Corbin was you'd never seriously suggest such a thing. However, I like you better if he isn't around shedding ghostly approval over our friendship. And I certainly thank you for having made me the most original proposal of marriage which any woman ever received."

"Will you accept it?" the young man pressed eagerly.

"Of course not," she returned. "I can't marry anyone for a year or two."

"But we could be together a lot if we had an understanding. Please." He raised her arm and now kissed it in the hollow under the elbow.

She did not resist. "You have nice hair," she mused, bending over his head. Corbin Banks had been partially bald.

He drew away suddenly. "Can't you find something you like about me besides my hair?" he asked almost crossly. "Nature gives a man hair but his disposition is something he has a hand in himself."

"Well, hothead, if you must know you have rather remarkable eyes. I believe that a susceptible young girl could get so lost in them that she wouldn't care if you had the disposition of a fiend."

Melvin Rogers seemed of two minds as she leaned imperceptibly nearer to him—better to study his eyes perhaps. He appeared torn between an impulse to push her away from him and leave the house, and another powerful and possibly more natural urge to cease this preliminary skirmishing of holding hands and exchanging eye-glances and crush this glorious girl to his breast.

The latter impulse won. It is tradition that it usually does when opposed by most alternatives.

Several hours later Hortense surveyed herself again in her pier glass. Her negligée would have to be given to the wash lady to make over into a lace curtain for the bathroom but her eyes were pools of sparkling Burgundy and her lips smiled.

For Hortense had been kissed and had kissed back with a passion which she had never felt before—surely never with her late husband.

(Continued on page 116)

Win a Prize!



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In event of ties, duplicate prizes will be given.

How Many Objects in This Picture Start With the Letter "P"?

That's what you are to determine. Without any trouble whatsoever you can readily see such objects as "pig," "pipe," "parrot," etc., can't you? Well the others are just as easy to see, but the idea is to see who can get the most.

Fifteen cash prizes will be given. The answer having the largest and nearest correct list of visible objects shown in the picture that start with the letter "P" will win 1st prize; second best, second prize, etc.

All answers must be mailed by February 28th, 1922. The prize winners and the correct list of words will be announced directly following the close of the contest.

Larger Picture Puzzle Free on Request.

RULES

1. Answer should be written on one side of paper, numbering each word 1, 2, 3, etc.
2. Only words found in the English Dictionary will be counted. Compound, hyphenated or obsolete words will not count. Use either the singular or plural.
3. Words of same spelling can be used only once, but any part of an object can be named.
4. Three prominent people, having no connection with the Mayer Company, will judge the answers and award the prizes. Participants agree to accept the Judges' decision as final.

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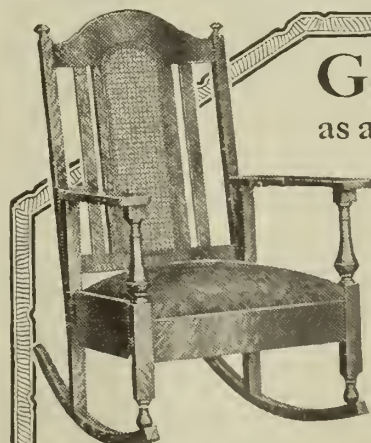


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(Concluded)

Melvin Rogers, who had also noted the same phenomenon, sat miserably on the curb half way down the block. As he thought back on the unexpected warmth of her caresses he groaned aloud "I wish that I were dead."

III

"Back again I see," said the Boy Scout greeting Corbin Banks briskly. "We have been expecting you for about an hour. Here's your saxophone. Sound your A and follow me to the band rehearsal."

Griffith's Newest Heroine

(Continued from page 31)

intelligent, she has always something in reserve. Aloof, unconsciously. Unless she is such an actress that she can't help acting all the time.

Like all the girls who are the heroines of Griffith pictures, she is gentle; not shunning publicity, but not seeking it. The great director either selects heroines of that type, or else he molds them into it. At any rate, it is very refreshing. They are never blatant; always humorous, kind, companionable; sometimes subtle.

Not that Miss Dempster is not original. She is. I met her at her dentist's office, and went with her to a quiet tea-room. She was dressed divinely. She is one of the fortunate *femmes* who can wear long gowns and shoes and hats. She has an air of distinction somewhat like Irene Castle's, except that Miss Dempster is not nearly as theatrical. She has the dancer's body and the dancer's poise. Her face is different. She is one of those rare women who can think without wrinkling her brow.

Carol Dempster has a reputation for being "up-stage." To my mind, she is only shy. Not shy in the high-school manner, nor yet the sub-deb; but mentally reserved. I know that I have liked her better every time I have seen her.

She has never had the long theatrical apprenticeship of two-thirds of the screen girls. She was never on the stage except in a few brief appearances with the Ruth St. Denis dancers, and then, I believe, never in public. She was carefully brought up, and has little of that *camaraderie* that invariably distinguishes the stage person. She is not, in the *patois*, much of a mixer.

Consider the difference between this child who has been in public life only three years, and others have served years on the stage and screen. She has, to the casual observer, been very lucky in her career. She has simply drifted into a very enviable job. They seem not to consider that she could very easily drift out again if she had not the courage of her dramatic convictions.

If good taste means anything—good taste, and intelligence, and a perfect poise, then she will go very far indeed. She is an example of what intelligence can achieve if directed in the right way.

You may think you don't like her in pictures. But you will go to see her again. How do you explain that?

You would never think she could swim, ride, and dance like a professional. Those aquatic stunts in "The Love Flower" were not performed by a double. They were Miss Dempster's own. I should like to see her in other active roles.

The most interesting thing about her is her future. It holds great promise. Because she is different, she will not get ahead as fast as others who conform to cinematic rules and regulations. But some day I am sure we shall see her make a fine picture, or appear in a great play.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 102)

JIM.—Glad to get a he-letter once in a while. Don't blame you for liking Gloria. She was born, not on the Nile, but in prosaic Chicago, Illinois, on Lake Michigan. Miss Swanson was divorced from Herbert K. Sanborn some time ago. She has a sweet little daughter.

GERALDINE.—The month's most popular name. Lila Lee is a featured player. She was a star and will probably be one again. Didn't you read "A Game Girl," that good story about her, in last month's PHOTOPLAY?

JEALOUS.—I'm sorry I answered Olga before I answered you. It so happened that Olga's missive came in first. Letters are answered in order, no matter how charming they may be. Elliott Dexter is not English—he told me so himself, but he added that every one thought he was because he was called the English actor when he was on the stage. Had a card from Elliott, from France. Some of his photoplays were: "The Whispering Chorus," "We Can't Have Everything," "The Squaw Man," "Old Wives for New," "Don't Tell Everything," and "The Affairs of Anatol." His last picture before sailing for Europe on a long vacation was "Grand Larceny," for Goldwyn.

C. P., OAKLAND.—Well, I don't get quite as many letters from you Californians as I do from easterners and middle-westerners. It's no particular treat to a non-professional Hollywoodian to pass Gloria or Bill or Bebe on the street. Anita Stewart has lately appeared in "A Question of Honor," "Her Mad Bargain," and "Rose O' the Sea." I think Miss Stewart is a splendid actress but her pictures have not been good. However, I am not the Shadow Stage. Richard Barthelmess does the finest work of his worthy career in "Tol'able David," and I don't care who knows I think so. The department of criticism happens to agree with me, so it's almost all right. Mary Hay is Mrs. Dick Barthelmess. She is not on the stage at present—she sang and danced in the Follies and "Sally."

OLA, AUSTRALIA.—Juanita Hansen is still living. So is Theda Bara. Wonder how these cheerful little rumors get around, anyway? Hope Hampton's address is Hope Hampton Productions, 1540 Broadway, N. Y. C. Buck Jones, 1954 Crasena Drive, Los Angeles, Cal. Marie Prevost, 451 South Hampshire, L. A., Cal.

RUBY AND JOYCE.—Honored, I'm sure. So nice of you to be so nice to me. Now that we have exchanged compliments, suppose we proceed: Monte Blue is married. His latest appearances are in Mae Murray's "Peacock Alley" and Griffith's "The Two Orphans." He's a good actor, I think.

BETTY.—How demure! What a relief from the ostentatious stationery of the two young ladies directly above. Yours is such a sweet, simple little combination of pale orange and pink. I have no record of a film called "The Wild Cat." There is a musical comedy by that name running in New York at present. At least, it was the last time I picked up the paper.
 (Continued on page 121)



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Suzanna Croft

Dept. 35 1819 Broadway New York City



The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 67)

PEACOCK ALLEY—Tiffany Productions

MAE MURRAY, one of our most unusual and interesting actresses, is worthy of better material than is provided for her in this. It is an old, old story—all about the little French dancer who married a middle-western American, and how she disgraced him, and how he forged a check to support her in the manner to which she had been accustomed in that dear Paris, etc., etc. The Paris of this photoplay is the village deacon's idea. Miss Murray brings to her rôle her misty eyes, her svelte figure, and her accomplished technique. She is entirely delightful as usual and some of her close-ups are marvellously beautiful. Robert Leonard directed, and did some splendid work. But even the Murray-Leonard combination and Monte Blue as a leading man, need a good story.

THE BEGGAR MAID—Triart

AN idea! This company is producing a little two-reeler based on famous paintings. This, the first, is Burne-Jones' "Beggar Maid." It is delightfully directed by Herbert Blaché, and Mary Astor is a beautiful Maid. This little classic should have your applause and praise.

LADIES MUST LIVE—Paramount

IF the late George Loane Tucker could see his name boldly billed as the director of "Ladies Must Live" he would probably writhe in agony in his grave. It is difficult to believe that the director of "The Miracle Man" was responsible for that hodge podge, as it appeared on the screen. Tucker started it but died before its completion. It is not a fair epitaph. If you can follow it through without saying once to your friend in the next seat, "What's it all about?" we hereby present you with the solid spaghetti shoe laces.

FIGHTIN' MAD—Metro

WILLIAM DESMOND attempts to portray an Arizona *d'Artagnan* in "Fightin' Mad," and accomplishes his task in satisfactory fashion. It is actually "The Three Musketeers" in a Rio Grande setting, with three border policemen in the leading rôles. One for all and all for one, they outwit a gang of Mexican desperados, and save the beautiful heroine from "death—or worse."

WHITE OAK—Paramount

THERE is nothing startling in the announcement that "White Oak," Bill Hart's latest offering, is a western melodrama, concerning a straight shooting, hard riding hero who shoots down a lot of redskins while they are attacking a defenseless prairie train. There is also nothing startling in the announcement that all this provides excellent entertainment.

THE SILENT CALL—First National

THE featured player in "The Silent Call" is a giant police dog, named "Strongheart," and he has more claim to stellar honors than most of the mere mortals whose names occupy the electric signs. "The Silent Call" is full of action. It was written by Jane Murfin and directed by Larry Trimble, a good combination. The work of the dog star is remarkable.

"JACKIE"—Fox

SHIRLEY MASON being so darn cute that you want to annihilate her. The story is harmless enough. Take the children—if you're not very fond of them.

(Continued on page 119)

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 118)

LA TOSCA—Paramount

AN evening of operatic entertainment is crowded into two reels in the screen version of "La Tosca," and there is no doubt that the condensation has been skilfully handled. With Pauline Frederick as *Tosca*, there is a wealth of fine emotional acting.

THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND

"THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND" is a reproduction, in miniature, of the famous sea fight which decided the question of naval supremacy during the great war. There are many real thrills in the film for the average spectator, but it is chiefly designed for the trained observer who is interested in the tactics of naval manoeuver.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND—

F. B. Warren

THE flavor of Dickens does not photograph well, and consequently "Our Mutual Friend" is not particularly impressive as a picture. Though the production has been carefully handled, and the characterization faithfully carried out, there is a certain atmosphere lacking. The picture was made abroad, and there is consequently more intelligence evident in the costumes and the *mis-en-scene* than is customary in American productions of this nature. Catherine Reese and Evan Rostrup are capable performers in the leading rôles.

DON'T TELL EVERYTHING—

Paramount

IT is surprising that so obvious a plot could be made into so entertaining a photoplay. Here's the everlasting triangle, with our gorgeous Gloria Swanson engaged to our irresponsible Wallace Reid, while the Other Woman tries every art at her command to win him away. Elliott Dexter, the philosophical bachelor, stands by and renders first aid.

GRAND LARCENY—Goldwyn

THIS might be called "Much Ado About Nothing," and it is unfortunate that the talent of Claire Windsor, Elliott Dexter and Lowell Sherman should be wasted upon it. A series of forced situations lead up to an impossible climax, the woman to all appearances a brainless pawn in the hands of two equally brainless men. Not so good.

RIDING WITH DEATH—Fox

THE usual western. Mortgages will be mortgages, it seems, though locale may change from the Old Homestead to the Old Ranch House. They are to be fought over, wept over, and there's always a heroine to be sacrificed. But she isn't. Charles (Buck) Jones sees to that. Bullets, sudden death, and Betty Francisco in hoop-skirts.

THE MILLIONAIRE—Universal

HERBERT RAWLINSON, he of the curly hair and the iron fist, has a smashing time of it, here, in a movie for those who enjoy excitingly impossible stories. Herb is threatened by a gang of murderers, when he inherits a vast fortune. His experiences would make anyone's hair curl. The moral seems to be "Beware of West 40th St., N. Y. C." That's where it all happened.

WHAT DO MEN WANT?—

F. B. Warren

LOIS WEBER'S production, "What Do Men Want?" is a box office attraction in name only. However, it is well staged and well acted by Claire Windsor and Frank Glendon.

(Continued on page 120)



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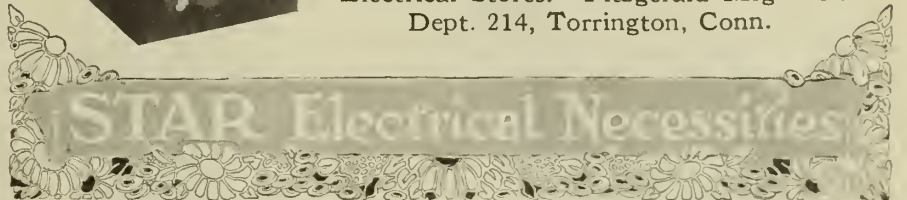
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The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

SCHOOL DAYS—Warner Brothers

A STORY that takes you back across the years—with Wesley Barry as the magician. Eternal youth and sunshine in the first three reels—and a lot of rather cheap vaudeville hookum in the end. Wesley Barry's parting with his dog is one of the finest bits on the screen today. By all means take the children!

EXIT THE VAMP—Paramount

EVERY now and then someone gives us an unpleasant surprise. Ethel Clayton is not to blame for this one, though she figures as the heroine of the unlovely tale. It's a senseless, vapid story in which a vamp of the 1912 movie type seeks to wreck the well known Happy Home. Ethel gathers together a few beads and admirers, and there's that.

FALSE KISSES—Universal

MISS Du Pont's second release is but little better than her first. We find the luckless lady the wife of a light-tender far out from the mainland. And she just hates the ocean. So she scowls unhappily and unbecomingly most of the time. Pat O'Malley scowls back. The title? Just one of Universal's little jokes.

THE BOAT—First National

BUSTER KEATON, out on the sad sea waves in a trick boat which in itself is a most ingenious contrivance, with masts and smokestacks that obligingly flatten themselves to go under the lowest of bridges, is certainly a laugh-getter. The time is coming, evidently, when comedies will rank far above the average program release. Small wonder.

HER MAD BARGAIN—First National

THIS picture is exactly what the title infers, the cheapest sort of melodrama. It is a mystery how Producer Mayer with as well known a star as Anita Stewart, can turn out such trash. The story, what there is of it, is told entirely in the subtitles. They read like a dime novel. A crass stupidity.

CHEATED HEARTS—Universal

ALTHOUGH the title doesn't seem to mean anything, there's a lot of the good old stuff about a strong man and drink—proving that, if the man is strong enough, etc. A rather unnecessary moral these days. The scene leaps from America to Paris and then Morocco. Marjorie Daw's hair is lovely, as usual. It can't hurt the children.

THE GOLDEN GIFT—Metro

A GOOD plot for the whole family—it only taxes the imagination at times. The story of a diva's struggle in choosing between two "golden gifts"—motherhood versus a career. Alice Lake plays the singer rather well, John Bowers is a good leading man, and Harriet Hammond is as decorative in regular clothes as she was in a bathing suit.

TRAILIN'—Fox

"HE looks like a tenderfoot," they say of Tom Mix, "an' talks like a tenderfoot, but he ain't no tenderfoot!" And—judging by the number of men he kills with one revolver and no visible supply of cartridges—they're right! This should make Tom more popular than ever in the provinces. Eva Novak is pretty. And if the children aren't nervous, take 'em. It's clean.

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If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't. The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips. By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it. 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.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 117)

JOHN L., SPOKANE.—Howdy, old timer! I thought you'd stopped reading this department for good. Webster Campbell played the part of Craig Winchell and Frank Currier the part of John Winchell in "Pleasure Seekers," with Elaine Hammerstein. I don't see many of her pictures.

LILLIAN MAE.—You want to see pictures and stories about Hoot Gibson? This must be attended to at once. I'll see to it myself. If you write to Universal, at Universal City, Cal., Gibson will surely send you his photograph. If he doesn't, he's an unappreciative cuss. You sure are a Gibson fan. May Allison is now Mrs. Bob Ellis. There are pictures of the newly-weds in this issue of the Magazine.

PAULINE B., CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—So this was your first attempt in writing to me. I hope it will not be your last. I liked your letter. Thanks for all you say. Thomas Meighan is married to Frances Ring. Wallace Reid to Dorothy Davenport, who returned to the screen in a Lester Cuneo picture. The Reids have one son, Bill.

H. N. B., BROOKLYN.—Alice Calhoun is a charming girl, and entirely worthy of your admiration. She has very beautiful brown eyes and hair, is not married, and lives with her mother in a Hollywood bungalow while she is making pictures for Vitagraph in their western studio.

BARRIE BORE.—I don't think anyone who reads and studies Barrie could be a bore. I like the little Scotchman's books, and have read "Sentimental Tommy" and "Tommy and Grizel" many times. Betty Compson plays *Lady Babbie* in "The Little Minister."

MARY ANN.—You want to know all about the studios? My dear child, we can't get out a special edition even to please you. However—most of the studios are in Hollywood, California. Others are in Fort Lee, N. J., Mamaroneck, N. Y., and Pathe, 1990 Park Avenue, N. Y. C. Tom Moore is now the husband of Renee Adoree. The former Mrs. Tom, Alice Joyce, is now married to James Regan, Jr., and the mother of another little girl. You can get a complete list of studios from the directory.

BEATRICE.—Mary and Doug have given up their California home and studio, and so I don't know where they will live when they return to this country. By the time you read this, they will probably be back in America. Although they have changed their plans so often I wouldn't count on that. Mrs. Pickford, Lottie, and Jack, and Lottie's little girl went abroad with the Fairbanks party.

HAZEL F., CHICAGO.—I don't know whether or not Eugene O'Brien is as popular as he was a year ago. That's not my business. He is still with Selznick. Ruth Roland may be reached at 605 South Norton Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. Viola Dana, Metro studios, Hollywood, Cal. Priscilla Dean, Universal City, Cal. Josephine Campbell,

(Continued on page 122)

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To persons who have not previously heard of my method, this may seem a pretty bold statement. But I will gladly convince you of its accuracy by referring you to any number of my graduates in any part of the world.

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Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

MARVELLA.—Where—did—you—get—that—name? I hope you did not make it up for yourself. But imagine naming a baby that—Marvella. My word! Kenneth Harlan is divorced from his wife. Betty Hilburn had the title rôle of "Girl of the Sea."

ANN AND FRANCES.—Of course I like you kids. I like you better than the grown-up young ladies who write to me. But don't tell them I said so. They might think I meant it. I like to dance occasionally but I don't get much time. Irene Castle is now dancing at the Knickerbocker Grill in Manhattan. She is not making a picture right now. She is the wife of Robert Treman of Ithaca, N. Y.

LILLIAN, OKLAHOMA CITY.—Thank you for the bouquets, I bow, I bow. Dorothy Des Devore is one of the Christie cavorters. She is not married. Some of the Christie comedies are quite clever, I think. I like a good laugh. I am one of those objectionable laughers. I pound my neighbors on the back and stamp and roar. Charlie, of course, is the funniest person I ever saw. I wish he would make more pictures, but I suppose if he did the world would die laughing.

S. E., BLUFFTON, INDIANA.—Of course if you say I am clever, I must be. You have such good taste, my dear. Ann Little is now working in a new Ben Wilson serial called "Nanette of the North." I haven't seen Ann since she left the Paramount people. She was fine in "The Squaw Man."

BOBBIE, OTTAWA.—You call me Mister Mystery. Wait until you see the handsome portrait of me in the next issue among the contributors to PHOTOPLAY. I won't be a mystery any longer. I'll be a misery, more likely. I should think you would be only too glad to get an autographed photograph of Thomas Meighan.

MADGE.—I saw Madge Evans the other day and I think she is a charming child—unaffected and sweet. Her mother is most intelligent. Madge has her own company now.

I. N., LIMA, OHIO.—Theda Bara is married to Charles Brabin. They have no children. Theda is not making any pictures now. I don't know when she is coming back.

JAM.—The Talmadges are not related to the great evangelist because they have a "d" in their last name. It is not Talmage, but Talmadge. It is their real name, and their father is living. He is employed at the Talmadge company. Charles Meredith is married. His wife, is, I believe, very wealthy in her own right. I saw Meredith in a New York restaurant the other day. I don't know what he is doing on the screen at present.

ANNE S.—The heroine of "The Haunted Pajamas" was Carmel Myers, that was one of the late Harold Lockwood's best pictures. Carmel is now co-starring with Wallace MacDonald in a Vitagraph serial.

JOE H., BOSTON.—Bessie Eyton in "The Man of Honor." I think Bessie is on the stage now. Jack Mulhall was born in New York City, October 7, 1801. Mulhall is a widower. He is the hero of Mabel Normand's "Molly O."

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PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION Dept. of Education, P. 2

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PHOTOPLAY

March 25c



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 "The Woman in the Case"
 A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production

William S. Hart in
 "Travelin' On"
 By William S. Hart
 A William S. Hart Production

"One Glorious Day"
 With Will Rogers and Lila Lee
 By Walter Woods and O. B. Barringer

Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid in
 "Forever"
 By George DuMaurier
 A George Fitzmaurice Production

George Melford's Production
 "Moran of the Lady Letty"
 With Dorothy Dalton
 From the story by Frank Norris

Gloria Swanson in
 "Her Husband's Trademark"
 By Clara Beranger

May McAvoy in
 "A Homespun Vamp"
 By Hector Turnbull
 A Realart Production

Wanda Hawley in
 "Bobbed Hair"
 By Hector Turnbull
 A Realart Production

"Boomerang Bill"
 With Lionel Barrymore
 By Jack Boyle
 A Cosmopolitan Production

Cecil B. DeMille's Production
 "Fool's Paradise"
 Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story
 "The Laurels and the Lady"

Ethel Clayton in "Her Own Money"
 Adapted from the play by Mark Swan

Constance Binney in
 "The Sleep Walkers"
 By Aubrey Stauffer
 A Realart Production

John S. Robertson's Production
 "Love's Boomerang"
 With Ann Forrest
 From the novel "Perpetua"
 By Dion Clayton Calthrop

Jack Holt in
 "While Satan Sleeps"
 From the novel
 "The Parson of Panamint"
 By Peter B. Kyne

Constance Binney in
 "Midnight"
 By Harvey Thew
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Marion Davies in
 "The Young Diana"
 By Marie Corelli
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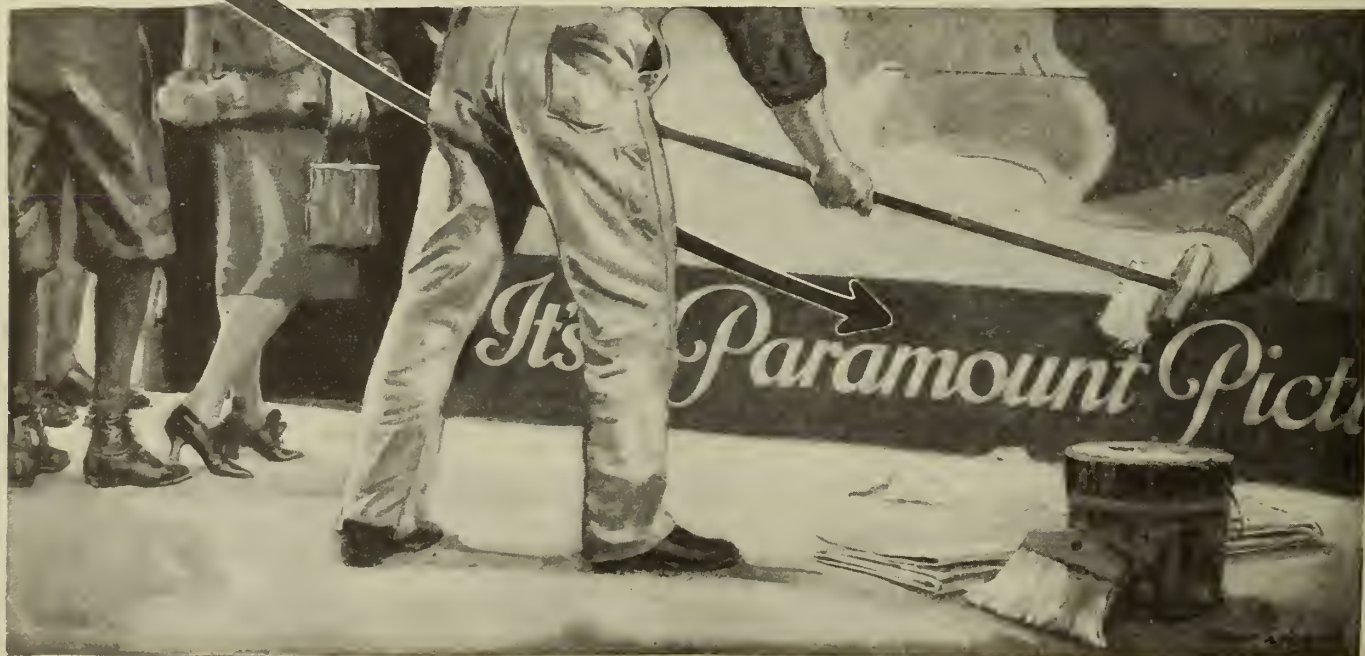
Pola Negri in "The Red Peacock"

Thomas Meighan in
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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XXI

No. 4

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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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Next Month!

THE April issue of PHOTOPLAY will be released on March 15th instead of March 1st. PHOTOPLAY is a newspaper of the films. The whole editorial equipment is organized to disseminate the news as quickly as possible. In the past it has been all right to issue a magazine dated a whole month ahead, but things are moving so fast in the motion picture industry that no publication can be up-to-date and release at such an early date. PHOTOPLAY is a magazine of service and to fulfill this mission to the best advantage, the publishers have decided on this step.

The April issue will be worth waiting for. It will be the greatest issue of any publication devoted to motion pictures.

Note the Elsie Ferguson fashions this month and you will get an idea of what you can expect when we give you the Mae Murray gowns in April.

For six months PHOTOPLAY investigators have been working on the greatest history of the motion picture ever written and the author has done a remarkable work. It begins in the April issue, and in addition to being a most fascinating story it upsets many of the facts published in former histories and places the credit for the motion picture where it belongs. It is full of surprises.

You will probably hear of the Goldwyn Screen Opportunity contest even before you read this magazine. The newspapers of the country are keenly interested and 7,000 theaters are going to throw slides on their screens telling you about it. It is the first contest of any importance since PHOTOPLAY started the idea of beauty contests four years ago and actually brought eleven girls from all parts of the country to New York and gave them a real chance before real cameras. Of these eleven girls three won places as leading women in big pictures.

You must read the story of intelligence tests made by a famous psychologist among the motion picture actors and actresses of California. It is a remarkable fact that of the six stars who undertook this test all but one came out with high ratings, equal to the rating which is required to achieve the grade of colonel in the Army. And the highest marks were won by a 16 year old girl.

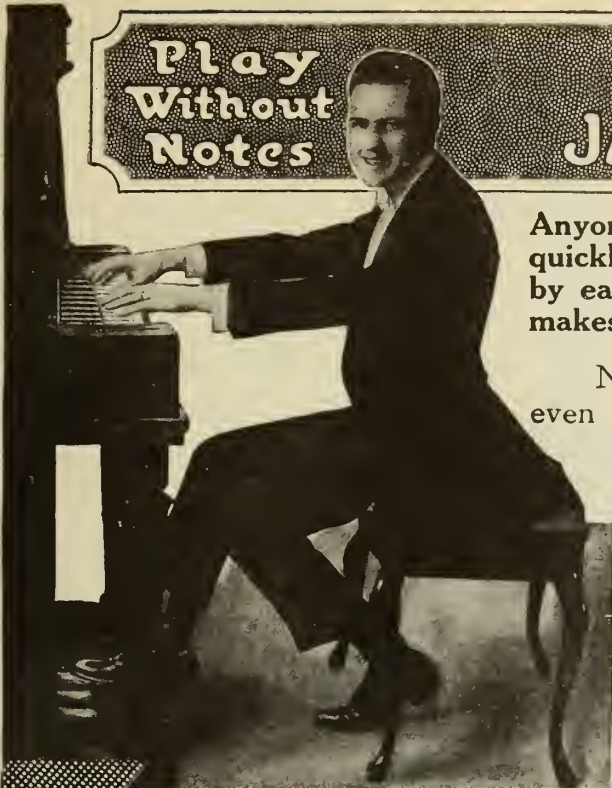
A portrait of Dorothy Gish appears on the cover.

The long delayed photographs of the editorial staff of PHOTOPLAY will appear in the next issue.

**Don't Miss the April Issue
On the News Stands March 15th**

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No matter how little you know about music—even though you “have never touched a piano”—if you can just remember a tune, you can learn to *play by ear*. I have perfected an entirely new system. It is so simple, so easy, and shows you so many little tricks of playing that it just comes natural to pick out on the piano any piece that is running through your mind. Even those who could not learn by the old-fashioned method grasp the *Niagara* idea readily, and follow through the entire course of twenty lessons quickly.

Play By Ear in 90 Days

No need to devote years to study, in order to learn piano nowadays. Neither is special talent necessary. Every lesson is so easy, so interesting and fascinating that you “can’t keep your hands off the piano.” Just devote a part of your spare time to it for ninety days and you will be playing and entertaining your friends almost before you realize how this wonderful new accomplishment has been acquired. No tiresome scales, no arpeggios to learn—no do-re-mi, no tiresome practice and meaningless exercises. You learn a bass accompaniment that applies to ANY SONG you play by ear. Once learned you have it for all time and become master of the piano. Experienced and talented musicians are amazed at the rapid progress of Niagara School students and say they cannot understand why this method was not thought of years ago. Yet it has never been used before and is not used by any other teacher or school today.

A Simple Secret to Success In Piano Playing

You, like thousands of others, have perhaps given up trying to learn to play the piano. You can pick out the tunes to popular songs with the right hand, but you cannot get the bass accompaniment with the left—you fail to produce harmony. That’s been the stumbling block of thousands—yet this course shows you all this very clearly—so you can do it yourself. The Niagara Method does not give you the bass accompaniment as written in the music, but gives you a simple accompaniment which applies to any song you play by ear. Once learned you have it for all time and your difficulties are over. It is simple, easy and readily developed into ragtime and jazz. It has been the secret behind the Niagara Method.

Be The Popular One In Your Crowd

One who can sit down any time without notes or music, reel off the latest jazz and ragtime song hits that entertain folks—always being the popular one in the crowd, the center of attraction, the life of the party, sought and invited everywhere.

As easily as hundreds of others have learned, so you, too, can learn and profit by it—not only through the pleasure it provides, but also by playing at dances, movies and other entertainments.

Decide to begin now. Just spend a little part of your time with my easy, fascinating lessons, and see how quickly you “catch on” and learn to play. You will be amazed, whether you are a beginner or an advanced student.

Write for my book, “The Niagara Method,” describing this wonderful new method of playing by ear. It is sent to you FREE.

RONALD G. WRIGHT, Director,
Niagara School of Music, Dept. 435, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Clip This Coupon Now

NIAGARA SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Dept. 435 Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Please send me your Free Booklet describing “The Niagara Method.” Name.....
Street..... City.....
Age..... Ever taken piano lessons?..... For how long a time?.....

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



THIS BOOK
FREE





*The Invisible Director
behind each R-C Picture*

“WE will keep faith with the public” is the invisible ideal written between the lines of every story that sees the light as an R-C picture.

Pledged to this principle, R-C writers, directors, stars and camera men, playing with all the emotions and passions that sweep the human mind, create a world of shadows that loving, daring, flaming with hate or ablaze with noble purpose, roar and strut and creep across the screen.

We have no desire to make the most stupendous, spectacular production ever filmed. We have no purpose to produce all the motion pictures.

We have a very great ambition, already begun to be realized, that wherever people see the R-C mark instinctively they will know “There is a clean, clever, beautifully staged and beautifully acted photoplay.”

For a solid hour of intensely interesting drama that will send you home with a pleasant thrill of satisfaction we invite you to see Pauline Frederick in “Two Kinds of Women.”

Pauline Frederick
in
“Two Kinds of Women”

At the untimely death of her father Judith Sanford (Pauline Frederick) inherits one of the biggest farming and stock raising enterprises in the West. Coming home to take control she finds herself engulfed in a venomous plot to despoil her. To circumvent the conspirators calls for great diplomacy, feminine finesse and the most audacious physical risk. The resources of this dual-natured, high-bred western girl are taxed to the limit, but from the very lips of ruin, with the loyal support of a few faithful employees, she snatches mastery—only to lose her heart.



R - C P I C T U R E S
New York

Suppose This Happened on YOUR Wedding Day!

Everything is ready for the ceremony. All the guests are assembled. Even the clergyman has arrived. You are taking your last hasty glance in the mirror—when a messenger arrives with a gift. It is an elaborate gift, one of the finest you have received. And it is from some one you have not invited!

What would you do? Would you immediately send a telegram of thanks? Would you write a personal letter offering an apology or an excuse? Would you just send an ordinary card of thanks a few days after the wedding? Would you ignore the incident completely?

And Then After the Ceremony—

How would you acknowledge the congratulations of the guests? What would be the first thing to say to your husband, to his mother, his father? Do you know just how to arrange the reception, and the wedding breakfast? And the cards of thanks, the "at home" cards, the announcements—do you know how to word them and when to mail them?

The wedding day is the happiest day of any man's, any woman's life. But one little blunder, one little unexpected mistake—and that happiest day becomes one so humiliating and miserable that it brings a blush of shame to the cheek whenever one thinks of it.

Perhaps you do not realize how many important little things enter into the planning and preparing of wedding receptions, wedding ceremonies. There are so many opportunities for mistakes, so many chances to do the wrong thing. One must know absolutely, before venturing upon so important an affair as a wedding, just what is right to do and say and wear.

Were These Embarrassing Moments Ever Yours?

Did you ever overturn a cup of coffee on your hostess' table linen? If you did, you know what an embarrassing moment it was. Did you know what to do, what to say? Should you have overlooked it? Should you have excused yourself to the hostess? Should you have made an apology to all the company? If you knew the right thing to do and say there would have been no embarrassment, no confusion.

And suppose your engagement were suddenly broken. Would you return the engagement ring? Would you send back any letters? Would you announce the broken engagement to your friends and relatives? If a wedding date has been set and invitations issued, how would you recall them? How would you explain the broken engagement to those who had been invited?

Every day certain unexpected conditions arise, certain awkward and difficult circumstances present themselves. To be able to meet them calmly, without being embarrassed or confused, is to win the admiration and respect of all those with whom you come into contact.

How Do You Introduce People?

If a friend visited you, how would you introduce her to your parents? Would you say, "Mother, I'd like you to meet Miss Smith," or "Miss Smith, I'd like you to meet my mother"?

If an elderly uncle were present would you say, "Mr. Jones, meet Miss Smith," or "Miss Smith, meet Mr. Jones"? And when Bobby comes running in, would you say, "Bobby, this is Miss Smith," or "Miss Smith, this is Bobby"?

Now let us pretend that you are the one being introduced. Do you know the correct

way to acknowledge the introductions? Would you remain seated upon being presented to a gentleman, or would you rise? Would you offer your hand in greeting? Would you use any of these terms, "Pleased to meet you," "How do you do," "Glad to know you"?

Mistakes Made At the Dance

Very often you make mistakes in the ballroom that condemn you as a boor, a person of no culture and breeding. They may be mistakes that you are not conscious of, mistakes that you do not realize you are making—but every cultured man and woman in that ballroom perceives them, and labels you immediately as uncouth, ordinary.

Let us see what you know about the etiquette of ballrooms. If you were not asked to dance, do you know how to avoid being a wallflower? Do you know how many times etiquette allows you to dance with one partner? Do you know whether or not it is correct, in good society, to wander away from the ballroom with a fiancee?

Or if you are a gentleman, do you know how to ask a lady to dance, and how to take leave of her when the music ceases? Do you know the right dancing positions? Do you know what to do and say if a young lady refuses a dance?

The ballroom is an ideal place to impress by one's culture and delicacy. It is here that the woman is judged as charming or awkward, and the gentleman is judged as well-groomed or hopelessly uncultured.

The Book of Etiquette in Two-volumes

We all know that it is the first impression that counts. The people who meet us and see us every day judge us by our outward appearance, our actions, our manners. They do not wait until they know us before they judge whether we are fine or coarse, cultured or common-place. They judge by their first impressions of us—and first impressions are always lasting.

Then if you want to enter the world of good society, if you want to enjoy the company of brilliant men and women, you must make these first impressions perfect. You must be able to do and say and wear at all times, under all conditions, the thing that is absolutely correct. You must know how to enter a room and how to leave it. You must know how to offer a seat, and how to accept it. You must know how to make introductions and how to acknowledge them. You must know how to meet the most perplexing and embarrassing circumstances with quiet dignity, and poise, instead of becoming flustered and confused.

If you can do these things, if you know the rules of correct conduct—of etiquette—the world will recognize you as a lady, a gentleman, and treat you accordingly.

And that's just what the famous Book of Etiquette does—teaches you the right thing to do and say and wear on all occasions, at all times! It solves the problems that have been puzzling you, corrects mistakes, dispels doubt, makes you perfect in the art of etiquette. By knowing and understanding its wealth of valuable information, it brings you dignity, poise, refinement—it prepares you to meet the highest



Even the messenger boy saw that she was humiliated, embarrassed, undecided.

society and command respect wherever you happen to be.

SENT FREE for 5 Days

Do you know dinner etiquette so well that you can dine with the most cultured people without feeling embarrassed? Do you know the right thing to wear to dances, parties, balls, weddings?

You will find invaluable aid in the splendid two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette. You will want to keep it handy where you can refer to it again and again. Let us prove it. Let us send you both volumes absolutely free to read, examine and test.

Just the coupon will do. Fill it in with your name and address and I send it to us NOW, at once. No money—just the coupon. The complete Book of Etiquette will be sent to you at once. Keep the books for 5 days at our expense. Read a page here and there. Glance at the illustrations. Notice the table of contents. After 5 days you may send us \$3.50 in full payment or return the books, as you please. There is no obligation. You pay for the books only if you are absolutely delighted with them.

But mail the coupon today. You cannot afford to miss this opportunity of examining for yourself the famous Book of Etiquette. Clip the coupon and mail it NOW. NELSON DOUBLEDAY, INC., Dept. 773, Oyster Bay, New York.

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Dept. 773, Oyster Bay, New York.

Without money in advance, or obligation on my part, send me the Two Volume set of the Book of Etiquette. Within 5 days I will either return the books or send you \$3.50 in full payment. It is understood that I am not obliged to keep the books if I am not delighted with them.

Name

Address

Check this square if you want these books with the Beautiful Full Leather Binding at five dollars with 5 days' examination privilege.



Is your skin pale and sallow?

—How you can rouse it

SLEEP, fresh air, exercise—all these contribute to a healthy condition of your skin.

But your skin itself must have special care, if you wish it to show all the beauty and charm of which it is capable. Your skin is a separate organ of your body. Neglect of its special needs may result in an unattractive complexion, even though your general health is good.

If your skin is pale and sallow, use the following treatment to give it color and life:

ONCE or twice a week, just before retiring, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head and the bowl 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 with an upward and outward motion. 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.

The other nights of the week cleanse your skin thoroughly in the usual way with Woodbury's

Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold.

Special treatments for each different skin need are given in the famous booklet of treatments wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin your treatment tonight.

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.

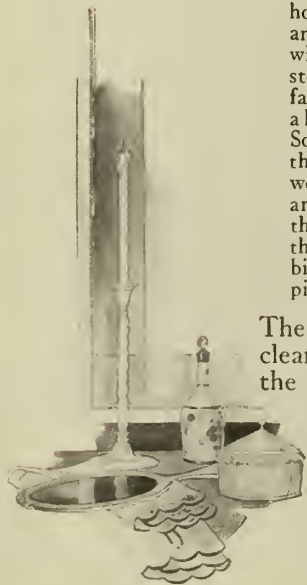
A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

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
- 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."

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 503 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 503 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English agents: *H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.*





THE marriage of Rex Ingram, the director, and Alice Terry is the culmination of a real-life romance. He is directing "The Prisoner of Zenda" now, and the lovely Alice is once again his star. She is one of our most exquisite heroines



Evans

HELEN FERGUSON'S screen success was not achieved with one picture. She has been working steadily ever since she left a Chicago high-school to be an extra. Now William deMille has made her his leading woman



Evans

JUST when you think he couldn't possibly do finer work, Tommy Meighan comes along with a characterization that makes you fall in love with him all over again — with due apologies to Mrs. Meighan, who was Frances Ring



Edward Thayer Monroe

ONE of the season's surprises: Alice Calhoun. A delightful comedienne in her first picture, she has since displayed an ability that has caused calloused critics to predict for her an extraordinary bright future in the more serious drama



Donata Biddle Keyes

WALLY AND BILL! They look a little lonesome, and there's a reason. Mama Dot is at the studio, leaving them to the tender mercies of the neighbors. Dorothy Davenport Reid has returned to the screen after a long absence



Strauss-Peyton

CHARLES SPENCER CHAPLIN: His first portrait since his return from Europe. His strenuous receptions in England and France seem to have agreed with him. He is now making his last two-reeler in California



CAROL DEMPSTER is about to begin work in a new David Wark Griffith photoplay, her first screen appearance since "Dream Street." A dancer of unusual poise, her quiet grace is her chief charm. She wants to try the stage

Alfred Cheney Johnston



15
washings

Actual photograph of hand-made bedspread—unstreaked and unfaded after 15 Ivory Flakes washings. Spread and statement of original owner on file in the Procter & Gamble offices.

—yet the creamy tint of this bedspread, and the pinks and greens of its hand applique and embroidery are as pretty as new—

THE Illinois woman who sent in the bedspread in the photograph to the manufacturers of Ivory Flakes described the washing in this way:

"In laundering this spread I always used water just warm enough for the hands, and beat the Ivory Flakes to a lather and let the bedspread soak for several minutes, after which I rubbed it lightly between the hands and rinsed it in water the same temperature as the suds"

What Ivory Flakes has done for this spread it will do just as easily for your embroidered linens, cretonnes, hangings, cushion covers, and counterpanes—wash them repeatedly without fading or streaking any color that water alone will not harm.

The beauty about Ivory Flakes is that it enables you to enjoy using your loveliest household linens all the time without fear that they will be ruined in the washtub. The Ivory Flakes way of cleansing them is so easy that you can do it yourself, even if you never have washed anything in your life before.

Ivory Flakes gives you the proven purity and safety of Ivory Soap in instant working, rubless form. Try it—see how much better you will like it for all your "special" washing, whether it is a georgette blouse that just needs a dipping in the bathroom washbowl, or the colorful cretonne curtains from the sun porch.

Send for Free Sample and booklet telling how to keep silks, wools, knitted things, and all fine fabrics looking like new. Address Section 45-CF, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.



IVORY SOAP FLAKES

The Biggest, Heaviest, Lowest Priced Package of the Whitest Flakes.
Makes Pretty Clothes Last Longer



The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XXI

March, 1922

No. 4



IN this issue we announce the Photoplay-Goldwyn Motion Picture Opportunity — a practical approach to the problem of finding new faces for the screen. Read the pages to follow and avail yourself or your friends of this glorious chance.

The Photoplay-Goldwyn Screen Producer for New Faces and New

The screen needs new faces, different faces,
of intelligence and animation and personality



HERE is opportunity!

Goldwyn Pictures Corporation and PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE sponsor this demand for new personalities for motion pictures. Mr. Goldwyn, one of the screen's greatest producers, realizes the need of the silversheet for different types, different actresses, different heart-throbs. His is the thought; PHOTOPLAY'S is the voice. Now it is up to you.

This is not merely a contest—it is a quest. PHOTOPLAY some years ago sponsored the Beauty and Brains Contest, the first contest to recruit new screen stars. Today, three of the winners of that contest are leading women on the screen. But no Magazine in the world has ever offered an Opportunity such as this one. No Magazine has ever offered the fortunate winner such a definite chance to succeed on the screen.

The young woman who wins in the quest for new faces will be given a year's contract with the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, sent to the Goldwyn Studios in Culver City, California, with expenses paid, and receive a weekly salary that will be sufficient to support herself and her mother in comfortable style. The salary will not be fabulous. The amount will be equal to that paid competent actresses playing in the films today.

If you are among those who possess that spark, that expression, that face, that intelligence for which the search is made, you will be photographed by a motion picture camera; you will have a real camera test. Every girl who wishes may send in her photograph. There will be a winner, assuredly. But the real prize of this quest is the honest Opportunity which is offered to all of you.

Here is the chance for which every girl has been hoping: the Opportunity which means more than promises of immediate stardom and assurances of fabulous salary. Because Samuel Goldwyn and PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE want to give you the Opportunity as much as you want it yourself this search for new faces is amazing. It may be considered in the nature of a contest. But a contest suggests a narrowing down. This screen opportunity implies a broadening—a nation-wide search. It is a call to the obscurest regions of the United States. It is a ready ear to a distant cry that could not be heard until now. But those who listen may hear it sharp and clear.

You may be one of those ambitious girls who feels she has it in her to make a great motion picture actress. You may never have been able to go about the realization of your dream. You may live too far away to make the hazardous and expensive trip to California, the home of the films. The methods for enrolling yourself in the army of aspiring film players have not hitherto been such as to make it easy for the new applicant. But at last your ability, your worthiness for screen honors is to be tested. You are to have the Opportunity for which you have been hoping. Your way is to be made comparatively easy for you. You are to have a hearing before a court: the camera. Your judges will be Samuel Goldwyn, the president of the company which bears his name, and James R. Quirk, the Editor of PHOTOPLAY. If you have the talent—the character, determination, animation, intellectuality—you will be given the necessary boost up the ladder of fame.

New faces are wanted—yes. But mere prettiness is not. "Ingenues" and "vampires" are passé. The stilted expressions of emotion are never the methods of the great actress. Do not imitate. Be yourself.

We make no empty inducements—no glittering promises of immediate stardom, and instantaneous fortune, and popularity. We do not offer you stardom at all. When you have proved yourself an actual asset to the screen, then there will be time enough to consider your financial and artistic future. All we offer you, the winner of this quest for new faces, is—an opportunity to work!

The girls who are really in earnest will survive this quest. Those who are ambitious only to succeed because of personal beauty, without at the same time being desirous to work, and work hard, for success, will have no place. Your photograph will not be the only judge. Your own motion picture will be the final test.

This honest and uncompromising search for new screen material is primarily for the benefit of the screen. It may benefit *you*. It is a sincere attempt to find what is most needed in pictures today. We have had new authors and new directors and new artists. Now we must find new faces.

Samuel Goldwyn, in his first expression of the idea, said, among other pertinent things:

"We all agree that the hope 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 which is frequently the case with stage plays. The intention is to give a comprehensive view of what happens to the characters during



View of the mammoth Goldwyn Studios in Culver City.

Opportunity—The Quest of a Great Personalities for Motion Pictures



Samuel Goldwyn, president of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation

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 picturegoer 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. 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.

"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!*"

These are words of encouragement, of inspiration, to those who have long wished for the chance to play a part in the great unwritten drama. It is the opportunity that comes but once in a lifetime—in the days when ambition is at its height, when determination for success is strong, and when zest for its enjoyment is keenest.

Mr. Goldwyn *knows*. PHOTOPLAY *knows*. The public *knows*. And that is the quest's reason for being. And that is why it is destined to give much to the screen. This great Opportunity is yours. Take it. Send in your likeness. July first, 1922, is the closing date of the quest.



Who will occupy this room? A question mark has been painted on a star's dressing room at the Goldwyn Studios in Culver City. It is being reserved for the first choice in the Goldwyn-Photoplay Screen Opportunity



California, the largest and most beautiful in the world

The Chief Essentials of Beauty

By
JAMES
R. QUIRK



A COMPOSITE DRAWING OF SCREEN BEAUTY

Rolf Armstrong, the cover illustrator, has painted a score of the most celebrated screen stars. Above is his idea of a combination of all of them

WHAT is it that makes a woman beautiful? Throughout all time this question has occupied the attention of the world. The history of mankind is in large measure the history of woman's beauty. Wars have been waged and dynasties have fallen as a result of the delicate curve of a woman's chin, the appealing outline of a woman's brow, the plastic proportions of a woman's lips, the lucent color of a woman's eyes. It was Phryne's beauty which rebuilt the walls of a great city; it was Aspasia's beauty which inspired the works of Pericles; it was Helen's beauty which cast the ancient world into a sea of blood; it was Cleopatra's beauty which altered the course of two great empires. . . . And, in modern times, one need only mention the names of Katherine of Russia, Ninon de L'Enclos, Mme. Du Barry and La Pompadour to call to men's minds the dom-

INTELLIGENCE, womanliness, personality and charm are as necessary as perfection of feature and form

inant part which woman's beauty and woman's charm have played in the destinies of nations.

But here is an amazing and significant fact:—there has never been an accepted standard of feminine beauty. Though every age has had an ideal of womanhood, and every country has possessed a representative feminine type, the standard of woman's beauty has changed as often as the standard of life itself has changed.

And so it has been with individual taste. Nearly every great writer and great painter has left us a portrait of his personal ideal of woman—an aesthetic visu-
(Continued on page 103)



James R. Quirk, editor of Photoplay and one of the two judges of the contest

The Birth of the Opportunity Idea

Four Letters That Tell the Whole Story


Goldwyn Pictures Corporation
469 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

Dec. 15th, 1921.

Mr. James R. Quirk,
Editor Photoplay Magazine,
New York City.

My dear Mr. Quirk:-

As one who is sincerely interested in the artistic development of motion pictures I want to thank you for publishing the article on "New Faces on the Screen" appearing in recent issues of your estimable publication. Photoplay Magazine has been the means of bringing a most important matter to the attention of hundreds of thousands of devotees of motion pictures.

But it seems to me that our work is only started. If we have awakened the motion picture public to a genuine need, that is the first step. Now let us take the second.

Let us find the new faces that will give fresh inspiration to our photoplays.

As president of Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, I propose a "New Faces" contest to be conducted by your magazine and this company. I believe that in this great nation there are hundreds of young women with screen personalities and rare beauty whose gifts are being wasted.

I am enclosing tentative terms for what may be known as "the Goldwyn-Photoplay New Faces Contest."

Awaiting a reply, I am,

Cordially yours,

Samuel Goldwyn

THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE MAGAZINE
PHOTOPLAY

25 WEST 45TH STREET
NEW YORK.

350 NORTH CLARK ST.
CHICAGO

December 20, 1921.

Mr. Samuel Goldwyn
President, Goldwyn Picture Corporation
469 Fifth Avenue
New York City

My dear Mr. Goldwyn:

I am heartily in accord with the plan for a "New Faces" contest outlined in your letter of recent date. The pages of Photoplay Magazine are at your service in presenting this wonderful opportunity to the public.

You will be interested in knowing that no series of articles published in Photoplay has brought such a response from our readers as has the call for new faces started by you in the December issue and continued by Rupert Hughes and Mary Roberts Rinehart. We have received hundreds of letters on this subject, indicating that the time is ripe for the launching of a plan such as you propose.

The terms of the contest which you present impress me very favorably and any suggestions which I might offer would be only along the line of amplification.

Would it not, for example, be possible to have test motion pictures made at the homes of entrants whose photographs indicate picture possibilities? I think such tests would greatly assist the judges in making a selection.

In principle, as the Washington diplomats say, I accept your terms for "The Goldwyn-Photoplay New Faces Contest" and it only remains for us to work out the details.

Sincerely yours,
James R. Quirk


Goldwyn Pictures Corporation
469 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

Dec. 24th, 1921.

Mr. James R. Quirk,
Editor of Photoplay Magazine,
25 West 45th Street,
New York City.

My dear Mr. Quirk:-

Thank you for your prompt reply to my letter suggesting a New Faces contest to be conducted by Photoplay Magazine and the Goldwyn Company. I am delighted to know that you are in such full sympathy with the plan.

The idea of test motion pictures for the most promising of the contestants is excellent and I can see nothing to hinder its fulfillment.

This company will agree to have test pictures made of the thirty entrants selected by the judges after all photographs submitted have been considered. There are twenty-two Goldwyn exchanges located in key cities throughout the United States. In order that the tests may be made under the best conditions, each contestant may visit the exchange nearest her home, transportation expenses to be paid by the Goldwyn Company.

I suggest that we incorporate this agreement in the terms of the contest.

With kindest regards, I am,

Very sincerely,

Samuel Goldwyn

THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE MAGAZINE

PHOTOPLAY

JAMES R. QUIRK
EDITOR

25 WEST 45TH STREET
NEW YORK.

350 NORTH CLARK ST.
CHICAGO

December 29, 1921.

Mr. Samuel Goldwyn
President of Goldwyn Pictures Corp.
469 Fifth Avenue
New York City

My dear Mr. Goldwyn:

Your offer in regard to test pictures of entrants in the New Faces Contest, whereby you agree to pay the transportation expenses of those selected for such tests, is a generous one and will assure an equal opportunity for all contestants.

I feel that I ought to say that the reason for my enthusiasm about this search for new faces is yourself. I know that all through your motion picture career you have worked indefatigably to raise the standard of pictures and that you have brought to the screen some of our greatest authors and artists. Your spirit has pervaded your whole organization and your sincerity has impressed the business and artistic leaders of the entire motion picture world.

It is a great pleasure for Photoplay to cooperate with you. We believe in you and believe the cooperation between Goldwyn Pictures Corporation and Photoplay Magazine will achieve the results you are looking forward to.

Please accept this letter as confirmation of Photoplay Magazine's agreement to announce the opening of the Goldwyn-Photoplay New Faces Contest in the issue dated March, 1922.

With full confidence that the contest will be the means of disclosing new personalities that will enrich the screen, I am

Most sincerely,

James R. Quirk

Authors Tell Demand for New Faces

Extracts from Articles Written by Them in Photoplay

"NEW faces come along whether we want them or not. They appear in the audiences and must be reflected on the screen.

"New faces mean new souls, new needs, new ideals. The same old human soul is still doing business at the old stand but dressing the window differently; changing its ideals somewhat as fashions come and go, and altering its ideals slightly. Humanity does not change as much as we pretend, but languages, costumes, knowledges, sympathies, passions, are in a constant flux since the dramatic art is devoted to holding a more or less cracked mirror up to nature.

"The dramatic arts must reflect the changing faces and the changing souls and dramatic art is a business of translating manuscripts into human flesh. Author must speak through actors. New authors cannot be satisfied with or expressed by old artists.

"When Mr. Goldwyn calls for new faces on the screen he has many reasons for his demand. The young girl of yesterday is not the young girl of today. Not only does the cruel progress of time change the faces of most actresses, but the acting itself is likely to harden many into set methods, set expression, set gestures.

"New blood is required, and people of adaptable natures with new smiles, new heartaches, new opinions and personalities."

"IN every business and profession we are looking for new workers. But we do not want them because they are new. We want them because time passes, and as some fall out of the ranks there must be others trained to take their places.

"We want them because their competition is healthy and stimulating to those already arrived; we want them because they bring new zest, new ideas, freshness of outlook and enthusiasm; we want them because out of the many who start, some few will finish the race and win out.

"We want new faces in life insurance offices, and at our typewriters, and in politics and in all walks of life.

"But what about these new faces? They are the grist that comes to the mill. From them, not at once but after perhaps years, will come the few entitled by ability to survive in their chosen line. They may come because they are new, but they stay because they are worth holding on to.

It is the rise from obscurity of vast numbers of new and skilful screen actors which has shown up the falsity of the belief that any place may be held without effort.

"They have brought competition, and as a result many old familiar faces are vanishing from our pictures. Those who remain have held their places through sheer ability and hard work. The laws of life prevail here as everywhere else."



Rupert Hughes



Mary Roberts Rinehart

Terms of the Contest

THE Goldwyn-Photoplay New Faces Contest is open to all women, over seventeen years of age, who are not professional actresses. This does not exclude members of amateur dramatic organizations.

The first choice of the judges in this contest shall receive a year's contract to appear in Goldwyn Pictures.

During the period of the contract, the winner shall receive a salary equal to that being paid competent actresses playing in motion pictures at that time.

The Goldwyn Company agrees to pay for the transportation of the winner and her mother to and from the studios at Culver City, California.

The Goldwyn Company shall have a three years' option on the services of the winner.

Other entrants, in addition to the winner,

will be considered for use in Goldwyn pictures."

Motion picture tests shall be made of those selected as the best screen possibilities.

These tests shall be made at the Goldwyn exchanges, transportation expenses of those chosen to be paid by the company.

Photographs from entrants in the contest will be received from February 1st to July 1st.

All photographs and correspondence in regard to the contest shall be addressed to New Faces Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

The winner will be announced in the September issue of PHOTOPLAY, on the newsstands August 1st.

Samuel Goldwyn, president of Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, and James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, will act as judges.

They Were Never on the Stage



Norma Talmadge: Entered motion pictures at the age of 14. No previous stage experience

A few of the many stars who had no stage experience



Alice Joyce: Was earning a living as a model when a motion picture director selected her



Marie Prevost: Gained fame as a Mack Sennett bathing girl. Now scoring a success in dramatic roles



June Caprice: A school girl without stage training who rose in a very short time to stardom



Mabel Normand: A professional model until friends persuaded her to try motion pictures



Molly Malone: Started in small parts without previous dramatic training of any sort



May McAvoy: Fast advancing in popular favor. Made her screen debut without stage experience



Constance Talmadge: Received first experience at the Vitagraph studio while still a student



Edna Purviance: Owes her success in pictures entirely to native ability and hard work

"She's a Nut—but I like her"

The star of "Foolish Wives"
is one of the most individual
of them all

By
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



THE people that like Mae Busch are crazy about her. The people that don't like her, detest her. Nobody as outspoken, as honest, as natural as Mae Busch can expect to have it any other way. I admit to being in the first class. She intrigues me. I never get tired of looking at her face. It is not beauty—it is the expressiveness of it, the changeableness that holds.

The other day when Mae Busch happened to pass through a cafe in Hollywood during the lunch hour, I heard a pretty girl at the next table say, "There's Mae Busch. She's a nut—but I like her." It struck me as one of the most descriptive and accurate phrases I had ever heard.

Mae would be the last person in the world to deny that she is a nut. She glories in it. She glories in it chiefly because of the liberty of speech and action it affords her. Of all the independence, sauciness, take-the-starch-right-out-of-you honesty that I have ever encountered, it is in Mae Busch. I have seen more than one fly by night star fall before it. Of all the exuberance of spirit, the joy and pleasure of the moment, the ability to sap the best from every joyous second, Mae Busch possesses it. Of all the downheartedness, the depths, the ready-to-throw-herself-off-the-pier moods—Mae Busch.

I saw her yesterday afternoon dashing up Hollywood Boulevard, her delightful, curly mop of short, black hair tucked into a ravishing tam—her feet shod in tiny sandals—her tan coat drawn about her with that haughty little swagger that is all her own. She looked as mischievous and as self-confident and as attractive as a woman can very well look.

On the corner as she passed stood a pale, slender young woman about thirty. In her arms she held a little baby, a child of about three clung to her skirt, and beside her on the sidewalk was a huge bundle, evidently sewing or washing. She was waiting for the car.

Mae Busch (Continued on page 98)



Mae Busch is like a piece of Chinese silk that is blue in the sunlight, flame by candlelight, and rose by electricity.

Divorce! Remarriage! Easy enough. But what of the Children?



Through the long night they watched — the mother who was married to another man, and the father who had married another woman

The Cradle

(From the play by Eugene Brieux)

Fictionization by ELIZABETH CHISHOLM

AFTER seven years of undiluted matrimony the lives of Dr. Robert Harvey, and his wife Margaret, had become rather pathetically commonplace. The spring-time madness of love had passed by—the summer of boredom was near at hand. The petty details of every day overshadowed each moment; the high cost of living sat, with the proverbial wolf, not far from the door of the Harvey bungalow. And the husband and wife—going on hour after hour in the drab routine of things—scarcely knew what they were missing. Margaret, it is true, had her moments of subdued bitterness. And Bob was almost conscious of the fact that his natural optimism had been replaced by a grim determination to succeed. But that was all.

The one real bond between them, the one radiant spot in their colorless lives, was the child. Little Doris, with her six-year old exuberance; with her small comic tragedies and her merriment, was their only joy. She could distract her father from the constant pressure of his work; she could make her tired mother smile. Even the little worries—to say nothing of the big ones—were lightened by her presence. And the expression on her small face, glorified by the innocence of babyhood, was like a blessing.

There are many rocks upon which the good ship "Marriage" can be wrecked. Perhaps the most subtly dangerous of all are "Monotony," and "Forced Economy." It made Margaret restless and discontented to spend her life gravitating between the stove and the sewing basket. It made Bob angry to have her say, when he suggested going to a theater or a concert: "But we can't afford it, dear!" It suggested, to his over-sensitive and wholly masculine mind, that his lack of success was being criticised.

It was the psychological moment for another woman to appear. And Fate is always curiously ready to help out the

psychological moment. It was fate, alone, that sent Lola Forbes,—young, bizarrely beautiful, and as spoiled as she was wealthy,—into the young physician's life. Worn out with too many jazz parties, with too much of the spice and the allure of life, she was threatened with a nervous breakdown. And on the advice of a woman friend she sent for Dr. Harvey.

IT was unfortunate that Dr. Harvey was not an older, less attractive man. For, as Lola herself said, "I detest doctors, unless they are very good looking!" And it was unfortunate that Lola was bored with her string of admirers, that she was searching for a new sensation. The doctor, with his earnest boyish manner, was something different from the dancing men of whom she had tired. During her convalescence she made the most of her every opportunity—bewitching the man with her artful charm, with her curious impressionistic clothing, with her conscious physical appeal. The sensuous furnishings of her apartment were so different from those that he was used to in the bungalow—she lived in an atmosphere of comfort where one never heard any talk of economy or prudence. A stronger man than Bob Harvey might have succumbed to such beauty and flattery—particularly when it was set in such a frame.

A mother-in-law seldom helps to straighten the tangle of a disturbed household. When Margaret's mother—worried over the details of her late husband's will—came to visit her daughter it added the last straw to the camel's back of Bob's resistance. It made him more dissatisfied than ever with his home and his home life. Under the excuse of working at a near-by hospital he went to Lola's night after night. And became more and more infatuated with her.

But, though Margaret Harvey no longer interested her husband, there was another man who was decidedly conscious of



The other woman

her beauty and sweetness. Courtney Webster had loved Margaret for many years and had hoped to win her before she gave her heart to Bob. They had seen each other very seldom in the seven years since Margaret's marriage—they had scarcely talked together until the day when the lonely wife took her mother to consult with him at his office over the legal matters that were so troublesome to her. Seeing Margaret again brought to life a smouldering flame that had never died in Webster's heart. Perhaps little Doris, who was with her mother and grandmother, sensed the fact, for she expressed dislike for the man, although she could not give any reason for her feeling.

Flattery is the sort of bad money to which vanity gives currency. And Bob Harvey, spending evening after evening with Lola Forbes, was even more susceptible to flattery than most men. She said to him, one night:

"It's so wonderful to be a doctor—everyone is happier when you come. A doctor always—" she smiled bewitchingly, "always understands!" And he believed her!

* * * * *

IT was on Bob's birthday that the crisis came. For his little family, never doubting him, prepared a birthday dinner and a series of surprises. The surprises were not very elaborate ones—a new fountain pen, a neck-tie, some silk handkerchiefs, and a birthday cake. But little Doris had prepared the crowning surprise of all—she had learned to play her first real piece upon the piano. It was while she was playing that Margaret almost shyly laid her hand upon her husband's arm.

"It's almost like old times, having you home for a whole evening, Bob!" she said softly.

Bob nodded. And then, sobering suddenly, he glanced at his watch. It surprised him to see the time—he had not thought it so late. When his little daughter had finished her "piece" he started up abruptly. With hardly a word of approval or applause, he turned away.

"I'm sorry to break up this party," he said, "but I've just remembered that I have something important to do at the hospital. I'll try to get home early!" And then, with an ill-controlled eagerness, he left the room.

For a moment after he had left neither his wife nor her mother said anything. It was little Doris who spoke, at last.

"Daddy didn't clap!" she sobbed.

Of course Bob had gone to Lola's apartment. Absolutely fascinated, he found it impossible to keep away from her—even on his birthday night. She had her surprise for him, too, a gorgeous platinum wrist watch. And swept off his feet by her thoughtfulness and her nearness, he crushed her in his arms and kissed her. And that was the beginning of the end.

The evening wore on, Bob becoming more and more enthralled—Margaret waiting patiently at home, trying to read. It was while she sat with a book in her hands that an emergency call came for the doctor. Telephoning in great haste to the hospital where her husband was supposed to be, she was told that he had not been there all evening. She was quite naturally perplexed, then bewildered, and finally suspicious. And her suspicions were confirmed by her husband's attitude when he at last arrived home.

"There was an accident," she told him. "And I tried to get you at the hospital—" she paused, significantly, waiting.

There was an ugly expression on Bob's face, as she waited. It was at that moment that they both knew the same thing. Then, with scarcely more than a word, he turned and left the room, throwing

his coat over a chair as he went. There was a rose in the buttonhole of it and, from one pocket, dangled the strap of the wrist watch that Lola had given him. Scarcely meaning to, Margaret pulled it out of the pocket and looked at it, as a thousand mad thoughts raced through her mind.

* * * * *

IT was the next day, while she was out shopping, that Margaret happened to meet Courtney Webster. He was driving his own car and suggested to Margaret that he give her a lift. As her arms were full of bundles she gladly accepted. And when he suggested that she should take a little ride "to blow away the cobwebs" she gladly assented. Poor woman—she had more than her share of cobwebs to be blown away!

It was quite by accident—for Webster was seldom underground in his methods—that they happened to pass Lola's apartment just as she and Bob came down the walk and got into his neat little physician's car. But it might well have been

*There are many rocks upon which the good
the most subtly dangerous of all are*

a bit of clever planning, for Webster was madly in love with Margaret. As Bob and Lola drove off together the disillusioned wife knew well the meaning of heartbreak. She asked the lawyer to drive her home, at once, and as she left him at her door she spoke sadly:

"When this sort of thing comes to a wife, it means more than unfaithfulness," she said slowly. "Every wife is her husband's mother, too—and she instinctively blames herself for his wrong-doing!"

Webster shook his head slowly.

"No, Margaret," he answered. "If it wasn't Lola Forbes it would be some other woman. He's simply proven himself unworthy of you and little Doris!" He paused for a moment, and then:

"These years of seeing you growing quieter and more unhappy have made me want you more—you and little Doris," he said.

* * *

IT was very late, that night, when Bob came home. But he found Margaret up, waiting for him. And when he kissed her, from sheer duty, her calm suddenly broke.

"Oh, you coward!" she sobbed, brushing frantically at her cheek, as if to wipe the kiss off.

At first Bob could not meet her gaze. And then his eyes fell.

"That's not very complimentary," he hedged.

Margaret flared up—her anger getting the better of her poise.

"I suppose," she said very coldly and distinctly, "that Lola Forbes does use more flattering names!"

The truth—naked and ugly—stood at last between them. After a long moment Bob spoke.

"Let's have it out, then!" he said.

And so they had it out—the husband and wife. Quarreling furiously they sought to arrive at some conclusion. They faced each other; two angry, primitive creatures. And as they stood there the door opened and little Doris, her eyes dewy with sleep, pattered in to the room.

She stood there, smiling—her baby face alight. And as she came in the quarrel died away, suddenly, and the man and woman fought, panting, for composure. It was Margaret who was able, first to speak. Drawing the child into her arms she said proudly:

"I'll give you your divorce, but you'll never get Doris—*she's mine!*"

Bob, beginning at last to realize the enormity of the step they were contemplating, reached out his arms to his child. With a smile she slipped away from her mother and ran into them, burying her head in his neck.

Margaret, almost at the breaking point, watched her. All at once she cried out, hysterically:

"If you love me, Doris," she cried, "come here!"

The child looked from one drawn face to the other. Then she spoke, wonderingly.

"But I love daddy, too," she said. "Please, *please* don't let's fight any more!" With her arm around her father's neck she stretched a plump little hand to her mother. But Mar-



The other man

garet did not respond to the appeal. Her eyes were a blank wall, shielding her anguished soul from all eyes.

* * * * *

AND so the law separated them—a man and wife who had lived together for seven years, sharing life's sorrows and perplexities. And from the wreckage of broken hopes, two new homes were built. Bob sought happiness with Lola, and Margaret, to find forgetfulness, yielded to the shelter and protection of Courtney Webster's name. And little Doris, the small victim of the tragedy, was ordered by the court to spend six months of the year with each parent. Like a wee pendulum she was to swing back and forth—back and forth. . . .

To Webster the child was a torment—a constant reminder of his wife's past. How could he forget that she had belonged to another man when this proof of their love was always near? How could he feel that she was wholly his when the child, with a puzzled look on her small face, watched his every expression of endearment? As for Lola—now Bob's wife—well, she frankly admitted that she was not interested in children. That she even disliked them. To her, little Doris was also a reminder—and she lacked Webster's self control.

It was during the child's first visit to her father that Lola's heartlessness came to the fore. To the selfish, pampered woman, the small girl was something to be tormented, to be goaded. For the first time since his second marriage, Bob saw clearly how little a mistake he (Continued on page 100)

ship "marriage" can be wrecked. Perhaps monotony and forced economy.

A Phrenological Study of



ANTONIO MORENO

ANTONIO MORENO'S head is well-rounded and evenly balanced except for the weight and extreme width of jaw; and it therefore falls in the Physical-Emotional category, though with many modifications. For instance, Mr. Moreno takes a keen interest in material things without being particularly responsive or actional; and he is capable of enjoying gaiety and seeking pleasure, without himself

serious-mindedness, reveals the fact that its owner lacks the impulse to sacrifice everything toward a single intellectual goal. The desire for greatness is clearly indicated, but not the ready willingness to pay the price in application and gruelling labor. The vertical forehead, with its high bumps, shows a lack of aggressive mental processes. The oval eyes and slightly "broken" brows reveal a keen instinct for humor and a fine sense of values, which, with the cleft chin and slanting ears, give one a fairly accurate prospective on life. The chin and the straight, firm mouth are frank and opinionated, and indicate a good grasp on general knowledge and a strong self-confidence. The straight, pointed nose, and the flat chin and forehead, are characteristic of a nature which is satisfied with life's realistic values.



Eugene O'Brien

sloping forehead, and his small ears set far back on the head, indicate that he likes glory and thrives on appreciation, like all true artists. The balance of his facial and cranial contours show him possessed of an almost dangerous facility in doing things—a too ready cleverness and dexterity.



Tony Moreno

playing a leading part in them. In fact, he has a detached mind, and is able to dramatize life; therefore he is not spontaneous and personal. His rounded top-head indicates that he possesses co-ordinating and balancing powers and does not go to mental extremes. He might have been an executant on some musical instrument, and he could have accurately interpreted the composer's emotions, for his full lips and projecting chin (with the deep indentation) indicate a warm and pliable nature. The lines about his mouth—which is sensitive and plastic—indicate that he is changeable and non-aggressive, but that he intensely believes, for the time being, in each emotional experience. His deep eyes and his straight full eye-brows are characteristic of a quiet, introspective and reserved nature, and of a temperament which has in it a streak of sombreness, if not, indeed, a spirit of actual tragedy. Both his nose and mouth make him a lover of evanescent, decorative beauty, not the deeper, quiet type.

EUGENE O'BRIEN

THE long, well-balanced, semi-rugged but unaccentuated head of Eugene O'Brien belongs in the Mental-Physical type. Its narrowness from front to rear shows a somewhat cold and practical nature—one deficient in the love instinct, and lacking in susceptibility. It is the head of a man not easily led; although its firmness and harmony of contour indicate a capacity for succeeding at all non-aesthetic pursuits, it lacks the pliability necessary to creative activities. The mouth and chin are those of an analyst and a person interested in knowledge, though this trait is modified by the sharp, proportionately short nose, which, while it is of the kind that often goes with

WALLACE REID

THE smooth, regular, balanced, oval-shaped head of Wallace Reid is an almost perfect example of the Poetic-Mental type—which indicates that he has a strongly developed creative instinct and a marked physical and mental sense of tempo and rhythm. His chief emotional reaction is to art and beauty—especially to music in all its rhythmically defined manifestations—and he is highly sensitive to harmony. He could never be a successful executive or business man, nor is he of the plodding student type: he does not possess the patience to master



Wallace Reid

anything requiring long and arduous application. However, he might have been a musician or a writer, though he demands immediate reactions and results, and therefore would excel at poems and short stories rather than novels or sustained literary efforts. His wide eyes and arched brows, with the upward, mobile turn of the corner of his mouth, show that he has a strongly defined instinct for play and unserious adventure, and needs constant change and variety and novelty in his life. His full lower lip, his straight nose, and his sensitive oval chin extending directly down from the mouth, indicate that he reents authority and binding rules, and must have his own way in order to be happy. His regularity of features, and his long facial structure, are of the romantic cast: he is full of illusions, is generous, kind, extremely affectionate, warm and emotional, and is easily elated and easily downcast. His smooth

RUDOLPH VALENTINO

THE head of Rudolph Valentino—with its pyramidal structure (massive and broad at the base and sloping inward toward the top), combined with his somewhat heavy features, and the distance from his ears to the back of his head—places him at once in the Physical-Romantic type. He is fond of romantic and dangerous action. He is not interested in the sedentary sciences, although his head is sufficiently balanced in its physical contours to indicate a keen sense of purely bodily rhythm, and a pleasurable physical reaction to music in which the tempo is evenly accentuated. His long, pointed, slanting ears, and his oval eyes with their long, centrally arched brows, reveal a nature which loves pleasure and diversion, and is fond of luxury and material comforts. His strong, heavy chin and jaw indicate aggressiveness combined with an accentuated ego and a marked self-esteem. His features (especially his eyes and mouth) show that he is strongly attracted by the opposite sex, and that his emotions are ardent but inclined to be short-lived because too intense. His nose reveals gregariousness; but, with all his contact with



Rudolph Valentino

Some Famous Stars — by H. H. Faulkner



Charles Ray

people, the vertical structure of his back-head does not permit of his being influenced or taking on impressions easily.

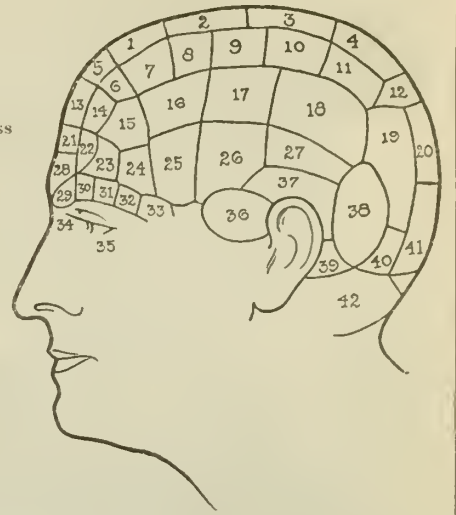
CHARLES RAY

THE head of Charles Ray—with its slightly sloping forehead, flat top, full back-head, and breadth above the ears—belong to the Poetical-Physical type, although it is modified by the hyper-sensitivity of the facial features. The bulge in the upper forehead reveals a capacity for scholarship, but the lack of top-head development precludes a purely creative ability in the fine arts, although Mr. Ray could have succeeded at mechanics or engineering. His inhabitiveness is strongly accentuated, indicating a preference for home and an admiration for the strictly personal things of life. His self-esteem is under-developed; and he is particularly lacking in firmness and in an ability to read and understand human nature by intuition. The frontal projection of his forehead shows a slight tendency toward pessimism, but this is counter-balanced by a spontaneous enthusiasm, as seen in the eyes and mouth. The arched eyebrows are signs of scepticism; but the forms just above his brows, reveal serious-mindedness; and the eyes themselves—full, oval and deep-set—indicate sincerity, earnestness, and straightforwardness. The even, mobile mouth, and the full lower lip, taken in conjunction with the eyes, tell us that he is incapable of trickiness. The short upper lip indicates nervousness and excitability.

He possesses a somewhat retiring nature,

PHRENOLOGICAL CHART

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1—Benevolence | 22 Locality |
| 2—Veneration | 23—Time |
| 3—Firmness | 24—Tune |
| 4—Self-esteem | 25—Constructiveness |
| 5—Human-nature | 26—Acquisitiveness |
| 6—Agreeableness | 27—Secretiveness |
| 7—Imitiveness | 28—Individuality |
| 8—Spirituality | 29—Size |
| 9—Hope | 30—Weight |
| 10—Conscientiousness | 31—Color |
| 11—Approbateness | 32—Order |
| 12—Continuity | 33—Calculation |
| 13—Comparison | 34—Form |
| 14—Causality | 35—Language |
| 15—Mirthfulness | 36—Alimentiveness |
| 16—Ideality | 37—Destructiveness |
| 17—Sublimity | 38—Combativeness |
| 18—Cautiousness | 39—Vitativeness |
| 19—Friendship or Adhesiveness | 40—Conjugality |
| 20—Inhabitiveness | 41—Parental-love |
| 21—Eventuality | 42—Amativeness |



with bashfulness and self-consciousness; though he is also a person who wants his own way and can be obstinate about it.



Thomas Meighan

The chin, oval and sloping upward and back, is highly sensitive. He can see things when they are explained to him, for the development of his back-head reveals a high degree of impressionability and receptiveness that is admirable.

BERT LYTELL

THE long, top-heavy, almost cubic head of Bert Lytell—with its prominent bumps and its rugged, uneven outline—falls into the Physical-Mental type, and shows a nature positive and active, rather than negative and sedentary. The flat top-head indicates lack of constructiveness and organization; but the pronounced projection at the rear apex of the head, and the curving-in at the neck, are signs of impressionability, although the rugged nature of this projection (taken in conjunction with the square chin and the straight, thin lips) shows that all impressions are at once transformed into somewhat dogged beliefs. The hollow over the eyes and the bumps on the upper forehead further modify this characteristic, and indicate a nature inclined to hold to its own opinion and to regard them as final. Mr. Lytell would have made a good reformer,

or preacher, or perhaps a lawyer, for the shape of his head goes with a temperament that is ethical rather than artistic. The eyes reveal economical instincts, and a tendency to be a good trader. Perseverance is indicated in the nose and jaw; and the bump of locality—aversion to constant change—is pronounced. The mouth is self-willed and static, and reveals a strong ego—one not easy to get on with, unless thoroughly understood. The ears and the hollows at the rear of the cheeks indicate conceit as opposed to vanity, together with an ability to withstand pain and adversity. The broad nose, with its rounded tip shows a certain capacity for tenderness and pity; but the firm upper lip and square straight chin are those of one practical and unemotional, patient, frank and self-confident.

THOMAS MEIGHAN

THE solid compactness of Thomas Meighan's head, together with the accentuated bone structure of the entire skull, and the breadth of lower head, indicates that he belongs to the Physical-Actional type—that he has an aggressive, virile nature, with a dominating masculinity. His full features and straight back-head also show that he is anti-poetic, and lacking in mental plasticity and impressionability; and his small half-circle ears and flat temples deny him impulsiveness and quick enthusiasms. His high top-head, well-developed forehead, and irregularity of features, show that he is organizational, and that he possesses a capacity for applied scholarship. In war he would have been a strategist rather than a tactician. His deep, somewhat close-set eyes, with their close brows, reveal sincerity, methodical mentation, slowness in decision, and simple directness, coupled with a dogged determination. His eyes, rounded at the bottom, indicate a kindness of nature; and his mouth accentuates this trait. He would never injure anyone or hurt another's feelings. His long upper lip and curved lower lip (with indentation beneath) show him as instinctively tender-hearted and even inclined to sentimentality. His mouth is sympathetic; and his chin, together with his breadth of upper face, reveals him as loyal and trustworthy, without fickleness in the larger issues, and non-mercenary. He gives and inspires trust and sympathy.



Bert Lytell

From City Streets

How Harry Carey, Tammany worker and lawyer, became the part he played in pictures

By JOAN JORDAN

Several years ago, Harry Carey decided to buy a ranch. He hadn't arrived at the place he holds now, either in public esteem or in coin-of-the-realm remuneration. His salary wouldn't have interested the income tax collector much.

So he started hunting around for cheap, but good, land.

He found it.

Thirty miles from Universal City—it takes him an hour to drive in to his work every morning—'way

He has a nice little ranch to go to when he retires. But he has just signed a new film contract, so it will be a long while before he can settle down. And everybody except Carey is glad of it



Freulich

Most stars have their favorite portraits—and it is usually one that does them more than justice. This is Harry Carey's favorite. Now you know what kind of a man he is



Here's Harry Carey's four-thousand-dollar Hereford bull. Harry raises special, fancy cattle, Persian lamb wool, and a baby. Don't see when he gets time to make any pictures, do you?

BACK to nature, that's my motto from now on.

The simple, the primitive, the natural, the rustic. Back to the soil! Raise your own cows and pigs and cabbages and onions and tell the whole world to go to blazes.

I have become a Nature Bolshevik. I have planted a row of lettuce in the backyard, and bought a nice old lady hen whom I am sure has outlived her usefulness but who is invaluable as atmosphere. I have subscribed to every known seed catalogue and farming journal.

And all this is the result of a Sunday spent on the Harry Carey Rancho. Thus do small things change the whole course of one's existence!

Let me tell you the story of that rancho. Because I consider it a very great credit to the motion picture industry, the American family and the great movement to do away with the overcrowding of our cities and the increase of the cultivation and productiveness of our great land.



To a Rancho

up in the hills above Saugus, which is only a switching station for the Newhall grade on the road between San Francisco and Los Angeles, he found 1700 acres of land waiting to be homesteaded. He could live on it fourteen months, make certain improvements and it was his for two dollars an acre.

As I stood on the porch of the pretty white ranch house, looking out over hills dotted with cattle and horses to the well-stocked white barns, the excellent corrals, the many out-buildings, the general production and prosperity, I had difficulty in picturing this land as it was when Harry Carey decided to pioneer it.

Just 1700 acres of untilled soil, miles from any house, miles from a railroad, a telephone, a store, a water system, lights, gas, or any other modern conveniences. A long, hard haul for lumber, stock, supplies. Not even a road built from the



Harry Carey, Jr.—known around the ranch as 'Dobe, which is short for adobe. He's just four months old



branch road nearest it. It would have stumped a lot of people who think they want ranching.

But Harry Carey wanted it bad enough to make the grade. He had eminently practical visions of what time and labor and intelligence could do with that splendid soil. He had a lot of pet theories about stock raising and breeding fermenting in his head and he had what so many professional people have not—a weather eye to the future. When his day in pictures was done, a good, well-run, productive ranch wouldn't be so bad.

He paid fifty dollars down on a twelve-acre piece on the river front and homesteaded the rest. It is now his own. In addition, he has rented an enormous pasturage between his holdings and Elisabeth Lake, so that he has some 70,000 acres more grazing land.

The drive to the ranch, from the time you leave the Universal studio, is very beautiful. After a week of asphalt and street cars, for even Hollywood has over-much civilization, it seemed beautiful as heaven is supposed to be. I steeped myself in the giant oak trees that bordered the road, the gray-blue sky streaked with amber and rose and violet, the smell of damp earth and mountain sage and camp fire smoke.

My mood was receptive when I arrived at the rancho.

That may be why I fell in love with the place and everybody on it. First with Harry Carey himself, such a regular, human, ordinary man, his tanned, lined face filled with the promise of his (Continued on page 105)

The Six Next Sellers



Colleen Moore and herself at eighteen months. Rupert Hughes says: "She is wax to mold, and marble to retain"

THE ever-popular topic, "Who shall be greatest?" had come up for discussion.

There were seven of us around a luncheon table which had reached the coffee and cigarette stage in a crowded Hollywood cafe. A well-known woman novelist, a clever young character actress, a very able dramatic critic, one of the biggest directors in the industry, the head of a big publicity department, a scenario writer with a sense of humor and myself.

We had just finished the Six Best Sellers—of literature.

And drifted into speculation on the Six Next Sellers of Motion pictures.

Who will they be? Who will arise to take the places of old favorites who seem to be falling by the wayside? Who will earn real stardom and have a real chance of keeping it by merit, as did Mary Pickford, Pauline Frederick, Douglas Fairbanks, Thomas Meighan and that class of stars?

"You know producers can't make stars," said the dramatic critic contemptuously. "The public makes stars. You can't make a star by writing the name on a lot of advertising. Nobody could have kept Gloria Swanson from being a star, because the public wanted her. Nobody can make stars of nothing."

"How many stars and would-be stars, and trumped up finds do you think you can get a good director to stand up for?" asked the director. "That's the test. If you want to find the six next sellers, go talk to the best directors and take their say-so. Then you can assay your star-dust."

"And," said the novelist, "add to that the general opinion of the Hollywood studios. Gather up the

belief of the extras, the old-timers, the rank and file of picture people. Oddly enough, I'll make a bet that the two lists will be mighty alike."

"Let's," said the actress, "let's make up a list of our own. We're a rather representative gathering. We've studied pictures and picture conditions for years. Then we can compare our list with the other two."

We did. And I did. That is, I talked with big directors, I gossiped with the rank and file, I questioned electricians, cameramen, props, casting directors and actors who have been in pictures since the beginning.

Here are the names that resulted from all three tests—

| | |
|-------------------|---------------|
| Conrad Nagel | Colleen Moore |
| Rudolph Valentino | Madge Bellamy |
| Cullen Landis | Lila Lee |



Rudolph Valentino took her own picture away from Navzimova. He is already the matinee idol of the screen

I believe it is the most nearly correct list that can be formed. I am convinced that this is the list of names who *ought* to be the six next sellers and would best please the public and give them the most for their money. That's all I can say.

Of them all, I found the most honest enthusiasm, the most confident praise and prediction, behind Colleen Moore.

"Ah," said Rupert Hughes, the great novelist, who wrote for her two original screen stories and directed her in that last one, "Sent For Out," "she is unlike any other screen actress. She is wax to mold but is marble to retain.



Cullen Landis and his three-year old-daughter. "He is protected by sincerity and keen understanding," says Clayton Hamilton

A consensus of expert
opinion on the coming personalities
of the screen

By
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



Lila Lee never ceases to study.
"She will be very great—or nothing," says William deMille

"Colleen Moore has played the leading role in two pictures of mine and in them she has had to run a long scale of emotions from all sorts of comedy to all sorts of grief and from extreme awkwardness to exceeding beauty. She met every one of these demands with intuition, enthusiasm and perfect technique. It seems impossible for her to be insincere. She has the final art of artlessness. Colleen Moore is and should be a star. May her magnitude increase."

Which is *very* strong when you know Major Hughes.

Marshall Neilan, who ranks among the first ten directors and who has directed most of the great screen stars as well as discovering a number of them, went into such rapturous and lengthy eulogies of Colleen that I cannot find room to set them all down.

"Blessed with a wonderful personality that is magnified when flashed on the screen, Colleen has developed her nat-



Conrad Nagel appeals to all classes. He typifies optimistic youth

ural histrionic talents with an energy that will never falter. Although hardly more than a child, she has the accomplishments of a veteran of the drama at her fingertips. With it all, she is acquiring a finesse to her work that will command instant attention.

"Within another year this young lady will rank among the very few foremost artists of the silversheet. It is inevitable. Also she has the energy, the stamina, necessary to proceed on a career that at its best is beset with trials, hard work and constant demands. But the rocky road to Dublin couldn't halt a person answering to the name of Colleen Moore and the bumpy lane to stardom hasn't a jolt that can stop the fine strength and real talent of this beautiful daughter of Erin."

I cannot quote directly from John Barrymore, America's greatest actor. But I do know that when Colleen played opposite him in "Hidden Paradise" he expressed views that coincided with those above. In fact, he urged her to leave the screen and go on the stage where a great future awaited her, he said.

I think I was rather pleased to find Thomas H. Ince so enthusiastic about my own first choice—little Madge Bellamy. Mr. Ince is one of our greatest screen astronomers. With D. W. Griffith and C. B. de Mille he shares the title of Star-maker. With his telescope he discovered Charles Ray, Bill Hart, Dorothy Dalton, Douglas MacLean and Doris May and many others.

"I have seen a lot of young actors and actresses at the starting point of their careers," said Mr. Ince, "but never one possessed of so many essentials of a real screen star as Madge Bellamy. I have never worked with anyone whom I thought so deserved that title.

"She has beauty, charm, and great dramatic ability, backed up by a sound mind and a great ambition. She has real artistry, real appeal and charm, of the kind that make Mary Pickford what she is. Above all, she is the embodiment of youth, and since she is but eighteen, everything is before her. She is strong enough so that nothing can sidetrack her upon the sure road to success where she now walks. My confidence in Madge Bellamy's ability and future is probably best indicated in that I featured her with several players of recognized ability in the first of my productions in which she appeared, though it was only her second screen appearance.

"She is now being featured and the future holds great things for her."

(Continued on page 104)



Penhryn Stanlaws says she is the most beautiful girl he has ever seen. Maurice Tourneur says she has enormous dramatic ability

The Habits of Pauline Frederick

THE Pearl of Park Avenue; the star of Fifth Avenue; the pet of Paris and the favorite "best-dressed woman" of several great cities—has cast aside the finery of former days and taken up her abode on a horse. Pauline Frederick, in other words, has become completely westernized. She rides. She rides in the morning—early. She rides at noon. She comes home from the studio and rides in the moonlight. If there isn't a moon, she rides anyway. No more is she the criterion of fashion—of sables and silk magnificence. No—she has fashion queries from only Idaho young ladies now.



POLLY wears, these days, chiefly Habits. She was encouraged in her equestrienne career by a real western cowboy who gave her lessons in hard riding and fast roping, and told her finally that she was "fit to knock on a horse with any cowboy he knew of." She rode "No Good," a wicked bucking broncho, in one of her new pictures. And so we are showing you the very latest fashion creations in clothes for ladies who ride. La Frederick told us, herself, what they are all about, and we have been trying to keep such names as duvet de laine, which has a pretty sound, fast in our minds.



Above: a brown and white check riding suit with straight box coat, with which Miss Frederick wears yellow chamois gloves, Knox sailor hat of dark brown straw and tan facing; shirt of white silk, tie of vivid yellow, and riding crop of ebony.



Here is a coat of tan duvet de laine, which is worn with striped checked breeches. (Don't ask us how they can be striped and checked at the same time). Polly is fond of orange and yellow, and again she wears a bright yellow tie. There's a tricorne hat, too.



They were married on the screen three times before they decided to make it a real-life romance. This scene from Dorothy Gish's comedy, "Flying Pat," shows James Rennie with the mustache he has since discarded

Largely a Matter of Love

This is the first time Dorothy Gish has ever talked about her marriage— for publication. But she was finally prevailed upon to write about her husband, James Rennie.

By DOROTHY GISH (Mrs. James Rennie)

THE only people who have ever written convincingly about marriage are bachelors and old maids.

Married people as a rule don't write about marriage because they know too much about it.

They are always advising others not to marry. It doesn't do any good, of course. It's like advising a small boy not to smoke cigarettes. You know he is going to do it anyway.

You remember Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" wrote marvelous essays on love. He had never been in love; that's why he could write about it.

I don't believe in talking too much about marriage. I don't know enough about it myself to speak with much authority. I can only talk about the present. I am no fortune-teller or oracle; I cannot explain the past and I certainly cannot read the future. I have been married exactly one year.

"Marry in haste and repent at leisure" is one of the favorite matrimonial platitudes. I married in haste and I have had plenty of leisure, but as far as repenting is concerned, I have never entered my head. I married—in fact, it has been said that I eloped—to Greenwich, Conn. I married James Rennie. I married Mr. Rennie before I had time to think. If I had thought—I would have married him anyway.

The whole sum and substance of my views of my own particular marriage may be best expressed by saying: that you never know what—or whom you are marrying. You may marry a perfectly marvelous man—at least every one has told you he is—and before six months are up you wish you hadn't. I don't believe in trial marriages, but I can see a ray of light in the idea. No matter what idea you may have formed about your husband before marriage, nine times out of ten you're wrong. For instance:

I didn't know James Rennie was going to be a Model Husband. I didn't expect a paragon. Stage heroes, as you may have heard, are very seldom heroes in real life. But sometimes it happens. I married one—a hero, I mean.

Of course, as he was my leading man in three pictures, I liked him, knew he was a very good actor, always polite, never lost his temper, and was extremely well-read. But I was not in love with him. Perhaps I was—but at least I didn't know it.

I didn't fall in love with him when I first saw him on the stage in "Moonlight and Honeysuckle." When I said "I want him for my leading man," my interest was purely professional, you understand, although newspapers have tried to make it a Grande Passion from the very first. It just happened.

Although you know and I know that happy marriages don't "just happen," neither are they made in heaven. It takes a lot of love and tact and common sense. And it takes one wonderful disposition.

In the case of the Gish-Rennie co-starring combination, it belongs to Jim.

At the risk of making him permanently puffed up, I will tell you that he is the most even-tempered man in the world. He is tactful. He is sympathetic. He is unfailingly cheerful. To kid him I sometimes call him Pollyanna. I am just the opposite. I am a pessimist. I have always said that a pessimist is one who lives with an optimist!

My husband has a marvelous enthusiasm. While I am critical, he is always charitable. He sees the ray of light in the most somber tragedy. He has helped me in many a mental drama by his optimistic viewpoint. He has always just the right word of encouragement. On the other hand, I think I am a good balance for him. I can't give him *all* the credit!

OUR marriage began in the right way. When I came home and told my mother that I had been married—and she not having the slightest thought of it—she wasted no time in questions or reproaches. She simply took me in her arms and kissed me. She welcomed Jim into the family. He became at once a son, not a son-in-law. My mother is an angel. With a welcome like that, worth a hundred bridesmaids and sermons, our marriage couldn't be unsuccessful.

Several months after I was married, mother became seriously ill. She was in a New York hospital for four months. During that time my husband called at the hospital every day to see her. There are few men who are unfailingly kind and cheerful in a trying time. Illness makes many men intolerant. Jim was the greatest help to Lillian and me. He kept our courage up when it would have been way below par. He has infinite patience and tact. Mother is well now, and at home again; and he hasn't stopped being kind.

He has stood every test nobly. He is the only man in our family—a hard position at best. While mother was ill, we had a friend from home staying with us, and our two cousins, Ruth and Dorothy, who played in "The Two Orphans." With Lillian and me, he had his hands full. But he kept right on smiling.

In fact, the only fault I have to find with my husband is that he always smiles. When he is angry, he smiles. It is a habit which might get on the nerves of some wives. When most men emit

angry sounds, or growl when they are put out, Jim smiles. That's all. So many women live on scenes. Jim simply won't act around the house. I like it that way.

He puts the play he is in, out of his mind when he leaves the theater. He is always on the lookout for new plays for me and for himself, but he is not interested in the theater the exclusion of everything else. He has helped me immeasurably in my work. He is giving me lessons in enunciation in case I want to go on the stage next year. He is a severe critic; he doesn't spare my feelings.

I know his knowledge of books and life is more comprehensive than mine. He has an exceptional mind. I have never been to college, and I have been too busy to give as much time to study as I would like to. Jim has always found time to read. He loves poetry, and many an evening we speak around the fireplace, listening to him reading a poem about pirates, by Tennyson, or something like that. I have become acquainted with more worthwhile literature in my one year of married life than I ever have before.

I have never had a dog before. Jim has a wild Boston bull. I guess I think a lot of my husband. I let the dog chew up all my good slippers.

We like the same things—good books, plays, music. But we never, or hardly ever, agree about anything. This is one of the "secrets" of my successful marriage. You are in "perfect accord" with one another, don't fool yourself. You'll get tired of the everlasting "Yes, dear" and think so too, dear, that you'll do almost anything to start an argument. I said I didn't like scenes. But I don't mind a little verbal argument. It is tonic. I wouldn't say I disagree with my husband on general principles, but I know it is a lot more fun to differ with him occasionally. As far as he is concerned, I suppose he realizes that if you agree with a woman all the time you'll spoil her.

The trouble with some married women is that they learn to look upon their husbands as a cross between a grandmother and a *garçon*. He is an Aladdin with an inexhaustible lamp which turns out sables, sapphires and yachts and trips to Europe with regularity. They expect too much. I am very modern, I suppose. I believe in woman taking man's mental equipment—if she can be it without letting the man realize it. I have always been on the stage or screen and wouldn't know how to act if I weren't working at it.

It has never entered Jim's head or (Continued on page 39)



The first—and, as far as we know—only picture of Mr. and Mrs. James Rennie together, off screen. Mr. Rennie said he didn't think it was good enough to print. Mrs. Rennie said it was. We leave it to you who is the boss of that family

Saying It With Smokes!



SURPRISE

BECAUSE—to paraphrase Kipling quite a bit—acting is only acting, but a good cigar's a smoke! Theodore Roberts, one of the greatest character actors in the world, can express more with his than most actors can by chewing the props. And besides, Mr. Roberts gets more fun out of his work.

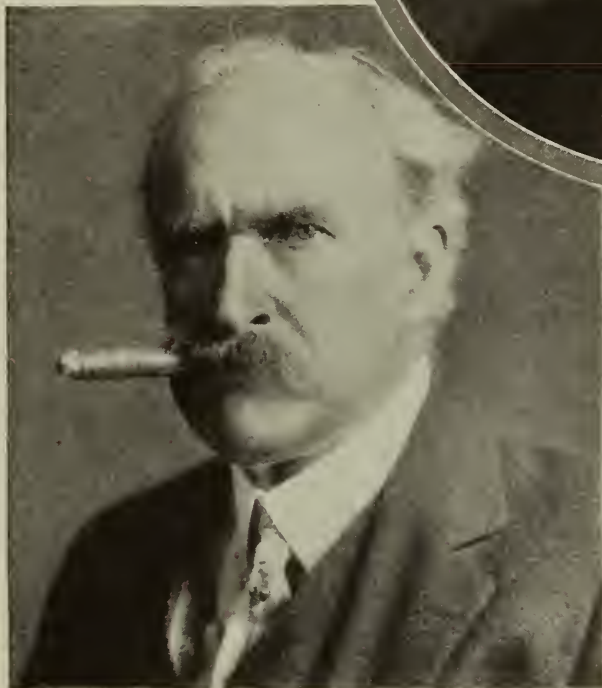


DOUBT

THE various emotions registered on this page are all achieved with the aid of the Havana. At the upper left, surprise. Note the angle of the cigar. Glycerine tears, twisted handkerchiefs, and quivering lips are not in it as aids to emotion with the Roberts chief prop. Above, interrogation. In the circle: pure contentment.



CONTENT-
MENT



ANGER

When he chews away at that black cigar, you know he's angry, and about to tell his erring son or daughter never to darken his door again



SUSPICION

If this isn't suspicion, we don't know what is. The touch of humor Theodore Roberts puts into all his work has made him great



Photo by Manderville

RUDOLPH VALENTINO

Two years ago Rudolph Valentino was a professional dancer. Today he is one of the greatest box-office attractions, and even in these days of dismal depression in motion picture production his services are being eagerly sought



Mr. Valentino
with Agnes
Ayers in "The
Sheik"



Mr. Valentino
Demonstrates
cave-man love and
tenderness. His article
tells his preference

With Gloria
Swanson
"Beyond the
Rocks"

Woman and Love

By RUDOLPH VALENTINO

WHEN you ask me to write for you what I think about woman, I feel that I must produce for you something that would look like the Encyclopedia Britannica. Yet when I should be through with this great work, I shall still have said less than nothing about woman.

We cannot know woman because she does not know herself. She is the unsolvable mystery, perhaps because there is no solution. The Sphinx has never spoken—perhaps because she has nothing to say.

But since woman is the legitimate object of man's thoughts, and mine have been somewhat distilled in the alcohol of experience, I may be able to give to you a little draft of truth.

English is not my own tongue as you know. In Italian, French, Spanish, I might express myself better, for there we have such little words that have fire and understanding and delicate shades of meaning to which I know not yet the English translations.

My point of the view on woman is Latin—is continental. The American man I do not understand at all. I have lived much in Paris, in Rome, in New York, and from this traveling, which is of the finest to develop the mind and understanding soul, I have composed my little philosophy about woman.

For there is only one book in which you may read about Woman. That is the Book of Life. And even that is written in cipher.

But those who refuse to read it are generally more deeply wounded than those who digest it thoroughly.

What comes to my mind first as I try to put into some order my ideas on this all-important subject, I will tell you.

It is this. Which of the

women I have known, have perhaps loved a little, do I remember instantly, and which have I forgotten, so that I must think and think to recall them at all?

The most difficult thing in the world is to make a man love you when he sees you every day. The next is to make him remember that he has loved you when he no longer sees you at all.

Strangely enough, I remember the women who told me perhaps their little lonelineses, who spoke in close moments true and sweet and simple heart throbs.

Even the highest peak of emotion is finished. It has flamed, gone out, and told us very little about life. It was to enjoy, to drink deeply. But never is even that treasured in the heart as are those moments of simple, tender confidences, when a gentle, loving sigh opened the treasure house of a woman's heart and she spoke truly of those things within.

A man likes even the bad women he knows to be good.

To a woman who has revealed her soul, who has given a brief glimpse of her heart, no man ever pays the insult to forget; he pays her homage. I remember a little Italian girl I once knew. She was very beautiful—so young. We used to sit in a tiny cafe we knew in Naples, and hold hands quite openly. I do not think I ever kissed her. We talked little, for she was not educated. It was not her magnificent eyes, nor the glory of her hair that was like a black-bird's wing, nor the round white curves of her young body—I remember her because of those little intimate moments when our thoughts were bound together by her simple, tender, gentle words. We were intimates, and the soul is such a lonely thing that it treasures those moments of companionship.

I do not like women who know too much.

The modern woman in America tries to destroy romance. Either it must be marriage or it must be ugly scandal.

No other woman can ever mean to a man what his children's mother means to him.

A love affair with a stupid woman is like a cold cup of coffee.

I would not care to kiss a woman whose lips were mine at our second or third meeting.

One can always be kind to a woman one cares nothing about.

The greatest asset to a woman is dignity.

And this, surrender to confidence, to real intimacy of the soul and heart, speaks a much greater surrender to love, a much deeper capacity to love, than all the passion of a Cleopatra.

There was another woman in France, an older woman, the wife of a painter. I loved her because she was the only grave woman I ever have known who did not depress. I never saw her smile. But beneath that smooth, impartial beauty, that pearl-like, moon-like loveliness of hers, flowed a molten lava of shy, strong, sentimentalism, which her mind condemned. It has remained with me like the perfume of a cathedral.

THERE was a little artist's model, too, in Paris. Oh, of such a saucy, impudent, swift little creature you have not heard. She had eyes like black coals and round little cheeks where hung the scarlet banner of her youth and *joie de vivre*. She was enchanting. She danced like a bacchante. Her red lips were always laughing and singing and flinging teasing little mots at you. And she had a little hat which she herself made over every day, so that I thought she must have at least a dozen hats, and I was madly jealous of the man who must make this extravagance possible. Now it is not her coquetry, nor her vivid young beauty nor her wild youth that makes her live in my memory, but the sweet little incongruity of that little hat that her nimble fingers changed each day.

Tenderness is absolutely the strongest, most lasting, most trustworthy emotion that a woman can arouse in a man. It is a great force that modern woman disregards.

All women are divided into two classes in the mind of a man. Often they are so mixed up that you do not know which is which until you go down very deep. Then it does not matter, for in an affair of amour a counterfeit is often better than the real thing.

In my poor English, let me say that there are what I would call joy-women and duty-women. Now understand, the joy woman may be very good and the duty woman might even be bad. That is just their relation to man. The first kind are the kind that you want to take with you on your joyful care-free wanderings into life's highways and byways. The others are the women who are possibilities to share the principal things of life—home, family, children.

For a wife, a man should pick out a woman who is pretty, has a good disposition, and is domestically inclined. They are very rare, now, I admit. One is too apt to be deceived by their easy method of comradeship. Let her be your inferior, if possible. Then she will be happy with you. It is much more essential to marriage that a woman be happy in it than a man. I do not mean a butterfly that flits from beauty parlor to beauty parlor. But a good woman who has the old-fashioned virtues.

We Europeans do not expect too much of one woman.

The difficulty with love and marriage in this country is that the man has let the game get out of his hand. A woman can never have a happy love affair with a man unless he is her superior. It just can't be done. The love affair where the woman is the stronger in mind and knowledge is always a tragedy or a farce.

I do not like women who know too much. Remember, it

was from the serpent that Eve was given that apple from the Tree of Knowledge. Just so would I make the Tree of Knowledge of Life today—*forbidden to women*. If they must eat of it, let them do so in secret and burn the core.

Do not misunderstand this that I say. I do not mean this in regard to intelligence, to education, even to position. The more cultured and accomplished a woman is, the more exquisite she is to love, the more like gold that is soft to touch and handle. With her, all is delicate and attractive, all is beautiful and fine, her mind is attuned to beauty—and beauty is of itself a religion.

No, when I speak thus of an inferior—a superior—I mean in experience of life, in power to do, in ways of love. The man may be a digger in the ditch, and the woman a teacher in the school, but he is the master of her if he knows more of the world than she does. It is not becoming that a woman should know the world. It is not proper that a lady should go to places or to things where she acquires this knowledge.

If she knows these things, she must be clever enough to conceal her knowledge, like the girl who can swim a mile, yet with much grace and helplessness she allows me to teach her swimming.

How completely the modern woman in America tries to destroy romance. How ugly and cut-and-dry it has become—love. Either it must be marriage or it must be ugly scandal. The brilliant, absorbing, delightful, dangerous, innocent—sometimes—sport of love, how it goes. She knows too much about life

and too little about emotion. She knows all of the bad and none of the good about passion. She has seen everything, felt nothing. She arouses in me disgust.

Sometimes a man may feel that he would rather a woman had done many, many bad things—real bad things—and yet been delicate, and quiet and dignified, than to see her common. If the bloom has been rubbed from the peach, let her paint it back on with an artistic hand.

SHOULD I try again to find me a wife, I say, let me find one who wishes to have children and who when she has had them, wishes to take care of them. That is the proper test for the good woman who is to share the side of your life. No other woman can ever mean to a man what his children's mother means to him—if she does not let herself get fat and ugly and old. No man can love a woman who lets herself get fat, and careless and unpleasant. He must then constantly make comparisons of her with the beautiful young girls about. A wife's first duty is to keep her husband from making comparisons.

A man is always intrigued to see a woman with a child. The Sistine Madonna is as famous and as beloved as Mona Lisa.

But—for a sweetheart. Ah, that is different. To me, I have been won always by the woman who has great ability to feel. I have never yet seen a cold woman who interested me. A reluctant woman, yes. But reluctant only as a flower is reluctant to bloom in winter. Place it in the hot-house of proper wooing—and it blossoms. She must have intelligence.

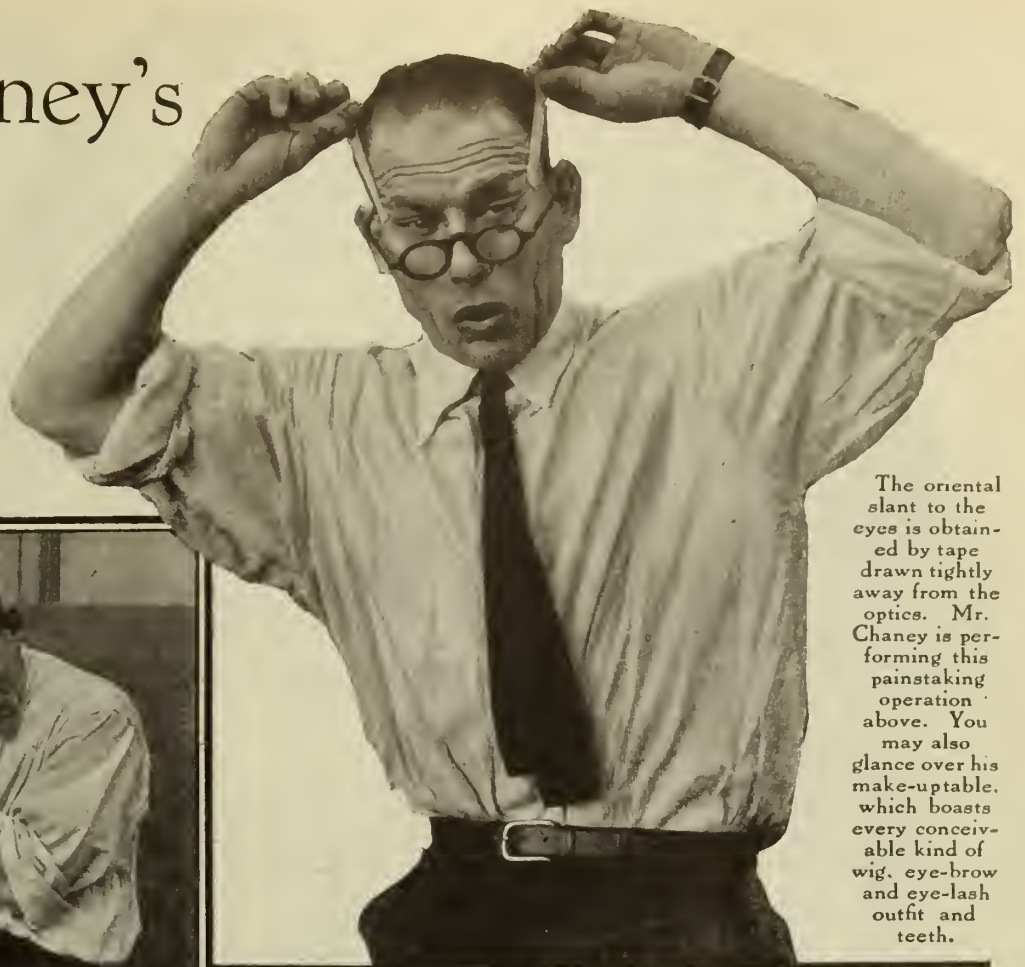
A love affair with a stupid woman no matter how beautiful, is like cold coffee for breakfast. (Continued on page 106)



Elinor Glynn, the famous English writer, believes Rudolph Valentino is the "Great Lover" of the screen. She used to prefer Wally Reid

Lon Chaney's Make-up

You have often wondered how the famous character actor could portray such terrifically ugly Chinamen. These pictures tell you. Directly below, he is putting on one of his wigs. The wig is the simplest part of it.



The oriental slant to the eyes is obtained by tape drawn tightly away from the optics. Mr. Chaney is performing this painstaking operation above. You may also glance over his make-uptable, which boasts every conceivable kind of wig, eye-brow and eye-lash outfit and teeth.



YOU have seen him as a Chinaman, an Indian — eastern and western, a Russian Grand Duke, a Bowery crook, a half-breed, and a madman. Sometimes you don't even recognize him, and wonder where the director got such a realistic type. Lon Chaney has won distinction and the title of master of make-up and a substantial salary and finally stardom through his ability to impersonate every character [under the cooper-hewitts.

The hideous effects achieved by Chaney are mostly due to the teeth he wears. These are real teeth which he places over his own and which make him the ugliest man in the movies! (Of course, Lon Chaney is really an awfully nice chap and exceedingly popular in the Hollywood film colony. But he says if this is generally known it will ruin his screen reputation.)

Doug McLean and "Those lovely local peaches." What a job!



Public Appearances

Some Wise Cracks — And a Few Boners

By DOUGLAS McLEAN

MAKING public appearances is one of those things like eating drumsticks with a fork—in time you get used to it, but you never really like it.

The object of public appearances, which are made in motion picture theaters of course, is to give everybody a brotherly interest in you and your welfare, so that they will henceforth mob the theaters at which your pictures appear, thereby greatly increasing the shekels in the Box Office.

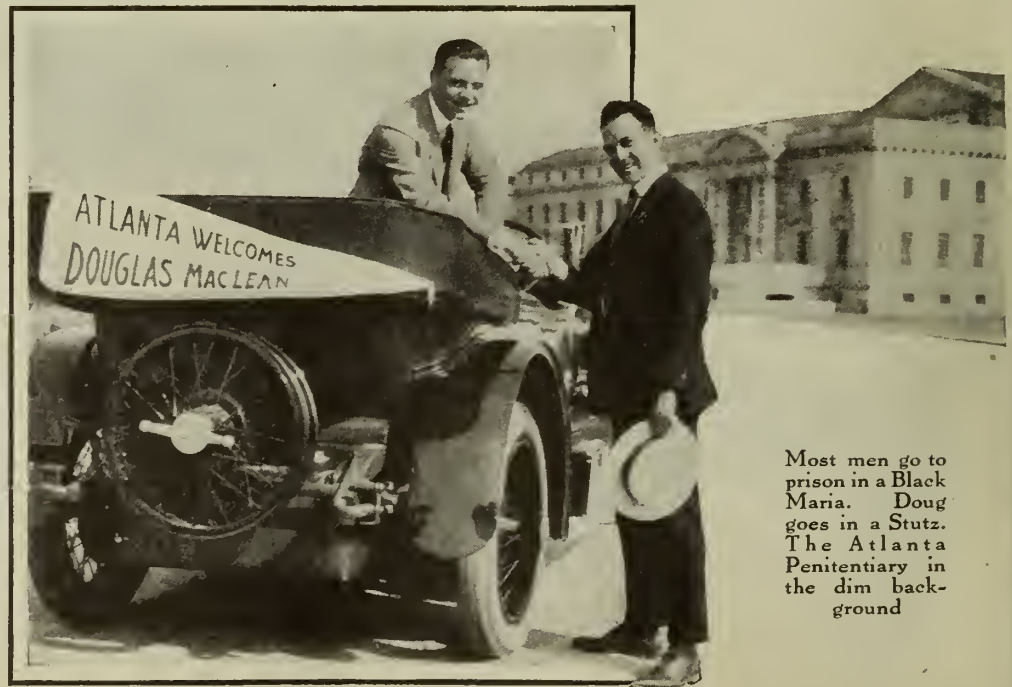
This doesn't increase your salary any, but it makes the exhibitors and the exchange men and the producers happy and it's very gratifying to make so many people happy.

I have been publicly appearing for many weeks. I have held up the show in some hundreds of movie palaces. I have made three round trips across the continent in five months and I know every Pullman porter in America by his first name and his favorite dice point.

I hope I am not going to hurt anybody's feelings, either private or civic, by dissertating a bit about my experiences. It's as natural to write about your travels as it is to talk about your troubles. Everybody was very good and kind and patient with me and I enjoyed it all so much as far as they were concerned—it was myself I didn't enjoy.

Inside my own studio I have no objection to registering anything from the emotions of the gallows to receiving a custard pie amidnose. In the Dark Ages, before pictures, I have even endeavored so to disport myself upon the stage that nobody would throw anything larger at me than an egg. But all this in the "persona dramatis."

To stand up before hundreds of dear, good, kind, well-intentioned souls animated only by perfectly natural curiosity



Most men go to prison in a Black Maria. Doug goes in a Stutz. The Atlanta Penitentiary in the dim background



Doug and Mrs. Doug on top of the world

and the ordinary human skepticism and suspicion which declares that no man is perfect and wants to see its theory upheld; to make speeches to enterprising young business men who know more about what I am talking about than I do; to pass through Texas shaking hands with the entire Democratic party and

wonder how long it'll be before they find out that I am a Republican and cast my first vote for Grant; to meet all those lovely, local peaches and realize that my stay in Utah must be so brief—indeed, there were moments when I wished I had taken my dear old grandmother's advice and earned an honest living.

As I take my typewriter in my lap, I seem to hear in the distance the raucous and cynical voice of the train announcer singsonging our schedule— "All aboard for Birmingham, Atlanta, Dallas, Austin, Beaumont, Houston, Forth Worth, San Antonio, El Paso, Kansas City, Hutchinson, Wichita, Chattanooga, Knoxville, Nashville, Ashville, Louisville, Cleveland, Detroit, New Orleans, Chicago, Washington, Philadelphia and New York."

My wife says I can say it in my sleep. Well, there are worse things a man might say.

Of course when you are making a tour like that you encounter a lot of general phenomena. There were ten thousand people who wanted my autograph which I thought was very nice of them. I hope they won't show it to the children, because it might lead them astray. It's so much better in later life if people can read your handwriting. Not that it would have done me much good. My wife doesn't believe in a joint bank account.

One hundred thousand people wanted autographed photographs. We didn't have to pay nearly as much excess baggage going back.

And ten million wanted to know the best way to get into the movies. Some day a clever young criminal lawyer is going to invent a new insanity defense for murder and call it dementia movia picturibus. I did my best.

Now everytime anybody comes to the studio I run and (Continued on page 108)



Finding a point of contact, governors, mayors, and no end of committees



Three musketeers —Doug, his wife and his business manager



Photo by White

FROM ELSIE FERGUSON'S NEW PLAY

THE gorgeous Ferguson is, right now, in Manhattan, captivating audiences in her latest personal triumph, Zoe Akin's "The Varying Shore." It is a beautiful and a fragile play, and to her role Elsie Ferguson brings her peculiar genius for poignant pathos. James Crane, the husband of Alice Brady, who is one of her supporting cast in the play, is shown in support of Miss Ferguson in the portrait

The Motion Picture Alibi

By
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS
and KATHERINE HILLIKER

If a spark of life remains in a dying picture Miss Hilliker generally puts it on its feet

I SUPPOSE there are a great many people who unconsciously imagine that the titles of a screen drama are photographed right along with the picture.

Of course they know that when the handsome young hero with the vaseline hair-cut clasps the blonde heroine in his arms and makes an impassioned speech, the following subtitle

"AGNES, BE MINE"

doesn't register automatically upon the silver sheet.

But the public, which is so apt to take the good things for granted, generally assumes that the titles which run through a picture are as simple as the A B C's from which they are constructed.

Their unanalyzed conception of titles is limited to introductory ones, such as "LITTLE NELL, THE SHERIFF'S ONLY DAUGHTER, WHO HAD JUST RETURNED FROM AN EASTERN BOARDING SCHOOL" and spoken words like this:

"WITH THE GRASS NOT YET GREEN ON MY POOR SISTER'S GRAVE, I CANNOT BE YOUR WIFE."

Or they may even possibly remember explanatory titles of this caliber:

"THE BONDS HAD BEEN PLACED IN THE SAFE TO BE OPENED ON DOROTHY'S EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY, BUT WHEN THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN——"

Beyond that, they neither know nor speculate.

The caverns of inconsistency bridged.

The holes of impossibilities filled up.

The chasms of indecency avoided.

The abyss of poor acting skirted.

The crags of carelessness leapt.

All these accomplished by the little 10 to 45 word titles, the public does not even suspect.

Many a lady's reputation and many a man's heroism have been saved by a clever subtitle.

Many a censor has been tripped, foiled, utterly routed by a few flickered words that made things that did appear to be not what they seemed.

The title is to the screen production what the alibi is to a criminal lawyer.

When every other defense fails, resort to your old friend the alibi.

When you can't get it by the exhibitors or the censors any other way—fix it up with a title.

Insidiously, quietly, unostenta-



This film doctor is a charming young woman with a sense of humor and a sane mind. Her cheerful philosophy is reflected in her own titles

tiously, titles camouflaged many a picture until you can't tell whether it was one of the Dotty Dimple series or part of the memoirs of Casanova.

This is an exposé of the motion picture alibi—the subtitle. Of course, it is much more than that. In the past year we have seen titles by William deMille, Will Rogers, Rupert Hughes, Anita Loos, and Charlie Chaplin that were gems of wit and literary construction.

The people that are always agitating about making pictures without any titles remind me of people who prefer a salad

without any dressing. When the American public as a whole reads so little, why take away one of their few enforced opportunities to absorb literature?

Listen in on the following and I will show you how all this is done:

I met Katherine Hilliker one very rainy afternoon at the Goldwyn studio, where she had reached what in studio parlance is known as the "raw meat stage" over some titles she was preparing for two Italian productions which Samuel Goldwyn imported for release this fall, "Theodora" and d'Annunzio's "The Ship."

Now Katherine Hilliker, formerly a San Francisco newspaper woman,

NO story you have ever read will give you such a clear insight into the resourcefulness necessary for the making of good photoplays. Sometimes the subtitles tell the story

is considered one of the best title writers in America. She first won fame by her clever educational titles for the Chester Travel pictures. Since then she has titled everything from "Passion" to sausage comedies.

I fell upon her.

"It is too rainy to play," said I, "and much too damp to work. Come and tell me about some of the artistic crimes you have prevented, some of the really difficult things you have done with titles. Come and explain to me the hardest situation you ever had to camouflage, the most risqué thing you ever had to get by the censors."

"They won't sound much to tell," warned Miss Hilliker; "it's like a bridge hand—always looks easy to play after you've done it. I can only give you a few scattered, illustrative examples.

"I just got through titling 'Theodora.' It's an Italian picture and very temperamental. I can give you two instances of what you want from there, if you'll soothe Mr. Goldwyn's feelings by stating that I say, and mean, that it's a really great picture.

"They evidently had forgotten to ship some of the film, because they started a hectic scene in the royal box of the amphitheater, with the *Empress Theodora* in the center of it, scheming to save her former lover from death by asking the emperor to give him to her that she may torture him properly. About half way through the scene, the *Empress* is suddenly missing. The rest of the scene proceeds without her.

"So I shot this title as she speaks just before she vanished:

"'BIND HIS MOUTH AND TAKE HIM TO MY TORTURE CHAMBER. I SHALL GO BEFORE TO PREPARE HIS RECEPTION.'

"Miscasting is another thing that has often and often to be covered with titles. I did a picture not long ago in which Alice Brady was starred in the rôle of a chorus girl. This little footlight queen marries the heir-apparent of one of those exclusive, blue-blooded Knickerbocker families that came over in the Mayflower. (My, that boat must have been crowded.) Anyway, the chorus gal's new mamma-in-law is the last word in aristocracy. She still thinks the population of New York is 400.

"Unfortunately, the actress who was cast to play this grande dame, while she may be an estimable woman and a good thespian, resembled nothing so much in looks, manners, and

actions as my red-headed, Irish washlady. Instead of suggesting a Mrs. Van Beekman, she suggested Mrs. O'Flarety.

"So I introduced her like this:

"'CAROLINE PODGE VAN BEEKMAN'S ONLY REGRET IN LIFE WAS THAT SHE HADN'T BEEN BORN A VAN BEEKMAN. HAVING ACHIEVED, WITH THE AID OF HER FATHER'S MILLIONS, AN AMBITIOUS MARRIAGE, SHE HAD SPENT HER DAYS IN TRYING TO FORGET THAT SHE HAD EVER BEEN A PODGE.'

"Naturally, her son's marriage to a chorus girl didn't sit well on this lady's social digestion. It was more delicate than that of a real Vere de Vere.

"But even her humble birth wouldn't have excused the way that old hen behaved. Of course her new relative-in-law had been in the chorus, but according to the scenario she had remained virtuous and ignorant nevertheless. Notwithstanding which, said Mrs. Van Beekman conspires to trap her, and endeavors to throw her into the clutches of an unspeakable cad of her own set.

"So, early in the story, when the poor mother first hears of her son's mésalliance, I had the villain say to her:

"'OF COURSE IT'S TERRIBLY SHOCKING, ESPECIALLY IN VIEW OF HER PAST.'

"And strengthened it later by preceding the bride's homecoming with this:

"'MRS. VAN BEEKMAN WAS A POOR DISSEMBLER, AND THE SCANDALOUS INSINUATIONS TO WHICH SHE HAD LISTENED HAMPERED HER WELCOME.'

"But here is pure invention of my own that saved a comedy from complete oblivion. The producer brought it to me with tears in his eyes and wanted to know if I could fix it so he could get it by the censors; otherwise he was going to lose a lot of money.

"I felt so sorry for him, I told him I wasn't mercenary either and I'd take it for half that.

"The story dealt entirely with sausages. Links—miles of them. The young couple were poor and lived in a tiny furnished room where they weren't supposed to cook, but where they got their meals in a tin can over a gas jet. One day the young husband went out to hunt meat for his mate—having only one thin dime as a club. He bought a lot of sausages. Now these sausages were a lot for a dime because they were no longer on speaking terms (Continued on page 98)

THE April issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will be on sale on the newsstands March fifteenth. You, as a reader of this magazine, will profit by the change, as the editors will be the better able to give you last minute news and comments covering the entire moving picture field. Rapid changes are taking place in the industry that are likely to make 1922 a record breaker. You want this information as rapidly as it develops. The fifteen days gained means closer contact with big events in the film world.

REMEMBER

In the future, PHOTOPLAY goes on sale the fifteenth of the month.

Murder and sudden death were in the air—the leading lady stated that nothing could prevent her from shooting the leading man



Breaking In

A true story of an author's experiences
when he went into motion pictures

ANONYMOUS

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

EDITOR'S NOTE—Every word of this story is true. We knew of the author's experiences, and asked him to write them. He consented on condition that we did not publish his name, a name that would be recognized at once as that of one of the best writers in motion pictures. When you read the story you will appreciate his reason.

THE scene was a delightful golf course in the lee of the glorious High Sierras. Off in the far distance, Old Baldy lounged in the eternal sunshine, with snow on his shoulder, gazing down upon the knickered gentlemen, whilst they tried to lay them up dead. George and I were concluding a tense match, and George accidentally dropped a twelve-footer into the can, thus winning himself six dollars of my sinking fund. We then paid the caddies and proceeded to the clubhouse, George beaming seraphically, wearing a silly grin, as he always does when he defeats me in the joustings. When stricken by defeat himself, George looks like a condemned murderer of small children.

"Well," he said very pleasantly, "in a manner of speaking, and to get away from golf, you're a sort of an author. Of course, you're not what I call a real honest-to-goodness author,

though you have the customary hungry and haunted look. How much do you make a year writing these so-called stories of yours?"

I told him the figures, in a low voice full of emotion.

"Why, that's a joke," he grunted. "My second camera-man makes more than that."

George, as may be inferred, is a movie director. He wears the conventional liver-colored spats of his species when on the job, yells ferociously at beautiful ladies in thin negligees, has tea served at four o'clock on the set, and believes that all writers, beginning with Peter B. Chaucer, are just the same as fleas on the dog. George is highly regarded by the corporate body that pays him a huge sum weekly, and he has been roaring through a megaphone for twelve years, so when he speaks, his is the voice of authority, particularly when he is discussing the canned drama.

"In fact," he continued, taking off his shirt in the locker room, "the head carpenter out at our shop earns more than you do, Bill."

I told him in an offended tone that I saw nothing to be gained by comparing me with carpenters. I was no carpenter. True, there might be a certain amount of wood in what I did, but I was no carpenter.



George had told the entire population not to talk to me. He had them warded off, as though I had a well-defined case of pellagra.

"I have my art," I said feelingly. "It may not pay voluminously, but it is my art. The reward, though not great in forms of legal tender, comes from perusing my little things when they appear in print in the high-class publications, with the illustrations all wrong from having been made by an artist whose mind has gone elsewhere and is never coming back."

"Rubbish," said George, struggling with his socks. "You have frequently impressed me as a man who might have ideas. I don't say out and out that you have them, but you might have. What you need is a steady job. I'll get you a job, and you help me make my next picture."

"Very well, George," I agreed. "You get me a job. I have often yearned to step in and help the picture business, because, speaking strictly as an innocent bystander, the picture business needs help."

"You'll be a nuisance to me at first," he went on moodily. "However, I'll be willing to stand it awhile. In time, I may be able to pound some sense into your head. You may be able to learn something about making pictures, though you haven't been able to learn anything about golf in two years."

On the following Monday morning, I began working with George on his next picture. At the moment we began to toil, the picture lay between the covers of a book, which the concern had purchased in the vague expectation that somebody around the lot would be able to make a melodrama of it. It was a very noted book, in its day, by a famous old gentleman of the gin-rickey school, who wrote dozens and dozens of thrilling volumes, and finally passed to his reward from liver trouble, caused by trying to subsist exclusively on liquid nourishment.

"Here it is," George said heartily, that sunny first morning. He came into my luxurious office in the studio and slammed the book down on my palatial desk. The author was Harvey Loomis. "Now begin. We are behind time already."

"What do I do first?" I inquired, naturally, and as anyone would under the circumstances.

"Read the book, of course," George responded, with just the faintest shade of directorial sarcasm. "We can't make a motion picture out of a book, unless somebody on the lot reads it."

"Oh, I don't know," I said. "I've seen such things done. I paid to see 'Lot's Sister,' and the only thing they used out of the book was the commas."

"Anyhow, you read it carefully. Pick out the high spots."

"All right," I said dubiously. At the moment, I couldn't have distinguished a high spot from a deuce. "Did you read this book?" I demanded.

"I did not. And I am not going to read it. It's no good. I know that much already."

In the months that followed, I began to understand that this observation of George's is a custom of the country, a hereditary legend among movie directors. No book is any good. "Les Miserables," for example, is a mere piece of cheese to a director. Therefore, if the director succeeds in making a picture of any degree of excellence, the credit is his, all the more. If the picture is a flop, the book was no good, as stated frankly and openly at the outset.

The name of this particular tome was "Willow Farm." It lay between two red or maroonish covers, and as time wore on and I became thinner, those red covers scourged me by day and haunted my fevered nights. It was a stirring romance of life in the mountains of Virginia, and I read it with exceeding care, jumping nothing, not even the long, meaty paragraphs, where the author stepped aside from his narrative to give the complete history of rock formations and the effect of the glacial period upon mankind.

The main character of "Willow Farm" was Henry Jones, who used to fight chickens for his own amusement. He had a wife and a daughter, whom he also used to fight for the same purpose. There was a jolly feud under way and four people had been killed the day the story opened. There was a school-teacher with high-water pants, a haughty land-owner who persecuted the negroes; a gang of tough mountain rowdies who lived hard by the blind pig; there was love—adventure—sudden death—court room trials—sweet reconciliation and, in fact, everything I had come to expect from the silver screen when I paid thirty cents at the box office and went in, wondering if they would let me smoke.

At noon, George wandered in to where I sat struggling, and invited me to lunch.

"How goes it?" he inquired.

"Fine," I said. "This book ought to make a motion picture of remarkable excellence."

"Is there any suspense in it?"

"George," I said fervently, "this book is practically all suspense. The author begins suspending you on page two and from there on, you just simply hang."

"How about the thematic value?" George asked me. "Is the thematic value good?"

"About that, I can't say so much," I replied. "There is a good deal of rum in the story and one man stabs another in the post-office. Another thing, George, I couldn't tell a thematic value from an inner tube."

We then went out to lunch, and during lunch George told me explicitly just how you write a motion picture. It didn't sound particularly difficult. You simply sat down in a quiet spot and wrote four hundred scenes and about two hundred subtitles. Later on, they threw away all the scenes, and had a man write new subtitles, and the picture was made. Nothing really intricate to it at all.

I returned to my office eagerly, anxious to be at it, as you might say, quivering with suppressed enthusiasm. I dashed off the first forty scenes, which introduced you to Henry Jones and his family,

and in a general way prodded the story into action. George came galloping in at four o'clock, sat down with one leg over a stuffed chair, and read the forty scenes. When he finished, he said simply:

"Holy cripes, Bill; this is terrible."

"What's terrible about it?" I asked in a hurt tone. "It sounds fine to me."

"Why, you haven't got the idea at all. There's no story to this."

"SURE, there's a story," I argued. "That's exactly the way old Harvey Loomis wrote it."

"Yes, and that's the way we don't want it," said George. "I don't care what Harvey Loomis did. You can't make a picture this way, Bill."

He looked sadly out of the window, as though regretting having got me the job at all. He seemed to be thinking of that eighteenth hole, where he had won my six dollars, and how in a moment of fleeting enthusiasm his heart had run off with his judgment.

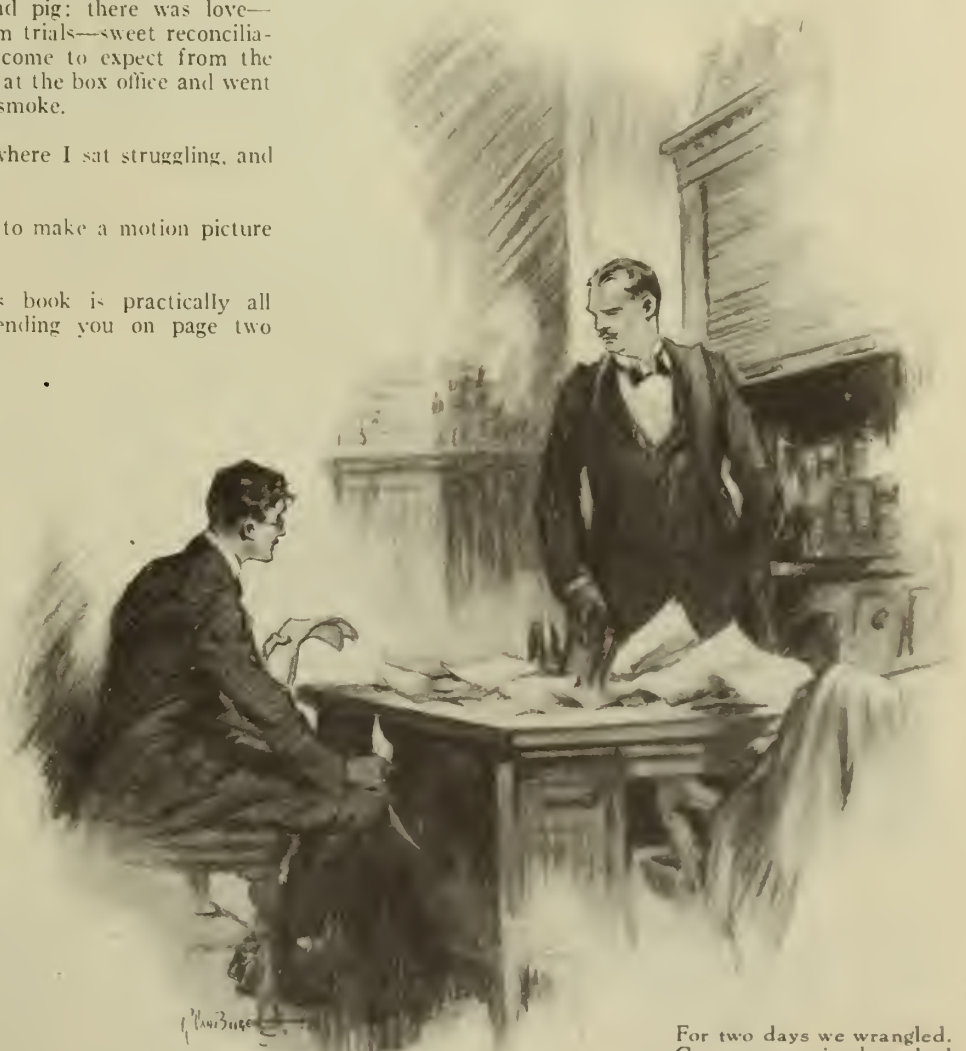
"Now take that first subtitle," I said defensively. "What's the matter with that?"

As a matter of fact, I was proud of the subtitle. I had clawed it out of the empty air and written it down with a little glow of satisfaction. It read:

"Henry Jones, a man among men, in a country of simple and lovable people, most of them in rough garments, but, underneath, as romantic a folk as e'er the sun shone on."

"What's the matter with it?" I asked, reading it to him in an eloquent manner.

(Continued on page 110)



For two days we wrangled. George very justly asked me whether I was making this double humpbacked picture or he.



You May Have One of These Patterns!

THIS month, I am introducing to you Le Bon Ton Patterns. This realizes one of my great ambitions: to provide for the women readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE dresses of reasonable price and good taste and stunning style. Le Bon Ton Patterns represent the ne plus ultra of fashionable design. I know you will be as glad to have these ideas as I am to offer them. And the real treat is the fact that you may have your choice of patterns of these three gowns—particularly designed for Miss Elsie Ferguson, one of the most exquisitely dressed women in America. This month Miss Ferguson has told us something of her ideals of dress, and I am sure it will interest you. As for the dresses themselves: their materials, as priced, may be found in most of the large and some of the smaller stores throughout the country, and those suggested are bound to be popular during the coming season. Moreover, each material has been chosen because of its wearing qualities and the becomingness of its weave and folds. Remember: the pattern of one of these gowns goes to you! See the coupon.

Carolyn Van Wyck

Miss Elsie Ferguson: representative aristocrat of the stage and screen, whose clothes and coiffure have ever inspired American women. Here, the fur collar of her evening coat makes a frame for her face and shining hair, and the pearls which should accompany every modern simple afternoon frock add just the right note



Design 1

My Ideals of Dress

As told to Carolyn Van Wyck

By ELSIE FERGUSON

IT is difficult to imagine the motives which govern the dress of some women. I cannot. The imagination that could conceive a combination of woolen hose and satin dress is beyond me. The vogue for woolen stockings, during the past winter, was all very well. For sports wear or with street suits, they were good. But I have been walking on Fifth Avenue and seen a woman, otherwise dressed in good taste, with, say, gray wool hose and a silk dress and high-heeled patent leather slippers. Such a combination is fearful. It almost spoiled my day.

The combination of colors, of fabrics, interests me more than almost anything else in dress. It is so fascinating to select a costume: the frock, the hat, the shoes,



Design 2

An adaptable dress for spring, fashioned of cream-colored sport silk, in a heavy weave, with an underblouse of crepe de chine in a lighter tone. Three and three-quarters yards of the heavier silk at four dollars and fifty cents a yard were used. There were two and a quarter yards of crepe de chine at two dollars and fifty cents a yard. Then, with embroidery floss and extras costing two dollars, the price of the materials is twenty-four dollars and fifty-one cents.

The entire cost of this little evening dress of brilliant changeable taffeta is twenty-five dollars and thirty cents, though it is hard to believe! There are four yards of taffeta, thirty-six inches wide, at two dollars and ninety-five cents a yard. There are four yards of "double-faced" satin ribbon at two dollars and fifty cents a yard. There are extras and beads amounting to three dollars and fifty cents. And the whole makes the prettiest evening frock of the season

Designs by Le Bon Ton With Patterns For You

the stockings, the gloves, the veil. It is satisfying to know that you have not one jarring note in your sartorial ensemble. After all, a costume means nothing if it does not express its wearer. Some women I know go to a modiste and say, "I wish to be well-dressed." The result is too often disappointing. I know, because sometime ago I was tired and did not feel equal to designing dresses for myself, which I usually do. So I went to a certain famous dress-maker and told her to gown me. The lady herself was charming and mature. She made me clothes which were so sedate I immediately felt fifty in them. Suffice to say I never went to her again. I do not feel *right* in gowns with which I have nothing to do. They do not feel like my own.

I love nice things. I love to shop. But I do not shop indiscriminately. In Paris I saw the most gorgeous evening gown ever concocted. I tried it on. I wanted it. It was so unusual I could not have worn it on many occasions. The price was exorbitant. So I did not buy it. The gown is much more pleasant in my memory than it would have been hanging up in my wardrobe.

I like capes. I have taken a decided fancy to capes! I have a most fascinating one: of black broadcloth with a white lining, and an immense collar of chinchilla. The sleeves are intricately draped so that I can wind them about my arms on cold days. I wore that cape more than I have ever worn a fur coat. Fur coats are bungle-some at best.

I have no rules of fashion. I do not want them. I want to wear things which become me. I like originality. For that reason I design my own costumes for my plays. I took great delight in the gowns for "The Varying Shore." They are of such a charming period; such a romantic, sweet, and feminine time. I studied for months from books; then I submitted my own ideas to a skilled fashion house, and they followed them. These gowns are exceedingly difficult to act in! When I go on the stage for a scene, I try to remember to keep the particularly difficult carri-

Here is a delightful afternoon frock of heavily woven black satin crepe embroidered in patches of chenille in subdued colorings. Four yards of forty-inch crepe were used for the gown, and the price of each yard was four dollars and seventy-five cents. The chenille used in the embroidery and the extras amount to five dollars, bringing the total cost of the fabrics to twenty-four dollars



Callot has never designed a lovelier frock than the one above. A skirt of black satin slightly draped is topped by a waist of sulphur-colored silk jersey embroidered in cerise silk and banded with fringe



Design 3

age which the costumes lend. Often I forget and assume the modern, modeless attitudes. Because, in those days of "wasp-like waists, and corsets," you could not slouch. I do not touch it any time. But compared with the old-fashioned girl the modern debutante is slouchy!

If I were to give any formula of fashion, I would say only this: shop with discrimination. Do not buy a dress merely because it is pretty. Consider what uses you have for it. Do not rush into a shop and buy a dress you cannot afford. Be sensible about it. I require many gowns; but I believe I have never, at any time, bought something I could not wear. That is why I like the three frocks designed for me by Le Bon Ton. They are practical and pretty at the same time.

Design 1, such a simple, such a smart frock, will be wanted by every girl in the country, particularly if her income is modest. She can so easily make it herself, if she has talent in that direction. And right here I wish to say how much I admire such a talent. It is most valuable, this ability to make one's own clothes. It is so much more satisfying

than dashing into a shop and snatching the first frock one sees.

Design 2 is utterly charming. It is quaint and yet decidedly *a la mode*. It is graceful and it is conservative. I approve of it heartily. You will not quickly tire of this frock. It will, I am certain, wear very well. It is soothing rather than sensational, the first essential of a charming costume. A dress for evening should be quiet. It should not be ostentatious. There is nothing to be gained by affecting the freakish in frocks. A momentary attention which is soon turned to something more restful, is the only reward.

Design 3—a dignified and delightful afternoon dress. Unusual in its draping, it has an almost classic simplicity.

I hope that you will enjoy these frocks. They have appealed to me greatly.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Department of Fashions

25 West 45th Street
New York City, N. Y.

For enclosed coupon and twelve cents in stamps for postage and handling charges, please send me pattern of design number, in size,

Name,

Street and Number,

City, State,

Note: only one pattern may be ordered with one coupon. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 only.

Plays and

If you keep up with these more about film folks than

By CAL.



They look happy, don't they? Well, they are! The lady who was Lottie Pickford—on her honeymoon with her new husband, Allan Forrest



It looked like Old Home Week at the Lasky studios in Hollywood when Madame Elinor Glyn came back from abroad. She's a grandmother but she doesn't look it, this famous Englishwoman

IF this isn't a true story we don't know Mickey Neilan.

He was shooting some street scenes in New York one day. Along came a big policeman. He said:

"Taking th-m moving pitchers, eh? Have yez a permit?"

"Why, no," said Neilan. "Is it necessary?"

"It is so!" said the policeman, getting out his summons book. "And I'll have to give yez a summons. What's your name, me man?"

"My name is Mickey Neilan," was the answer.

The cop wrote it down. "And what company is it you're working for?"

"The Shamrock Pictures Corporation," replied Mickey, noting that his name had carried some weight.

"What picture are you taking?"

"The life of Robert Emmet," answered Neilan quickly. "You see, I'm from Los Angeles, and I didn't know there was a law against taking pictures here without a permit."

"The life of Robert Emmet, by the Shamrock Pictures," repeated the policeman. "Who's president of the company?"

"John McCormack," said Mickey, without batting an eyelash.

"The Irish singer?" shouted the cop. "Why didn't ye say so at first?"

He ran out into the street and waved his arms wildly. "Hey, you fellows running thim buses!" he cried. "Go around the other side. Don't you see you're interferin' with the gentleman who's takin' an important pitcher?"

LOTTIE PICKFORD and Allan Forrest were married recently, at the First Methodist Episcopal Church in Hollywood.

The Rev. Willsie Martin performed the ceremony. Mary Pickford Fairbanks was



Here's Richard Daniels. That freckle on his nose is the biggest freckle in Los Angeles. It beats Wes Barry's. Richard plays in "The Little Minister" for Vitagraph

bridesmaid, and Jack Pickford gave the bride away.

In the marriage license the bride gave her age as twenty-six, the groom as thirty-two. Both were married before: Lottie Pickford to Albert George Rupp, automobile salesman,

whom she later divorced; Forrest to Ann Little. Lottie's little girl has been adopted by her grandmother, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford.

MR. LYDIG HOYT is an honest-to-goodness actress now.

She is playing the heroine, *Diana*, in William Faversham's revival of "The Squaw Man," on the stage.

Critics have been kind to her, praising her grace and dignity.

It is interesting that this famous American play by Edwin Milton Royle needed no revision after all these years. Only one line needed to be altered—one which mentioned the Boer War.

MARILYNN MILLER issued an indignant denial of the rumor that she was to marry Jack Pickford. "I'm not engaged to marry him or anybody else, and I wish they wouldn't make up things about me," said *Sally*.

People did say, when Mary and Doug rushed from Europe, that the celebrated couple were returning to be present at the nuptials of Jack Pickford and Marilynn Miller.

But Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks tarried in Manhattan only a little while before journeying California-ward to spend

Players

columns you will know they know themselves.

YORK

the holidays in Beverly Hills; and Miss Miller is still dancing to the delight of "Sally" audiences.

Another perfectly good rumor gone wrong.

ALICE BRADY and James Crane, it seems, have come to the well-known parting of the ways.

For a while there, Alice and Jimmy were the most ardently devoted theatrical couple in the east. Then came whispers of discord, which are now borne out by a definite separation. Mr. Crane is now appearing in support of Elsie Ferguson in her new play by Zoe Akins, "The Varying Shore," while Alice is again acting with Robert Warwick in a piece called "Drifting." It had its premiere in New York not long ago.

By the way, the Brady star was injured in an automobile accident near Albany, in which her leading man, Kenneth McKenna, was also hurt and her Japanese chauffeur killed. She suffered a wrenched back, but was in danger at no time.



Gloria Swanson had to fall into the ocean and be rescued by Rudolph Valentino in "Beyond the Rocks." Gloria is receiving instructions from her director before she rows out to the place appointed for the spill. Rudie is waiting to rescue her in his boat in the foreground. Another boat is ready to do a real rescue in case it's needed

MARION DAVIES has won! She has secured the rights to "When Knighthood was in Flower," and is at present beginning production on this famous story and play. It offers a splendid vehicle for Miss Davies.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks made a bid for the rights. Lillian Gish at one time was eager to play the delectable rôle of *Mary Tudor*, fascinating sister of *Henry VIII*. The Fairbankses regarded it as almost made for a dual-star production, with Doug as *Charles Brandon*. But Miss Davies got it. She deserved to get it, for the simple reason that she had to fight for it a long time.

The first picture of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Hart together—their first breakfast in San Francisco, where they honeymooned



It seems some officials of Cosmopolitan Productions vetoed her first suggestion to buy "When Knighthood was in Flower," claiming there was no market for costume stuff. Marion was just as determined that the public would love it. She won over the refractory executives, and now—praise be—has secured Robert Vignola to direct it and Joseph Urban to design the costumes and devise the historic settings.

AFTER "Penrod," his current picture, is released, Marshall Neilan will have two more productions to make on his present First National contract.

(We say this merely to make an excuse

pany, and, as he has always threatened to do, he is taking a long vacation on his ranch.

Miss Sedgwick and Mr. Polo are two of the biggest drawing-cards in the serial field

UNIVERSAL is about to release "Foolish Wives" to an eager world. This "World's First Million Dollar Production" has been winking at Broadway from electric for so long now that the premiere itself cannot possibly be much of a sensation. Have you noticed how they are billing Eric von Stroheim? As "The Man That You Love to Hate!"

IT isn't a "press story." It didn't come from the publicity department of Vitagraph, or a "personal representative" at all. It's simply the story of what spoiled Alice Calhoun's Christmas.

Mrs. Calhoun, a splendid woman who, like Mrs. Gish, has helped her daughter to a successful career and at the same time kept her sane and sweet, has always made a lot of Christmas. She has always had a Christmas tree, and the stockings hanging from the mantel-piece, and all the good old-fashioned festivities. In spite of the fact that Vitagraph called the Calhouns to California, where Alice made "The Little Minister," they went ahead with all their preparations for a happy holiday. The gifts were bought; the tree was trimmed; the holly wreaths hung—

And on Christmas day, the Calhoun's chauffeur had a wire telling him that his mother had been killed by a mail truck in Brooklyn.

There was no more fun in that household. The entire attentions of the family were centered in John. He was comforted and cheered; his ticket east was bought; he was sent on his sad journey with the assurance of support both financial and spiritual. Alice and her mother and her uncle saw him off in person; and his job will be waiting for him when he gets back.

ON the night of the opening of Griffith's new picture "Orphans of the Storm" in New York, Ernest Lubitsch, the German Director who made "Passion," "Deception," and other historical features, was in the audience.

"Reminds me of the story of Mischa El-

for talking about Mickey. He is more popular than most stars, even if he is only a producer. Have you heard he and Blanche Sweet are to be married in the spring?

HARRY CAREY, Eddie Polo, and Eileen Sedgwick, all Universal stand-bys, have left.

Carey has been considered, especially in the past year, one of the best bets Universal, or any other company, had to offer. He is a consistently fine actor, and always has had a good deal to say about his own pictures, which, contrary to formula, has helped. His contract has expired with Laemmle's com-

man and Godowski," said John Barrymore, who was also an interested spectator. "They were seated in a box at the first public appearance of Heifetz, the brilliant young violinist, at the Hippodrome. It was a grand success for Heifetz and it was natural that his rival did not enjoy it nearly as much as Godow-ki. Half way through the program Elman turned to Godowski, and, running his finger under his collar and stretching his neck, remarked:

"It's warm in here."

"Not for pianists," said Godowski.

Of course at the end of the picture Mr. Lubitsch made highly complimentary remarks about Mr. Griffith's effort, but he probably made a mental reservation that some day he was going to beat it.

More power to him if he does. We can't have too many good pictures.

THE divorce action filed by Jean Acker against Rudolph Valentino has been on trial in the superior court of Los Angeles but, up to this time, as yet no decision has been rendered. Mrs. Valentino sued for a divorce on the grounds of desertion and is asking a huge amount of alimony.

It is a most unpleasant and distasteful affair. Everyone in the motion picture colony resents it.

But so far Mr. Valentino has maintained a dignified silence and has done as little fighting as possible to protect his pocket-book, which is apparently the only vital point menaced by his wife's attack.

MARY is going to turn the tables on Jack. Mary's brother directed, or helped direct, "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Now it is the other way around: she will put young Mr. Pickford through his paces for "The Tailor-Made Man," which will reintroduce Jack to the screen.

Mary, said to have suffered a nervous breakdown abroad, has completely recovered and is ready for work again. It is rumored that she and Doug may make a picture of "The Florentine Lovers." Anyway, the world will never rest until it has seen the Fairbanks family in the same picture, and then it will want it done again.

CAROL DEMPSTER is the latest player to be "loaned."

D. W. Griffith has permitted her to leave his studio to make one picture: John Barrymore's "Sherlock Holmes." Mr. Barrymore, by the way, attended the opening of "Orphans of the Storm," with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Parker (Margaret Greene, who played in Ethel Barrymore's "De classe" company last season). The famous young actor applauded vigorously for Miss Lillian Gish, whose ardent admirer he has always been. Afterwards his party went to the Knickerbocker Grill, to watch the popular Irene Castle dance; and he bowed low over Irene's slim hand, much to the delight of the laymen present.

THEODORE KOSLOFF, the famous Russian dancer now under contract to Cecil de Mille, is also head of a very exclusive dancing school in Hollywood, where the stars go for instruction and reduction and where the society girls of the city also attend.

He has one class of small girls, around five. The other day a lady brought her daughter out to enter in the class, but upon seeing M. Kasloff, the young lady set up such an outcry that they had to take her away. It seemed that she had seen

Theodore shoot a man in "Forbidden Fruit," and it seemed so real to her that she couldn't forgive him.

"So I lose a pupil for that," said Theodore, "and I ask you is it my fault some fool woman take a child like that to see a Cecil de Mille production? Mr. de Mille do not make pictures for babies!"

JIM RENNIE is back in the east, and maybe you think he isn't glad.

He likes California, and all that; and he enjoyed participating in "The Dust Flower" with Helene Chadwick for Mr. Goldwyn's company. But, after all, Dorothy was in Manhattan, and—that was all there was to it. The Gish sisters made a series of personal appearances in conjunction with Griffith's "The Two Orphans"—beg pardon, "Orphans of the Storm," in which Lillian and Dorothy are, for the first time, featured in the billing. This is a distinction never before achieved by any player in D. W.'s company. "With Lillian and Dorothy Gish" is on all the placards of the new production, and it's safe to say that their names mean as much to the public as any others. Read the review of "Orphans of the Storm" in the Shadow Stage in this issue.



Instead of saying "There, Little Girl, Don't Cry," director Maurice Campbell is aiding and abetting Constance Binney by providing the glycerine drops. Of course Constance really cries—but real tears don't always photograph. The violinist is also an aid to emotion.



It's customary to win beauty prizes, but Arthur Trimble, aged five, won prizes because of his intelligence as well as his good looks. He has an important part in Rupert Hughes' new picture

WHEN is a star not a star? It was only a few months ago that Lasky announced Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt, worthy popularities both, as acquisitions to his stellar ranks. Agnes made one starring picture, "The Lane that Had No Turning." Mr. Holt made several. The newest production plans to emanate from the west coast studios give Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt the co-starring roles in William deMille's version of "Bought and Paid For."

BEBE has bobbed her hair. We think we like it, but it's so hard to tell, when anything is on Bebe, whether you like it or not. It always looks so nice. Incidentally that young lady is wearing a very gorgeous new string of real pearls, since Christmas, and a stunning jade and diamond pendant.

MABEL NORMAND'S health is very bad again and the brilliant little comedienne has not been able to start her scheduled picture for Mack Sennett.

Since we saw Mabel again in "Molly-O" we are all awaiting more productions from her. Molly-O was then old Mabel Normand, and certainly nobody has arisen to take her place.

Mabel was present at the opening of her film at the Mission Theater in Los Angeles, and sat between Abraham Lehr and Charlie Chaplin.

Since then I have been daily awaiting announcement of her engagement to Charlie, because he never goes out with a young lady without that result.

(Continued on page 78)



Bebe Daniels' hands, demonstrating the difference in watches, 17th and 20th centuries. To the left, the modern platinum-and-diamond wrist-watch. To the right, a ring watch, inherited from Bebe's great-great-grandmother





The Movie Comedians' Union Holds Its Annual Banquet

IT was a grand event. The hotel was wrecked. The regular guests who survived were sent to the lunatic asylum. The waiters were annihilated to the last man. Thirteen comedians perished in their emotional efforts to imitate Chaplin and seven died from custard-pie poisoning. The party cost more money than von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives." A good time was had by all, particularly the survivors. Tomorrow night, "East Lynne."



MISS LULU BETT—Paramount

FOR the benefit of those who have not read the novel nor seen the play (there may be one or two left in the outlying districts) we may explain that the heroine of "Miss Lulu Bett" is a drab, pathetic spinster who is permitted to live with her married sister. She is also permitted to do all the house work—cooking, dish washing, cleaning and general shock absorbing. She has a pretty thin time of it, until a long forgotten brother-in-law arrives after twenty years of globe trotting, and marries her. Then comes the discovery that he has had another wife, and isn't sure whether she's alive or dead. So *Lulu* goes back to the kitchen sink.

Mr. DeMille has shown rare skill and intelligence in his handling of the story. What is more, he receives stalwart assistance from Lois Wilson. It is doubtful whether anyone else in the films could have played the part half so well. Others in the generally excellent cast are Theodore Roberts, Clarence Burton and Milton Sills.



BOOMERANG BILL—Cosmopolitan-Paramount

LIONEL BARRYMORE in "Boomerang Bill" gives a remarkably finished performance, and as he is aided by a swift moving story and a good production, he succeeds in providing exceptionally good entertainment.

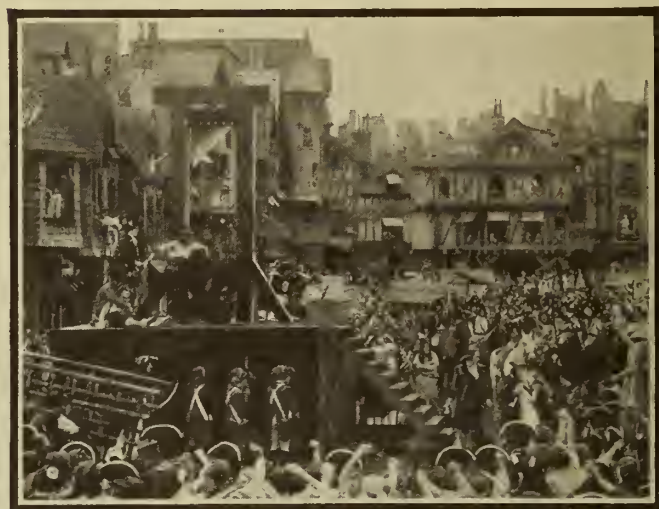
"Boomerang Bill" is the story of a crook who came to New York and fell in love with a girl who worked at the cash counter in a "one arm" lunch-room. He found that she possessed a delicate mother, but not sufficient funds to take her mother to the country where she could regain her health. So *Boomerang Bill* resolved to pull one last hold-up—and then reform. But the "last trick" is always fatal—and *Bill* was caught and sent to jail. While he was serving his term, another man came along and offered *Bill's* girl the opportunities for herself and her sick mother that *Bill* himself had tried in vain to provide. The story is a sad one, well told, and punches over a moral.

To Assist You in Saving Your

The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A review of the new pictures



ORPHANS OF THE STORM—D. W. Griffith

THIS production is so colossal in conception and in execution; its great moments move one so much; its thrills are so stirring, it is difficult to pin it to paper.

Griffith has come back with a bang. After "Dream Street," this great historical masterpiece brings again the Griffith of "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance," but with an added charm, a new softness, a fresh appeal. He tells an old, old story—the story of "The Two Orphans." He has retitled it and remade it. Against the bloody background of the French Revolution, Griffith has painted a beautiful picture: a tender portrait of devotion and sacrifice. He has recreated history as no other living man has done. And this is his greatest triumph. It is massive, but it is human.

And let us comment on the very curious fact that the French Revolution is perennial. Somehow it takes hold of the human imagination as can no other great social upheaval in human affairs. Compared with events that have followed, the turbulent period of the Reign of Terror is not on a particularly grand scale: e. g., the Napoleonic wars, and our own great Civil conflict, not to mention the recent World war, and the cruel and bloody Russian revolution. But it fascinates. Griffith was wise in his choice of a theme for this production.

It is spectacular, but it has little moments of very personal appeal—tiny, heart-throbbing seconds on the screen during which you hold your breath for fear you will break the charm and the magic picture will vanish. You are *Henriette* and *Louise*, or you are the *Chevalier de Vaudrey*

PHOTOPLAY'S SELECTION
of the SIX BEST
PICTURES of the MONTH

ORPHANS OF THE STORM

MISS LULU BETT

THREE LIVE GHOSTS

BOOMERANG BILL

RED HOT ROMANCE

JUST AROUND THE CORNER



THREE LIVE GHOSTS—Paramount

A COMEDY—well acted, convincing and dramatic—is the rarest thing in the world. A jumble of impossible situations, made thrillingly real, can show the greatest sort of artistry. "Three Live Ghosts" scores on both points. The plot of the story is laid in London, and the picture was filmed there. That, in itself, is a unique feature. It tells of three war pals who are reported lost—and who, quite miraculously, escape from a German prison camp. They are a ne'er do well, in fear of the law; an aristocratic gentleman, shell shocked out of his identity and into the habit of stealing; and a man of the slums. Their triple return to life affords material that the whole family may enjoy together. Anna Q. Nilsson and Norman Kerry play the leads. And their supporting cast is uniformly good. There are moments when one feels an ecstasy of sheer delight—when *Spoofy*, the aristocrat (done splendidly by one Cyril Chadwick) crosses Picadilly with a stolen sheep and a kid-napped baby.



RED HOT ROMANCE—First National

A SURE fire hit if there ever was one. This remarkable combination of keen edged satire and sure-fire melodrama, which was written and produced by the indefatigable team of John Emerson and Anita Loos, is described by them as "a tale of young love and old hokum."

The description is about as descriptive as it is possible for any description to be. For "Red Hot Romance" is a remarkably good burlesque of a ham film. So effective is it, that there are moments when even the most cynical and sophisticated observer will be tempted to rise out of his orchestra chair and cheer. The hero (like all heroes) is a young American who is pining for romantic adventure. The heroine (like all heroines) is a high bred American girl, who is yearning for love. The plot's laid in South America. The leading parts are well handled by Basil Sidney and May Collins, and the entire cast enters into the spirit.

and *Danton*. You are awaiting the embrace of *Madame Guillotine*; you are a part of that unforgettable page in the book of the world. No history ever written can begin to compare with this photoplay for genuine instruction. Every child in the world should see it. True, it takes liberties with actual dates and events; but the spirit is there.

There are, we said, moments of surpassing beauty—greater than anything ever put on the screen or the stage. One, the love scene of *Henriette* and the *Chevalier*: touching, tender, true. Another, the most dramatic of all celluloid climaxes: the almost-meeting of the two orphans. The thrills come when the heroine is rescued from the guillotine—and this is not the best part of the drama. But much may be forgiven a director who can reach out from the screen and put a tear in your eye and a lump in your throat.

As for the acting—it is superb. First honors go to Miss Lillian Gish. Each new Gish portrayal is finer than the one before. The actress works. With a rare beauty and personal charm, she is not content. Her *Henriette* is sublime. Her sister, Dorothy, as *Louise*, has the second-best rôle, which she performs with exquisite art. Joseph Schildkraut, as the *Chevalier*, is charming. But Monte Blue, as *Danton*, the outstanding figure of the Revolution, is the best man in the cast. Of heroic mold, he plays magnificently, and proves himself one of our few fine actors. Honorable mention to Lucille La Verne, Frank Puglia, Sheldon Lewis, Morgan Wallace, Frank Losee, and the gentleman who played *Robespierre* so splendidly. The musical score is appropriate.

Once more—don't miss this.



JUST AROUND THE CORNER—
Cosmopolitan-Paramount

Just a gentle story, sometimes tragic, always charming, directed and adapted by Frances Marion who once again proves herself an outstanding figure of our films. She puts the woman's point of view on the screen with rare delicacy. Her cast is fine: Lewis Sargent, Margaret Seddon, Sigfrid Holmquist, Fred Thomson.



MY BOY—First National

Those who said that Jackie Coogan was just a kid with a trick should see his latest stellar film. The wonder child of celluloid gives a beautiful performance, in a touching, if trite, little tale. He amuses you and he makes you cry; and if that is not art, what is? Claude Gillingwater, as his adopted father, lives up to his splendid reputation. Take the children—take everybody!



THE LITTLE MINISTER—Vitagraph

Of the two versions of the Barrie classic, this seems to us the better. It is more sincere, although not nearly so elaborate. It puts the precious characters on the screen as real people; you know *Babbie* and *Gavin* as if you were in Thrums yourself. David Smith's direction is excellent. Alice Calhoun is beautiful as *Babbie*; with unlimited artistry. James Morrison is delightful.



THE LITTLE MINISTER—Paramount

Penrhyn Stanlaws has made many beautiful pictures, but he has not made so many good pictures. Betty Compson he has permitted to pose in the Maude Adams rôle. Lavishly mounted, this is nevertheless a mechanical film. George Hackathorn as the little minister is a revelation. He should have played *Sentimental Tommy*. Worthy of stardom—one of our finest young actors.



FOOL'S PARADISE—Paramount

A Cecil deMille picture has got to be wonderful or terrible. This is terrible. It is so well done in parts that it seems sacrilege to have spoiled it so completely in the latter reels. It is not Leonard Merrick's "Laurels and the Lady." It is a queer hodge-podge of the deMille of "The Whispering Chorus" and "The Affairs." Dorothy Dalton is the redeeming feature. She is splendid.



HAIL THE WOMAN—Associated First National

A fine picture—not a world-beater, but one you should see. C. Gardner Sullivan has a big theme, and with the exception of the too-flowery titles, it is handled in a big way. Good entertainment always; and you'll stay for the finish. A real all-star cast includes Florence Vidor, the brilliant Madge Bellamy, Lloyd Hughes, Theodore Roberts, and an adorable baby named Muriel Dana.



R. S. V. P.—First National

Charles Ray, having exhausted all the favorite forms of athletic sports, now turns his attention to indoor pursuits, and in "R. S. V. P." assumes the rôle of an art student. The change is not a happy one, and Mr. Ray does not appear to good advantage. The plot is woe-fully thin and many of the situations ridiculous. Harry Myers renders able support to the star.



FIFTY CANDLES—Hodkinson

A masterpiece of melodrama. If you want a chill and a thrill, don't miss it. It is not, however, a picture that will last; it is hardly human enough. A weird story, exceedingly well enacted by a cast headed by the charming Marjorie Daw, who has been appearing too seldom to suit us. Then there are Bertram Grassby and Edward Burns.



RENT FREE—Paramount

This, for the name alone, should appeal to householders. Fortunately it offers more than a name. Wallace Reid in an artist's smock and Lila Lee with her hair bewilderingly tumbled, do a delightfully impossible house-breaking act—and get away with it. The titles are clever and there is a plot. Take the whole family. Take the neighbors, too.



THE RIGHT THAT FAILED—Metro

Why aren't there more pictures like this one? A family film with a convincing cast, a good story, and a mighty real prize fight is something decidedly out of the ordinary. Bert Lytell is a charmingly tough prize fighter, Virginia Valli is worth watching—on the score of looks and acting—and De Witt Jennings is the perfect thing in fathers.



THE LANE THAT HAD NO TURNING—
Paramount

Agnes Ayres is very pretty, but a bit over-marcelled in her first starring venture. She plays a loyal young wife with a great deal of care, but little fire. Acting honors go easily to Theodore Kosloff, who gave a splendid interpretation of a difficult and unsympathetic rôle. Maylon Hamilton was personable, as usual.



WINNING WITH WITS—Fox

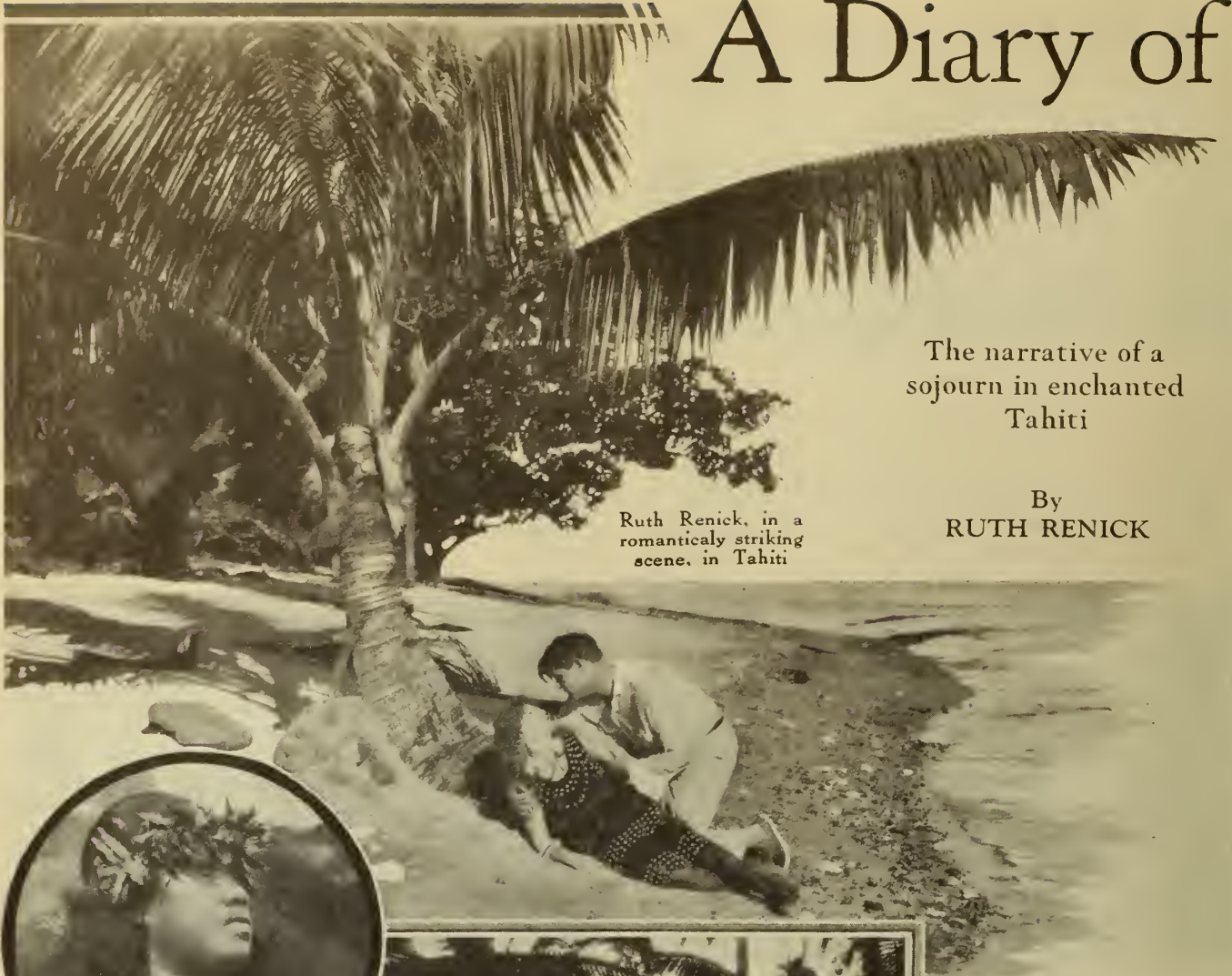
Not so bad, nearly, as the name would lead one to suppose. The story of a good little actress who clears her father's honor—when he is accused of robbery—and generally fixes things for everybody. Barbara Bedford is the Priscilla Deanish heroine. And Wilson Hummel does fine work as the stage manager. It's worth the price of admission.

A Diary of

The narrative of a
sojourn in enchanted
Tahiti

By
RUTH RENICK

Ruth Renick, in a
romantically striking
scene, in Tahiti



Above: Too décolleté
for a fuller view—a belle
of the "Mystic Islands."
At right: In Moorea—
the very name suggests
poetry and mystery



I didn't kiss him, he'd sink
the ship.
Saved a thousand lives!

The interesting dark lady
of the cigarettes! I knew
she was *somebody*.

No less a personage than
the Princess Terii nui o'
Tahiti Pomare V. Only in
Tahiti she says they call
her Princess Boots. The
eldest daughter of the last
reigning queen of Tahiti.
The last of the royal line,
the representative of all
that is fine and best in the
Tahitian race. She is ex-
tremely cultured and intelli-
gent. Fascinating, unique.
She tells me much of Tahiti
and its legends.

Has beautiful, dark eyes
and speaks four languages
fluently. Has lived in San
Francisco and Paris for years.
She is very dignified, yet with
a royal simplicity of manner.
She is merely going over on
business and says she will
probably come back on the
same boat with us.

Says she has a thousand
cousins. The islands are more
prolific than I thought.

Taura of Tahiti—
a native actor
of much note and
ability

THE Golden Gate has closed behind us. I can still see a faint blur that is the outline of the coast of California. But I do not look at it. I do not want to. I want to look ahead, out across the blue Pacific, where lie the Islands of the South Sea, whither we are bound. The steamer "Tahiti" sailed from San Francisco at high noon. I am really going to see the rainbow's end. Ever since I was a little girl I have longed to see the fairyland of the South Seas, the strange lands of the cannibals, the orchids and the cocoanuts. And I am on my way. I have been in a sort of daze ever since I signed to do this picture.

There is the most interesting looking, dark-skinned foreign woman on board. I wonder who she is. She is dressed very smartly in the most expensive looking tailor suit and she smokes monogrammed cigarettes in a gold holder. I must find out about her. She has a fascinating history I know.

Walked on the Promenade deck with the captain. He swore if

"the Mystic Islands"

Just crossed the equator. I couldn't see it, but I felt it. It stole through my blood somehow. Now we are coasting down hill.

Oh, the Princess! Now that the tropics have engulfed us, she has changed utterly. Bit by bit, she has reverted to native costume. This morning she came on deck with her long, black hair down her back, sandals on her feet, and a loose silken garment wrapped about her. She



Above: the ship which bore the adventurers; at right: Paki, one of the most famous dancers in all of these islands



Miss Renick—her eyes speak as one fresh from a land of dreams

Truly the author is a South sea siren



lanterns hung up against a black velvet curtain to light some fête. It is so decorative, so exaggerated that it makes me light-headed already. I feel the lure of the South Pacific.

Think the ship's doctor is making eyes at me but can't be sure, he looks so much like Ben Turpin.

Millions of beautiful flying fish and a school of whales about the ship but no land.

We have sighted land. Soon, soon, I will be in the wonder land of the whole world. I am too excited to write.

At last—the land of gentle voices and wonderful reality. Oh, it is more, much more than I anticipated. No one could have words to describe it. My head is like a gallery of beautiful pictures.

The island of Tahiti is 150 miles long, and the whole 150 is one profusion of wild fruits, green, waving heights, and masses of brilliant, rich, exotic flowers. The air is the most fragrant, delicious, intoxicat-

ing thing that ever was created. Every little breeze that blows through the thick growths wafts a new combination of irresistible perfumes to me.

I will not be responsible under this influence! Everything fades into a sort of confused dream. One finds oneself wondering what it was all about. This—this, with its gorgeous colors, its dreamy scents, its luxuriant growth, its simple, primitive life, is the only reality.

But what a strong land this must be to which I am going. Already she is claiming her own.

We are living in Papiete, the main village of the island, at the famous Tiare Hotel, where all the famous men who have come to this Paradise have lived. It is a white, one story

Tonight we stood on deck beneath the blazing splendor of the Southern Cross. A tiny shaving of a moon paled before it. The stars swing low in the heavens, like orange Chinese

building, with the open-work Chinese roof, built on stilts as all the houses are to allow the circulation of air beneath.

It has no bathrooms. I do not think there is a bathroom on the island. There are pools, there is the lagoon, the beach. Everyone bathes all the time, but they bathe in the clear, cool water of these places nature has so generously provided.

I am amazed at the people of Tahiti. How ignorant we are of the other folks that inhabit our globe. How bound by our little duties, our little home spot.

The first thing that impresses me is their immense dignity and kindness. They have the proudest carriage I have ever seen and I adore the straight, graceful way they hold themselves. They are most beautifully shaped, these children of nature, just as people ought to be, unmarred by any restrictions or civilized ways of living. Their skin is not yellow or black or even brown, but that lovely, lustrous tan shade that you see on fair people in California who have become deeply tanned by the sun. The girls live in the shade as much as they can, to keep as light as possible.

Most of them wear nothing but their pareu (dress) which is a strip of gaily colored cloth caught about them in the most graceful drape. The Princess Boots says that the girls are becoming more and more civilized and one of them wears a corset, but I haven't seen her yet. They never are without this pareu and use it for everything. They bathe in it, and when they put on their good dresses, gowns made either of

cheap American or European cloth or of the gauzy native linen, they wear it underneath as we wear our lingerie.

The girls have beautiful legs and feet and the loveliest little hands you ever saw. It is quite amazing. It really makes them very attractive and they are so clean and sweet and fresh. They put cocoanut oil on their thick black hair and when they come out of the water, where they spend so much of their time, they give their hair a shake and it is all dry. How simple!

I began by wearing my bathing suit, but today I, too, went to my bathing pool with my pareu on. Men and women bathe together with the utmost simplicity and unconcern, so naturally that you would feel prudish to object.

Already I have discovered that the national means of transportation in Tahiti is the bicycle. There are very few cars here, and those are mostly of very expensive French make and belong to the French Government officials or people who live on the Island.

It is impossible to sleep here at night. It is too beautiful, too heavenly. Last night the perfume of the flowers woke me and I went out and sat beside the wonderful lagoon, where the stars were reflected as though in a magic mirror. The stillness is the most exquisite thing that I have ever experienced. It makes you feel as though your body were somewhere else, floating about, and only your spirit was saturated in the wonder of the night.

We are not allowed to swim in the (*Continued on page 90*)

Slang Dictionary of the Studio

By WALLACE REID

KILL that baby"—Turn off the small spotlight.

"Cut back"—Term used in cutting when director wants to continue a scene which was shown before.

"Knock that nigger down"—Take down black shield used to protect camera from glare of lights.

"Cooking negative"—Overdeveloping.

"Soup"—Developer.

"Fade out"—Gradual dimming out of scene.

"Can't get juice"—No electricity.

"Carbons froze"—Light has gone dead.

"Hook up"—Connect the lights.

"Footage"—Order of cameraman to his assistant to measure for long shots, closeups, etc.

"Frame"—Order to projection machine operator when scene is not on screen in right position.

"Clear"—Everybody off the set.

"Hold your lights"—Don't turn them off.

"Atmosphere"—Same as supers on stage. Persons who just stand around. "Extras."

"Lens Louse"—Person who is always trying to crawl within camera range.

"Cut"—Word to cameraman to quit turning the crank.

"Shooting a scene"—Taking a scene.

"Patching"—Putting scene together.

"Long shot"—30 to 50 feet from camera.

"Closeups"—5 feet or so from camera.

"Medium"—Half way between long shot and closeup.

"Take 'em away"—Turn out the lights.

"Slap these together"—Film cutter's slang for splicing scenes.

"Duping"—Making a negative from a print.

"Hit 'em"—Turn on the lights.

"Start your action"—Director's order to



actors to begin moving for the picture.

"On the set"—"in the set"; "set" being term used to indicate the room, house, cabaret, etc., built in the studio for the picture.

"Turn on the sun"—Want some light, chiefly sunlight arc.

"Klieg eyes"—The rays of the Klieg

lights strike an actor's eyes and injure them and he has "Klieg eyes."

"Shoot"—Take the picture.

"Furniture Hawk"—Property man.

"Slap that desk"—One property man tells another to place a piece of furniture in a certain position.

"You've got a holiday"—Holiday means a spot uncovered by paint.

"Rattle your hock"—Hurry up.

"Double exposure"—Trick of camera in making one person appear in the scene at the same time in different action, etc.

"Strike that set"—Tear down a set.

"Set dead"—All of the scenes have been taken and the set can be torn down.

"That's a strike"—The set may be torn down.

"Still"—A plain photograph—stationary objects—as contrasted with a moving picture.

"Tape it"—Cameraman's order to measure distance from players to camera.

"Let's have some stock"—Cameraman uses this when he wants his assistant to get more film.

"Getting any Static?"—Static is electrical current that exposes on film in streaks.

"Location"—"Out on location"—Taking scenes some place other than the studio floor.

"Dress" a set—Fixing up the details, such as hanging curtains, laying rugs, fixing articles on a table, etc.

"Hit So and So in the face with that mirror"—Turn the mirror so that it will reflect light on the person's face.

"Flood the spot"—Open the spotlight wider. "Flood" them with lights. Put strong lights all over persons in set.

"Hogging the camera"—Some one who always looks in the camera and wants to be prominent in every scene.

"Mr. and Mrs."—



When the handsome hero of "Dream Street" married little Marjorie Seaman, who was an extra girl in the Griffith production, the whole world wanted to know about her. So here she is—in the first pictures published since she became Mrs. Ralph Graves

Here is a real romance of the films. Married in the Middle-West, where Graves went to claim his bride, they had their honeymoon in a California bungalow. Ralph is making pictures for Goldwyn now. Marjorie seems to have forsaken her screen career, being quite content to preside over the Graves menage in Hollywood. She is petite and charming. Even the more jealous Graves admirers will find it hard to find fault with her!

Under-

THIS is another of a series of satirical articles on the different phases of life as portrayed in the motion pictures. Mr. Wright is one of the leading satirists writing in English today, and is the author of "Europe After 8:15," "Misinforming a Nation," "The Man of Promise," and numerous other well-known books

By
WILLARD
HUNTINGTON
WRIGHT

Decorations by
RALPH BARTON



The principal crime indulged in by the light-fingered denizens of the screen's underworld is the cracking of safes and the removal therefrom of pearl necklaces

THE underworld, as we are made privy to it in the average screen melodrama, is one mass of subterranean labyrinths, cryptic grottoes, and underground catacombs; and nearly every second or third building above ground is an opium joint in which every bunk is filled with comatose devotees.

Then there are the secret lodgings of wealthy Chinese criminals, fitted up like Oriental auction-rooms; and the elaborate "trick" dwellings of the "Master Minds" of the underworld, where, by pressing a button, panels slide away, trap doors yawn, bookcases disappear and become stairways, whole sections of floor revolve, arm-chairs collapse, and all manner of similar architectural surprises occur.

Furthermore, the screen's underworld is almost entirely populated with shady gentlemen who pursue lives of crime. Subtract the professional crooks from the motion-picture *demi-monde*, and all you would have left would be a handful of policemen, half a dozen blonde cabaret dancers, a few Chinese laundrymen, a score of bartenders, and a couple of pawn-brokers who look like Sir Forbes-Robertson Shylock.

These crooks of the screen fall into two distinct classes. The first is what is known as the "gentleman burglar." He is a dashing devil of astounding perspicacity, a rare gift for philosophic utterance, and an irresistible fascination for wealthy society *débutantes*.

This super-Raffles is at heart an honest and upright youth who has gone in for a nefarious life as the result of altruistic complexes, his object, as a rule, being a more equitable redistribution of the world's wealth. He robs only predatory Wall Street magnates of the tainted lucre which they, in turn, have looted from indigent widows and orphans.

This young philanthropic "gentleman burglar" may be distinguished by his snappily-cut suit of gaudy, checkered homespun, his fuzzy cap with the veranda-like visor, his light gray spats, and his watch-chain draped diagonally athwart his bosom. He is never without an enormous gold cigarette case and a long ivory holder.

The other type of screen crook is a low fellow. Evil oozes from every pore. The moment you rest eyes on him you know he is a criminal. He simply couldn't be anything else. He needs a shave, and his hair is a mere collection of "cowlicks." His ears protuberate, and he constantly keeps his eyes half-closed in that shifty, menacing way which crooks have.

HE, too, wears a cap, but it is dark and tight-fitting, and he pulls it far down over his eyes. He is always puffing on the stub of a cigarette in the extreme corner of his mouth, with the tip pointing almost straight downward; and he never exhales smoke except through his nostrils. He wears no cravat, though sometimes he ties a soiled bandanna about his throat; and his sack coat—which is of different material from his trousers—is always too large for him, and minus a button or two.

When at work at his trade, he (unlike the "gentleman burglar") merely encircles his lower features with a handkerchief. He is known by some such appellations as The Wolf, Once-over Dave, Short-arm Gus, Moll-Buzzer Ben, Hop-head Harry, or Jake the Blood. In fact, all the screen criminals are designated in this descriptive manner. A person named Harold Van Doozer or Percival W. Breckenridge could no more be a "movie" gunman than could an orthodox deacon or a male milliner.

world Life in the Films

The principal crime indulged in by the light-fingered denizens of the screen's underworld is the cracking of safes and the removal therefrom of pearl necklaces.

And no wonder! Screen burglars are veritable wizards when it comes to cracking safes. Compared with them Houdini is an armless infant. Give any one of them ten seconds and a hair-pin, and the door of any steel vault will fly open like nothing at all. It is positively miraculous. To them a six-inch, chilled-steel, reinforced, double-bolted safe offers no more difficulties than would a shoebox or a lunch-basket.

Moreover, they are capable of performing this burgling operation in the same room where the owner is peacefully sleeping, without waking him up! But then, the people who keep their valuables in their bedrooms are abnormally sound sleepers; for screen burglars always jimmy open the window of a room and climb inside without arousing the occupants; and, in addition, they invariably turn their spot-light directly into the sleeper's face and inspect it carefully before proceeding to the business in hand.

A certain peculiarity of the motion-picture cracksman should be mentioned here. It is this: he never lays his hands on any jewelry without pausing to admire its beauties. Always before making his getaway, he lingeringly feasts his eyes upon it, as would a connoisseur; he holds it in the light of his lantern and carefully appraises its workmanship, letting the gems run slowly through his fingers, with all the ecstasy and delight of a true artist. And he habitually does this when any second's delay may cost him his life.

One of the most amazing points about screen burglars, is their utter incapability when it comes to binding and gagging their victims. Even the frail young flappers whom they tie up to bed posts always manage to wriggle themselves loose, and to shift their gags, within a few moments of being secured. And, as for binding adult males—screen burglars might just as well fasten them once around with a piece of laundry twine, for they never stay put over thirty seconds.

Another incomprehensible thing about the underworld characters of the screen is that they hatch all their plots in public cafés within easy earshot of the victim's daughter who sits at the next table disguised as a gas-man. And when they are not able to call a public conclave, they



The "gentleman burglar" is a dashing devil of irresistible fascination for society debutantes

send each other detailed instructions in copper-plate handwriting, and always cast the note away, when read, on the floor within two feet of the victim's son, disguised as a charwoman. Or, if they don't send notes, they use a public telephone, habitually selecting one with a switchboard in charge of a policeman disguised as a working-girl.

The social life of the cinema burglar is fully as unique as his professional existence. When not engaged in nefarious operations in the boudoirs of the wealthy, he spends most of his time in a basement café (never one on the street-level or upstairs), drinking straight whiskies as fast as they can be brought him. He sits leaning far forward, with both elbows on the table, his cap on, and never smiles or moves his head to right or left. He merely rolls his eyes when desiring to look about.

(Continued on page 118)



They always hatch their plots in public cafés within earshot of the victim's daughter disguised as a gas man and the victim's son disguised as a charwoman

\$9000.00 On Christmas Eve

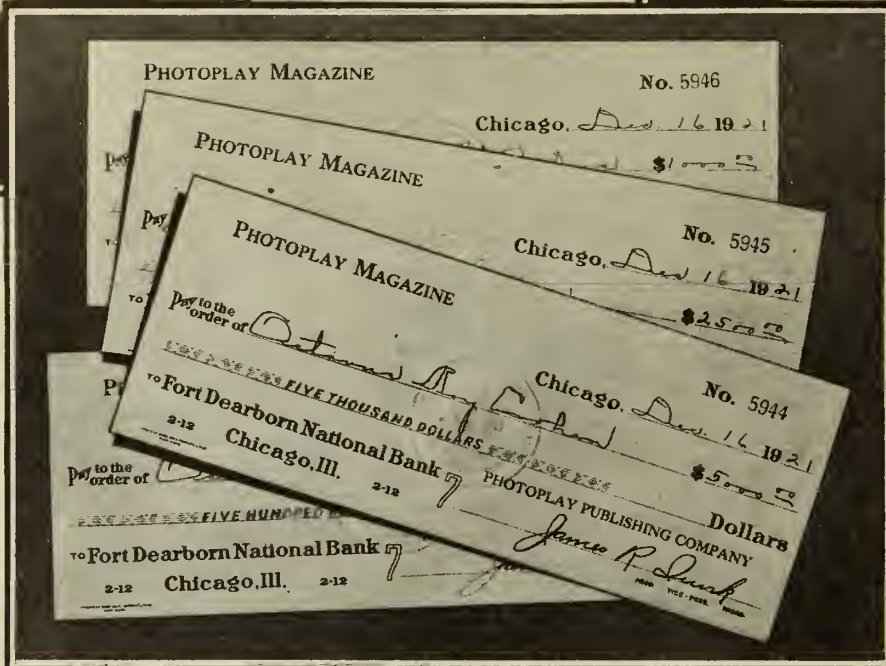


Octavus Roy Cohen, the veteran, carried off the grand prize. \$5,000

HERE are the four writers who are entitled to the distinction of being the winners in PHOTOPLAY'S short story contest, the big magazine feature for 1921. East, west, and south—all are represented. The successful contestants are Octavus Roy Cohen, \$5,000, for "The End of the Road"; Mrs. Greye La Spina, \$2,500, for "A Seat on the Platform"; Adela Rogers St. Johns, \$1,000, for "Dog in the Manger"; and Oscar Graeve, \$500, for "His Brother."



Mrs. Greye La Spina, who is new to most readers of popular fiction



Christmas eve—a warm fire, lots of the season's cheer—contentment supreme at the yuletide hearth. And then the door bell rings. It's a special delivery letter, a check, one of those so temptingly pictured at the right.

Yes, old Santa was so eager to bring the glad tidings to the prize winners that he couldn't wait until morning. So he called on the post-office to help him in this emergency. Result: four pre-Christmas jubilees.

How will they spend these checks—a total of \$9000?

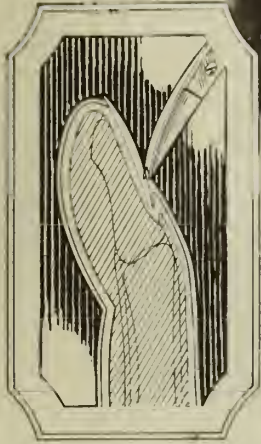


Adela Rogers St. Johns—her prize winning story was her first

The deciding board were Fanny Hurst, John Farrar, editor of the Bookman; Professor A. F. Wilson, School of Journalism, New York University; Ray Long, editor of Cosmopolitan, and James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY. A tabulation of the points each story had received was made. A first place was marked four points; second, three; third, two; and fourth, one. When the points for each of the contestants were added up, the ranking of the twenty-four candidates was at once obvious. The four with the highest being, of course, the prize winners.



Oscar Graeve—seasoned both as a writer and as an editor



You cannot cut the cuticle without piercing through in places to the delicate nail root that lies only one-twelfth of an inch below the surface of the cuticle

What causes hangnails?

*You need never again
have a raw, ragged cuticle*

AUTHORITIES agree that hangnails are caused either by neglect or by wrong methods of care. If neglected, the cuticle will grow fast to the nail. As the nail pushes forward, the cuticle stretches until it can stretch no more. Then it splits—and you have a hangnail. Or, if you cut the cuticle with knife or scissors, you are likely to pierce through to the nail root and then you get the same result.

To prevent hangnails, therefore, you must constantly detach the cuticle from the nail—but you must do this without cutting or breaking it or you will have hangnails just as surely as if you neglected it.

This thin fold of scarf-skin is like the selvage edge of a piece of cloth. When it is cut or torn, the whole nail rim gradually ravel's out. This is why you can never have smooth nail rims when

you make a practice of cutting the cuticle.

Cutex Cuticle Remover will soften the cuticle, gently loosen it from the nail, and take off all hard, dry edges. If you will throw away your manicure scissors and begin to use Cutex regularly, you will never again have hangnails. Your very first trial will leave your nail rims smooth and even—however rough you may have made them by cutting.

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Then for the gleaming luster that you want for your nails, try the two new polishes that Cutex now offers you. Cutex Powder Polish is practically instantaneous. With just a few light strokes, it gives you the highest, most lasting luster obtainable. Cutex Liquid Polish goes on with an absolutely uni-

form smoothness, dries instantly, and leaves a delightful luster that keeps its even brilliance for at least a week.

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To many thousands of people, a Cutex Set is now an absolute toilet necessity. You can buy them in three sizes, the Compact Set at 60c, the Traveling Set at \$1.50, and the Boudoir Set at \$3.00. Or each preparation can be had separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

Introductory Set—only 15c

Send today for the new Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), the new Liquid Polish and the new Powder Polish, with orange stick and emery board. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. 703, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

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Introductory Set*



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“Foolish Wives”

A review of a picture that
is an insult to every American

SO much publicity has been given this picture, which was released too late to be included among the Shadow Stage reviews, that we feel our readers would like to know what it is all about.

This—the much heralded million-dollar production—has been shown at last, in fourteen reels. It is the most eccentric film ever put together. At times startlingly beautiful, at other times repulsively ugly, it is an amazing hodge-podge.

The American public cannot be expected to pay the million dollars that Universal, and Erich von Stroheim, have wasted, not spent.

An unworthy theme, the ugly amours of a pseudo-count from Russia, it has been produced with consummate care and unceasing imagination.

There is no doubt that Mr. von Stroheim probably spent almost the press-agented million on his sets and other effects; if he had spent as much time on his story—if he had had a tale worth telling—he would have earned the applause of that Broadway firstnight audience and every other audience in the world.

As it is, he has made a photoplay that is unfit for the family to see; that is an insult to American ideals and womanhood.

To point a doubtful moral, von Stroheim has adorned a gruesome, morbid, unhealthy tale. That he could give to it his admitted genius for detail and artistic talents is nothing short of incredible.

Portraits such as Griffith himself never dreamed of. Beautiful bits of acting. Monte Carlo, as real as itself. Photography and decoration of unsurpassed appeal. And an insight into continental morals and manners such as only, so far, we have been able to get from certain books and paintings.

All wasted, on a story you could never permit children or even adolescents to see. A story that sickens before you have seen it half told. Your verdict is ready before the end.

Absurdities and atrocious melodrama; astounding subtleties and keen beauty—a beautiful waste.

Von Stroheim wrote the story. It is, as we have said, morbid; more, it is unreal. He has lifted one of his most effective episodes right out of Frank Norris' masterpiece, “McTeague.” At other times, he is almost original. He never knows when to let a scene alone; he whips it into insensibility before he lets it go. Consequently, every sequence is twice too long.

This picture, which has been advertised, actually, as “a one-hundred per cent American” enterprise, is an insult to every American in the audience. Consider: an American, of sufficient prestige and importance to be selected by the President of the United States as a special envoy in charge of a vitally important mission to the Prince of Monaco, is depicted as a man who does not know how to enter a room or wear formal dress!

His wife is represented as the type of woman who strikes up a terrace flirtation with a Russian count who accepts money from a serving maid! To say nothing of the continual innuendo as to American ideals; the little sly thrusts at our traditions and our sentiments.

The actors are all good. Rudolph Christians is excellent; Miss DuPont pretty and perfumed and exceedingly commonplace as the Foolish Wife—there is only one of them. Mae Busch is sparkling and would have been more if she had had an opportunity; Maude George makes the most of her rôle; she has it—the talent and the temperament; Dale Fuller is exceedingly good. Von Stroheim, who is a competent actor at all times, projects himself into too many scenes.

He has abused his directorial privileges.

This film may make money. That is a question. It is not a picture that will do you any good. It is not good, wholesome entertainment.

It is not artistically great.

It is really nothing.



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Beach & Motor Brand

Hand Made Twice Sterilized
All Shades

Cap or Fringe 15c EACH Gray and White Double Price



For Every Wear - Everywhere

The West "Elsie" Coiffure

A striking hair dress, becoming to almost every type. This charming style and several others are described and illustrated in our beautiful little booklet, "Guide To Hair Dressing At Home," sent postpaid on receipt of 6c.

WOMEN in every walk of life are learning to give preference to the West Hair Net. The West Beach and Motor Brand is gaining favor for every wear—everywhere. Its durability makes it ideal for sport wear, while its liberal size, its shape and invisibility make it the choice net for social and business wear.

Thirty inch strands of specially selected hair instead of the usual 18 inch lengths are used in all West Nets and the West process renders them both invisible and exceptionally strong. There is a West Net for every shade of hair, including gray and white.

West Hair Nets are woven more closely than other nets, being 12 x 38 instead of the ordinary 10 x 38 mesh.

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West Hair Curlers

are unsurpassed in producing any wavy effect desired. Simply dampen the hair slightly and wind loosely around the curler.



This simple little curler cannot catch, cut or injure the hair.

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Hair Curlers

SOFTEX

The Shampoo Exquisite

Softex preserves the natural oils and will make your hair look thicker, softer and lovelier. An absolutely safe shampoo. With or Without Henna.

One Size Only
10c a package

WEST
Softex



Your Dealer Should Have Them

NOTE: If your dealer cannot supply you, order from us direct, enclosing purchase price and your dealer's name and address.



Petrova's Page

JEANETTE:

I hope that my telegram, thanking you for your beautiful letter of good wishes for my recovery, reached you with due speed.

Upon my soul, it really takes some untoward happening such as my accident to show one that so many gentle thoughts exist. I was very much intrigued by one sentence in your note, with that genius for contradiction, that seems to be your most characteristic attribute you say, "Do tell me all your sensations when you saw that the accident was going to happen, although, when I come to think of it, you must have been unconscious, poor darling."

As a matter of fact I was never so clearly conscious in my life. As the street car ripped a huge gash in the side of my beautiful new landaulet, and I saw, through the crescent of my arm—I had put up an elbow to protect my face from the splintering of the glass—its big shiny surface, it occurred to me that I had never before properly appreciated the relative size of a mere human in comparison with a metropolitan tram.

The next thought that came to me was that something had snapped in my back and that I was not occupying my seat with the same dignity of poise that is usually mine, even under the most trying circumstances. However, summoning what was left of my *sang froid* to my aid, I managed to walk across the street and into the building in which Dr. Stewart has his office. Whereupon my third thought was that if I were going to shuffle off this mortal coil I couldn't have chosen a more convenient spot in which to perform the operation.

Doctor (John D.) had left for Great Neck—he did not know of my surprise visit to drive him home—but Dr. Post, who has an office on the floor above, came down immediately with his nurse and had a beautiful bandage over my entire diaphragm before the crowd had even dissolved from Fifty-ninth Street.

By the way, Jeanette *cherie*, have you ever stopped to consider what a number of people there are in the world that always have time to spare from their personal affairs to devote to impersonal matters, that at the best, have but a morbid interest?

However, to resume—Dr. Erdmann (you remember did all that wonderful work on Caruso; and by the way I shall never cease grieving that Caruso left for Italy when he did), came in, in about twenty minutes.

For the second time this year, Dr. Erdmann left his dinner untouched on my account. He confirmed Dr. Post's diagnosis of fracture of the seventh and eighth ribs, an inch from the spine. What a little space, and yet how important is an inch, particularly in a matter of spines!

I was sitting quite peacefully in a chair by the open window, deep in argument on the labor situation, when Doctor (whenever you see Doctor spelled in it's entirety, it means Dr. Stewart) rushed in. He was looking more perturbed than I have seen him in many moons. I insisted on finishing my views on the present economic typhoon before walking the intervening block to the Plaza. Dr. Post and Doctor were both possessed with the idea that I should take a bumpy ambulance to the Post Graduate Hospital. Dr. Erdmann with a wisdom, not often found in man, didn't attempt to combat my already expressed intention, and merely remarked that the ribs and bruises were mine, and that if I decided that the Plaza was the place to take them to, there was no more to be said.

Arrived in a hastily prepared suite I sat up till eleven o'clock arguing, or rather listening to an argument on the results of radium on superficial cancer. I dined excellently well, on a fine codfish steak fried in butter. Have you ever tried codfish steak fried in butter?



Olga Petrova, who is now scoring a personal triumph in a play she has written and directed

People that I had thought had for ever erased my image from their memory; people that had cherished some real or imaginary grudge against me, either sent messages of sincerity and love, or came to express that love in person. For two days, no queen ever held more royal court than I held then.

As I put down my pencil for a second, the tears dim my eyes. I, that am scarcely sensible to personal suffering, am very sensitive to gentleness of spirit. And as I sit here, at Franklyn, Pennsylvania, looking across to the hills that border the Allegheny; hills that pierce the low-hanging mist, I smell again the perfume of that flowery room and I live again the memory of hands clasped deep in understanding. I think that the odor of those memories will be ever sweet in my nostrils, long after those nostrils have been stopped with dust.

On the Friday (the accident as you know, happened on Thursday) after my dear Dr. Erdmann had left—he came at nine o'clock before going to his office—Alan Dale called. He sat with me for more than an hour. We talked of everything under the sun, grim, serious, and gay. Everything, even the most sardonic of subjects held a humorous quirk. Alan Dale had broken some ribs (front ribs) some time before and we had a wonderful time comparing symptoms.

Miss Jacobs came in as Alan Dale left, and after her my poet. You met Adolphe Roberts at the house; you remember? But there—if I start to tell you of all the people that came I shall never get to the bull fight at all.

I might mention, however, in passing that we started to cast the "White Peacock" that day and rehearsed the next. In conclusion I might repeat how really glad I am that the whole affair took place, not only on account of the new and tender relationships it established, but also because it strengthened a philosophy in me that needs strengthening.

I never was very materialistic, as you know. I have never given much consideration to "The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," but I have an even less regard for them now than before. I have found a greater peace than I ever thought possible. As I look again to the hills I realize how little our individual happenings matter in the collective evolution of things.

(Continued on page 86)

AMAZING NEW EXPERIMENTS WITH YEAST just completed by one of America's great Scientists

*Ideal health maintained on
diet with Fleischmann's Yeast*

*White rats chosen because they
eat and thrive on the same
kind of food as man*

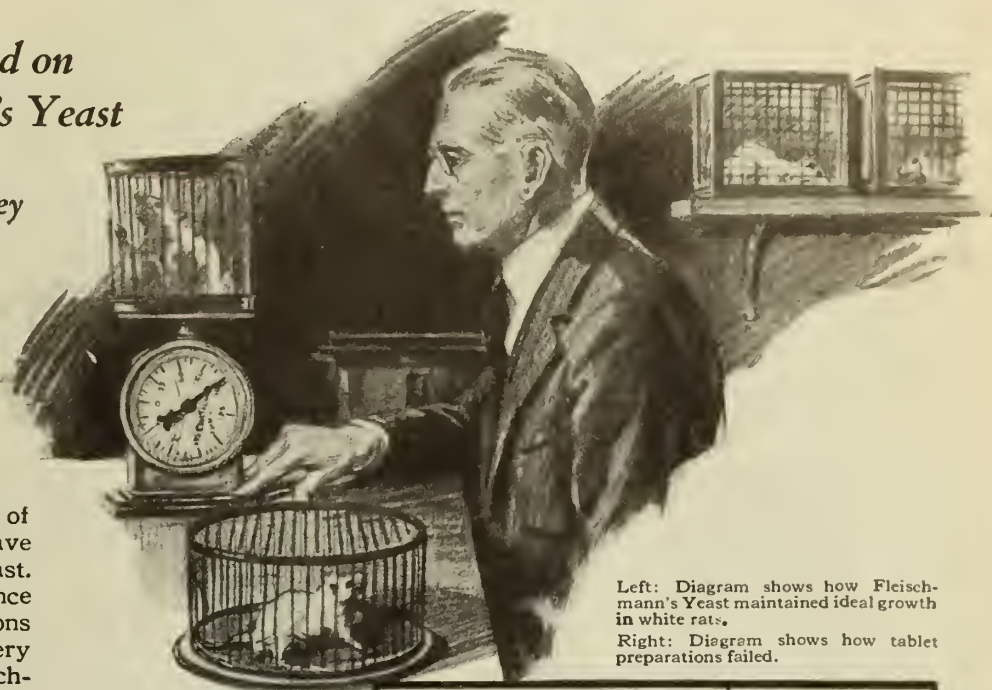
ACTUAL feeding experiments of far reaching significance have recently been completed on yeast. The findings are of vital importance to yeast therapy and to the millions of men and women—1 out of every 5 you meet—who are eating Fleischmann's Yeast.

One hundred and fifty white rats were fed meals of the same food value that any man or woman might eat. No element was missing except the water-soluble vitamin B. The rats, which were young and sleek to start with, at once began to lose weight and strength.

When the loss in weight had progressed to a definite point, Fleischmann's Yeast was added to the white rats' diet at the rate of .2 gram a day. The white rats ate the yeast greedily. Immediately they began to pick up and soon reached normal weight. They maintained normal growth from then on as long as they ate Fleischmann's Yeast.

Identical feeding experiments were made with a number of yeast preparations in tablet, capsule and other forms now on the market, and also with a different kind of yeast from Fleischmann's.

In every case, instead of recovering, the rats lost weight steadily until the dose was increased from .2 gram to .7 gram and upward to as many as two whole grams. In two cases satisfactory growth was never



Left: Diagram shows how Fleischmann's Yeast maintained ideal growth in white rats.

Right: Diagram shows how tablet preparations failed.

attained. The animals remained infantile in appearance and in size.

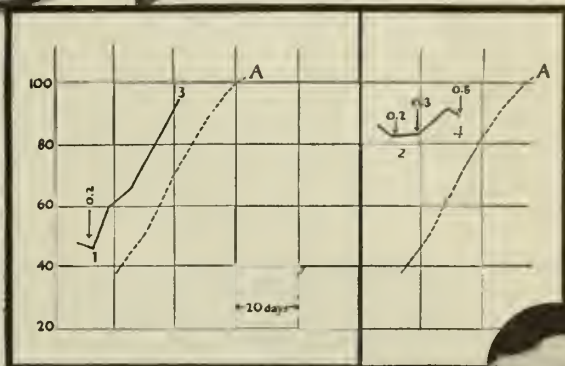
*Findings on white rats
hold good for human
beings*

In scientific research white rats are always chosen for feeding experiments because they eat and thrive on the same kind of food as man. Just as a white rat cannot maintain normal vigor and health without the vitamin B, neither can a human being.

Many of the meals that we eat every day lack this necessary vitamin. The result is a gradual lowering of health until the body loses its resistance and quickly becomes a prey to disease. Indigestion, chronic constipation, lack of energy, are the first and most important symptoms.

Later in life this lowered vitality shows in premature age and even death. Each year thousands of young men and women in America die unnecessarily of diseases that come normally only with old age.

Fresh yeast is a food



Dotted lines A represent ideal growth.

1 and 2—low points reached on diet without vitamin B and where feeding with Fleischmann's Yeast (left chart) and tablet preparation (right chart) began. 1-3 and 2-4 represent growth of white rats after being fed Fleischmann's Yeast (left) and tablet preparation (right). Note how closely the Fleischmann's Yeast line, 1-3, follows the ideal line and how tablet preparation, line 2-4, fails to follow ideal line.



FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is a food—not a medicine

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Commandments of the Films

I

NO respectable member of the fair sex may partake of a cigarette. Smoking is a practice indulged in only by vampires, adventuresses, pleasure-loving ladies of the ensemble, and callous leaders of the *haut monde*. Any woman who inhales the fumes of tobacco through a holder is a wanton, a Jezebel, a lost soul.

II

IT is sinful for a gentleman to confer even a chaste kiss upon a maiden—no matter how intimate or of how long standing their friendship—until it is formally understood between them that they are to be legally married in the immediate future.

III

UNDER no circumstances may a man save himself from disaster at the expense of a woman's discomfiture or embarrassment, however unworthy or culpable she may be. For example: even if he is falsely accused of murder and is facing the hangman's noose, he may not establish an alibi by mentioning the fact that on the evening of the crime he was with a certain lady at a cabaret; for some people might think it was indiscreet and unconventional of her to have gone to the cabaret unchaperoned.

IV

NO woman may shoot a man—not even in defense of her life or her virtue. She may draw a gun and hold a burglar or other villain at bay—this, in fact, is very womanly; but rather than pull the trigger and thus become a murderess, she must let her antagonist overcome her and wrest the gun from her hand.

V

NO respectable girl may ever pretend affection which she does not feel. That is, she may not permit any man (except her fiance or her husband) to hold her hand or place his arm about her, even though by thus harmlessly dissembling her affections, she may hoodwink a base villain and thus save her aged parents from the poor house.

VI

IT is improper, if not downright indecent, for any wife to inform her husband that he is about to become a father. This indelicate domestic secret should be carefully and scrupulously guarded, so that the husband will remain in complete ignorance of it until, a few weeks before the actual event, he accidentally discovers her knitting the prospective baby's chemise.

VII

ANY man who dislikes pets is a scoundrel; and any woman who uses a lip-stick or face powder is a hussy.

VIII

ANY banker or real-estate broker who would foreclose a mortgage—no matter how often he has given warning, how long it is overdue, how much interest may be in arrears, or how little prospect there is of the money ever being paid—is a Shylock without heart or soul, for whom any fate, however dire, is far too good.

IX

A DUTIFUL daughter of poor and well-meaning parents should consent to sacrifice herself to the extent of marrying her parents' choice of husband. To refuse to wed the designated gentleman, to defy openly her parents' wishes in this respect, or to run away with the noble and manly lover of her own choosing, would be selfish and sinful. (But solace may be found in the fact that always, ere the wedding bells peal forth, the intended bridegroom is unmasked, and the way left open for the young lady's true lover.)

X

UNDER no circumstances may anyone tell a lie or indulge in a deception—not even if by so doing one may save one's life and the lives of other innocent persons. If, for instance, a woman is bound and helpless, and her assailants give her the choice between the literal truth and torture, she shall stick to the literal truth and put her trust in Heaven.

XI

FOR a man to fall in love with, and desire to marry, a girl who does not happen to reciprocate his passion, constitutes a crime; and a man thus smitten automatically becomes a villain.

XII

ANYONE who gives or attends a party where there are cocktails, Jazz music, confetti-throwing and shimmying, is an apostle of evil headed straight for perdition.

XIII

IT is highly immoral for a woman to wear a ring on her index finger. This particular style of personal adornment is an inevitable indication of a Godless existence.

XIV

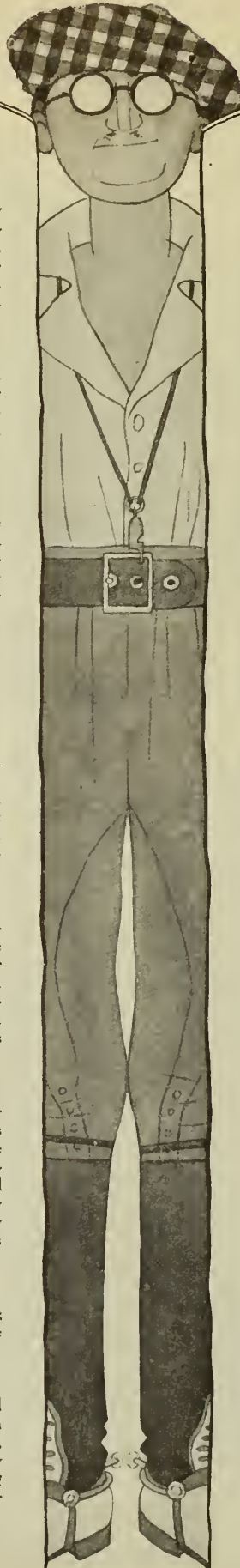
NO poor girl who has married a millionaire may accept so much as a nickel from her husband once he comes home liquored and attempts to kiss her. Nor may she even remain in the same house with him. She must leave her palatial home at once—that very night, in fact—taking nothing of any value with her—not even her jewelry or furs, since her husband has paid for them. And, penniless, she must seek to support herself by her own labor.

XV

NO lady who at all prizes her good name ever has breakfast served in bed, for it is a sign of fast living and spiritual indolence.

XVI

IT is always right and proper to become *particeps criminis*, provided you are a friend or a lover of the guilty person. Indeed, any young lady who would not hide a culprit, who is being chased by the police, behind the portieres in her boudoir and then pretend to the minions of the law that she is alone, is not worthy of a good man's love.





The Happiest Time of Her Life

Admiration, attention—groups of eager young men awaiting her appearance, and more partners than she can dance with—this makes girlhood days the happiest time of a woman's life.

To miss this popularity is a tragedy. Yet many girls are socially unsuccessful because of some lack in charm.

What constitutes this charm is hard to define—but one thing is certain. The popular girl, the successful girl, the gay, happy, all-admired girl is always distinguished by a fresh, radiant skin.

What spoils complexions

Every day your skin accumulates a coating of dust, dirt and general soil. Every day you apply powder, and every day most women use a little or much cold cream.

This dirt, powder and cold cream penetrates the tiny skin pores and fills them. Perspiration completes the clogging. You can judge for yourself what happens if you fail to wash these accumulations away.

Once a day your skin needs careful, thorough cleansing to remove these clogging deposits. Otherwise you will soon be afflicted with coarseness, blackheads and blotches.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited
TORONTO, ONT.

Also makers of a complete line of toilet articles

Volume and efficiency produce
25-cent quality for only

10c

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How soap beautifies

Mild, pure, soothing soap, such as Palmolive, is a simple yet certain beautifier. Its profuse, creamy lather penetrates the network of skin pores and dissolves all dangerous deposits. Gentle rinsing carries them away.

The lotion-like qualities of the Palmolive lather keeps your complexion delightfully soft, fresh and smooth.

Cleopatra's way

With all classic peoples, bathing was a daily rite never neglected. The ruins of Cleopatra's sumptuous marble bath are ample proof of her faith in this ancient beauty secret.

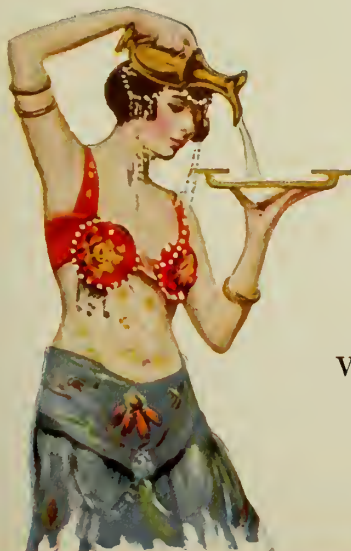
Palm and olive oils were the cleansers used—the same bland oriental oils we blend scientifically in Palmolive.

A 10-cent luxury

The vast volume in which we produce Palmolive to supply the world-wide demand naturally lowers cost.

If made in small quantities the price would be at least 25 cents. Manufacturing economy permits us to offer this finest facial soap for only 10 cents, a price within the reach of all.

Use Palmolive for bathing and let it do for your body what it does for your face.



Pompeian Beauty powder



They Turn to Admire

What is it they admire so much—the radiance of her lovely coloring? Yes, but even more the sparkle of her eyes, the glow of her expression, that come from knowing her skin is like a rose and that she is looking her very best.

One bit of magic gives her this enviable position—this radiant confidence. She knows the secret of Instant Beauty—the complete “Pompeian Beauty Toilette.”

First, a touch of 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 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? Lastly dust over again with powder to subdue the Bloom. Presto! The face is beautified and youth-i-fied in an instant! (Above 3 articles may be used separately or together. At all druggists, 60c each.)

TRY NEW POWDER SHADES. The correct shade is more important than color of your dress. New NATURELLE is a more delicate tone than Flesh, blends with medium complexion. Our New RACHEL shade is a rich cream tone for brunettes.

“Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian”

Day Cream (60c) . . . holds the powder
Beauty Powder (60c) . . . in four shades
Bloom (60c) . . . a rouge that won't break
Massage Cream (60c) . . . clears the skin
Night Cream (50c) improved cold cream
Fragrance (30c) . . . talc, exquisite odor
Vanity Case (\$1.00) . powder and rouge
Lip Stick (25c) . . . makes lips beautiful



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 Co., at Cleveland, Ohio.

TEAR OFF NOW

To mail or to put in purse as shopping-reminder

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY
2131 Payne Ave., Cleveland, O.
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.



Get 1922 Panel—Five Samples Sent With It

“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. You can make many interesting beauty experiments with them. Please tear off coupon now and enclose a dime.

THE POMPEIAN CO., 2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Also Made in Canada

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MANGLING THE MOVIES

Will the senseless-ship rules of the future prohibit winking and pea-shooters?

THE reform wave hits a high-water mark with the coming of senseless-ship for the movies. The censor will approach his task with an open mind and an open pair of scissors. Pruning the photoplay shall be his life endeavor.

Senseless-ship should be a boon for the masses. Under its soothing regime, Charlie Chaplin must dress in tight-fitting boots and walk the straight and narrow trail. No more hops for Charlie. (See anti-hooch clause in senseless-ship rules.) Nor may Doug hit the high spots, howsoever agile he feels, nor Bill Hart twirl automatics on all ten knuckles. None of that rough stuff! Under the blessings of senseless-ship, films must be developed in Grade A mild and baby ribbon run through the perforations. And scenario writers heavily bonded.

The first litter of rules from the senseless-ship board will run more or less like this:

Kisses will be limited to four lips and two feet.

Scenes showing lady having breakfast in bed shall be cut to thirty seconds, Eastern time, and the bed quilt must be two inches thick.

Eggs used in custard pies must be passed by the National Board of Censorship. (Western eggs permitted in Western pictures.)

Crimes of the underworld, such as spitting on the sidewalk, pointing with the finger, walking on the grass and making faces at policemen, are absolutely barred.

Dice must not be thrown on the screen.

Cigarettes are not to be admitted within focus except when accompanied by an adult.

Vampires shall wear corsets and petticoats. Roses and poppies may not be worn, by vamps, but lilies of the valley

and sweet peas are permitted. All drugs prohibited from the screen except flaxseed poultices, corn plasters and slippery elm lozenges. Automobiles in chase scenes shall blow their horns when approaching schoolhouses. Photoplays directed by ex-blacksmiths and bricklayers must have titles written by college graduates. Bare limbs forbidden except when covered by bark, arsenate of lead or other gypsy moth preventatives. Bathing suits taboo except outside the three-mile limit.

Liquors and other beverages that make one reel are positively barred. Cracked ice may be used for Eliza-escaping-the-bloodhounds scenes, but not as accessories before the fact.

Underwear may be shown for ten feet, except when inhabited. Filmy lingerie must not be filmed. And there is an arbitrary ban on such educational films as "How to Dress a Window Properly," or scenic reels such as "How Modest Mother Nature Covers the Bare Spots."

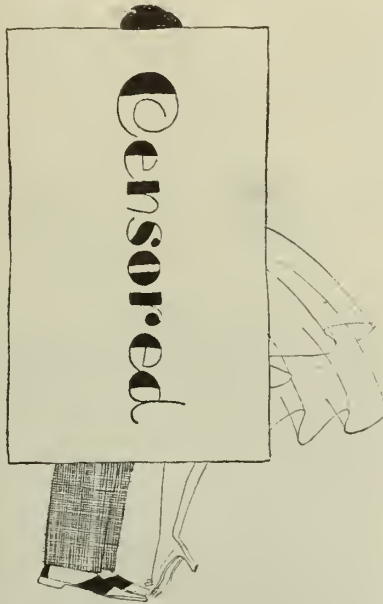
In amorous scenes, all winking must be done with both eyes simultaneously. Ladies must not drop their handkerchiefs except when suffering from nervousness. Kissing prohibited except when couples are engaged. Husbands kissing their wives will be allowed in comedy films. Hugging permitted only between long lost relatives, lodge members and college students after a football victory, except in co-educational institutions.

Scenes showing the following firearms and weapons are forbidden: Automatic revolver, six-shooters, seven-shooters, pea shooters, dirks, stilettos, swords, rolling pins, hat pins, machine guns, muskets, cannons, battleships, sandbags, vanity cases, brass knuckles, lead pipes, umbrellas, parasols and depth bombs.

Suicides forbidden except on doctor's order.



Scenes showing lady having tea in bed shall be cut to thirty seconds.



Kissing will be prohibited.

By
NEAL
R. O'HARA

Decorations by
Ralph Barton

Real Work for Censors

IF the censorial folks really want to do something worth while, they should take a lesson from the recent New Haven motion picture theater catastrophe. When the Rialto motion picture theater burned, causing eight deaths and a score of injuries, the city authorities immediately closed the theaters of the city until they complied with the theater building laws and ordinances. There are thousands of theaters in America today in which these laws for the safety

and health of audiences are being violated, but nothing happens until somebody dies.

The busy-bodies of the films find it much more pleasant pastime to go about the country reviewing pictures with alarm and snipping their scissors than in doing some real constructive work.

But destructive work, to certain types of mentality, is always more delightful than constructive. It is an impulse of undeveloped minds to undermine, break down, de-

stroy. Ill-mannered boys and untutored savages come within this category. Besides, there is money—unfortunately—in the one, and not in the other. An English essayist of another day made a remark once concerning reformers, that is just as pertinent now as then. In effect he said: that certain pastimes were objected to, not because they were injurious, but because they gave pleasure to the spectators. Possibly he envisioned the censor of our times.

(Continued from page 56)



In order to get the accompanying picture it was necessary for Rupert Hughes and his staff to place the camera in the fireplace. In "Remembrance," which he wrote himself, Mr. Hughes, who is directing now, wanted to get over that POP stints himself for his family, so he photographed the family's feet, showing POP'S old boots and the elaborate footwear of the others

EVERYBODY knows how temperamental actors are supposed to be. Maybe they are.

But for one actor to hold up an entire company all day long, cost the company a large amount of dollars, and a high priced star and director a lot of effort of endeavor, all on account of a tooth, seems hardly sporting.

But that's exactly what happened on Tommy Meighan's set the other day.

The actor, having reached the mature age of seven months, was having a difficult time with an impending tooth and he couldn't see anything in the world worth smiling at. They couldn't change him, because he was already in the picture, so they had to wait.

Anybody that won't smile for Tommy Meighan, must be teething.

BETTY COMPSON has the most beautiful new fur coat in Hollywood.

A dark, rich seal, fitted at the waist line with a long rippling skirt and a wide flaring high collar of chinchilla with deep cuffs to match, it sets off Betty's Titian loveliness to the best possible advantage.

THE opening of "Orphans of the Storm" was an event in the film world of the east.

The poor picture people there so seldom get a chance to turn out in honor of one of their luminaries that a Griffith premiere is an occasion.

Of course, everybody was there. Everywhere you turned you saw a celebrity. The demand for seats was so great that many in the Griffith organization stayed at home playing pinochle rather than deprive well-known screen stars of the privilege of witnessing Griff's newest production. When you hear that Fannie Hurst occupied a seat in the last row you'll know it was packed.

In their box, Lillian and Dorothy Gish,

the stars, were the center of attention. Both the girls were visions in white: as simple, as demure, as modest as if Broadway had never acclaimed them with cheers that shook the house. In another box was Mae Marsh,

a former Griffith player, whose applause was generous and whole-hearted. Carol Dempster was there, too, with the Greys. When Mae Murray and her husband walked down the aisle everybody nudged everybody else. Jesse Lasky seemed to be enjoying himself. Dick Barthelmess and his mother were together—the younger Mrs. Dick being out of town in a play of her own. Monte Blue, the superb *Danton* of the picture; Kate Bruce; Joseph Schildkraut, and all of the players were present.

After the performance, which thrilled and moved the audience to a greater degree perhaps than any of the other Griffith masterpieces, the director made a speech—one of his characteristic addresses. Then Lillian Gish answered the applause with a sweet and simple word that made everyone love her more. She was undoubtedly the bright particular star of the evening. You should have seen the celebrities who crowded into her box. Kate Claxton, who wrote the original story of "The Two Orphans," on which the Griffith spectacle is based; Mary Alden and Miriam Cooper, in town from California; Nathan Burken, the famous film lawyer; and Ernst Lubitsch, the German producer, who later issued a statement praising Mr. Griffith, the Gish sisters, and the whole American film industry, for this picture.

ALLAN DWAN is going to direct Douglas Fairbanks. This is the best news we have heard for a long time.

The Dwan-Fairbanks combination produced some of the greatest pictures the screen has known. Remember, "Manhattan Madness" and "The Mark of Zorro"? Well, the new production is to be the further adventures of *Zorro*.

Mr. Dwan is in the west now, lining up his actors and doping out his continuity. We'll watch for this one. (Cont'd on p. 92)



When you see this on the screen, in "Yellow Men and Gold," you will never know it isn't the real thing. It is only a miniature ocean and mountains and ship, but it is just as convincing as actual "location"



Do not omit the nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream

Every normal skin needs two creams

One cream to protect it against wind and dust
Another to cleanse it thoroughly

Flaws that need a protective cream without oil

Windburn, roughness. To protect your skin from the devastating effects of the weather use Pond's Vanishing Cream before going out. This disappearing oil-less cream acts as an invisible shield, prevents dust and dirt from clogging the pores, and guards against windburn and chapping.

Shiny skin. Pond's Vanishing Cream used as a powder base will save you the embarrassment of a shiny nose or forehead. Dry and greaseless, it leaves a soft velvety surface to which the powder adheres smoothly and evenly for an indefinite period.

Tired, lifeless skin. When your skin needs instant freshening smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into it. Notice how the color brightens and the texture of the skin takes on more vigor. This reviving cream is based on an ingredient famous for its soothing qualities.

POND'S Vanishing Cream



Start today the use of these two creams

Both these creams are so delicate in texture that they will not clog the pores. Neither cream will encourage the growth of hair. They come in both jars and tubes in convenient sizes. Any drug or department store can supply you. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

Flaws that need a cleansing oil cream at night

Blackheads. Blackheads require a deeper, more thorough cleansing than ordinary washing can give.

Before retiring, wash your face with warm water and pure soap. Then rub Pond's Cold Cream well into the skin. Do not omit this nightly cleansing if you would have a clear lovely skin.

Wrinkles. At night rub a generous amount of Pond's Cold Cream into the skin. This rich cream acts as a tonic, rousing and stimulating the skin and supplying the oil that is needed to ward off wrinkles. Particular attention should be given to the fine lines about the eyes and mouth and at the base of the nose. Rub with the lines, not across them. Too vigorous rubbing is often harmful, but gentle, persistent rubbing is always helpful, no matter how sensitive the skin.



Before going out into the cold air smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into the skin



POND'S Cold Cream

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
132 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.

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Mary Garden
as Carmen

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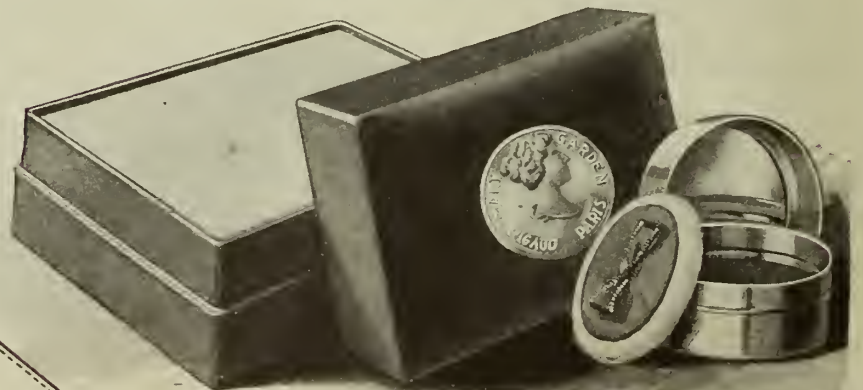
FACE POWDER and ROUGE
Fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden

A TOUCH of MARY GARDEN ROUGE—a puff of just the shade of MARY GARDEN POWDER that blends with your coloring—and yours is the bloom that vies with the petals of a rosebud.

Both are delicately fragrant with exquisite PARFUM MARY GARDEN—the perfume of youth and beauty.

*Send for a Bijou Box of MARY GARDEN FACE POWDER
for your handbag*

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO., New York, Sole Distributors



GEO. BORGFELDT & CO., Distributors
v. Rigaud, 72 Barrow Street, New York

Enclosed is 10 cents for which please send me your
Bijou Box of Mary Garden Face Powder.

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.

JERRY.—Yes—some of these leading ladies seem to be trying to eat themselves right off the screen. And some of them seem to be succeeding fairly well. Oh yes—my picture will be among those on the page of PHOTOPLAY's contributors. I blush—I blush.

EMMA K.—I would be very glad to tell you where you could get photographs of all the moving picture actresses. I would be very glad to know, myself. Would you be content with, say, three hundred and fifty photographs of motion picture actresses? Personally, I would be charmed to have ten: of Mary and Lillian and Gloria and Bebe and Norma and Elsie, et al.

LEO N., CHICAGO.—I have no formula for success in the films. The only way to do is to apply in person at the casting director's office at a studio. I have never heard of a player being engaged by long distance. You may send your pictures in; they will be filed, that much I know. But I don't think you could get a part on the strength of that. Sorry not to be more encouraging, but I am sure you prefer the truth to a lot of optimistic bunk.

LILLIAN H., JERSEY CITY.—You ask if I am really eighty years old, as it seems too good to be true. I'm sure I don't know why. Constance Talmadge is, I believe, instituting divorce proceedings against her husband, John Pialoglo; or perhaps it is the other way around. You see, I leave all that sort of thing to Cal York. Norma is happily married to Joseph Schenck, her manager and Constance's and Buster Keaton's. Natalie is the devoted wife of comedian Keaton. I hear that there is to be an addition to the *famille* soon.

BUCK.—Glad to hear from you. Glad my columns make you laugh. Glad—glad—glad—I'm a regular Pollyanna today. The western stars have often risen in the east. Bill Hart was born in Newburgh, N. Y. Harry Carey was born in New York City (read his story, "From City Streets to a Rancho" in this issue of PHOTOPLAY). Hoot Gibson's birthplace is Tekama, Nebraska; and Tom Mix's, Texas.

THE KID.—You pronounce Alla's last name Na-zeem-ova. Although I have heard many other plain and fancy pronunciations, I prefer this. I don't know whether Madame does or not, but I do.

PETER, PENNINGTON, N. J.—Mary Miles Minter is, I believe I am safe in stating, of age. I have her birthday as nineteen, twenty, and twenty-one. I leave it to you—and Mary. I wish Mary would please step forward and recite her age. Anyway, she is beautiful, unmarried, and five feet two inches tall. There was a rumor not so long ago that Mary was married and that Mary was engaged, both of which her mother, grandmother, and press representatives promptly denied. Mary is superintending the building of a new home in the Hollywood hills. She has made a fortune in the films.

T. C., SACRAMENTO, CAL.—Of course there is a real Barbara Dean. Very much so. She is a gorgeous young lady who was in Mr. Ziegfeld's entertainments and then followed the formula by going into pictures. She was in "Peter Ibbetson" and other films.

JOHN H., NEW HAMPSHIRE.—So you don't believe all you hear about these motion picture actresses? That's noble of you, John—just noble. I am sure they will all be very glad to hear it, too. Charles Bryant is married to Madame Nazimova. He is not appearing in films at present. Rudolph Valentino had the male lead in "Camille." Alla has made a film version of Ibsen's "Doll House," for release through United Artists, the same company which distributes Mary's and Doug's and Griffith's and Chaplin's pictures.

MARIE W.—Eric von Stroheim's latest picture is "Foolish Wives." It opened in Manhattan recently to a fanfare and a blare on Broadway. Eric himself is the villain in it; and the cast includes Mae Busch and Marguerite Armstrong, or Miss Du Pont. Lionel Barrymore is married to Doris Rankin, who acts with him in many of his plays and pictures.

MARGARET, SHAWMUT, CAL.—The Hollywood pronunciation is Bee-bee, and La Daniels pronounces it that way, herself, so it should be correct. Marie Doro and Elliott Dexter are not divorced. He is in Europe now on a long vacation. She is starring at present in a play called "Lilies of the Field." While amusing, it is hardly a masterpiece; but Marie is charming in it.

ANNA B., GARFIELD, N. J.—I do not know how you can obtain a photograph of the late Robert Harron, unless you write to the Griffith Studios in Mamaroneck, N. Y., and ask them what to do about it. I do not blame you, or laugh at you for desiring a picture of that great actor and fine man. I am sorry I cannot send you one.

SOLLIE.—That picture is an old one of Mary Pickford. The Photoplay-Goldwyn Screen Opportunity is not for men. Address Jack Pickford, care United Studios, Hollywood, Cal. This is the former Brunton studio, where now the productions of many of the most famous stars are made.

IRISH.—Tom, Owen, and Matt of Celtic extraction? Shure, and how did you ever guess it? So are Colleen Moore, Mabel Normand, the Gishes, the Pickfords. Tom Moore was born in County Cork. He is married to Renne Adoree and is the former husband of Alice Joyce. Miss Joyce, or Mrs. James Regan, Jr., seems to have definitely retired from the screen. She is no longer with Vitagraph. Bert Lytell is thirty-six; he is the husband of Evelyn Vaughn. They have no children. Yes—I think Lytell is a very good actor.

D. W. H., CAMP KNOX, KENTUCKY.—Glad to help you out. You are right. Thomas Meighan did not appear in "The Last of the Mohicans." Albert Roscoe played the rôle of *Uncas*. Wallace Beery was the wicked *Magua*. The picture was produced under Maurice Tourneur's direction for Associated Producers, which lately merged with Associated First National. I consider "The Last of the Mohicans" one of the classics of the screen, and am pleased that Tourneur is now making "Lorna Doone." (Continued on page 82)

(Continued from page 81)

JACKIE.—I missed you. Where have been? Abroad again? If so, I dislike you intensely. For years and years I have been saving my pennies for a European trip. Just as I get enough saved, I need a new suit, or the *Memoirs of Casanova*, in rare binding; or a new oil stove. However, I am patient; and I shall I am sure, get there someday. Gloria Swanson's newest film is "Beyond the Rocks," another Elinor Glyn story. Gloria made her stellar debut in Glyn's "The Great Moment." Bebe Daniels is with Paramount now that Realart has expired.

SHY, PHILADELPHIA.—My dear little girl—I thank you a thousand times for your splendid letter. I appreciate every word you write. Please do not be afraid to write to me very often. I am sure that if you

write Conrad Nagel as you wrote to me, he will send you his picture and maybe a personal letter. Pearl White, your other idol, was born in Missouri in 1880, and went on the stage as a child, appearing as *Eva* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She has been an actress ever since, gaining film prominence in the serials, and later branching out into features. Now, however, I hear she has again contracted to star in the chapter dramas. I'll let you know positively. Please write again soon. Be assured of my best wishes always. I like very much to receive your letters.

BARTHELMESS BOOSTER.—You and others should start a club. Your idol is married. If you write to Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City, they will send you a picture of Richard gratis.

MARY K., POTTSVILLE, PA.—I do not need a stenographer. I have a stenographer. She has hair with golden glints. I don't know the color of her eyes, or if she is long or short or thin or fat; I only know that she has hair with golden glints. I have had stenographers with red hair and titian hair and yellow hair and brown hair and even hair like a raven's wing. But give me, for efficiency and all-around ability, a stenographer with hair with golden glints. Louise Glaum played opposite Charles Ray in "The Wolf Woman." Vivian Martin is Mrs. Jefferson. James Rennie is in his early thirties. June Elvidge's marriage to Captain Badgely was her second venture in the matrimonial market. Priscilla Dean was born in New York. Yes, Miss Dean certainly has the most mischievous eyes, on occasion. (Continued on page 89)

LAMENTATIONS OF A LADY INTERVIEWER

By GLADYS HALL

IT is absurd to inject a person into a padded cell because that person happens to be fundamentally a rationalist.

Once, long ago, but I anticipate. . . . I am here, in this cell, under the supervision of frog-like alienists and other anemic pedagogues, because of two or three demonstrations of my Frobelian nature. To wit: I shoot all Pekingese on sight.

I abolish all chaise-longues after trial.

I use a pop-gun to shoot the electric bulbs out of floor lamps.

I commit a sort of wholesale movie matricide, in a perfectly painless manner. They never die in the house.

Once I was an Interviewer. A lady interviewer. By virtue or by vice of necessity. I bought my bread and didn't pay for it by asking questions of celluloid celebs and expecting answers. At first it was easy. At first I questioned not, neither did I listen. All I had to do was to insert detailed descriptions of the Peke's latest cunningness and give a word picture of the Taj-Mahal to fit a floor lamp—and there you are. And there I was. My ten bones for my ten questions was forthcoming. Slings in, as I always did for good measure, silken soothsayings anent hennad hair masacarad eyes and press-agents I soon had the celluloid celebs begging to be third-degreed.

And then, little by little—ah, seditiously—ah, insidiously—drowsy as a poppy—stealthily as a sweet narcotic—creeping—creeping—

They were ever, ever present—the Pekes—the chaise-longues—the mommers—the P. A.'s. I began to grow

apprehensive. I took to praying. "Oh, Confucius," I would bemoan me, "don't let there be a Peke . . . dear Confu, whatever ills may befall me on this my mission, don't let

it be a Peke. I don't want to write about a Peke, Con, I don't WANTER!"

Of no avail.

After awhile I got to the chaise-longues. "Ai, ai, Buddha", I would beseech me. "let there not be on this ONE little interview a chaise-longue whereon the silken limbs of Felicity Footlyte will be silkenly asprawl. Let her be upright on mission, or Chippendale Buddha. . . in Nirvana's name . . ."

But the gods were silent and heard me not. Then I knew. *They were fans.*

The Pekes were ever-present. The chaise-longues were omnipresent. The hair, hennad, the eyes masacarad—all—were

there. Always there. Ever there. Eternally there. Uneventfully there. Unoriginally there. Maddeningly there.

For every star a Peke, a chaise, a Mommer, a lamp. For every star a Chaise, a Peke, a mom, etc., etc., ad infinitum, ad nauseam, ad padded cellem—for me.

But now! Ah, divine! Relief—transcending relief! Solace unspeakable. Environment sublime! *Here* there are neither chaises, Pekes, henna, lamps nor mascara. *Here* there are but few mommers. *Here*, at last, is the Promised Land, denied me by the gods.

Here, where neither chai—nor I—aghhhhh—they're ggggggging me—they say I rave again—the needle, Watson, the needle—ai—ai—ai—ughhhhhhhhh!



I shoot all Pekingese on sight.



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And
They
Said
It
Wasn't
Smart
Any
More—
Oh,
Well—

DOROTHY DALTON isn't the sort of lady who abjectly follows the fashions as exemplified by the Parisian race-track experts. She has, in other words, a mind, and a style, of her own. No matter what has been said about bobbed hair—and a great deal has been said, ever since Irene Castle thought up the Castle coiffure—Miss Dalton likes it; and so the other day she clipped her abundant tresses, with the accompanying results.

She wears it straight, and very short, and banged. She can fix it two ways, both of which are illustrated here: soft and frilly, for evening; or pert and boyish, for daytime. They are equally becoming, and you'll say so too when you see her banged and bobbed in her newest photoplays. Dorothy has originated an absolutely new coiffure here. It isn't like Irene Castle's and it isn't like Anita Loos'. It is unique.

When the news first got about that Dorothy had bobbed her hair, people shook their heads sadly. It would never, never do, they said. Dorothy Dalton was too statuesque and picturesque with her own crown of hair. She wouldn't be La Dalton without it. And yet—here she is, and now that they've seen her, the same people are nodding wisely and saying, "She knew what she was doing! It's awfully becoming!"





Cribbage at a Glance

PLAYERS—2,3, or 4 as partners. Best, two-hand.
OBJECT OF GAME—To form various counting combinations, such as pairs, triplets, fours, sequences and fifteens.

DEAL—Cut for first deal in each game, low cut winning deal; deal alternates thereafter. Use full pack, deal 6 cards to each player, 1 at a time. Misdeal scores 2 points for opponent immediately. Each discards 2 cards face down to form "crib". It belongs to dealer but is not counted until after hand is played out. Pone (opponent) cuts pack and dealer turns up top card; this is called "starter". If it is a jack, dealer scores two points immediately.

THE PLAY—Pone plays any card from his hand face up on table in front of him and announces its numerical (or pip) value. (All kings, queens and jacks are announced as tens; other cards by number of spots.) Dealer then plays, announcing sum of his card and the one already played. Play continues alternately, each player keeping his cards separate and adding the value of each card to sum of those already played. This sum must not exceed 31. If a player has no card which will play within the sum of 31, he announces a "go". Pone continues until he reaches 31, or can play no further. Then cards played are turned face down, balance of cards in hands played out, hands and crib counted, (see below), and cards dealt for new hand.

POINTS SCORED DURING PLAY—The player who approaches most nearly to 31 during the play, scores 1 point; if he reaches 31 exactly he scores 2 points. If last card played does not make an even 31, it counts 1; if it makes 15, 3 points.

Combinations may be formed by opponents playing alternately and also by cards played from one hand (within limit of 31) after pone has said "go".
Fifteens—2 points are scored by player of card which makes the numerical value of the cards played exactly 15.

Pairs—2 points are scored by player of card of same denomination as that last played.

Triplets—6 points are scored for matching a pair just played, provided that neither 31 nor "go" intervenes. (Example: Three fours in sequence.)

Fours—12 points are scored by player of a fourth card matching triplets just played, provided that neither 31 nor "go" intervenes.

Sequences—When 3 cards in numerical sequence are played, the player of the last card counts 1 point for each card in the sequence, even though they are not played in numerical rotation. Player adding fourth card in sequence scores 4. An intervening card, duplicate, "go", or 31 breaks sequence.

COUNTING HANDS AND CRIB—After cards are played out, each player counts all points in his hand in combination with the "starter", pone counting first. After counting his hand, dealer counts his crib combined with "starter". Pair counts 2; triplets, 6; fours, 12; 3-card sequence, 3; each additional card in sequence, 1; fifteens, 2; and jack of trumps in hand or crib, 1 point.

Double Run of Three—(A 3-card sequence with a pair to one of the 3 cards), counts 8 points. **Double Run of Four**—(A 4-card sequence with a pair to one of the 4 cards), counts 10 points. **Triple Run**—Consists of triplets, with 2 other cards in sequence with triplet, 15 points. **Quadruple Run**—Consists of 2 pairs and a card in sequence with both, 16 points.

Fifteens—Formed by cards totaling 15 exactly, count 2 each time they are made. Use each card in as many different "15" combinations as possible. **Four-Card Flush**—4 cards of one suit in hand only (not crib), 4 points. **Five-Card Flush**—4 cards in hand or crib of same suit as starter, 5 points. The crib is not a flush unless the starter is the same suit.

STARTER—Is used only in counting the hands and crib.

MARKING SCORE—Points are scored as made on a "pull-up" board. See cut. Each hole counts 1 point. Players start from same end, pegging parallel with each other down outside edge and up inside to the sixty-first, or game hole.

GAME—61 or 121 points.

For rules on three-hand and four-hand cribbage, see "The Official Rules of Card Games" or "Six Popular Games" offered below.

U. S. Playing Card Co. Dept. U-4 Cincinnati, O. Sent postpaid books checked below.

U. S. Playing Card Co. Dept. U-4 Cincinnati, O. Sent postpaid books checked below.

- "Official Rules of Card Games" 200 games, 250 pages. 20c.
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How keen is your mind?

Do people like to associate with you? Are they attracted to you or do you have to run after them? It depends upon the alertness of your mind. And that is great or little, depending largely upon the recreation you indulge in. You can refresh yourself and improve yourself at the same time. Simply

Play cards for wholesome recreation

There is nothing like a game of cards for combined relaxation and stimulation. It makes you forget the worries of the day, but at the same time sets to work the mental faculties whose keenness has most to do with that indefinable thing called "charm."

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Petrova's Page

(Continued from page 72)



Many men came and went in her life

SHE fascinated each one only for a little while. Nothing ever came of it.

Yet she was attractive—unusually so. She had beguiling ways. Beautiful hair, radiant skin, exquisite teeth and an intriguing smile. Still there was something about her that made men show only a transient interest.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

And the pathetic tragedy of it all was that she herself was utterly ignorant as to why. Those of her friends who *did* know the reason didn't have the heart to tell her.

* * *

People don't like to talk about halitosis (unpleasant breath). It isn't a pretty subject. Yet why in the world should this topic be taboo even among intimate friends when it may mean so much to the individual to know the facts and then correct the trouble?

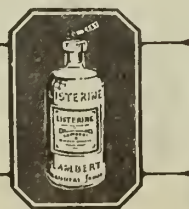
Most forms of halitosis are only temporary. Unless halitosis is due to some deep-seated cause (which a physician should treat), the liquid antiseptic, Listerine, used regularly as a mouth wash and gargle, will quickly correct it. The well-known antiseptic properties of this effective deodorant arrest fermentation in the mouth and leave the breath clean, fresh and sweet. It is an ideal combatant of halitosis.

So why have the uncomfortable feeling of being uncertain about whether your breath is just right when the precaution is so simple.

Listerine is for sale at your nearest druggist. He has sold it for years.

Address Lambert Pharmacal Company, 2180 Locust Street, St. Louis, Missouri.

For
HALITOSIS
use
LISTERINE



All this detail of the accident because you ask for it, and because Mr. Quirk suggested it. By the way in his last letter he remarked that this note to you should contain an account of the opening of the "White Peacock," but how on earth can I do that with only a few hundred words left. That will have to go until next month.

And now for a very brief description of a *corrida*.

In turning the pages of my memory book I find that the most impressive of the bull-fights that I witnessed was the *corrida* in honor of the *fête* of Corpus Christi, at Sevilla.

As my mind travels back, I remember that the eve of the feast is especially worthy of description.

The festival this year happened on the twenty sixth of May, but for days before the people of Sevilla had been making ready.

The whole square in the center of the city was hung with garlands, some of living flowers, many of artificial ones. Thousands of colored electric bulbs shed their light indiscriminately on garden roses and on roses fashioned of violent pink paper. Enormous altars, bearing life-sized figures of the Madonna and of favorite saints, stood cheek by jowl with ice cream wagons and fruit carts.

At seven o'clock, the tall candles on the high altars were lighted. Towards sundown a slight breeze sprang up and played hide and seek among the tall tapers. Now one succumbed to its whimsies only to be resurrected by its stronger next door neighbor, as the wind veered from its course.

Dancing, games, fortune-telling—by real gypsies from Granda—wore the hours away till midnight, when the crowds, that had gutted the square as well as the narrow streets of old Sevilla, began to dissolve gradually and the far off music of some sleepless lover merged with the all-night clanging of the church bells.

Doctor and I had been invited by some of the personnel of the city to witness the "boxing" of the bulls for the *corrida* on the morrow. We left the square at five

minutes after twelve for the "field," where the *toros* await preparation for their first and last journey to the ring.

This exhibition, I was given to understand, is reserved for friends of the *espadas*, the bull breeders, and for guests of the city, and is not available to the general public.

In our party, there were ten persons, all Spanish except Doctor and me. Doctor had a wonderful time talking English with a very polite Sevillian, who did not understand a word but who "filled in" with pigeon French.

We set out in victorias belonging to the various members of the party. The particular one assigned to me was drawn by two of the most beautiful Andalusian mares I have ever seen.

We followed the banks of the Guadalquivir for about a mile before turning into the gardens of Marie Louise. The moon shone down a silvery blue from a far away sky, on to the shadowy shapes of vessels that lay at anchor.

As we turned into the park we stopped for a minute to listen to the nightingales. Nightingales, Jeanette *chérie*, not just one nightingale, but a whole chorus of throbbing melting throats!

We stopped again at the Pavilion of Marie Louise. It stands in the center of an artificial lake, cradled in a grove of orange trees. Two peacocks were roosting on the roof. Their plumage was iridescent in the moonlight. The scent of the orange flowers was overpowering—

In thirty minutes we arrived at the field. At the entrance we were met by several *Guardia di Sevilla*, in their funny, shiny hats. They, very politely escorted us to our places on a high platform (one of two), raised above an enclosure about a hundred feet square. From these platforms one looks down into a narrow passageway, through which the bulls are driven, one by one, into their boxes. Adjoining it is the rest of the enclosure, bordered by a high wooden fence and an equally high wooden gate. (Concluded on page 87)

"Picking on the Pictures"

A NEW motion picture menace is discovered by the Dearborn Independent which now finds that America is being destructively misrepresented in foreign lands by the American made motion picture. It seems that "a woman in Java gave up a projected trip to the United States because the movies taught her that 'bandits, hold-ups, murders and risks' of all sorts make up our daily fare of life," according to the Literary Digest's quotation of the journal famous as the property of an authority on ten motor cars. It is also revealed that American film makers have been given to making special spicy scenes for the export versions of some of their dramas, that they have sent to primitive foreign lands films condemned here by censors, all of which is said to make native races look down on the white man in general and the American in particular.

It is fitting also in this same connection to call attention to a number of other shout-ing menaces:

American made sausage for export to Mediterranean countries is heavily spiced, often with garlic. That's bad for the oriental temperament.

American made gasoline stoves for South American trade are often painted a brilliant carmine.

American newspapers print murder stories on page one.

This is a regrettable phase of all business. Things are made to sell. The influences of the motion picture are not wholly good. Nothing in human expression is absolutely pure. The American Indian got Christianity and rum in the same shipload. The same British enterprise which took Anglo-Saxon culture to the Far East abetted opium in China. Good is often interbound with evil. It is the way of life.

But the world survives, even progresses, despite all this.

Henry Ford's Independent is merely engaging in that fascinating pastime now so popular, entitled "Picking on the Pictures," with the same brand of intelligence its owner uses in everything he undertakes outside his flivver factory.

There are a good many phases of the picture industry that could be improved. Perhaps they will be in time, the ultimate consumers of pictures permitting this to be done.

Petrova's Page

(Concluded)

In comparing the wild enthusiasm of the actual *corrida*, the festival of boxing the bulls is almost a solemn procedure.

Voices are hushed among those that exchange remarks on the chances of the following day, or on the respective merits of the *toros*. But for the most part, only the chirping of the crickets, or the occasional whirr of a nocturnally inclined cicada, makes itself heard. The glow of cigarettes shine feebly in the rays of the moon.

Suddenly there is a movement in the crowd; a restlessness, rather than concerted action. Far away the dull tinkle of the bells of the steers supplies the reason for this phenomenon. Then, a still duller sound of thumping hoofs, and one strains one's eyes, but the moonlight fails yet to show their owners.

Long breathless seconds—and then, dark moving shapes far out on the edge of the campus. Out from their native plains come the magnificent beasts, lured by the stupid steers to the very gate of their damnation—or their glory.

As they come nearer, one hears the heavy breathing of their powerful lungs and smells the odor indissolubly connected with cattle. The shapes of mounted herdsmen are now plainly visible, as they stand, with long, steel-pointed lances, to welcome them inside the enclosure.

There is a sound of a heavy door falling into place. The first bull has preceded his erstwhile friend, the steer, into captivity. He looks around wonderingly for his companion. The inexorable door divides him from his former comrade, for ever and a day.

He stands for a moment, both feet together. Then individually they paw the ground. The smell of bruised grass is very sweet to the humans, but to the bull there is something wrong. He lifts his enormous neck with a bellow of rage that cleaves the soft night. He turns. He runs. He runs the only way he can run—right into the narrow passage. Another door descends. Even the enclosure is cut off.

He bellows again. The odor of the beast is very strong now. He is right beneath one's very nostrils. His pelt gleams with sweat. Froth bubbles at his mouth.

He kicks desperately at the wooden walls of the partition. He tries his luck with his powerful horns; sometimes he may break a tip—that is all. Suddenly he sees a door open invitingly. He rushes through and into his wagon lit.

He lows with fresh energy. He kicks with renewed vigor. One feels that he will certainly smash so frail a thing as wood, as though it were paper, before he will resign himself, with ignorant complacency, to his journey to the bull ring. In the midst of the noise a shout goes up. He is forgotten in the excitement of the second bull.

And so eight are boxed before one makes ready for home again, in the peace of the moonlight, to the accompaniment of singing nightingales, that flit through the branches of the orange trees in the garden of Marie Louise.

Heavens! Still no description of the *corrida* proper!

Until next month, Jeanette, *chérie!*

WILL HAYS has quit the Cabinet for the films.

He has accepted the offer of, as quoted, \$150,000 a year to head a new organization of motion picture producers and distributors.



How Puffed Grains Disappear

The question with a million mothers is—Where do Puffed Grains go?

Girls use them in candy making. Boys eat them like peanuts in the hungry afternoons.

For these are food confections. The taste is like toasted nuts. And the flimsy, flavory texture is to children a delight.

Keep them supplied

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice, however used, supply whole-grain nutrition in the ideal form.

The grains are steam exploded. Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is easy and complete.

They are Prof. Anderson's inventions—the finest grain foods in existence.

Don't regard them as mere tidbits—just some regal breakfast dainties. What greater food can you imagine than Puffed Wheat in milk?

Be glad the foods are tempting. Before they came, most children got too little whole-grain diet. They can never get too much.

For between meals these are ideal foods. Digestion starts before they reach the stomach.

Puffed Rice

For breakfast, Puffed Rice with cream and sugar—the finest cereal dainty.

Puffed Wheat

For supper, Puffed Wheat in milk—whole wheat with every food cell blasted.

The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers

Easy!
You can learn
in a few weeks



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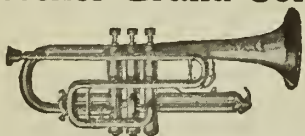
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Easiest of all wind instruments to play and one of the most beautiful. You can learn the scale in an hour's practice and play popular music in a few weeks. Practice is a pleasure because you learn so quickly. You can take your place in a band within 90 days, if you so desire. Unrivaled for home entertainment, church, lodge or school. In big demand for orchestra dance music. A Saxophone will enable you to take an important part in the musical development of your community. It increases your popularity and your opportunities, as well as pleasure.

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IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS

Constance Talmadge

GIRLS, you won't believe me! Constance Talmadge's passion is riddles! She is the author of "Treatise on Riddles", "Riddles, and How to Spring Them," and is now working on "Wild Riddles I Have Known!"

When I was ushered into Miss Talmadge's presence, she smiled brightly, and said, "Good morning, when is a door not a door?"

I stood dumfounded, and before I could speak she added, "Oh, that's too easy—when is a movie star not a star?"

"I g-give it up!" I stuttered in embarrassment.

"When she goes on the stage!" She laughed gleefully.

After I had partially recovered from my confusion, Miss Talmadge showed me the different books she had written and autographed eight for me. As I was leaving she whispered, "If you promise not to publish it I'll tell you my latest riddle!"

"What is it?" I said, hoarsely.

"Why do people live in Brooklyn? There's no answer!"

What's Wrong With the Business?

There is a widespread impression throughout the industry that there is something wrong with the business.

There are still many persons going about the industry who are supremely oblivious of the fact that a new order of things is in existence; that the days of floodtide attendance, regardless of attraction and exploitation, are gone and will not return, and that there is no longer an easy way to success in the film business.

Very generally throughout this industry persons sat back and calmly watched one industry after another come in for the inevitable readjustment. But when the readjustment processes finally touched this industry almost every reason, except the correct ones, has been pounced upon to explain the existing situation.

There is nothing hidden or mysterious about the situation facing this business. It amounts simply to a shrinkage of the public purse and a tightening of the strings around the amount that remains—which presents a problem that is peculiar not merely to the film business but is the same today for practically every other type of business.—Exhibitor's Herald.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 82)

K. W. S., SUNBURY, PA.—I try to imagine new things every day. I don't see any use standing still. You never do, anyway. Bebe Daniels does not appear in Harold Lloyd's comedies any more. But she made some of her own, for Realart. Now she is with Paramount, where I believe she is to be featured in big productions. She and May McAvoy another ex-Realartiste, are to have the principal feminine rôles in "Blood and Sand," the picturization of Ibanez' novel, which will star Rudolph Valentino. Yes, your Rudie is a star now. I suppose we should all dance and sing and shout. However, I sometimes have a temptation when I hear that a good leading man is to be starred to quote "another good actor gone wrong." But I won't.

MRS. IDA D., GARDNER, MASS.—Elaine Hammerstein is not married. But I hear she is seen a great deal with a well-known financier who would probably like to be Mr. Hammerstein. Elaine is a beautiful, very aloof young lady. She and Lumsden Hare were in "The Country Cousin." She is still starring for Selznick; at least, her name is still at the head of the Selznick sign on Broadway, N. Y.

L. A. N., EUREKA, UTAH.—I wonder about your gold embossed stationery, Lial. I think it's exceedingly unusual. Was it a birthday present? I hope you didn't buy it yourself, or I could never believe in you again. Olive Thomas died in Paris. She was very charming and a fine actress. Jack Pickford directed Mary in "Through the Back Door" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Now Mary is going to turn the tables on him and put him through his histrionic paces in "The Tailor-Made Man," which he has been threatening to make for a long time.

A. M. F., CANADA.—So Bill Hart sent you a picture of his Pinto. What a modest man Bill is! He and Winifred Westover are, according to all reports, very, very happy. They are at home now in Hart's beautiful Beverly Hills mansion. (It isn't a mansion at all, they say; it's just a comfortable and very homelike place. Hope so; can't imagine our Bill in a mansion.) William S. has brown hair, blue eyes, and is six feet one inch tall. He is forty-six years old. His bride is twenty-two.

GERTRUDE, STRAWBERRY POINT, IOWA.—Never heard of your town until today. Glad to meet you both. Juanita Hansen's latest picture is "A Western Princess." I believe she is touring a vaudeville circuit at present.

A. K., CHICAGO.—It's nice of you to want the date of my birth, but I don't remember it myself. I don't believe in birthdays, except for other people. I love to tell about theirs. Bebe Daniels was born January 14, 1901; Wanda Hawley, 1897; Harrison Ford, 1892; Thomas Meighan, 1887.

A. C. E.—So you like Richard Dix better than Wally and Dick and all the rest of them. Richard is seen to advantage in Goldwyn's "The Sin Flood," in which your other favorite, Jim Kirkwood, also appears. Dix was reported engaged to May Collins, but it never got beyond a report. May has not married. Claire Windsor is not married now. She has a little son. Mildred Harris is in Manhattan right now, with her mother. She has an offer to be starred by eastern capitalists in her own company. Her latest picture was "Fool's Paradise."

(Continued on page 118)



The Mistakes That ruined millions of teeth

We offer you here a ten-day test which will change your ideas about teeth cleaning.

The old methods failed to end film. So millions have found that well-brushed teeth discolored and decayed. Now dental science has corrected those mistakes, and we urge you to see the result.

Film—the great enemy

That viscous film you feel on teeth is their great destroyer. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It dims the teeth, then may foster attacks on them. When you leave it, night and day it may do ceaseless damage.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It

holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhœa. Also of many diseases.

A daily combatant

Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. Able authorities have amply proved them. Leading dentists everywhere endorse them.

Both are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. Millions of people have come to employ it. And glistening teeth, half the world over, now show its delightful effects.

Results quick and amazing

This ten-day test will surprise you. It will give you a new idea of what clean teeth mean. The benefits to you and yours may be life-long in extent.

Each use will also multiply the salivary flow. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It will multiply the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It will multiply the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

So five effects, now considered essential, come from every application. And the early result is clean, beautiful teeth.

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.

This test will be a revelation to you. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

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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.

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Only one tube to a family

A Diary of the "Mystic Islands"

(Continued from page 64)



Sani-Flush

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

Stains, incrustations and rust marks that make a closet bowl so unsightly, and are hard to get rid of in any other way, are promptly and thoroughly removed by Sani-Flush.

And by thoroughly cleansing every part of the bowl and trap Sani-Flush makes the use of disinfectants or harmful preparations of any kind unnecessary.

Always keep Sani-Flush handy in your bathroom.

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.)

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For Coughs and Colds

Insist on it by name

This syrup is different from all others Pleasant—gives quick relief. Contains no opiates—good for young and old.

35c per bottle everywhere

lagoon any more just now because the whales come up. Yesterday we saw a whole family of them, mother, father and baby.

We have found beautiful locations for our picture. It is to be called the "Lagoon of Desire"—a perfect title. The locations are wonderful. The Tahitians are so thrilled to work with us, and they are so simple and without self-consciousness that they are very easy to get along with. They are delighted with seventy-five cents a day. Of course all of them speak the most exquisite French. Tahiti belongs to France, of course, and they are taught it in the French schools here. There are many missionaries here, and churches both Catholic and Protestant.

AT TENDED a native banquet last night. Eleven courses, consisting of Fei (red bananas) yams, breadfruit, cocoanuts, pineapples, suckling pigs stuffed with nuts, and many kinds of delicious shellfish. The food is very highly spiced and I like it. They use a good deal of curry. And every kind of shellfish, some new to me and perfectly delicious. I was also introduced to what I was told was the Tahitian oyster. It looked rather large, but was wonderful and I ate a lot. Imagine my horror and surprise to find that I had been eating raw fish.

When I came in from location today I found Terace, my little half-caste maid, asleep on the floor, curled up like a kitten, with her pareu rolled under her head for a pillow. A flower lay close beside her and a handful of cigarettes was scattered about. They smoke incessantly, even the very young girls and old women. Most of them "roll their own," though their supply of cigarettes is larger than any other supply they have. They do it very daintily, and you often hear them estimate time by "in two or three cigarettes." And everything in the future with them I have discovered is "bime-by." It is their favorite American term.

Today we have been on the island of Moorea taking shots. It is a smaller island about ten miles from Tahiti, and the name means "The island that loves to be visited." It is even more beautiful than Tahiti and much more primitive. I wish I could stay there for a while. The people on Moorea know very little of civilization. And it is very strange, but few Tahitians have been there. They look on it as a sort of a beautiful dream—a reward for virtue. The people of Moorea are so kind and sweet and courteous. It is almost impossible to realize that these people were all cannibals not so many years ago. However, few of those now living ever ate of the famous and horrible "long pig."

The sun goes down with a bang and it is night—no twilight hours here. And the sun springs into full being in the morning without the interval of dawn.

We are spending a week taking some scenes at the country home of the Princess, or rather of the Queen, her mother. It is a wonderful old place, over a hundred years old and called Papara nui Aoro Huarea Apateae. Which means the House of the Highest of This Land. It has fifteen rooms—the largest house in Tahiti, a rambling white affair in the wildest heart of the island.

How the people of Tahiti still revere and adore the old Queen! Her name is Marautaroa. They call her simply Queen Marao. She is very haughty and proud—a wonderful woman. She is very old for a Tahitian, but once a year she gives a grand fête, and they look forward to it and prepare for it the entire year. There is a younger sister, Princess Manhinihi—but they call her Tecau,

just as they call the older one Boots, which is a nickname she had at school.

I have never seen anything like the flowers here. Last night a native boy named Tao and I climbed the hills in back of the house to gather the native orchids that grow on the trees, sapping the life and strength from them. They are not at all like our hothouse orchids, but I thought them much more beautiful. Smaller, and a delicate, ethereal green in color, they melt along the edges to a transparent lavender. I never was so thrilled in my life as when I gathered an armful of them.

The flowers here all last eighteen hours in perfect beauty and freshness without any water. And the way in which the Tahitians adore flowers is the loveliest memory I take away with me from these Islands.

They wear them, too, in their hair, where they are like giant butterflies on their dark tresses. Oh yes, and there is a significance to the way in which they are worn. If you wear a flower behind your left ear, it means "Follow me." If you wear one behind your right ear, it means, "I am already engaged." And if you wear one behind each ear it simply means, "I am not interested. Do not waste your time."

I think I shall wear one behind my left ear and see what happens. The Princess has taught me how to say "Yes" in the Tahitian way—by the most fascinating, nonchalant little lifting of the eyebrows. But I have not learned to say "No," so perhaps I had better not.

WE are back in Papiete. Outside my window is a group of girls, singing. The very latest song which is now the rage in Tahiti is, "Oh, you beautiful doll." They have translated it into Tahitian. It is lovely to sing the air and then put these words to it. Almost anyone can do it and it gives the real sound of Tahitian.

Here are the words:

Nanavae e mae va e te maupotie papara,
Na manana toroa manche nihi totau
Nei fareirei raa ivrana ve te
Atemarara ua tupu
Te tu e moua tamaiti
Ua haamaa maa te fara i mataoa
A e i o
Tero Teau.

The Princess translated for me what is considered a little bit of a risqué song. Compared with some of our words in popular songs now, I think they are much more sensitive than we are. It simply says:

"On the branches of the breadfruit tree
My thoughts of you are not what they
should be.

You taught me how to love
And how to be careless about it."

Oddly enough, what is practically the national instrument in Tahiti is the accordion. They play it marvelously well and it is as common here as the ukelele in Hawaii.

I have seen all the dances of Tahiti and Moorea. They had a feast in the hills for us and we saw the most beautiful dancers of the islands. The upaupahura, which is the singing dance of love, the national dance called the upaupahura, which is something like the hula, the canoe dance, the idol dance—they were wonderful.

These same dances are the acme of grace and abandon and freedom of body. They are not nearly so vulgar as our dances, I think, because they suggest nature, splen-

(Concluded on page 91)

A Diary of the "Mystic Islands"

(Concluded)

did and supreme. They are pagan, but they are natural, and they are done with such joy in them, such delicious and exquisite grace, that they leave you with a pleasant memory and a desire to see them again. Paki, one of the little native girls who plays a part in our picture, is the queen of all the upaupa dancers. As I sat watching them, I felt the blood begin to sing in my veins and a mad longing took possession of me to dance, too. Afterwards I found we all felt it, even Walt Whitman, who at least is old enough to know better.

They dance a great deal with their eyes—sitting quite still on the ground and only moving their great eyes in time to the music, with such impish, rhythmic skill that it intrigues you at once. Then, as though irresistibly drawn, they begin to move their shoulders, their hands, and finally fling themselves into the full ardor of the dance.

The rum that they make here is very good, but I am surprised to see how little of it they drink.

It is almost time to go. I cannot believe it. I do not want to go. The perfume has intoxicated me.

I have never been touched as I was last night. The Tahitians who worked extra in our picture had pooled their money to give us a "party" on this last night of our stay in their beautiful land. It was a gorgeous banquet. The table was the most exquisite thing I have ever seen—it took them two days to arrange the profusion of rare and flaming and delicate flowers upon it. There were two barrels of rum and every known delicacy was upon the table. I was wreathed about in orchids and taiti Tahiti until I could hardly move.

For the last time I heard the sense-stirring call of the music of Tahiti. For the last time I saw the mad, sensuous dances, as the girls flung themselves into the joyous motion. The whole dramatic story of the voyage of the canoe I saw told to me in dance and music, for the last time.

It is over. We are homeward bound. My cabin is filled with pearls, strings of beads and delicate shells, wreaths, flowers of all kinds, hats, and pareus, gifts from my dear Tahitian friends. It is over, the brief dream on that enchanted island of bliss and beauty.

They sang us "maururu avou" as we sailed away from the quay beside the white coral wall of the Papiete beach. A quaint little melody that means "We are happy to have known you—you have our love—and we hope to see you again."

That is all I can write as I sit here in my cabin, for my eyes are almost blinded with tears—"maururu avou" beautiful, enchanted land. "Maururu avou."

The Princess did not return with us. She says she will never leave Tahiti again. It is her mother land and it has claimed her again.

Photoplay publishing date will hereafter be the fifteenth of the month, instead of the first.

FORTUNES GOING BEGGING

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

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

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

Send for the Free Van Loan Questionnaire

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

The results have been phenomenal. In the recent J. Parker Read, Jr., competition all three prizes amounting to \$5,000 were awarded to students of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, which is conducting this search by means of the Van Loan Questionnaire.

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

who sends for it whether he or she has ability enough to warrant development.

An evening with this novel device for self-examination is highly fascinating as well as useful. It is a simple test applied in your own home. Its record is held confidential by the Corporation.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation offers you this free test because

Scores of Screen Stories are needed by producers

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

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

form. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation is finding these story tellers in homes and offices all over the land.

You are invited to try; clip the coupon

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

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

AMONG the leaders who supervise the educational policy of the department of education of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation are:

Thomas H. Ince
Thos. H. Ince Studios

Frank E. Woods
Chief Supervising
Director Famous
Players-Lasky Corp.

Lois Weber
Lois Weber Productions, Inc.

C. Gardner Sullivan
Author and Producer

James R. Quirk
Editor and Publisher
Photoplay Magazine.

Allan Dwan
Allan Dwan Productions

Roh Wagner
Author and Screen Authority

PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation, Department of Education, P. 3



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.

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"I've thought it all out, Grace. I'm as good a man as any of them. All I need is special training—and I'm going to get it. If the I. C. S. can raise other men's salaries it can raise mine. See this coupon? It means my start toward a better job and I'm going to mail it to Scranton tonight!"

Thousands of men now know the joy of happy, prosperous homes because they let the I. C. S. prepare them in spare hours for bigger work and better pay.

Why don't you study some one thing and get ready for a real job, at a salary that will give your wife and children the things you would like them to have?

You can do it! Pick the position you want in the work you like best and the I. C. S. will prepare you for it right in your own home, in your spare time.

Yes, you can do it! More than two million have done it in the last thirty years. More than 130,000 are doing it right now. Join them without another day's delay. Mark and mail this coupon.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> MECHANICAL ENGR. | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card & Sign Ptg. |
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Soothing and Healing

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and

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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 78)



George Ade looks just as he should look. The great humorist is one author who in private life lives up to his literary reputation. He is at the Lasky studios now, working with his friend, Thomas Meighan, on his own story, "Our Leading Citizen"

ELINOR GLYN has returned to Hollywood after spending a number of weeks in Europe. She brought back about nine trunks of Paris clothes. And you can put lots of Paris clothes in one trunk.

Soon after her arrival, the employees of the Lasky studio in Hollywood gave a dance. All the stars were invited, also Madame Glyn. The film colony were anxious to meet her.

The young man who issued the invitation to her, knew her fondness for gorgeous headdresses of golden leaves, emeralds and diamonds mingled with her auburn tresses, so he said, diplomatically, "And Madame,

it's very informal. Please wear something simple. Don't dress up. Come like the rest of us."

"I understand perfectly," said the clairvoyant Madame Glyn, "I shall wear a hat."

And she did, and the party was a great success.

But Madame Glyn is always doing something unusual like that.

IN spite of some rumors in the past few months, Jack Gilbert and Beatrice Joy are married and living most happily together in an adorable bungalow on the crest of a Hollywood hill. (Cont'd on page 93)

The Livest Film News Printed

Don't miss a single paragraph of the *Plays and Players Department* just because it is run over into the back of the book. Some of the best things come in late and have to be put further back in the book.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

REX BEACH is making "personal appearances." Stars have been doing it for years, but it's something new for an author. Mr. Beach is appearing in conjunction with one of his own pictures, too. My goodness—what next?

IT is bad enough to be in any kind of an automobile wreck, but to be out riding with a young man on Sunday afternoon and run into your own limousine, is certainly adding insult to injury.

That's what happened to Colleen Moore the other day.

She had ordered her car for a certain hour, but the chauffeur was late and she had an important appointment. So she asked the young man who happened to be sitting on her front porch to drive her to Hollywood.

As they came to a very busy corner, a big blue limousine shot in front of them, and swung out, so that unable to stop, they hit it full amidships.

The limousine turned over, and Colleen saw to her horror that it was her own car.

Aside from all that, she had a terrible time explaining to the crowd and the officers how it was that if it was her car she wasn't in it, and if she wasn't in it, how she happened to be there.

FRANCES MARION is on the coast, writing continuities for the Talmadge sisters.

She made the adaptation of Norma's newest picture, "The Duchesse l'Englais," which is said to afford the beautiful Talmadge her first chance in months to do a really imaginative and elaborate part.

THE representative of one of the biggest publishing houses in America who is very well known to all book lovers on the coast and who deals in rare editions, complete and expensive sets of standard authors and fine bindings, was sent by a distinguished woman writer to the home of a motion picture star whose oldest tradition is her extreme youth, and whose sixteenth birthday is one of the industries national holidays.

He showed this young lady some remarkable old books, a birthday edition of Robert Louis Stevenson, a new set of George Meredith, and the last authorized edition of Thomas Hardy. Only to be met with the sweet objection that she thought, "those books were all really a little too old for her."

"Well," said the book man at last, "we've got a very good set of the Dolly books. I'll bring those out to show you. I should think they'd suit you admirably."

"THE LONELY TRAIL" is a new film which stars Fred Beauvais.

This Fred Beauvais, you may or may not remember, played a leading rôle in one of the most sensational divorce scandals in American newspaper history. Somebody thought it would be nice to make a picture about it, with the Indian guide as the star. But nobody is showing the picture, so it seems as if they are rather out of luck.

PEARL WHITE is, they say, going back to serials. If she does, Pathe will probably welcome her back. The Fox-White features were not the artistic or financial successes they might have been. Pearl went abroad not so long ago and from Paris emanated the report that she was to return to the chapter drama which made her internationally known.

(Continued on page 94)

Who Wants \$2500

A Snap for Somebody

It's easier to work with a BIG PRINT Send for one

Read the prizes



No Charge to try—Send Your List

How many objects do you see that begin with "D", like donkey, dog, devil, etc.? Write them on paper, sign your name and send them in. The largest, nearest correct list entitles the sender to first prize, \$20.00. Or you can try for a bigger prize if you want to.

\$2500.00 for Somebody

WHO'LL WIN IT? We want everybody to get acquainted with De Do, the exquisite new odor used exclusively in our toilet preparations, so we make this offer. The first prize in the contest is \$20.00, but if the winner has made a \$1.00 purchase the first prize is \$500.00, if a \$2.00 purchase the first prize is \$1000.00 or if a \$5.00 purchase the first prize is \$2500.00, more than the average man can save in a lifetime. **IT PAYS TO TRY FOR THE BIG PRIZE.**

De Do Exquisite Requisites for the Toilet

Exquisite is the only word that really tells how wonderful these preparations are. They are the highest quality that can be made and are put up in charming packages. You could find nothing that will surpass them for gifts or personal use.

List of Offers

\$1.00 One full size box of De Do Face Powder [white, flesh or natural (brunette)] Prepaid for **\$1.00**

\$2.00 One large jar each of De Do Night Cream and Day Cream. Prepaid for..... **\$2.00**

\$5.00 One box of De Do Face Powder, one jar each of Night Cream and Day Cream (as above), one \$1.50 bottle of exquisite De Do Toilet Water, one 25c box of Nail Polish, and one 35c can of De Do Talcum Powder. Total \$5.10. Prepaid for..... **\$5.00**

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| First prize.... | \$20.00 | \$500.00 | \$1,000.00 | \$2,500.00 |
| Second prize.... | 10.00 | 250.00 | 500.00 | 1,250.00 |
| Third prize.... | 5.00 | 125.00 | 250.00 | 625.00 |
| Fourth prize.... | 5.00 | 75.00 | 150.00 | 375.00 |
| Fifth prize.... | 5.00 | 50.00 | 100.00 | 250.00 |
| Sixth prize.... | 3.00 | 40.00 | 80.00 | 200.00 |
| Seventh prize.... | 3.00 | 30.00 | 60.00 | 150.00 |
| Eighth prize.... | 3.00 | 20.00 | 40.00 | 100.00 |
| Ninth prize.... | 2.00 | 15.00 | 30.00 | 75.00 |
| 10th to 15th.... | 2.00 | 10.00 | 20.00 | 50.00 |

Wonderful Opportunity for Workers

Start in business for yourself. Be your own boss. Supply Heinrich products to your community, either town or country, and make \$1.00 every hour you work. Write for list of open territories and full particulars.

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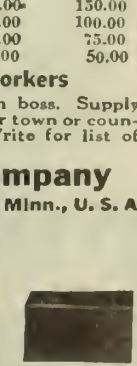
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De Do Nail Polish 25c

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 93)



X-BAZIN

The French way to remove hair

MORE than a hundred years ago, Xavier Bazin, the French scientist, invented the depilatory which now bears his name. The women of Paris—always exquisite in their smartness—have found X-Bazin the simplest and most effectual preparation for safely removing superfluous hair.

It's Safe!

A flesh-colored powder, delicately rose perfumed, it leaves the skin smooth, white, cool and free from any trace of superfluous hair. It may be used by any woman with perfect confidence. Unlike shaving, it will not encourage the further growth of hair.

At all drug and department stores, 50c. and \$1.00; in the U. S. and Canada. Elsewhere 75c. and \$1.50. Send 10c. for sample and descriptive booklet.

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F. S. WEBSTER COMPANY
377 Congress Street Boston, Mass.



Little Wesley Barry showed his new picture, "Penrod," to some shut-ins the other day. His portable projection machine threw the film on the ceiling of the hospital ward. Maybe you think it wasn't his most appreciative audience

THEY aren't going to let "Little Mary" alone.

The Pickford-Moore divorce case has been revived.

Attorney-General L. B. Fowler of Nevada the other day called the divorce decree "the worst of its kind and should be the last of its kind." He is still working to have the divorce set aside.

Another penalty of great popularity. But surely Mary Pickford deserves peace.

THEY say that William Fox was about to re-issue generally his old version of "The Two Orphans," which starred Theda Bara, to compete with the new Griffith production of the same story.

Mr. Fox is said to have opened in Boston at the same time that the "Orphans of the Storm" made its bow. He withdrew his production, the story goes, because he had sense enough to see how it suffered by comparison.

WHEN Paramount decided that its step-child, Realar, had lived long enough, it worked many miracles among the stars.

Mary Miles Minter, the pampered darling of the screen world, with her, so to speak, million-dollar contract with Zukor, had been obliged to take a cut in salary. Her contract

has a year more to run. Then it will be up to her managers to decide if she is really the successor to Mary Pickford, and the future film queen of the world, as she was advertised when she first became a Realarist.

Constance Binney, from Boston, of Manhattan, had to go west to make her pictures. Perhaps Constance likes California now. By the way, did you ever hear anybody call Miss Binney "Connie"? And you never will.

SUFFERING from what appears to be a form of shell shock, Harriet Hammond, one of the most beautiful girls on the screen, is seriously ill at her mother's home, because of a peculiar accident.

A terrific electrical explosion took place within a few feet of Miss Hammond while she was working on a set at the Fox studio recently. She fainted and the nervous shock was so great that, according to her mother, physicians now state that it may be months before she can work again, and that she must take a complete rest.

Fortunately she was not burned by the accident.

Max Linder, the French comedian, is also laid up—with temporary blindness from strong lights.

(Continued on page 95)

Plays and Players

(Continued)

THE Katherine MacDonald Company has had a lot of free publicity lately. Joseph Tumulty, former secretary to former President Wilson, has written a book called "The White House Looking-Glass." In it he comments on Mr. Wilson's fondness for the films and says, "His favorite screen star is Katherine MacDonald, a stately and statuesque beauty."

ONLY a lot of presence of mind and ready courage saved Barbara Bedford from a dangerous and unpleasant experience on a lonely road near the Universal studio about midnight a short time ago.

Miss Bedford, who was returning home from work, was driving toward Hollywood, when under a dark grove of trees, a man suddenly sprang on her running board and attacked her. He struck her over the eye and was grabbing her by the throat, while he threatened her with a revolver, when the screen star suddenly stepped on the throttle with all her strength and with both hands gave the thug a violent push.

It loosened his hold and he fell back into the road.

Miss Bedford arrived for emergency treatment in Hollywood in hysterics, and with a badly bruised and cut face and eye.

MARY MILES MINTER has just started building a gorgeous new home in Laughlin Park, Hollywood, the exclusive hill-top where Cecil de Mille lives. Her contract is up in about a year, and it is doubtful if she will ever get nearly as large a salary after this. But the home will be completed long before that day arrives. It should help Miss Minter to take changed circumstances philosophically.

WILLIAM DE MILLE celebrated his return from New York by having his car painted. Like his famous hat, Bill evidently intends to use that roadster until it wears out.

His brother, Cecil, is still touring on the continent.

He was scheduled to meet a great many important men during his European sojourn, but he stated quite positively that he was going to rest and that the only man he really wanted to meet was the Pope.

THIS little yarn is just too good to keep.

A well-known man connected with motion pictures—in what particular line it would not be fair to mention, but whose name is well known to every fan—has a very charming wife who is quite deaf.

Recently this husband became friendly with a lady celebrated on stage and screen. And something arising that this lady didn't like, she decided to make trouble for the man by telephoning his wife.

So she rang up the wife and in detailed and exaggerated fashion related the story of her friendship with this man, even we were told, going so far as to read her some of husband's friendly little notes.

To her amazement, the wife received it all quite calmly, cheerfully and sweetly. She said, "Yes," and "No," and "Indeed," at intervals, and seemed quite pleased to think that so famous a lady had called her up.

Not having heard a word, it was all right with her.

But the stage star who was on the other end of the line is still trying to figure out why the bomb didn't explode. And no one lacks the sense of humor to tell her.

(Continued on page 96)

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, scenarists, 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.

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"I can only say that I am amazed that it is possible to get forth the principles of short story and photo play writing in such a clear, concise manner."—G. R. D. N. MATHEWS, MONTREAL, CAN.

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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."

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 "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to **SELL**!

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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 95)

THE only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes was married in New York recently, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Creel—Mrs. Creel is better known as Blanche Bates. Miss Hughes married John Monk Saunders.

Her bridesmaid was Irving Cobb's daughter.

Her distinguished parent has been fêted frequently during his stay in the east. He has been picture-making in California for some months, during which time he has made such masterpieces as "The Old Nest," "The Wall Flower," and "Remembrance," which latter film he personally directed. He has lectured before various college classes, and has been the honor guest at luncheons which brought together most of the well-known film people in Manhattan.

WHEELER OAKMAN, the husband of Priscilla Dean, and a well-known young actor-about-Hollywood, came to Manhattan on business. He had to spend the Christmas holiday season in the east. Remember: a motion picture actor—from Hollywood—in New York—on New Year's Eve. That's what everybody thought. But here was the Oakman program for the celebrated holiday:

He went, with his friend Joe King, to the Rialto Theater to see "The Little Minister." Next they stopped at the Claridge Grill for a pineapple soda. Then they went up to Oakman's rooms in the same hotel and watched 1922 being ushered in, from their box seats high above Broadway. At 12:30 they ordered chicken sandwiches and milk sent up, and by 1:30 Mr. Oakman was in bed and asleep.

You can believe this one.

MAURICE TOURNEUR has turned the first crank on "Lorna Doone." The noted French director started work last week on this great literary classic, with a cast headed by Madge Bellamy, as *Lorna*, and Frank Keenan. John Bowers is to play the hero.

A number of really remarkable sets have been constructed in the Hollywood hills, and anyone who has recently read the book, which is so full of thrills, fights, excitements, dramas, and daring escapades, can imagine what sort of a picture it ought to make.

Mr. Tourneur is worried about only one thing, in outlining his work. Rain.

"It would have been so simple to stop the droughts in Europe last year," he said. "All they would have to do was send for me and let me start to make exteriors for a picture. It would have rained at once."

"THE most popular "between pictures" recreation of the month has been attendance at the famous Burch-Obenchain murder trial, recently held in the Los Angeles superior court. The case, a most dramatic one—a beautiful woman accused of having conspired with an admirer to murder her sweetheart who was tiring of her, and the later development of her divorced husband rushing to her side to defend her—and a number of dramatic stars have found it an interesting study. Tony Moreno was seen there nearly every day, Florence Vidor sometimes alone and sometimes with her husband, King Vidor, has made frequent appearances. A Leatrice Joy spent several days listening to the evidence. Bebe Daniels came up for the afternoon and Bob Ellis, who once was a police reporter on a New York paper, occupied a seat at the press table. Mary Alden was also an interested spectator.

(Continued on page 97)

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Plays and Players

(Continued)

WHEELER OAKMAN made a flying trip to New York around the first of the year, bringing with him the print of "Slippy McGee," the Oliver Morosco film in which he plays the leading rôle. Wheeler couldn't stay long because he had to be back in Hollywood, January 2nd. Rather a special date with him—the anniversary of his wedding to Priscilla Dean.

THE entire Universal studio was threatened with destruction from the high flood waters that arose in Los Angeles during the recent heavy rain storm.

While employes rushed the animals to safety, the cowboys battled to strengthen the dam that holds the waters in a canyon above Universal City, and which the four day's terrific downpour had threatened to demolish.

Every possible precaution was taken to check the torrents if they did break through, but for twenty-four hours it was impossible to tell whether Universal City would exist in another fifteen minutes or not.

The rain stopped just in time to prevent the overflow of the dam, but much damage was done by the cloudbursts, and the mountain torrents that tore through expensive sets on the lot.

Well, Universal seems to be having a lot of bad luck lately.

Harry Carey has left them, unable to agree with the methods of some of the new executives. Carey, next to Priscilla Dean, was the biggest money-maker and most popular star on the Universal lot, and it is understood he already has arrangements for his own company.

LUCILLE CARLISLE is back at the Vitagraph western studios, working again as the principal embellishment of the Larry Semon slap-sticks.

Lucille returned to the west coast just about Christmas time. She is now wearing a gorgeous solitaire. Don't know whether it's an engagement ring or a mere Christmas present. But it wouldn't surprise anybody to hear that Lucille will, sooner or later, be Larry's leading lady for life.

ALMA TAYLOR and Cecil Hepworth, the British star and producer, have returned to England.

Miss Taylor made a decided hit over here. There was something so frank and so unspoiled about her. I remember seeing her one day at the Algonquin, where she lived while in New York. She appeared at the door of the main dining room, a shy and wholesome little person who shone by comparison with some of the richly dressed and heavily perfumed ladies present.

Larry Trimble and Jane Murfin, the producers of "The Silent Call," saw a lot of Alma. Mr. Trimble has known her for years, and says she hasn't changed a bit, except that she is sweeter and shyer, if possible.

AFTER showing a decided spurt of great activity, the work of the motion picture studios in Hollywood hit another terrible slump around the holidays and a number of changes of great importance to the industry seem to be taking place.

Rumor is very general that Metro is to be absorbed by Famous Player's-Lasky. Rex Ingram is the only person now working. Bert Lytell and Viola Dana having been sent on a long tour of personal appearances in the Loew theaters all over the country.

Realart has ceased to exist. Its stars and releases are to be taken over by Paramount and the organization will move over to the Lasky studio in Hollywood. Realart and Famous Players have always been closely associated and the complete consolidation will save time and expense in every way.

Realart stars affected by this change are: Bebe Daniels, Constance Binney, Alice Brady, Mary Miles Minter, and Wanda Hawley. Those on the inside seem to think that all these actresses will not become Paramount stars but will be "kept in some capacity." Miss Daniels is leading the program, in fact it is understood that she is leading all the other four stars combined, so of course she is sure of an excellent place under the Paramount banner.

Miss Binney and Miss Minter probably have contracts that are ironclad, but Miss Brady is in the east and Miss Hawley has never assumed any real proportions as a star. Since there is a great need for good leading women on the Lasky lot, the problem may be solved in that way.

IT happened at the Lasky studio on the set where Alfred Greene was directing Thomas Meighan. There was a parrot who was to take part in the picture. When Mr. Greene was about to direct an important scene, the precocious parrot said in perfect imitation of the director: "Ready now, folks—camera!" The cameramen started grinding, the actors started acting—and Mr. Greene shouted in perfect imitation of an angry parrot:

"Stop—cut! That wasn't me at all—it was that d—d parrot—take it away!"

THE Hollywood Hotel, which has sheltered beneath its roof at least as many, and maybe more, celebrities at once than any other hostelry in the world, caught fire last week, and except for the fact that rain was pouring down in bucketfuls, probably would have been burned to the ground.

The fire started under the ground floor apartments of Mrs. Jack Dillon, as the result of defective wiring.

Bob Ellis and May Allison occupied the suite adjoining Mrs. Dillon and by the time they became aware of the fire, the halls were impassable with thick clouds of smoke and the hall floors were beginning to cave. Mr. Ellis broke the front windows which did not open, and he stood in the hot smoke for half an hour, passing things through the window to his pretty wife, who chucked them into a sedan that happened to be standing there. Everything she had on was ruined, and she was completely drenched, but her trousseau was saved, with the exception of five hats that were spoiled by the rain.

Mrs. Dillon lost some of her wardrobe, and all the rooms in that wing were gutted, before the fire department managed to put out the blaze.

MR. and Mrs. Bill Hart played Santa Claus to little Mary Johanna Desmond, the temporarily orphaned daughter of Bill Desmond.

Bill Hart is Mary Johanna's god-father; and the baby's parents were in the east, leaving Mary under nurses' care in their Beverly Hills home.

So bright and early Bill and Winifred Hart went over to the Desmond place, laden with teddy bears and walking dolls and stuffed animals. They trimmed a tree and made Mary so happy she didn't much miss her mother and father.

(Continued on page 114)

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The Motion Picture Alibi

(Concluded from page 48)



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with the Pure Food Act. They were, one was led to believe by the action of everyone who came within smelling distance, absolutely *non compos mentis*. Anyone who got a whiff of them fainted.

"It was not funny. It was extremely nauseous and disgusting. I lost ten pounds myself the week I worked on it and I have never felt really happy with a sausage since. But you couldn't cut out the sausages because that's all there was.

"But the Muse of Poetry sent me an inspiration.

"I put in this title spoken by the butcher, as he displayed his wares to the young husband, who staggered back clasp his probovisc:

"TAKE THESE GARLIC SAUSAGES. THEY IS GRAND. SO NEAR CLOSING TIME I SELL HIM TO YOU CHEAP."

"I never heard of a garlic sausage—but that one little word saved the picture from being loathsome and made it quite giggly. Garlic is always funny—decomposition rarely is.

"Sometimes title-fixing is merely a case of psychology. That happened when I was titling 'Star-Dust,' a picture made from Fannie Hurst's famous novel.

"The girl has, according to time-honored custom, married the son of the old miser who holds a mortgage on her father's home—the father whom she adores. It is thoroughly established that she is making this marriage solely and only to save her father's home for him. Then, without anything happening, immediately after the marriage she packs her things and gets out, leaving the old man more than ever at the mercy of the dastardly skinflint and his tighter half.

"Whereupon, since the girl didn't imagine that this marriage was going to be easy to take and since she had as yet accomplished nothing by it, you decide she is a fool.

"Consequently, I inserted this title as spoken by that lady:

"WHAT'S MORE, I TOLD PAW HE WAS A FOOL TO CARRY YOUR FATHER'S MORTGAGE ANY LONGER, AND HE'S GOING TO SEE HIM ABOUT IT IN THE MORNING. I DON'T CARE IF HE IS YOUR FATHER, HE'S NO BETTER THAN ANYBODY ELSE, AND IF HE HAD AN OUNCE OF PRIDE HE WOULDN'T BE ACCEPTING CHARITY."

"Thus the girl knows that she hasn't got

by her mother-in-law, that her sacrifice has been in vain, and your sympathy is with her when she takes her shoes out from under the old lady's spare bed and beats it.

"In 'The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari,' I used a trick title that I considered very necessary to sustain the suspense. I did not want the audience to realize that the man was insane. I was afraid they would begin to see this too early, so I used a trick, such as mystery writers use:

"YOU WILL PROBABLY THINK MY STORY THE MUTTERINGS OF A MADMAN, SO INCREDIBLE ARE ITS HORRORS, BUT I ASSURE YOU THAT I AM HOPELESSLY, ENTIRELY SANE."

"This reassured the audience, and at the same time was strictly true to type, since anyone who is insane always begins by telling you he's not.

"And yet in another story—a French melodrama—I had to do just the opposite and by titles declare that the villain was insane. He was so darn villainous—the story so terribly melo—(this chap went about slaughtering innocent people wholesale, stealing fortunes from widows, ruining pure young maidens, locking the hero in vaults and turning on the poison gas, blowing up churches and orphan asylums)—that I knew no American audience would ever swallow him as a sane human being.

"So instead of letting him be a villain, I slapped him with this introductory title:

"BROODING OVER ANCIENT GRUDGES IS A SURE ROAD TO INSANITY, AND THE MOST DANGEROUS PERSON IN THE WORLD IS THE MENTALLY UNBALANCED CRIMINAL WHO HAS STILL ENOUGH CLUTCH ON REASON TO SIMULATE SANITY. HIS NEIGHBORS KNEW HIM ONLY AS ———, A NEWCOMER IN THEIR MIDST, TWISTED IN MIND AND BODY, TACITURN AND FORBIDDING. BUT NO ONE EVER WITNESSED THE MANIACAL RAGES AND BITTER BROODINGS TO WHICH HE WAS PRONE IN SOLITUDE."

"And you bet no one ever did, because there weren't any.

"And then some people want to do away with titles."

"Well," said I, "some people want to do away with pictures altogether."

"Might as well," said Katherine Hilliker.

"She's a Nut—But I Like Her"

(Concluded from page 26)

beside her, asked rapid questions, interspersed with more rapid ejaculations of horror, and little grimaces which succeeded in making the fretful baby laugh. Ten seconds later the woman and the babies were in a taxicab, homeward bound, with a ten dollar bill tucked in the woman's hand.

She will lend her fur coat to an extra girl and forget to speak to the wife of the president of the company when she comes on the set.

I have never been able to understand why it is—but it is always true. When Mae Busch is in the room, every man drifts toward her as a needle drifts to a magnet. She is conceded to be utterly irresistible where men are concerned. There may be more beautiful, more brilliant, more famous women present—it never seems to matter. Nor who the men are—nor where it is.

No self-respecting woman should admit to liking such a girl but it's strange how

Dorothy Davenport Reid and Ethel Clayton and Olga Printzlau and Alice Lake and—though I am not famous—even me myself, do admit it.

Her one great claim to beauty is her supreme grace. She came to pictures from musical comedy and vaudeville, where she was famous in New York as a dancer. Coming to Los Angeles with a vaudeville headliner, she yielded to the persuasions of picture managers and stayed. She was first with Sennett—where so many of our famous stars began—was featured there and has recently been seen in von Stroheim's "The Devil's Passkey," and latest in "Foolish Wives," and in support of Lasky stars.

There is a persistent rumor that she is to be starred by Universal—a very wise choice for Universal to make, wiser than some of their past ones.

She has been married, to Francis MacDonald, but it didn't take.

Largely a Matter of Love

(Continued from page 38)

mine that I should stop acting because I am married. I don't want to and he wouldn't want me to. My work is a part of my life and I could never give it up. At least, not for years and years.

The trouble with some married men is that a few months after marriage they begin to look upon their wives as housekeepers or furniture. You may argue with a woman on morals and manners—and win; but criticize her coiffure, and all is over with you. You must treat women as women. I had rather my husband said to me, "I like that dress; did you design it?" or "You're looking unusually pretty today—are those new shoes?" than have him discuss with me the Einstein theory or the Russian situation or Freudian psycho-analysis. Women should think for themselves if in doing so they do not lose their charm. Women's place is just as important as man's. She is trying now to step out of her place. It is not complimentary to a woman to be man's mental equal. She may be—she usually is—but she must carefully keep the knowledge from him. A charming woman can rule the world—providing she doesn't let man know what she is about. "Her simple doom is to be beautiful." Most women would rather be beautiful.

TO get back to the only case about which I can speak with some authenticity: I have been present at every performance of my husband's new play, "Pot Luck." One night I was sitting as usual in my aisle seat in the second row, when I noticed in the first act that the leading woman, Miss Clare Moores, must be ill. Sure enough—I was called back-stage when the curtain fell. The manager came to me. He asked me to play the part for the other two acts. I said I wouldn't. Jim asked me. I said I would. I knew the play backwards and forwards; I didn't miss a cue or skip a line. I was frightened at first but after a while I began to have a good time. The audience was wonderful and encouraged me. The last line of the play is "My wife—God bless her!" and the company drinks her health. I was Jim's wife in the play, and it was a happy moment when the audience seconded the motion. I would like to go on the stage again, with Jim. It doesn't seem likely now, but perhaps some day—who knows?

If you would like to know to just what one thing I attribute the success of my marriage, I would give you a rule. Apparently it is just a simple little thing. Actually, it is the hardest precept in the world to follow. It is: **DON'T TRY TO MAKE EACH OTHER OVER.**

You are marrying a bad breakfast disposition as well as an afternoon exuberance. You are marrying a girl who talks all the time, or you are marrying a man who never does. Unfortunately, the virtues and vices of the matrimonial candidates cannot be ticketed in advance. Perhaps I should say, fortunately, for if we knew just what we were marrying there might be fewer marriages. Besides, the surprise element is an important one.

But after all is said and done—and after you are married, all is—there isn't any use for snappy epigrams or painful platitudes. There are only two kinds of men in the world, anyway. The man you are in love with, and the other men. You may moralize; but it won't do you any good. It is—see the title!



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The Cradle

(Continued from page 29)

had made. When Doris offered him a kiss that she had brought from her mother (Margaret, rather than to wound her baby, bitterly had sent a kiss to "daddy" when the child begged for it) a flare of jealousy ran through Lola and she showed so plainly what her feelings were that Doris was frightened.

"She doesn't like me," she whispered to her father.

It was true, Lola did not like her step-daughter. She showed it the first night of Doris' stay, by going out alone with a sarcastic word about not wanting to play nursemaid. And a few days after the child's arrival she lost control of her temper completely and was actually cruel.

It happened this way: One of Lola's erstwhile admirers—a man who had never given up his attentions, despite her marriage—sent her some imported perfume, a gorgeous gift in a bottle of curiously tortured glass. As she was holding it in her hand, admiring it and smiling over the card that had come with it, which read: "To the loveliest flower in captivity"—Doris, coming unexpectedly through some heavy curtains, knocked against her. And the bottle was dashed from her hand.

OF course the child was appalled by what she had unwittingly done. But Lola, shaking with fury, would not listen to her baby grief and excuses. Shaking her, roughly, she screamed:

"Look what you've done!" and then, as Doris tried to pull away, she grasped a long flat paper cutter from the table and struck her, not once, but many times.

When Bob came home that night, he found a very sick little girl, a little girl who revived from unconsciousness only long enough to sob, "I want to die!" Although Lola refused to tell what had happened, he wrung the truth from her maid—who was terribly frightened. He heard of the beating, of the lonely child crying herself into a fever, of the broken perfume bottle. And as he listened, his face lost its last trace of boyishness and became the face of a disillusioned man. When Lola, unable to think of anyone but herself, suggested callously that if it was anything contagious he'd better take his daughter to the hospital, Bob did some quick deciding. Snatching up a silk bed quilt he wrapped Doris in it and hurried with her in his arms to the door. Turning, on the threshold, he made his farewell speech.

"I'm going to take her where she belongs," he said huskily, "to her mother!"

And take her to her mother he did, striding unceremoniously into the Webster home. Laying the little limp figure in Margaret's arms, he partially explained. As she turned from him, and started up the stairs, he would have followed at once, but for Webster's voice.

"You forget, Dr. Harvey," it said, "that you are not in your own house!"

For a moment, Bob hesitated. And then, thinking of his critically ill little daughter, he faced Webster. And spoke:

"There's no law," he said simply, "which takes away a father's rights. If you care to face public opinion you can call in the police, but I'm going to stay here while my baby needs me!"

The words "public opinion" silenced Webster. He did not interfere as Margaret called down the stairs to her former husband.

"Oh, Bob, come at once," she called, "Doris is—worse."

Through the long night the closed door of the little nursery locked bitterness into two hearts. For Lola would not think of a logical explanation as she waited for Bob's return, and Webster was feeling the anguish of jealousy. Two other doctors and a nurse were obtained, but the child was suffering from a shock that was mental as well as physical. It was only at dawn time, several days later, that she opened her eyes and spoke.

"Mother," she called weakly. And then, "Daddy!" And, when they were bending over her little bed, she essayed a fluttering smile. "I dreamed," she murmured, "an awful dream! I thought that we were all living in different houses. Wasn't that—funny?" And then, still smiling, she drifted into a normal sleep.

Margaret and Bob faced each other, above the bed of their child. And then, all at once, realization came to them. And the man reached out and gathered the woman hungrily to his breast.

"My God," he groaned, "You're mine—I know it now!"

Margaret tried to control herself, tried to tell him that it was too late. But even as she spoke, her lips were meeting his. And then she had torn herself away.

"Please go," she sobbed, her breath coming in gasps, "It's got to be—goodbye!" And Bob, understanding, stumbled from the door, and out of the house.

When Bob reached home, he discovered that he had not been missed. For, upon entering the living room he found Lola engaged in having breakfast with the man who had sent her the perfume. First enraged, then disgusted, Bob surveyed them. And then he spoke.

"I ought to shoot you," he said slowly, "but you're not worth it!" And then, turning to an anxious servant who lingered near, he added: "Pack all of my things at once—I'm leaving!"

As he went out of the door Lola's light laughter followed him. He had given up everything for her—but, being no longer a novelty—he could not hold her interest. Let it be recorded that he no longer wanted to hold her interest!

IT was on Doris' first day up, that Margaret read an item in the newspaper telling that Dr. Harvey and his wife had separated and that Mrs. Harvey was on her way to Reno to establish residence. While she was reading it Webster came in and saw the paper in her hand. It was then, his jealousy getting the better of him, that he spoke out what had been on his mind for weeks.

"During those days and nights when you two were alone upstairs," he questioned, "what passed between you?"

Margaret could only make one answer. But she hesitated before she spoke. "Nothing," she said at last, "nothing!"

Webster stared at her, unconvinced. On the brink of a serious quarrel, he cried out, bitterly, that which was on his soul:

"I've tried my best," he said, "but I can't love his child! As long as she stays in the house I shall be unhappy!"

Margaret, torn with emotion, faced him. She did not know that little Doris was outside in the great hall, listening. She only knew that the man was telling the truth.

"I guess," she said brokenly, "that you're right!"

The little girl, there in the hall, wavered. And then, slowly, she turned and went back
(Concluded on page 101)

The Cradle

(Concluded)

to her nursery. The nurse was there, putting away wee dainty clothing, and it was of her that Doris asked a vital question.

"Where do little girls go," she asked, "when nobody wants 'em?"

The nurse was busy and pre-occupied.

"They go to the Orphans' Home," she said shortly. And then she left the room on some unimportant errand.

Doris, left alone, fought back the tears. Slowly she went to the closet, got out her hat and coat and a small suit case, which she packed with clothing. And then, a small dreary figure, she went down the stairs and out of the house.

Margaret and Webster were still talking as Doris started to leave the house. But Margaret, glancing up, saw the pathetic little picture going through the hall. And with a yearning mother cry she ran to her baby.

"I'm going to the Orphans' Home," the little one said simply.

Margaret was stricken. And even Webster was hard hit. As he stood looking down, Margaret glanced wanly up and met his eyes.

"Courtney," she said, "the love which this child is ready to sacrifice is the thing that God gave her. The love that you are fighting for was only created by a frail human law. Which is the stronger?"

It was the hardest moment of Webster's life. Margaret, sensing it, took from her daughter's hand a picture that she had been carrying with her—the framed photograph of her father.

"See," she said, "her eyes are his—her lips and hair are mine. She is our bond in flesh and blood." She paused for a moment, went on:

"You would have to kill her," she said, "to really separate us. And—even then—there would be the bond of memories!"

Webster looked at her. And all at once knew that he had lost. But, being a good loser, he smiled sadly.

"The evidence is all against me—you win, Margaret," he said softly. And then, almost in a whisper, he added—"Goodbye, dear!" And then he went out, leaving the mother and her child together.

For a long moment Margaret, realizing the enormity of his sacrifice, said nothing. But Doris could not keep silent for long. All at once her little voice sounded—a wistful little voice.

"Can we go to daddy—now?" she asked.

Margaret nodded slowly.

"Later, baby," she cried.

Her eyes were aglow with happiness as she drew her baby closer into the cradle of her arms.

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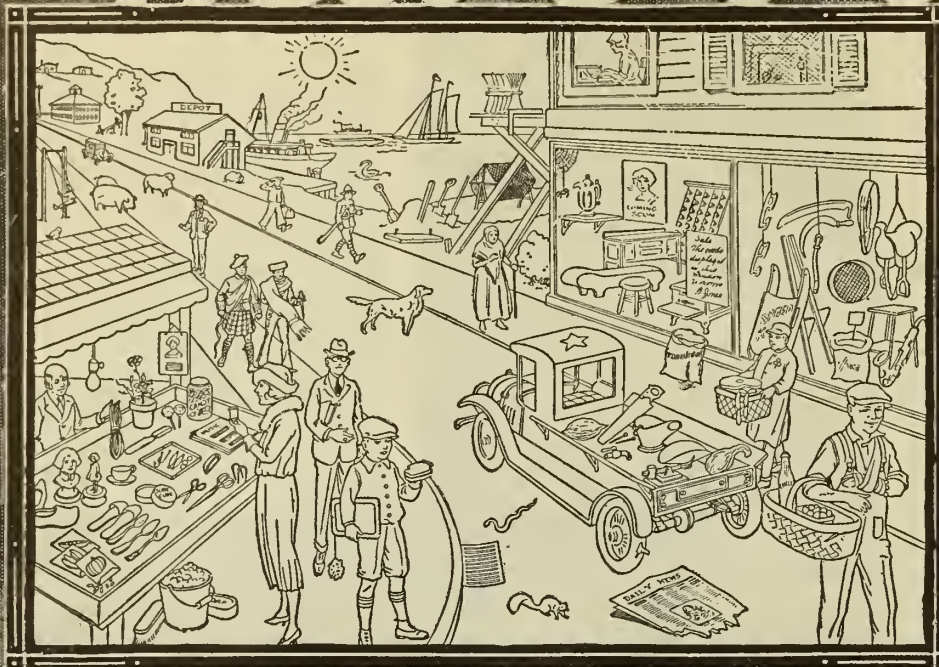
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| 1st prize | \$50 | \$750 | \$1500 | \$5000 |
| 2nd prize | 35 | 375 | 750 | 2500 |
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| 6th to 55th prizes each | 2 | 4 | 8 | 25 |
| 56th to 105th prizes each | 1 | 2 | 4 | 10 |

OBSERVE THESE RULES:

1. The contest is open to every man, woman, girl or boy living in America, except employees or relatives of employees of E. J. Reefer, 9th and Spruce Sts. There is no entrance fee of any kind.

2. You must use only one side of paper. You must number your list of objects in regular order—1, 2, 3, etc. Your full name and address must be written on each page in the upper right hand corner. Use a separate sheet for anything you may wish to write outside of your list of names and your name and address.

3. English words only will be accepted as they appear in the English dictionary. Obsolete words will not be counted. Both the singular and the plural of a word will not count; either one of them may be used.

4. Compounds or words which are made up of two or more complete English words cannot be used.

5. The same spelling of a word will be counted only once even though it is used for different articles or objects, or parts of them. Each article or object can be given only under one name.

6. Two or more people may co-operate in answering the puzzle. However, only one prize will be given to any one household. No prize will be awarded to more than one of any combination outside of the family where a number—two or more—worked together.

7. If a contestant sends more than one list under the same name, an assumed name, or a pre-married name then all lists of such contestant will be disqualified. If more than one list is sent by any group or by any members of the same group who have co-operated in the preparation of such lists, then all lists of such contestants will be disqualified.

8. All answers must be received through the mail by E. J. Reefer, 9th and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., and must be post-marked by Post Office closing time, April 10th, 1922.

9. The first prize will be awarded for the answer containing the largest and most nearly correct list of the names of visible objects and articles beginning with the letter "S" shown in the picture. No other consideration, such as neatness, style or handwriting, will have any bearing in making the decision.

10. The full amount of any of the prizes will be awarded to each contestant in the event of a tie.

11. The decision will be made by three judges entirely independent of and having no connection with E. J. Reefer. They will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes at the end of the contest. Participation in the contest carries with it the acceptance of the decision of the judges as final and conclusive.

12. All answers will receive full consideration whether or not "Reefer's Yeast Tablets" is purchased. At the close of the contest, when all lists have been graded, the names of the prize winners will be announced and the list of words will be sent upon request to any participant who sends us a stamped, addressed envelope.

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The Chief Essentials of Beauty

(Concluded from page 22)

alization of his inner dream of beauty; and these portraits range from the pale ethereal girl with golden hair and eyes of summer blue, to the girl with midnight eyes and hair of jet—from the simple, almost illiterate girl with a clinging dependent nature, to the willful intellectual girl with a nature at once capable and self-sufficient.

The competent, mentalized heroines of Meredith and the sedentary, neutral-minded heroines of Dickens represent almost the extremes of human nature. And compare the massive and matured women of Rubens and Rembrandt with the frail young girls in the canvasses of Greuze; or the cold and stately women of Reynolds and Gainsborough with the exotic and mystically passionate women of the Pre-Raphaelites.

BUT although the world has never agreed on a standard of beauty, the conditions of life in the different countries and in different ages have had much to do with influencing and developing the varying types of ideally beautiful women; for every woman, in order to have a wide appeal, must reflect the color of her environment and typify the spirit of the age in which she lives.

Therefore, a girl who is truly beautiful from our present standpoint, must not only possess certain eternal and indisputable qualities of intimate fascination, but she must also embody the ideals and tastes of her modern surroundings. She must not only have beauty and appeal in the abstract sense, but she must also be an American girl of today.

Now, what are the qualities which constitute the true beauty of a modern American girl?

Of course, one can answer this question only in a general way, for beauty is not to be measured by compasses and foot-rules; and, as I have pointed out, the idea of beauty varies with individuals as well as with nations. However, there are certain things which I hold as essential to the genuine beauty of a girl of our own day and age.

First, she must be fundamentally feminine. That is, she must have those qualities of sex which at once distinguish her from men, and which instantly arouse in everyone the consciousness of her womanliness. She should be free from those masculine poses and attitudes which so many young women of today affect. But I do not mean that she should be helpless and incompetent in the mid-Victorian manner. That, to me, is effeminacy, not femininity. (A woman who, like Alice in the old song, "Ben Bolt," trembles with joy when you give her a smile and weeps when you give her a frown, is an anachronism.) What I do mean is that she must be sympathetic, warm-hearted, non-aggressive, capable of yielding, impressionable, and with a sweet womanly humility.

Next, she must be intelligent. She must have brains without being "brainy." Her

intelligence, too, must be feminine. To know a great many obscure facts, to be "up on" art and psychology and politics, is not my idea of being intelligent. Such women are generally opinionated and positive and—conceited. Genuine feminine intelligence goes much deeper: it is almost instinctive, for it can see values, adapt itself to all conditions, and meet all emergencies. One may not be able to read or write, and yet be intelligent.

Furthermore, a truly beautiful girl is one with personality—that is, with a subtle and indefinable attractiveness of bearing and manner. Personality is one's inner self—a thing which can not be assumed or imitated, because it springs from one's unconscious sincerity. Its effect is to hold people, to focus their attention, and at the same time to fascinate them. That is why I set down personality as essential to feminine beauty.

Another important requisite of beauty in a girl is charm. She should know instinctively what offends and what does not offend, under all conditions; and—more—she should know how and when to do the things which delight people. She must possess those mannerisms which are at once graceful and gracious—never overdoing or underdoing them. This is what I call charm.

Appeal, also, is necessary to the beautiful girl. It is difficult to describe this trait without being misunderstood, for, at bottom, it is sexual. But there are two kinds of sexual appeal—the sensuous (or beautiful) and the sensual (or physical). It is, of course, the former to which I refer. A girl should have sexual appeal, for it is one of the normal and necessary bases of life. But this appeal should attract the highest instinct in men, and should hold them through its purity and spirituality.

Poise is another quality which I deem essential to beauty in a girl, for it embraces maturity, self-control, restraint, adaptability and breeding.

THERE, in brief, are the chief essentials of the ideally beautiful woman, as I see her. If she possesses these qualities it does not matter so much about her features and her coloring. She may be blonde or brunette, slender or well-proportioned; she will still be beautiful, for the traits of her mind and her character will be revealed in her face and in her eyes; and she will possess a beauty far greater than that which depends alone on the perfection of form and feature, and which has nothing beneath it to give it individuality and life.

There are in America literally hundreds of such girls as I have briefly outlined here. I have personally met many of them. And it is this type of girl that motion pictures desire and need. The only problem is how to discover them. That is why we have launched this contest. It is, in effect, a kind of search warrant for the beautiful modern American girl.



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The Six Next Sellers

(Continued from page 35)



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Penhryn Stanlaw, the famous American artist, once told me that he considered Madge Bellamy the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. After naming Lantelme, the great French beauty, and Queen Alexandra of England as the two most beautiful women he had ever seen he added, "And Madge Bellamy is the most beautiful girl."

Everywhere I heard this "Have you seen that little Bellamy girl yet? She's a knockout." Her latest release is "The Cup of Life" and she is to be starred by Maurice Tourneur in "Lorna Doone." Mr. Tourneur declared to me that he had never hoped to find a girl who could look the childish and beautiful Lorna of tradition and literature, and still have the enormous dramatic ability for the great tragic scenes of the play. "But Miss Bellamy has them," he said, "I was fortunate."

WILLIAM DE MILLE, who has at last come into his own as one of the foremost intellects of the screen world, told me that after completing "After the Show" with Lila Lee in the role of the girl, he had the utmost confidence in her future.

"Lila has revealed a depth of dramatic feeling which is remarkable in so young a girl," he said. "Her work gives every reason to believe that properly developed, she will ultimately take her place in the very front ranks of the screen art."

"She has a personality that is all fire and that alternately allures and compels. One of the rarest things on the screen today. She is real in all she does. She has sufficient beauty. Her natural talents combined with a power of expression that is most unusual are bound to give her success. It may take her a little longer to develop than the others, for she will be very great or nothing. But no one can doubt that she will be a very great dramatic actress. And great dramatic actresses are so few and far between that this must be synonymous with screen success."

Cecil de Mille once told me something the same thing about Lila Lee. While I believe he himself does not find her the type he can best use, at one time he said to me, "If Miss Lee doesn't get fat like her mother, she'll be the greatest dramatic actress on the screen in ten years."

And in ten years Lila will be only 28.

Of the men, one must first regard the very high praise and prophecy of Cecil B. de Mille in regard to Conrad Nagel. Mr. de Mille has the seeing eye, when it comes to future stars, and his words carry perhaps more weight than those of any other one man in the industry.

"The day Fate takes a good stiff punch at Conrad Nagel, he will graduate into the rank of superlatively great actors," C. B. told me just before he sailed to Europe. "He is a splendid actor. He typifies optimistic youth. When Conrad has seen a little more of life, has had a little more experience of the emotions which he will be called upon to portray, he will be one of the greatest actors on the American screen or stage. He appeals to all classes and to all that is best in people. That ought to make him a universal favorite."

"Rudolph Valentino very soon will be the greatest matinee idol on the screen," said Rex Ingram, who introduced Rudolph to the public as Julio in the "Four Horsemen."

"Properly handled and properly cast, he will undoubtedly outstrip all the present day idols and become the leading male attraction of the screen, so far as women are concerned. If he continues to play the romantic, foreign types for which he is so perfectly fitted—nothing can keep him back. Incidentally—he is a splendid actor."

Sam Wood, one of the best and most consistent directors of the Paramount organization, who is now directing Valentino in Elinor Glyn's "Beyond the Rocks," starring Gloria Swanson, told me that Valentino was the one cinch bet in pictures today. "He can act—he has all the Latin charm and fire. He is easily the best lover on the screen today. He has the greatest amount of interest and enthusiasm in his work."

While Elinor Glyn, certainly a great authority on matters of love and charm, declared, "He is the perfect continental type. I am so delighted to have him as leading man in my picture. He has such great charm and, he is such an excellent actor. I am sure he will make all the girls' hearts beat."

Cullen Landis seemed to be unanimously elected as the coming light-dramatic comedian. Ever since Cullen did "The Curly Kid" he has been regarded by the public as a star, I think.

"It isn't any surprise to us that motion picture critics and audiences look upon Cullen Landis as a star," said Clayton Hamilton. Mr. Hamilton is head of the Goldwyn scenario department and chief advisor to Mr. Goldwyn in many other matters. "The public first learned to admire him as an actor. The fact that he has an irresistible personality is only one factor in his success. He is adaptable. He has a shrewd sense of character drawing. He is naturally funny—and naturally pathetic. He could never be a type actor. He is brimming with the joy of life and loves his work. He is protected by sincerity and understanding."

Mary Roberts Rinehart, in whose stories he has appeared on the screen, wrote to me, "Cullen Landis is the foremost moving picture juvenile at the present moment and has undoubtedly a future, not as a juvenile only, but as an excellently skilled actor for the screen. More than that, he has that peculiar quality of screen charm and personality which makes him such a delight to watch in pictures. His work in my own picture 'This is the Life' was so outstanding as to be notable."

SUCH directors as Reginald Barker and Frank Lloyd have the very highest possible opinion of Cullen Landis' work and his future possibilities.

Other names came up, and were rejected only because the ones given had a little more weight one way or another. It was almost a tie between Lila Lee and Lois Wilson, and Lila won because she is conceded to have more screen beauty, is easier to fit with stories, and is much younger. Both Fred Niblo and Rex Ingram mentioned Barbara La Marr—the dark haired beauty who appeared as *Milady* in the "Three Musketeers" and is to play the lead in Ingram's picture following the "Prisoner of Zenda." Alice Terry's plans are too uncertain to admit of future prediction. She may retire permanently. Florence Vidor is already a star—as was Gloria Swanson. Buck Jones, conceded by the majority of the Hollywood film colony and by most western experts to be the coming great western star, the actual successor to Bill Hart, has worked so long at Fox that there isn't any well known director or actor to vouch for him. Mae Busch has been off the screen so long making the von Stroheim picture that she has lost ground, but she is considered the best bet for a sort of feminine Rudolph Valentino and Universal may star her soon.

But the six given seem to have the best backing and the best chance.

Whether or not the producers will agree, only time can tell.

From City Streets to a Rancho

(Continued from page 33)

delicious sense of humor, his well-trained mind, his deep understanding of human nature. Then with his red-headed, four-months-old kiddie, one Harry Carey jr., whom his father and the cowboys address uniformly as 'Dobe, which I was informed is short for adobe. And finally with his pretty, practical, humorous young wife, Olive Fuller-Golden Carey.

AFTER dinner we sat in the living room, opening as it does upon the whole vista of the rancho, before a light wood fire that smelled heavenly, and while young Harry Carey Jr., gurgled fatly in his mother's lap, while twilight and peaceful content fell and enclosed this little, complete world of plenty, Harry Carey told me something of his plans.

"No money in raising beef for meat," he said, puffing at his inevitable pisano cigarette, "somebody's always monkeying with the market. I'm raising special, fancy cattle for other ranches for breeding purposes. I've some marvelous Hereford stock now. I've one bull, Repeat 76, that I've been offered \$5,000 for.

"Then I'm working out a theory about a cross breed in horses, two in fact. I'm breeding a new type of constabulary mounts—crossing a French draft stallion and a light running mare. I've already a lot of orders for that stuff. Then I'm crossing a cowpony with a thoroughbred running horse for polo stock. I sold one polo pony last week for \$4,900, which is a small price for a good polo pony."

But it's years since I've seen a rancho of the proportions of the Harry Carey rancho, or the future plans that it shows. And for this I am sure that Mrs. Carey is more than half responsible. She even superintended the details of the new blacksmith forge, and argued the price of a load of alfalfa with a neighbor.

But the kick of the whole thing is in the way Harry Carey happens to be a rancher.

Most of the cowboy stars now on the screen were originally cowboys. They came from the ranges, they were ranch-bred, outdoor men. But the city sucked them up entirely. Now they spend their money for high-priced motor cars, and their future dreams are of houses with five bathrooms and an electric piano.

Harry Carey is a born and bred New Yorker and a college graduate, a lawyer admitted to practice before the New York bar. His father was a superior court judge in New York and a well known politician.

But the law didn't appeal to him. Pictures came along and did. He joined the old Biograph and because of his horsemanship became one of the very first moving picture cowboys. He donned the big hat, the boots, the chaps, and grew to be the character on the screen we have so loved in "Overland Red" and "Marked Men."

But oddly enough, it went further than that. He became the part he played. This child of the pavements went back to the soil as utterly as his brother stars have transferred their love from the ranges to the bright lights. The convert westerner is the worst of the bunch.

Mr. Carey is no longer bound by contract with Universal. Troubles had developed and he was glad to shake his boots of the dust of the studios.

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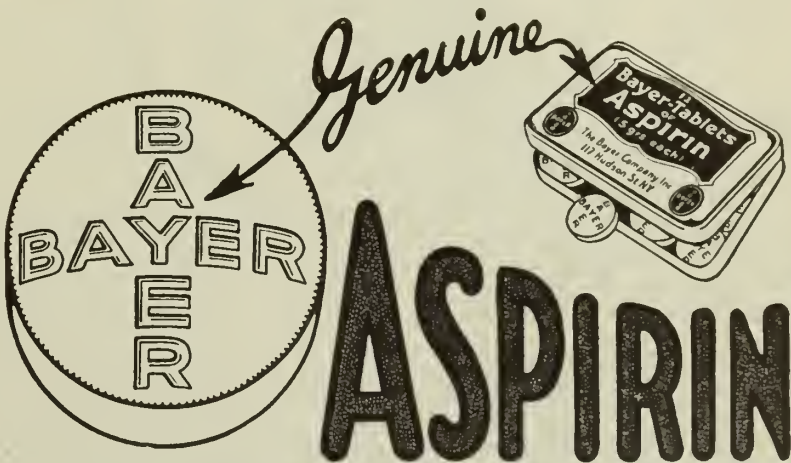
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Woman and Love

(Continued from page 42)



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It is coffee of course—but one would almost rather do without. The ancient Greeks taught the art of love to their damsels. They understood the necessity of doing well and wisely the things that are important to life. Today, every man is seeking the woman who is intelligent about love, who understands instinctively those fine, sensitive cords that make up passion. Love is as delicate as an orchid.

A WOMAN must have curiosity. I have been most captivated by the sight in a woman's eyes of that infinite curiosity about life. Curiosity is not a fault. It is the cocktails of the emotions.

In one point do I disagree greatly with the American man's philosophy of love. I believe that the most irresistible woman in the world is the woman who is madly in love with you. I can resist any temptation except the incense of adoration. Nothing is so flattering to a man as a woman's adoration. More men are attracted and held by a woman's passion for them than by theirs for her. It is the emotion he is able to arouse in a woman that thrills him most, not the emotion she is able to arouse in him.

The experienced man of the world returns again and again to the warm flame of a woman's passion for him. It is the one form of romance of which a man never tires. He may tire of the particular flame and see a new one, but difference in object will not change singleness of passion.

The less experienced man, the man who doesn't need to seek new sensations, is thrilled by the coquette who plays with him. But he has not yet discovered that the most enthralling thing in the world is an influence over the emotions and actions and heart beats of another—when it is genuine.

The most dangerous woman in the world is a pretty woman who has deep wells of passion in her nature but who has never loved.

Of all the women I have known, the Frenchwomen are the most nearly perfect. No matter what their age or class may be, they have that touch of domesticity, that sweet and gentle something that lends a delicacy even to the wildness of the senses. They know how to amuse, how to touch the heart, they have the sixth sense of pleasing a man with their perfection. And they are so very well dressed. All of them.

American women are terribly pretty. Even when they are quite ugly, they are pretty. They are always rather well dressed. And they always behave as though they were beautiful. Which gives them great poise. But they lack softness, they lack feminine charm and sweetness. You cannot imagine them doing their bits of sewing, washing, mending, and what not. They dazzle but they do not warm. They are magnificent when they are dressed up, but I never have seen one who was likewise at ease and delicious and feminine in the kitchen or the nursery.

They are so restless, too. Nothing interferes with romance like restlessness. It destroys those subtle shadings that are the very breath of its life.

I do not blame the women for all this. I blame the American man. He cannot hold a woman, dominate and rule her. Naturally things have come to a pretty pass. He is impossible as a lover. He cares nothing for pleasing the woman. He is not master in his own house. He picks and nags about little things, and then falls down in big ones. He expects to feed a woman on the husks

left from business and golf and money, and satisfy her. He has learned nothing about love and yet he expects to bestow upon her everything she should desire.

In his blindness therefore, he despises the young European who comes here. He laughs at him, makes fun of him, calls him insulting names. Why? Because this man, versed and trained in all that goes to make everything from the lightest philandering to the deepest amour, exquisite and entertaining and delicate, this man—what is it you say—shows him up? Yes.

A woman will flirt with anybody in the world so long as there are lots of other people looking on. That is natural. But to flirt in private without boredom and without offending her delicate sensibilities, she desires a partner whose experience of these things is greater than her own.

The caveman method I abhor, and I do not believe that it is ever successful with the woman who is worth having. Who could desire a woman taken by force? Who would gain any pleasure from loving or caressing a woman who did not give in return? The giving of love to me is not half so wonderful as the receiving. It may be more blessed but it is not nearly so exhilarating.

The mental caveman—ah, that is again different. By cleverness, by diplomacy, by superior mental force, by skill—that is the way to win a woman. It is only a woman who must be so won, but who after being won can give great ardor to a love affair, who proves attractive.

Even a woman whose passions are never returned has a better chance of keeping her illusions than the woman who has a love affair with a man who is brutal and uncouth. I have never known a woman in my life who was not modest, who did not have in her a certain feeling of delicacy and a regard for herself if allowed to express it.

A man who is brutal and direct and uncouth in his advances to a woman—and you would be surprised to learn how many men today push aside all the ordinary conventions when they see a woman who attracts them—looks at that woman and his purpose with her is written in his eyes. It is plain and ugly and it offends her at once, even though the man himself attracts.

The second or the third time he sees her, he—again I am American—he gets fresh. Maybe he tries to kiss her. Then if she is a woman worth having, she slaps his face and says to him, "How dare you?"

QUITE right. I would not care to kiss the woman whose lips were mine at our second or third meeting.

The preliminaries of a love affair are the most enticing part of the game. Let a woman in them be sweet but cool, promising but never encouraging, never exhibiting brazenly her familiarity with life.

Now we come to the skilled lover—the European lover. He veils his purpose. Back in his mind may be the same thought, the same desire to kiss that woman. He does not let her see it. No, no. He is gentle, he is sweet. He is deferential. He flatters her, because all woman love flattery, though not so much as men. He tells her that she is beautiful, that she is good, that she is wonderful beyond all woman.

He pets her, caresses her a little to let her become accustomed to his touch. He lets her see that he enjoys her company, even when they sit the length of a room apart. He lets her know that he likes to be near her, to speak of books and music and paintings. He reads poetry to her.

Woman and Love

(Concluded)

Then when he kisses her, she gives him back his kiss. No caveman can ever know the sweetness of that returned kiss. What she does, she does for love. So she is happy in it, and makes neither herself nor him miserable with reproaches. Even if he never sees her again, she will cherish a fond memory of him. She has not lost her self-respect. The affair may last a long time, and much happy companionship is possible to them.

A woman loves finesse. In Europe, we are taught to be most polite, to be courteous, to entertain the ladies. When we go into a drawing room, we talk of art, music, books, we tell a witty remark or two. Everyone is happy, and amused. One is never rude but tries to show the greatest attentions and charms he possesses. Then when he goes, the ladies—and maybe one upon whom he has his eyes, says, "What a charming and amusing person."

You see women love with their ears, men with their eyes.

Ah yes, in the small matters one is a slave. But in the big things—he is master. To argue about little things with a woman, to get angry, is one thing that no man versed in the arts of love ever does. After all, it is the woman who decides whether she finds you charming. It is only after you have won her love that you dare be master.

One can always be kind to a woman one cares nothing about—and to a woman by whom one is attracted. But only cruel to a woman one loves or has loved.

THERE are several kinds of women, several kind of methods of wooing on their part that are irresistible to me.

I love the dainty, little woman, who plays seriously at being domestic. She fascinates me. Everything womanly, distinctly feminine, in a woman, appeals to me. I adore her bird-like ways, her sweet pretenses, her delicious prettiness. I love her almost as one loves a cunning child, and when to this is added the filipe of sex, she becomes perfect. I do not like in her flippant, cold-blooded little tricks, but those soft, lovable ways of a little woman, those melting, helpless little ways of hers—that bring tears to your eyes and fire to your lips.

Then there is the silent, mysterious woman who fences divinely. Who knows silently and secretly the secrets of the coquette—that last art of woman, in always leaving herself an opportunity to retreat. Who has always at hand that last weapon of woman—surrender.

The greatest asset to a woman is dignity. It is her shield. With it, she may commit indiscretions that a vulgar puritan could never attempt. Dignity in a woman always puzzles a man. He likes it. He admires it. He feels confidence in the woman who displays it. He knows that she will never make a fool of herself or of him.

Nothing so fascinates me as the ability of a woman to get great pleasure from life. It is so short. The tragedy of age is not that one grows old, but that one's heart stays young. Life that develops the soul, slowly disintegrates the body. Therefore, let us make merry while we can. I cannot stand a woman who is afflicted with ennui. My countrywomen possess the gorgeous quality of enjoying life, of loving it, of getting from it all that there is to get, more than all other women. But they are never hoydenish, nor restless. They have grace and poise and polish.

Love is honey. It is a flower. It may be fierce as a tiger lily, but it must be beautiful, delicate, gentle too.

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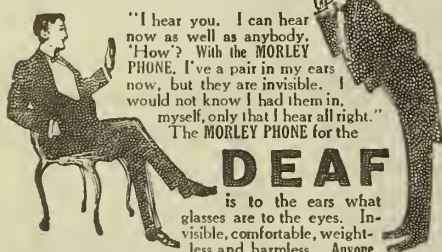
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Public Appearances

(Continued from page 45)

hide the way I used to in New York in the days when my only callers were bill collectors. I am afraid it is one of those nice, persevering mothers, with daughters who look exactly like Mary Pickford, who has come to keep my promise that if she ever came to California she must look me up and I'd see what I could do. I am not given to rash promises, but you have no idea how difficult it is to escape mothers with daughters who look like Mary Pickford without incriminating yourself. I live in daily dread that one will appear when my wife is around and confronting me with a deadly stare declaim "Remember your promise to my daughter" and I shall look and act like the hero in a bedroom farce.

Then next there were the banquets and the climate. I had always understood that Los Angeles had a monopoly on climate as a civic proposition. They even kid us about it back east. Well, let me tell you there isn't a city I visited where they can't sing you a cantata about the climate. I can't understand why so many people move to Southern California.

OFTEN it would be at 104 when I got up to speak. Not but what 104 is a very nice heat if you like heat, and I do. But of course I'd be pitifully nervous because I am not used to making speeches and that would sometimes cause me to mop my brow. A fatal error. My audience generally decided I was trying to razz their climate. So I learned to begin my little piece something like this—

"I suppose," I'd say, smiling brightly, "I suppose you think I'm warm. But I'm not really. I'm merely a little nervous at appearing before this select and critical audience. Why, your climate here is perfect, wonderful, ideal. And as for heat, don't forget that I came through Yuma on my way east. Nothing would ever seem hot after Yuma. That may appear a broad statement, but it isn't. Why, in Yuma, we saw a dog chasing a cat down the street and they were both walking."

Usually it went well. If it didn't—we all got cooled off.

One thing was very trying to my sensitive spirit. In every city the people were kind enough to welcome me at the station. Sometimes they even had out the band and a parade with automobiles with my name on and everything. Also my business manager, Bogart Rogers, had about as much delicacy as Barnum and Baileys in letting everybody know I was in town. As I'd walk along the street about every other person I passed would say, "There goes that MacLean now." Strange how the use of such a little word as "that" can make you jump.

Speaking of the heat, in Fort Worth the heat and I clashed for a brief round and I must admit that the heat came off best—that is, I actually came off but it was the heat that was responsible. We had been breakfasting at the hotel—a nice, southern breakfast. For myself, I like a regular breakfast—none of this tea and toast, coffee and fruit stuff in mine. I may be a movie actor, but I've got the labor point of view on breakfast.

Thus I had been long over my meal. When I arose I heard a faint, sad sound—almost a sob—suggestive of one parting with something dear. It was, I had. Looking down, I discovered that I had left upon the chair the seat of my trousers. It was an old suit and 'twas not the loss of the seat of my trousers so much as the manner of its loss that distressed me. I would gladly have parted with it under more auspicious circumstances.

As it was, there was nothing left to do but wrap a newspaper about the middle portion of my anatomy, and dash from the dining room, my wife and Mr. Rogers forming a sort of rear guard, if I may say so.

At Hutchinson, too, I was barely saved from disaster.

They gave me a banquet at Hutchinson. It was the sort of banquet they probably thought I was used to, after seeing the kind we use in the movies. But I wasn't. The table was arranged in a giant horseshoe, beautifully decorated and artistically arranged. My place was at the head. I was as solitary and conspicuous as a small boy's missing tooth.

Beside me sat the mayor of Hutchinson.

Have you ever eaten, dear readers, when you know that several hundred pairs of eyes were fixed on your Adam's apple? You try to smile and chew at the same time and probably resemble nothing so much as a hyena with a bone.

It was also mighty tough on the mayor. He had never been a movie star and I had never been a mayor. We couldn't find a point of contact. Just then, in trying to reach for the bread, smile at a pretty lady down the table and swallow a large piece of steak, I upset the salt. I thought it was a *faux pas*. In reality it was an act of providence. The mayor understood me to have evinced an interest in salt. He began to talk. It seems that all the salt in the world comes from Hutchinson, Kansas. That mayor was one of the most interesting, entertaining and well-informed men I've ever talked to. I forgot that I was supposed to be on exhibition and I had the time of my life. And so everybody else forgot it and we all had a good time.

Young Rogers was a great help to me in one way. He's a bright boy and he used to be a captain in the British aviation. He moves fast but his methods are effective. I must admit that there were times when I bid fair to destroy the reputation of myself, my art and what is more important, my director general, Thomas H. Ince, I'd peter out completely. My best behavior and my company manners and my personal-appearance-try-to-make-everybody-love-you line of action, would seem to desert me completely.

WHEN Rogers saw I was in trouble, saying the wrong things or not saying anything or agreeing to buy Central Park or the city hall, he'd canter up, pulling up his cuff as he came. He'd burst in upon us, holding out his wrist watch and cry, "Mr. MacLean, do you know what time it is?" I'd drag out my Ingersoll and we'd compare them and I'd say breathlessly, "No! It isn't! It can't be! Why, we've only got ten minutes. Good-by—you'll excuse us—only got ten minutes—" and we'd vanish still talking and I'd have a chance to get my breath and my wits and think up a couple of bright things to say.

While we were in Washington, we climbed the Monument. Climbed up in the elevator and down on our legs. We wanted to walk down. We thought it would be good exercise. Of course, you may think we got a little scary going up in that elevator. It is a long way to go in an elevator, isn't it? You smile and whistle and remind yourself that thousands of people have done this same thing before and thousands more will do it again and that there aren't many corpses apparent. It's so safe.

Still, we walked down. I was in bed

(Concluded on page 109)

Public Appearances

(Concluded)

for three days afterwards because I couldn't walk anywhere else. When I got up, I visited the Treasury and they let me hold \$160,000,000 in cash in my hands. I had to go to bed again after that. We saw the Capitol with Chic Sale. He told us a lot of things about it we'd never heard. I don't expect anybody else ever had either.

In passing I should like to mention one little incident that happened in Birmingham. A young man rang me at my hotel and said, "Mr. MacLean, this is Charles Lee Porter. You may have heard of me. I know you're very busy, but I thought you might be glad to spare me a few moments of your time. There are a number of things I'd like to talk with you about."

Now a couple of things had happened on this trip that had made me wary and shy about claiming even a little quiet for myself. In Atlanta, Rogers went ahead to stir up a little popular sentiment. When he got to the hotel an unknown and rather casual sort of bird drifted up and in an absent-minded way inquired, "You Doug MacLean's press agent?" Rogers admitted he was something like that. "That so," said the bird, "When's Doug get in?"

I presume I will be pardoned for mentioning that occasionally in every community one runs up against what are commonly termed nuts—also pests. We had been approached by every known variety, from the innocent old lady who wanted us to look up her cousin who lived in California to the smooth young man who wanted us to buy a diamond necklace. The movie is always fair game, you know.

Consequently, in order that we might have the time and attention to give to the worthy and kind admirers who had done so much to make our trip a success, we had to try to discriminate. So Rogers said, "What'd you want to know for? May I have your name?" The man said, "Yep. My name's Yates. I'm a cousin o' his."

I hadn't mentioned I had any cousins in Atlanta. You know how careless you can be about relations. So Rogers gave him a very high grade stare and said, "Mr. MacLean is going to be very busy in Atlanta. Good-by."

Then in Kansas City, a fellow called up on the phone so early in the morning I wasn't much more than a moron yet, and his voice sounded like a man in Asheville that wanted me to endorse some new kind of depilatory, so I told him I was Rogers and MacLean wouldn't be in for a couple of days. Then he said, "Well, this is Mr. X. I'm a friend of Mr. Ince's and Mr. Ince wired me to look MacLean up and take him around." I fainted.

But, worse still, in ten minutes Rogers came dashing in and says, "I just met Mr. X. in the lobby and when I told him who I was he said 'What kind of a damn fool joke is this anyway?' and beat it."

It took us two days to square that.

Of course there were a few sad moments on that trip. One little old lady in Asheville came to the theater in a wheel chair. She'd been on invalid for years but she said she liked my pictures because they were always nice and clean and she wanted to see if I was a good, clean boy myself. I felt about as big as a fly on Babe Ruth's bat.

I am whole-heartedly grateful for all the wonderful kindness shown to me. I never before thoroughly appreciated America, Americans, American hospitality and American humor.

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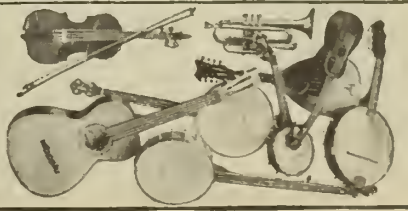
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Breaking In

(Continued from page 51)

"What the hek do we care whether he's a man among men, or not?" George roared. "Another thing, we haven't seen any people in rough garments. We haven't seen anything yet. This is the beginning of the picture. Heavens, Bill, use some sense!"

He then lost his temper entirely, and walked nervously up and down the office, talking in his own free way.

"Anyhow," he said finally, "that's not the way to begin it. I think we'd better run over to Catalina. You can work better there, Bill. I'll spend the time fishing, seeing I need a good rest. You can stay in your room and write."

"Good," I said.

Catalina isn't such a bad place, under certain conditions.

* * * * *

THE memory of that Catalina trip always sends a cold blast down my spine. George locked me in a sea-side room with a blue rug and chintz curtains, and there I wrote those first fifty scenes. I wrote them repeatedly. George went out fishing early each morning, and returned with the shades of night. As often as I wrote a fresh batch of scenes, George read them and broke into tears.

"I don't see why we can't start this story?" he said irritably, after five days of it.

"We might start it, if you'd quit fishing and do a little thinking," I retorted. My morale was beginning to sag. I was getting weary of doing all the thinking, and besides that, George had told the entire population not to talk to me. He had warned them off, as though I had a well-defined case of pellagra. The manager of the hotel had been informed that I was writing a motion picture—tearing it body and soul out of the great romance known as "Willow Farm." The manager took his patrons aside and requested them not to annoy me. The bellhops were threatened. When I bought cigarettes, the red-haired girl handed them out hurriedly and went away, as though fearful she might say something to disturb my calm.

In moments of desperation, when I wandered from my room into the lobby and sought to start conversation with a stranger, he ostentatiously edged away from me.

"It's a nice day," I said to the doorman.

"Yes, sir," he said nervously. "Hadn't you better be getting back to your room?"

Meantime, I began "Willow Farm" over and over. I began it in the Jones household, and I removed it to the chicken yard and began it there. I commenced that accursed drama of mountain life in the family kitchen, in the schoolhouse, on the state road, up in the rocky fastness of the hills, under a tree, in the town square, back of the barn and down in the cellar. I moved it suddenly to another state and began it. I started it at noon, midnight, and various hours between. I tried to sneak up on it and start it before it expected it, but all without avail. George read all the multitudinous starts, after a hard day out with the bluefins, shook his head gloomily, and walked away with the air of a man who is suffering, nobly and silently. After the fourteenth beginning, my system broke under the strain. I packed my valise and hurried down to the clerk.

"Tell George, when he comes in from fishing," I said, "that I have gone home to die with my family."

I then unobtrusively took the boat back to America. George returned later on, wearing a fine coat of tan.

"That was a nice way to do," he said accusingly when I met him in the studio a week later. "Running out on me. What have you got now?"

I showed him two brand new beginnings and he read them unhappily, shaking his head, as one does beside the bier of a departed friend.

"If you know how to begin this contemptible story," I said to him. "Why don't you tell me?"

"I don't know how to begin it," he retorted. "What have we got you around here for?"

He sat still for some time and seemed to be thinking. This was the first time George had really thought.

"Why don't you start it," he suggested brightly, "with Joe Hocker plowing his corn?"

"I did begin it that way," I said. "I began it that way the very first time. You said you couldn't shoot it."

"Try it again," he advised, and then he went out and played golf.

A few days later, George began assembling his company, a select aggregation of talented actors and actresses, who were to portray the characters of "Willow Farm." When he finished hiring, there were forty thespians walking eagerly to and fro under my window. Some were young and some were old, but each one wished to know if the part I was writing for him, or her, was a good part, and worthy of his peculiar talents.

Meantime, I was back with Joe Hocker, plowing his corn. Hocker and I spent a great deal of time in that corn field, and though there were forty accredited actors milling around the door, as far as I could see, I would never require anyone except Joe Hocker.

"You'll have to hurry this along, Bill," said George, with a worried air, about Friday of that week. "We're supposed to leave on Monday for Pine Summit."

"Who is?" I inquired.

"The whole company. Pine Summit looks as much like Virginia as any place else. You'll have to come along, seeing the script isn't finished."

"I suppose I'm going to spend some more time in a hotel room?" I asked falteringly.

"You are," he said grimly. "We're going to write this scenario if it kills you."

Pine Summit is two days from Hollywood on a fast train. It perches high in the mountains, a brown little town with rubber boots in the shop windows.

"Very well, George," I said briskly. "I shall work hard today and tomorrow. We shall have many scenes ready when you start."

ON Sunday night, we had two hundred scenes, and to me it seemed the story was moving brightly onward. I finally got Joe Hocker out of the corn field and the plot unfolded beautifully.

"This is great stuff," George said, after having read it. "Now you're on the right track, Bill. Keep on going."

On Monday, the troupe left for Pine Summit in two palace cars, and I was given as nice an upper berth as any of the cameramen or property boys. Writers are always given upper berths when a movie company goes on location, the theory being that if you give an author a lower berth, he becomes insufferable, and will then probably ask to eat with the actors.

With the train moving gaily into the north, George again read the two hundred scenes. He lounged in his elegant state-

(Continued on page 111)

Breaking In

(Continued)

room, with two porters waiting on him, and went carefully through the mass of contemplated action.

"Bill," he said, wrinkling his forehead, "this is all wrong. You can't do it this way, and I always said so."

"I thought you said we could do it that way?" I ventured.

"If I did, I was crazy. This stuff is the bunk."

He thereupon tore up the two hundred scenes, tossed them out upon the right-of-way, and the train sped on into the night.

We arrived in Pine Summit without a single scene to our name. The town consists of sixteen houses and a railway hotel, which adjoins the roundhouse and is made homey by the delightful odor of hot locomotives. Mike Maynard runs the hotel, and in honor of our coming, he ejected all his regular patrons and turned his establishment over to the artists of the silent drama. I was immediately ushered into a small bedroom up near the eaves, from which I could look out upon as pretty a collection of coal cars as I have ever seen. A boy was sent out for a typewriter and ten pounds of paper.

"Now go ahead," said George. "It will take me a day or two to look over the country. Meantime, you start it again. And hurry it up, Bill."

THAT was Wednesday. I began sadly once more, going back even beyond the spot where Joe Hocker hitched up the old gray mule to the plow, but a great deal of my freshness had been rubbed off. I no longer leaped at the task, singing a roundelay, so to speak. I approached it with reluctant feet. Wednesday afternoon, George began shooting. I don't mean that he began shooting at me, though he probably thought of it. He began taking atmosphere shots for "Willow Farm." He shot the main street of Pine Summit, to show the customers what sort of town Henry Jones came to on Saturday night for his red-eye.

And in my chaste and humble room, I stuck to the early moments of the romance. At intervals George came in and encouraged me. For a week we continued thus with the forty temperamental artists sitting on wooden chairs in the lobby, shooting craps and criticizing me.

"Bill," said George, "this is getting mighty serious. We've got five thousand a week overhead, and we ought to start this picture."

"That's too bad," I said. It was the first time in my life anyone ever paid five thousand a week to have me loll around in my bedroom.

"Something's got to be done," he said firmly. "I can't stand this, Bill."

He then summoned the aid of a fat little actor, a moon-faced chap, who was likewise a famous dramatist. No one could ever tell whether he was better as an actor or as a dramatist. George asked the little man to sit in with me and help me get the company to work.

"There's nothing really difficult about it," said the actor. His name was Arthur and he had a mild blue eye and trembled if spoken to sharply. "After discussing this problem, I shall go to my room and write a beginning for you."

We then discussed the problem. Arthur retired to his room and wrote the start, and during the evening George strolled into the dramatist's room and read it. The language that came over that transom was exactly the sort George uses when he misses a seven-

(Continued on page 112)

"Thank You"



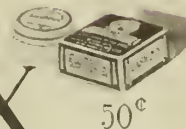
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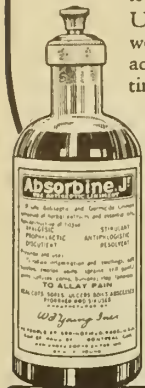
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Breaking In

(Continued from page 111)

inch putt and the little fat actor-dramatist walked hurriedly out and down the hall, telling those he met that he had never been so insulted in his life. That finished Arthur. George threw the dramatic effort out upon the main line of the railway and went to bed.

Mike Maynard, who is as kind a hotel man as I ever knew, asked us what the trouble seemed to be, and then offered to do what he could. He wrote those first fifty scenes on some telegraph blanks, and for two days George hesitated. He nearly began "Willow Farm" from telegraph blanks. Then the thing became a game. Everybody pitched in. The leading gentleman, who sings tenor, wrote them in a fine, flowing hand, but the leading lady said that she would like to see anybody make her work with such stuff. She wrote the fifty herself, and when George examined her material he found that the leading man appeared only once and then as a dim figure upon the horizon. The woman who dusted out tried her hand at it, and I found the Pine Summit baggage master doing "Willow Farm" for us on the end of an upturned trunk. So it went.

I was, by this time, an object of cold suspicion to the entire troupe. Apparently I was trying to pry them all out of their jobs, and they asked me, pointedly, why I didn't do something, so that they could begin acting.

"IT'S all very well to sit here in the hotel and be paid for doing nothing," remarked one of the elderly actors, "but you must realize that this cannot go on. We will all be dismissed. And so will you."

"Can I count on that?" I asked, but the misery in my voice was lost on him.

The days that followed will always remain in my mind, fixed and immutable, like the incidents of some dreadful phantasmagoric chiaroscuro. I do not know, except vaguely, what a chiaroscuro is, but it must bear a close resemblance to those endless, sodden, merciless days in the clutch of "Willow Farm." Every so often, George would appear with five hundred fresh sheets of virgin paper and a word of cheer. Strangers, stepping off the local trains for a hurried snack in the lunch room, would hear of our dilemma and some of them sympathized and tried to dash off fifty scenes for us, whilst cooling their coffee, but nothing seemed to help us out of the dreadful hole.

In a moment of sheer desperation—the second week—George tore his hair anew and decided in my presence, profanely and frantically, not to make "Willow Farm" at all. George's hair is not particularly suitable for tearing. It can't be torn with any degree of pleasure, because it doesn't begin early enough.

"This picture can't be made," he stormed. "If I had a regular scenario writer to help, I might do it, but not with you, Bill. What a mistake I made!"

"So did I, George. We both made a mistake."

He then dispatched a telegram to the home office, stating in so many words that he had found "Willow Farm" impossible to picture. The home office was neither impressed nor excited, because George has been telegraphing about one thing or another for ten years. Moreover, the advertising for this production was under way. Next day, the answering wire came into Pine Summit. "Do Willow Farm," it said heartlessly. "And speed it up."

For one hour after George got the wire, I had the rare and interesting opportunity

of watching a man pass through the several stages that begin with calm sanity and end with slight frothing. He walked up and down the quiet railway tracks and tore out the rest of his hair.

"Better get him off the tracks," Maynard advised. "Number Six is due in ten minutes."

Another thing that saddened my life during those weeks in Pine Summit was the great and disastrous change that came over the entire troupe of once-happy actors, due solely to me and my failure.

Ordinarily, a movie outfit on location, with all meals paid for, is a joking, care-free and light-hearted aggregation, and George's company was all of that, during the early days of the visit. The men were jolly and the women pleasant-spoken. The first meals were really gay little parties. Coming to food, the thespians pushed Mike's dining-room tables together, making one big, festive board. There was laughter and the merry quip. Many broke into song.

"They're like a happy family," said George, beaming in from the doorway. This was during the first week, which was the only time George could beam. Then the picture changed. When the troupe discovered that I was deliberately loafing on the job—that I was refusing, for sinister reasons of my own, to get those first fifty scenes down on paper, the actors began to sour on the vine.

In no time at all, the company was a seething mass of discontent. Men who were noted for their kindly manners, quarreled bitterly with their fellows. Each individual ate his meals in solitary silence, at a table by himself. Everyone growled at everyone else. Murder and sudden death were in the air, and at one time the leading lady stated that nothing could prevent her from shooting the leading man. Mike Maynard went about miserably, trying to placate this one and that one.

"You see what you've done," George snapped at me. "You're demoralizing my company, Bill."

I could make no reply. I was too far gone.

"I know now," George continued, "just how big a fool I was in getting you this job. This will ruin my reputation. If you don't hand me fifty scenes by tomorrow morning, I'm going to send the company back."

"George," I said, in a low voice, "if you'll send me back, I'll hand you seventy-five scenes tomorrow."

He glared at me and walked away.

* * * * *

FINALLY "Willow Farm" got under way. Somehow or other—in some miraculous manner, the production actually started, and George began shooting, starting in with old Joe Hooker and the grey mule. Swiftly the story grew under George's skilful guidance, because George is really a capable director. Other troubles, however, stared me in the face.

"You know," he murmured, one night, after reading as far as scene three hundred and ten, "you're getting this all wrong, Bill. You haven't got any drama in this at all. I suppose you know this is a tragedy, Bill."

"You're mistaken," I replied. "Willow Farm is a comedy."

"Comedy nothing. This story is a perfect tragedy."

"To me, yes. Intrinsicly, it is a comedy. Harvey Loomis never wrote anything but comedy, and was a famous humorist. Be-

(Concluded on page 113)

Breaking In

(Concluded)

sides, George, I guess I can tell a comedy when I see one."

For two days, we wrangled about whether we were doing a comedy or a tragedy. George very justly asked me was I making this double-humped picture or was he? Did I know more about motion pictures than he did, or not? And who the hek did I think I was, anyhow?

"It's a comedy," I said drearly. "You can't fool me, I'll bet you it's a comedy, and we'll leave it to Harvey Loomis' widow."

"If we do," said he, "it will be the only thing that was left to her. This guy Loomis was a bum. Moreover, he was a punk story-writer. I wish he was here so I could tell him what I think of him."

Meanwhile, I battled on grimly. I wrote what now seems like fifty thousand scenes and one million subtitles. I saw little creeping things on the wall paper, which were not really there, because Mike Maynard runs a good hotel. I began to have spots before the eyes. The entire room would frequently revolve rapidly for five minutes, and strange figures in white robes would appear to walk through the walls. It was a time of phantasmagoric chiaroscuro.

In vain I tried to escape from Pine Summit. One night I sneaked out and stole down the railway tracks in the dusk, walking softly. They caught me passing the roundhouse and dragged me back. There was talk of chaining me to the bedpost, but nothing came of it.

"IF you don't speed up," George said brutally, "you'll never get this done."

"George," I replied, "if you don't let me go home, you will regret it. Reason is now tottering upon her lofty throne."

"Let you get out of here without finishing this!" George laughed a harsh, metallic laugh.

"There are only two sides to the walls of the home for the unhinged," I continued, "and by next week, I will be on the other side."

"Nonsense," he said briskly. "You're doing all right. Now, for instance, take this scene of yours where Albert says to Clarence: 'I'll get you some day for this, Clarence Becker.' You ought to have Albert shoot Clarence."

"What for?" I asked. "He doesn't shoot him in the book."

"Never mind what he does in the book. He ought to shoot him."

"George," I remonstrated, "he never shoots Clarence. Next time they meet, they're warm friends."

"Bill," he said, shaking his head dismally, "you're never going to get anywhere in this business. You need a different mind."

"I haven't any mind at all," I admitted. "When I left home, I had a fair working mentality, but it's gone. This job found a strong, rugged intellect and it leaves a gibbering loon."

"Well," he said, in a more kindly tone, "you keep on plugging. Have Albert shoot Clarence, and if possible have Lillian suspected of the crime. Put some pep into it, and then think up a good, strong finish."

"I can't think of any finish but my own, George," I returned quietly. "Be a good fellow and let me go home."

"I will not," he declared. "You're paid to stay here and do this finish, and by cripes, you're going to."

I will never forget the conclusion of "Willow Farm." In the early days of the job, I had thought the beginning somewhat

difficult, but it was the merest child's play, compared with the finish. We came down to the final hundred scenes and stuck hard and fast. There was no way out. The troupe laid off, began shooting craps again, and renewed the early accusations against me. They said to each other, in my hearing, that they couldn't understand what George meant and what the company meant by sending them out with a scenario writer who deliberately laid down on the job.

I now recall that George wanted to wind up the drama with Albert in the county jail, dying of some dread disease, and have a last minute marriage. This seemed to me a trifle somber, for a comedy. My own notion was that we ought to conclude the entertainment in some more snappy manner. Albert and his bride should be giving a dance at their palatial home, and there should be a lovely fade-out in the moonlight on the veranda. Albert hadn't kissed anyone during the entire picture, and this seemed a good spot for a kiss.

However, he decided against the jail scene, and I wrote two or three dozen hopeful finishes to "Willow Farm," all of which George pronounced to be the most execrable stuff he had come across in a long and busy life.

Then, with the hundred scenes undone, and no finish in sight, I suddenly quit. I didn't mean to quit, but the great forces within me simply curled up and died. Night after night, George entered my work-room and asked in vain for raw material.

"There isn't any more," I said to him, looking at him vacantly.

He refused to accept this fact for several days.

"You're going to write a finish for this picture," he announced, "or I'm going to knock your head off."

"You knock my head off and I can write just as good a finish as with it on," I answered, and there the matter rested. George suddenly melted one evening, after a sumptuous meal. He seemed to become nearly human and appreciative of human woe. He walked over to where I was looking gloomily out into the rain and slapped me on the back.

"Bill," he said earnestly, "you've done your best. Of course, it wasn't much, but it was your best. You can go home. I'll finish this thing myself."

I left the spot hurriedly. There was a mail train out of that wretched town at ten in the evening, and I took it, breathing a long, happy sigh. George sat down, wrote the remainder of "Willow Farm," and shot it as he wrote it. Without the slightest feeling of compunction, I can say that he nearly ruined my entire picture. The celluloid result, as afterward shown in our best theaters, is one of the few motion pictures that can be truly described as good entertainment. But the finish is terrible.

OF course, I don't blame George, because he really tried hard. Months afterwards, when the tribulations of Pine Summit had sunk beyond the horizon, George and I emerged from a theater after watching the effect of the photoplay upon an audience of unusual intelligence.

"That's a pretty fair comedy after all," I remarked, as we stood in the outpouring crowd and listened to the comment.

George grunted emphatically. "It's the best tragedy that's been released this year," he admitted.

We then moved over to where the light was brighter, so that the people could step up and tell George how good it was.



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| .. Rupture | .. Stomach | .. Heart Weakness |
| .. Lumbago | .. Disorders | .. Poor Circulation |
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Plays and Players

(Concluded from page 97)

BILL HART, now that he has a life partner to give him courage, has emerged from his silence to tell how the "big hitch" happened.

According to Bill's own story, their courtship began nearly three years ago when Miss Westover played opposite him in a picture called "John Petticoats." Bill had both his guns with him at the time, not to mention his favorite swift steed Pinto and his trusty rope, but lovely Winifred, he admits, soon had him bound and—so he claims—gagged. He adored her in silence, and though they were much together, and he did everything possible to show her the feeling he had in his heart, he couldn't get the necessary courage to propose.

At last she accepted an offer to go to Sweden, which is her native land though several generations removed, to appear in pictures. Bill never forgot her, he declares, and while his name was being linked with that of other movie stars and an interested public was trying to marry him to the famous Mary Garden, he was true to the little blonde girl of his secret choice.

When she returned to America, after many months, Bill wired her immediately, asking her to come to California to appear with him in pictures. But she had signed a contract, soon after landing, with a New York firm, so the hero of the wild west decided to go and get her. Which explains Bill Hart's recent visit to New York.

Bill found his dream-girl even more wonderful than he had remembered her. They spent several quiet, but happy weeks getting re-acquainted, and Bill fell more and more in love every day and determined that at last he had really fallen a victim to the little warrior with the bow and arrow.

But—"She was so sweet and beautiful and my own shortcomings were so many that I just didn't have the courage to ask her," Bill told me shortly after the ceremony, "and I went away to far off California again. And I wrote her a letter and told her I loved her and asked her to marry me. Thank God, she answered by wire and said she would, and she did."

For years Bill has been the subject of constant matrimonial rumor, linking his name with Mary Garden, and recently with that of Jane Novak.

You Cannot Learn Acting By Mail

Here is a new one. A concern in Jackson, Michigan, advertises (not in PHOTOPLAY) that for ten cents they will send you a "Twelve-hour talent-tester or Key to Movie Acting Aptitude." It is billed as a novel, instructive and valuable work. Any publication that carries such advertising must realize they are accepting money to bunco their readers. Motion picture acting cannot be taught by mail and we have yet to learn of any school that can be of any benefit commensurate with the amount charged. Can you imagine the laugh a mail order correspondence would get if he presented his correspondence school diploma to a casting director? If you have been stung by any of these fakirs, write to the Editor of PHOTOPLAY. They are the bunk. PHOTOPLAY is doing a little investigation of these so-called schools. One of the PHOTOPLAY staff has just taken a course and the results, when they are published, are going to be a scream. Incidentally, post office officials and district attorneys are cooperating. Now watch them scuttle for the dug-outs!

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. 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.
 Realert, 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, 1423 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. 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.
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, Oronta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
 Rex Beach, Whitman Bennett Studio, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, New York; Geo. Arles, 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

(Continued from page 61)

FOOL DAYS—Fox

AL ST. JOHN'S clowning becomes a bit monotonous in this burlesque of "School Days," but his mechanical devices contain many a helpful hint for the housewife (nice alliteration!). Napoleon, the monkey, is almost uncannily clever—as usual. He almost makes one lose faith in the supremacy of the w. k. human race.

THE FIRE EATER—Universal

HOOT GIBSON—a bit more appealing and boyish than the general run of wildwesters—works, in this picture, through a smoke screen. As a government ranger he is more attractive than efficient. There is an exceedingly realistic forest fire—an oasis of interest in a badly built plot. A family film.

THE ROOF TREE—Fox

AMURDER, a pilgrimage from Virginia to Kentucky, a false friend, a charming girl—and William Russell. What more could an ambitious box office require? Though the story is slight the suspense is well sustained through the first half. For the rest—a decorative family tree, an equally decorative Sylvia Breamer, and titles with a southern accent. Rather strong for children.

FOOTFALLS—Fox

APRISON drama, with an excellent idea lurking somewhere in the background. This idea, however, has been lost in the shuffle of a careless and crude production, and is only visible at odd intervals. The result is a picture that is dreary without being dramatic.

THE BEAUTIFUL LIAR—

First National

CATHERINE MACDONALD'S beauty is amazing, at times. But her acting ability is not to be classed with her beauty. She seldom rises above posing—although, in all fairness, this story gives her little chance. A startling likeness, an impersonation, a rich young man—old stuff! Charles Meredith plays the r. y. m. and Joseph J. Dowling makes good as an old Scotch clerk.

A QUESTION OF HONOR—

First National

A YOUNG engineer building a dam, a villain saying many of them, Anita Stewart in knickers and a tweed norfolk, and Sierra scenery. There is much plot, much dynamite, and Walt Whitman as a grizzled old woman-hater. The villain is, of course, put in his place while the engineer (Edward Hearn) and heroine become an affectionate fade-out. Old stuff, but the children may like it.

A BRIDE OF THE GODS—

First National

A FINE story by a good author—hacked into a distorted mass of situations that do not ring true. What might have been an intense drama of India, of love and pride and sacrifice, fails to register. James Morrison has his moments, Marguerite De La Motte is beautiful, and, as the small boy, Frankie Lee is unusually convincing. Don't take the children.

(Continued on page 116)

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 115)

WHATEVER SHE WANTS—Fox

IT is proved, not quite conclusively, in this picture that a woman can cause as much trouble in business as she can anywhere else. Eileen Percy is as blonde as ever—and as futile. Good for children, and invalids. (Especially mental cases!)

The story is lifeless, Eileen Percy is listless. We cannot say much for it. Stay home and read a good book. That is a better pastime.

ACROSS THE DEAD LINE—

Universal

THE story of a feud between two brothers—one godly, the other otherwise. There is a dance hall, some scenery, and a family Bible (the sort that little children sit on, at table, when they're visiting). Frank Mayo plays the son of the godly brother, and Molly Malone is the feminine attraction.

THE LAW AND THE WOMAN—

Paramount

NOT up to the other productions that have been made by Penrhyn Stanlaws and Betty Compson. It is dramatic but sordid, and is not designed for youthful consumption. The plot evolves from a foul murder, of which a man is wrongly convicted. His wife takes desperate measures to save him from the electric chair, and barely succeeds. Miss Compson and Cleo Ridgely do good work in somewhat difficult rôles.

A BARNYARD CAVALIER—

Christie

AN exceptionally pretentious comedy designed as a burlesque of the Fairbanks' "Three Musketeers." Bobbie Vernon gives an amusing interpretation of *D'Artagnan*, introducing some funny parodies of Doug's jumping jack tactics. The humor of the piece, however, is laid on a little bit too thick in spots, and consequently loses much of its force.

A MAN'S HOME—Selznick

A DOMESTIC double-triangle drama with an obvious plot and conventional situations is provided in "A Man's Home." But it is well directed by Ralph Ince, and played by an unusually fine cast. In fact, there is a minimum number of flaws visible to the naked—or perhaps one should say, the undraped eye. Harry Morey, Grace Valentine, and Kathleen Williams head the cast.

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THE story—dealing with an industrial situation that has, ever since the war, been crystallizing into strikes—might have made a stirring and intensely significant picture. But it falls rather flat through lack of subtlety, mediocre direction, and an indifferently cast. Walt Whitman, as a Scotch workman, is convincing. And the photography is excellent. Food for the family—after a tiring day. And that's commendation—if you think it over.

(Concluded on page 117)

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The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

NO PARKING—Christie

HERE is an amusing little comedy, dealing with a pair of newlyweds who find that they cannot gain admission to any apartment houses because they happen to be encumbered with a baby and a dog. So they invest in a portable house with various results. The more or less happy pair are well played by Helen Darling and Neal Burns, and the supporting cast (consisting of the baby and the dog) is somewhat more than adequate.

PARDON MY FRENCH—Goldwyn

THE odor of uncured ham is prevalent throughout this film. It is ostensibly a comedy, but any laughs that it inspires are of a decidedly uncomplimentary nature. The "plot" concerns the activities of a stranded theatrical troupe and some nouveau riche Kansas hicks. Vivian Martin does what she can, but "Pardon My French" remains inexcusably bad.

THREE POLA NEGRI PICTURES

IN the space of one year, Pola Negri has established herself as a decisive sensation with American movie audiences. She has given three startlingly fine performances, in "Passion," "Gypsy Blood," and "One Arabian Night." It was only logical that in view of this amazing success, a number of her old pictures would be resurrected and unloaded on the American public.

Three such films have lately appeared—"Vendetta" (Howells), the "Last Payment," and "The Red Peacock" (Paramount). The first two of these will certainly tend to injure Miss Negri's popularity. Although she displays the same emotional intensity, the same elemental force, that characterized her work in "Passion" and the rest, the two productions are so frightfully shoddy that no amount of effort on Miss Negri's part can lift them above the level of mediocrity. The costumes and scenery (supposedly "modern") are reminiscent of an "East Lynne" road company of the vintage of 1888, and the photography has a decidedly tin-type quality. The ball room scenes are ludicrous beyond words.

In "The Red Peacock," however, Miss Negri has much more material to work with, and the result is a strongly dramatic picture. It is a very slight variation of the old "Camille" theme, with the usual croupy climax. The production itself is only fair, but the supporting cast is good, and the scenario well constructed (a quality which is regrettably rare in foreign films).

SHATTERED DREAMS—Universal

WHEN a shell-shocked Apache from the wilds of Paris and a blonde sculptress get together—well, keep the children at home. And stay home with them. Miss Du Pont (has she a first name?) supplies a laugh or two when she putters with her statue—her big moments fall very flat.

GLEAM O' DAWN—Fox

JOHN GILBERT, a new star, does splendid work in a unique and well directed drama of the Hudson Bay country. The interest of the story is well sustained and there are certain tense moments when knives flash in the firelight. Wilson Hummel is splendid as Pierre, a crazy fiddler, and Edwin Tilton is the heavy father. Almost a family film.

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BECAUSE of certain readjustments we have made, we are now able to change our publication date from the 1st of the month to the 15th. The gain to you is in time.

FIRST: We have perfected arrangements that permit still quicker action between the arrival of news stories in the editorial offices and their issuance from the press.

SECOND: By printing at a later date than hitherto, we can hold the forms open for all the very latest developments of special interest to you.

Photoplay is essentially a quality magazine, both as to character of contents and its mechanical appearance. But it is something more. Its service may fairly be compared to that of a metropolitan daily. To still further speed up, to perfect, this service is the reason for our change in publication date.

Remember!

*From now on, Photoplay will go
on sale the 15th.*

Underworld Life in the Films

(Concluded from page 67)

Also, he is much given to dancing; and here again he has his own individual style. He puts both arms tightly about the lady, as if wrestling, makes a mean face, humps his back, and moves about in the menacing, lugubrious manner of so-called Apache dancers in musical-comedy olios.

Speaking of the ladies of the screen's underworld, it must, in justice, be set down, that the female burglar, without exception, is chemically pure. Her working partner, in fact, has never so much as implanted even a chaste and fraternal buss upon her brow. This state of almost unearthly virtue is no doubt due to the fact that the lady crook of the films really detests her career of crime, and constantly longs for the sweet, simple domestic life of the bourgeois housewife. It is her loathing for her male confère and all he represents, which, when he endeavors to woo her, brings on the emotional climax that turns her into a Pollyanna. All the submerged good in her nature leaps to the surface; she Sees the Light, and makes a dash for liberty and righteousness.

The burglars of the screen are very susceptible to the influence of small children in cotton-flannel night-suits. They simply can't proceed with their devilish work if they happen to be robbing a house where one of these infants appears unexpectedly. The minute a film burglar is mistaken for Santa Claus or some other honest and benevolent individual, he goes all to pieces. With the cops at the door, breaking in, he is unable to leave until he has carried the child to its crib and carefully tucked it in. And, by thus lingering, he is not infrequently caught.

His virtue, however, is invariably rewarded, for the child's father (who is a millionaire merchant) makes him his private secretary, and later on gives him his beautiful daughter in marriage, and takes him into the firm.

In fact, ninety-nine out of every hundred crooks of the screen's underworld reform and go in for honest careers, such as plumbing or waiting on table. A large number of them even retire to a cottage in the country and devote their declining years to sprouting spuds and battling with the boll-weevil.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 89)

TONY J.—Gordon Edwards took a company to Italy to film "Nero" for Fox. He has made his picture in Rome. Violet Mersereau is the only American in the cast. I understand. Edwards directed "The Queen of Sheba" for Fox; and he was Theda Bara's guide, philosopher and friend when the original "vamp" made "Salome" and "Du Barry." I don't know Mr. Edwards personally, but I have heard good things of him, chiefly from Marguerite Clark and her sister Cora, old friends of his, who are devoted to him and Mrs. Edwards.

RUTH.—I don't like to disappoint you, but I didn't miss your letters at all. I hope you had a good time abroad. Of course I am just jealous because I can't go to Europe myself. And now you come back and want to know about one of those French producers. Abel Gance is celebrated as a playwright and a picture director. His "J'accuse," which in English means "I Accuse," was shown here not long ago. He is young and unmarried, I believe. (Continued on page 110)

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 118)

PORTIA J., CHICAGO.—You wish the Editor would give me more space in the Magazine? Do you want me to go into a steady decline? But I know you mean well; and if I inspired you as you say, I am even willing to go into a steady decline. Honestly, it makes me happy to have your apparently sincere appreciation. I think it is Tom himself who is responsible for the good performances Tom Moore has been giving. After all, a director can't make you act if it isn't in you. I've always thought Tom a fine actor.

E. P., PATTERSON, N. J.—One of the height hounds. Well, Rod La Rocque and Alan Hale are each six feet tall. Norman Kerry six feet two inches and Charles Meredith one inch shorter than Kerry.

DOROTHA.—Bless your modest little heart! You say, "We can't all be great because then there wouldn't be any applause." Quite right; but I think with your sane viewpoint you stand a very good chance for success. You must follow our Screen Opportunity or Quest for New Faces. Read about it in this issue. George Fawcett, that great actor and gentleman, may be addressed at the Lambs Club, New York City. I am sure he will answer your letter.

THE BAT.—Sorry not to have answered you sooner, but it can't be helped. My mail seems to have tripled in the past month. You are one of my first favorites, however, said the king. Claude Gillingwater—a splendid player. Besides his first screen appearance as the *Earl of Dorincourt* in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," he plays the old *Captain* in Jackie Coogan's newest picture, "My Boy"; and also has a leading rôle in Rupert Hughes' latest Goldwyn, "Remembrance." Gillingwater was on the stage in "Three Wise Fools."

E. C., ST. PAUL.—Chester Conklin was born in Oskaloosa, Iowa. Somehow that seems fitting: that Chester Conklin should have been born in Oskaloosa, Iowa.

JANUARY.—It happens to be March, but that's all right. I can't possibly be a critical department, you know. You'll have to read the Shadow Stage for the reviews. Once in a while I may give my opinion of a picture; but I don't make a habit of it. Lottie Pickford is now Mrs. Allan Forrest. She has definitely retired from the screen, I believe. Her daughter by her former marriage to George Albert Rupp has been adopted by her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford and makes her home with the Pickford-Fairbankses. The Long Island City studio of the Paramount company is still closed. They are concentrating on the production at the west coast studios.

VALERIA C.—Many, many thanks. Bert Sprotte was born in Huisum, Schleswig-Holstein. His name may be an assumed one but we have no record of the fact, nor of his age. Write again. No—I haven't many Polish correspondents.

W. P. P., JONESBORO, ARK.—Shirley Mason was in "The Little Wanderer." She is the original Pollyanna-girl of the screen—always smiling. Sometimes I wish she wouldn't. Bebe Daniels was the *King's Favorite* in "Male and Female." Thomas Meighan and Gloria Swanson were the leading players in that Cecil deMille drama.

HELEN M. K., INGERSOLL, ONTARIO.—Plans for the production of "Faust" have been abandoned by David Griffith. Censorship is the cause. They would never let him get away with "Faust"—that immortal story! But Lillian Gish will, I feel sure, do *Marguerite* some day; and she will be exquisite. Her *Henriette* in "Orphans of the Storm" is another achievement. Hope Hampton has done "Star Dust"; it is a good picture. William Lawrence in "Body and Soul." Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Wanda Hawley, Bebe Daniels, Agnes Ayres, and Elliott Dexter in "The Affairs of Anatol." You're rather welcome.

LILLIAN L., CEDARHURST, L. I.—I doubt if Norma Talmadge will correspond with you. She is a very busy person. You might write to her for her photograph. Florence Lawrence came back to the screen in "The Unfoldment." She is in New York at present. Leon Gendron in "Scrambled Wives." Address him care First National, 6 West 48th Street, New York City.

ESSIE.—Clarine Seymour died in New York City, following an operation, in May, 1920. She was about twenty-one. Yes, she would have appeared in "Way Down East," in the rôle assumed by Mary Hay. "The Girl Who Stayed At Home," "The Ido, Dancer" were her best-known photoplays. Everybody believed her to have a bright future.

BARTON H., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Whether or not Mr. Conway Tearle's contract with Selznick has expired, it is matter for speculation. I know that Tearle was appearing in a stage play, "The Mad Dog," that died. Now I hear that he is soon to go to California to play opposite Norma Talmadge again. Yes—he is still married to Adele Rowland, the musical comedy and vaudeville star.

OMA.—What a wonderful popular song could be written around your name—Oma! Mary Pickford's first husband was Owen Moore. Wallace Reid in "Watch My Smoke." Wally is thirty-one. Thomas Meighan is in the west as I write this but as you read this he will probably be in the east—he commutes, you know.

ENA, WINDSOR, COLORADO.—Mary Pickford really played the two rôles in "Little Lord Fauntleroy": At times she used a double, but all the other scenes were made by the use of double exposure, a camera trick. I can't go into the explanation of how the thrills were obtained in Harold Lloyd's "High and Dizzy," and "Never Weaken"; but Harold and company took real risks to get them.

BUDDY.—Thanks so much. I really appreciate your kind thoughts. So you flunked ancient history two years in prep school? Congratulations. Will Rogers, Irene Rich, Raymond Hatton, and Jimmy Rogers were the stars in that fine film, "Jes' Call Me Jim." Little Jimmy is one of our best actors, I like him, and John Henry, Jr., and Strongheart, as well as anybody.

E. B. ROBERTA.—Monroe Salisbury? Monroe seems not to be working very hard these days. His latest picture was "The Barbarian," released through Pioneer; and that is not very late.

(Continued on page 122)



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Learning to be a Film Star



CHAPTER XXXII

"LET'S get down to business," said Claymore, the famous director. "You've a—oh—well, just for instance, you've been—er—betrayed and your child has died and you've been accused of murdering it and you're now being called before the judge and the jury. You feel your shame, but you're innocent of the charge; yet you're overwhelmed with guilt for your fall, and the father of the child is—was killed in the war, say—and you don't much care whether you live or die." She was all atremble, and her eyes darted, her fingers twitched. Claymore marveled at her instantaneous response to his suggestion. His impression of Re-

REMEMBER STEDDON was just a small town girl, but the famous director believed he could make of her a great movie star. The story of this remarkable achievement is told in

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By RUPERT HUGHES

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member was that he had found a genius, and he fought against the obstacles he encountered with the zest of a man digging toward known gold.

He continued goading her. "Wring your hands! That's it! Now let the tears come!"

She felt a fool, a guilty fool. The music, the lights, the director's voice—all, all was insanity. But it swept her heart-strings with an Æolian thrill, and they sang with a mad despair.

She vaguely knew that the camera crank had ceased to purr, but her suffering went on. She could not stop crying. *Continue this great story in the February Red Book Magazine.*

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 VanWyck, to be found this issue on pages 52 and 53.

L. L., NEW ORLEANS.—A high head-dress lengthens the face, as does hair brushed straight from the forehead. To make your face seem wider, band your hair across your forehead, wearing it low on the neck. You know best what coiffure becomes you. Practice dressing your hair in different styles until you happen upon that which suits you best.

BETTY.—You should wear straight-line clothes. For evening: mauve chiffon, with a wide silver girdle and silver slippers, would be more becoming and more simple than gold color. Surely you should be able to wear gowns without sleeves. If you have pretty arms, not too thin.

MRS. J. K., PELHAM, N. Y.—The combination of taffeta and organdie is very nice for the spring. Embroidered organdie is always charming. I do not tire of the old, reliable colors, such as deep browns and blues and greens. But if you do, why not try violet—wistaria—jade green—mauve—orchid? I wish you would look at the three frocks designed by Bon Ton for Elsie Ferguson, in the fashion pages this month in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. They are the most delightful designs I have seen—so suitable, fulfilling almost every need.

GLADYS, IOWA.—I am not convinced that you need to use rouge. Powder—yes; of the shade *naturelle*. You can, with your height and figure, easily wear frilly fluffy skirts. Your coloring, also, is convenient—you can affect the colder colors, and still be able to wear the softer hues. You are extremely fortunate, and with everything in your favor sartorially, it is absolutely up to you to acquire the necessary poise.

GERALDINE F., HOUSTON, TEXAS.—You wish me to tell you how to develop personality. There is no formula, my dear child. But you can make yourself well-liked and loved, by meeting interesting people, proving yourself adaptable, kindly, and forbearing, and cultivating the better things of existence: fine plays, books, music and companionship.

JEAN, TOPEKA, KANSAS.—If you make your own clothes, you must, by all means, follow the Bon Ton designs. You are permitted a choice of three patterns, all of which are practical and absolutely the last word in good taste and beauty. The evening gown designed for Miss Elsie Ferguson by Bon Ton, in this issue, is particularly adaptable to your needs. Have you seen that lovely tint known as "ashes of roses"? It would be very pretty for evening.

H. G., BALTIMORE.—Do not wear such a stiff sailor. It is not at all becoming to you. You are not, it is true, the fluffy ingenu type; but neither are you the tailored type. Try to wear hats with irregular brims; and frocks of graceful lines. Don't attempt to gain weight unless you are actually thin, which the kodak picture tells me you are *not*. I am sorry if this answer

seems to be all don't's; but I am very much interested in you and your problems of dress and want to help you.

B. M., CANTON, OHIO.—If your mother objects—really objects—to bobbed hair, I have nothing to say. If, however, she has simply said she does not like it because it is too common, or too untidy, you might attempt to convince her. If properly worn, bobbed hair is pretty, neat, and eminently respectable! Do not "friz" it. Wear it straight, with bangs over your forehead.

PEARL, FRESNO, CAL.—Do you read or embroider or write much? If you do, the strained look and the lines about your eyes are natural. First, consult an oculist. Then, if he says your eyes are in good condition, try a massage every night before retiring with a good cold cream.

MRS. B. C. TARRYTOWN.—All of the Colgate preparations are very good. I have used them myself and can therefore honestly recommend them.

SUSAN F., INDIANAPOLIS.—Despite your demure name, your photograph shows you as the Latin type—vivid, colorful. Then you can wear the striking shades: flame color for evening; deep mulberry or henna for street wear.

ANNA HOTCHKISS, OAKLAND, CAL.—I am very glad indeed to note that women are taking such an interest of late in suitable colors. In this day of haphazard shopping, it is gratifying to know that I have made a few of you stop and think before hastily purchasing some inappropriate frock or hat. Capes are very good right now, for afternoon or sports wear; oxfords for walking unless you wish to wear boots. I think hiking costumes of breeches and boots and straight boyish jacket are successful if you have the necessary slim silhouette.

EDNA, NASHVILLE.—I cannot give you the patterns for the dresses worn by the screen stars whose photographs have been published from time to time in PHOTOPLAY. But beginning this month, you will be able to get patterns of beautiful frocks, particularly designed for screen celebrities such as Elsie Ferguson. May I offer my congratulations on your engagement? I should like to be asked to help with the trousseau. May I?

M. J., RUTHERFORD, N. J.—A very simple little frock for a sixteen-year-old would be of rose, or blue, georgette crepe, made with a round neck edged with silver ribbon, very short sleeves, and streamers of the ribbon. Knots of French blue rosebuds would be attractive as a girdle. Make the skirt short and full. Your little girl is undoubtedly sweet and unspoiled and I should not like to see her continue to curl her hair. Artificiality is never convincing, and it is incongruous with youth. At sixteen, sophistication in dress and manner seems undesirable, and it is up to a wise mother to disabuse her daughter's mind of any such ideas. I am sure you can do it without seeming to preach.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 119)



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BLUE EYES.—Can't blame you for getting them mixed, but it was "The Crimson Stain" instead of "The Crimson Mystery" in which Eugene Strong appeared.

D. M., SANDUSKY.—I was in your town once. Are you a millionaire? I was informed once that everybody in Sandusky was a millionaire. I have thought of moving there on the strength of it. Helene Chadwick is married; there have been reports of estrangement, but I have no details. Helene was born in 1897; she is one of Goldwyn's best features, and recently played in "Yellow Men and Gold."

MRS. RAYMOND M.—No British attaché is mentioned in the cast of "The Devil's Pass Key." The American officer, and leading man, was Clyde Fillmore. The American consul in "Foolish Wives" was played by Rudolph Christians, who died during the filming of the picture.

MRS. BILLEE.—Lottie Pickford is now Mrs. Allan Forrest. Mary Pickford has purchased "Tess of the Storm Country," which she made for Paramount some years ago. It will be her next United Artists production. Norma Talmadge in "The Wonderful Thing." Constance in "Polly of the Follies."

BETTY JOAN.—Pretty name. I hope you live up to it. Shirley Mason was born in 1900. She is five feet tall. Mildred Davis is one of the tiniest girls in pictures: smaller even, I think, than Mary and Marguerite, et al. She is also a mighty sweet kid. I'm for her. Grace Cunard is at present engaged in filming two-reel westerns. She was never married to Francis Ford.

JUST EVE.—I should say that were enough. Natalie Talmadge and Buster Keaton are very happily married. In fact, I understand that a new little Keaton is soon to make its debut. (Would you, say its, or his?)

BETTY OF TAXOMA.—I have no children, I assure you. And if I had, I would not permit pictures of them to be published. Like Gloria Swanson, I am. Gloria had reddish brown hair; I haven't. My hair is ash blonde, I believe. I know I smoke a lot. Mary Pickford has golden hair; so has Lillian Gish. Lon Chaney may be addressed at the Goldwyn studios, Culver City, Cal.

HELEN JANE.—I'm awfully glad to meet you. Especially if people say you act like Dorothy Gish. I like Dorothy. Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are indeed sisters. The family name is Flugrath. I think both Viola and Shirley will send you their pictures. If they don't I'll be mad at them.

A. B. MCP., NEW YORK.—I don't mind hearing from you twice a week. Because you see I don't know it's you. I haven't time to look up all my correspondents to find out how often they write. To me, a letter is usually just a letter. Sorry. Charles Ray, 1425 Fleming Street, Los Angeles, Cal. Charles is married. Harold is not married. Old Dame Rumor has had him engaged to several young ladies at various times, but Harold never knew anything about it. But maybe he'll succumb some one of these fine days. Address him Hal. E. Roach studio, Culver City, Cal.

PATTY.—And now—you, calling me the Sarcastic Serpent. I ask you—is that nice? Douglas Fairbanks was formerly married to Beth Sully. He has a son, Douglas, Jr. Ralph Graves was born in 1900. He is married to Marjorie Seaman. There are pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Graves in this issue.

THEODORE C. ROBERTS.—Not the Theodore Roberts? No. Theodore is one of my favorite actors. He's a great player. Here are your ages: Bebe Daniels, twenty; Constance Talmadge, twenty-one; Dorothy Gish, twenty-three; Lillian Gish, twenty-five; Mary Pickford, twenty-eight. Bebe and Lillian are the unmarried ones.

CELLA.—Rudolph Valentino is probably the best-known Italian on the screen today. Lina Cavalieri, the far-famed Italian beauty and prima-donna, used to make pictures, but has not appeared recently. Caruso himself made one film called "My Cousin." I believe he made two, as a matter of fact, but the second was never released. Lucien Murature, the great French singer, and the husband of Cavalieri, was her leading man in several Famous Players pictures.

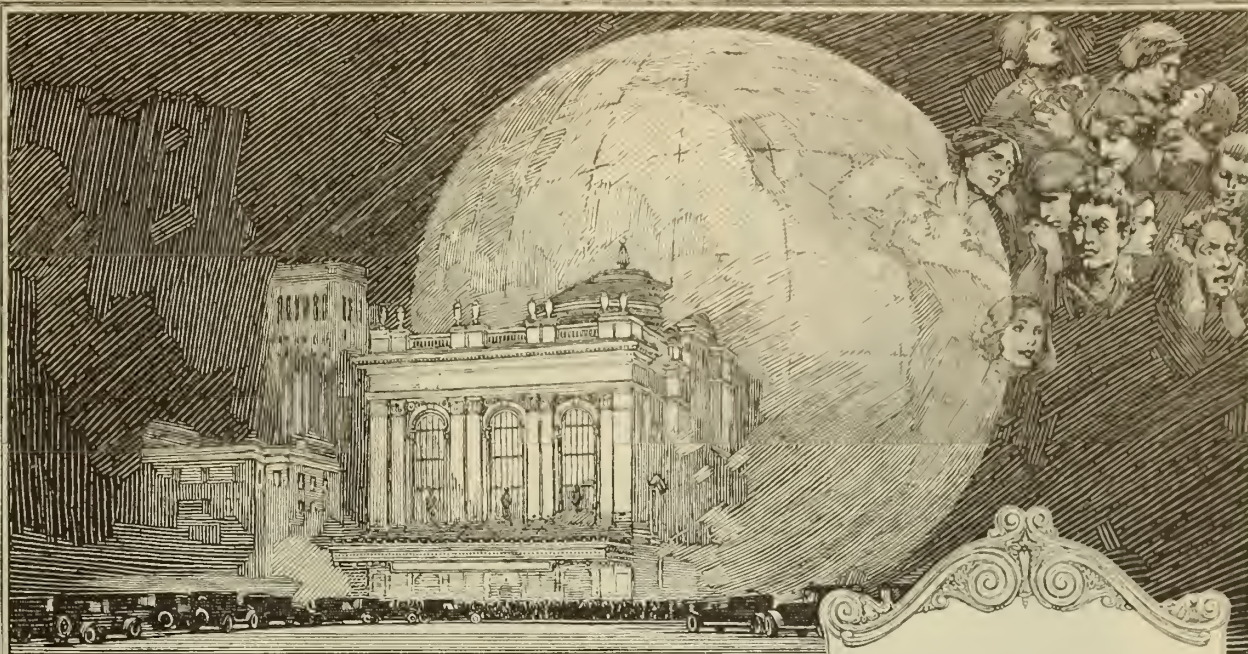
MARY ANN, WINONA.—Harold Lloyd is not married. He is one of the very few eligible celebrities in the films, and for that reason he has been married off every few days. But I have it from Harold himself that he is not contemplating matrimony. He is a fine fellow and everybody likes him. Absolutely unspoiled; doesn't know he's famous and that next to Charlie he is our greatest funster.

JUNE E., DOVER, N. J.—Here is the cast of "Bride 13": Ruth Storrow... Marguerite Clayton; Bob Norton... John O'Brien; Zara... Gretchen Hartman; Lieut. Morgan... William Lawrence; Stephen Winthrop... Lyster Chambers; The Mardi... Edward F. Roseman; Edmund Storrow... Frank Deemish; Eleanor Storrow... Mary Christensen; Mr. Whitney... Arthur Earle. And don't ask me who, or what a Mardi may be, because I don't know; and I don't want to know.

ELANE W., LAWRENCE, MASS.—Thank you very much indeed. I am sure you are sincere and that makes a great big hit with me. And I am only too glad to answer every one of your questions, since you are so nice in telling me I don't have to, you will like me just the same. You see I am not always sarcastic. Ernest Butterworth, 6100 Elinor Avenue, Niles Welch, 1616 Garden Street, Edna Murphy, 926½ North Western Avenue, all of Los Angeles, California. Johnny Walker was born in 1896. Address him Fox studios western. Arnold Gregg played Ned Klegg in "Ladies Must Live."

O. B., HARDIN, MONTANA.—Richard Dix is coming right along, it seems. He never married May Collins, although the rumor seemed pretty well grounded.

A FAN.—Original nom de plume, isn't it? You think Colleen Moore is the most spiritual girl on the screen? How about Lillian Gish? Colleen has one blue and one brown eye. She was born Kathleen Morrison in Port Huron, Michigan, August 10, 1900. She is five feet, three inches in her gym shoes, weighs one hundred and ten pounds, has brown hair, and is unmarried.



The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

PHOTOPLAY Magazine will begin the serial publication of a romantic history of the motion picture in its April number. Step by step, with a sympathetic but unbiased and authentic vision, the progress of the picture, from the remote and obscure beginnings to the tremendous institution of today, will be traced.

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One World's Leading Entertainment Magazine

PHOTOPLAY

25c



DOROTHY GISH

IN THIS ISSUE
See Page 52

A Moral House-cleaning in Hollywood



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 "I enjoy Life Savers,"
 said he;
 "One after my pipe,
 two after my bowl,
 They're always Lifesavers
 to me."



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- Wanda Hawley in "Too Much Wife"
by Lorna Moon. A Realart Production
- "Back Pay," by Fannie Hurst. Directed by Frank Borzage
A Cosmopolitan Production
- Agnes Ayres in Sir Gilbert Parker's story
"The Lane That Had No Turning"
- Thomas Meighan in "A Prince There Was"
From George M. Cohan's play and the novel
"Enchanted Hearts" by Darragh Aldrich
- Marion Davies in "The Bride's Play"
by Donn Byrne
Supervised by Cosmopolitan Productions
- Bebe Daniels in "Nancy From Nowhere"
by Grace Drew and Kathrene Pinkerton
A Realart Production
- A George Fitzmaurice Production
"Three Live Ghosts" with
Anna Q. Nilsson and Norman Kerry
- Mary Miles Minter in "Tillie"
From the novel by Helen R. Martin
A Realart Production
- Cecil B. DeMille's Production "Saturday Night" By Jeanie Macpherson
- Betty Compson in "The Law and the Woman"
Adapted from the Clyde Fitch play
"The Woman in the Case"
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production
- "One Glorious Day"
With Will Rogers and Lila Lee
By Walter Woods and O. B. Barringer
- George Melford's Production
"Moran of the Lady Letty"
With Dorothy Dalton
From the story by Frank Norris
- May McAvoy in "A Homespun Vamp"
By Hector Turnbull. A Realart Production
- "Boomerang Bill" With Lionel Barrymore
By Jack Boyle. A Cosmopolitan Production
- Ethel Clayton in "Her Own Money"
Adapted from the play by Mark Swan
- John S. Robertson's Production
"Love's Boomerang" With Ann Forrest
From the novel "Perpetua"
By Dion Clayton Calthrop
- Constance Binney in "Midnight"
By Harvey Thew. A Realart Production
- Pola Negri in "The Red Peacock"
- Bebe Daniels in "A Game Chicken"
By Nina Wilcox Putnam
A Realart Production
- William S. Hart in "Travelin' On"
By William S. Hart
A William S. Hart Production
- Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid in
"Peter Ibbetson"
by George Du Maurier
A George Fitzmaurice Production
- "The Mistress of the World"
A series of Four Paramount Pictures with
Mia May. Directed by Joe May
From the novel by Carl Figdor
- Wallace Reid in "The World's Champion"
Based on the play "The Champion"
By A. E. Thomas and Thomas Louden
- Gloria Swanson in "Her Husband's Trademark"
By Clara Beranger
- Wanda Hawley in "Bobbed Hair"
By Hector Turnbull
A Realart Production
- Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"Fool's Paradise"
Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story
"The Laurels and the Lady"
- Constance Binney in "The Sleep Walker"
By Aubrey Stauffer
A Realart Production
- Marion Davies in "Beauty's Worth"
By Sophie Kerr
A Cosmopolitan Production
- Betty Compson in
a William B. Taylor Production
"The Green Temptation"
From the story "The Noose"
By Constance Lindsay Skinner
- May McAvoy in "Through a Glass Window"
By Olga Printzlau
A Realart Production
- "Find the Woman" with Alma Rubens
By Arthur Somers Roche
A Cosmopolitan Production
- Ethel Clayton in "The Cradle"
Adapted from the play by Eugene Brieux
- Mary Miles Minter in "The Heart Specialist"
By Mary Morison
A Realart Production
- Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt in
"Bought and Paid For"
A William DeMille Production
Adapted from the play by George Broadhurst
- Pola Negri in "The Devil's Pawn"
- Dorothy Dalton in "Tharon of Lost Valley"
- Wanda Hawley in "The Truthful Liar"
By Will Payne
A Realart Production
- John S. Robertson's Production
"The Spanish Jade" by Maurice Hewlett
- "Is Matrimony a Failure?" with T. Roy Barnes,
Lila Lee, Lois Wilson and Walter Hiers
- Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's
"Beyond the Rocks"
- Mia May in "My Man"
- Marion Davies in "The Young Diana"
By Marie Corelli
A Cosmopolitan Production
- Jack Holt and Bebe Daniels in
"A Stampede Madonna"
- A George Fitzmaurice Production
"The Man from Home"
with James Kirkwood, Anna Q. Nilsson,
Norman Kerry, Dorothy Cumming
and John Miltern
From the play by Booth Tarkington and
Harry Leon Wilson
- Agnes Ayres in "The Ordeal"
- Thomas Meighan in "The Proxy Daddy"
From the novel by Edward Peple
- Wallace Reid in "Across the Continent"
By Byron Morgan
- Sir Gilbert Parker's story
"Over the Border"
with Betty Compson and Tom Moore
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production
- "Sisters" By Kathleen Norris
A Cosmopolitan Production
- George Melford's Production
"The Cat That Walked Alone"
with Dorothy Dalton
- Thomas Meighan in "The Leading Citizen"
By George Ade
- Pola Negri in "The Eyes of the Mummy"
- Jack Holt in "The Man Unconquerable"
By Hamilton Smith
- Ethel Clayton in "For the Defense"
From the play by Elmer Rice
- Mia May in "Truth Conquers"
- Agnes Ayres in "The Three of Us"
By Rachel Crothers
- "The Beauty Shop" with Raymond Hitchcock
From the musical comedy by Channing
Pollock and Rennold Wolf
A Cosmopolitan Production
- Mary Miles Minter in "South of the Suva"
By Ewart Adamson

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XXI

No. 5

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PHOTOPLAY changed its date of publication from the 1st to the 15th of the month because, by issuing two weeks later, it can give its readers all the very latest news of the motion picture world and can publish reviews in the magazine as soon as they are shown in any of the theaters. This is impossible in a magazine that publishes away ahead of the date of its issue.

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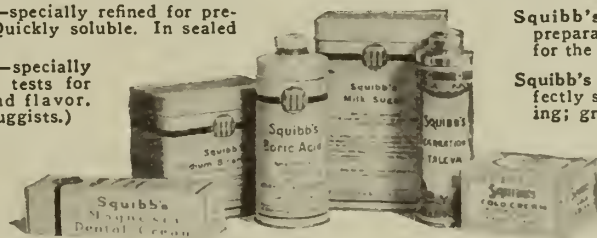
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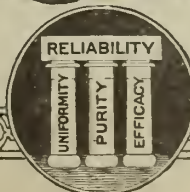
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Studio Directory

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. 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) Plerce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, New York.
(s) Lasky, Hollywood, Cal. British Paramount (s) Poole St., Islington, N. London, England. Realert, 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 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. Seltz, 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 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.
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- 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.

Why Some People Are Never At Ease Among Strangers

PEOPLE of culture can be recognized at once. They are calm, well-poised. They have a certain dignity about them, a certain calm assurance which makes people respect them. It is because they know exactly what to do and say on every occasion that they are able to mingle with the most highly cultivated people and yet be entirely at ease.

But there are some people who are never at ease among strangers. Because they do not know the right thing to do at the right time, they are awkward, self-conscious. They are afraid to accept invitations because they do not know what to wear, how to acknowledge introductions, how to make people like them. They are timid in the presence of celebrated people because they do not know when to rise and when to remain seated, when to speak and when to remain silent, when to offer one's chair and when not to. They are always uncomfortable and embarrassed when they are in the company of cultured men and women.

It is only by knowing definitely, without the slightest doubt, what to do, say, write and wear on all occasions under all conditions, that one is able to be dignified, charming and well-poised at all times.

How Etiquette Gives Charm and Poise

Etiquette means good manners. It means knowing what to do at the right time, what to say at the right time. It consists of certain important little laws of good conduct that have been adopted by the best circles in Europe and America and which serve as a barrier to keep the uncultured and ill-bred out of the circles where they would be uncomfortable and embarrassed.

People with good manners, therefore, are people whose poise and dignity impress you immediately with a certain awe, a certain respect. Etiquette makes them graceful, confident. It enables them to mingle with the most cultured people and be perfectly at ease. It takes away their self-consciousness, their timidity. By knowing what is expected of them, what is the correct thing to do and say they become calm, dignified and well-poised—and they are welcomed and admired in the highest circles of business and society.

Here's the Way People Judge Us

Let us pretend that we are in the drawing-room and the hostess is serving tea. Numerous little questions of conduct confront us. If we know what to do we are happy, at ease. But if we do not know the correct and cultured thing to do, we are ill at ease.

We know we are betraying ourselves. We know that those who are with us can tell immediately, simply by watching us and talking to us, if we are not cultured.

For instance, one must know how to eat cake correctly. Should it be taken up in the fingers or eaten with a fork? Should the napkin be entirely unfolded or should the

center crease be allowed to remain? May lump sugar be taken up with the fingers?

There are other problems, too—many of them. Should the man rise when he accepts a cup of tea from the hostess? Should he thank her? Who should be served first? What should the guest do with the cup when he or she has finished the tea? Is it good form to accept a second cup? What is the secret of creating conversation and making people find you pleasant and agreeable?

It is so easy to commit embarrassing blunders, so easy to do what is wrong. But etiquette tells us just what is expected of us and guards us from all humiliation and discomfort.

Etiquette in Public

Here are some questions which will help you find out just how much you know about the etiquette that must be observed among strangers. See how many of them you can answer.

When a man and woman enter the theatre together, who walks first down the aisle? When the usher points out the seats, does the man enter first or the woman? May a man leave a woman alone during intermission?

There is nothing that so quickly reveals one's true station and breeding than awkward, poor manners at the table. Should the knife be held in the left hand or the right? Should olives be eaten with the finger or with a fork? How is lettuce eaten? What is the correct and cultured way to eat corn on the cob? Are the finger-tips of both hands placed into the finger-bowl at once, or just one at a time?

When a man walks in the street with two women does he walk between them or next to the curb? Who enters the street car first, the man or the woman?

When does a man tip his hat? On what occasions is it considered bad form for him to pay a woman's fare? May a man on any occasion hold a woman's arm when they are walking together?

Some people learn all about etiquette and correct conduct by associating with cultured people and learning what to do and say at the expense of many embarrassing blunders. But most people are now learning quickly and easily through the famous Book of Etiquette—a splendid, carefully compiled, authentic guide towards correct manners on all occasions.

The Book of Etiquette

The Book of Etiquette makes it possible for you to do, say, write and wear what is absolutely correct and in accord with the best form on every occasion—whether you are to be bridesmaid at a wedding or usher



Many embarrassing blunders can be made in a public restaurant. Should the young lady in the picture pick up the fork or leave it for the waiter to attend to? Or should one of the men pick it up?

at a friend's private theatre party. It covers everyday etiquette in all its phases. There are chapters on the etiquette of engagements, weddings, parties and all social entertainments. There are interesting chapters on correspondence, invitations, calls and calling cards. New chapters on the etiquette in foreign countries have been added, and there are many helpful hints to the man or woman who travels.

With the Book of Etiquette to refer to, there can be no mistakes, no embarrassment. One knows exactly what is correct and what is incorrect. And by knowing so definitely that one is perfect in the art of etiquette, a confident poise is developed which enables one to appear in the most elaborate drawing-room, among the most brilliant and highly cultured people, without feeling the least bit ill at ease.

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Blackheads indicate your cleansing method is wrong



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To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in this treatment. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

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 *in the right way*, to a more stimulating form of cleansing. After you have used Woodbury's once or twice this drawn sensation

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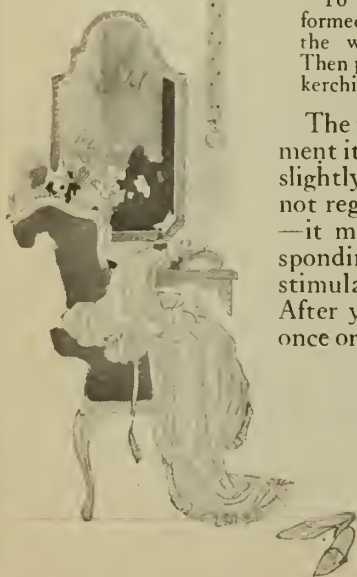
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White

THERE is an old world flavor to Elsie Ferguson's portrayals. To the fragrant memories of a day before ours she adds this portrait: that of the heroine of "The Varying Shore," which celebrates Miss Ferguson's return to the stage



Alfred Cheney Johnston

WE DON'T blame you for believing this to be the newest child actress of the films. She scarcely looks as if she were one of the most brilliant writers of her age. Anita Loos possesses that unusual combination: real beauty and brains



Edwin Bower Hesser

YOU may scorn them and you may disdain them; you may say there are no real ingenues in the world such as those played by Maryon Aye on the screen. But there is something so believable about Maryon! She is in the shorter comedies



Edwin Bower Hesser

PROOF that popularity and prestige mean more than actual stardom: Conrad Nagel, Esq. No matter how harrowingly dramatic his roles may be, Conrad remains ever and always the gentleman. Perhaps that is because he really is one!



Edwin Bower Heiser

GRIZEL—you whimsical, charming child—where have you been? We've seen a little girl who looks like you, performing in pale problem plays; but we still have a hope that some day the real May McAvoy will come back



Kendall Evans

NO STAR in celluloid has had the literary trials and tribulations of Norma Talmadge. This admittedly great emotional actress, continually miscast, manages to hold her own, proving that, no matter what happens, real art will out



Nelson Evans

THEY say that Madge Bellamy has a brain beneath that crop of curls. However that may be, Madge has earned her place among the important princesses of the pictures because of her patrician appeal. She is a Thomas H. Ince protegee



Actual photograph showing the unworn appearance of a hand-made and hand-embroidered ecru georgette blouse, trimmed with ecru filet, after 50 washings with Ivory Flakes and proportionate wear. Blouse and letter from original owner on file in the Procter & Gamble offices.

Are your blouses giving you service like this?

*50 washings —no breaks, even in the hand drawn work
—no loss of color, even in the ecru filet*

THE ecru georgette blouse in the picture —photographed after 50 washings with Ivory Soap Flakes—shows the service you can get from your georgettes and silks, if you give them the right kind of care.

The right kind of care consists of frequent, harmless washings to prevent the acids in soil and perspiration from drying in and rotting the material.

To be harmless, these washings must be rubless because rubbing roughens and splits silken fabrics. The water must only be lukewarm, since hot water dulls the lustre of silk and fades delicate colors. And, of course, the soap must be pure, because free alkali and other harsh chemicals do more harm to silk fibre and delicate colors than perspiration acids, hot water, and rubbing, combined.

To meet all these requirements, it simply is necessary to use Ivory Soap Flakes. Ivory Flakes melts into suds at the touch of warm water—makes the cleansing of a blouse or a piece of lingerie the work of just a few minutes in the bathroom washbowl.

It is so efficient that it does not need hot water to help it clean. It makes rubbing unnecessary—first because there is no solid soap to be rubbed out of the fabric, and second because its suds are so rich they really dissolve the dirt so that rinsing carries it away.

Most important, you know that you can trust the most expensive silks to its quick-cleansing lather, because it is nothing but a concentrated form of genuine Ivory Soap—the safest soap the world ever has known for fine laundry work.

Try Ivory Flakes at our expense. Send for Free Sample Package

and book of directions for the care of garments too fine for the family wash. Address Section 45-DF, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Makes pretty clothes last longer.

For the rubless washing of silks, wools, georgettes, and all fine fabrics.



The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XXI

April, 1922

No. 5

Just Shadows

WE call the silver screen a world of make-believe, a magic land of Far Away, where impossible hopes are broken and improbable dreams come true.

We call the life stories enacted, and the people who enact them, mere shadows.

And yet—what are we, ourselves, but shadows?

Our film of life—it may be a long one, unrolls across the years. Or it may be the shortest of two reels—destined to a sudden, unexpected close.

Through a series of brave adventures we may go until we meet the Last Brave Adventure of All. Or we may creep quietly along, in the simplest of tragic comedies, to the end.

The Great Scenario Writer—we wonder what He has written into our script? Whether He has given life and laughter to us? Or whether our portion shall be the ashes and the embers and the bitterness?

We wonder whether our story will sparkle and scintillate and glow until it brings light into the darkest of corners—or whether it will be a failure—known only by the few who happened to pause for a moment, and quite lost tomorrow.

We wonder whether we will be cast for a star part or whether the Great Director will give the lead to another player.

We long for the heights of Achievement, and when we cannot reach those heights, we feel the keen anguish of disappointment.

And yet, in the final analysis, even that anguish and disappointment will be filed away with the dusty negatives of a forgotten yesterday. For they, too, are only shadow shapes.

ARE our careers any less amazing, after all, than those that we follow in the tense darkness of some crowded motion picture theater? Are our hopes any more impossible, our dreams any less probable?

Do our small bits of success mean any more to us than their shadow strivings mean to them? Are we not knowing, every hour, the varying shades and expressions of a fiction existence?

Does fulfilment come to us with any greater degree of certainty—does failure embrace us with any less of cruel force? We cannot help wondering. . . .

Shadows they are, certainly—the personalities that we know upon the silver sheet, and the stories that they live in. But they are none the less real because they are shadows.

For we—as we go on, living our lives each day, are shadows too.

Just shadows, destined to flicker on and on, until the film breaks.



Thomas Alva Edison, who in 1887 thought of "a device that should do for the eye what the phonograph did for the ear"

The Romantic

By TERRY RAMSAYE

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE herewith begins the publication of the first history of the motion picture. The mechanical evolution of the art has been written often. But this is a story of Men, not Things.

The greater annals, the romance of the development of the screen as an institution, have until now been unrecorded.

It is a curiously woven fabric, iridescent with spectacular ruin and sparkling success. Great hopes have perished, small hopes have flowered. Wars have raged, peace been made and new wars begun. Giant chiefs have risen for their hour of dominance, and vanished.

Honors and wealth have fallen alike on some who deserved and many who were lucky. Out of the throng in the gold rush of the first decade of the films scarcely half a dozen names survive in the industry now.

The man who first beckoned the public to the screen was rewarded with failure and poverty. He went out into a living oblivion from which years later he emerged, a relic of ambition, for one bitterly dramatic day, and died. Eleven

Two years before, in 1886, Edward Muybridge, one of many investigators who had attained some promising success with his experimental work in recording motion, had called upon Edison. Muybridge had made some pictures of a running horse, taken with a row of cameras, in California. He had arrived at an instrument for showing these pictures,

CHAPTER I

OUR beginning is the year of 1888 and the place is the experimental laboratories of Thomas A. Edison.

For a century at least, scientific men had been dreaming of, and fitfully working toward, the achievement of the motion picture. In very truth this thing had been in the mind of man from the dimmest beginnings.

But the ability of man to make pictures could not keep pace with the swift growth of thought and ideas to be recorded. So it came that picture writing early gave way to alphabets by which words could tell about things instead of showing things.

About 1825 definite experimentation aimed directly at the motion picture began in the laboratories. These efforts gathered both volume and velocity as new facilities of science were evolved to aid the development.

Materials and methods had to come first. From the beginning of time the making of pictures had been limited by the skill of hand and eye of the artist. Photography came and reduced picture making to functions of optics and chemistry.

The camera could soon make a better record than any artist, and do it cheaply and swiftly. Electricity came along to help. The creeping idea of the motion picture began to walk and soon broke into a run. Picture writing, after the lapse of ages, was hurrying to catch up. The motion picture was almost here when Edison, already famous as "The Wizard of Menlo Park," started in earnest on the problem.



This picture, never before published, is the first public glimpse into "Room Five." It was taken merely to test a camera in 1889. It has become a rare historic document. It shows C. H. Kayser, one of the Edison mechanics, working on the first kinetoscope



"It isn't worth it," Edison decided when his lawyer wanted to make application for patents on the motion picture abroad

History of the Motion Picture

A STORY OF FACTS MORE FASCINATING THAN FICTION



Terry Ramsaye, the author, has spent a year of exacting research preparing to write this history

years have passed and his name is forgotten.

Through and across it all the motion picture has pursued its destiny with the force of empire, greater than the men who conceived it, greater than the men who made it—as great as the people it serves.

Some remarkable discoveries have come in the quest of this tale, uncovering incidents and facts buried in the film's stampede of progress.

The telling embodies the confidences of many makers of screen history who have never talked before.

Here and there some long standing myths and misplaced honors have been exposed.

The search has been most exacting, tracing always the thread, often attenuated and tangled, that connects the humble beginnings of Then with the proud attainments of Now.



George Eastman, who in 1889 invented the film that made the motion picture of today possible

producing in a highly limited way a sort of an illusion of motion. He called it the "Zoopraxoscope." He showed these pictures to Edison.

Nothing seems to have developed out of that meeting in West Orange at the time. Muybridge went back to his laboratory at the University of Pennsylvania and went on with his experiments.

Edison was not yet ready to take up any new problems. At this time he was very busy with work on the phonograph.

AND in this story the phonograph will develop as an extraordinary influence. The fact that Edison had it so absorbingly on his mind at this time seems to have extended a coloration over his later work on the motion picture. The talking machine was to set many precedents for the "seeing machine," in odd, remotely related directions.

As he worked along on the phonograph Edison got to thinking about, as he says it, "a device that should do for the eye what the phonograph did for the ear."

In 1888 a period of something like relaxation in Edison's busy career arrived. He had done great things. The phonograph was a definite commercial success, even though not entirely perfected. Also earnings were coming in from his electric light and power enterprises at a considerable rate. There was time to play.

Now when Edison wanted to play he usually went into his laboratory and set about inventing something he considered trivial. His spirit in approaching the problem of making the motion picture was something akin to what one might fancy of Foch playing chess, or Galli-Curci singing the neighbor's baby to sleep, or Charlie Chaplin cutting up antics in the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

After some preliminary consideration Edison called to him a capable young Englishman who had been on his staff of workers and researchers for several years, W. K. L. Dickson, full name William Kennedy Laurie Dickson. This is a name to recur often and significantly in the first ten years of the motion picture.

Dickson had been variously employed on Edison projects,

among them the Edison General Electric plant at Schenectady and the ore milling plant at Edison, New Jersey. Besides being a general experimenter Dickson was an able photographer in the days when they were few. A great deal that survives pictorially of the early history of Edison's works is from his camera. It was this photographic ability that led Edison to select Dickson for his motion picture researches.

Mysterious Room Five at the Edison laboratories at West Orange, Edison's favorite spot, was selected as the workshop for the picture experiments. Room Five was under lock and watch day and night. There was a little wicket in the door where materials could be passed in or word given out. Only Dickson and Edison came and went at first. Then presently one or two other workers were called at times to do their little bit and go. No one ventured there unless he were called.

EDISON was inclined to go as far as he might with keeping anything evolved, pertaining to the motion picture, as a trade secret, as long as he could. As an experimenter, Edison had a great deal of patience, and probably because he always used so much of it in the laboratory he had none at all elsewhere. He was decidedly out of patience with the courts on the basis of his patent experiences.

By early autumn in 1888 the work had gone far enough to lead Edison to seek what protection there might be in the patent office by the filing of a caveat. A caveat was a process, now no longer in use, by which an inventor, having conceived an idea, could establish certain rights of priority and protection pending the working out of the project.



"Room Five" at the Edison research laboratories in West Orange housed a mystery that was guarded by lock and key



A young man from Virginia went to the World's Fair at Chicago and saw opportunity in the "living pictures"

In Edison's caveat he set forth rather comprehensively all that the motion picture was to be, even including projection on the theater screen. His words indicated, as read in the light of today, that he foresaw the whole

motion picture, even as it is today. But Edison's subsequent activities did not materialize completely all of the enthusiasms of his caveat. It was destiny that he was to go but a part of the way toward the completed attainment. Or, perhaps, it is more accurate to say that he deliberately chose to go only a part of the way.

Other experimenters were busy. Wallace Gould Levison, in Brooklyn, was working with glass photographic plates on a wheel. Dr. E. J. Marey, in Paris, was making progress with a glass disc in a "photographic gun." Louis Aime Augustin Le Prince, in Leeds, England, was striving with a many-lensed camera and strips of sensitized paper. In Germany, Anschutz, an optical worker, was experimenting in the same direction.

EDISON, who kept himself rather well informed, recognized at once the shortcomings of these materials. He was to go an independent way.

But the impress of the phonograph idea was deep, and it is with no surprise that, now after years we are permitted to survey the secrets of Room Five, we find Edison's first motion picture efforts concerned with trying to make pictures on what was practically a talking machine cylinder.

And just here it is interesting to record that, in applying some years before for patents covering the phonograph, Edison's claims covered both cylinder and disc talking machines. Also, that owing to a minor technicality the patent office held up the disc claims while allowing the cylinder patents. This seemed of little importance to the inventor.

"No matter," said Mr. Edison, when advised to modify the disc applications to conform to the patent office requirements, "the disc will never amount to anything, anyway."

Everyone knows what happened as a result of that slip. It empowered competition that won millions on the Edison idea. Technically the disc machine is probably inferior in a number of respects to the cylinder machine. But there were commercial reasons to arise that outweighed the technical factor in the exploitation of the phonograph. Edison's mistake was not a scientific error, but a commercial one.

All this is important here because in time we shall see the same sort of oversight in relation to the motion picture. Tremendous consequences were involved.

The cylinder motion picture device brought up many problems that often kept Dickson and Edison in Room Five, working hard far into the night.



Edison was sure that it was necessary to make about forty pictures a second in order to get a satisfactory illusion of motion. This meant that he must have a highly sensitive photographic material, also that he should be able to start and stop the revolution of the cylinder forty times in a second and hold it steady at every stop while a picture was being exposed. He attained these difficult things.

The little pictures on the cylinder were hardly so large as the end of a dance program pencil. They were photographed in spirals around the cylinder just like sound wave records of the phonograph. Edison was being controlled by that phonograph idea with extraordinary persistence. From a little scratch in the wax cylinder he could fill a room with sound. From an almost equally tiny record he was determined to fill it with pictures.

Together Edison and Dickson got this cylinder motion picture machine to work well enough to know that it did not offer an important probability of success.

The labor got tedious and trying.

Room Five vaporized of high tension.

This playtime job was getting serious.

Edison, the man who builded the mighty giants of the dynamo, who had made machines that crushed five ton boulders into dust like clods in the hands of a gardener, was all but stumped by a silly little device for making pictures that would dance.



The first Edison kinetoscope, a peep show machine which laid the foundation upon which all later inventors worked

FOR hours Edison would sit in abstraction, scratch pad in hand, puzzling over the picture. He sketched out one notion after another, discarding as rapidly as the thoughts grew, tossing the crumpled drawings away.

There was a lot of tugging nervously at his left eyebrow in that peculiar nervous mannerism of the inventor's moods of concentration.

Presently a better notion would come, a swift moment of rough drawing and then Dickson would get instructions to "try this."

And the rough sketches would be formally pasted into the Edison experiment record books on the motion picture and the work started.

Mr. Edison stuck to his task with grim tenacity.

He was making very little progress. He drew, without stint, upon the reservoirs of his energy, which, though apparently unlimited, seemed prodigal even to those who knew his appetite for work.

The cylinder machine would make pictures, but they were exceedingly poor pictures.

Again and again, after each repulse, the attack was renewed with unabated ardor—with undiminished vigor.

The first acting for the motion pictures took place before that absurd little phonograph that was trying to be a camera.

And the first actor was Fred Ott, a mechanic and member of the staff, chosen because he was the jester of the

George Eastman was trying to improve the kodak when he hit on celluloid film, the thing Edison was seeking

In 1892 Edison built the first motion picture studio in the world, the "Black Maria," at a total cost of \$637.67



works. There were two Otts on the staff, John F. and Fred. And since Fred was the first of all motion picture actors, it is perhaps an obligation to history to set down how he happened there

A NUMBER of years before, when Edison's labors were concentrated on the third floor of a little frame building in Newark, John F. Ott, a mechanic, wandered into the room where Edison was working over a machine, disheveled and stained of shop dirt. Ott didn't know Edison and it probably would have been of no importance to him if he had.

"What do you want?" Edison asked without looking up.

"Work."

"Can you make this work?" Edison pointed to a heap of junk in a corner.

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"You needn't pay me if I don't."

Ott started in. He did not know what the machine was and he did not ask foolish questions. He tinkered until it was all in one piece. It proved to be a dynamo, the first he had seen. He made it work.

That job brought the Otts into the Edison organization and the historic beginnings of the motion picture. Fred Ott was the merry one. He laughed the loudest at Edison's funny stories and had some of his own.

Mr. Ott, first of all screen stars, has officially told his own story of how he behaved before the camera on those historic occasions. The authenticity of this is guaranteed, under the oath of Ott, sworn as a witness in the case of Thomas A. Edison vs. The American Mutoscope and Biograph Company, in equity No. 8289, before the day of picture press agents.

"I HAD a white cloth wound around me and then a little belt to tie it in around the waist so as not to make it too baggy—look like a balloon—and then tied around the head; and then I made a monkey of myself."

So the motion picture was born in slapstick comedy, staged in that solemn laboratory.

Many a little cylinder full of the gyrations of the monkey-shining Mr. Ott was recorded, and he got to be a fine monkey-shiner. Those were "the follies of 1888."

Edison was meanwhile puzzling considerably over photographic matters. Some place in Germany some one was making microscopic pictures of people and build-

ings, mounting them in tiny tubes with a speck of a lens to magnify them. They became popular toys. And the little pictures, no bigger than a pin head, were perfect. But never could the researchers find just how they were made.

At last the cylinder motion picture was abandoned. There must be a bigger picture, which meant other methods, Edison decided.

Then mysterious Room Five started to labor with attempts at some sort of film. A crude and flimsy tape of collodion, stuff like the liquid courtplaster that one puts on a cut finger, was made. It was rough and fragile, highly imperfect, but good enough to prove the correctness of the principle to the alert Edison.

There were many more notes for the laboratory records.

At about this time George Eastman, who conducted a business of manufacturing cameras and photomaterials, was putting out kodaks with paper films in them. Because of intricacies of the process the cameras had to be sent into the plant at Rochester to have the films developed and the camera loaded again. Eastman knew that there would never be a big amateur business on that basis. He had to have something better than those complicated paper films. Out of his quest came East-

man's celluloid film; the kodak material of today. Edison, now keeping in touch with things photographic, dispatched Dickson to Rochester for a sample.

Edison examined the film in Room Five.

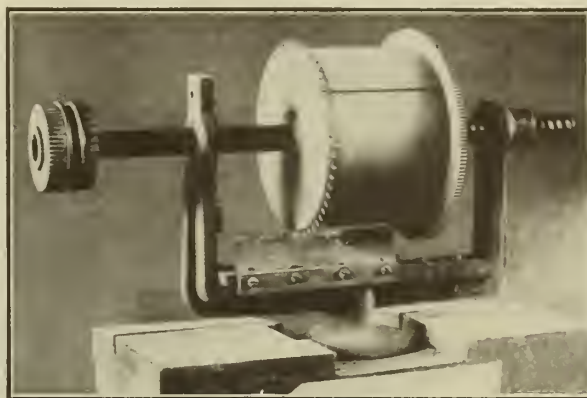
"That's it—we've got it—now work like hell."

AND so it was that film came into the motion picture industry. This was early in 1889, perhaps a year after Edison's beginning on the problem.

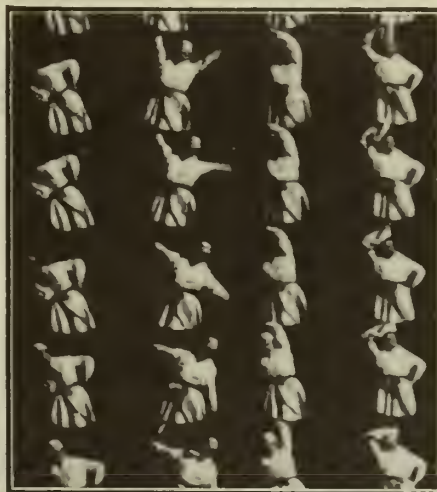
With that material in hand, Edison knew that the solution of the picture puzzle was but a matter of details. There were tremendous difficulties ahead, but now the basic quest for material had ended.

Edison began to think more about the phonograph and other things then. He felt relieved.

Edison interests a broad needed the stimulus of some personal attention and (Continued on page 110)



This curious machine is one of Edison's attempts to make a motion picture on a cylinder record like a phonograph, in 1888. Officially it was known as "Edison Cylinder No. 3" in the records of the patent wars



And here is a part of one of the cylinder picture records, an excellent example of the monkeyshining of motion picture actors



"You can project anything on a screen that you can see with the eye or that can be photographed."—Woodville Latham

A Misunderstood

She's addressed as Madame Nazimova,



THERE always has been an aura of mysticism about Nazimova which awes and intoxicates us Yankee moujiks.

She came from Holy Russia,—more recently considered the Holy Terror,—a dramatic fantasia

of buckets of blood, where one kissed an icon while blessing a bomb.

Thus we accounted for her exotic *bizarrierie*. She was a foreigner from the most foreign of all countries.

Yet, upon consulting the cast sheets of a Russian stock company with which she played as a girl, we find in the dramatis personae of leads, ingenues, grande dames, tragediennes and comedien-
ennes—

Ala Nazimova—foreigner.

She was a foreigner even in her own home territory!

Yet one could not precisely say that heaven is her home. On the contrary, there is a dash of diablerie about her.

The director of the Russian company found her to be as effective in comedy as in tragedy, so long as she played—foreigners.

In all her stage career she never played a Russian girl.

Perhaps that was because of the diablerie. The patriotic critics might have damned her as un-Russian. Providing critics got that way in Russia. Thus she is a woman dramatically without a country.

Her director was right; she should always play foreigners. Even her pantomime has an accent. More the imaginative than the realistic artist, she takes no pattern, obeys no tradition. She gives us life, but through the prism of her own varicolored personality. Each of her parts is Nazimovized. Her *Camille* was not *Camille* but Nazimova. Who has a better right

She should always play foreigners. Even her pantomime has an accent. Remember "The Red Lantern"?



to say what *Camille* was than Nazimova? And as Heywood Brown opined, Nazimova is far more interesting than *Camille*, anyhow.

With Paul Orlenev, a Russian star, and a company of players, Nazimova came to this country eighteen years ago and appeared at a Yiddish theater in New York's Bowery. Soon her flame had attracted the glittering butterflies of higher Manhattan.

From darkest Russia to darkest New York and thence to brilliant Broadway. Such was the course of her star.

Six months after her discovery she had mastered English, carefully preserving an accent, of course, and was presented to American audiences with instant sensation.

People said at the time that she loved Orlenev, the Russian, and that he loved her, but, foreseeing her opulent career, he insisted upon a part-



She married the original Paul of "Three Weeks": a stalwart Englishman named Charles Bryant—and lived famously ever after. Could any star wish a better scenario?



ing. This may be a bit of romantic fiction, such as people love to create around a new celebrity. At any rate, Orlenev behaved like a noble soul rejected; he returned to Russia and was seen no more. And Nazimova became the idol which he predicted she would be. Later she met a stalwart and handsome Englishman,—stalwart and handsome enough to be the original Paul of Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks" (I mean, of course, in the dramatization of Elinor's *passional opera*). She married the handsome and stalwart Englishman and lived famously ever afterward. Could any star wish a better scenario?

The dignity of this famous Russian is about as impressive as Dorothy Gish's. Her first visit to a film studio: Griffith's, in California, before she made her screen debut

Nazimova, herself, adds a dramatic touch to the picture. She tells me that when she heard Charles Bryant had been engaged as her leading man in a stage play, she was

Woman

By
HERBERT HOWE

but one thinks of her as Naz

strangely excited. Thus the suspense started. When he strode into her presence and she saw how magnificently tall he was, every inch the clean, up-standing young Englishman, despite the Three Weeks he'd been through, she bounded upon a chair and held out her hand. From the first she was determined not to be dominated. It was love at first sight.



A large square house with yellow walls, her home gives the appearance of age and cloistered privacy—a great piece of histrionism for a house in Hollywood

Nazimova's first great triumph was as a misunderstood woman, *Hedda Gabler*, and a misunderstood woman she has remained.

"The public fell for *Hedda*," she mused, "and the worst of it was that I,—I, too,—fell for *Hedda*. I was young,—and what is more interesting to one young than a misunderstood woman?"

A quizzical smile crinkled her eyes. There's a mockery, faintly ironic, ever present in her humor, particularly when directed upon herself. She is continually making faces at that dignified personage, *Madame Nazimova*. This seems out of character and completely nonpluses those who have fallen for the regal aura—the misunderstood woman. Yet one is not disillusioned, only the more mystified.

When I remarked that I, also, preferred her *Hedda* to her hoydens, she smiled again, a bantering smile—roguish and challenging.

"Ah, you are young," she said. Was she "spoofing" me? I wanted to say, "Jest not at these hoary locks." But instead I accepted the rôle and shyly blushed. I felt extremely



Nora in Ibsen's "A Doll's House," Nazimova's first production for her own company. When she's Naz: no suggestion of hauteur or languor



faint pervasive fragrance of the Orient that always hovers to the garments of Nazimova.

Madame imposes the seal of censorship except upon occasions, especially designated, when she (Continued on page 119)



Her Camille was not Camille but Nazimova, yet who has a better right to say what Camille was than Nazimova? As Heywood Brown opined, Nazimova is far more interesting than Camille, anyhow

guilty about it, but it's true that I find Nazimova an extremely interesting woman. When I fail to find her so I shall totter around the corner for a bottle of Re-Jeuvo.

When she incurred the worship of college fellows by playing *Bella Donna* I conceived her a regally tall, languidly exotic creature, given to sinuous postures and toxic witchery.

Then I saw her as the "Ception Shoals" infant running around wide-eyed and clamoring to know where babies came from. She lived on an island where there were no storks, only sea gulls. Such proceedings on the part of my sophisticated idol quite dismayed me. I wanted the Bella Donnish lady even at the awful price of ground glass in my coffee.

So I remained perplexed as to the real Nazimova. Now I think I know her. Yet I am always mindful that she is an adroit actress,—and she says the hardest work of an actress is performing before an interviewer.

Her home has the dignity which you would expect of Madame. I suspect her husband had something to do with it. A large square house with walls of mellow tint, situated among trees and hedges on the road that leads to Beverly Hills, it contrives to give the appearance of age and cloistered privacy. And that's a great piece of histrionism for a house in Hollywood.

The drawing room has none of the severity of the modern décor. In the evening the amber light from several lamps, heavily veiled in mauve and black, diffuses a charm of velvet richness: the purple of great divans, the ebony of lacquer, crystal lights reflected from a mirror laced with gold, the soft folds of velvet hangings, and over all a

Has Miss Logan intellect? Rather! Mr. Richard M. Page found that her gray matter easily registered A. in standard tests



More of an ordeal for the examiner than the examinee: Sometimes it's harder to face beauty than it is a bunch of questions

Now Let's Stop That Silly Talk About the

THIS may be a little hard to believe at first. If you have ever permitted yourself to imagine for an instant any of the calumnies launched against the average intelligence of the motion picture profession, get ready to have your mind changed.

The theory that beauty, not brains, is the only requisite to success on the screen has been finally wiped out. The malicious rumor that most actors are nuts and most actresses on the celluloid are dumb-bells, is effectively done to death.

The movie actors rank in intelligence with colonels and majors of the United States Army.

Richard M. Page, one of the best known psychologists in America, says so. And he ought to know, because that's his business.

After spending a great deal of time and carefully administering to a group of representative film people the army intelligence tests and some of the best-known and most infallible psychological tests, Mr. Page has figures to prove that motion picture people are way above the average shown for most other professions.

The group who stood the tests given by Mr. Page were: Colleen Moore, Cullen Landis, Bryant Washburn, Helen Ferguson, Richard Dix, Helene Chadwick, James Rennie, Jacqueline Logan, and Patsy Ruth Miller, the new Goldwyn "find."

Every one of these players received a grade of A, with one exception, and this player fell only a fraction of a point below, and was graded B.

These marks rendered men eligible, so far as intelligence was concerned, to the rank of colonel or major in the A. E. F. They were also the marks generally received by colonels and majors of the regular army who took the tests.

The investigation was made by Mr. Page in the interests of psychology, and the examinations were given strictly and honestly. Every person taking the examinations was timed with a stop watch, and the most rigid marking was used.

The questionnaire used was the regulation army test.

If you've never been up against a psychology test, you can't imagine how conclusively these screen stars have proved their right to be considered exceedingly bright young people.

In the formulas used by the examiner, the first page is purely one of quickness of sight, the second is mathematical and includes twenty questions such as—*A U-boat makes 10 miles an hour under water and 20 miles on the surface. How long will it take to cross a 100-mile channel if it has to go three-fifths of the way under water?*—the twenty questions to be answered in a very short space of time.

The next is a test of common sense. There are sixteen questions and after each statement made are printed three



The mental caliber of Richard Dix, Bryant Washburn, or James Rennie is equivalent to that of the average colonel or major in the A. E. F.

Only sixteen years old and highest in her class. Surely Patsy Ruth Miller didn't wear this garb just to distract Mr. Page!



But no, we find that Miss Miller came to school in regulation street attire. So we can't make out a case with only a photo

Motion Picture Folks Having No Brains

answers. In the short space of time given, the examinee must give the best answer to each question, by making a cross before it; as,

We see no stars at noon because
—they have moved around to the other side of the earth.
—they are so much fainter than the sun,
—they are hidden by the sky.

In test 4, there is a list of forty, two words in each question. Following these words, are printed also the words—*same—opposite*. Draw a line under one of these last two words to show the relations of the first two words to each other—

altruistic—egotistic—same—opposite.
ambiguous—equivocal—same—opposite.

Test No. 5 offers you a list of twenty-four mixed sentences, and when the examiner says, "Go," you take the sentences, think what their meaning would be when the words are properly arranged, and then draw a line under either of the two words—*true—false*—which follow them; as,

Washington canal 1776 Panama the in built—true—false.
friends in us disaster often false desert—true—false.

Again, the test states that in each of the lines below, the first two words are related to each other in some way. What you do in each line is to see what the relation is between the

first two words, and underline the capitalized word that is related in the same way to the third word. There are forty of these—

hospital—patient::prison—CELL CRIMINAL BAR
JAIL

imitate—copy::invent—STUDY EDISON MACHINE
ORIGINATE.

In the forty sentences in the next test, you are given the choice of four words with which to end a sentence. In each sentence, draw a line under the one of these four words that makes the true sense.

The author of the Scarlet Letter is—HAWTHORNE
POE KIPLING STEVENSON.

The Delco System is used in PLUMBING FILING IG-
NITION CATALOGUING.

Dioxygen is a DISINFECTANT FOOD PRODUCT
PATENT MEDICINE TOOTH PASTE.

In addition to these printed tests, Mr. Page also gave a number of sight and general information tests, including a very thorough one on literature, art, music, and history.

The highest grade went to Patsy Ruth Miller, who is just sixteen. You've admired her picture at top of this page?



This battery of beauty — Helene Chadwick, Jacqueline Logan, and Helen Ferguson — has been officially pronounced a battery of brains, as well

Following the Magic Camera On Locations East and West

These high platforms are frequently used by directors for shooting big scenes. It's the only way a producer can see all of his set at once. An entire street was built at Goldwyn's for "Whims of the Gods." Rowland Lee is pretending his principal player, Winter Blossom, is an Oriental Pearl White



Bebe Daniels is quite at home in a court-room. The court-room in this case is the Lasky studio, and Maurice Campbell is the cruel judge who's sentencing our Bebe to shed some tears, so the company can call it a day. Incidentally, all those lights would give you a terrific headache, to say nothing of painting you a ghastly green, unless you were "made up" to suit the camera

Over in New Jersey, George Arliss registered emotion under a cloudless sky. But the white screens and the mirrors helped old Sol out. The camera needs not only sunshine, but sunshine softened or intensified by various mechanical devices. You note Mr. Arliss has no illusions about his "art." He doesn't need a stringed orchestra to make him act





Also in Jersey, not far from Fort Lee: a pastoral marred somewhat by cameras and electricians—they do need spotlights for outdoor stuff, sometimes. They are taking a "medium shot" of Doris Kenyon and Eddie Burns. Seated, are the director and the continuity writer

TRAILING the capricious camera indoors and out is like taking a ride on the Magic Carpet. You see country roads and city mansions; Chinese streets and court-rooms. These pictures give you a glimpse into the difficult business of making the whole world move before your wondering eyes.



Against a Hollywood hill, this Mexican ranch-house was erected, and it, and the specially constructed cactus, gave perfect satisfaction—just as real as life. If you walked around back of the house you would see a skeleton of a dwelling. But the camera shot it only from this angle, so it was all right. The sun was good this particular day, yet note the reflectors at the left to intensify light on the actors



When you look at this, you aren't to be blamed for thinking a studio life is the life for you. Around the Talmadge studio everyone wears a broad smile. Perhaps it's because Constance's good humor is infectious. Here are John Emerson and Anita Loos directing a group of Follies chorines for "Polly of the Follies." Connie is Miss Fatima; Anita, the French doll



"Trouble with you is you're just a nice pretty girl. And it's not enough, not in this rhinestone Bohemia, anyway. Everybody's more or less pretty out here and nobody wants you to be nice"

Miss Dumbbell

The first of a series of remarkable stories based on real life characters in motion pictures

By
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

*Author of the prize-winning story—
"The Dog in the Manger."*

THERE is one tearoom in Hollywood, high above the boulevard, where it is always quiet and cool and strangely alien to the gay and glittering atmosphere of the street below. On a spring morning, Hollywood Boulevard possesses the intriguing and unexplainable personality that cities and places sometimes take unto themselves, a thing difficult to define but positive as the charm of a pretty woman.

Like Paris, New Orleans, San Francisco, the tiny sister of the Latin Quarter, of Greenwich Village, frolics among her hills like a milkmaid gowned in the rue de la Paix, or a Follies' girl garbed in gingham. There is nothing about the wide paved street, with its rows of beautiful, little one-story shops, to account for it—nothing often in the people who wander up and down. But there it is, and it tingles through your veins like the first sip of an absinthe frappe served in a teacup.

But in this tearoom, the sunshine and the rumble of the big red cars and the swift tire-scream and engine-purr of expensive motors are filtered through the apricot silk curtains that veil the long French windows, windows opening on tiny iron balconies in true Spanish style. The wicker tables are very white and clean and be-flowered. The air is peaceful and soothing, almost tender. An oasis.

IT is the only place in Hollywood where you can go at noon if you care to talk over your food without being interrupted every moment by the cheers of your friends, or the sight of a new male-and-female combination, or the entrance of a famous personage. Or to discuss anything that you do not care to have published broadcast before you get back to the studio. It lacks, perhaps, that characteristic note of the popular places, but at least the tables are far enough apart so that you can gossip without fear of being sued for slander.

It was unusually quiet.

In one corner an art director, with a very pretty girl in the makeup of a 16th century seamstress, had forgotten the world and desired only to be by the world forgot. In the other, an harassed press agent endeavored to convince a grinning newspaper man that his beautiful star had actually been lost in the Hollywood mountains for four days and had turned up without a scratch on her riding boots or a sunburn on her delicate nose. It was a yarn that needed liquid refreshment both in the telling and the listening, and the press agent was sore beset.

At a table midway between, beside an open window, Candace Carr, nibbling the edge of her orange roll unhappily, turned big, wistful eyes upon the back of the pretty girl's head, although the pretty girl was not nearly so pretty as Candace.



"I'm not what you think me, Jack. You think I'm wonderful and fine. I'm not, I'm just a dumbbell"

The diamond on her finger winked like a tear as she stirred her tea round and round and round.

"Why should I go?" she demanded bitterly. "What's the use? It makes me sick. I never have a good time at parties. I never get anything that way. You know perfectly well, Helene, that I'm just a total loss at a party—and most everywhere else, for that matter. I don't know what's the matter with me. Men are all nice to me, but not one of them ever gets crazy about me. Sometimes I think I'd even like to be insulted, just to be sure I wasn't the undertaker's bride. Even the women generally call me Miss Carr."

THE girl opposite ran one nervous hand through the mop of short, dark hair, streaked here and there with gray, that stood up in seven different directions from her high forehead.

"The trouble with you, Candy," she said, and her voice rushed so breathlessly that the words seemed fairly to trip over each other, "is that you haven't got a line."

Candace Carr opened her big blue eyes very wide.

"What'd you mean, a line?" she asked crossly. "Don't be clever, Helene. I'm too tired."

Helene regarded her in cool and annoying silence. Her little, dark eyes, as bright as a fox terrier's, never left Candace's face, studying, probing, hectically interested. She lighted a cigarette and inhaled it deeply, letting it sift through her nostrils so that she was rather like some barbaric, ugly idol before whom incense burned.

All the time, Candace Carr sat there, unhappily self-conscious, the blood sweeping into her cheeks just below the fair delicate skin, in a riot of color.

"I'm not being clever, I mean just what I say," the girl's tone was only mildly insulting. "If a guy goes out to sell something, he's got to have a line to sell and a line to sell it with. Everybody in this business has a line, haven't they? They've all got some stunt, some pose, some type they set up and live by. Don't tell *me*."

"TROUBLE with you is, you're just a nice pretty girl. And it's not enough, not in this rhinestone Bohemia, anyway. Everybody's more or less pretty out here and nobody wants you to be nice, so you start with zero. A man might like to spend his life with you, but there are ten million janes in Hollywood he'd rather spend a day with—and nobody in this trick town is looking for a life sentence. You're a prohibition beauty—no kick. And this gang is used to drinking synthetic gin."

Candace Carr had lost her lovely color. It always came and went like that. "I—I think I see what you mean," she said.

"Quick work," said Helene icily. "Now I'm going to diagram it."

"What are you? You're a movie star on the small time—the second string—the five-reel-make-'em-in twenty-one-days program. Why? Because when the camera gets through with you there aren't many things in this world most people would rather look at. Sometimes you look so good it makes me cry. But I haven't been cutting your pictures for two years without knowing that you can't troop. Your idea of expressing most emotions is to wiggle your nose like a rabbit. As an actress, you photograph and wear clothes. When the director says, 'Expression number three, Miss Dumbell,' you are strangely absent."

"But I admit, Candy, that if I looked like you and had my head piece, I'd be the first female president or something. If you're not pretty you've got to be smart, and if you aren't either you've got to be good, that's all."

She stopped short, as though lassoed by the rope of her own words.

"Well," she mused, lighting a fresh cigarette from the tip of her old one, "we might team. I've got the scenario and you've got the scenery. Anyway, here's what I mean. You don't register because you're stacked up against a bunch of females that could have taken Mark Anthony away from Cleopatra the first time they met. Think of the girls that are such riots—the ones that are the life of the party—everybody's favorite of the harem—the ones that get the men and sometimes keep 'em, and the specially built town cars and always keep 'em, and the big contracts that make you feel like you'd overlooked the skull and crossbones on the bottle when you took that last drink. They've all got a line."

"You know I don't want to—" Candace tried to say softly.

"I KNOW you don't. You're straight. But let me clear up one little point for you, Candy. So are lots of other girls that are as popular as a case of Scotch. Some girls can get a contract out of a producer that will make his Wall Street backers chew the tape out of their tickers—and they won't even give him a lock of hair to put in the back of his watch. They've got a fast line. Of course, some of them will—but that's another story."

"Look at Mimi Thorne. The nerve of an assistant director to begin with, and then she takes on all this Spanish *senorita* stuff. Her mother was a Spanish dancer from Brooklyn. Now she dances the La Paloma and plays a guitar. Somebody'll put a guitar in her coat-of-arms. Look at Lydia Brabant, if you want somebody to cast for the life of the party. Where does she get it? The same place any respectable parrot gets his line of conversation. Listens and remembers, and her delivery's swell. I've heard her pull some of my own lines so good it took me ten minutes to recognize 'em. Look at Babs herself with that kid stuff—baby dresses that show her pretty legs and baby bonnets to set off those curls, and underneath it



When she saw the expression that lay in young Major

a mind like Du Barry and Catherine de Medici dished together. Look at Billy Sunday and Elinor Glyn and Henry Ford.

"They picked out a good line and then they generated pep enough to put it over. But you—you're just Candace Carr, pretty as a marshmallow sundae and about as bright. Just a nice girl trying to get along. Everybody likes you. Any woman would trust you alone with her husband. Never heard a word against you. And remember that in this town the only reason they ever accept for a girl not doing things is that she don't get asked."

"YOU'D be all right running with a lot of selling platters at a county fair, or putting on a eye-exhibition at the horse show, but this is a stake race on a fast track. There isn't a thing the matter with you, only you remind me of a minnow in a bowl with the goldfish."

"You're a Mendelssohn song without words—and nobody in Hollywood has got time to write them in. A perfect chassis without a motor."

Candace Carr sat quietly under the indictment, paling more and more and stroking her silver fox collar with one nervous little hand. "It's only—I suppose I'm silly, Helene," she murmured at last, and her voice was not quite steady, "but I'd like a real man all for myself. I'd like to get married, I think."

"Well, if you're really pulling the glycerin because the men don't mob your limousine, we've got to think up a line. Of course there aren't an awful lot of real men. So many were killed in the war. He ought to have money and a good disposition. A line, that's what we need, and one that *you* can put over," finished the little dark girl, shoving the table away so that she could cross her knees in their worn tan knickers and stained puttees.



Grantham's eyes she stopped, almost as though poised for flight

"I don't think—" began Candace.

"I know you don't," said Helene. "I do. Wait a minute."

Suddenly she sat up, slamming both hands palm downward on the table. "I've got it," she cried. "Look at yourself, Candy, and tell me the one thing that's written on you."

Obediently, Candace opened the top of her gray vanity box and gazed into the depths of its shining glass pool.

She saw a face of sheer, pure, exquisite blonde beauty. Great sapphire eyes set in sooty lashes that were flecked with gold at the ends. Thin arched eyebrows whose curve gave a suggestion of intentional hateur. Delicate, thin little nose, betraying imperceptibly, vaguely, the barest suggestion of a hook, above the finely curved red nostrils. A mouth whose carved upper lip was caught outward just a trifle from the perfect, even white teeth. A small, pointed chin that gave her face that odd, intriguing triangle of the Greuze women. Tiny ears, set close to her head beneath the smooth, glistening ashen hair.

THE face of an eighteenth century marquise on the guillotine. A French print in colors. A silver birch tree.

There could be no doubt about Candace Carr's beauty. She herself had even conceded that. It was one of the things that made her so hopeless. Violently she shut the picture from sight within the scented vanity box.

"Gosh," she said.

"What'd you see?"

"Me," said Candace hopelessly.

"No you didn't. You saw a lady. I've got a great idea, Candy. Your line is going to be the aristocrat. Milady, the carriage waits—home, James, stuff. It hasn't really been done and somebody gave you a face like duchesses ought to have and don't."

"You're making fun again," said Candace Carr, "Oh, Helene, don't smoke another cigarette. That's six at lunch. It'll ruin your complexion."

Helene shook her dark hair impatiently.

"Never had one," she said, "and I can't think unless I smoke."

"Maybe if I tried—"

"Nope. You can't lubricate a motor by pouring oil down a sand hole."

"Now listen. You're going to be an aristocrat—not a movie one, there are plenty of them. Play grand dames for ten a day. You aren't much of an actress but you've got a great make-up for this part. The real air—the cool, sweet smile that goes fluttering over people's heads like a white butterfly looking for a place good enough to light. Your eyebrows an eighth of an inch higher. The hand-shake like you were bestowing them with the order of the garter or something. Like you expected to have it kissed. And the walk—that's the hardest, because I don't know how it's done. They don't move their feet. The manner—not the fake one that makes everyone hope your contract is up next week. I mean the real manner—impersonal, kind, not superior, because there ain't any left really worth being superior to."

YOU haven't got any bad habits to get rid of. You can do anything you like if you're born in the sacred kennels, but if you're trying to get in you've got to be a good dog. You don't smoke nor swear nor row nor get cock-eyed. So you won't be apt to make breaks. And when you don't talk you can't say anything that'll be held against you, so we will now adopt this motto, 'Silence is golden.'

"The next best thing to a woman that's really got something to say is the woman that knows when to keep her mouth shut."

"Now what makes me think the whole works is screenable, is that woman that's always been crazy about you—Mrs. Bobby Hitt. She's not only the queen of this society game around here—she's a royal flush."

Candace flushed again. "She has been wonderful to me. But—I never just feel comfortable with her, and you know how you feel."

"I know how *you* feel, and that's more important. Now a lot of movie stars have been on the edge—you know. The Beverly Hills and Wilshire District and the Adams street exclusives rub elbows once in a while, because they're human and like to say they've met the big guns in our game, too. Or they let 'em give charity fairs and benefit programs. But there isn't anybody has really been in yet—except Mrs. Flint and Mrs. Devereaux and they were, before they married, in the movies."

"If you'll listen to me, and play the *women*—and you're better with them than with the men anyway—you'll have a new line all your own, and you'll meet some men that are at least human, and pretty soon everybody in Hollywood will begin to remember how well they knew you."

She crushed out the tip of her cigarette.

"Maybe you'll get a husband. Some women do. What a self-supporting woman wants to get married for, I don't know. But I suppose life can't be *all* sunshine. Only don't marry any of these fancy young sports like some stars do—mother cuts off the prestige and father cuts off the allowance, and all the poor girl has got is an extra mouth to feed."

"I'll take you down town to buy some clothes for the part. I know a girl in the Unique, where all the 300 buy their raiment. I guess she can be made to dig up some of the things they sell to ladies, instead of the trick stuff they keep for the movies. And you call up Mrs. Hitt to-night."

"Oh, Helene—I can't do it."

"No, but you take direction pretty well. Speaking of directors, let's get back to the studio before Chet gets to the raw meat stage."

Candace Carr followed her slowly down the broad, carpeted stairs. She was still pale. But there was just the suggestion of a gleam in her eye.

II

HELENE had apparently been correct in her assumption that in any other walk of life Candace Carr's beauty, set in the golden circle of her (Continued on page 97)

Through the Rogues' Gallery



Leatrice Joy seems such a nice girl—and here she is in the Rogues' Gallery! She spent three days in the Los Angeles County Jail and some people, we suppose, would hold it against her. (We might as well tell you that she went to jail of her own free will, to get local color for her role in C. deMille's "Manslaughter"—that of a cold young heiress who accidentally but carelessly kills a motorcycle cop as he is trying to arrest her for speeding, and is sentenced to jail for from three to seven years.)



Here is Leatrice being "mugged" in the identification bureau. They placed a number under her chin and photographed her, first full-face and then profile. Cheer up, Leatrice—you're only in for three days, you know



Who could be so cruel to such a sweet smile? Miss Joy says she played her part so well because to her it was like sternest reality

Some Fortunate Girl Is to Occupy This Star Dressing Room at the Goldwyn Studios

A question mark has been painted on a star's dressing room at the Goldwyn Studios in Culver City. It is being reserved for the first choice in the Goldwyn-Photoplay Screen Opportunity



AFTER looking over the entire motion picture field for material for a big production, a famous producer said the other day, "The most amazing and dangerous thing about the screen business today is that there doesn't seem to be any new blood—any fresh possibilities among the young actresses."

Probably there has never been a time since the very first year of the screen industry when there was such a chance for a girl with possibilities to come to the screen and make good. It's like a new start.

That is why the Goldwyn Company and PHOTOPLAY have decided to give the young women of America a chance to find out if they have the sort of thing that the screen is looking for. We believe the screen needs it—and we believe there are thousands of young women who are longing to walk through an open door into future greatness.

The tremendous response that has come to us since we announced our Screen Opportunity Contest convinces us that we are right, that the ambitious welcome the chance.

The preliminary announcements of our plan to make tests of every young woman, not classed as a professional actress, to see if she has the beauty, personality and talent to succeed on the screen, has aroused so much interest that we really wonder why it is that we didn't do it before.

Do not wait—Send your photographs right away to the New Faces Editor, Photoplay Magazine, 25 West 45th St., New York. To make sure they are returned at end of contest, if unsuccessful, send sufficient postage for mailing back at conclusion of contest.

This is YOUR opportunity. We have opened the door. You may have the greatest kind of a screen personality. You may photograph like a million dollars. You may have that thing that directors all over the country are looking for—dramatic instinct and responsiveness. If you have, a wonderful career is yours.

The screen always needs youth. It is a photographic art, and the camera is clamoring for fresh, sweet young American faces.

Lack of experience or dramatic training is not a bar to screen success. You need have neither in order to enter this contest. All you need have is the desire to work hard and—we will find out if you have the other essentials. We will give you a chance to show what you can do.

The great artists of the screen, the (Continued on page 107)

Terms of the Contest

THE Goldwyn Photoplay New Faces Contest is open to all women, over seventeen years of age, who are not professional actresses. This does not exclude members of amateur dramatic organizations.

The first choice of the judges in this contest shall receive a year's contract to appear in Goldwyn Pictures.

During the period of the contract, the winner shall receive a salary equal to that being paid competent actresses playing in motion pictures at that time.

The Goldwyn Company agrees to pay for the transportation of the winner and

her mother to and from the studios at Culver City, California.

The Goldwyn Company shall have a three years' option on the services of the winner.

Other entrants, in addition to the winner, will be considered for use in Goldwyn pictures.

Motion picture tests shall be made of those selected as the best screen possibilities.

These tests shall be made at the Goldwyn exchanges, transportation expenses of those chosen to be paid by the company.

Photographs from entrants in the contest will be received from February 1st to July 1st.

All photographs and correspondence in regard to the contest shall be addressed to New Faces Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

The winner will be announced in the September issue of PHOTOPLAY, on the newsstands August 15th.

Samuel Goldwyn, president of Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, and James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, will act as judges.

The Camera Photographs The Soul

By SAMUEL GOLDWYN

President Goldwyn Pictures Corporation

THERE has never been a great actor or actress who has been deficient in imagination or soul. A face is not merely a mask to conceal the inner emotions, it is the external expression of these emotions. An actor must be sensitive, a "stringed lute on which all winds can play." In a sense, then, the accomplished actor does not merely interpret and mimic another character. He tries more intensively to be himself, and to act as he would act in the situation that the picture demands.

In our search for new faces, we will not consider as a possibility any woman, regardless of the symmetry of her features, whose facial expression does not possess qualities of understanding, imagination and feeling. We are not unmindful of many criticisms which have been made on the subject of puppet-like, doll-faced ingenues who have been so mistaken for competent actresses as to be given prominent parts in important photoplays. The screen actress of today must be more than an unemotional ornament. We want women who have vivacity, sparkle, personality. If she reveals her soul to the camera, then she is the true actress.

The motion picture camera has an uncanny ability to catch "the light that shines through." The hostility of the camera is merely another way of referring to the lack of expressiveness of the subject. Helmholtz once observed that the eye was an imperfect optical instrument. But the camera is not. It is an impersonal observer which catches the details that are laid before it. It is the one unpsychic soul searcher.

The camera, moreover, is the friend of the apparently cold, but really intense, personality. Many a player, whose personality has seemed unresponsive and unemotional to the casting director, and whose theatrical performances may have been commonplace, has revealed an unsuspected warmth and depth under the relentless gaze of the camera. The reason for this is that the human eye is unable to catch the subtle fire of a delicately expressed emotion. The camera, alone, can.

FEELING as I do that American girlhood and womanhood are rich in character and beauty, I have no doubts as to the ultimate success of this search that we have undertaken. However, I would like to make it as clear as it is humanly possible to make it, that mere prettiness of eyes, nose, mouth, and chin are not enough. Character, talent, and the ability for hard work are essentials.

Experience has taught picture producers that the actresses who gain favor with the public and maintain their position have much more than the superficial externals of beauty. One may walk along Fifth Avenue any fine afternoon and meet a number of young women who are beautiful. Possibly, through a strict accounting of the correctness of features, they would be found to excel many of our most popular stars. But that does not necessarily mean that they could step into pictures and win a following.

In the early days of motion pictures, producers were much more inclined to follow what may be called "the imitative

policy." If an actress of a certain type created a stir, there was an immediate rush to find her physical duplicate. There must have been dozens of girls destined to become Mary Pickfords because they possessed pretty blonde hair and the same general cast of countenance; but I don't recall any of them threatening the laurels of this inimitable little actress.

Now it is quite possible that some of the candidates for screen honors were no less physically attractive than Miss Pickford. Also they may have had acting ability; but the all-important point is that they did not reflect the qualities of personality, or soul, if you prefer, that made America's favorite actress what she was and continues to be.

I mention Miss Pickford as the most conspicuous example of an actress who has had many unsuccessful imitators, but the same holds true of others who have risen to prominence. Time and again it has been proven that the qualities which give a player individuality and make her great in the eyes of the public are not superficial.

Ask the average motion picture enthusiast why he or she admires a certain star above others, and the reply will not be an appraisal of perfect features. The attraction will not be attributed to the beauty of a profile, the curve of a mouth, the tilt of a head, or even to the expression of the eyes. Beyond all these physical manifestations, it will be found that the real appeal of the actress lies in an intangible something in

her personality that sets her apart and defies imitation. It is the same quality of personality that draws one to a friend and gives that friend an individuality that cannot be duplicated.

The camera is quick to catch insincerity, a mere pose, an attempt to be like someone else who thinks and feels differently. Any notion that mimicry of certain characteristic mannerisms carries conviction is completely mistaken. The screen does not need imitators, it needs personalities capable of portraying mental as well as physical action in a distinctly individual way.

It has been said that foreign motion picture actresses are superior in dramatic art to ours. The reason given has been that the foreign actress seldom achieves stardom until about the age of thirty, and then after a long struggle up the ladder of her profession. It is not my intention to enter upon this discussion in one way or another. I have seen several foreign actresses who have impressed me with their ability. I can say as much for American actresses. But I will say that I believe that for an actress to reach the heights, it is necessary for her to have worked and suffered. Her soul is the dominating influence of her art.

DO not be frightened by the word *soul*. There have been many imposing definitions and contrary opinions as to what constitutes the soul, but broadly speaking it may be said that the soul may be gauged by the feelings we experience. It goes without saying that in order to truly express something, it is necessary first to have the capacity to feel it.

Granting that you possess the requisite inner qualities, the technical part of the actor's art may be acquired.

In our search for new faces we will not consider as a possibility any woman, regardless of the symmetry of her features, whose facial expression does not possess qualities of understanding, imagination and feeling.

The screen does not need imitators. It needs personalities capable of portraying mental as well as physical action in a distinctly individual way.

How a Camera Test Is Made



Left and right—before and after make-up! The average girl of light coloring is vastly improved by skillful use of cosmetics. Beaded eyelashes, well-made-up lips, and carefully applied powder transformed the girl at the left into the girl at the right. It would do the same for you; and the camera is more considerate when you are made up to suit its taste



IN selecting the young woman to receive a contract to appear in Goldwyn pictures, the judges of the Goldwyn-Photoplay Screen Opportunity will not be guided solely by photographs of entrants submitted. When the photographs have been carefully considered, the subjects of those deemed the best will be given what is technically known as a screen test. This test is made with a motion picture camera and photographs the subject under conditions similar to those found in a studio.

Successful screen acting depends, in a general way, upon three things: performance, make-up, and lighting. In speaking of them here, it is more logical to consider them in the reverse order. The lighting arrangements vary in different studios; and the newcomer often has to change his or her make-up slightly in order to obtain the best results. Inasmuch as she has no control over this, it may be dismissed as being of no immediate concern to the aspirant for screen honors.

The art of make-up, however, is of great importance. The camera looks without blinking; and if your natural color is high, the camera will see it as black; furthermore, it will transform a rounded, rosy cheek into a dark hollow. This is one of the reasons why all suggestion of the natural complexion is covered over with grease paint and powder. Many experienced photoplayers have had their faces studied by an expert in make-up. He examines their coloring, the contours of their faces, their characteristic expressions, and makes suggestions as to how their best screen qualities can be brought out by the camera.

THE following instructions on how to put on an ordinary make-up can be followed, by any novice, with excellent results.

Sit down before a triple mirror with plenty of electric light.

First cleanse the skin thoroughly



with good cold cream, wiping it off with cheese cloth after a few moments, so that only a soft coating, practically absorbed by the skin, is left. Bebe Daniels, whose make-up is one of the most perfect on the screen, always begins her work by applying ice to her face, to close the pores and make the skin smooth.

After the cold cream is gone, take the grease-paint stick and streak your face with it. Then blend this to the smoothest possible coating for your skin. It must be thick enough to cover absolutely your natural

coloring, but not too thick, or it will show. Anna Held once said that the secret of all make-up lay in the blending. Some stars use their fingers. Pauline Frederick uses a soft cloth. When this is done, apply the powder.

COVER your face thickly with powder, and then use a soft brush, like a baby's hair brush, to blend it. It ought to take some little time to gently brush the face to a perfectly smooth finish.

As to the color of the grease-paint, a great many people differ. Arguments are frequent as to the differing value of yellow and a certain shade of pale pink. Mary Alden, a real artist and expert in make-up, prefers a light pink. But to start with, a shade of tannish-yellow will probably be the best. Match your grease paint with your powder. Sometimes an actor or actress blends and mixes many different shades of powder to get the right one. Wallace Reid has a powder of exactly his own blend sent him from New York in large cases. Any theatrical make-up house will show you different grades and shades of face powder. Don't try ordinary face powder. It's too light weight.

The make-up of eyes is a long and tricky proposition and you can't take too much pains. A dark stick is used on the upper lid, lightly, but unless it is there the (Continued on page 108)



When large numbers of extras are used in a photoplay, an expert make-up man is employed to help them put on the grease-paint and other cosmetics. The Goldwyn make-up man is fixing this girl for a role

Beauty of

By Frederick



A. Asti, the painter of this picture, created a famous type of ideal woman—a woman with somewhat classic profile, straight nose, large appealing eyes, full lips, and abundant sombre red hair. Asti was not a great artist, and yet his women have become widely known and admired because of their calm womanliness, their serene poise, and their perfection of feature—of universal appeal



During the great Flemish and Dutch art era the feminine ideal became frankly physical; and today we even regard the women of Rubens' canvases (such as the famous one shown here) as "stout" and "heavy." Their faces, too, were well filled out, and at times bordered on the sensual. They had an intense womanliness, however, despite their tremendous physical vitality, very near Amazonian



The beautiful woman of the early Greeks was stately and serene, with a broad, low forehead, a straight dominant nose, and a firm, perfectly formed mouth and chin. There was little of the child in the classic woman; she was poised and mature; the suave serenity of her features indicated a high intelligence; and the straight, vigorous lines of her body were somewhat masculine



The great English portrait school of painters—here represented by George Romney's *Lady Poulett*—produced a type of ideal woman who was fully matured, somewhat cold, dignified and haughty, austere aristocratic in pose and manner; with finely chiselled features, and a statuesque bearing. Her face, as a rule, was oval and slender—the nostrils patrician, the eyes imperious, and the mouth warm and sensitive, but strong

All Ages

Van Vrancken

trousse nose, mouth curved up at the corners, and pointed chin. She represents the dark Latin type, with superficiality, frivolity, cruelty, and passion combined in one nature.

Even in modern America many contrasting types of feminine beauty have been projected by our artists and illustrators. The Gibson girl, for instance, has a sturdy, athletic physique, an almost impertinent self-assurance, a turned-up nose, oval chin and widely-set eyes. She is vigorous, masculine and unromantic—the type which, as a rule, appeals to the sentimental, unsexed man.

The Howard Chandler Christy girl, however, comes nearer to the popular American standard than any other type. She embraces those qualities of character and womanliness, and that distinctly feminine physical charm and appeal, which seem to epitomize the ideal American girl of today. And yet, how different she is from the older ideals of beauty!

No, there never has been, and never can be, a fixed standard of feminine beauty. Each age, and each nation, creates a general type to meet its needs and desires; and these types are visualized, more or less, by the artists of the time. What PHOTOPLAY is seeking is a girl who most closely reflects the spirit and the life, the ideals and the dreams of the America of today.

With the English pre-Raphaelites (of which the accompanying picture by Rossetti is characteristic) the ideally beautiful woman became almost Oriental in cast. She had a broad forehead, deep auburn hair, a plastic sensual mouth, and a full curving neck. There was something mystical and mysterious about her; and there lurked a sense of the tragic in her dark, luminous eyes



This painting by the Frenchman, Greuze, represents one of the most famous and distinct types of feminine beauty in modern art. His women are little more than girls, with a piquant and childish femininity. They are essentially innocent—ardent and tender, sweet and appealing—without depth or subtlety, and yet provocative of sympathy—made to be loved and carefully protected



The ideal woman of the Italian Renaissance (perfectly exemplified in the "Mona Lisa") possessed a beauty which embodied a deep and subtle spirituality. Motherhood, also, was one of her dominant characteristics, as we find it reflected in the Madonnas of that epoch. Indeed, the Renaissance standard may be said to be primarily one of character and soul and deep maturity—the spirit shining through the earthly mantle



The Henner ideal of beauty is known the world over. His women—of which the accompanying portrait is characteristic—belong to the Magdalen type. Despite their immaturity, they possess sorrowful, tragic faces, whose suggested sensualism is touched with the spirituality of suffering. The auburn of their hair has become almost as famous as that of Titian's women

Out of Arabian Nights

By MARY WINSHIP

When one looked at her—one saw visions. Arabian Nights princesses. Exquisite ladies from the Decameron. Persian gardens. Barges filled with flowers, and black slaves playing on lutes.

That was my first sight of Marguerite de la Motte.

IT was a terrible shock to me to find that she was born in Duluth, Minnesota.

As a matter of fact, the pretty young Fairbanks leading woman dispels instantly the Arabian Nights illusion. Perhaps she thinks it's immoral.

She reminds you rather of a high school girl with social ambitions. She is very young. I never can remember just how old these girls are. It always seems so ridiculous. But she came of age—eighteen—only a short time ago.

"My greatest ambition in life was—and still is—to be Douglas Fairbanks' leading lady," she said to me, when I dropped into the Fairbanks studio to see her one afternoon.

Well, that's a worthy ambition.

I am a little afraid she carries her acting ambitions into private life. But her pose is very effective—sweet, slow, very lady-like. Only—I wonder what she is *really* like.

With few exceptions, she has the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen in my life. I used to think that no one could ever approach those big, soft brown eyes of Mabel Normand's, with the continual, irresistible twinkle behind the long, dark lashes.

But Margurite de la Motte's eyes are so perfect, so dreamy, so full of lights and shadows, that they make you forget her conversation completely—which is perhaps just as well.

"I was the luckiest girl in the (Continued on page 96)



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Marguerite de la Motte, "with few exceptions, has the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen"

TONY MORENO and I were sitting out between dances on the big blue divan at the end of Wally Reid's drawing room.

Suddenly Tony abandoned his discourse on Spain and said with a gasp, "I'm dreaming. She belongs in the Arabian Nights."

I looked down the long room.

A girl had just come through the big arched doorway.

She wore a robe of rose and gold brocade. From its gorgousness her white shoulders and slim back gleamed up to the curving line of her red-gold hair. Bands of gold and jewels held its shining splendor close to her head. Her skin was white, like a magnolia, and her lips against it were the scarlet of a pomegranate.

Her eyes were long, topaz-colored, half-closed, with lashes that gleamed from gold to black at the tips.

In her slim hands she held the ends of a gold chain that bound her waist.



"Come on into pictures," said Douglas Fairbanks, and so she played his leading lady in "The Three Musketeers"

The Seventh Day

By
Porter Emerson Browne

Fictionization by
ELIZABETH CHISHOLM

ONE half of the world doesn't know that the other half lives. One half of the world—wrapped around with the cloak of false standards, smothered with hot house flowers and fine raiment and jazz music—doesn't realize that there are simple homes, and green country fields, and folk who live really useful lives. One half of the world dreams—and the other half works that their dreams may come true!

John Alden was one of the workers. His name, his heritage, all of his ideals were of New England. But his heart, untouched by the breath of romance, belonged to the sea. The sea was his sweetheart, his joy. Always changing, never the same—it was his constant adventure.

Of course he had a family. Orphaned he was, but in no way alone. His two rich old uncles were doubly father to him, and his Aunt Abigail—awe-inspiring to everybody else—took a mother's place. But it was his younger sister Betty, who meant the most. For he was a combination of Christopher Columbus, Sir Galahad and Santa Claus to her! And every man likes to be a hero—even to his own sister.

John was very much of the hero as he came home from his first voyage on a fishing schooner. All of the little Maine town was down to meet the boat—and in the kitchen of his home there were pies and cakes and the traditional beans of New England being made ready. A man's first home-coming is a dramatic event.

AT the exact moment of his arrival, Patricia Vane, who belonged to the other half of the world, was beginning to stir upon her lacey pillows. And to yawn, just a bit petulantly, as she watched her maid lay out the fluffy clothes that she was going to wear. Patricia "toiled not, neither did she spin." But when she was arrayed in those same fluffy clothes, she got results!

Patricia's father was a very rich man. He was also one of the most prominent members of New York's Eighteenth-Amendment-Dodgers. (It's a fairly new party, but it's growing!) As for her mother—well, her mother had been taught not to interfere or to bother. And yet every once in so often she received a jolt from her daughter that made bothering almost a necessity. Patricia's late parties were beginning to worry her—the fact that drinks were served at them was a shock. And yet there was little that she could do or say, for Patricia went to all of the parties with Reggie Van Zandt, the fiance that her parents had chosen for her.

"Please forgive me," she said.
"I'm sorry"



It was at one of these parties, given by a certain Miss "Billie" Blair, that the climax came. Patricia was there, of course, with Reggie. And there were a half-dozen more of the spoiled and dissipated younger set. At the time that John Alden, back in the New England fishing village, was enjoying his beans and pie with a healthy boyish appetite, they were pouring drinks, from engraved pocket flasks, into glasses filled with White Rock.

AND at the time that John Alden was eating his third slice of layer cake, the waiter was telling them that it was against the law to pour out liquor in a cafe. And Miss Gerard was haughtily informing the waiter that it was her party—and that the law had nothing to do with it! It seemed strange to all of them that the waiter dared remonstrate; that he should call the captain to their table. And that the law, poor weak thing that it is, should be upheld!

They put away their flasks, in anger—not untinged with consternation. And then a fat youth, named Bob, had an idea. "Say, folks," he shouted, "dad's yacht is in the harbor. Let's go aboard, sail beyond the three mile limit, and have a real time!"

The crowd agreed—of course. There was a married couple in the party, they would serve as chaperones.

"Let's go!" laughed Patricia, gaily. And they did!

* * * * *

While John was receiving the government papers that would make him captain of his own ship, the "Betty Alden," the

party on the yacht was seeing a bit of rough weather and enjoying a rare spell of seasickness. To the turtle-fed children of luxury, seasickness should have held all the thrill of novelty. But it didn't. Instead, it and the rough weather forced them to put into port—the same port that was John Alden's home. And, having once put into port, it didn't take the party very long to make a landing. Patricia voiced the feelings of the crowd when she remarked, wearily:

"I never want to see water again. *Not even a glass of water!*"

JOHN ALDEN and his sister Betty were on the dock when the party landed. It was of John that Reggie patronizingly asked a question.

"Where is the hotel?" he asked.

John, surprised at the tone, answered slowly and courteously.

"We haven't got one," he told them.

The members of the group from New York looked at each other gloomily. Patricia, made snippy from seasickness, asked the next question.

"When," she asked, "can we get a train out of here?"

Still courteously John answered:

"There isn't any train," he said.

Reggie's face was a study, as were the other faces.

"Well, for Heaven's sake what is there in this town?" he demanded.

It was Betty, eager to be noticed by the "city folks," and most of all by the handsome, but ill-tempered young man, who answered:

"Nothing," she said simply, "just nothing!"

There was keen reproof in her brother's expression as he glanced at her. But the expression changed to amazement at Patricia's next words.

"Oh, hell," she said sharply, "let's get out of here. Who started this party, anyway!"

John Alden had never before heard a woman swear!

* * * * *

It wasn't only fear of seasickness that forced the yachting party to stay anchored off the little Maine village. The rough weather had damaged the yacht, not badly, but enough to make navigation an impossibility. As there was no way out, it was necessary to make the best of things. Which they did.

MAKING the best of things, with the present generation of young people, is not a quiet matter. It means wild parties, and too loud laughter. To the village it meant a glimpse of something that they had never imagined possible. To John Alden whose girl friendships had been limited, it was a revelation. And to Betty, who was on the brink of being engaged to a sober, narrow-minded youth, named Donald Peabody, it was like a peep into the Lady of Shalott's mirror. And Reggie, Patricia's fiance, was the knight who came riding!

Perhaps it was to make more interesting an idle moment that Patricia invited John to come aboard the yacht as her guest. Once there, for the first time, he was initiated into

the gayer life. There was dancing (curiously enough John *could* dance) and there were many cocktails. And it was at the unheard of hour of one A. M. that he finally stumbled into his home. And there, in the formal parlor, he waltzed and sang, happily unconscious of everything until the sound brought the two uncles out of their beds. A first cocktail can do wonders—even when it has to battle with the conscience and heredity of New England!

Sunday, in the little village, was a day of rest and of peace. On the deck of the motionless yacht, however, the toddle top was working overtime. But everybody was bored, particularly Patricia and Reggie. When they first heard the church bell ringing they thought it was a fire, and then the call to school. As it kept on clanging they decided to go and investi-

"Do you call it honorable to flirt with my sister," he asked, "while you are engaged to another girl?"



gate. And the investigation led them ashore and to the general store—which they found locked.

It was as they turned away from the store that they met John and Betty on the way to church with Donald, Betty's serious-minded suitor. Reggie only asked for information when he said: "Say, is the store locked?" but his question shocked the three. John it was who answered quietly:

BUT it always is locked on Sunday!" And then, after a moment, he added:

"Won't you come to church with us?"

It was mischief, and mischief alone, that prompted Patricia to accept the invitation. Reggie reneged at the door of the church, but the girl was game. For the first time in perhaps years, she entered a House of God, where people really went to worship Him.

At first the solemnity of the occasion did not strike her. But, after a moment she began to realize the service meant a great deal to John. Glancing around the room she was amazed at the expression of reverence upon each face. And when the hymns were sung she joined in, slightly abashed. For a

"OH, I know a lot about children," said Betty Compson, "you see, I used to be a nursemaid."

It was at a dinner party in Hollywood, and besides such screen celebrities as May Allison, Bebe Daniels, Mae Busch, Bob Ellis, and the Wallace Reids, and such literary lights as Peter B. Kyne and Verne Hardin Porter, editor of the *Cosmopolitan*, there were a number of society people present.

Betty sat there looking like an artist's dream of an aristocratic beauty, and it literally knocked the company off its feet.

"I liked it," said Betty dreamily. "I was broke and it was the only thing I could think of to do, so I did it. And I wore a cap and apron and everything."

moment she was almost convinced that there was something more necessary than jazz, something more important than surface pleasure. When John left her at the yacht, after the service, she was a changed girl, indeed. In fact, she made an appointment to meet him that afternoon for a boat ride.

WHEN she was on deck, though, and her friends were surrounding her and laughing about her latest swain, Patricia experienced a change of feeling—a swift revulsion against all people and everything. She joined in the laughter, but there was a half-hearted bitterness in her mirth. Nobody enjoys being made fun of, and Patricia was not any exception to the rule!

And so that afternoon, when John came to take her for the



promised ride, she was decidedly cool to him. And when he left her at the yacht she offered to pay him for his trouble.

It was, perhaps, the unkindest thing that she could have done. For John was in love, for the first time in his life—and he realized it. As she reached for her purse and said: "How much do I owe you?" it seemed as if the bottom were falling out of all of his dreams.

"What—do—you—mean?" he stammered, "I don't understand!"

Neither did Patricia understand, quite. She only knew that this "different" young man interested her in an uncanny way, and that she had been teased about him, and that she wanted to hurt him—as folk sometimes want to hurt people and things that they almost love. So she answered him abruptly.

"I mean," she said, "that I want to pay you for the use of your boat!"

And then, all at once, John Alden saw a great light. All at once the realization came to him that this girl was no wonderful being—that she was only a product of another world.

"Then," he asked, and his voice was very calm, "then you were only making—fun—of—me?"

Patricia did not quite understand his calmness. If he had stormed and raged she would have known how to handle him. But this serious face—this steady voice! Suddenly she was desperately sorry that she had been cruel.

"I wasn't making fun of you," she said. "Only—I am engaged to Mr. Van Zandt!"

Without a word John turned his head. He knew that the beautiful adventure was finished, and he was sure that his heart had broken into bits. Slowly he pulled his boat around and rowed toward the wharf, where he made it fast. And then, as he got out, he came face to face with Donald Peabody.

At first he did not notice his sister's suitor. Donald had never meant a great deal in John's life. He would have gone home, hiding his anguish behind a stony countenance, had not the sober youth accosted him.

"I guess," said Donald tantalizingly, "that you've been too busy to notice what that city Smart Aleck's been up to!"

Shocked out of his sorrow, John stared up into Donald's distorted face. "What are you talking about," he asked abruptly—"Out with it!"

AND so Donald told. He told how little Betty had spent the afternoon with Reggie—how he had watched them together on a picturesque stretch of beach. And how Reggie's arm had been about the girl's waist.

"They've seen more of each other than you know," he hinted darkly. "He and Betty—" But John silenced him with a look.

It was at that moment that Betty and Reggie appeared at the wharf, and got into the launch that went from there to the yacht. And John, with utter anger in his soul—for was not this man engaged to the girl he cared for, even though he would not admit it?—jumped into his boat and followed them.

Reggie's afternoon with Betty had been harmless enough, as a matter of fact. Unlike the villain of the melodrama, he did not mean any wrong. He was genuinely fascinated with the country girl—the first real woman, he told himself, that he had ever known. How many Sunday afternoons he had spent with other girls—and in other ways! This child-woman made everything seem different, and better. When he took her to the yacht with him it was only with the idea of giving her a treat, a real pleasure.

They happened on deck when a crap game was in progress. To Betty, who had never seen gambling of any sort, it was fascinating. Before either of them was really conscious of it, both Reggie and Betty were excitedly engaged in the great American pastime. And Betty, with beginner's luck, had pulled two sevens and one eleven out of the fire.

It was so that John, coming on deck, found them. To his mind, poisoned by Donald's insinuations, there was only wickedness in the picture. Going forward he took his sister by the arm and said: "Come home with me, dear." And then, as Reggie started to speak, the anger and hurt that had been growing all through the Sunday afternoon, burst its bonds. And with one well-directed punch, he sent the young man from the city sprawling on the deck.

It was a weeping Betty that John took home with him. A saddened Betty, for he told her that Reggie was engaged to Miss Vane, and that his attentions could mean nothing either

DOUGLAS McLEAN'S father was for many years one of the most famous preachers in Washington, D. C. He has given up active work, but still retains his ministerial ideas.

Doug made his father a member of the Los Angeles Athletic Club. The other day he happened to mention that he was fond of dominoes.

A chap standing near said, "Well, would you like to play a little game, Dr. McLean?" And, as they sat down to a table, "The usual game, I suppose?" Dr. McLean nodded agreement.

At the end of two hours the young chap got up and said, "That's the worst trimming I ever had. Let me see—that's eighteen dollars."

Dr. McLean is still looking for him, to return his ill-gotten wealth.

"This is my party," she said. "The law has nothing to do with it!"



good or worth while. It was a child who leaned against his arm, a child with the picture-book romance taken away from it.

"He kissed me," she sobbed, "and said that he loved me. . . ." Was it any wonder that he could not help thinking the worst?

As a matter of fact, back on the yacht, Patricia and Reggie were being just as serious over the whole affair as were John and Betty. Patricia had always known that she did not cherish any "grande passion" for Reggie—that the engagement was not as important to her as it should have been. It was only since she had met John, however, that she had considered the possibility of loving someone very much indeed. When Reggie—curiously without anger over John's treatment of him—spoke truthfully to her, she was relieved, rather than sorry.

"I CAN'T help telling you," he said quietly. "I have to tell you, Patricia! I love that little girl very much. More than anything in the whole world."

For a moment Patricia was stunned. To hear Reggie—man-about town and millionaire—talk like this! But her voice was level when she spoke:

"Would you be happier," she questioned, "if our engagement were broken?"

Gladness swept, suddenly, across the face of Reggie Van Zandt.

"Would you?" he demanded, with hopeful eagerness.

For a moment Patricia was silent. And then—

"I think we could both be happier," she said slowly. "Our engagement was a mistake from the first. But we will always be good friends, won't we?"

"You bet we will!" agreed Reggie, heartily. And then—

"Do you mind if I leave—right away? I've got to get into

town and square myself with that little girl, and her people." And he hurried away, all eagerness.

So Reggie went to the Alden home. And there, like a real man, he told the girl and her brother and her uncles that he really cared for her.

"I know," he said to John, in a straightforward manner, "that you have every reason to believe me a cad. But I have come to assure you that my intentions toward your sister are honorable."

It was rather wonderful to see the light on little Betty's face. But John's voice was very stern as he spoke.

"Do you call it honorable to flirt with my sister," he asked, "while you are engaged to another girl?"

Reggie took a half step forward, and hesitated. But his eyes, glowing with love, met Betty's.

"That," he said, "is what I have come to explain. Miss Vane and I have broken our engagement. We found out, before it was too late, that we didn't really care for each other!"

It was Uncle Jim, standing aside, who shattered the tense silence. "Well, well!" he said. And again, "Well, well!"

THERE was a certain sadness in John's smile as he turned to his sister. But his question was business-like:

"Do you love him?" he questioned. "Are you sure?"

Betty nodded shyly. And went into her lover's waiting arms.

And so it came about that everybody had found happiness but John. And John, wishing to be alone with his sadness, decided to go back to his first sweetheart, the sea. And so he announced that he was ready to sail at once in his boat—that he was going to start for the fishing banks. "I am going to sail tonight," he told his astounded family, "or sooner."

And at just that moment the (Continued on page 92)

The Seventh Day

NARRATED, by permission, from the Inspiration photoplay by Porter Emerson Browne. Directed by Henry King, and with the following cast:

John Alden . . . Richard Barthelmess
 Uncle Ned . . . Frank Losee
 Uncle Jim . . . Leslie Stowe
 Donald Peabody . . . Tammany Young
 Reggie Van Zandt . . . George Stewart
 Aunt Abigail . . . Grace Barton
 Betty Alden . . . Anne Cornwall
 Katinka, the hired girl . . .
 . . . Patterson Dial
 "Billie" Blair . . . Teddy Gerard
 Bob Beekman . . . Alfred Schmid
 Patricia Vane . . . Louise Huff

And Ann Said to the King—

ANN is Ann Forrest, whose original name was Kromann. The King is Christian X, of Denmark. Ann called on the King when she was abroad for the purpose of making a picture. And this is what happens when an American film princess meets a European monarch.

"I understand that your name is Anna Kromann?" said the King. "It is a good Danish name. Why have you changed it?"

"When I first went into motion pictures," answered Ann, "I found that there was a difficulty in pronouncing my name correctly. It hindered me in my work. William Farnum suggested that I change it. I told him I would if he could find a name for me that I liked. He discovered 'Ann Forrest.'"

The King mentioned the war.

"The motion picture people did fine war work," Ann told him. "I myself sold Liberty bonds and offered a kiss for every man who bought one."

"Were your kisses very costly?" asked the King, gallantly though cautiously.

"One man gave me \$5,000 for a single kiss. Wasn't he patriotic?"

"I should say it was a good bargain," commented Christian X.



HIS MAJESTY and Ann were fast friends before the audience was over.

Miss Forrest, by the way, is the leading woman in John Robertson's newest Paramount production, "Love's Boomerang," most of the scenes of which were made in England and France. When she had finished the picture, Ann thought she would run across the North Sea to Denmark to call upon her relatives. She was hardly prepared for the enthusiastic reception that greeted her in Copenhagen, the Danish capital. The newspapers had notices of her homecoming, and huge crowds were waiting. The little blonde was given the time of her life, and to cap the climax, was asked to meet the King. But she says she'll be glad to get back to America again, just the same!

Bill Hart's Bride Has Him Thrown, Tied,



The final fadeout—young love—conjugal happiness—forever after—the end of a perfect day—homekeeping hearts are happiest—and all that sort of thing

(Photos by Stagg, L. A.)

AN immaculate Japanese butler showed me into the charming breakfast room.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Hart sat very close together just around the corner.

Between them was a silver dish full of popovers.

But even popovers were too material.

If they were eating, it was invisible violets from the vale of Venus.

I stood in the doorway. And I was glad I had learned patience in the Army.

At last I coughed—the accepted dramatic device for attracting attention—and Mrs. Hart dragged her gaze away from the eyes that we have seen strike terror into the hearts of bad men of the screen.

"Oh—" she said, just like that; "good-morning. Will—will you have some—some— Bill, what is this, lunch or breakfast?"

The famous two-gun hero took a vague look about the table, spotted the scrambled eggs and bacon and said, "Lunch."

Well, I saved the family reputation with the cook.

"She's as pretty as I heard she was," I said, to relieve my own embarrassment.

"She's a good kid," said Bill Hart, looking into the pretty blue eyes that lured him from his famous bachelorhood.

"Just a good kid."

"Billy," said Winifred Westover Hart, in an ominous tone, "give me your wallet."

Bill gave her a grim but sheepish look. "Aw, honey, I didn't say kiddie. I only said you were a good kid. That's all I said."

"Give me the wallet, my little creampuff," said lovely Mrs. Hart with a pretty upward glance. "Come, dear." She stretched forth her hand. There was no resistance.

That's all it took. No guns. Didn't have to be roped or anything. Bill reached inside the white sweater he wears instead of a morning coat and handed over his wallet.

The girl who won the greatest western idol the American public has ever known, took it serenely, examined the bills, removed one and tucked it inside her gown.

I have been raised to try to act like a lady. But I ask you!

"What," said I weakly, "is it all about?"

Bill grinned at me. Just between you and me—and this is the last stage—he likes to have her take money away from him.

"Well," he said, "she—she doesn't like me to call her kid or kiddie. Every time I do she fines me the smallest bill in my wallet. She's nicked me for seventy-five bucks this week."

And as his wife turned to speak to a tiny Japanese maid who had appeared, he whispered to me, "The truth is, she doesn't like anyone to think she's younger than I am."

She isn't. She's just right. The people who know Winifred Westover and have known her for years, speak of her in that way that makes you want to congratulate her husband.

He deserves it.

From the breakfast table we went into the big drawing room, hung with famous western paintings. Carelessly Bill Hart picked up a big shotgun from the corner, an ancient and venerable weapon it was.



Bill's he-dog "Congo" now wears ribbons, eats caramels, and hangs his proud head in shame as the other dogs give him the merry woof-woof. A blonde woman ruined him

Branded, and Feeds His Bulldog Caramels

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

"This is an historic old gun," he said. "It's a real Sharp—"
"O—o-oh!" there was a little shriek behind us.

The bride, holding her beaded skirts about her pretty ankles, stood in the doorway, her eyes as round and frightened as a kitten's. "Oh, Bill, please put down that gun. You know I'm scared to death of guns." With a white little smile she turned to me. "He likes to sleep with two of them under his pillow, but I just won't have it!"

JUST then arrived the largest, the ugliest, the most beautiful bulldog I ever saw in my life. Name, Congo. An adorable person, biscuit-colored and majestic.

Mrs. Bill Hart flew to him. When she moves swiftly, she makes you think of a Viking goddess. A very famous painter once wanted to paint her as the perfect Norse type of ancient days.

"My precious little lamb," said she to the dog, "would you like a caramel?"

While Congo, wriggling with ecstasy and adoration, accepted the offering, Bill said to me in a thrilled undertone, "Gosh, she's made a bum out of my dog already. He was a regular he-man dog once, and now he eats caramels and wears a big blue bow when he goes out in the car with her."

"Well," said Mrs. Hart, "if your husband's dog doesn't love you, anything may happen."

She and I went up to her bedroom. On the wide bed was a heavy dark blue Sioux Indian blanket, beaded gorgeously in red and white. On the blanket were nineteen tiny, scented, befrilled baby pillows. It was like finding Bill Hart tied up in pink baby ribbon. But it was a sort of fifty-fifty omen that looked promising for future happiness.

"See my wrist watch?" she asked, showing me the most exquisite diamond wrist watch I have ever seen. "It was my engagement present. But I didn't get it until after we were married."

"Yes," said Bill, strolling in behind us and winking at me, "and I found out afterwards that she went to the store first and told them which one to sell me."

Above Mrs. Hart's dressing table hung a tiny, baby pair of Indian pants—made of leather and heavily beaded.

"How adorable!" I said.

Mrs. Hart blushed until she was almost the wonderful color of the American



Can you imagine that hard-hittin', two-gun-fightin', cactus-eatin', rough Westerner sending roses, eating popovers, and buying wrist watches?



Beauty roses Bill brought home as her first anniversary present—a month, you know.

"Umm," said Bill, "they're a sort of charm. Winifred has them hung up there so it'll be a boy."

"Bill won't let me change this house a bit," said Mrs. Hart, a bit wistfully, gazing at the dark red Indian hangings of her dressing room.

And after all, it is a bit hard on a blonde bride to wear her pale pink and lavender negligees against that brick shade.

"A man has to have a place somewhere," said Bill, defensively. "I'd look just as funny in a pink and white room, wouldn't I?"

"Anyway," Winifred went over and put her head on Bill's exceedingly manly shoulder, "he's going to let me build a place all my own—back on our place in Connecticut. I'm to design the house—and furnish it—and everything. It's a gorgeous place. One of the loveliest in Connecticut. (Continued on page 106)

Bill's—pardon, the stranger—Winifred's shack in the hills outside Los Angeles. And the happiest one in those parts

Re-Introducing Miss Davies

It's a good-natured star who will kid herself. Marion, combination cameraman and director, turns the crank while Marion, actress, registers hate



WE may be wrong, but it does seem that there is a new Marion Davies on the screen. A Marion of more beauty and expression; of charm and whimsicality and actual dramatic ability. She was always a great beauty, this golden-haired princess of celluloid; but in "Enchantment" and "Beauty's Worth" she is something more. And these new pictures of her—taken, incidentally, after she had bobbed her beautiful hair—prove it.

How do you like the bob? So do we. Just as the fashion experts said it was out of date, along come Marion and Dorothy Dalton to re-establish it



There is an honest-to-goodness Marion Davies Baseball Team at the Cosmopolitan Studios in Manhattan. Miss Davies is—er—catcher. (But for goodness' sake, child, change those shoes!)

Not to be taken too seriously. Miss Davies, in her latest photoplay, plays a Quaker maid; and this, according to the best authorities, is how a Quaker maid attires herself when about to go in to swim



The poor girl has to work in such a sordid atmosphere—with the L trains thundering by, and tenements across the street



Her studio is way uptown in New York; but when you can reach it in a chariot like this, who cares for such a trifle?

"Mine—forever and always."
It was at once his announce-
ment and challenge



"Moran of the Lady Letty"

A tale of desperate deeds and a victory for love in a romance of high seas

By GENE SHERIDAN

TALL, blonde and daring, with the strength of her Norse heritage, Letty Sternerson was a girl who had chosen a man's place in the world.

If Captain Sternerson, owner and sailing master of the staunch "Lady Letty," had had a son, all this would not have been.

The women of seafaring folk must stay ashore and pray. One pictures them traditionally standing on harborfront and headland straining their eyes to sea in longing search, or maybe setting the candle beacon in the window as evening falls.

But Letty Sternerson was not of these. She did not look at the sea and yearn and pray. So far as any man may be she was its master. Letty was born at sea, and those things that one is born into one accepts, without fear, awe, wonder or questioning. She was of the sea, undaunted.

So it came in natural course that when Letty Sternerson had grown to full estate she had taken place beside her father as the second in command of the worthy ship that bore her christened name. And the manfulness of her place and work had endowed her with another name, a man's name and a strong one. She was "Moran of the Lady Letty," to all who lived in or sailed from the home port of Frumholm on the coast of Norway.

LOVE had not come into Moran's life. It had offered itself enough as all who knew her knew, but she was unmindful of it and indifferent. Men as a race of husbands and masters, born into another world, did not have that meaning to Moran. She was a person in that world herself.

So it was that when, on the "Lady Letty's" voyage to San Francisco, Nels Larsen, first mate, spoke his mind to Captain Sternerson and asked approval as a suitor, the old skipper made a slow, doubting response.

"Moran is not like other girls, Nels. She has never been in love—but perhaps if you spoke to her first—maybe—"

It was not necessary for him to finish the sentence, for even to the hopeful heart of Nels the situation was obvious. And no doubt Nels' inward convictions themselves made his suit rather hopeless.

Still Moran was so straightforward and honest in her refusals that, when the "Lady Letty" dropped anchor in the harbor within the Golden Gate, she and Nels were as good friends as always. And putting aside her sailor man's clothes of the sea she went ashore with him to see the sights of the port that evening.

OUT of that excursion ashore many things were to come, among them all of the eventualities that Moran herself would have declared impossible.

Riding at anchor nearby the "Lady Letty's" mooring was a gala yacht, the "Petrel," conspicuously graceful, contrasting with the dingy commercial craft of the harbor as a marcelled and manicured debutante contrasts with the maids of all work. The "Petrel" was gay with colored lights and festooned lanterns about the decks.

As Moran and Nels came ashore at the dock, a luxurious closed motor car pulled up, and the spirited figure of a young man, handsome and dressed to a nicety, stepped down. He was apparently bound for the evening party aboard the "Petrel."

As they passed on the dock there was a glint of approval in the dressy stranger's eyes as he took in the stalwart womanhood of Moran. But there was a fine scorn in Moran's voice as she turned to Nels.

"A softy in his sport clothes, going to cruise around the harbor tonight and get some sea thrills."

The young sportsman overheard the jibe, and smiled.

Moran saw this, and, embarrassed, hurried on with Larsen.

But Ramon Laredo in his smart yachting toggery stopped to watch her out of sight. He started toward the "Petrel's" slip, then paused. An idea had come over him and the boredom of

another evening yachting party did not fit his mood for the moment. He dallied about the waterfront. Of course, Josephine Herrick, his almost fiancée, would be waiting for him on the "Petrel." Laredo looked with an inward longing off into the mystery of the harbor, with its ships at anchor, resting from their voyages over all the world. There was romance for him in the picture and something that seemed to beckon him away from the narrow little life of social gaiety that hemmed his days.

As Laredo sauntered down the docks, he encountered an old salt of a man and together they stood looking out on the bay.

"Yes, siree—sonny—ships from every port in the world—an' some queer creatures on 'em, too, I reckon."

They fell into conversation with that and when the old man



Moran, screaming like a war eagle, plunged into the fray

suggested that he knew a place where they might have a drink together, the idea smacked of adventure to Laredo. It would be something to tell the party about a little later.

So, soon they stood together, the smart young man in his yachting suit and the salt old sea dog, lifting their glasses to each other.

It was a swift and powerful drink. The world went whirling for Ramon Laredo. The room swayed and it was dark, a blank.

THE waiting party of the "Petrel" at the dock waited in vain. One guest was not to come that night.

A dory presently put out from the shadows of a dark pier head near that waterfront dive. In the bottom of the boat was the limp and silent Ramon Laredo. Twisting its way out among the ships at anchor, the dory nosed about in the dark until it fetched up at a weather-stained, disreputable-looking schooner, bearing the name of the "Heart of China."

The old salt swung up to the rail and over, beckoning to the men in the boat. A pair of husky ruffian longshoremen picked up their unconscious passenger and hauled him aboard the schooner.

Frisco Kitchell, skipper of the "Heart of China," reeking of rum and cursing with every step, came forward. Frisco Kitchell was any kind of a villain that one might describe, a mongrel of the port breeds, a quarter-blood Chinese and three-quarters of all the rest that was worst in the broad Pacific. His ship, the "Heart of China," carried no honest cargo save to

mask the traffic in rum and opium between California and the outlaw coast of Magdalena bay in Mexico.

Kitchell looked down at Laredo in his natty garb.

The smuggler burst out with a flood of oaths.

"I want able seamen—I don't figgure on workin' this boat with dancing masters!"

THE gnarled old crimp argued the value of his prey, insisting, "He's a husky young 'un, anyway, Frisco."

Kitchell paid off the crimp and called sharply to a pair of sailors to take the drug dazed man forward.

Laredo was recovering. He pulled himself together unsteadily, mystified and thick.

"What's this—I demand to be put ashore."

"Take him for'd." Kitchell turned away.

Off across the harbor came the sounds of music and revelry aboard the "Petrel." The party was on without the missing guest, hardly more than the length of an anchor chain away from the villainous "Heart of China."

Laredo protested again. Kitchell swung and caught him on the jaw with a wicked punch. Laredo stretched his length on the deck. When the sailors at his side picked him up he was ready to go forward.

Laredo had heard stories of men being "shanghaied" off to sea, but they were merely wild romances to him. Now this was real. He nursed his hurts with a gingerly hand in the forecabin and grinned a bit to himself as he thought of the party over there on the "Petrel." What would Josephine Herrick think? Well, it didn't matter now. He had wondered a bit about chucking it all and seeking adventure in strange parts. Here was adventure enough beginning. And no choice but to see it through.

Josephine Herrick read the headlines in the papers when the story broke a few days later—"Young Laredo Missing, Foul Play Suspected,"—and presently turned her smiles toward other young men in her set.

Aboard the "Heart of China," Ramon Laredo, shorn of his finery, was rapidly becoming an able seaman. An

intelligence that was unfamiliar to his unhappy comrades of the crew gave Laredo a certain power. His rapidly growing skill won even the semblance of admiration from the gruff ruffian Kitchell.

"Fer a greenhorn, you're gittin' on—next thing you'll be wantin' me to give you lessons in smuggling."

The schooner was bearing away down the coast southward.

STANDING out farther to sea, bound for the coast of Chili and laden with coal, the "Lady Letty" was sailing fair, with a bone in her teeth and a swift white wake streaking far behind. Moran stood at the wheel.

Then came one of those countless tragedies of the sea. Up from the hold came straying wisps of tell-tale fumes. The cargo was afire.

The alarm was sounded and the crew poured out.

"Man the pumps!" Captain Sternerson shouted out his orders and seized an axe to rush below and chop a way for the hose lines to flood the hold.

It was a desperate losing fight. The crew in the panic of terror deserted with the life boat and rowed away into the Pacific wastes.

Down in the hold below, Captain Sternerson and his faithful first mate Nels Larsen fell victims of the deadly coal gas and died there, in the welter of ruin below decks.

The schooner was filling, extinguishing the fire as she settled into the sea. Frantic, helpless and lone Moran, sole survivor of the "Lady Letty," caught in a gust of the fumes, fell unconscious on the deck.

On and on and on crept the sea as the ship filled.

Wisps of smoke and steam rose from the gangways and up through the widening seams of the hot deck.

The burning derelict of the "Lady Letty" drifted.

Under the shade, in a hammock on the after deck of the "Heart of China," her desperado skipper Kitchell lay with an idle, vicious eye to seaward.

In the remote distance the rising smoke of the burning schooner caught his eye. It was in the course of the smuggler as he watched with a growing interest as the "Heart of China" bore down on it, disclosing at last the hull. He called to Laredo to bring the telescope.

KITCHELL looked long and eagerly at the drifting schooner. He licked his dry lips at the thought of loot.

"Not a soul aboard—what a find." He was talking more to himself than to Laredo, who stood at his side.

"Stand by and man the boat."

Kitchell with the crew of his gig went aboard. Laredo in the party.

"Coal gas—wiped 'em out." Kitchell grinned as he looked at the ruin. He cast a cautious eye about as though to make sure there was indeed none to stand between him and plunder.

Moran, face down and unconscious, was sprawled on the deck.

Laredo approached gingerly and half turned the wilted body over. Moran's eyes half-opened, dazed. That glimpse, despite her seaman's garb, established a glint of puzzled recognition for Laredo. There was something that reminded of something—what?

"Plumb loco from the gas—take him aboard."

Kitchell went on in his quest of loot.

Aboard the "Heart of China" with the all but unconscious Moran, Laredo called Charlie, the Chinaman cook, to bring whisky to revive the rescued sailor.

SITTING on the edge of a fore-castle bunk, Moran lurched forward and would have fallen. Laredo shot out a protecting arm. Moran's hat fell back, releasing her hair, and as he caught her up Laredo gasped with surprise. The seaman's oilskins fell away and betrayed her as a girl.

There was amazement and fear in Laredo's heart.

Kitchell, remorseless villain of the high seas, must not know a girl was aboard.

Charlie, the imperturbable Chinaman, was standing there with a tin cup of of whiskey. Laredo looked sharply at him as he took the liquor to revive Moran.

The Chinaman shook his head.

"No tell boss. Charlie no tell."

On the burning "Lady Letty," Kitchell and his men were crashing about, breaking open lockers and wrenching away fittings. The ship's store of liquors was found, and raided, too. But the flames were working fast and were soon to claim the lost ship.

A hatch bursting with gas pressure opened the way for the air, and flames swiftly enveloped the decks.

Kitchell, cursing and screaming in the anger of his disappointment, fled with his men. He ordered full sail on "Heart of China" to take her away from the danger zone of the burning schooner, and a few moments later the "Lady Letty" went down in a blast of fire.

"Cheated, cheated!" Kitchell moaned and swore. "All I get off of her is a bottle of rum and a locoed sailor."

Moran, recovering, sat up and stared about her. A few words from Laredo told her the fate of the "Lady Letty" and

all hands. She took it like a man, or rather like a man is supposed to take such tidings of tragedy.

"And don't you remember me?" Laredo looked at Moran earnestly.

"No."

"I'm the softy in his sport clothes, that went out to cruise in San Francisco harbor."

Moran regarded him with a puzzled look a moment and then smiled grimly.

"What are you doing on this ship?"

"Shanghaied."

"Shanghaied!" She broke into a hard laugh. "A toff, shanghaied!"

Charlie, the China boy, entered.

"Boss Kitchell, he say see you now."

THIS was the summons for Moran, the newcomer on the infamous "Heart of China."

A look of alarm swept over Laredo's face. He snatched up Moran's seaman's hat and oilskins.

"Here, put these on—Kitchell is a demon—he must not know you are a girl."

"No—I can take care of myself." Moran pushed them away.



"Don't make any mistake—I know your kind. I am here to take orders and nothing else"

Kitchell was waiting in his cabin.

Moran strode in.

Drunk as he was, Kitchell started back amazed. "A woman!"

Moran smiled, with her answer. "Yes—and as good a sailor as any two men."

KITCHELL leered across at her. There was wonder in his lusty eyes. He was wondering and questioning. This was a new sort of woman—new to him. Moran read his mind.

She looked steadily at him.

"But don't make any mistake. I know your kind and I have handled them before. I am here to take orders—and nothing else."

Kitchell was impelled to bide his time. There was a mocking politeness in his tone.

"I'll see how well you can take orders—you're on my watch as an ordinary seaman—get for'd."

So it came that Ramon Laredo, wealthy scion of San Francisco society, and Letty Sternerson, daughter of a Norwegian skipper from the port of Frumholm, (Continued on page 102)

Moral House-Clean

What's It All About?

THE governor of a great state is sued for seduction by his stenographer—a leading banker is accused by his wife of illicit love affairs—a well-known minister with a family is arrested for white slavery—an eminent lawyer is mutilated by a husband for home-breaking. . . .

But does the world conclude that governors, or bankers, or ministers, or lawyers—*as a class*—are therefore rotten, that the whole profession is given to those practices of which one of its members has been accused or found guilty?

No! The thinking world is too just—too sane.

And yet, because two prominent figures in motion pictures have recently been the center of scandal, the entire profession has been put under a cloud.

The reason for this iniquity is manifold:

To begin with, Hollywood is the most talked-of city in America; it is a small community populated by famous people who exist in the white glare of a merciless spotlight. They have as much privacy in their work or lives as a Broadway traffic policeman.

Moreover, the men and women who work in pictures are the most popular and intimately familiar figures in the nation's life.

Also, the dishonest, scavenger press, seeing temporary profit in sensational smut, proceeds to butcher the motion pictures to make a journalistic holiday. Motion-picture scandals are exaggerated and dwelt upon, given exorbitant space, and played up with pictures and banner heads.

Then again, certain despicable seekers for cheap and lurid publicity, in the motion-picture ranks, rush into print with their ideas, tales, suppositions and opinions.

Furthermore, the public, too, is in large part to blame. It is human nature to create an idol and then to tear it down. From time immemorial idols were made to be raised and shattered.

And so, as a result, a great industry is irreparably injured; the reputations of thousands of decent men and women are sullied; an entire community is dragged into the mire!

It is a colossal and unforgivable injustice! I have personally visited Hollywood many times. I am thoroughly familiar with the motion-picture industry. I know as many of its people as anyone in this country. And this I can truthfully say:

Never have I seen the immoral conditions to which the newspapers refer. And while there are members of the motion-picture profession who are addicted to vicious practices, the men and women—*as a whole*—are as decent and self-respecting as the men and women of any other profession.

PHOTOPLAY is not posing as a defender of the motion pictures. It holds no brief for the purity of Hollywood. It prefers, in fact, to refrain from all discussion on the subject. But it can not sit by silently and behold both public and press besmirch with lies the entire rank and file of a great industry. This is why PHOTOPLAY has refused the recent frantic demands from newspapers for photographs of eminent actors and actresses, knowing the use to which they would be put.

Vice is to be found everywhere—in every profession and in every city in the world. The motion-picture profession is neither better nor worse than any other.

PHOTOPLAY asks nothing for motion pictures but justice—that simple, fine justice which the American public knows so well how to exercise.

—JAMES R. QUIRK.

ing In Hollywood

An Open Letter to Mr. Will Hays

DEAR MR. HAYS:

You have just accepted a position which makes you the representative head of the motion picture art and industry. You are the ideal man to occupy that position. Your traits of character and your proven ability, sanity, directness and fearlessness qualify you for this great responsibility.

I am taking the liberty of writing you a letter; and the things I am going to say to you are the outgrowth of a six years' undivided association with the motion-picture industry—its leaders, its directors, and its stars.

You are confronted by the biggest job in America. You hold in your hands, as a sculptor holds a piece of clay, an industry which wields perhaps a more direct and personal influence upon the public than any other in the United States.

It has become a necessity in the lives of many millions, and because of its vastness and influence, is almost a public utility.

You have it in your power to do a greater and finer service for this country than any other man today. You are, indeed, not merely face to face with a gigantic task—you have a sacred duty to perform as well.

In motion pictures, as in all great industries, there are undesirable—selfish vicious persons who work injury to everyone with whom they are associated.

There is the unscrupulous producer who, for a temporary profit, makes his appeal to the baser instincts in human nature.

There is the actor and the actress who live loose, immoral lives, and who thrive on scandal and lurid notoriety.

And there is the exhibitor who attempts to capitalize this scandal and to benefit by this notoriety. (In Los Angeles, while the press was at the height of a recent orgy of sensationalism, a local theater threw across its entrance a large canvas banner bearing the words: "I love you; I love you; I love you!" quoting a note which Mary Miles Minter wrote to Taylor, the murdered director.)

There are the self-appointed guardians of public morals, who forget the spirit of our form of government and in their frenzy of egomania, busy themselves in bringing about censorship, or exercise it in such an autocratic manner that compared to them, the kaiser was a benign and humble ruler.

Whenever a crime or a scandal connected with motion pictures has come to light, there have been those in various branches of the business who have at once rushed in and sought, through one means or another, to profit by it at the expense of the industry's reputation, scattering lies and accusations and innuendoes broadcast.

These are the facts. What, then, can be done?

Viewing the situation broadly, I believe that what motion pictures need at the present time, more than anything else, is a moral house-cleaning. They need it for their own good, as well as the public's. And you are the one man who can bring this about. It is you alone who can rehabilitate the good name of a great industry which has been dragged through the mire.

First of all, you should call on producers to discharge all persons whose private lives and habits make them a menace to the industry. This is vital. When the Stillman scandal broke, the National City Bank dropped Stillman. Surely the picture industry can do as much for its own good name.

Furthermore, you should eliminate all those persons who are

eager to take advantage of the sensational publicity offered by any motion-picture scandal which gets into the papers.

Moreover, in every motion-picture contract there should be a clause similar to the one in the new Goldwyn contracts, providing for the immediate discharge of any actor whose private life reflects discredit on the company.

Your problem is to restrain not only the exhibitor, but the producer and the actor as well.

It is a general moral house-cleaning that is needed.

Then there is another point. One of the cardinal reasons why scandals like the Arbuckle and Taylor cases are possible, is that the motion-picture business has built up great public characters, thus making them easy targets for sensational journalism.

This method of production has been wrong; for the publicity, advertising and expenditure should be spent on the pictures and not on the stars.

And here again you can help by focusing interest and attention on the *art* of motion pictures and not merely upon *personalities*.

Indeed, the time will probably come when personalities will be almost entirely obliterated, although you can never succeed in overshadowing the individual ability of the really great actress and actor.

There is no need to go into the causes for the unfortunate condition of affairs which at present exists in the motion-picture industry. No one is directly to blame, for the industry and its problems are new, and certain recent results could not be foreseen and met. Both cause and effect are without precedent.

Perhaps everyone has been a little to blame—the producer, who sat apathetically by and did nothing; the actor and actress, who were suddenly loaded with riches, and sought to enjoy them without counting the cost; the exhibitor, who gave no thought except to the box office; the newspapers, who played up the scandals for personal aggrandizement; the public, which was willing, even eager, to believe whatever it heard or read.

But whatever the causes, the facts exist; and it is these which you, Mr. Hays, must face—and face fearlessly. The time has come to act, and I believe that you are capable of organizing the many factors of influence in America—producers, actors, directors, exhibitors, press and public—to join hands and work with you for a new ideal in motion pictures.

PHOToplay, for its part, will refuse to print any personality story about any motion-picture star, who is notoriously immoral, or whose actions are such as to reflect unfavorably on the industry.

It is a Herculean task you have undertaken.

You are going to find in the motion-picture industry the same trouble that has always existed—selfishness and cut-throat methods. Side by side with men of the highest principles, you are going to find men who are the scum of the earth.

But you will succeed. Neither you, nor anyone else will be able to make the motion-picture business perfect, any more than the railroad business, the steel business, the banking business, or the government is perfect.

After all, just as sorrow and hardship build up character, so out of these tribulations will come a stronger and better business.

JAMES R. QUIRK.

New Mae Murray Costumes Designed

Just Clothes

As explained to Carolyn Van Wyck
By MAE MURRAY



Miss Murray delights in wearing a vest on this order under her jackets and silk and wool sweaters

ANY woman in the world can be attractive if she understands how to dress.

That's a pretty broad statement, but I believe it, so why shouldn't I say it?

And good dressing has nothing to do with money.

Good taste and careful grooming are the only essentials.

The day of the pretty woman is past.

It is the well-groomed, smart, attractive woman who holds sway today. I've seen the prettiest girl in the room a wallflower in favor of a girl who knew how to make herself look desirable.

I wonder if all you girls realize—all you women of America—what a chance you have at fashions, at correctness, at new and adorable clothes ideas that you never have before. I wonder if you understand that the stars of the screen spend hours—days—and fortunes, dressing for you.

If you are a picture fan, you ought to know more about clothes than a New York millionairess.

There are two or three things I've always wanted to say to women about clothes. This is my chance and I'm tickled to death.

First of all, I'm absolutely sincere when I say clothes are not a matter of money.

You May Have One of These Patterns!

MY enthusiasm over the fact that I am able to offer the women readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE these Le Bon Ton Patterns of exclusive frocks, designed by and for screen stars whose clothes have become a model for all America, is growing every month. This month Mae Murray, who in her article below tells you herself that a very large portion of her time is spent studying and designing clothes, helped Le Bon Ton and PHOTOPLAY to give you examples of spring and summer gowns for every occasion. You will find the necessary directions as to material below. And the pattern of one of these adorable frocks goes to you! See the coupon.

Carolyn Van Wyck



Design 4

Mae Murray looks her best for out of doors in this suit, which was designed by her own fair self. Its lines are charming and it could be most attractively developed in heavy brown bengaline, vested and collared in biscuit bengaline. The cost of a dress on this order would be but \$34.25, as follows:

| | |
|--|---------------|
| 4 1/2 yds. bengaline (40 inches wide) @ \$5.00 | \$22.50 |
| 1 yard for vest..... | 5.00 |
| 2 1/2 yds. satin..... | @ \$2.50 6.25 |
| Extras..... | 1.00 |

There is a smart distinction about this one-piece street dress of the ever charming Mae Murray. Best of all, it could be copied in one of the modish heavy silk crepes for the very moderate sum of \$22.75. Here are the figures:

| | |
|--|---------|
| 3 3/4 yds. heavy crepe (40 inches wide) @ \$5.00 | \$18.75 |
| 1/2 yd. darker crepe for cuffs and collar..... | 2.50 |
| Embroidery silk and extras..... | 1.50 |

I know two sisters, around thirty or thirty-five. They married—one a very well-to-do business man in Cleveland. The other a young chap who writes for a living and is quite poor. Naturally. The older sister has a clothes allowance that amounts to more than the younger one's whole income.

But it doesn't do her a bit of good.

Her hair is always wrong in the first place. She doesn't understand what to buy, and gets extreme mod-



Design 5

by Le Bon Ton, With Patterns For You

els that are not becoming. She wears too many colors at once. Too many frills.

The younger one always looks twice as smart. Her little frocks are simple, becoming, good lines. She always has that clean, well-groomed look that instantly intrigues.

So there you are.

The first thing to do is to make up your mind to your type.

There again the screen can help you immeasurably.

That is part of our business. To establish type.

You may be an Elsie Ferguson, a Bebe Dan-



Mae Murray in designed by herself negligees



Design 6

Quite irresistible is this pajama suit which is among the intimate garments owned by Miss Murray. You can duplicate it for \$16.70.

4½ yds. crepe de chine..... @ \$3.00 \$13.50
9 yds. lace..... @ .30 2.70
Embroidery floss..... .50



Design 7

Miss Murray selected soft taffeta in sweet pea pink for this delightful evening dress. The scallops on skirt and bodice are bound with the silk, and its slight bouffancy is added to by the picot edged streamers of ribbon which are in looped effect. Isn't \$21.58 a small sum for so smart a dress?

5 yds. taffeta (36 inches wide) @ \$2.75 \$13.75
10½ yds. ribbon (2 ins. wide), @ .65 6.83
Extras..... 1.00

iels, a Mary Miles Minter, or even a Mae Murray type.

When you've once made up your mind, stick to it through thick and thin.

Find your colors. For myself, I prefer the soft, pastel shades, even in street and sport clothes. Some women never look so well in anything as black—or white. Some girls can stand the vivid shades, greens, reds, hennas. But not many.

Study yourself. And then buy the things that suit you.

I always suggest to my friends that unless they have an unlimited wardrobe they should select very simple things—things you don't tire of quickly. If you have a scarlet evening dress—that's very nice.

Only when you've worn it twice, everyone says "My goodness, has she got that dress on again."

A sport costume—I prefer a silk sweater with a batiste vest and a soft turn over collar, combined with a plain short skirt. A street suit or dress. The suit in the picture is the most satisfactory garment I have ever worn—the street suit. It is essentially smart. And almost anyone can wear it. An afternoon dress and an evening gown, make a wardrobe that if carefully selected, any woman can get by with.

There is nothing more satisfactory to any woman than good patterns. Many of the frocks I love best are made in my own home by a clever little dressmaker who will carry out my orders. All my underwear is made at home.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Department of Fashions

25 West 45th Street

New York City, N. Y.

For enclosed coupon and twelve cents in stamps for postage and handling charges, please send me Le Bon Ton pattern of design number.....in size.....

Name.....

Street and Number.....

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Note: Only one pattern may be ordered with one coupon. Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 only.

Plays and Players

If you keep up with these columns you will know more about film folks than they know themselves

By CAL. YORK



"Rotten!" says Rudy. "Dumbbells!" says Gloria. Miss Swanson and Signor Valentino have retired momentarily from the screen to direct their director and their scenarioist, Sam Wood and Elinor Glyn. The working title of their picture is "Vengeance Is Mine" saith Rudy and Gloria

IT was no surprise to me when Alice Lake bobbed her hair.

Everybody is advancing opinions as to why she abbreviated her locks. One says because it's the Hollywood style, another that it makes her head cooler, or that shampoos cost less. Alice states that she tried a bobbed wig in a picture and it looked so fetching that she decided to make it permanent. But—

I sat near Alice and a most handsome cavalier one evening at dinner in the highly polished Ambassador patent-leather grill, when Nazimova came in, rumpling her wide-spread bobbed hair in her usual nervous manner.

Alice's escort fastened admiring eyes on Nazimova's abbreviated thatch.

Alice fastened thoughtful eyes on her escort.

Next day Alice bobbed her hair.

THE small daughter of one of our loveliest stars enjoys watching her mother dress. One day at school the teacher was explaining elementary physiology.

"And what," she asked, "does the stomach do?"

"The stomach," replied the little lady seriously, "holds up the petticoat."

ALL the romances are not on the screen. Pauline Frederick is now Mrs. Charles Alton Rutherford.

She has married her girlhood sweetheart, a physician of Seattle, Washington. They were sweethearts back in Boston when she, Beatrice Libby then, was seventeen and he was twenty-six. Then she went on the stage as Pauline Frederick; became a famous celebrity, and was married to Frank M. Andrews, the New York architect. They were divorced and she later married Willard Mack, the playwright and actor. Pauline Frederick became one of the great stars of the films; her salary was tripled; her name became synonymous with gorgeous gowns and handsome homes and luxury. Her Beverly Hills estate is one of the show places of the exclusive California suburb.



Please pretend, when you look at the whiskered gentleman, that you don't know who he is. We tried this on several and they never guessed. But the office boy, confronted with it, sneered: "Anybody'd know it was Frank Mayo!" How about you?

Miss Frederick did not announce her engagement. Even her most intimate friends did not know her intention to try matrimony a third time. She made her decision to wed Dr. Rutherford, at five P. M. one Saturday in the palm gardens of the Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles; and the ceremony was performed at seven P. M., in the parsonage of the Christian Church at Santa Ana. Jack Gardner and his wife, Louise Dresser, were there; and as old friends were invited to be witnesses. The wedding supper was at a "hot dog" lunch counter, where ham sandwiches were served.

The Rutherfords have taken a house in Beverly Hills. She gave her age as thirty-seven; he is forty-six.

JOHNSTON McCULLEY, who wrote "The Mark of Zorro" for Douglas Fairbanks, has gone into esthetic seclusion with three pots of incense and a deck of playing cards. When he wins his game of solitaire he will emerge with a nice plot all carefully catalogued in his mind. That's the way he lures his muse. And the incense must be



Miss Betty Compson takes pleasure in presenting the director who first declared her a genius—her mother



"Even," remarked Brownie, "even if I am half bull-dog and half fox-terrier, even if my mother was with a circus, it seems somehow that they could give me something better to do than chasing a white mouse in and out of cupboards. "I wish," intoned Tweeny, "to do something big and real and lasting—in a dramatic line, you know. And how, I ask you, am I to go about it if they limit my expressions to terror and hatred?" What a world!

balsam, pine and—violet! But if he has the luck I have playing solitaire, things look pretty hopeless for Doug's next plot, unless he sneaks one out from under the bottom!

P. S.—McCulley has just emerged for another deck of cards and hints that the idea is germinating. It will be "The Spirit of Chivalry," a tale of the medieval age, when knighthood was in flower, in which Doug will buckle on his armor and his ideals and fight an army of extras to save his lady's honor. It will not be a vegetarian picture.

Mary and Doug have purchased, for \$150,000, the Jesse D. Hampton studios in Hollywood. They plan to own controlling stock but will admit outside capital.

A MAGAZINE writer had arranged an appointment to interview Cullen Landis on his much-publicized ability as an auto mechanic. At the rendezvous, the magazine writer waited patiently. Landis was long overdue when the telephone rang.

The writer answered. "Hullo! This is Landis," came an angry voice. "Can't keep that appointment—my car won't go!"

"SUNSHINE MARY" ANDERSON is being sued for divorce by her husband, Phinny Goodfriend, an assistant cameraman, on desertion charges. Rumor has it that a divorce would be agreeable to both.

DRASTIC salary reductions have been announced in almost every Hollywood studio within the past week. The cuts range from ten to twenty per cent.

THE story is going the rounds of how a certain pretty ingenue got to be a dramatic leading woman.

The little girl—the convention screen type: curls, pout, dental smile—had always got along fairly well. In fact, her name



Not the x-ray of an egg. But Nazimova as seen by a Bohemian sculptress, Miss Renee Prahar. Perhaps you will get a less concrete but more complete impression of Alla when you see her as *Salome*

occupied stellar space for a while. Then the company which had put her into the electric class decided that, after all, she didn't really belong there. And so she was, to put it vulgarly, out of a job.

Came a great director. A producer-director, who has made many pretty little ingenues into real, lasting Stars. He saw the ingenue in question and liked her. But, as one of his premier qualifications is, always has been, and always will be, pretty limbs, he was in a quandary; for our little friend was not particularly pulchritudinous in that respect. In fact, she was knock-kneed and clumsy of ankle. Which would never, never do for the heroine of the great director's pictures.

But camera tests of her face were made, and were satisfactory. And the G. D. decided he must have her. So he put her into the hands of an artist—a regular artist—and said, "I want you to fix up Miss So-and-So's legs so they'll photograph like a million dollars."

The artist is an artist. He made shapely plaster casts and put her into them. He designed special shoes which made the thick ankles surpassingly pretty. He presented the result, and the ingenue was permanently hired. You'll never notice it on the screen. But the young lady had to stop work every twenty minutes, have the casts removed, and her poor little limbs massaged. What we do suffer in the name of Art!

MARJORIE DAW says she isn't engaged to Johnny Harron and she'll just keep on going out with him and the little birdie can whisper all it wants to, so there! Their childhood friendship—but Marjorie admits it contains an element now not present during those other days—dates back to the time when she and brother Chandler, Johnny, and the late Robert Harron were "pals."

NORMA TALMADGE is still threatening to film "The Garden of Allah" in Africa. But don't worry—this is one of Norma's favorite pastimes—a periodic threat. I won't grieve until I know she has gone. (Continued on page 80)



Ben Turpin no doubt enjoys his wife's goodbye kiss, but his eyes seem to be on another subject



ONE GLORIOUS DAY—Paramount

OR the amazing adventures of *Ek*, the small spirit. One of the quaintest stories ever filmed, it will interest and amuse you, whether you believe in it or not.

It concerns a spirit which comes to inhabit the earthly guise of a meek professor. What it does to that professor provides comedy that is almost Chestertonian—G. K. When the professor is played by Will Rogers, the most lovable man on the screen, and he is in love with Lila Lee, and Alan Hale plays an almost likeable villain, you're in for an evening of rare entertainment. And you get it. Satire on spiritualism is so deftly done you can take it or leave it, according to your humor. There are fantastic scenes of the spirit world, and those of *Ek* on earth are cleverly conceived. James Cruze is a director of imagination, and this production puts him into the "special" class.

There's a wonderful fight in it, and you love Will Rogers more than ever. He is one actor who's good no matter what you give him to do. His rare whimsicality, comparable to Chaplin's, was never more apparent. There is a little more love-making than usual for him, here; and he accomplishes it surprisingly well. Lila Lee is the lovee, and her smooth dark beauty provides the principal decoration. John Fox, as *Ek*, is an artist!

See this. You'll admit it's out of the ordinary.



THE PRODIGAL JUDGE—Vitagraph

IT'S a curious fact that the most satisfying photoplays are seldom the ones involving vast expenditures and grave warnings about leaving the children at home. "The Prodigal Judge" demonstrates again that the public wants—and really enjoys—a clean story with a good plot and even (whisper it!) a moral.

Maclyn Arbuckle has given many fine performances in his long stage and screen career. But he has never done anything more splendidly convincing than the character of *Judge Slocum Price*.

To Assist You in Saving Your

The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

A review of the new pictures



PENROD—Neilan First National

THE children's classic of the screen.

Reels and reels of pure joy—you'll sit spell-bound unless you are so old and sour that you've forgotten the days when you were *Penrod's* age. Marshall Neilan deserves a special medal for making this picture. Instead of digging up some old problem play to put on, he has taken Booth Tarkington's comedy of boyhood and reimmortalized it, with the freckled Barry in the stellar rôle, and a marvelous cast.

A regular review of this is impossible. A picture you can sit through again and again and laugh more heartily every time. Chuckles and guffaws and shrieks, according to the scenes presented. The best parts of the famous stories have been selected for screening by Mr. Neilan and his scenario associate, Lucita Squier, and his associate director, Frank O'Connor. Dedicated to that great institution, the American boy, it is absolutely faithful to him. It presents his little problems, sometimes almost seriously, so that you want to go home and be as nice as possible to your small brother or son, even to giving him a two-dollar-bill, which plays such havoc with *Penrod*. Yes, it's all in the film. The pageant—perhaps the funniest thing on celluloid. *Penrod's* party, and the new wiggly dances—all performed for your benefit. Almost every scene is charming or funny.

Wesley Barry, the only possible *Penrod*, is pretty nearly perfect in the part, thanks to his Irish Svengali. The children are, without exception, splendid and non-theatrical. Baby Peggy, a star herself, provides some of the choicest comedy. She will elicit many appreciative ah's. Marjorie Daw and John Harron are the youthful lovers.

PHOTOPLAY'S SELECTION
of the SIX BEST
PICTURES of the MONTH

PENROD

- ONE GLORIOUS DAY
- THE PRODIGAL JUDGE
- TURN TO THE RIGHT
- THE SEVENTH DAY
- THE RULING PASSION



TURN TO THE RIGHT—Metro

REX INGRAM has made a careful and intelligent production of Winchell Smith's famous stage success—one of the first big hits to harp on the crook's regeneration theme—and the picture will undoubtedly be as popular as the play was—one of those successes which made every producer in this last lean season sigh whenever he thought of those good old days.

The story, as almost everyone knows, describes the vicissitudes of a clean country boy who goes to the great city and falls among evil companions; the type of low people that one meets everywhere in the metropolis but never—no, never!—in a small town. He is finally sent to jail on false evidence, and when he returns home, years later, finds that the mortgage is about to be foreclosed. With the aid of two ex-convict pals, he thwarts the cruel old skin-flint who is driving his mother out into the night. He then puts the farm on a paying basis and in the end (believe it or not) he marries the girl and goes to live in a little "dream cottage." These are situations we have seen again and again on the stage, long ago before the motion picture was evenly dimly thought of.

This is obvious stuff, it is true, but it is made generally entertaining and occasionally credible by Mr. Ingram and an exceptional cast that includes Alice Terry, Edward Connelly, and Jack Mulhall. The scenario is by June Mathis, and the photography, which is up to the same high standard of the previous Ingram productions, by John C. Seitz.

If plot, technique, and acting were up to this mark in the average photoplay, the silent drama would double its popularity.



THE SEVENTH DAY—First National

THIS picture comes from the same source as "Tol'able David;" that is to say, it was directed by Henry King, and Richard Barthelmess is its star. It lacks the rugged vigor of the Hergesheimer story and it is marred by some crude attempts at comedy relief, but for all that it is a thoroughly worth-while picture, and proves that the talent displayed by King and Barthelmess in "Tol'able David" was something more than a momentary flash.

"The Seventh Day" is the story of a yacht that puts into a little sea-coast town for repairs. Its passengers, disillusioned cynics from New York, mingle with the humble members of the local population, and two romances result. Richard Barthelmess, as *John Alden*, is the son of a long line of hardy old sea captains. Louise Huff is *Patricia Vane*, the sophisticated flapper with whom he falls in love. They are both excellent, and they are well surrounded by a thoroughly good cast. As in "Tol'able David," the direction of Henry King stands out. There is the same quality of genuineness that was so much in evidence in his previous picture.



THE RULING PASSION—United Artists

THE story, by Earl Derr Biggers, of this title appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* before George Arliss acquired it for the films. When the picture was shown, critics deplored the fact that once again the screen was making use of the "passion" angle in a title to bring the shekels through the box-office window. They complained that "the ruling passion" meant only work, innocently enough, but that the celluloid magnates meant it to mean more—much more. The public of the *Post* endured such a title in silence.

But it's a fine picture—for the whole family. George Arliss plays the leading part with consummate skill; he brings life and sympathy to an every-day character. Doris Kenyon is a charming daughter.



THE WALL FLOWER—Goldwyn

This may be listed as a near-hit. Rupert Hughes has provided a good story, and the production is well handled. But Colleen Moore is inadequate as the tragically unpopular wall-flower who finally blossoms out into an American beauty, with the usual inevitable consequences. Richard Dix lends his customary pleasant personality to the cast. It's a good family picture.



BACK PAY—Cosmopolitan-Paramount

Almost a great picture—despite the fact that the action is slow, in spots, and the ending drags. Seena Owen plays the part of a chiffon-souled girl, who eventually finds herself, with sincerity and conviction. Matt Moore has one or two big moments. Not in the Imperial Granum class—but strong food for the adult mind. And that's saying something.



A STAGE ROMANCE—Fox

Charming entertainment for the entire family, thanks to the brilliant art of William Farnum. The Dumas tale of Edmund Kean, picturesquely and artistically related, with Farnum doing his best work in some months. A great actor impersonating a great actor, he is lifelike and lovable, and makes a strong appeal. His leading women are splendid: Peggy Shaw and Myrtle Bonillas.



HER HUSBAND'S TRADEMARK—Paramount

A thoroughly entertaining film, at least for the ladies. Gloria Swanson has been draped, in her inimitable way, most becomingly by Clara Beranger and Sam Wood, and shines with particular brilliance even for her. The story is highly improbable and highly absorbing. Stuart Holmes returns auspiciously as *her husband*. It's pure hoakum, but you can't help liking it—and Gloria.



WITH STANLEY IN AFRICA—Universal

A serial—but a serial plus. Good jungle scenery, logical adventure, and a historical background that is always authentic. George Walsh is a young scientist who goes with Stanley on his search for Livingston, and Louise Lorraine is a newspaper reporter. Your evening won't be dull, for there's thrills a-plenty for the most exacting. An all-around picture.



THE GRIM COMEDIAN—Goldwyn

A story of fate and Broadway—two themes that never grow tiresome. An actress who decides to go straight for her daughter's sake, a villain who transfers his affection from mother to child; not new material, of course, but it's an intensely dramatic narrative for all that. Jack Holt scores the acting honors. Not for children. Nor for adults with child-like minds. (Cont'd on page 62)

Just two things to do for a perfect manicure



Cutex Cuticle
Remover



The new Cutex
Polishes

Cuticle smooth and even—Nails polished and pink Here is the quickest, easiest way to get them

SHAPELY nails, exquisitely pink and polished, framed in smooth cuticle—at last you can have them without the time-consuming bother it used to mean. Now, with Cutex, there are just two things to do, instead of half a dozen, to make your nails look as if they had just been professionally manicured.

Instead of tedious soaking, and instead of dangerous cutting, you just work carefully about the nails with an orange stick dipped in Cutex Cuticle Remover, then rinse, and the hard dry edges of dead cuticle will simply wipe away.

You can form no idea of how this one thing alone has simplified manicuring until you have tried it for yourself. In just a fraction of the time that soaking and cutting used to take, you can achieve the smoothness of the nail

rims that was never possible when you cut the cuticle—and with none of the ill effects.

In a flash, the brightest, most lasting polish

Here are two new polishes too, that help to make the manicure infinitely quicker, easier than it used to be.

Cutex Powder Polish is practically instantaneous. Just a few swift strokes across the palm of the hand is sufficient to bring out the shine. And it is more brilliant and lasts longer than the luster you get from any other polish. The texture is velvet smooth—and it has a body and firmness that prevent it from scattering wastefully. It has a somewhat stronger tint in order to give the faint pink to the nails that is now so fashionable.

The new Liquid Polish used as a

finishing touch will make your manicure last twice as long. It goes on swiftly, easily and with uniform smoothness, dries instantly, and leaves the most brilliant luster. It will keep its even brilliance for at least a week. When it begins to grow dull, you do not have to put on a separate preparation to take it off. You simply put on a fresh coat of polish, and wipe it off quickly before it dries.

Cutex Sets come at 60c, \$1.00, \$1.50, and \$3.00. Or each article separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

Introductory Set—now 12c

Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. 704, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

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THE BRIDE'S PLAY—Paramount

The basis of this story is an ancient Irish legend about a bride who is snatched away by a young Lochinvar at her wedding. It has not been made into an effective picture, largely because of weak continuity, but Joseph Urban has devised many scenes of marvelous beauty. Marion Davies and Wyndham Standing have the leading rôles. The climax is well carried out.



MORAN OF THE LADY LETTY—Paramount

More or less pure hoakum that you're almost ashamed of yourself for enjoying. Whether it is the presence of two sparklers such as Valentino and Dorothy Dalton, or whether it is the original power of the Frank Norris novel, we don't know; but it's good strong entertainment. Sea stuff; fights; love. Rodolph as usual; Dorothy with bobbed hair—yum yum!. You're bound to like it.



LOVE'S REDEMPTION—First National

Norma Talmadge has a weakness for incongruous rôles—perhaps it's her love for the unusual—but she has seldom been so mis-cast as in this picture. She is called upon to portray a diminutive wisp of a girl who lives in a semi-civilized state in the West Indies. There are some good scenes, but that is about all that can be said for this production.



SATURDAY NIGHT—Paramount

Cecil B. de Mille seems to be running a bit wild, of late, and this is one of his wildest excursions. Two matrimonial tragedies which could never have happened, many extremely lavish sets, Leatrice Joy doing her very best, Edith Roberts failing to register, and Conrad Nagel, who hasn't a ghost of a chance,—all are lost in the mad sad scramble for spectacular effect.



THE MAN FROM LOST RIVER—Goldwyn

Another of those vital, gripping, red-blooded dramas that deal with life in the big woods. There is the usual eastern weakling, and the usual uncivilized, true-hearted brute, and the usual girl. The brute, of course, wins out, to the satisfaction of all. House Peters, as the he-man hero, helps considerably to satisfy the audience's supposed desire for the primitive.



NANCY FROM NOWHERE—Paramount

Bebe Daniels' beauty and charm absolutely wasted in an impossible picture. It's not even up to the standard of her other stellar films. It can't even be classed as juvenile stuff. You can't take the children because there is an unpleasant theme. Bebe has exceptional pantomimic gifts. Why throw them away on stuff like this?
(Continued on page 95)

Great silk manufacturer makes tests and finds safest way to wash silks

TODAY silk is used as much as cotton in making women's washable garments. Silk blouses and silk stockings every woman owns—and many of her underclothes are of silk.

Silk can so easily be ruined in the first laundering that the safe way to wash it is a real problem to the manufacturer as well as the wearer.

William Skinner & Sons, the largest satin manufacturers in the country, felt it was so important to solve this laundering problem, that they had thorough washing tests made to work out the safest way to wash silks.

Read the letter from William Skinner & Sons. It tells you why, as a result of the tests, they unqualifiedly recommend Lux.



William Skinner & Sons



Lever Bros. Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We had samples of our various silks laundered in Lux - Peau de Cygnes, Charmeuse, satins, etc. Each sample was given the number of washings the average silk garment gets in a year.

We found that at the end of the washings none of the silks had stiffened and in no instance did the delicate threads fray or rough up. We noticed particularly that the Peau de Cygnes did not "pull" and that the satins retained their suppleness.

All the silks showed so few signs of wear that it was hard to believe that they had been washed so often. This we think is undoubtedly due to the fact that it is not only unnecessary to rub with Lux, but that the Lux lather is absolutely mild and pure.

These experiments have definitely proved to us that if water alone won't hurt a silk, Lux can't, and we are glad to give it an unqualified endorsement.

Very truly yours,

William Skinner

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS.



How to launder silks

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Press suds repeatedly through garment. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters. Squeezewater out—do not wring. Roll in towel. When nearly dry, press with a warm iron—never a hot one. Be careful to press satins with the nap.

Send today for booklet of expert laundering advice—it is free. Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. S4, Cambridge, Mass.

LUX

Won't injure anything pure water alone won't harm

"Zukor Had An Idea"

The famous head of the Famous Players Co. changed the whole motion picture business with it when he brought Sarah Bernhardt to the screen

By
TERRY
RAMSAYE



"Adolph Zukor Presents"
Sarah Bernhardt in "Queen Elizabeth"



The man, of course, was Adolph Zukor.

It was a good name, because it embodied and represented an actual idea. The name and the product it represented are ten years old now and, by way of memorializing this decade of Famous Players history, various pleasant affairs and functions have been announced, chief among them a visit and tour by Sarah Bernhardt, first of the Famous Players.

BECAUSE this idea that came to that man in the crowd has survived and grown to vast estate in these years, its history is peculiarly worthy of inquiry.

One may pass lightly over the earlier facts of Adolph Zukor's arrival, at sixteen years of age, in 1890, an immigrant from Ricse, in Hungary, and his early employment sweeping a fur store in New York. It was an humble beginning, dramatically humble, but that is an essential nature of true beginnings. It is sufficient that he swept well and learned the fur trade, which he came to pursue with profit in Chicago. There is perhaps a glint of significance in the fact that he saw a need for some better device for fastening furs than the old fashioned "frog," and proceeded to invent and patent a snap fastener. It paid because it was needed.

Doubtless the world lost an excellent furrier when Mr. Zukor returned to New York in 1903 and began to look about for something else, and in 1905 ventured into the penny arcade business, with Marcus Loew. The penny arcade of the day presented phonographic versions of song hits and peep show machines in which were motion pictures of a sort made by the American Mutoscope & Biograph Company.

MR. ZUKOR had an arcade at Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth Street and another at Fourteenth Street and Broadway. Motion pictures projected on the screen were gaining a bit of attention and shortly Mr. Zukor decided to try their drawing power by converting the Sixth Avenue arcade into a theater. His Mutoscope friends and others advised him against the move. They assured him he was "crazy." So he went ahead.

In time this "crazy idea" was applied to his Broadway place and it became the Comedy Theater, presenting motion pictures.

But the time came when the (Continued on page 117)

ONE afternoon, just ten years ago now, an inconspicuous, square-set little body of a man went hurrying along with the crowds in Times Square. He had an abstract look on his face, busy with his thoughts within as he stepped along in automatic haste. He hesitated in the thick of it, paused, and came to a sudden stop.

More than likely some one stumbled over him and muttered things about people that didn't have "sense enough to get out of the way." People in crowds are like that.

But this preoccupied man had neither mind nor ear for the crowd just then. He elbowed his way to a quieter eddy in the stream of traffic, and hurried to jot down a note of just two words on a scrap of paper. Then he jammed it into his pocket and plunged into the surging traffic again. An expression of relief took the place of abstraction. Something important was settled.

That evening at home he remarked across the dinner table—"I have got a good name for our new company."

"What is it?"

He thought a moment, then felt in his pocket and brought forth the crumpled paper with the note on it.

"It's—it's—why, I can't make it out, now, myself!"

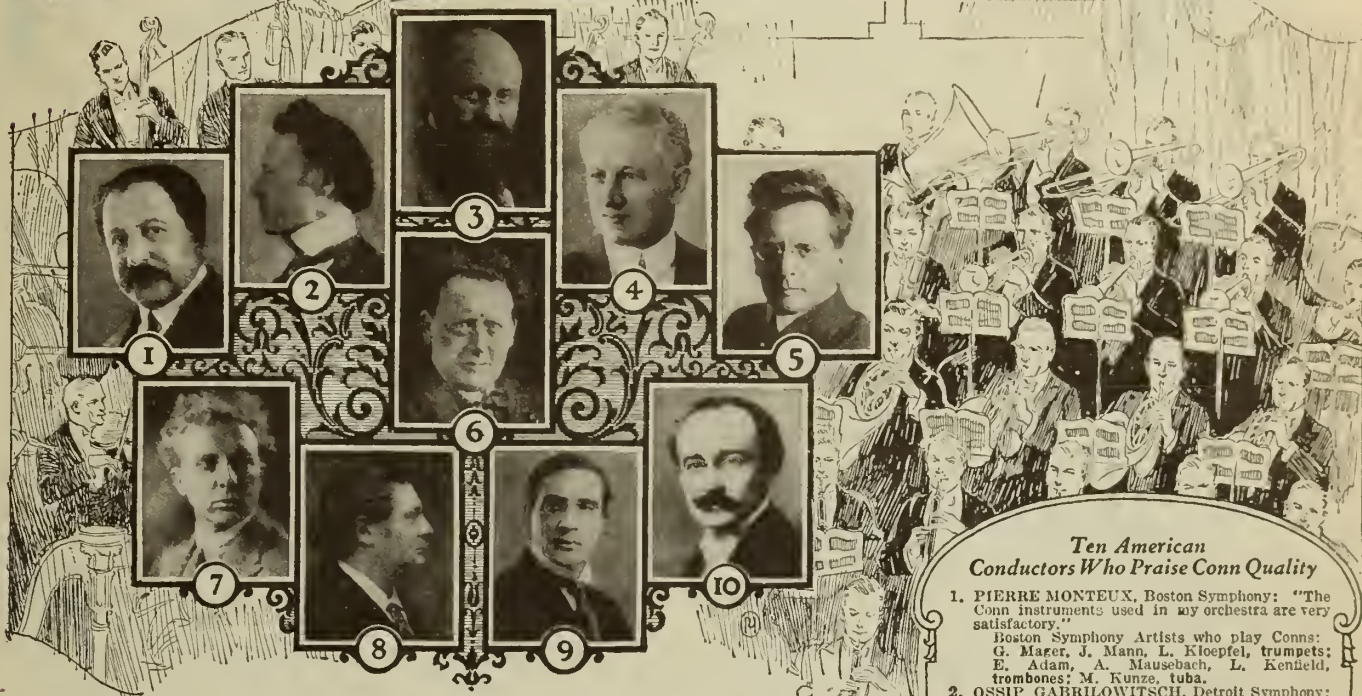
The soup got cold while he turned the paper, first this way, then that, trying to decipher those two scrawled words. But in the middle of the coffee it came back.

"Now I remember—Famous Players!"

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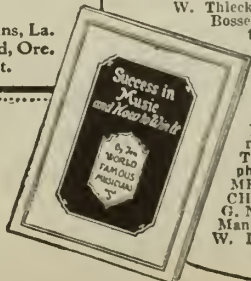
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Ten American Conductors Who Praise Conn Quality

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 Boston Symphony Artists who play Conns: G. Maer, J. Mann, L. Kloeppel, trumpets; E. Adam, A. Mausebach, L. Kenfield, trombones; M. Kunze, tuba.
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 Detroit Symphony Artists who play Conns: S. Miller, C. O'Hara, A. Kearney, E. Van Amburgh, trumpets; M. Smith, S. Van Amburgh, W. Addison, trombones; W. Webster, tuba.
 - ALFRED HERTZ**, San Francisco Symphony: "I have selected Conn Instruments as the only make for my entire brass section, an indication of my regard."
 San Francisco Symphony Artists who play Conns: D. Rosebrook, O. Kegel, A. Arriola, A. Stephen, trumpets; F. Tait, O. Clark, F. Bassett, trombones; A. Storch, tuba.
 - JOSEPH STRANSKY**, New York Philharmonic Orchestra, endorses Conn quality. The following artists playing under Stransky use Conns: V. Buono, M. Schlossberg, M. Grupp, trumpets; M. Falcone, L. Haines, W. Lilleback, trombones; F. Grub, tuba.
 - W. H. ROTHWELL**, Los Angeles Philharmonic: "Conn instruments used in our orchestra are very satisfactory in tone quality and pitch."
 Mr. Rothwell's players who use Conns are: V. Drucker, G. Pacheco, trumpets; H. Bell, L. Steinberger, J. Wallace, F. Shellhouse, trombones.
 - WILEM MENDELBERG**, the famous guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, appreciates the effects obtained by the Conn brass section of his orchestra.
 - LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI**, Philadelphia Symphony. Artists under Stokowski who play Conns: S. Cohen, trumpet; G. Simons, G. Gerhard, P. Lotz, trombones; G. Frey, tuba.
 - EUGENE YSAYE**, Cincinnati Symphony. Artists under Ysaye who play Conns are: F. Welsa, W. McGee, W. Kopp, trumpets; J. Huston, tuba.
 - NIKOLAI SOKOLOFF**, Cleveland Symphony: "Your instruments in the Cleveland Orchestra are of excellent quality and beautiful tone."
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- Conn Instruments are also used and endorsed by the following **NEW YORK SYMPHONY** Artists:
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METROPOLITAN OPERA ORCHESTRA, N. Y.
 G. Nappi, A. Arbano, trumpets; S. Mantia, C. Cusumano, B. Wankoff, W. LaCroix, trombones.





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, unlikable, 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.



Where Can You Buy 'Em?

IN "Bar Nothin'," Buck Jones is in the desert—alone. He is not even accompanied by his boots or hat. His socks, naturally, are filled with holes. And yet, when he gets into town again, they are as good as new.

Eugene Smith, Columbus, Ohio.

Mixed Dates

IT happened in David Butler's picture, "Girls Don't Gamble." A calendar in Mr. Latimer's office shows plainly that it is the month of May; but in the store a large sign reads, "July Clearance Sale!"

J. E. Horan, Dalton, Georgia.

Serial Complications

I NOTICED this in the serial, "Breaking Through," which stars Carmel Myers and Wallace MacDonald.

Both are trapped in a tunnel after an explosion which started a landslide. In the tunnel MacDonald lights a candle, which gives off a steady flame. In the next scene Carmel notices the flame flickering. They start out to find the source of the draft. Then the candle is about five inches long. Later when they are groping their way along the tunnel, the candle is twice as long. They find a hole in the roof of the tunnel and climb through. Wallace puts the candle, which has now diminished to three inches, in his shirt pocket. When they return to camp there is no sign of the candle.

F. J. S., Chicago, Ill.

Showing Up The Sheik

THOSE wonderful soft lights in the desert tent of "The Sheik!"

And the rose that apparently bloomed in the desert so that *The Sheik* could put it on *Diana's* breakfast tray!

It was such a darn exciting picture, though, that I almost overlooked these things! Ruth F. B., Bronx, New York.

Permanently Waved

WYNDHAM STANDING, the hero of "The Iron Trail," rescues *Natalie* from the shipwreck. He swims with her to shore, then carries her to the house. On the porch, he stops an instant, revealing the girl with her hair wet and straight. A second later, she is inside the house, in her mother's arms with hair perfectly dry and beautifully curled.

Laura Levy, Tacoma, Wash.

Well-Titled, Anyway

MANY unusual things have happened in the various episodes of "Terror Trail"; but one of the most unique occurred in Episode 16. An automobile dashes off while its only (?) occupant is stepping on the running board.

George Teis, Homestead, Pa.

"Stepping On" the Future

BETTY LEE, an eighteen-year-old flapper in "The Speed Girl," is introduced as a child five or six years old. By subtraction, the year of *Betty's* sixth anniversary is 1909, yet death threatens her at that time by means of a 1921 model automobile!

Rutson Lutz, Montgomery, Alabama.

Many Noticed This

IN Mary Pickford's "Little Lord Fauntleroy," she is fighting with the rival *Fauntleroy*. He punches her in the chin, and she gets a black eye.

R. Lang and Others.

Just a Little Variety

IN "The Branded Woman," Norma Talmadge's picture, one scene shows a long table, on one end of which is a full-face photograph of Norma. The scene shifts, and when the table is again shown, the picture is no longer there—but on the opposite end of the table rests a profile likeness of the fair Norma.

E. Z. S., Springfield, Vt.

We'll Forgive Her This Time

I LIKED "A Prince There Was"—it was a fine picture. But I noticed this:

Little Peaches Jackson left her room to go upstairs to see Mildred Harris. When she arrives there she was fondly carrying a doll that she had left down in her room a minute before.

Edwin N. Richardson, Boston, Mass.

He's the Hero, Isn't He?

TOM MIX, as *Whistling Dan* in "The Night Horsemen," chases *Buck* in an all-night ride. When *Buck* reaches the house, his face, hat, coat and other clothing are very dirty, while *Dan* looks exceedingly spic and span and none the worse for his all-night ride. How come?

Harry Farkas, Dayton, Ohio.

It Must Have Kept Him Busy

BILL FARNUM, in "The Scuttlers," appears before the first mate with quite a full-sized set of whiskers. The first mate shows him a mop and sends him on deck to get to work. A few minutes later, the Captain's daughter, *Laura*, slips on the wet deck and Bill helps her to her feet. And it is noticeable that he is clean-shaven.

H. V. B., Minnesota.

How Heroic!

IN "Under the Lash," after *Robert Waring* (Mahlon Hamilton) frustrates the attempt of the Boer farmer *Krillet* (Russell Simpson) to murder his wife *Deborah Krillet* (Gloria Swanson) *Waring* rushes into the barn, releases *Deborah*, and then, overcome with emotion, places his hand on a lighted kerosene lantern and keeps it there for two or three minutes without even flinching.

R. A. Heilman, Allentown, Pa.

Attention of Miss Talmadge

IT was only recently that we of this town were privileged to see "Good References," with Constance Talmadge, starring; and we think Constance ought to mingle more with the typical modern American girl. Now what modern American girl would ungracefully wave her arms in the air and scream, "Murder—help—thieves!" when a man appears at her bedside? Why, Constance acted exactly like a mid-Victorian *Clarissa* or *Charlotte*. She was portraying a self-assured, capable, and efficient young woman equal to any emergency and did get up and go with the aforesaid man, *Peter*, to get *Bill* out of jail at the midnight hour. Now wouldn't the modern American girl have looked with wide eyes at the man and demanded, "What do you want?" Heart beating, of course, and voice trembling slightly—but oh, that arm-waving of Constance's!

Mrs. C. M. Locke, Mansfield, Ohio.

Enterprisin', B'Gosh!

IN "The U. P. Trail," which is a tale of the early days, before prohibition and jitneys, we find a nice, big, modern safe—such as are used in the best equipped Broad Street business offices today. Just a little ahead of the times!

P. V. K., New York City, N. Y.



Pretty Girls Have Always Known the Secret

These two pretty girls share the same beauty secret, although one lived 3,000 years ago. Girls who both know that a fresh, smooth, radiant skin is not only woman's greatest charm, but one within reach of every woman.

For pretty girls used a form of Palmolive in the days of ancient Egypt, just as they do today. The crude combination of palm and olive oils, which served as a beautifying cleanser, was the inspiration of the familiar Palmolive cake, famous for its mildness the world over.

Modern science, with all its progress, can find no milder, more soothing cleansers than these two ancient oils. It can only perfect their combination and offer it in the most efficient and convenient form.

Gives a Perfect Skin

To state that just washing your face every day will give you that all-desired, fresh, smooth skin may sound too simple to be true. But such cleanliness is the foundation of complexion beauty, for this reason.

The accumulations of dirt, oil and perspiration, cold cream and powder must be removed or they will collect and clog the tiny pores which compose the surface of the skin.

Such clogging enlarges the pores, which soon results in

coarse texture, and the imbedded dirt causes blackheads and when it carries infection, eruptions follow. There is no beauty in such a neglected skin, which repels when it should attract, and prevents popularity and social success.

Soothes While It Cleanses

Some women will complain that soap is too harsh, that it ages and dries their skins. This proves they are using the wrong soap.

The smooth, creamy lather of Palmolive soothes while it cleanses. It removes every trace of injurious dirt and skin accumulations and secretions, leaving the face becomingly soft and smooth, with radiant freshness and natural color.

The use of cosmetics isn't harmful if the basis is a skin that is thoroughly, healthfully clean. In case of dryness, apply your favorite cold cream both before and after washing.

Not Only for Faces

Don't forget that your neck and throat are also conspicuous for skin beauty or the lack of it, and that this is where age first shows.

Arms and shoulders should be kept smooth and white and hands must be beautified.

Use Palmolive for bathing and these results are insured, with the comfort of a skin which always feels luxuriously smooth.

Not Extravagant at the Price

If Palmolive was a very expensive soap, such advice would mean extravagance. But the firm long-wearing cake of generous size costs only ten cents.

The reason is gigantic production which keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night and the importation of the bland, mild oils in vast volume which reduces cost.

Thus this finest facial soap, which if made in small quantities would cost at least 25 cents, is offered at the popular price which all can afford for every toilet purpose.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY

Milwaukee, U. S. A.

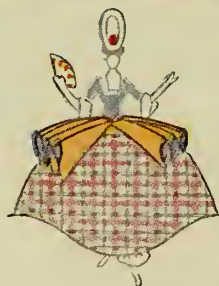
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Volume and efficiency produce
25c quality for

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For trial we invite you to send 15c, and we will be glad to mail you three guest-room packages of Armand Cold Cream Powder, Talcum and Vanishing Cream.

YOU cannot buy a better powder than Armand Cold Cream Powder. It is smooth, dense and delicately perfumed. It spreads easily and blends naturally into the skin. And it *stays on* till you wash it off!

Armand Cold Cream Powder is the *only* dry face powder with a base of exquisite cold cream! It actually improves the skin, protecting it from dust and dirt. Because of its unusual density, there is twice as much value in the little pink-and-white hat-box of Armand Cold Cream Powder as there could be of ordinary powder.

Buy a box of Armand Cold Cream Powder today. It is \$1 everywhere. Armand Bouquet, a less dense powder, in the square box, is 50c everywhere. And if you do not like it better than any powder you have ever used, take it back and your money will be returned to you.

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ARMAND
COLD CREAM POWDER
In The LITTLE PINK & WHITE BOXES

The Ballins

Chasing an
incorrigible couple

By DELIGHT EVANS

IT'S downright discouraging. There's nothing you can do about it. I've tried—goodness knows I've tried. Imagine two people—but you couldn't. Nobody could. I couldn't either, if I didn't know.

I've watched them—sometimes secretly. Then I've met them at dinner and at luncheon and at tea. I've been to their house. I've watched them work. I've run into them unexpectedly at banquets and balls and first-nights. I've followed them up the Avenue. I have slunk around corners and peered from doorways at them. It doesn't do any good.

They're real.

Their life is an Open Book. There are no eccentricities. Nothing you can put your finger on and say triumphantly, "There — I knew! They are artists, after all!"

She is little and slim, with gold hair recently bobbed by herself. Her beauty has been solemnly classified as chiseled and cold. I suspect she laughs at that



Photos by J. R. Diamond



She might be the wife of a banker or some other business man. He might be her husband. They have a nice apartment in town in a nice location. They have a nice country house in Connecticut. They have a nice car. There's nothing to give them away.

The apartment is young and quiet. She hasn't a boudoir draped in purple—or even rose-color. He hasn't a portrait—by himself. There are no photographs of her about. Their dog is a nice white bulldog that barks at strangers. He smokes a pipe—not the bulldog. Once in a while she smokes a cigarette. When she takes out her cigarette case she shows it to you and says it came from Italy. She bought a dress the other day that she likes but thinks it is too grand for her—she doesn't feel like herself in it—it has rows and rows of pearls all over it—she hides it in the closet but gets it out sometimes and gloats over it—

They go to the studio together. Here, I was sure, an eccentricity would rear its ugly, but interesting, head. But no. He wouldn't show off worth a cent. He was excited about a set and said so. He didn't swear; he smoked. The actors came up and offered some suggestions. He called her Mabel.

At night when they're too tired to go to a theater and aren't entertaining she reads to him. Scenarios—just scenarios. They have to; all the time. Because they can't afford to spend a million dollars on every production, they have to be economical; and so they do the work of readers and continuity writers and cutters and designers and film editors and just about everything.

The other day I met her, rushing up Fifth Avenue. "I'm on my way to the library," she said breathlessly, "to look up an old English melodrama that Hugo may do; we've looked and looked and can't find it." And it did remind me of "Alice in Wonderland."

He writes the continuity all by himself, principally to (Continued on page 115)

Photoplay Magazine Folks



Terry Ramsaye, whose "The Romantic History of the Motion Picture" begins in this issue



Delight Evans' interviews have endeared her to thousands of readers



The West Coast editor—Adela Rogers St. Johns. Screen authority, and Cosmopolitan fiction writer



All whisper their secrets to Ada Patterson, stage oracle, theatrical editor of *Photoplay*



A masked mystery—always. The Answer Man!



Willard Huntington Wright, critic and novelist, does those satirical "Life in the Movie" articles you enjoy



Rolf Armstrong paints the lovely cover ladies. Known as one of the country's foremost portrayals of screen beauty



Margaret E. Sangster—becoming as famous as her grandmother of the same name—poet and story writer



Robert E. Sherwood, a veteran of the famous Black Watch, now does reviews for *Photoplay* and *Life*



Ralph Barton needs no introduction. The French artists copy his style, and are called "tres Parisian"



Safe - Efficient

Most people call a doctor for pneumonia. They don't depend on "cure-alls."

So with pyorrhea—see your dentist if you fear it. Don't depend on a dentifrice.

Colgate's cleans the teeth—and *prevents* trouble—keeps teeth sound between times of visits to your dentist. Colgate's is safe. That is why more dentists recommend Colgate's than any other dentifrice.

COLGATE & CO. Est. 1806 NEW YORK



Large size tubes
at your favorite store 25^c

Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture

How to Shampoo Your Hair Properly

A Simple, Easy Way to Make Your Hair Beautiful—Keep It Soft and Silky, Bright, Fresh-looking and Luxuriant

Illustrated
by
WILL GREFÉ

THE beauty of your 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 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 women, everywhere, now 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:

A Simple, Easy 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

1 Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips



2 The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water



the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

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; 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 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 at any drug store or toilet goods counter anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

3 When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers



4 When the hair is dry, always give it a good, thorough brushing

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO



HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA
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.

M. M. H., FAIRMONT, VA.—So I talk in mystics, do I? And what, may I ask, are mystics? If you mean I am mysterious, I beg most humbly to differ with you. In polite language, you're 'way, 'way off. I'm the most obvious person on earth, I assure you. Do I think sixteen or seventeen too young for a young girl? No, I think sixteen or seventeen is just a nice age for a young girl. I am not Doug Fairbanks or Bill Hart. If I were, I couldn't spare so much time from my work to make all those pictures.

CARRIE.—I'm with you, Carrie—not Nation, but McCager—in wishing that fine actress, Edith Storey, would come back, come back, oh, come back our Edith to us! Was anything finer than her "Island of Regeneration?" Nothing. Her last pictures were for Robertson-Cole: "The Beach of Dreams" and "The Greater Profit." I don't know where she is, or what she's doing now. I wish she'd let me hear from her, and so do several thousand others.

ALICE B., SOUTH DAKOTA.—You're a nice kid, Alice. I've always liked you. But you expect too much when you ask me why Marguerite de la Motte didn't marry Mitchell Lyson when they were reported to be engaged. Mr. Lyson is an art director. There's a story about Marguerite in this issue of the Magazine. She was Doug's leading lady in "The Three Musketeers." (By the way, I wish someone would invent a fitter term to apply to the pulchritudinous ones who play opposite male stars. "Leading Lady" sounds so stilted; "leading woman," uninspired; and you don't say "leading girl," do you? No.) Elinor Glyn appeared in one scene in "The Great Moment."

BLACKIE.—How's Wallingford? You say you wish you had my job. After you'd had my job a while you'd say you wish you had yours back. My job, I think you think, is one round of pink paper and pretty girls' pictures and meeting marvelous stars. Occasionally I work, even though after reading my colyums you might be inclined to doubt it. Which is really a great compliment, you know. "The Rosary" has been filmed again by Selig-Rork. Selig made an

earlier version of the story with Kathlyn Williams, Charles Clary, and Wheeler Oakman. Lewis S. Stone, Jane Novak, Robert Gordon, Wallace Beery, and Eugenie Besserer have the leading rôles in the new production.

GLORIA III.—Yes—seeing Gloria Swanson in puttees and stetson amid Mexican cacti and things is like watching a china doll at a bull fight. I prefer our Gloria in the silks and sables which were made especially for her.

JOHN K., SCRANTON, PA.—Charles Emmet Mack came from your city, where he first faced life's camera in 1902. (Not bad!) He was a property boy at the Griffith studios in Mamaroneck when the director decided he was just the type for the rôle in "Dream Street," after a long search had been made for the ideal *Billy McFadden*. Mack is unmarried, is five feet eleven inches tall, and weighs 165 pounds. He is still with Griffith but has not appeared in any recent films.

LOYD HUGHES ADMIRER.—One more vote for Mr. Hughes! He's married to little Gloria Hope, who has evidently retired from active picturedom since her marriage to the Ince-ite. Lloyd Hughes was born in 1899; he has greenish gray eyes—I never saw any, but they say he has 'em—is six feet tall, and weighs 150 pounds. He was originally intended by Thomas Ince, as the successor to Charles Ray, I believe; but his rôles have been along different lines, although he always plays them well. His work in "Hail the Woman," a fine picture by the way, was good.

A. DE I., MANILA.—Thanks for your kind words. They were mostly in favor of Ruth Clifford and Violet Mersereau, but I thank you just the same. Edward Hearn was born in 1888. Ruth Clifford February 17, 1900. You'll have to wait till next year to send her that birthday card. Violet Mersereau is twenty-seven. She has gone abroad again to rejoin J. Gordon Edwards' Fox company, for whom she made "Nero." Edwards directed "The Queen of Sheba" and all of the more spectacular Theda Bara pictures. But he's really a good director. Miss Clifford in "Tropical Love," filmed in Porto Rico.

Eugene Strong in "The Crimson Stain," not "The Crimson Mystery," although it *must* have been a mystery.

HILDA.—You like Hoot Gibson better than any other western stars? Well, Universal does, too, and they are starring him now that Harry Carey left. Hoot is Helen Gibson's husband. I don't know about the other Gibsons, Jack and George; but Charles Dana Gibson is—oh, won't he do? Sorry. William S. Hart announces that he will continue to make pictures as long as the public wishes him to; which probably means that Bill will go on forever.

JASMIN.—The minute I opened your letter, I knew it was you. The subtle fragrance of your praise announced you. Which is one way of putting it. Pauline Frederick is married to Dr. Rutherford, her childhood sweetheart. It's a real romance. Read all about it in Mr. Cal York's Plays and Players. Miss Frederick has been on the screen since 1914. Her first appearance was in the Hall Caine play, "The Eternal City," which she and Hugh Ford went to the eternal city to film. "Roads of Destiny" was a Frederick-Goldwyn picture made in 1920, in California. She is now working for R. C. Pictures, in Hollywood. No—Hollywood and Holyrood are not the same. Mary Pickford lives in Holyrood, and we leave it to you which is more famous.

BABS.—For a fourteen-year-old girl your art isn't so bad; but you have a lot to learn, as I am sure you realize. "Little Women" made a charming but not a great picture. Here is the cast: *Mr. March*, George Kelson; *Mrs. March*, Kate Lester; *Aunt March*, Julia Hurlley; *Jo*, Dorothy Bernard; *Meg*, Isabel Lamon; *Beth*, Lillian Hall; *Amy*, Florence Flinn; *Hannah*, Mrs. Anderson; *Laurie*, Conrad Nagel; *John Brooks*, Henry Hull; *Mr. Laurence*, Frank de Vernon; *Professor Bhear*, Lynn Hammond.

V. D., VIRGINIA.—You didn't bore me at all. A Virginia from Virginia wouldn't. Madge Evans, 1531 Broadway, New York City. Others answered elsewhere in this issue. (Continued on page 74)

(Continued from page 73)

MARY FOREVER.—Rah—rah—rah! Your idol is at the present time only about three blocks from me—over at the Ritz Carlton, with her husband. They came, Doug and Mary, to attend the trial of the Cora Wilkenning case—the agent who started suit against Mary for money she says was coming to her for past services. Fairbanks has begun rehearsals for his new production, the working title of which is "The Spirit of Chivalry." Mary is planning a revival of "Tess of the Storm Country." I don't see how she could possibly improve upon her original performance of *Tess*, but evidently she does.

PEARL.—That's right—root for old Chicago. I like the Windy City and will never entirely go back on it, despite the fact that Manhattan is my home now. It's a good old place. Mary Carr in "Over the Hill" for Fox—not "The Old Nest" for Goldwyn. Another Mary, Alden, was the mother in the latter piece. Mrs. Carr is the mother of six herself, and is just as fine a character as you would imagine from her screen self. Mary Alden has no children; she is a very brilliant woman, I understand. Miss Alden plays another mother rôle in Goldwyn's "The

Man with Two Mothers." Sounds as if she played a dual rôle, doesn't it?

C. W. DE R., ALASKA.—I hope honestly that you discover Rubye de Remer to be a long-lost cousin or something. Not long lost, because Rubye is too youthful; but at least a lost relative. She has just returned from abroad, and is in New York at present. I liked your letter. You want to know why directors never picture the real Alaska instead of putting an entirely fictional representation on the screen. I don't know, but I'll ask them. Call again; and if you ever come to Manhattan, don't neglect to drop in and see us.

ARLINE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Oh, yes, I'd love to go to the South Seas. Always have, long before Frederick O'Brien and Captain Traprock and those fellows began writing about it. Have always wanted to see the flora and fauna of the islands—especially Flora. Vivian Martin is still starring in "Just Married" at the Shubert Theater, New York City. She has made several pictures since her Paramount contract expired, among them "Pardon My French." She is married to William Jefferson. She has no children.

I don't know whether she's going on tour with the company or not.

MILDRED.—If you look anything like Mildred Davis, I'm for you. Mildred is one of the sweetest girls on, or off, the screen. "Remorseless Love" was a Selznick picture. Here's the cast: *Ruth Baird*, Elaine Hammerstein; *Enoch Morrison*, Niles Welch; *Dave Hatfield*, Jerry Devine; *Hester Morrison*, Ray Allen; *Cosmo Hatfield*, James Seeley; *Cameron Hatfield*, Effingham Pinto.

GORDON YOUNG.—How do you like my portrait on the page of Photoplay Folks? Now you know I'm not eighty. And that's all you do know. Dorothy Greene in "A Parisian Romance." "A Ridin' Romeo" and "The Night Horseman" are two Tom Mix pictures packed with thrills.

H. DUMONT, CHICAGO.—Florence Lawrence made one picture since her return to the screen, "The Unfoldment," for Producers Pictures Corporation. Ask your theater manager if he is going to show it; that's the only way I know to insure your seeing it. Miss Lawrence is in New York now. I believe. (Continued on page 121)

Pictures may be improving, but we still have with us:

THE MISUNDERSTOOD SISTERHOOD

By
DELIGHT EVANS

BY this we Mean
One of
Those Long Ladies
With Lots of Hair
Who Saves the Little Sister
From a Calling-down
By her Irate Husband.
She Always
Takes the Blame.
Greater Glory
Hath no Film Actress
Than that
She Hide her Little Sister
When the Husband Comes—
And while
Little Sister Suffocates
In the Bad Boudoir
Of the Other Man (the Little Dear
Always Rolls herself Up
In the Priceless Persians—you'd think
She'd Smother—too bad she doesn't)
The Misunderstood,
With a Joan of Arc Expression,
Steps Out to Face the Music—
Sung
In an Uncertain Falsetto
By the
Irate Husband.
The Small Sister
Is Blonde—a
Fluffy Little Thing who is
Rather Well Worth
Sacrificing for,
If you Ask the Audience.
Her Honor
Is More Precious than the Heroine's:
Don't Ask us why, but
She's Chemically Chaste.
So the Heroine
Never Hesitates: she
Gives, and



She Saves the Little Sister From a Calling-down by her Irate Husband.

Gives, and
Gives.
(Sometimes we Wonder
Why it is More Blessed
To Give than to Receive.)
With a Tortured Soul—she Looks it—
She Goes Bravely On, even
Letting the Man who Loves her
Think the Worst.
We Know he Does:
The titles Say So, with
Little Flames of Jealousy
Simply Burning him Up.
The Other Man, whose
Chief Occupation is
Badgering Fluffy Blondes and
Making them
Draw their Capes about them
In Injured Innocence—
(They Always
Go Out into the Night

In Capes—they've Got to Do It—
It's in their Contracts—)
The Other Man
Breaks his Long Rule
Against Brunettes
And there's a Misty Close-up
Of Him, Narrowing his Eyes.
And we Know
That the Poor Misunderstood
Is in for It.
She'll Do her Old Familiar Act
Of Saving the Family Name.
Ah—but Wait!
The Hero
Has Penetrated the Plot—
(With the Aid of Two
Detective Agencies)
And he Appears to
Blame the Blonde,
Hit the Husband, and
Hug the Heroine—sometimes we wish
It was the Other Way Around.
The Other Man? Oh, he
Goes his Wasteful Way
To Be the Awful Angle
Of another Triangle—you'll meet him
In the Next
Problem Picture you see.
And the Picture Ends—
As it was Bound to do—
Sooner or Later—
In a Cradle Close-up, and
A Tearful Title that Says:
"And so
With the Soft Light
Of Motherhood
In her Eyes, our
Heroine Looks Forward
To the Dawn
Of a Happy New Day."
She has Nothing On Us.

Thousands of oil-laden pores—

Essential to the beauty and health of any complexion, yet they destroy woman's chief charm, if they are neglected



Since 1893, thousands of mothers have kept their skins youthful by using the same Melba Creams their daughters now apply

EACH pore, brimming with natural oil, traps and holds any floating particle of dust which comes in contact with it daily. Unless removed, this dust and grime combines with the oil, clogs the pores, hinders their cleansing work and makes complexion health and beauty impossible.

Soap and water alone will not remove this foreign matter and the impurities dammed up behind them. Washing merely clears the surface of the skin—the trouble-maker lodges below the surface. Left undisturbed, it enlarges the pores, undermines skin health and causes unsightly blackheads.

How certain oils dissolve impurities

To acquire and keep a clear, radiant complexion, you must give your pores a thorough cleansing every night. The way is easy. Certain oils, correctly compounded, will penetrate the pores, dissolve the oily mass in each and bring it to the surface. A soft cloth will then remove it.

These oils have been combined in Melba Skin Cleanser. Thousands of women have used this cream for *twenty-nine* years, and thus kept their skins youthful and radiant. If you, too, would have the satiny clear complexion women and men alike admire, begin tonight to *cleanse your pores*. Apply Melba Skin Cleanser, giving it time to enter the pores. Within a week you will be amazed at the smoothness and softness,

the new, fine texture of your skin. Then, to remove or prevent wrinkles and bring added color, massage lightly with Melba Face Cream Skin Massage. This will bring more blood to nourish the tissues. The cream is astringent and will narrow and refine the pores.

To add the final touch of beauty, you must use the right face powder. The "calcimined" look you see so often comes through use of a *coarse* face powder. To blend evenly with the tone and texture of your complexion, face powder must be infinitely *fine*. By a wonderful new process of *air-sifting*, Melba face powders are now made so fine they *float on air*, blend admirably with any skin and cling perfectly.

Fill out and send this coupon

You will find Melba products for sale at toilet goods counters of all drug and department stores. If you wish liberal samples for trial first, fill out the coupon, enclosing only 25 cents, stamps or silver, and we will send you a generous trial package of Melba products, including a trial tube of Melba Skin Cleanser, Melba Face Cream Skin Massage, Melba Vanishing Cream, a trial bottle of Melba Skin Lotion and sample packets of air-floated Melba face powders. We will include, free, a copy of "The Art of Make-up," a little de luxe book that tells how beauty may be emphasized.

MELBA



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 Melba Face Cream Skin Massage, 50 cents
 Melba Lov'me Face Powder, 75 cents
 Melba Skin Lotion, 35 cents

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| 4237 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Illinois | |
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| City..... | State..... |

Fans I Have Known

(NOTE: In all the volumes that have been written about the movies, there is one element that has been carefully overlooked—the fans. Thousands of pages of publicity have been given to the stars, the directors, the producers, the camera men and the press agents, but no one ever hears about the folks who support them. However, we intend to remedy this as nearly as possible by shedding a little light on the natures of the people out front.)

By ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

No. I—The Pathetic Parent

APPROPRIATELY enough, I first came across the Pathetic Parent at a performance of Mary Pickford's "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in our local neighborhood house. He came in during the news reel, leading his six-year-old daughter by the hand. They occupied the seats directly in front of mine.

He was a pitiful fellow—short and slight—with that tired look that is so characteristic of the man in the nerve cure advertisements.

Scarcely had they sat down, before Eunice (the daughter) opened fire. She pointed up to the screen.

"Poppa," she cried, "oh, Poppa! Is that Mary?"

"No, dear," he murmured, "that isn't Mary. This is only the news reel. That lady up there is Mrs. Wellington Koo, the Chinese ambassador's wife."

Finally "Little Lord Fauntleroy" started. It first showed a scene in old New York.

"Poppa, where's that?"

"That's New York, Eunice?"

A short silence.

"Poppa, which is the Woolworth Building?"

"The Woolworth Building wasn't built then."

"Poppa, I thought it was always built."

Fortunately, that discussion was terminated by the timely appearance of Little Lord Fauntleroy himself.

"Oh, poppa, is that Mary?"

"Yes, dear, that's Mary."

"Oh, goodie, goodie, goodie!"

Just then an old fashioned street sprinkler lumbered across the scene.

"Poppa, what's that funny thing?"

"That's a water wagon, dearie."

A two-second pause. Then:

"Oh, is that the thing that Momma said to you why don't you stay on it for a while?"

The Poor Parent, realizing that everyone within a radius of four rows was listening in on his conversation, tried to laugh it off. It was a feeble attempt.

"Poppa, who's that?"

"That's Mary, dear."

A puzzled silence.

"But you just said that the little boy with the curls was Mary."

"Well, it was. You see, Mary is playing a dual rôle."

There was further thought on the part of Eunice.

"Poppa—is a dual rôle one of those things you eat for breakfast?"

"No, dearie, a dual rôle is—"

"Oooo look, Poppa! Who are those two people kissing each other?"

"They're both Mary."

"But, poppa, how can anybody kiss herself?"

The Poor Parent look very, very tired.

"I don't know, dear," he sighed.

"But, poppa, you know everything, don't you?"

"Yes dear. I know everything."

"Well, then — Oh, poppa, what does that say?"

He read the sub-title aloud to her.

"What does 'ancestral' mean, poppa?"

"Well, it means sort of—having to do with your ancestors."

"Have to do what with your ancestors?"

"Oh, having to do lots of things with them."

That explanation seemed to satisfy Eunice, for she remained quiet for as much as sixty-eight seconds. Then:

"Poppa."

"Yes, dear."

"Poppa—can I have a drink of water?"

He got up and started to climb out to the aisle in search of the required refreshment.

"Wait a minute, Poppa."

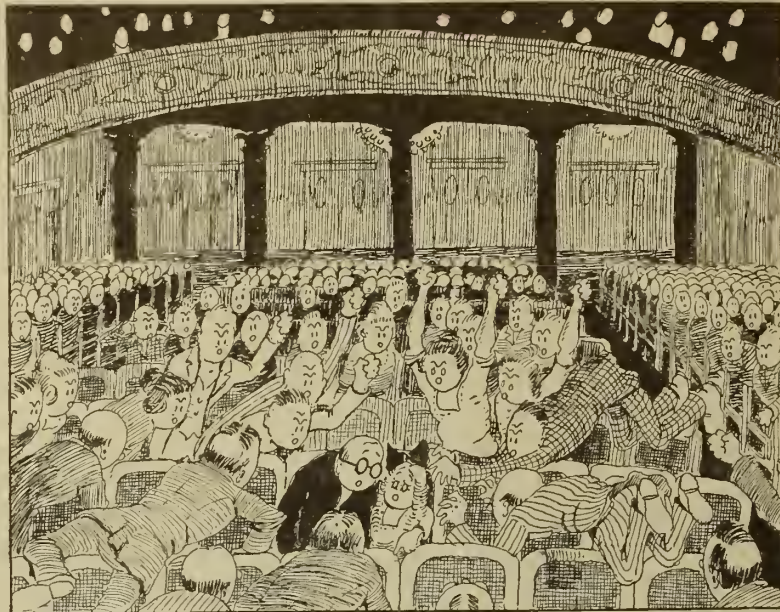
He turned around, using a lady's toe as a pivotal point.

"What is it, Eunice?"

"Which one of those is really Mary?"

I saw a recent interview with Miss Pickford, in which she stated that Little Lord Fauntleroy was the most difficult rôle she had ever played.

She doesn't know the half of it!



"No, dear," he murmured, "that isn't Mary. This is only the news reel. That lady up there is Mrs. Wellington Koo, the Chinese ambassador's wife."

The Tale of a Parrot

IN scenes for Thomas Meighan's "The Proxy Daddy," a parrot was being used. The scene was supposed to be in a Pullman car—where the transcontinental Tommy was quite at home. But Polly wasn't. Tommy hung his hat on the rack and waited for the porter to call "Chi-ca-go!" But Polly refused to play her part. One of the characters plays a saxophone at night

in his berth and an old lady raises a fuss because her parrot is being kept awake. Then a close-up is shown of the parrot dancing to the music.

But the bird wouldn't dance. The set was cold and Polly was in no mood for shimmying. Director Al Green coaxed; Arthur Freed, composer of "Hindustan," played sinuous Oriental melodies on the

piano—all to no avail. The spirit of the dance was not in Polly's soul.

Finally Polly spoke. "My feet are cold," she grumbled.

Heaters were brought and Polly deigned to dance.

Incidentally, the saxophone later was "missing." It and Wallie Reid were discovered off in a corner getting acquainted.

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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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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 Co., at Cleveland, Ohio.

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Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1922 Art Panel. Also please send five samples named in offer.

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Naturelle shade powder sent unless you write another below.



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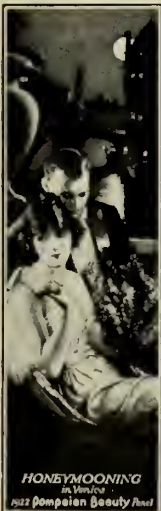
Get 1922 Panel—Five Samples Sent With It

“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. You can make many interesting beauty experiments with them. Please tear off coupon now and enclose a dime.

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HONEYMOONING
in Venice
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Are you in good company when you are alone?

CAN you pass an evening alone without boring yourself? Can you be your own companion for two or three hours and feel that you are a better man or woman afterwards?

Play cards for wholesome recreation

and you will find yourself the most charming companion in the world. You'll be surprised the way the time will fly and, all the while, you'll be sharpening your memory, improving your mental concentration, strengthening your foresight. You'll sleep soundly after a game of solitaire and you'll be a keener man or woman the next day.

Send for this book:

"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 amount to

The U. S. Playing Card Company,
Dept. U-5, Cincinnati, U. S. A., Manufacturers of



BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

(Also Congress Playing Cards. Art Backs. Gold Edges.)

Solitaire at a Glance

Shuffle two entire packs of cards together and deal off on to the table, face up, four rows of ten cards each, from left to right,—forty cards in all—called the *tableau*.

The object is to release the cards from the tableau and *talon* (see below), according to the following rules, so that they can be built up in eight suits, beginning with ace, then deuce, three etc., to king.

In building, only the top card of the talon or a bottom card in the tableau can be used; the rule regarding the tableau being that no card can be used that has another card lying beneath it. Thus, at the beginning of the play, the cards in the bottom row of the tableau only are available, but as soon as one has been used the card which lies just above it can be used.

To play: If there are any aces in the bottom row of the tableau, release them, and lay them in a row beneath the tableau, the aces forming the *foundations* for building.

Then examine the tableau and endeavor to release cards so as to build up on the *foundations* (following suit, or to build down in sequence within the tableau itself, following suit). Thus if you have a king of hearts near the top of the tableau, and a queen of hearts which is available for use (no cards beneath it), the queen may be played on the king, and so on, playing available cards in descending sequence on to any card in the tableau. This should be done as long as such a play can be made, as it releases other cards desired for use. It is called *marriage*, and should be proceeded with with caution, as a sequence formed in a lower row may block a desired card above it, which might soon have been released.

As fast as aces are released place them in the foundation row.

In plays in the tableau, create, if possible, a vacancy (in a straight line) in the top row. This space will be of great advantage in releasing other cards in the tableau or talon. Vacancies in the top row may be filled with any available card, either from the tableau or talon. The player will use his judgment about filling the vacancies as created, or wait for a more opportune time.

When all the available cards are played, deal out remainder of the pack one card at a time, playing all suitable ones in descending sequence on the tableau.

The cards that cannot be played, either on the foundations or tableau, are laid aside, one on top of the other, face up, forming the *talon*.

If the foundations cannot all be completed in the ascending sequence to the kings, thus consuming all the cards in the tableau and talon in one deal of the cards, the game is lost. There is no redeal.

For seven other kinds of Solitaire see "The Official Rules of Card Games" offered below.

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- "Official Rules of Card Games" 300 games. 250 pages. 20c.
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- "Card Stunts for Kiddies." Amusing and instructive kindergarten lessons. Not card games but pastiche card stunts, using old cards as bits of board. 6c.

All 6 books 40c. Write Name and Address in margin below.

A Motion Picture Dictionary

Compiled and edited by

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

ACCENT, *n.* A peculiarity of speech which has always afflicted actors, causing them to pronounce *literary*, litry; *really*, rilly; *were*, ware; *burglar*, burgular; *can't*, cawnt; and so on. The complete elimination of this accent from the silent drama constitutes one of the principal advantages of the cinema over the speaking stage.

ACCIDENT, *n.* That to which is largely attributable a motion picture's success.

ACME, *n.* That point of perfection to which each successive motion picture attains in the advance announcements.

ADMISSION, *n.* The price one pays for disappointment. A fixed overcharge.

ADONIS, *n.* An ancient deity of surpassing facial beauty and perfect bodily proportions, of whom the average leading man secretly regards himself the modern reincarnation.

AFLOAT, *adv.* A state which no boat manages to maintain once it gets within sight of an uninhabited island.



ALMOST, *adv.* As far as any seducer ever succeeds with a screen virgin.

ALTAR, *n.* The goal, the climax, the purpose, and the reward of human existence. The end of sorrow and the gateway to perfect bliss.

ANTIMACASSAR, *n.* A doily placed on the back of chairs to protect the upholstery from the oiled and pomaded heads of motion-picture actors. Macassar oil, from which these protectors derive their name, has been discarded because of its low visibility, and has been supplanted by brilliantine, patent-leather polish, Jap-a-Lac, ebony veneer, bear grease, and liquid vaseline—all of which produce a superior gloss.

ARTLESSNESS, *n.* An attitude studiously and painstakingly cultivated by young lady stars.

ASTRIDE, *adv.* The inelegant but safe position assumed by motion pictures which deal with the problem of capital and labor.



AUDIENCE, *n.* An assemblage of incorrigible optimists, who, though having been consistently disappointed, are ever looking forward to a change for the better.

BAG, *v. i.* To hang loose, like a bag. That which no leading man's trousers have ever done at the knees.



BALCONY, *n.* A high, narrow veranda, over the railing of which, after a desperate struggle, the hero at length succeeds in flinging his antagonist.

BALDNESS, *n.* A histrionic handicap as great as that of having Dundrearys. The art of acting depends largely upon what part of the head an actor's hair is located.

BAN, *n.* A formal prohibition or interdict, originally ecclesiastical in nature, but today an arbitrary censorship imposed upon a great industry by a handful of narrow-minded, self-righteous busybodies of both sexes, who cause both producers and public to suffer as a result of their own Freudian inhibitions.

BANDIT, *n.* An honorable, courageous and handsome young gentleman with a purely academic interest in holding up trains and stage-coaches, who not only returns his booty, but risks his life to save the sheriff's daughter from the Indians.

BANK, *n.* A depository for money, characterized by its accessibility to burglars.



BEARD, *n.* A hirsute growth on the face, which at once renders its possessor an object of grave suspicion.

BECAUSE, *adv. & conj.* Formerly a woman's reason, but of late extended to the motion pictures, and constituting the only apparent explanation for three-fourths of the things done in the average film drama.

BLAME, *n.* That which invariably falls on the innocent.

BLEMISH, *n.* Something which the characters of both heroes and heroines are entirely without.

BLIZZARD, *n.* A climatic disturbance which overtakes unmarried couples in Alaska, forcing them to spend several days alone with each other in a primitive hut, during which time the young lady comes face to face with the Great Realities of life, and emerges somewhat chastened and humbled.

BOOZE, *n.* Any spirituous beverage one drink of which is sufficient to create a state of complete intoxication. Likewise, that which the villain invariably partakes of just before he makes his unsuccessful advances upon the young lady whom he has lured to his apartment.



BOUNCE, *v. i.* An ingenue's habitual manner of locomotion.

BRILLIANTINE, *n.* A cosmetic for the hair, which, in many instances, constitutes an actor's chief source of brilliance.

BULL, *n.* A more or less domesticated pachyderm from which all comedians and young ladies from the city erroneously believe that milk may be obtained.



BUSHY, *adj.* Similar to a bush, such as the sideburns worn by butlers.

CALAMITY, *n.* That which inevitably befalls the impious.



CANDLE, *n.* A wax taper which gives forth a diffused illumination of greater brilliancy and penetration than the average arc-light.

CAST, *n.* An aggregation of actors each one of whom gives his or her own interpretation of a role as the author should have conceived it.

CENTRE, *n.* That part of a picture where one will at all times find Nazimova.

CHAISE-LONGUE, *n.* A long chair, or semi-sofa, upon which undulating brunettes in abbreviated sheath-gowns recline languorously and smoke cigarettes through long slender holders. A *chaise-longue* is apparently regarded as a highly indelicate piece of furniture, for it is never found in respectable homes.

CHASE, *n.* The plot on which the majority of screen comedies are founded.

CHEESE, *n.* An edible which exudes a terrific and penetrating aroma capable of asphyxiating any person who approaches it too closely. Because of this characteristic it lends itself readily to all manner of humorous "business," and is always a source of the most uproarious mirth.

CHEF-D'OEUVRE, *n.* A masterpiece; a supreme work of art; a super-achievement; what every producer assures us his forthcoming picture will prove to be, although only one suppresses his modesty to the extent of billing himself as "the master."

CHRYSANTHEMUM, *n.* A large cabbage-shaped flower which comedians consider extremely funny when worn as a boutonniere.

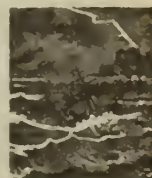


CINDERELLA, *n.* A poor but virtuous young woman the story of whose life forms the plot-motif of every two motion pictures out of three.

CLAIRVOYANCE, *n.* The gift of foresight, the possession of which is wholly superfluous in determining what is going to happen next in the average motion picture.

CLUB, *n.* A lodge for men whose regalia is a form-fitting dress suit, and whose method of salutation is a slap on the back.

COWBOY, *n.* A handsome young man, freshly shaved, stylishly coiffured, and elegantly manicured, who wears spotted hair pants and spends his time chasing Indians and pursuing bandits.



CYCLONE, *n.* A violent wind storm which, were the motion pictures a dependable basis of deduction, would seem to constitute a permanent condition of the earth's climate.

(To be Continued.)

Plays and Players—East and West

HAROLD LLOYD is back from New York with a beautiful new Pathe contract. He didn't lose his charming bashfulness in Gotham. Nor did he lose Mildred Davis, who is to support him in a few more pictures, preparatory to launching her own company. Harold isn't a bit puffed up because a Chicago theater will show nothing hereafter but Harold Lloyd pictures, running one until the next one is ready for release.

THE recent rainy spell did things to our fair city's water supply, owing to the mountain drains. It had a distinctly muddy look. And little Billy Reid has an aversion to bathing in dirty water. Some children are that way.

"That isn't dirty," papa Wallace assured his offspring solemnly. "It's just scorched. We left it in the heater too long."

Which explanation was quite satisfactory to young Billy.

HERE'S one on Guy Bates Post, that dignified stage star now filming "The Masquerader" for Richard Walton Tully. In the gray, drizzly dawn, clad in pajamas, Post looked out of his window and saw a man fumbling at the window of the living-room below. Forgetful of his state of deshabille, Post dashed, hero-fashion, down the stairs and out of the door. The fellow hopped a bicycle and rode off, with a panting and slightly less dignified Post close behind. When he caught the chap and prepared to give him a piece of his mind, Post discovered that the fellow was merely delivering the morning paper! He had been placing the paper in the window-box to protect it from the rain.

And Guy Bates Post, all draggled and considerably undignified, hurried sheepishly home in his pajamas, while the early-rising tourists gaped.

EDNA PURVIANCE is to achieve stardom through the interest of Charlie Chaplin, who is planning to launch her production. It is not known whether her stellar pictures will be comedies or dramas. Charlie's action is a touching example of



Most of Conrad Nagel's close-ups are, contrary to report, not shared by Lois Wilson, Edith Roberts, or any of the Lasky ladies. Ruth Helms Nagel is his favorite leading woman, and they don't need Mr. deMille to direct them, either

appreciation, a reward for unselfish service, for Edna has refused many times to leave him though splendid contracts were offered her.

THE day after the news of Valentino's divorce decree leaked out to a palpitating world, Famous Players-Lasky stock jumped two points.

Lila Lee is the latest little lady to achieve the honor of having her name linked with Charlie Chaplin's. They do say he's calling

on her. (Everybody hold onto your Paramount stock! Lila may do something for the market yet.)

THE young son of one of the stars objects strenuously when his mother and father exhibit pictures of themselves and relatives together, taken before his birth.

"Oh, Daddy," he wails, "why didn't you wait for me?"

RUDOLPH VALENTINO, having been awarded a decree of divorce from Jean Acker, is now free to peruse his "lady-fan" mail, which has increased astonishingly since it became known that the gentleman of the sealskin hair was seeking his freedom. Blue and lavender and passionate pink are most of the envelopes containing fervid expressions of admiration for him. Each mail brings numberless poems, they tell me, penned by lily-white fingers, which Valentino refuses to get at all excited about. One dear soul even wanted to come out and "flutter" with him—which is a new one on me. We have a number of sports here in Hollywood, both indoor and outdoor—but we haven't yet learned to "flutter." Can the Effete East be putting something over on us?

Incidentally, "Rudolph" is no more. Grieve not, fair dames, he hasn't passed away. But his name is to have a slight operation. Henceforth it will be Rodolph. Apparently the Great Joss of the Lasky stronghold deems an "o" more conservative, more elegant, or more something—

Rodolph has purchased a new home in Whitley Heights, an idealized adobe affair set in artistic grounds. But he denies that Mme. Natcha Rambova, art director for Nazimova, whom rumor credits with having captured Rodolph's heart, is to be its chatelaine. He will next film Ibanez' "Blood and Sand" with Bebe Daniels as the Spanish vamp and May McAvoy as the wife.

RICHARD DIX, Launcelot of the Long Beach team, was telling a Sweet Young Thing—name deleted—about the members of his football team. "Now, there's Smith," he said, "he'll be our best man soon."

"Oh, Richard," she lisped, "how sudden! You dear thing!"

Richard has sworn off women for life—again.

THE Little God is getting busy, with the promise of Spring. Marie Mosquini and Harry "Snub" Pollard have announced their engagement. The hymeneal rites will occur in a couple of months, to be followed by a honeymoon in Australia to visit Snub's parents. As a wedding-present, Hal Roach is "graduating" Snub from one- to two-reel comedies. Marie will continue as his vis-à-vis.

LEAH BAIRD narrowly escaped death from asphyxiation when the gas radiator connection in her dressing-room at the Ince studio became loosened. Both Miss Baird and her maid were overcome, but the prompt action of a carpenter who chanced to be passing and smelled the fumes undoubtedly saved both.

HERE'S the sort of a helpmate to have, says Bill Desmond. Called to New York by the sudden death of his sister, Bill left a personal-appearance tour suspended in mid-air. He delegated his wife, Mary McIvor Desmond, to make his bow for him and speak his little piece in a Toronto theater. She proved that a wife can be more than a pancake-pitcher—in fact, in view of the popularity she acquired for herself, Bill is wondering if he did right in letting her take his place!

(Continued on page 84)



You have heard of stars who can't, or won't, emote without the aid of their personal musicians. Guy Bates Post goes them one better, and brings with him from the "legitimate" a penchant for making up to music. Chopin for the grease-paint; Brahms for the mascara; for the lips, a little thing by Greig

Every normal skin needs two creams

*One for protection and to hold the powder
A wholly different cream to cleanse at night*



*To protect the skin against wind and dust,
apply Pond's Vanishing Cream each time
before you go out*



*To cleanse the skin thoroughly use
Pond's Cold Cream before retiring*

ONE cream alone cannot supply the skin with all the elements that are needed to keep it in perfect condition. Certain flaws to which the skin is subject can be prevented only by a softening, protective cream. Other flaws need a cream rich in oil that cleanses and stimulates.

Flaws that require a daytime cream without oil

If you do not protect the skin against sun and wind, it will protect itself by developing a rough, coarse surface. To give the needed protection apply a little Pond's Vanishing Cream before going out. This cream is based on an ingredient famous for its softening effect. It leaves the skin fresh and invisibly shielded. Dust cannot work into the pores, wind and sun cannot dry out the skin and make it rough and coarse.

Before you powder, smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on the face. It is absorbed instantly, removing any shine there may be on the skin. Moreover, it cannot come out in a shine later, for there is not a

drop of oil in it. With this softening cream as a base, powder just as usual. You will find that the powder lasts many times longer, and that it shows less, for there are no rough places for it to catch on.

Whenever your face feels drawn and tight touch it lightly with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It brings instant relief to a tired skin, relaxing the muscles, softening the hard, set lines, giving the whole face a fresher color and added vigor.

Flaws that need an oil cream at night

Have you begun to notice little fine lines under the eyes, depressions at the corners of the mouth and the base of the nose, a tendency to flabbiness under the chin? The way to prevent little lines from becoming wrinkles is to give your skin regularly a tonic rousing with an oil cream.

Pond's Cold Cream is a rich oil cream that stimulates the skin, lubricating it and restoring its elasticity. Smooth the cream into the little fine lines, rubbing gently with

the lines, not across them. By the faithful use of this rich cream, you can keep the lines from fastening themselves on the skin and forming real wrinkles.

The dust and dirt that clog the pores, working their way under the surface of the skin, help to form blackheads. Ordinary washing will not remove them. They demand a deeper, more thorough cleansing. After washing the face with warm water and pure soap, rub Pond's Cold Cream into the skin. Let it remain on a few moments, then wipe it off with a soft cloth. This rich cream contains the oil necessary to penetrate the pores and rid them of every particle of dirt.

Begin using both these creams today

Use regularly these two creams that every normal skin needs. Neither will clog the pores nor encourage the growth of hair. Your druggist and the department stores carry both jars and tubes in convenient sizes. The Pond's Extract Co. New York.

POND'S
Cold Cream *for cleansing*
Vanishing Cream *to prevent chapping
and to hold the powder*

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
133 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 week's ordinary toilet uses

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



©Strauss-Peyton

THE MEIGHANS

NEXT to John McCormack's "Mother Machree," Tom Meighan's favorite record is "When Frances Dances With Me." His permanent partner—the lady who's the mistress of *maison* Meighan, the lady of our photograph—is Frances Ring, the famous comic opera star. Tom's wife

From 700 letters

from those who are eating Fleischmann's Yeast

Doctors, mechanics, stenographers, housewives, teachers, nurses, clergymen, farmers, policemen, architects—in all, men and women in 113 different occupations recently told their experiences with eating yeast for health



THE reports came from all parts of the United States. Lawyers, artists, lumbermen wrote in. Housemaids and private secretaries. Dressmakers. Even a boxer told why he was eating Fleischmann's Yeast and what results he was getting.

Nearly 300 of those who wrote in were eating yeast to build up strength and vigor. 251 were freed from constipation by it. A great many others had digestion and appetite restored. Almost as many had been freed of pimples and boils.

"After using every known cathartic"

Hundreds of men and women depend day after day on cathartics. Yet this never corrects their trouble. Here was a man who had used "every known cathartic" ever since he was eleven years old. At last he solved his problem. A simple food, Fleischmann's Yeast, eaten like cheese or butter, had stimulated the activity of the intestines and restored regular functions. Another who had been eating yeast for three months wrote "Since eating Fleischmann's Yeast I have had no bowel trouble." A woman eating yeast for constipation and gas had "greatly benefited" and also was delighted with the way her skin had cleared.

"Suffered with gas for years. Fleischmann's Yeast has cured me after taking for three weeks"

Many suffer for years with some digestive disturbance without ever realizing that faulty eating is the trouble. Since the fresh yeast cake has been known to have a beneficial effect on the entire digestive process, it is

now being advised in cases of stomach and intestinal trouble.

Many men and women who had been suffering from poor appetite have regained appetite and vigor. One of them wrote: "My vitality is back to normal. I have a ravenous appetite and every morning I get up full of 'pep' and ambition."

Severe cases of pimples

Both men and women suffering from boils or pimples—over one hundred men and over seventy women—reported rapid relief from these troubles through adding to their diet Fleischmann's Yeast, the food which is now known to correct the basic cause of these troubles. One man who had been eating Fleischmann's Yeast for over a month wrote, "I have no more pimples and have gained four pounds."

"Flu left me very weak and painfully thin. Tried numerous remedies, even sent to Germany for serums, but to no avail. Took Fleischmann's Yeast and have greatly benefited by it."

"Can now do all of my work without feeling tired."—"Has relieved and strengthened me."—"Has made me full of energy."—"Now have the pep I need."

In cases of rundown condition—men and women—astonishingly quick response came after the addition of the health-stimulating Fleischmann's Yeast to the regular food. In some of these cases, improvement was noticed in less than one month.

The ways they liked to eat it best

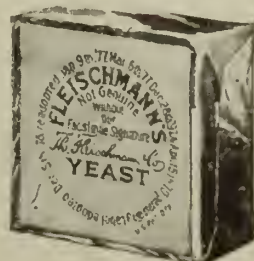
Some of these men and women did not like the taste of yeast at first. Almost all grew to like it. Most people took it in water. A number liked it in milk. It tastes something like an egg-nog. Many of the men liked it plain. Women liked to make sandwiches with it, or they took it in fruit juices. Two or three liked it in ice cream. One took it in soup. Several liked it in coffee.

Add 2 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast to your own daily diet and notice the difference. Place a standing order with your grocer. 200,000 grocers carry Fleischmann's Yeast. If your grocer is not among them, write to the Fleischmann agency in your nearest city—they will supply you. Send for free booklet telling all about yeast.

Use coupon, addressing THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 504, 701 Washington St., New York.



Fleischmann's Yeast builds up the system naturally by correcting digestive disturbance and restoring normal elimination



THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY
Dept. 504, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.
Please send me "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet."
(Please write plainly)

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



NAIL LOVELINESS THAT'S LASTING

In five brief minutes

Without buffing, your nails can always have that freshly-manicured look

The modern woman knows the importance of looking her best, always. And, because she's a very busy person, she appreciates this time-saving, simple new manicure.

All she need do is brush each nail lightly with Glazo, once or twice a week. This is the modern liquid nail polish. It dries instantly, with that lasting, high lustre which fashion now decrees. Nothing can dim its beauty, and the nails always have that dainty, freshly-manicured look.

To give nails an attractive setting

Stubborn, uneven cuticle will become soft and smooth under the beautifying, soothing influence of Glazo Cuticle Massage. Use it with your orange stick to shape the nail sheaths; massage it in and leave it overnight, and your cuticle will always be trim and velvety.

Ask today for the Complete Glazo Manicure, at any of the better toilet counters.

For lovely hands, send for this book

Written in an intimate, chatty way, it tells many important new things about the hands and their care. It is free—simply send name and address. The Glazo Co., 28 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, O.

GLAZO

Glazo Liquid Polish with Remover, 50c
Glazo Cuticle Massage - 50c
Combination Set, 75c



John A. Huston Co., Selling Agents for Canada
60-62 Front St., West, Toronto



Home, sweet home with the Fairbankses; or, how they act when they're not acting, featuring Mary and Doug. The camera pursues them, from Europe to the Beverly Hills house, which boasts the name of Pickfair. Isn't that—well, isn't it?

(Continued from page 80)

THE health officer of San Francisco said Dorothy Dalton would have to be vaccinated, as she had been in contact with typhoid or something. Dorothy said no indeed she wouldn't. Health Officer said "Yes!" in that positive way men have when they think they mean it. Dorothy became just as positively negative. The debate waxed to a point where H. O. threatened Dorothy with a sojourn in the isolation hospital, but Dorothy sneaked a base on him by showing an honest-to-goodness vaccination scar made some time ago. Dorothy won.

THEY'RE at it again.

Vividly colored, an advertisement for a film called "The Love Slave" reads thus: "A tremendous drama of passion. . . A beautiful Arabian slave girl—madly in love with the handsome young Parisian who rescued her from a beast.

"A flower of the East transplanted to Paris—the ages-old clash of East and West—a mad, jealous passion that would destroy one once beloved—then, prison walls that close in on another form of slavery.

"A thrilling escape from a living death—freedom and peace—the re-kindling of dead fires—and a climax so powerful—so satisfying—that it brings a profound sigh of relief."

"Sigh of relief" is right!

OVERHEARD in the Algonquin during the luncheon hour.

A pretty sub-deb was lunching with a young chap who might have been the original of the collar ads one sees but never believes.

Said she, gazing dreamily into space,

"Wouldn't it be strange if there really is reincarnation? Imagine if we were all to be reincarnated as aromas in the next life. What would you like to be, Teddy, if you were reincarnated as an aroma?"

"I'd like to be Corinne Griffith's bath-salts," said her young man earnestly.

MICKEY and Mary—hurrah!

We have just heard that Marshall Neilan is again to direct Mary Pickford in "Tess of the Storm Country."

The Pickford-Neilan combination made such classics as "Stella Maris" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Mary has never made such pictures since Neilan stopped directing her. The revival of "Tess"—especially if Frances Marion makes the scenario, which is also reported—should be a knockout.

SAM WOOD has directed Gloria Swanson in every one of her stellar pictures. "And I haven't won an argument yet," says Sam lugubriously.

AT the Ritz the other evening, I saw Pearl White, with the most adorable chin-chilla coat on and a big, droopy white hat, black velvet on top, and white silk roses underneath. About her slim ankle, clad in this fashionable new stocking whose color is described by salesladies as "nude," Pearl had the daintiest little bracelet of platinum and diamonds.

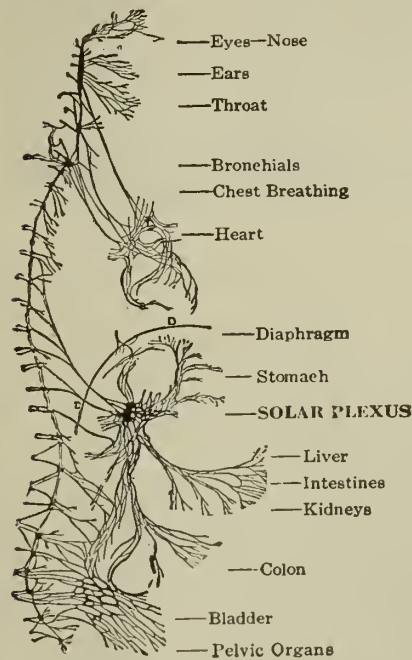
A friend of the famous serial star told me the other day that Pearl returned from Europe engaged to a Grand Duke—I've forgotten the nationality. As a duchess, Pearl ought to be thrilling if nothing else.

(Continued on page 86)

"NERVES" A subtle and dangerous malady which is undermining the vitality of the American Nation

By PAUL von BOECKMANN

"NERVES"—We hear it everywhere. The physician tells his patient—"It's your Nerves." Sensitive and high-strung women complain of their "Nerves." You see evidence of "Nerves" everywhere—in the street, in the cars, in the theatre, in business, and especially in your own home—right in your own family. We Americans are a nation of nervous people. This is known the world over. Our own Nerve Specialists admit it. It is caused by our "Mile-a-minute" life; the intenseness of our Natures in everything we do. It is making us the most progressive nation on earth, but it is also wrecking our people. Our crowded insane asylums prove it. Medical records prove it. Millions of people have sub-normal Nerve Force, and consequently suffer from endless organic and physical troubles, which make their lives miserable. What is meant by "Nerves?" By "Nerves" is meant Nerve Exhaustion (Neurasthenia), lack of Nerve Force. What is Nerve Force? We might as well ask "What is electricity?" We do not know. It is the secret of Nature. We do know that it is the vital force of life, a mysterious energy that flows from the nervous system and gives life and energy to every vital organ. Sever the nerve which leads to any organ and that organ will cease acting.



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.

The wonderful organ we term the Nervous System consists of countless millions of cells. These cells are reservoirs which store Nerve Force. The amount stored represents our Nerve Capital. Every organ works incessantly 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, if we subject the muscular system to exces-

sive strain, or, in any way, consume more Nerve Force than the organs produce, the natural result must be Nerve Bankruptcy, in other words, Nerve Exhaustion, Neurasthenia, or "Nerves."

There is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion—its kin, Insanity. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can understand the 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 is not a malady that comes suddenly. It may be years in developing and the decline is accompanied by unmistakable symptoms, which can readily be recognized.

The symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

FIRST STAGE: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling," especially in the back and knees.

SECOND STAGE: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force, loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; backache; headaches; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

THIRD STAGE: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and, in extreme cases, insanity.

How often do we hear of people, running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something the matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to show that any particular organ is weak or diseased? How often do we hear of people racking their brains, trying to discover the reason of their failure in business, in a profession, love, or any undertaking? They would give anything to lay their finger on the stumbling block of their lives—the door that locks out their ambitions, the wall that blocks their progress. The answer is: Lack of Nerve Force. In short, Nerve Force means Life Force—Brain Force—Vital Force—Organic Force—Dynamic Force—Personal Magnetism—Manliness and Womanliness.

No man WITH Nerve Force has ever stood in a bread line.

No man WITH Nerve Force has ever been down and out.

No man WITH Nerve Force has ever acknowledged himself "licked."

No man WITH Nerve Force has ever failed to attain success.

This, of course, applies to women as well as men. And, on the other hand, WITHOUT Nerve Force no person of either sex in any walk of life has ever reached the top, has ever achieved success, or has ever gotten the fullest enjoyment from life itself. WITHOUT an abundant supply of Nerve Force our lives are wrongly adjusted, we fail to utilize our full powers, and we cheat ourselves of our birthright of health and vigor.

"A sound mind in a sound body" depends upon sound nerves. And to be a WINNER even in a small way, demands, first of all—NERVE FORCE. If your NERVES have reached any of the three stages of depletion, you ought to take immediate steps to determine the cause and to learn what to do to build up your Nerve Force.

I have made a life study of the mental and physical characteristics of nervous people, having treated more cases of "Nerves" during the past 25 years than any other man in the world (over 90,000). My instruction is given by mail only. No drugs

or drastic treatment of any kind are employed. My method is remarkably simple, thoroughly scientific, and always effective. I shall agree to send you further information regarding my system of treatment FREE and without any obligation on your part. Everything is confidential and sent sealed in a plain envelope.

You should read my 64-page book, "NERVE FORCE." The cost of this book is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). The book is not an advertisement of any treatment I may have to offer. This is proved by the fact that large corporations have bought and are buying this book from me by the hundreds and thousands for circulation, among their employes—Efficiency. Physicians recommend the book to their patients—Health. Ministers recommend it from the pulpit—Nerve Control, Happiness. Never before has so great a mass of valuable information been presented in so few words. It will enable you to understand your Nerves, your Mind, your Emotions and your Body for the first time.



PAUL VON BOECKMANN

Author of Nerve Force and scores of other books on Health, Psychology, Breathing, Hygiene and kindred subjects. Over a million of his various books have been sold during the last 25 years.

He is the scientist who explained the nature of the mysterious Psycho-physic Force involved in the Coulton-Abbott heats, a problem that had baffled the leading scientists of America and Europe for more than thirty years, and a full account of which has been published in recent issues of Physical Culture Magazine.

Read the book at my risk—that is, if it does not meet with your fullest expectations, I shall refund your money PLUS your outlay for postage. My advertisements have been appearing in this and other standard magazines for more than 20 years. This is ample evidence of my integrity and responsibility.

The following extracts are quoted from letters written by people who have read the book:

"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 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 re-read 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."

PAUL von BOECKMANN,
110 West 40th St., Studio 52, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir: I desire to investigate your method, without obligation of any kind. (Print name and address plainly.)

Name

Address

Enclose 25c if you wish the book.



Make your
little girl
happy
WITH AN
Add-a-pearl
NECKLACE

The Family and Friends
will keep it Growing

Ask Your
Jeweler

For clean, sharp
carbon copies

Use MultiKopy No. 25

Meets more requirements of general office use than any other carbon paper. Makes clean, legible, permanent copies.

MultiKopy No. 5, light weight, makes 20 legible, permanent copies at one writing.

MultiKopy No. 95, medium weight, copies over 100 letters from one sheet.

Ask your stationer for your kind of MultiKopy. Star Brand Typewriter Ribbons write the best letters.

F. S. WEBSTER COMPANY
377 Congress Street Boston, Mass.

TRADE
MULTIKOPY
MARK
Carbon Paper
A kind for every purpose

HAIR REMOVED FREE

Send for FREE sample of **Hairine** which will remove all traces of hair from face, neck, arms, limbs or any other part of body. Where others fail, this works. Try it. Free. Address: THE HAIRINE CO., Dept. C, 28 W. Quincy Street, CHICAGO, ILL.



"Lady Godiva" on her white horse has ridden right into pictures. The lady is an importation, presented here by Wistaria Productions.

(Continued from page 84)

WHILE the engagement of Marshall Neilan and Blanche Sweet has not exactly been announced, it is understood by all their friends to be a fact, and plans for the wedding are well under way. Blanche and Mickey have been friends for years, and their marriage won't surprise anyone. If Miss Sweet's health, which has been bad for some time, improves, she may return to the screen under Neilan's direction.

ANITA STEWART is going to have her own company.

Our consolation is that she cannot possibly make worse pictures for her own company than she did for Louis Mayer.

JOHN EMERSON and Anita Loos, who besides being co-directors and scenario writers of great note, are also man and wife, recently went down to Smith College to deliver a lecture on the art of motion pictures, to a group of college girls.

Mr. Emerson had rather a bad sore throat, and before mounting the platform he said to his pretty wife, "I'm going to take this box of throat lozenges with me, and eat them while I talk, so I won't lose my voice entirely."

At the end of his interesting discourse, he said, "Now young ladies, if there are any questions you'd like to ask, I'd be glad to answer them. Write them out on a piece

of paper, and bring them up, and I'll be very glad to tell you anything you like."

The second question he opened read, "What are you eating and why?"

WHEN Madge Bellamy, newest Thomas H. Ince star, was on the stage in New York, a certain famous stage-producer, financially interested in Paramount, discouraged her film aspirations. "Oh, you'd never do in pictures," he told her. "You're too thin."

HERR ERICH VON STROHEIM has sobbed on many shoulders since the opening of the foolish "Foolish Wives."

He has, they say, made various complaints against the cutting of "my picture." He wanted to reduce the many thousand reels himself, but Mr. Laemmle wouldn't let him. Universal's president's patience finally gave out, and he put the picture in the hands of a regular cutter, who worked day and night to finish the job.

Herr von Stroheim at first wept because they wouldn't let the film run two nights, thirty-six reels in all. He wanted to have them hire two theaters, sell tickets for two performances, first and second acts; sort of a Chinese effect. But, strangely enough, these Americans couldn't see the idea.

After all, doesn't it seem silly to waste art on us plebeians, anyway?

(Continued on page 87)

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 86)

IS Mary Miles Minter engaged to Tommy Dixon, son of the pencil manufacturer and heir to one of the largest fortunes in the United States?

It's sort of hard to tell.

Mary says she isn't—but Mary's mother, in what was apparently an unguarded moment—says she is.

Mr. Dixon, naturally, must be discreetly silent.

Certainly there is a very deep and constant friendship between the two young people, and there was a time when the thing appeared to be about ready for wedding bells.

Now Mary says there isn't anything in it.

I wonder if the fact that I saw Miss Minter with that stunning young navy officer again the other evening had anything to do with her apparent change of heart.

And then there was that Taylor tragedy, which we dislike to refer to.

MAY ALLISON has sold her beautiful Beverly Hills home to a Seattle millionaire, for \$50,000, and moved to the Hollywood Hotel.

May's husband—Robert Ellis—decided he didn't like the house much, because May built it and lived in it before they were married, so they intend to remain at the hotel until they can build a real home of their own, which he will build with his own money.

VIOLA DANA, proud possessor of a new home and several hens, shows visitors around her domain. Escorting a party through the grounds, she left a child of one of the guests eagerly anticipating events in the chicken-yard. When the child reluctantly joined them, Viola asked if she had found any eggs.

"No'm," the youngster replied disappointedly, "the hens were scratchin' all around, but they couldn't find a single egg."

MR. AND MRS. ALLAN FORREST (née Lottie Pickford) are settled cozily in their Hollywood honeymoon nest, with Lottie playing a lovely obligato on the kitchen range. If everybody continues getting married this way, and being nice and everything, I don't know what we'll do to get our names in the papers and attract the tourists. Hollywood is getting as prophylactic as a hospital.

"WHAT'S in a name?" asked Mr. Shakespare. Here I've been eating lunch on the same bench with Silvion De Jardins and didn't know it. If I had—I couldn't get enthusiastic about a name like a jardiniere, so it's just as well that I came to know Bobby Vernon before I learned the title his parents bequeathed him. Bobby is having a legal operation to change it to his film-name.

DARRELL FOSS has a habit of slipping away on vacations, laden with packages, his destination unknown. This habit—coupled with its secrecy—has had all Hollywood curious. But a friend discovered the secret rendezvous, and has given the whole thing away. Up in the mountains there's an old Frenchman who hasn't left his home since he "squatted" on the land twenty-seven years ago. Foss discovered the hermit, on a tramping trip, and spends his vacations with the old fellow, carrying him tobacco, papers, etc. When Darrell cut his hair for him, it was the first "trimming" the old man had had in years. And now Hollywood sleeps peacefully again, having satisfied itself that Darrell is still a nice boy.

(Continued on page 88)

The Diary of a Lonesome Girl



September 12

Dear Diary: I promised to tell you everything, Dear Diary, and I'm going to keep my promise. But it's awfully hard sometimes to write down just how I feel. For I am so discouraged. Met Edith Williams today on the car. She was going somewhere with Jimmy. And her clothes were so becoming that I envied her. My hair is prettier than Edith's, isn't it? And my eyes—and my complexion? Then why am I always so lonesome—so much alone? Can't you help me, Diary? Bobbie's better today.

September 15

More trouble, Diary. Mother said today that the money she'd saved for my new dress would have to go to pay Bobbie's doctor bill. I'm trying to be brave, Diary, but I'm so disappointed. I wanted to go to a dance on the 26th. Shall I go, Diary? I wonder if I can fix up that white organdie from last season?

September 18

Went to church this morning. Walked home with Alice Browning. Saw Jimmy. He's always with Edith Williams. Oh, if I only had some pretty clothes—just a few of them, Diary, how happy I would be! Mother tries so hard to save, but Dad never earned a large salary. And everything I earn goes toward keeping house. But I can still smile, can't I, Diary?

September 23

I've decided to wear my organdie to the dance. I do hope none of the girls remember it from last year. That new sash may help. Do men ever remember dresses, Diary? Jimmy will be there with Edith. Always Edith Williams. Oh, if I only had some becoming clothes!

September 27

I couldn't write to you last night, Diary—I just couldn't. I cried myself to sleep when I got home from the dance. Every girl had a new dress but me. I think Edith Williams' was best of all. Do you think Jimmy will marry her? He hardly looked at me last night. I came home all alone—so tired and discouraged. Isn't there something I can do to get pretty clothes?

October 15

Met Mrs. Peters today, with her two children. Poor woman—she hasn't had a new dress in years. She can't afford those in the shops and she can scarcely sew at all. I wish I could sew, Diary—then I could make my own clothes. Saw Jimmy walking down the street today while I was buying a magazine, but he didn't see me. I guess he was thinking of Edith Williams.

October 16

Remember that magazine I bought yesterday? Well, I sat up late last night reading it. I just couldn't put it down. For in it I found the story of a girl just like myself. She couldn't afford pretty clothes, either, and she was, oh, so discouraged. And then she learned of a school that teaches you, right at home, to make your own clothes for a half or a third of what you would pay in the shops. Do you think I could learn too, Diary? I'm going to find out anyway.

October 19

Early today the postman brought me a good thick letter from the Woman's Institute. I fairly snatched it from his hand. Guess he thought it was a love-letter. Why, Diary, do you know the Institute is the most wonderful school I ever heard of? Think of it, while I've been so unhappy, thousands of other girls have been learning right at home to make just the kind of pretty clothes they've always wanted, at, oh! such wonderful savings. If they can do it, why can't I? I can, Diary, and I'm going to!

December 16

I know I've forgotten you for some time, Diary, but I've been awfully busy since I enrolled with the Woman's Institute. Think of it, Diary, I'm learning how to make the pretty clothes I have always wanted. I've finished the first three lessons, and already I've made the prettiest blouse. Just think of being able to

sew for yourself and have pretty things for just the cost of materials!

January 30

Well, it's happened, Diary. There was another dance last night and I wore my new dress. You should have seen the girls. They were so surprised. They all wanted to know where I bought it. And when I told them I had made it myself they would hardly believe me. And the men! Don't tell me they don't notice pretty things. My dance card was filled in five minutes. I've never had such a good time in my life. Jimmy and Edith aren't engaged yet, Diary. Jimmy's coming to see me on Wednesday night.

April 15

Here it is only the middle of April and already I have more pretty spring clothes than I ever had in my life. And altogether they have cost me no more than one really good dress or suit would have cost ready made. Oh, there's a world of difference in the cost of things, Diary, when you make them yourself and pay only for the materials. Besides, I've made over all my last year's clothes—they look as pretty as the new ones and the expense of new trimmings and findings was almost nothing at all.

May 8

Awfully busy, Diary. I've started to sew for other people. I made a silk dress for Mrs. Scott and a blouse for Mrs. Perry last week. Mrs. Scott paid me \$10 and Mrs. Perry \$3.25. Think of it, Diary—little me who couldn't sew a stitch a few months ago, making clothes for other people. Mother just can't get over it. She's actually smiling these days. Says I'm going to earn \$30 a week, soon.

May 20

The most wonderful, wonderful thing has happened, Diary. Jimmy has asked me to marry him. It's to be in the fall. And my trousseau will be the finest that any girl ever had, because I'm going to make it myself. Jimmy wanted to know what had caused the change in me and I told him all about the Woman's Institute. He wouldn't believe it until I showed him my lessons. He looked them over and then said they were so easy and simple that he thought he would take up dressmaking himself. Imagine Jimmy sewing, Diary!

May 26

Gladys Graham came in to see me today. I think she had been crying. Said she was discouraged because she didn't have pretty clothes. Then I told her all about the Woman's Institute. I think she's going to find out about it. I hope so. Think where I would be if I hadn't seen that magazine. Goodbye, Diary—Jimmy's here and I can't neglect him even for you.

What this "Lonesome Girl" has done you can do, too. There is not the slightest doubt of it. More than 125,000 women and girls, in city, town and country, have proved by the clothes they have made and the dollars they have saved, that you can easily learn at home, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes or prepare for success in the dressmaking or millinery profession.

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 time, because you can devote as much or little time to the course as you desire and just whenever it is convenient.

Send for Handsome 64-page Booklet

IT tells all about the Woman's Institute. It describes the courses in detail, and explains how you, too, can learn easily and quickly, in spare time at home, to make your own clothes and hats, and dress better at less cost, or prepare for success in the dressmaking or millinery profession.



Use the coupon below or write a letter or post card to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 17-D, Scranton, Penna. A copy of this handsome booklet will come to you, absolutely free, by return mail.

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|---|------------------------------------|
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Professional Dressmaking | <input type="checkbox"/> Cooking |

Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 87)

MOVIE SOUVENIR Playing Cards

Your favorite picture stars in this beautiful deck of cards. 53 different portraits, one to each card, including such stars as Charlie Chaplin, Thomas Meighan, Geraldine Farrar, Tom Mix, Wallace Reid, Talmadge Sisters, Dustin Farnum, Pearl White, Lenore Ulrich, June Caprice, Louise Glaum, Sessue Hayakawa, Mabel Normand, Wanda Hawley, Dorothy Dalton, etc., etc., etc. Back design is a full color reproduction of the famous painting "The Chariot Race". Gold edges, telescope case. In every way the finest pack of cards produced.

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ALL the little girls are wailing and handing back their new installment frocks—for Ernest Lubitsch isn't coming to Hollywood after all. He saw New York—and turned right around and sailed back to Europe. Can it be that Herr Lubitsch feared the battery of girlies, who were all thrilled 'way down to their pink toe-nails as the prospect of meeting this foreign genius not yet harnessed to domestic yoke? Lots of little extras can spend their frock-money on meals now.

THE other day an astonished—and, whisper it gently, a highly indignant—Jack Holt perceived his name upon the callboard as an extra to take part in a "mob scene" in another star's picture. But it developed upon investigation that there was really an extra by that name working in the other play. And, what's more, he's getting a lot of the Star Jack Holt's lady-fan-mail!

CHARLIE RAY has cast his lot with the United Artists, joining the assemblage composed of Mary and Doug, Chaplin and Griffith.

LION in the arena at Universal City became too playful with Gladys Walton, reached through the bars, and slashed her fur coat from shoulder to hem. Gladys, unhurt, was angry as anything. It was a new fur coat.

HABITUES of the Algonquin, that almost-club of Manhattan stage-and-screen stars, have been startled out of their skins.

Fancy seeing a very vampish lady: gorgeous in sables and diamonds—walk into the dining room, closely followed by a tall, handsome man. Fancy seeing them sit down together, and, oblivious of everybody else, calmly—er, more or less—hold hands: And when a page calls the gentleman, fancy seeing him rise and first kiss her before leaving to answer the telephone:

That's what happened when Frank Mayo and Dagmar Godowsky Mayo were in New York. The beautiful exotic daughter of the great Leopold and her film-star husband have, contrary to rumor, not separated. In fact, they are shocking people by their constant devotion. It really isn't done. But it seems reasonable to expect the unusual from Dagmar. One cannot imagine her and the commonplace at the same time.

Mr. Mayo has old-fashioned ideas about wives. He doesn't want his wife to keep on with her motion picture work.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT will visit America—which means Hollywood—during March as the guest of Famous Players-Lasky, who plan a big party to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the birth of the film industry.

H. C. WITWER was so pleased with the way his football yarns had been filmed under the title of "The Leather Pushers," that he wired Carl Laemmle, president of Universal, congratulations to the tune of \$25 (paid).

The Universal poo-bah acknowledged the compliment with a \$30 wire—collect. Witwer's sense of humor is now in cold storage.

"BILLY" RHODES, widow of the late "Smiling Bill Parsons," is asking a divorce from her second husband, William Jobelmann, a publicity man. One of her complaints is that he swiped a bottle from her private stock! (Continued on page 89)

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 88)

THESE "all star casts," which used to be such fun, have lately, with the decrease in salaries and the de-starring movement, become the real thing.

Imagine, all in one picture: Forrest Stanley, Harry Mestayer, Ernest Glendenning, William Norris, Pedro de Cordoba, Charles Gerard, Lynn Harding, Ruth Shepley, Theresa Maxwell-Conover, and Macey Harlan! All these appear in "When Knighthood was in Flower," which stars Marion Davies, as an additional inducement.

In Norma Talmadge's "The Duchess of Langlaise," the cast includes Conway Tearle, Irving Cummings, Adolphe Menjou, Rosemary Theby, Wedgewood Nowell, Otis Harlan, and Kate Lester.

By the way, Frances Marion wrote the scenario from Balzac.

ART ACORD and a friend of his were sued for \$25,000 damages because they ran down a man with their speeding automobile. The man was standing on a "safety-zone."

WONDER if these exclusive, "formal," private showings or pre-views of new photoplays are the thing, after all?

There's something about a first night which prejudices you. When you get an engraved card, with "The Umph Film Corporation Request the Honor of Your Presence at the Initial Showing of 'Blind Brides,' at 8:17 P. M." with "Formal" in the corner of your card, and you go, and there's the producer in the lobby, waiting to shake your hand; and there's the director in the upper-left-hand box, beaming at you; and there's the star, who waves to you; and there is a special orchestra, and a speech,—where does the poor picture come in?

Sometimes when the picture is extra grand, they hire a hall; the grand ballroom of one of our best hotels. If you are lucky, you can stand on tiptoe in the rear of the room and catch a glimpse, occasionally, of the top of the heroine's head—her real bead; you never see the picture at all.

These showings affect different people differently. Some newspaper reviewers just dote on them. Others just don't. Either way, the reviews are biased. We think these showings are little games which the dear producers will outgrow. Or else they will be sensible, and save the money which otherwise would go towards paying for the engraved invitations.

MARY HAY made a big hit in "Marjorlane," the musicalized version of "Pomander Walk."

Although the piece stars Peggy Woods and Lennox Pawle, little Mary seems to have captured the audiences completely, if public opinion is any criterion.

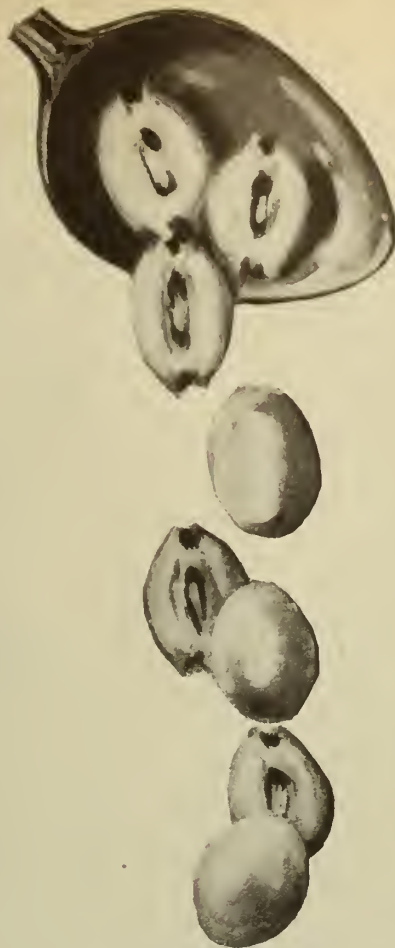
The first-night audience included, as it generally does, many celebrities. Mae Marsh was there to lend a hand; and the husband of Mary Hay, a promising youngster named Richard Barthelmess, was enthusiastically present.

ON one of the winding drives of Beverly Hills the other afternoon, I met a future screen star taking a ride in her perambulator.

She had on a real lace bonnet with pink satin rosebuds over each ear, and tiny pink booties tied on with knots of French blue.

Little Miss Niblo, the four months' old daughter of Fred Niblo and Enid Bennett, is the cutest thing in Hollywood—brown curls and great big brown eyes that promise to screen very well in the future.

(Continued on page 93)



Puffed Wheat
has all the food cells broken



Bread
has part of the food cells broken



Toast
has more of the food cells broken

Why We Explode

every food cell in Puffed Grains

Over 125 million food cells exist in a grain of wheat. All must be broken to digest.

In bread you break part of them—in toast you break more. But Puffed Wheat alone breaks them all.

Grains shot from guns

Prof. A. P. Anderson studied for years to make whole grains wholly digestible.

He did it at last by sealing the grains in guns, then supplying an hour of fearful heat. Thus the moisture in each food cell is changed to super-heated steam.

When the guns are shot, every food cell explodes. All become available as food.

More than cereal tidbits

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are delightful dainties. You never tasted cereals so good. They are bubble grains, airy, flimsy and toasted, as flavory as nuts. They seem like food confections.

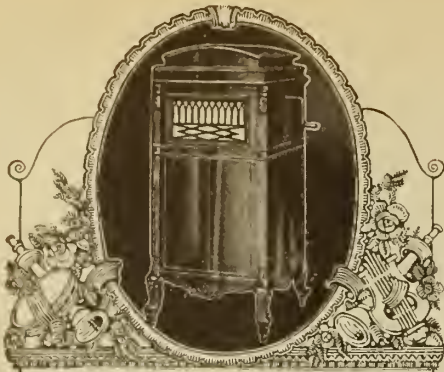
But they are also whole grains, supplying 16 needed elements. Every element is fitted to feed. The greatest food you can serve a child is Puffed Wheat in a bowl of milk. But serve them Puffed Rice also. That is the morning dish.

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

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He tackled her at the five yard line, picked her out of the saddle and yelled, "Home, James!"

Giving "The Sheik" the Once Over From the Ringside

By DICK DORGAN

LAST week I had a couple of hours off, so I parked myself in a ringside seat at a Movie Palace and took in the "Sheik," and let me utter right here that if you haven't seen it as yet, go ferret it out and give it the "north and south." It's a cuckoo.

It's a story of a little English "twist and twirl," Diana Mayo, who got terribly sentimental over the "Kashmiri Love Song," and being tired of hanging around with a bunch of yahoos who couldn't tell pepper from salt, thought she'd like to try her luck with the "Sand Fleas" of Arabia. So she gives a swell feed and shindig, in Biskra, on the edge of the desert, as a farewell to her friends, before leaving for the land of "free life and fresh air."

Well! just as everything is going along smoothly, who comes tearing along like Broncho Billy with a few of his pals, but Ahmed Ben Hassen, the Sheik. He spots Diana over in a corner and gives her the "Igotcha look" ala Ben Turpin, and departs into the night, leaving Diana all het up.

After everyone is knocking over the big sleeps, he sneaks over under her window with his ukelele, and warbles, in accents disconsolate, the "Kashmiri Love Song." Then climbs into her boudoir and steals a few eyefuls, along with the lead pills out of her pearl-handled gat. In the morning, Diana dons the riding make-up and joins her party with Mustaphi Ali, her guide, and they start off.

Now it appears that "Musti" is one of the Sheik's henchmen. So on the second day out, when he was pretty sure that no revenue men or Mack Sennett cops were around, he led her to a lonely spot near some dunes where the Sheik was hiding with a picked bunch of supers. Two or three dozen of them rode out and started some side arm entertainment for the lady, but she pulled up short and then broke for the open.

This was just what the Sheik wanted, so with a wild yell like a Cherokee chief to call off the hounds, he tore after her like a prairie wolf and tackled her at the five yard line, picked her out of the saddle and yelled, "Home, James," meaning to the collapsible bungalow on the sound—or rather the oasis.

The next scene is in the tent, and let me say that it had more entrances and exits than a Chinese gambling house. And as for the appointments—Well! the living room alone would make the grand ball room in the Plaza look like a hall bed room in the Bowery.

THE Sheik was no small time guy. He was one of the real hot dogs of the desert, and the bell cow of this herd. This scene in the tent is where he vamps Diana. He struts around her like a prize turkey, every once in a while stopping to give her a Svengali glare. Then when she would shrivel up on the divan again he would smile—oh, boy, what a wicked one—and start strutting again, all the while smoking yards and yards of cigarettes.

He must have been reading Elinor Glyn pretty closely or else he was stealing Theda Bara's stuff, 'cause he had all the fourteen points down great, with a couple of the amendments tacked on. He certainly was some La La.

He kept this up for a week or so and in the meantime he broke in a few horses and made the rounds to smaller camps, to see if all his subjects were well and happy, to break the monotony.

All this time Diana was hating him something awful—but between us two I know she had a soft spot in her heart for him, 'cause I saw her smile with glee one time when he gave her a dig in the ribs and said, "Kiss me, kid."

Well! a month or so later the Sheik was
(Continued on page 91)

"The Sheik"

(Continued from page 90)

off on a week-end trip, visiting some other chicken, I guess. So Diana, thinking it was a good chance, took a run out powder and left the place flat. Gaston, the frenchy, who was chief cook and bottlewasher about the place, accompanied her.

About three hours later they were riding along blissfully when without a word of warning out comes a bevy of Klu Klux Klan from behind a small dune. They belonged to Amair's gas house gang of the desert.

They were as harmless as a lot of baby rattlesnakes.

Diana and Gaston ducked behind a dune and then the free-for-all started and it was a case of each man for himself. It was one grand and glorious scrap and it looked more like "Custer's last stand" than anything so far filmed. From the way in which Gaston was picking them off, it looked to me as though he was the open champion at all styles in a shooting gallery. Diana was a close second, though—why, she would make Annie Oakley look like a wooden Indian.

When they called time, Amair had Diana in his clutches and was heading for the old homestead. Gaston had thrown up the sponge and lay where he had fallen. And there were so many dead Arabs laying around the place that I think the camera man cheated and used a machine gun from the sidelines.

HERE the scene shifts to Amair's country estate. Diana was locked in a room with two ebony babies, about two hundred pounds displacement apiece, guarding the door. After knocking over a few highballs, Amair makes his entré, and, gazing at her youthful beauty, starts to waddle after her with the ferocity of a wild clam after an oyster. The bout was at catch weights. I couldn't make out what it was all about at first, but after the first round I decided that it was a catch as catch can affair. Amair was the Jesse James of the desert. He was a fat old stiff, whose fracas was entrenched in a network of shrubbery, and a bad baby at that.

All during the quarrel Diana kept calling for her Ahmed, the Sheik, and I knew she was stuck on him all the time.

Well, Amair cornered her at one point, and fainted her into a half-nelson. He was a regular Zybyzsko. He knew all the tricks. Everybody was rooting hard for something to happen that would save our heroine.

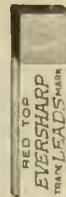
In the meantime the Sheik arrives home and finds out that Diana and Gaston have given him the raspberry. So he takes a little stroll of ten or twelve miles before supper and ponders over his losses. Finally he reaches the battlefield where Diana was made a captive and what think ye?—the property man had picked up all the dead Arabs and cleaned the place up great so that the only thing the Sheik saw was Diana's note in the sand,—"Ahmed, I love thee"—very prettily done. Then he spied Gaston, posing as the "Dying Gladiator," in the dell. He carries the poor frog home and learns the "low down" on Amair and rallies his keystone kops together to rescue Diana.

The Sheik gives Gaston to his boyhood pal, St. Hubert, to take care of, as he is a Hindoo at the medicine game. Then gallops to the head of the bunch and yells, "Let's go." And the best twenty mile cross country run I ever saw began. Right here the girl I took began to cry, and I had an awful time trying to read the captions to her and follow the story at the same time.

(Continued on page 92)



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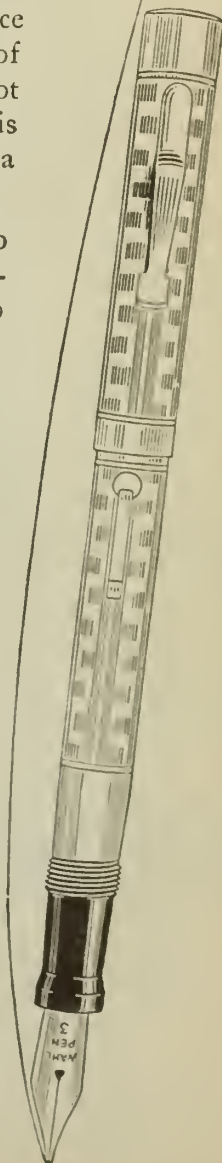
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Stops Itching



"Come home with me, dear," said John to his sister. And then angrily, he turned toward Reggie

The Seventh Day

(Continued from page 44)

captain of the yacht was announcing that everything was in readiness—that the party could start back, any time, for the city. And he blew the whistle hard, to tell everyone the glad news.

Patricia, leaning against the rail, heard the whistle. And all at once she knew that—even if she did go back to the city—she would leave her heart behind in the little fishing village. With a sudden uncontrollable impulse she turned to the others.

"I must go ashore, after Reggie," she said, "I must!"

There was an annoyed murmur from her friends. "Then," said someone sarcastically, "we will have to go ashore after you!" But she ignored them, and went. She had never wanted to ignore them before.

It was not after Reggie that she went, though, once she was ashore. For on the wharf she met one of John's uncles, and she hesitated beside him.

"Please," she said, and her voice was almost bashful, "we are going to sail. Will you give John a message for me?"

John's uncle answered gruffly: "Why don't you give it to him, yourself?" he asked. "There he is now." And he pointed toward the deck of John's boat. And sure enough, Patricia saw John's head rising above the gangway of his boat. And the uncle, being a tactful man, turned away.

Slowly Patricia started forward. As she came within speaking distance of John he heard her voice. It was sweet and tremulous.

"Please forgive me," she said. "I'm sorry!"

And then, somehow, the space between them was suddenly bridged. And all at once she was in his arms.

Out across the village the church bells rang, calling folk to evening service. The world was at peace.

"The Sheik"

(Continued from page 91)

They took Amair's place like Grant took Richmond, and the Sheik didn't lose much time finding Diana. He broke in the door with a terrible rush. Only to face a couple of gats held by the desert bandit, Amair. This sly old dog laughed in the Sheik's face, as he figured he was all the merry with his two cannon and a couple of black babies in the doorway waiting for the show-down.

But the Sheik just snickered as he held an Egyptian straight. One mighty howl of joy from Diana and "Hell broke lose," as we say at the club. Everything that wasn't nailed down was flying in the air and everybody was taking a sock at someone else. It was a grand little party.

When peace was finally declared, Amair was on the floor punctured from the Sheik's battle irons. The two African dodgers were behind the divan resting peacefully. The Sheik lay in Diana's arms with a chunk of his cranium missing, and Diana shouting the battle cry of freedom, while racing around the place were the finest bunch of

pirates who ever scuttled a ship, or made a landlubber walk the plank.

Back in the Sheik's canvas bungalow, Diana sat up all night long with St. Hubert, beside the Sheik's bed. The Saint tells her that the Sheik is a bum Arab, that he really is an Englishman whose mother was a wop or something like that, to help make the story end well. All of a sudden the Sheik moves for the first time in twenty-four hours and opens one eye and winks at Diana. Then they fall into a clinch that only the fadeaway stops. Believe me, some clinch!

The last scene is a week or so later to give the Sheik time to patch up his busted noodle. Diana is standing outside the tent amongst some bum palms, with the moon shining very pretty like and the musicians playing, "Sweet Lady," when out steps the Sheik all dolled up like a reg'lar guy, with putties and slick hair, N'everything. He was a real "Limey" all the time. And then—aw—gee—

"Aint Nature Grand?"

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 89)

THE very latest Hollywood combination is Gloria Swanson and Monte Katterjohn, who is a member of the Lasky scenario staff and a very influential member of the writer's colony in Hollywood. Monte acts as the beautiful Gloria's escort on any number of occasions and they may be discussing the script of the star's next story.

BEFORE long, we expect to be able to announce Lois Wilson's engagement. Details still lacking.

Lois admits that she's just about decided to get married, but she hasn't picked the man.

AT the Midnight Frolic, above Broadway on the New Amsterdam Theater Roof, you'll meet Doug and Charlie and Harold and Larry and John and Bill.

The Messrs. Fairbanks, Chaplin, Lloyd, Semon, Barrymore and Hart appear nightly at the popular Ziegfeld entertainment.

Astonishing news, but—

Of course they're only masks, designed by John Held, Jr., and worn by famous Follies beauties, above their usual—er—attire. But they have created a metropolitan sensation—something, we are told, which is hard to create.

As a famous foreign visitor remarked—a man honored in every capital of the world—"Everywhere I go I see them, these moving pictures. All over. In a group of intellectuals, they are criticized—but they are there. In the theaters—every play, almost, that I have seen has had some reference, somewhere, to the silent drama. The stars are blazoned on Broadway. I see them on Fifth Avenue; I run into them in every smart hotel or café. Nowhere can I escape them. Try as I may, I can't shake them off. And the peculiar part of it is, I don't want to!"

THE air in motion picture theaters is to be tested and analyzed by the Health Department at Washington.

Chemists have begun the inspection of the ventilating systems of all the film theaters and have taken samples of the air breathed by patrons of the houses. The report, when it is made, should give the motion picture theaters a clean bill of health.

The air in even the average motion picture theaters of larger cities is decidedly better than that in "legitimate" houses. Perhaps because almost all of the film houses are new or almost new.

JAMES CRUZE, one of the very best directors on the Lasky lot, and his wife, Marguerite Snow, one of the first popular screen stars, have separated and Mrs. Cruze and her daughter, Julie, have taken a little house in Hollywood.

MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE has a new town car. Attending a theater, she instructed the chauffeur to call for her at the close of the performance. Emerging from the theater at 11 o'clock, Marguerite stepped into a town car drawn up at the curb. The chauffeur looked at her quizzically. Marguerite blushed. She was in the wrong car! When she attempted explanations, the chauffeur looked doubtful. Fortunately her own machine drove up and Marguerite hastily changed. She'll get used to them in a few weeks.

CULLEN LANDIS' elder child, an old lady of almost five, objects strenuously to being told to "mind the baby." "Oh, my," she wailed yesterday, "I wisht I'd been borned the after one."

(Continued on page 94)

Mr. Wells writes:

July 22, 1921.

"I am glad to take this opportunity to tell you of my complete satisfaction with this machine. It is exactly the typewriter for an author like myself. It is so light and small that it can be taken anywhere, and it is so sound and fool-proof that it is always in good condition. * * I have needed a typewriter for years, but I could not find anything sufficiently portable, hardy, willing and easy, until I discovered Corona."

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Plays and Players

(Continued from page 93)

AFTER a series of tedious rehearsals William De Mille was ready at last to "shoot" a scene in which appeared Jack Holt, Agnes Ayres, and a baby. (Mr. De Mille requires that his players speak lengthy dialogues and has them memorize their lines as for a stage-scene.) But every time he would call "Camera!" the baby would commence to squall. The afternoon wore on, with De Mille striving by means of peppermint sticks, making funny faces and other lures to persuade the infant to cease crying and look pretty for the camera. When, some time later, the baby had been silenced and the scene was about to progress, it transpired that Holt had meantime forgotten his lines!

IF it wasn't for the movies—welcoming home stars and presiding gracefully at studio functions and saying pretty things at the motion picture industry—I don't know what our good Mayor Cryer would do to kill time.

A delegation composed of the Vitagraph staff, Larry Semon and the Mayor solemnly convened on the "lot" and laid the cornerstone for Semon's new film-factory. It's going to be all his, from the name-plate to the ceiling, and nobody can enter without his permission—not even the Mayor. The Mayor rendered a touching selection from Appreciation of the Fourth Largest Industry (cheers!) of our Noble Country (cheers!) and its fun-giving comedians (riot!). "Zigoto" (as the French call Larry) did a graceful back-fall by way of celebration. Guests included our City Fathers, President Albert E. Smith and his Vitagraph family, Semon, hizzoner the Mayor and the American Flag.

JACKIE COOGAN is making a picture about plumbing, in which he plays a pipe-fixer's helper. But Jackie, in spite of his million-dollar publicity campaign, remains just a little boy with an itching desire to investigate things which he should leave alone. What boy could resist a bursted water pipe? During lunch-recess he beckoned "Sherbit," a little colored boy who works with him in the picture, to follow his leadership. The broken-pipe and flood scene was to be taken after lunch. . . . But when director and company returned to the studio after the midday meal they had to wade in. Jackie's investigation had been eminently successful—from his point of view! The set had to be bailed out and another pipe erected. Jackie would be painfully mortified if I told you what his mother said—and did—to him.

MARY tells a good one on Doug. In Pompeii he met "the best sport we encountered abroad." The boy did some handspings and passed them his hat, which Doug filled with coppers. Then, grinning, Doug performed some acrobatics—and the boy, appraising him in open-mouthed awe, calmly took the coins from his own hat and put them in Doug's sombrero!

And Doug tells this one on Mary—how she was left as hostage for a dinner bill in a café in Venice. Doug is very absent-minded about carrying money and often wanders out with empty pockets. After eating their dinner—they were out sight-seeing alone—he discovered he had no money to pay for their meal. And the proprietor of the café made him leave Mary there for two hours while he hunted up his brother, Robert Fairbanks! "Possibly," smiles Mary, "he doesn't like our pictures!"

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 62)

MAN TO MAN—Universal

HARRY CAREY gets off to a running start in an unfamiliar South Sea setting—but inside of two reels he's back again in the great West. This is a good picture of its kind—the plot is logical, there are some legitimate thrills, and the lighting is worthy of mention. The whole family will remember the stampede scenes for a long while.

SMILES ARE TRUMP—Fox

MAURICE FLYNN, ex-football star, driving wild engines and working hand cars and having fights with section hands. A railroad story with too many thrills, but the children will like it. So will some of the grown-ups—but they'll never admit it!

CHASING THE MOON—Fox

A BIT more outrageous as to plot than any other Tom Mix picture—and a bit less clever, despite a pitiful attempt at ultra smart titles. Send the children with a neighbor.

NO DEFENSE—Vitagraph

AN artificial melodrama in which William Duncan, the heavy hero, wears a sport shirt and white shoes when there's no excuse for so doing. There is a breathtaking fall over a cliff, and a dull court room scene. "No defense" is right!

JULIUS CAESAR—George Kleine

ANOTHER Italian Film with much spectacular value and little subtlety. Rather wonderful scenery and well handled crowds and a sound historical background. But not enough of the so-called human touch. Anthony Novelli paints a true picture of Caesar, but the rest of the cast is not convincing.

DON'T GET PERSONAL—Universal

MARIE PREVOST, provocatively pouting as usual (alliteration's artful aid), does what she can to tangle the domestic affairs of a typical screen family. Of course her intentions are high and noble, and she ends by marrying said family's only son. It can't hurt the children.

LITTLE MISS SMILES—Fox

SHIRLEY MASON—supported by a fairly good cast, including Gaston Glass, Arthur Rankin, and a nice Jewish baby—in a story of the ghetto. There are the usual weak spots in the plot, but it gets by because Shirley is less appallingly saccharine than usual. The children—by all means.

STRENGTH OF THE PINES—Fox

A MELODRAMA of the mountains, featuring a husky hero (William Russell) and Irene Rich. Also three bad men, a lot of shooting, a thunder storm, a missing deed, and a very impressive mountain lion. It may scare the children slightly, but it won't hurt them.



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Let us show you by a ten-day test how combating film in this new way beautifies the teeth.

Now your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. It forms the basis of fixed cloudy coats.

That film resists the tooth brush. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. That is why so many well-brushed teeth discolor and decay.

Keeps teeth dingy

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. And, despite the tooth brush, they have constantly increased.

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has found two ways to fight film. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. A new-type tooth paste has been perfected to comply with modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two film combatants are embodied in it, to fight the film twice daily.

Two other effects

Pepsodent also multiplies the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which otherwise may cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus every use gives multiplied effect to Nature's tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Modern authorities consider that essential.

Millions employ it

Millions of people now use Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. The results are seen everywhere—in glistening teeth.

Once see its effects and you will adopt it too. You will always want the whiter, cleaner, safer teeth you see. Make this test and watch the changes that it brings. Cut out the coupon now.

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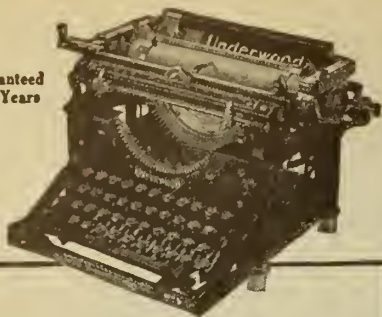
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Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

"I'm dreaming. She belongs in Arabian Nights," said Tony Moreno of Marguerite de la Motte

Out of Arabian Nights

(Continued from page 40)

world, the way pictures opened up to me," she said, with her slow, sweet smile. "I went out to the Lasky studio one afternoon and just as I walked up to the door I met a friend of mine who was talking to Douglas Fairbanks. Of course I was covered with confusion" (a lovely mid-Victorian phrase, that) "and I couldn't say a word. Mr. Fairbanks looked at me very intently and said, 'You ought to go into pictures. Come on in, and you can play in my next picture.' So—I did, of course. Whatever I have done, I owe entirely to his training and to the inspiration of Miss Pickford."

monologue. She was talking like the proverbial "Dutch uncle."

And the be-lectured one was taking it all quite humbly.

It was the best big sister act I've ever seen put on; she was in such dead earnest about it.

Evidently her young brother has a wholesome respect for his sister and for her opinions as well.

Marguerite's engagement to Mitchell Lyson, art director, was announced some time ago, but she told me the other day she didn't expect to get married for years and years. Youth has so much of life ahead of it.

"Oh yes, I'm engaged to him," she said, "but—I don't think I'll get married for a while. Life is so full and I love my work and—marriage is rather a problem, isn't it?"

I conjectured that it was.

Her next production will be an all-star Ince cast, called "Gems."

But I think everyone knows and remembers her best as Douglas Fairbanks' leading lady in "The Nut," "The Mark of Zorro," and that screen classic, "The Three Musketeers."

A FEW days later I was in a drug store on the Boulevard, indulging in an ice-cream soda. Behind me, I heard a voice that seemed familiar and I turned around to identify it.

Marguerite de la Motte had come in with a good-looking youngster of about 13 or 14 and she was laying down the law to him like a good fellow. I don't know what it was all about, but Miss de la Motte certainly did. As she heaped up jars and jars of creams and perfumes and lovely things like that, she continued her decisive

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Miss Dumbbell

(Continued from page 33)

habitual silence, would entitle her to consideration.

The new world into which Helene and Mrs. Bobby Hitt ushered her accepted her at her face value—which was high.

Undoubtedly, without Mrs. Bobby, the plan must have failed. With her it triumphed gloriously. The campaign which began with Candace as a sort of parlor lion and ended with her as a familiar and intimate member of everything socially worth while in Southern California, was too intricate, too subtle, too feminine to bare transcription. It must be judged wholly by its fruits.

SOMETHING less than a year after Helene's inspiration in the tearoom, no social gathering was complete that could not boast of Candace Carr's presence. And because she never had a free evening and was occasionally—only occasionally—seen at the Ambassador or at Sunset Inn or at the automobile races or opening nights, with men whose names were in both the Social Register and Bradstreet's, and because Helene had secretly hired a good press agent, who silently and by underground channels saw to it that Candace Carr appeared frequently in certain exclusive weekly and monthly magazines, not as a motion picture star but above such captions as "Mrs. Bobby Hitt, Miss Candace Carr, and Mr. Templeton de R. Duer at the Santa Barbara Horse Show," or, "Judge and Mrs. Peter Martindale, Miss Candace Carr, and Mr. Robert Archer III on the beach at Coronado." Candace Carr was discovered by her own people.

Thus Candace, monosyllabic and beautiful as ever, became famed along Millionaire Row, at Montecito, and even in the exclusive polo set of Pasadena, Santa Barbara, Coronado, and Riverside. Famed for her dignified stateliness, which Hollywood had called being a stick; for her cool, impersonal sweetness, which had previously been referred to as lack of pep; for her aristocratic beauty, which had failed to register; for her ability as a listener, which had so often been taken for sheer stupidity.

Let us sum it up by relating that they titled her "Madame la princesse," instead of "Miss Dumbbell."

It was all exceedingly well done. Even the debutantes and the other stars on her own lot did not resent it.

Beyond a reasonable doubt, Candace Carr now had a line.

It is, however, a logical fact that if you hold one end of a line, you also hold the other.

Let us consider where this led, though Fate had probably not untangled it and certainly Candace had not dimly foreseen it, until the evening of Mrs. Bobby Hitt's dinner party in honor of Major John Grant Grantham, V.C., D.S.O., D.S.C., Croix de Guerre, M.C. late of the British Royal Air Force.

On this particular evening, at exactly the same moment that Helene and a colored maid were wrapping the folds of an ermine and satin cloak about Candace Carr, Major John Grant Grantham laid down his razor, squinted malevolently into the hotel mirror, and cursed long and fluently.

He had cut himself three times in the process of shaving one side of his face, on an evening when he especially desired to keep his countenance as presentable and unscarred as possible.

He held his lean, brown hand between himself and the light and noted its tremor with a sheepish grin.

Major Grantham, as the initials which it was his privilege, but never his custom, to

(Continued on page 98)



We sold her first scenario 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 creative imagination, 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 scenario 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 scenario 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 yourself? 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 shall 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. Producers are glad to pay from \$500 to \$2,000 for good original scenarios.

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Miss Dumbbell

(Continued from page 97)



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write after his name, will thoroughly testify, was not prone to tremors. He had shaved himself with that same razor not ten minutes before he took his squadron into the Ypres mess. Nor had he scratched himself upon that occasion.

During the process of the Big Show, when each day seemed surely selected to be young Major Grantham's last, his fellow aviators had called him all the endearing terms which a man, who apparently takes exquisite pleasure in doing absurdly, impossibly brave things, merits. "Damn fool" was the mildest.

After he shot down Germany's star ace in a single-handed combat two thousand feet in the air and beyond the German lines, they cheered him madly and added adjectives to the things they had called him before. Because certainly no man can for long continue in that vein without ending badly.

When the war was over, Major John Grant Grantham, to his infinite chagrin and their unqualified delight, found himself one of the few advertised and authentic heroes—a sort of symbol of adventurous boy-courage and ability.

And now he had been out of uniform only two weeks and already—

But this evening was different.

Candace Carr, by reason of the sweet, restful, comforting decency of her beauty, had been the idol of that particular section of the British Front where Major Grantham lived and flew. They were very tired, dirty men, a long, long way from home and they cared less than nothing for scintillating vampires and intriguing temptresses. When a man is engaged in that most thrilling of all flirtations, with Death as his mistress, he desires to be soothed, not stimulated.

Candace Carr was like a letter from home. The men of Grantham's squadron felt that she was safe and sane and sweet and a great many other things whose existence they were beginning to doubt. So they adopted her as a sort of patron saint, asked for her films, and occasionally got them at the H. Q. cinema show.

Major John Grant Grantham was the most ardent of her admirers.

Now he was going to meet her.

It meant less than nothing to Major Grantham that the occasion of this meeting was a dinner given by Mrs. Bobby Hitt in his honor. He had ceased to think of his famous hostess, of her distinguished guests, of the coming evening's events.

Nor did it lessen his excitement that, during his service with the British, he had met duchesses, countesses, and even a queen or two.

He was still an American and in spite of his achievements, a surprisingly young American, and his favorite movie star outshone these titled ladies completely.

AS he settled his new and excellent dress coat with minute attention, and tied his tie for the third time with nervous care, and brushed his dark, coarse curls into something resembling submission and the traditions of a British officer, he considered how he should behave in her presence.

Of course any friend of Mrs. Bobby Hitt's must be the thing. That was conceded. He knew it, although he did not as yet know Mrs. Hitt. He had met Bobby Hitt himself at a dinner given by the American Legion in honor of Major Grantham, and had found the handsome young tennis champion a nut about the war.

Major Grantham, having spent long months in France and having seen the martial goddess in her least engaging and most unseemly moments was not keen about the

war. But he liked Bobby Hitt and he had always cherished a passion for tennis, which he considered the best sport in the world next to flying, so he compromised. He talked tennis and Bobby Hitt talked about the war.

The precarious nature of his shaving operations and the extra five minutes he had given his hair, to say nothing of the third struggle with his tie, had cost him dear. He was very late.

Consequently, he had to endure a frightful scolding from his hostess before she presented him to Candace Carr.

Now Mrs. Bobby Hitt's tremendous social prestige and influence were due equally to three causes—impregnable family connections, Bobby Hitt's enormous wealth, and her own amazing social genius. She had ruled Southern California society for ten years—at least that of the younger sets—even since her marriage, and she expected to rule until the distinguished pallbearers grasped the silver handles.

She had a crop of outrageously hennaed hair, a stormy but infectious smile, and an absolute naturalness before which every sort of pretense, intrigue, discomfort or boredom fell never to rise.

For an instant as her guests settled in their seats, she sent a practiced eye about—gave one of her brusque little nods to her young husband, seated between a portly lady whose permanent wave was her only concession to modernity, and a piquant girl whose expression implied that what little of her gown appeared above the table was a relic of barbarism.

IT was an exceedingly brilliant gathering.

Outwardly ill-assorted as to age and interests, but actually blended as to conversational possibilities as only Mrs. Bobby Hitt knew how to blend. Not knowing her guest of honor, she had placed Candace on his right and washed her hands of him. He would enjoy his evening. And the next morning the society editor would mention all the names with awe and impressiveness, the news columns would speak of the American hero, Major Grantham, in their usual superlatives, and the movie notes would mention reverently that Miss Candace Carr was among those present.

Something for everyone.

Mrs. Bobby leaned over and whispered in the ear of the oil millionaire on her left, "What was this young aerial hero before the war?"

The millionaire shook his head, which was beginning to show a tiny bald spot. "I don't know. Splendid stock, though. Look at that head."

Mrs. Bobby Hitt looked, with those yellow-brown cat's eyes of hers, looked, and twisted up one corner of her mouth as she contemplated the finely shaped head, with its thick brown curls cut close, the steady light gray eyes, the big prominent nose, the straight young mouth under its correct brown moustache. She particularly liked the slimmness of his waist and the way he wore his coat on his big shoulders.

"U-mm," she murmured. "Is he good enough for Candace, d'you think?"

Her friend threw up his hands. "Little Bob," he cried softly, "are you going to match-making again? Remember, please, what you once did to me. And if you must match make for Candace, don't forget me."

Mrs. Bobby shrugged, her stormy smile breaking out as Candace glanced up at her. "Don't be silly," she said. "It was all your fault, Dan, that you couldn't get along with Alicia. You're the most devilish known variety of a husband—filled with conscious-

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Miss Dumbbell

(Continued from page 98)

ness of your own virtue. A sort of better-than-most-men-anyway brand of self-righteousness that is particularly obnoxious when it leads a man to nag a woman for her small imperfections."

She leaned over and began listening shamelessly to the conversation on her right.

Phrases only she caught.

"The duchess said to me the last time I took her across the channel—" "The future of the airplane depends entirely upon the government, because the young enthusiast hasn't sufficient capital to pioneer." "That's what I told Senator." "The chap who was my bunkie played the best game of bridge."

Candace's silvery, "Yes." "No." "Really?" "Oh, how wonderful!"

How splendidly consistent Candace was! From that evening dated the ideal courtship.

Even before they began to dance that night, it was apparent that it was a courtship.

Major Grantham had surrendered to a superior force.

It seemed only a matter of time before the Social Register should insert: "Major and Mrs. John Grant Grantham (Candace Carr), Beverly Hills, California."

Mrs. Bobby Hitt moved out to her country place in the canyons of Beverly Hills and invited Candace to stay with her. It was as beautifully stage-managed as a John Drew comedy.

Mrs. Bobby was delighted to have an heroic lion who, for once, pleased her husband.

Golf. Candace in tweed knickers and soft silk blouse, her soft hat crushed over one eye at precisely the angle that marks the difference between the Municipal Links and the Country Club. Major Grantham didn't play golf any more. Something about his eyes, he said.

Tennis. Candace on the sidelines in frilly white, while Major Grantham cleaned up all comers and even gave Bobby Hitt a worth while set or two.

Dancing. In Mrs. Bobby's softly lighted, flowery music room.

Moments alone. In the exquisite gardens back of the Hitt mansion, or on horseback along the mountain bridal paths of Hollywood.

Swimming. Young Major Grantham, tanned and splendid as a life guard, teaching Cande, in black taffeta ruffles, to swim, while Mrs. Bobby sat on the edge of the green tile pool and beamed.

Sometimes even at the studio, where Mrs. Hitt and Grantham sat on the set and watched Miss Carr make pictures.

No wonder people whispered here and there about the perfect romance. No wonder that Candace sank into a blissful dream.

Mrs. Bobby Hitt was already planning a perfect wedding. Wedding presents were such a help to a young couple.

III

YET oddly enough, Candace Carr's tiny dressing bungalow at the studio proved the setting for the great moment of this perfect romance.

Major Grantham had driven to the studio with Miss Carr. Her call was for two o'clock and they had been swimming in the morning and had lunched alone at the Ambassador.

While Candace made up, he wandered about the tiny sitting room, smaller by far than the traditional hall bedroom. A strange, unexpected little room. Comfortable but commonplace. Helene had never

(Continued on page 100)



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CHICAGO

Miss Dumbbell

(Continued from page 99)

changed the studio bungalow. A victrola, not even hidden in a lamp or a chair-arm. A big, heavy davenport upholstered in blue velvet, and heaped with old-fashioned cushions. Cretonne hangings in bright blue. The walls hung with framed autographed pictures of the great and the near-great of movieland.

The inscriptions always held a fascination for him.

"To dearest little Candy, one of the very best, from Mimi Thorne."

"Hello Candy, wishing you every success in everything in the world, you know I do, your loving friend, Barbara Collingwood."

"To my dear friend Candace Carr, from her friend, Mary."

He was reading the one written by a very famous man in the industry, the one that referred to Candy as a girl in a million, when she came in.

She had on her funny yellow make-up—thick grease paint spread in a layer over every feature without a touch of rouge on the cheeks to relieve the unnaturalness. Her lips were incarnadined with lip rouge that was almost black, thickly, heavily, violently scarlet, like the patches on a clown's cheeks. Her lashes hung with black beads as big as those strung on a French girl's rosary. The lids were a dark, smooth gray.

But her lovely smooth hair was down her back in a big braid that fastened at the nape of her slim, round neck with a narrow black bow. She wore a gingham apron of pale blue and white checks, tied behind with a fresh, organdy bow.

The door behind her was open and through its gray frame the man had a glimpse of white tiling in the infinitesimal kitchen—a heap of clean clothes not yet put away by the maid, folded on a chair. Quite, quite different from the setting of the perfect romance.

She said something to the maid, "Tell them to send over here for me when they're ready, Hattie," and closed the door.

When she saw the expression that lay in young Major Grantham's eyes she stopped, almost as though poised for flight.

BUT it was too late. The hot, humble, hopeful words tumbled out upon her like a love barrage.

"You must know I love you. I've loved you ever since I cut your pictures out and pasted them on the walls of my hut. I never thought I'd know you or that our paths would cross—you were like a star, a shining star, so far above me. I love you so much I want to ask you to marry me but I can't. You're too wonderful. You're everything. And I'm only—oh, Candace!"

Candace Carr crumpled up on the big, comfortable sofa and buried her face in a pillow. The very angle of her braid and the scarlet of the one tiny ear that showed were suggestive of more emotion than her director had ever extracted with a whole orchestra.

The silence was long. Then Major John Grant Grantham forgot who and what manner of man he was. Quite simply and naturally he knelt down on the floor beside her, so that he could put his arm about her shoulders. He did not try to kiss her, only protected her from himself with that arm like a changeless bulwark.

In a moment she raised her head and looked at him. The tears stood out strangely on the black beads of her lashes, like pearls set in black enamel. But it did not run. Cosmetic doesn't, you know. It is mascara that makes them think you're doubling for Al Jolson.

"Sit down," she said. "Because I can't

talk very well anyway and I've got to."

The young man who had been "out since Mons" sat down beside her but he seemed still, by the expression of his face, to be kneeling.

"Jack, I've got to tell you about me. Then if you still feel that way—but you won't. And even if you did, I wouldn't let you. It's too terrible."

Major Grantham went utterly white under his tan for the first time in all his twenty-six years. But the expression of his eyes did not alter.

"I'm not what you think me, Jack. You think I'm wonderful and fine. You've only seen me at Mrs. Bobby's. You don't know how I got there. You've only known one side of my life. You think I'm what I seem. But I'm not."

THE boy did not move. He had heard a great many things about the movies. He had seen a good many horrible things. But oh, he said in his heart, not Candace. Yet what was this she was saying?

"Now, listen. Please. I'm not what I seem. I was born in my mother's boarding house in Chicago. My father was a street car conductor. Summers, I used to wait table for ma up the lake. I never even got to high school. I've never been to New York but once, and that was to make a picture. I don't even know where some of the places are you talk about.

"I'm so common and stupid and—and—the terrible part of it is, I like it.

"I've got a brother that—that drives a laundry wagon."

"Oh, my God," said Major John Grant Grantham, V.C., D.S.C., D.S.O., Croix de Guerre and MC., and there are even some more I can't remember.

"Yes, and the worst of it is, I'd just as leave be like that. Nothing about me belongs in the pictures but my face. I only did all this—this society game because I was such a flat failure in Hollywood, and I thought if I went over big with these other people it'd make me popular with the folks around here.

"I was so darn lonesome.

"Lots of girls in this game are. We fall between—like a Texas leaguer. We aren't up to the girls that lead the movie crowd and we're where the ordinary fellows think they wouldn't have a chance.

"The truth is, I wanted to get married. I wanted a good husband. I was sick of living alone. I never had a proposal before in my life. There are some girls men just don't propose to. I'm the star of that piece, all right. I'm just good old Candy—a nice old girl. Men don't even insult me.

"Oh gee, I've laid awake a lot of nights lately. I knew how fine and wonderful you were, and how much store you set by all that grand stuff. I knew if you knew about me, it'd be all off. I ought to have told you before—but I just couldn't.

"Some days I'd think I could go on and marry you and let you find me out afterwards. But I ain't even got the nerve to do that. I don't believe in people marrying out of their class, ever, ever. No, no, please. I've got wound up and I got to finish this, because I never talked this much at once before in my whole life and when I stop I'll probably pass out.

"You mustn't marry me, Jack, even if you do love me. I don't believe much in love. You like my being a star—but it's only honest to tell you I won't be one when I lose my looks. That's all I got.

"You like all the things I hate and it's too hard for me to live up to. I'm just a hick, that's all. I like five hundred instead of

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Miss Dumbbell

(Continued from page 100)

bridge and I like picnics and moonlight rides in automobiles and—and kids. I hate golf so it makes me sick. I get a crick in my neck when I try to dance elegant like you do. I haven't read any books at all, except the ones they make my pictures out of.

"I'd of chucked it all months ago, but Helene and Mrs. Bobby wouldn't let me. They'll think I'm cuckoo telling you this now, but I don't believe in divorce and I can't let you marry me. Your mother probably would never speak to me. We don't belong, that's all, Jack. I'm not a society girl, nor even an actress, nor even a lady. I'm just—what the girls at the studio call a dumbbell. Miss Dumbbell, that means me."

"Oh, my God," said Major John Grant Grantham again.

He sat looking like a man who has seen a ghost. His face was pearly white. He seemed tongue-tied, miserably embarrassed, struck dumb.

Candace wiped the tears from beneath her lashes and made a start toward the door.

When he had kissed her a great many times—kissed a little warm yielding into her stubborn, cold lips—he looked down into her beautiful, clown face and laughed lightly.

"My little Candy," he said.

"Oh no, Jack," and he felt in her voice and her slim body that placid, sweet, unbendable obstinacy which has held working girls out on strike when they were starving, that has pioneered nations and held Belgian trenches. "I won't. It's not right. You'd get tired kissing me. I know that much. I'm not one of your sort. I—just don't belong."

"I WOULDN'T worry about that, Candy," he said, "maybe you're not quite one of us, but you're pretty near."

"I was a mechanic in a garage myself, before the war busted. I never owned a dress suit in my life until I bought that one to go to Mrs. Hitt's party. I couldn't a gotten in there with a hand grenade if it hadn't been for the fool name I got from what luck I had in the war. If it hadn't a been they brought the silver on with each course now, I'd have wound up with an oyster prong for my ice cream. Yes, I'm just like that."

"All I had to get by with was the line of patter I got from my bunkie in England—he was a swell guy and the heir to a great dukedom over there. Gosh, it's been awful these last weeks trying to live up to you. I'm nearly a nervous wreck. But I loved you most 'cause I was willing to go on with that fool stuff to get you."

"Now I'm going back to Indianapolis where my father owns a hardware store. He's going to buy the garage I used to work in and there's an auto agency will give me the territory because of the advertising I been getting since I got back."

"It won't be soft at first, but by the time you want to quit movie-ing, I'll be ready to get you a nice, little red brick house and a hired girl. And you can put your savings away to send the kids to college."

"Would that suit you, Candy? And oh, my God, how I love you, sweetest little angel girl in the whole wide world. Just made for me."

Fifteen minutes later Hattie poked her head through the door.

"They're waiting for you on the set, Miss Candy," she said.

"Gosh," said Candace Carr, with a gasp, "and I've got to put on a whole new make-up."

How the Shape of My Nose Delayed Success

By EDITH NELSON

I HAD tried so long to get into the movies. My Dramatic Course had been completed and I was ready to pursue my ambitions. But each director had turned me away because of the shape of my nose. Each told me I had beautiful eyes, mouth and hair and would photograph well—but my nose was a "pug" nose—and they were seeking beauty. Again and again I met the same fate. I began to analyze myself. I had personality and charm. I had friends. I was fairly well educated, and I had spent ten months studying Dramatic Art. In amateur theatricals my work was commended, and I just knew that I could succeed in motion pictures if only given an opportunity. I began to wonder why I could not secure employment as hundreds of other girls were doing.

FINALLY, late one afternoon, after another "disappointment," I stopped to watch a studio photographer who was taking some still pictures of Miss B—, a well-known star. Extreme care was taken in arranging the desired poses. "Look up, and over there," said the photographer, pointing to an object at my right, "a profile—." "Oh, yes, yes," said Miss B—, instantly following the suggestion by assuming a pose in which she looked more charming than ever. I watched, I wondered, the camera clicked. As Miss B— walked away, I carefully studied her features, her lips, her eyes, her nose—. "She has the most beautiful nose I have ever seen," I said, half audibly. "Yes, but I remember," said Miss B—'s Maid, who was standing near me, "when she had a 'pug' nose, and she was only an extra girl, but look at her now. How beautiful she is."

IN a flash my hopes soared. I pressed my new-made acquaintance for further comment. Gradually the story was unfolded to me. Miss B— had had her nose reshaped—yes, actually corrected—actually made over, and how wonderful, how beautiful it was now. This change perhaps had been the turning point in her career! It must also be the way of my success! "How did she accomplish it?" I asked feverishly of my friend. I was informed that M. Trilety, a face specialist of Binghamton, New York, had accomplished this for Miss B— in the privacy of her home!

I THANKED my informant and turned back to my home, determined that the means of overcoming the obstacle that had hindered my progress was now open for me. I was bubbling over with hope and joy. I lost no time in writing M. Trilety for information. I received full particulars. The treatment was so simple, the cost so reasonable, that I decided to purchase it at once. I did. I could hardly wait to begin treatment. At last it arrived. To make my story short—in five weeks my nose was corrected and I easily secured a regular position with a producing company. I am now climbing fast—and I am happy.



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"Moran of the Lady Letty"

(Continued from page 51)

were sailors together before the mast on a smuggler's schooner, bound for Mexico and trouble.

In the night with stealthy steps Kitchell went forward where Moran slept in her sailor hammock. Just as stealthily behind him, watching, went Laredo.

Moran, stirring uneasily, awoke and peered about as Kitchell neared. Still feigning sleep she watched his approach. There was no mistake. She drew up tense.

Kitchell drew back and a marlin spike, hurled with terrific strength, quivered in the bulwark beside him.

The smuggler skipper went white. This was indeed a new kind of woman.

"Make up your mind," she said, "that I am just one of the crew."

Laredo stepped in. Kitchell, aware in a flash that he should have two to fight, strolled away with a casual air.

"I'll stay on watch the rest of the night," Laredo volunteered.

But Moran was accepting nothing, making no friends, yet.

Moran shook her head. "I can take care of myself."

As they spoke, Charlie the cook dropped from the rigging above, bearing a heavy knife. He smiled and bowed himself away. Moran had won another guardian and friend.

LAREDO, sitting on a hatch, spent the night looking off to sea and thinking. Here was such a woman as he did not know there could be in all the world. He tried to think again of the life he had left behind in San Francisco. It and its people seemed flat and unreal. Here was reality, savage reality. Josephine Herrick could not stand out very clearly against that background.

It was under the spell of the tropic dawn that Laredo came upon Moran. She had a sense for these things. It was nothing that she had word for, or even defined thoughts perhaps. It was a feeling. She was all unconscious when Laredo's hand closed on hers.

"I never knew a girl could be like you—"

But in starting to speak he had broken the charm.

Moran drew her hand away, suspicious. "I don't like that kind of talk—I'm not used to it—and I don't know how to take it."

She saw the hurt look come into Laredo's eyes and wondered if she might be misunderstanding him.

When the "Heart of China" dropped her anchors in Magdalena Bay, there was a murmur of stirring and excitement in the little hut settlement of mongrel half-caste Chinese and Mexicans ashore.

Kitchell, arrayed in the elaborate silks of a Chinese merchant and reeking of white man's rum, went over the side into his boat to be taken ashore. In this miserable village he was "Hoang-Ho," ("the Magnificent").

In a dingy adobe hut ashore a wretched white girl, slave of a Mexican halfbreed, was making herself as beautiful as she could under the abuse of her master, "Hoang Ho" must be entertained when he arrived to

lord it over the village. Among the thatched shacks there was a sudden air of activity, making ready for his coming.

From the rail of the schooner Moran stood watching. Laredo came to join her.

"He'll be up to something, but we don't need to face it until it comes," Moran spoke with an air of anxious confidence.

The boat had reached the beach and Kitchell had passed up into the village when Moran was inspired with a notion. She turned to Laredo.

"Let's see how it feels to be ashore in Mexico."

Laredo looked at her wonderingly. Kitchell had taken the schooner's only boat. She kicked off her shoes and poised at the rail for a dive.

In a moment they both were swimming, side by side, into an adventure of unknown portent, bound for the rock girt beach.

They landed in the rocks where the spray from the roll of the sea dashed high with each on-coming wave. The wreckage of a ship

floated about in the cove and dashed and splintered against the rock.

Moran shook the water from her, standing, wild and stalwart against the big boulders, a wonder creature in the eyes of Laredo.

They moved about cautiously, along the shore, out of sight of the village above.

"Moran—you are wonderful—"

The Norse girl gestured him to silence.

"It's wrong for you to care for me that way—I'm not your kind of a woman."

But for all that Moran could not really conceal the fact that she was beginning to care. There was a response that she could not control.

Together they went exploring. At a turn of the rocks they came abruptly upon a scene of conflict. Two Chinese, locked in death grip, rolled in the wash of the tide at the water's edge. Nearby, among bits of wreckage was a bag, heavy with coins and strewn about on the rocks, was the glint of gold pieces.

"Gold—and they died for it, fighting like cats in a bag."

LAREDO bent over and gathered up the scattered coins. There was a matter of thousands there, in good American gold tens and twenties.

"We'll divide up with the crew—they've stuck up for us." Moran's generosity puzzled Laredo a moment.

"But not Kitchell?" He eyed her narrowly.

"Yes—if he keeps his place and lets me take the next passing steamer back to San Francisco."

Laredo grinned and shook his head. "He won't, if he can help it."

Up in the village Kitchell was busy with the nefarious affairs of his smuggling expedition, making terms for the exchange of his contraband cargo of guns and ammunition for opium and rum.

The smuggler chief passed by the white girl slave in her finery with a glance of sneering scorn. He had better prey in mind.

(Continued on page 103)

"Moran of the Lady Letty"

(Continued from page 102)

Her Spanish garb attracted his eye for a moment.

"But I'll buy that dress," he said to the girl's master. Then he turned and bid Charlie, the cook, who followed in attendance, to get it and take it back to the boat.

Protesting and whimpering, the abject girl, under the lash of the Mexican, went off to remove the dress. Kitchell turned into the most pretentious hut of the village to drive his bargains with the Chinamen gathered there.

Charlie, lurking outside in his casual Chinese way, overheard Kitchell's talk, which led to mention of a suspicion of mutiny among his crew and of the strange capture of the girl sailor, Moran.

"We will take the crew prisoners—and the she sailor, I'll look after myself," Kitchell announced.

Hastening away, alarmed and disturbed, Charlie went to carry out his errand pertaining to the dress. He could now conjecture its purpose.

TO his surprise the Chinaman encountered Laredo and Moran, wandering close to the village huts. They were hunting a dory to get back to the ship with their bag of gold.

Rapidly, feverishly, and with his eyes dilated with fear, and many glancings back over his shoulder, Charlie told them the story of Kitchell's fiendish plan.

Moran threw back her head with the laugh that welcomes strife.

Charlie joined with them and led the way to a dory concealed among the rocks. They pulled for the ship. Back on board the "Heart of China," Moran, assuming a leadership, called the crew about. She displayed the treasure that they had found, and told the story of Kitchell's plot.

"So it's share and share alike—we'll take the ship, and fight if they overtake us."

Admiration shone in the eye of Laredo as she spoke.

But the mettle of Moran and all who followed her was soon to be put the test. For Kitchell, with an uneasy sense of caution, taking a look at his ship, had seen the strange dory alongside and followed out in his craft to make observations. Stealthily creeping along the deck above he had seen and heard enough.

Quickly he went ashore to array his Chinese bandits for the attack and capture of girl and gold together.

The "Heart of China" and its mutinied crew must wait for wind and tide to sail. There was yet time.

Within the half hour Kitchell, with two boat loads of the beach combers of Magdalena Bay, set out to take his own vessel from the crew.

But with arms from the contraband cargo and Moran in command, the crew was alert. "Stand off and don't try to board. We'll shoot to kill."

With that challenge Moran leaped to the rail and shouted her defiance at Kitchell. In a flash the battle was on.

The old trade muskets of the crew roared a volley and then came firing at random.

Wild with rage and lust for the treasure, Kitchell urged on his villainous band and boarded the "Heart of China." The fight became a hand to hand conflict like those of the pirate days of long ago on the Spanish Main.

Moran was laughing and screaming like a waring sea eagle, as she plunged into the fray, clubbing an empty gun.

Laredo, for the first time up against the raw primitive struggle to kill lest he be killed, was making a brave beginning. He dodged a blow from the Chinese hatchet and

(Continued on page 104)

Your Life May Be a Gold-Mine of Ideas for Stories and Photoplays

DOESN'T YOUR life have its stories of love, its trials, joys, surprises, partings, misunderstandings, and reconciliations? Doesn't EVERY life have its stories—and its photoplays? Don't all of us take part daily in plots and situations of comedy and tragedy? Isn't life a succession of changes, of variations, of new experiences seen, heard, taken part in?

And the stories you read, the plays you see, any one of them might well be stories of your own life, changed around a bit to bring out a certain effect. "But," you say, "no one would be interested in me or my life." Right there is where you might be doing yourself a grave injustice. Just think of the countless stories starring heroes or heroines of every-day life—housewives, stenographers, mechanics, teachers, doctors, lawyers, and men and women of all stations. Every occupation has been written of and excellent story and play material made from each. Would it not be splendid to see some story of your own life amusing, thrilling, and uplifting readers and theatergoers all over the world?

The dashing buccaner, the wild-west hero, the blood-thirsty villain, and other exaggerated, impossible characters play an extremely small part in the fiction of today. Small town and country folk are being featured more and more, as witness the rube roles of Charles Ray, and Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street."

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Every day new writers spring up. Are they any different from you? The old superstition that writers were magically endowed has thankfully gone the way of so many old-fashioned and harmful prejudices. People now realize that a story is nothing more or less than a snap-shot of some particular phase of life, some incident, some character, idea, or setting. The happenings and persons making up a plot may be fictitious, but they must be true to the elemental impulses of life nevertheless.

Writing, then, has become an ordinary occupation stripped of all its fearful aspects. So many things we do not quite understand become quite simple when they are explained.

The most surprising part of it all is that editors seem most anxious to get hold of the stories and plays of those who never even have tried to write, or even thought of it. Editors realize that the ideas of such people would flow forth in pure, fresh, natural, human, and sincere upwellings from their very hearts.

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in the employ of the various companies are delving hungrily, aye ravenously, for new writers, and the appearance of even a gleam of genius is lauded with acclaim. It is safe to say that any well-conceived story, no matter how obscure may be the author, will not pass three editors for whom it is available before it is snapped up." AND HUNDREDS OF OTHER EDITORS HAVE MADE LIKE STATEMENTS!

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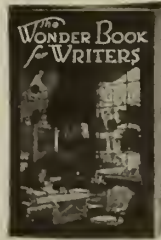
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"Moran of the Lady Letty"

(Continued from page 103)

dashed out the brains of his adversary with his gun butt.

The parlor pet of San Francisco had become a slaying demon of the high seas. It was his first kill. The blood of the primeval tiger man leaped through him. He laughed a high derisive cry and plunged on.

In the thick of it, blind with the blood of battle, Moran and Laredo met. The battle was won but they did not know it, or each other. They closed and clinched and rolled and bit and fought over the deck.

Kitchell, crafty in defeat, ran to hide on the boat, biding his time for another move. He had heard the clink of treasure. Somehow, somewhere he would get it.

Laredo, aware at last that he was at grips with Moran, called in vain to stop her. The rage of combat was in her, and she heard nothing.

Round and round they went, the crew standing by, in wonderment at this turn of things.

At last, with superhuman effort, Laredo seized Moran and, whirling swiftly, tossed her high over his shoulder and into a head-long heap on deck. She was knocked breathless and senseless. He hurried and knelt over her. The fight was all gone out of them both. He was all tenderness, the suitor once more.

Moran opened her eyes at last. She smiled weakly.

"You win, mate. And I love you for it." So that was the victory of Laredo, a few short days before the "society softy."

Evening was falling and the land wind freshened.

Laredo leaped to his feet and took command.

"Full sail—here's the wind!"

The "Heart of China" was under way on the back course to California, with Kitchell the smuggler a stowaway, lurking in hunt of the treasure.

Laredo took the wheel for the first watch. It was a night of tropic moonlight. Presently Moran came on deck and joined Laredo. She was wearing the girl's dress that Charlie had brought aboard, the dress that Kitchell had purchased ashore in the crafty planning of his misguided hopes.

Moran came close. She was all feminine now. Laredo was her master and she joyed in it.

He drew her to him there at the wheel. That was triumph.

IT was another nightfall when the "Heart of China," making for the first touch with civilization, dropped anchor in the harbor of San Diego. And there by her lights Laredo discovered the yacht "Petrel." Here at once was a contact with his old life. What a month it had been!

"I am going ashore to report the capture of the schooner to the port authorities. The crew must remain aboard with you in charge," he told Moran, bidding her a tender farewell.

Very quickly Laredo learned ashore that the "Petrel" party was dancing at the Hotel Coronado. His steps led him that way. He could not resist the drama of it.

In the hotel office he encountered a member of the party, who dashed away to stop the dancing for an announcement.

"Ramon Laredo is back from the dead!"

There was a hush, then a cheer as Laredo entered, in his garb of the sea—Captain of the "Heart of China."

The old friends crowded around and Laredo spun his yarn of adventures. From the waterfront of San Francisco to Magdalena Bay and back.

They hung breathless on his tale.

(Continued on page 105)



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"Moran of the Lady Letty"

(Continued from page 104)

"And now you've come back to us—and to me." Josephine Herrick was going to make the most of this colorful situation.

A cloud swept over Laredo's face.

"Come get on some decent clothes and join the dance—you're the hero of the hour."

Laredo turned to the friend who spoke.

"No, I've a ship on my hands—besides I'm through with this sort of thing. It isn't real."

Laredo went out in the midst of a hush. But no more had he been gone than out of the empty headed throng came a suggestion that they visit his ship in the harbor, as a bit of a skylarking surprise.

Down at the schooner Moran waited on deck. Below, skulking in the dark places, Kitchell the stowaway was searching for the treasure.

"HOW is it asbore, mate?" Moran looked up at Laredo anxiously as he came aboard again.

"It is a world of little things, Moran, but soon we'll be going out to where things are real again."

As they talked, dreaming a future together, the visiting party from the Coronado came, laughing and chattering down the dock.

"Ob, Ramon! We are bere to see your yacht. May we come aboard?"

Josephine Herrick's voice rang out above the murmurs of merriment.

So they went trooping over onto the deck of the "Heart of China," curiously looking about in surprise at the rough old vessel, grimy with dirt and redolent of sea smells.

"Oh, I didn't think it would be like this." Miss Herrick sniffed about in alarm. This was not the flavor of polished romance that she had expected.

She looked curiously at Moran. Laredo stepped in.

"And Miss Herrick, meet Moran—Miss Letty Sternerson."

Laredo might have started to explain. One glance told him it was hopeless to explain. Instead he started to divert the party by a tour of the boat with tales of the excitement it had seen.

Moran, feeling herself neglected, fearing that perhaps Laredo, back with his old friends, was ashamed of her, started to go below.

In the cabin she surprised Kitchell intent on his hunt for the gold. Once she would have engaged him in fight. But now she was just Letty Sternerson, not Moran any more.

"Ob, Ramon—help!" Her cry ran clear to the crowd above.

Laredo leaped down the companionway into the cabin, just as Kitchell, dagger in hand, stood threateningly over Moran.

Laredo and Moran clinched in battle. Kitchell broke away and ran above on deck. Laredo tackled and threw him, and together they rolled about on the planking while the crowd of visitors, helpless and in the hypnotic fascination of terror looked on.

Laredo twisted Kitchell's knife from his hand. Kitchell leaped and ran, taking refuge out on the bowsprit. Laredo followed after, knife in hand. Out there over the water at the end of the bowsprit they closed again in conflict.

There was a flash of steel. Kitchell loosed his hold, clung a second, and then dropped into the bay.

Laredo made his way back to the deck, and, exultant, gathered Moran to him.

"Mine, forever and always." It was at once his announcement and challenge.

In silence the society party departed.



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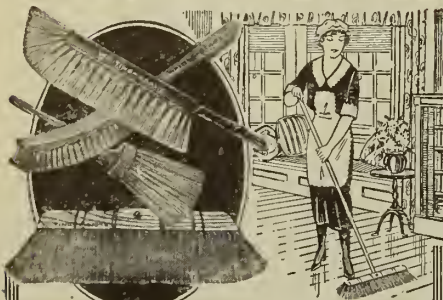
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Keep the little white jar of Musterole on your bathroom shelf and bring it out at the first sign of tonsillitis, croup, neuritis, rheumatism or a cold.

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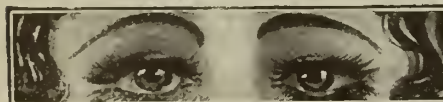
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She's all dolled up and looks like she has a black eye. HER MAKE-UP RAN. Can't happen if you use Wm. J. Brandt's Red Fox Liquid COL-Y-BROW. For eyebrows and eyelashes. WILL NOT RUN. Colors: Black and Brown. By mail \$1.00.
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That isn't a napkin Bill has around his neck. It's his white sweater coat. Winifred would never permit anything like that

Bill Hart's Bride

(Continued from page 47)

It used to belong to Thomas Jefferson, or George Washington, or somebody."

"Quincy Adams," said Bill patiently.

"Oh yes; well, he's dead anyway. But I'm going to have a real Colonial mansion there—stately drawing rooms, and lovely bedrooms."

"Don't suppose there'll be a place in the house where a man can smoke in peace."

"My little creampuff," said the lady of the house, "you know that you can smoke anywhere you want to in my house."

The Harts also have a new ranch, up in the Newhall country, where Bill's sister is spending her honeymoon.

"That's really Mamie's house," said the bride. "We want her with us as much as she can be—but it's nice for everyone to

have a little place that is their own, don't you think? Bill built an awfully nice house up there. We're going to spend six months in the east and six months out here. Won't that be ideal? I'm going to start east quite soon, to begin building, and I'm absolutely so excited about it I can't see. Next to getting married—to Bill—the nicest thing in the world is building a home of your own just exactly the way you want it. I'm going to have white staircases, real old fashioned carved chandeliers, a blue room and—"

"Oh gosh," said Bill Hart feelingly, "what a lot of funny ideas women have."

"But you love my ideas, don't you, darling?" said she.

He looked down into her pretty, smiling face, and grinned. "You bet!" he said.



Five Little Spaniels all in a row When their mother died they were raised on Mellin's Food. They belong to E. K. Lincoln, who would rather raise dogs than star in films

Some Fortunate Girl

(Continued from page 35)

women who today earn enormous salaries and are the idols of a nation, often—more often than not—began without experience and without training. They had to go up against some pretty stiff disappointments, some pretty hard knocks. They played small parts until they gained poise. They were given bits until they demonstrated their right to a better chance.

Experience and training will come in due time if you convince us that you have the other essentials.

Mary Pickford walked to save car-fare and climbed six flights of stairs while she was getting her training.

Mabel Normand took chances with her life every day for years while she was preparing to be the screen's greatest comedienne.

The Gishes and the Talmadges gained their training in a studio. Now look at these women and what they stand for.

All they needed was an opportunity.

And we are offering that same thing to you. It is all that anyone can truthfully offer you. But OPPORTUNITY is the greatest factor of success that the world has ever known.

Nothing worthwhile has ever been gained without sincere effort.

The young woman awarded a Goldwyn contract to act in pictures at the beautiful Culver City studios, and others selected to fill engagements at those studios, will be given every opportunity and every encouragement to prove their worth.

They will have the chance to start in motion pictures under the most favorable conditions, and they will be allowed to rise as high as their ability can carry them.

Certainly nothing could be fairer than that.

The Poor Fish

IT was in a deserted spot of the great park. There were few people about, although it was a beautiful, bright day.

Suddenly on the scene appeared a girl—very young, very slim, very lovely. She walked slowly, despondently, to the edge of the bridge over the river. For a moment she stood there, gazing into the water. She raised her eyes, supplicatingly, to heaven. Then, with one last look around, she jumped from the bridge.

The young man who had been watching ran and jumped in after her. She fought him. He struggled. After a desperate encounter he waded with her to shore. How lovely she was, he thought, gazing down at her. Even with wet hair she was lovely. Then—horrors—she opened her eyes and her mouth and her hand, and hit him quite hard. He recoiled.

"You poor fish!" she hissed, "look around you—see that camera—see those men? Couldn't you see we were making a picture?"

Several months later, the young man was walking in the park.

There was a girl standing on the bridge. She was gazing down into the water, despondently. She was vaguely familiar. Ah yes—he knew; she was that motion picture actress that he had tried to rescue from death by drowning and she—she had called him a poor fish.

As he watched, the girl raised her hands to heaven—and jumped.

The young man walked on, smiling.

\$250⁰⁰ in Prizes for Amateur Artists

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 | \$100.00 |
| 2nd Prize | 50.00 |
| 3rd Prize . \$25.00 | 5th Prize \$10.00 |
| 4th Prize . 15.00 | 6th to 15th Prizes, each 5.00 |

FREE! Everyone entering a drawing in this contest will receive a beautiful full-color reproduction (suitable for framing) of a painting by a nationally known American illustrator—and also a FREE TEST LESSON IN DRAWING prepared by the Federal School faculty.

If the thing you most long for is to be a real commercial artist, listen! Capable artists readily earn \$50, \$75, \$100, \$150 a week and upwards. Hundreds of ambitious young men and women have found their true work in life—often have quickly doubled and trebled their incomes—through the Federal Home-Study Course, recognized by authorities as America's Foremost Course in Commercial Designing. With proper training of your ability, you, too, should succeed. By all means enter this contest—see what you can do.

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 exactly 4½ 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 May 1st, 1922. Drawings will be judged and prizes awarded by Faculty members of the Federal Schools, Inc. All contestants will be notified of the prize winners. Make your drawing of the girl now and send it to

Federal School of Commercial Designing

310 Federal Schools Building,
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Woodrow Wilson's screen favorite Katherine MacDonald

"PRESIDENT WILSON'S favorite screen star was Katherine MacDonald, a stately and statuesque beauty."

That is the statement made by Joseph P. Tumulty, secretary to the president during his eight years as head of the nation, in an article in the New York Times.

The "White House favorite" has just completed her latest picture for First National, "*The Infidel*," one of a new and better series of pictures releasing through this organization.

Miss MacDonald is one of the independent screen artists making pictures for First National, which is a nation wide organization of independent theatre owners that fosters the production of finer photoplays and that is devoted to the constant betterment of screen entertainment.

It accepts for exhibition purposes the pictures of these independent artists strictly on their merit as the best in entertainment.

ASSOCIATED FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES, Inc.

*A First
National
Attraction*



How a Camera Test Is Made

(Continued from page 37)

eyes will lack expression. Simply cover the upper lid with a soft gray shade. With a black make-up pencil, draw a faint line right under your lower lashes. Bring it out a little beyond the corner of your eyes.

Many actresses use mascara for the lashes, but more use cosmetic. That is because mascara runs, from heat, or tears, or from touch. Cosmetic doesn't. If you use mascara, put it on carefully, separating the lashes. Cosmetic has to be heated and beaded. Viola Dana, whose eye make-up is probably the best on the screen, takes an hour every morning to get her eyes ready for the camera. She melts a little cosmetic on the end of an orange-wood stick. Then she beads each lash separately. So does Mabel Normand.

In drawing the black pencil line of the eyebrows, be careful to follow the shape of your eyes, even if it misses the eyebrow a trifle. And extend it a little beyond the end of the eyes, so that it will show in profile.

The mouth make-up is also vitally important. It would probably surprise you greatly to find out how some stars have absolutely created certain mouths for themselves, that do not follow overmuch the actual modeling of nature. A dark red, or bright red rouge may be used. Take your little finger, cover it with paint, and make your upper lips. You can make it any pretty shape that suits your face. Just remember that you have to use your lips, and if you go too far off, it may show. Then make a pretty deep curve for the lower one. Some stars use a little flat stick to put on the lip rouge with, putting it on in a delicate line a little at a time.

And the one thing to watch above everything else—is evenness.

With the question of make-up fairly met, the screen aspirant may want to know of what the actual test to which she will be put consists. Usually, the director arranges several scenes which will test the ability of the actress to register definite emotional responses to information conveyed by other players or by a situation in which she finds herself.

As in the making of a film, the director gives the subject full instructions, the cameraman stands at his machine, the lights are turned on, and the young woman is thrown upon her own resources from then on. One of the most popular tests is the letter reading episode.

LET us outline a scene as it takes place. The stage is a drawing room set. There is a telephone on a table near the fireplace and a door at the opposite side of the room. Miss Newcomer is waiting outside the door. The director calls, "Lights." The room is "flooded," and the director then gives the word for the cameraman to begin.

Miss Newcomer enters the room, idly, crosses to the table, takes up the telephone, changes her mind and puts it down again (registers doubt and indecision). A magazine on a sofa catches her eye, she walks over to the sofa, sits down, takes up the magazine and opens it aimlessly. All this walking, standing, sitting, and handling things is to test her ability to be natural, gracefully and unself-consciously. Miss Newcomer finds an article that catches her interest; she begins to read. A maid enters with a letter on a salver. The subject lays the magazine down, marking her place, takes the letter, nods dismissal to the maid. A glance at the envelope brings a smile. She

(Continued on page 109)



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Brooks Appliance Co., 290-F State St., Marshall, Mich.



How a Camera Test is Made

(Continued from page 108)

rises quickly, hastily tears open the flap and reads. Good news, evidently. She is facing the camera. "Hold that expression," says the director, and the cameraman moves his machine up to get a close-up.

Back to the scene again. The end of the letter contains a shock for the reader. She looks up, registers the expression she believes the news demands; perhaps she begins to go to the telephone again, then stops and sinks back upon the couch. "Cut," shouts the director. Then, "You did very well, Miss Newcomer," he compliments her.

When the test is run off, however, the director may change his opinion. The few hundred feet of negative may disclose an ungainliness of carriage that didn't disturb the director in watching the test, an awkward use of her hands, or other minor details that may or may not be corrected. If Miss Newcomer has power to express emotions on command, shortcomings in the matter of gesture can be easily remedied.

The Importance of Looking the Part

COLLEGE women, not so many years ago, were supposed to uphold a certain dignity—the tradition of years of scholarship and mature judgment. But in this age of sophistication and home brew—in this generation of jazz and flappers and false standards—the college woman has slipped, more than occasionally, from her pedestal. The word "collegiate" has come to stand for scenery instead of achievement.

When a girl wears sport clothes, now, she is being "collegiate." When she dances with her left hand placed at a certain angle on her escort's curving back, she is also being "collegiate." If she walks with her head thrust forward and her chest in, she has a "collegiate" appearance.

We are quoting, word for word, from a letter signed "Varsity Woman" that came, a few days ago, to our fashion department.

"I'm just another of those darn flappers. You see them every day, something like this effect" (there followed a sketch of a short-skirted, sport-coated, soft-hatted young girl), "supposed to be COLLEGIATE. The whole appearance is sporty. I like these sort of clothes, in fact, I wouldn't dress in frills and ruffles for anything. But mother has the idea that I should change off—in fact, dress real cute on Sundays. Now I assure you that I know my TYPE—I have irregular features, blue eyes, a good complexion without artificial means, and brown bobbed hair that stands away, way out from my face—in Bramleys, sport hats and shoes I feel at home—now don't you think I should persuade my mother that she has the wrong idea. I'm sure you will speak for the best and mother and I have decided to take your advice—you see, Miss Van Wyck, I travel 'round with a terrible Varsity crowd and if I become a 'sharpie' I'd hate awfully to go around with them—so don't you think I should remain COLLEGIATE—of course I'll follow your advice—but imagine—a salty dresser becoming cakey—oh, that's ghastly! Please answer this in PHOTOPLAY, for remember—my clothes depend on it!"

We should suggest that a little time spent on punctuation and rhetoric would help the young lady to be collegiate in the real sense of the word. And that, after all, ruffles—used correctly—have never lessened feminine charm.

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The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued from page 23)



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They may be dangerous. Flesh White, Pink or Cream, 50c a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c. for a sample box.



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there was time for even a bit of a joy ride. So it came that, after leaving a mass of instructions in Room Five, he said good-bye to West Orange. When the then palatial La Burgoyne sailed from New York on the bland third of August, 1880, Edison stood at the rail waving goodbye toward the dock, clutching a miniature phonograph, delivered at the last moment, under his arm.

That was the year of the Paris Exposition. Edison had a hundred-thousand-dollar exhibit of his works there, centered about the marvels of his new incandescent electric light. Mr. Edison took a look at the Eiffel Tower, sundry titled persons, some art galleries of note, and the orthodox show places.

Europe did not excite Edison very much. In a letter home he shrewdly observed that the much-lauded old masters of the galleries seemed to depend for their value on the rarity of them and the long purses of collectors. He was glad to start home.

EDISON sailed again from Havre, and walked ashore on the familiar soil of New Jersey at 8 o'clock on the bright Sunday morning of October 6, 1880. He went directly to West Orange to look into that matter of the motion picture—the "kinetoscope," he had decided to call it.

There was a bit of surprise in store for Mr. Edison. The sanctuary of Room Five had been moved.

Dickson, for weeks before Edison's departure for Europe, had been asking for bigger quarters. "Don't need it," Edison decided.

But with Edison on the seas Charles Batchelor, left in charge, was prevailed upon and authorized a special photographic building. It was duly erected in September, 1880, total cost, \$516.64.

Into this new building alongside the big laboratory structure Dickson proudly led his chief. There was the kinetoscope, the peep show ancestor of today's motion picture.

Edison took a look into it.

"It's a pretty fair machine," he commented.

And just about here the records begin to differ and the first note of a new motif in our story is sounded.

There was a picture of Mr. Dickson in the machine.

In a book on the life of Edison, published in 1895, written by William Kennedy Laurie Dickson and Antonia Dickson, occurs this paragraph:

"... The crowning point of realism was attained on the occasion of Mr. Edison's return from the Paris Exposition of 1880, when Mr. Dickson himself stepped out on the screen, raised his hat and smiled, while uttering the words of greeting, 'Good morning, Mr. Edison, glad to see you back I hope you are satisfied with the kinetophonograph.'"

In this deft fashion one is told in effect that not only were talking pictures achieved in 1880, but that they were thrown upon a screen in a darkened auditorium, all as a surprise greeting to the homecoming boss of the West Orange Works.

The time was to come when in a desperate war of patent litigation this was to be a fact of vital issue. Years later this paragraph from the book was read to Edison in court.

"There was no screen," he said dryly.

In fact, six years were yet to pass before the motion picture was put on the screen. The whole history of the industry turns on that point.

But after his homecoming in October of 1880 Edison was busied with important

affairs in the phonograph and electrical field. The phonograph was going out to the newly founded trade. Slot machine parlors, where one might drop a nickel, put the tubes to his ears and hear the band play, were springing up in the cities. Out in the lesser places entertainers soon were taking to the road with phonograph entertainments. The phonograph was a sensation.

Among those early day itinerant phonograph entertainers was Lyman Howe of Wilkesbarre, Pa. On a circuit through the smaller towns of his territory Howe gave phonograph entertainments in connection with Ladies' Aid Societies and church boards, dividing the profits with the churches. He was pioneering for a motion picture business of renown, but he little suspected it then.

At about the same time over in Paris an enterprising Frenchman heard about the wonderful Edison phonograph that had come to London. He was busy, but he had a young friend, one Charles Pathe, who had little to do. He pressed a bundle of francs in Pathe's hand and told him to go to London and get one of those talking machines. It was natural indeed that there should be a market for talking machines in France, the home of conversation. M. Pathe came back with a phonograph, and it was a vast success. He made more trips to London, this time on his own account, and built up a phonograph business that survives yet in these days of 1922. But more important still to Pathe, he established a contact with the genius of Edison and the greater thing to come.

There were scientific whisperings about and wee bits of news of the Edison kinetograph and the kinetoscope, camera and viewing machine, in a few publications meanwhile. Harper's Weekly, in the issue of June 13, 1891, came out with a two-page spread on the subject of the invention, discussed in glowing but conservative words.

Meanwhile Edison came to the opinion that after all secrecy could hardly protect his invention much longer, and so August 24, 1891, he made application for a United States patent.

At this time it was suggested to Edison, as a matter of routine, at least, that perhaps application should also be made for foreign patents, including France and England.

"How much will that cost?" Edison asked casually.

"Oh, about \$150."

Edison waived the suggestion aside.

"It isn't worth it."

In this one sees a striking parallel to his attitude toward the disc phonograph patents, repeated here in terms of the motion picture.

Of course there was again a modifying element in the situation. It had been Edison's experience that the more patents he took out abroad the more he lost. Foreign patents sometimes have an effect of advertising possibilities to imitators.

But if Edison, on that day in August of 1891, had said "Yes," he would have put himself in a position to get many, many millions of dollars in the foreign field. Also he might have withheld from a number of European opportunists a temptation to what may have been a lawful but an unmoral piracy.

Putting aside for the moment consideration of Mr. Edison's just but neglected rights in the matter, the sum total of the effect of his failure to patent the kinetoscope abroad undoubtedly was ultimately to

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The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued from page 110)

make for the progress of the motion picture as an art. This was a result to come, not because of any special genius of those able "borrowers" of his idea overseas, but because of strange conditions that were to arise at home in America presently.

After this application for a patent was filed, experimentation with the kinctoscope went on quietly for months in the little photographic building at West Orange. Outwardly the project remained rather inactive. Dickson was busy making pictures and trying out films. The Eastman researchers at Rochester were striving for better quality, nearer and nearer to the ideal requirements of the Dickson-Edison experiments. Both were making progress. Now and then samples of another kind of film came from the Anthony-Scoville concern, which had acquired the celluloid film patent claims of the Rev. Hannibal Goodwin, an inventive Newark clergyman. In this rivalry another great film war was brewing, one that was to parallel in time a vast motion picture war to come.

THE kinctoscope was, then, not heavily on Edison's mind for long at a time. It was something that he might show a favored friend or visitor now and then among those who so often came to the haunts of the "wizard" looking for wonders. But there were many, many other things more vital pressing on the busy scientist's attention. His interests were growing vastly in many directions and business as personified by his various departmental and business managers were urging and demanding attentions of him that he would doubtless rather have given to the laboratory. Then, too, this kinctoscope was after all a toy. It was not a part of Edison's view of the vaster scheme of things, the world where power, electricity, and light were battling to conquer new continents of development and bring natural forces to the service of man.

It is simple enough now to look back and smile at Edison thus casually neglecting the institution that was within a quarter of a century to prove the only real rival the printing press has ever known. It is very simple looking back—but in that day Edison saw farther ahead in the motion picture than any other man in the world, even though he saw hardly at all.

This kinctoscope, it must be borne in mind, was not the motion picture as we know it now, but only its immediate ancestor, the little moving picture in a box into which one person at a time could look.

And by reason of his preoccupation with other things, or his indifference to it, or some of both, this was nearly as far as Edison was to go with the motion picture as an inventor.

In December of 1892 the photographic work in connection with this young kinctoscope demanded a building for itself—the first motion picture studio in the world.

So work was started on a curious structure, the like of which had never been seen before. It was a little house of light timbers and black light-proof tar paper, built on a turn table. The speed of photographic materials and camera lenses was much lower then than now and the snapshots for the kinctoscope had to be made in full light. There were thirty to forty pictures a second then. Therefore, the building was pivoted so that the tiny stage could always be turned to catch the sun, regardless of the hour of day. This little

(Continued on page 112)

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A Little Short Cut in Drawing

This exercise illustrates a little drawing secret not everyone knows,—i. e. the outline of the human head remains the same in one-quarter and three-quarters views, and is turned merely by adding a few little lines. Take your pencil and trace carefully over this outline a few times,—then copy the heads as closely as you can. We will gladly criticise your work free if you care to submit it with the coupon.

1. The Profile Outline



Trace this through on your paper. (Don't hold your pencil too tight!) Then alongside of your tracing make a copy of the outline. Do this several times until you are satisfied with result.

2. The One-Quarter View



Do the same as above. Don't be nervous about the details. See how simple they are. Use strong, broad strokes. Don't scratch.

3. The Three-Quarters View



When you have finished this sketch, you will have learned how the human head is drawn. Remember, this is really advanced work, so do not be disappointed with your first sketches if they are not as good as those shown here.

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The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued from page 111)

studio has survived in history as "The Black Maria."

The "Black Maria," then known officially as the "revolving photographic building," on the Edison account books, was completed February 1, 1893, at a total cost of \$637.67. The making of motion pictures for ultimate public presentation was begun in that building. All picture making before that had been but the simplest of laboratory work for the testing of the machines.

Early in 1893, the kinoscope was shown to a scientific gathering at the Brooklyn Institute, and not long thereafter it was presented to the public for the first time as an exhibit at the Columbian Exposition, greatest of the world's fairs, held at Chicago. With this exhibition, trivial as it seemed then, the greater events of the history of the motion picture had their beginning.

There were a number of devices at the World's Fair that indicated how close the motion picture was then crowding its way forward into a part in the world's affairs. Among them was Muybridge's "Zoopraxiscope" and a machine rather closely related to it, called the "Tachyscope." Those were the elegant days when if any inventor was in doubt about what to call his machine he promptly christened it with a decoction of Greek roots. This was bound to be impressive and awe-inspiring, at least. The name plate alone was always worth the price of admission.

Muybridge's Zoopraxiscope presented thrilling but alarming views of a galloping horse. The horse was remarkable. He stood still while he ran and kicked the landscape past him. He was really a slow horse surrounded by fast scenery. The Tachyscope, which came from Germany by way of the laboratory of Herr Anschutz, gave one the joy of peering in to see one of Mr. Hagenbeck's best elephants waddle across the view. Whereas the Edison kinoscope had the stellar merit of presenting people, with a great all star super cast of Fred Ott in his great monkeyshine act and W. K. L. Dickson lifting his hat. All these were peep show machines.

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WRITER'S DIGEST
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A GREAT many dropped their nickels in the slots to see the marvels of the living pictures. Mostly they passed on and mayhap made an entry in their diaries that night or wrote a letter home about it amid the massive Victorian grandeurs of the Palmer House, that lavish wonder of hotels with silver dollars in the bar room floor. Those were the happy days of long ago. The Christopher Columbus, the first whale-back leviathan of the Great Lakes, was making daily trips carrying marvelling thousands. Mrs. Potter Palmer was the ascendant and right royal grand high queen of all society west of the Hudson River, entertaining crowned heads amid the plaudits of the press and populace.

Rails and telegraph wires were busy webbing the open places in the continent. The last feeble Indian wars of the West were being fought with the unruly, meandering remnants of the red buffalo hunters. It was the day of sweeping skirts, when ladies had no legs whatever and women had nothing else. In the theaters it was the great era of tragic drama, broad variety shows, remarkable minstrelsy successes, and a deal of most haughty and elevated opera and concert.

Among those who came in the thronging thousands to the great World's Fair on

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The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued from page 112)

Chicago's lake front were a number of young men, unimportant and as unheralded of fame then as now, who were to have a large share as the agents of destiny in the coming of the Age of the Motion Picture.

One of these was Thomas Armat, a young man of cavalier stock, from classic Richmond in Virginia. He was engaged somewhat in real estate in the office of a cousin in Washington, D. C., but his heart was really in scientific affairs. More especially he was interested in electricity and its application to traction. Along with him was a brother, J. Hunter Armat, also of technical bent.

Under a railway cross-over, near the entrance to the fair grounds, Hunter Armat came upon the sideshow of the Anschutz Tachoscope.

"Here is a great thing, Tom," he said.

SO they both played their money on the funny elephant picture that moved. They did not penetrate the living picture wonders of the fair enough to see the Edison kinetoscope. There were too many exciting things to take in.

"If you could connect that up with a magic lantern, it would make quite a show," Thomas Armat remarked as they walked away. He had played a bit with a magic lantern at home.

Also there came a couple of foreign persons, Greeks interested in toys and novelties, no doubt, but Greeks at any rate one is assured by Frederick A. Talbot's book devoted to the laudation of the European opportunists of the motion picture. These visitors came upon the Edison kinetoscope and saw possibilities for business abroad. They made note of West Orange and determined to take one of the machines overseas with them on their return.

And there came a handsome young gallant and adventurer, also of Virginia blood. Grey Latham, bent on sightseeing and the pleasures of the blithe and breezy city of Chicago. He, too, looking for swift opportunities, saw the kinetoscope and fancied the idea. It was rather up to the dashing young Mr. Latham to gather a fortune somewhere, since he wanted one and could use it. Between his generousities both to himself and all those who came within range of his prodigal sympathy and hospitality he found demand always stepping up in front of supply.

Grey Latham's interest, perhaps the lightest and most casual, was destined to grow out into a web of extraordinary drama in the pioneer affairs of the motion picture.

Thomas Armat went home to Washington and real estate affairs with the idea of the picture on the screen in his head. The two Greek gentlemen sailed for London taking with them a specimen kinetoscope of Edison's and a scheme all their own. Grey Latham played yet a while and came back East with a plan of doing something profitable and immediate with the kinetoscope.

By this time the Edison machine was rather automatically forcing its own career. A firm of promoters and exploiters, Raff and Gammon, headed by Norman C. Raff, became the Edison agents for the kinetoscope with a plan for putting it before the public through the sale of the territorial or state rights on the exhibition of the machine. The year 1894 had arrived.

Through the instrumentality of Raff and Gammon, the kinetoscope slot machines were to cover the world with arcade peep shows and swiftly open the way for the coming of the real motion picture—the picture projected on a screen.

By April 1, 1894, twenty-five kinetoscopes had been manufactured at a total cost of \$1,227.48 and on April 6, ten of them were shipped across the Hudson to Holland Brothers, at 1155 Broadway, in New York City, the first customers of Raff and Gammon. A week later the films for the machines went forward. By this time Edison had invested a total of \$24,118.04 in the motion picture business. In the next few years millions were to come back to him, and others who capitalized the opportunities opened by his efforts were to gather a great many millions more.

Grey Latham, back in New York by now, and established in a comfortably promising position with a wholesale drug firm downtown, was one of the young men who passed up and down Broadway for their diversion. Now from out of the south came a school mate, Enoch J. Rector, a youth looking for something to do. The year before had brought a panic and in the dullness of business in the metropolis Rector found nothing alluring to engage him or his efforts. By way of showing the newcomer the sights of the town, Grey Latham took young Mr. Rector into the kinetoscope show at 1155 Broadway. He came out enthusiastic with an idea.

"There's something to get into," Latham exclaimed. "It's your chance. Everybody's crazy to see prize fights. All we have to do is to get Edison to photograph a prize fight for this machine and we can take it out and make a fortune!"

The young men sought action on their inspiration at once. At West Orange technical difficulties were in the way. The capacity of the kinetoscope was too small. They argued. The kinetoscope was improved and enlarged until it could carry enough film to depict a shortened round of a prize fight.

THEN one morning in July an unusual fight was staged at West Orange. Michael Leonard, then of fame as "the Beau Brummel of the prize ring," met Kid Cushing, a likely contender for the lightweight title, in a ten foot ring on the platform of a flatcar, equipped as an outdoor stage. They went six savage, abbreviated rounds of desperate fighting. In the sixth, Cushing, trapped by a feint, dropped his guard and stopped a swift right and left chop to the jaw. He was out two minutes and the first prize fight picture was complete, a thriller in six parts. A total of about a thousand feet of film had been exposed. It was to be several years before so long a picture was photographed again.

In August the prize fight show opened at 83 Nassau street in downtown New York. It was owned by Grey Latham, his brother Otway, a dashing younger brother, and Rector, their schoolmate. Six kinetoscopes, standing in a row in the storeroom, each containing a round of the Leonard-Cushing battle, presented the show. New York was hungry to see.

The price was five cents for a peep at a single round, all six rounds for twenty-five cents. Throngs packed the place and by the second day two long lines of waiting patrons trailed back into the street on either side of the entrance. The police came to keep order in the queues. In the vernacular of the theatrical business, they were "holding them out."

The Latham brothers were started on their way to a swift, transient burst of prosperity. There were lively parties on Broadway, with pretty girls, dinners at the Hoffman House, and a sprightly sprinkling of champagne.

(Continued on page 114)



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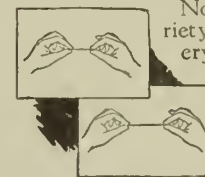
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The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued from page 113)

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With an indulgent, hopeful interest, their father, Woodville Latham, looked on. He was an old man, past sixty in years and old in the experiences of life. He was anxious indeed for the success of his sons. His paternal instinct was very strong.

Mostly his family hopes had gone down with many another Southern pride at the surrender of Lee at Appomattox Court House. Latham, as well became a Latham of Virginia, had served the Confederacy well, first as a major of artillery in the field and then as the executive officer of the greatest Confederate arsenals, at Columbus, in Georgia. But at heart Latham was neither a soldier nor a business man, but rather a scientist and scholar. The part he was attempting to play was distasteful.

Woodville Latham had fifteen brothers and sisters to share the inheritance of ruined estates left from the War of the Rebellion. That meant nothing each. Business beckoned to him with an appointment as resident engineer of the Baltimore & Ohio's lines, between Pittsburgh and Chicago, but the scholar in him, or perhaps the Southerner, rebelled and he chose rather to become a professor of chemistry at the University of West Virginia—at a professor's salary. But financial pressure increased, and in 1894 we find him in New York. He lived in most modest quarters at the old Bartholdi hotel in Twenty-third street, seeking in that late day to establish himself as a chemical and consulting engineer—a rather dispiriting task.

It is necessary that we review these facts that we may know the manner of man who was to figure spectacularly in the making of the motion picture, and perchance to explain why he was to gain neither reward of money nor fame.

So it came that one day in that fall of '94 Otway Latham prevailed on his father to come to the little show down at 83 Nassau street.

"You see, if we could project that on a screen, like the slides in a stereopticon, there'd be a fortune in it." The young man was anxious to enlist his father's scientific aid. Empiricism could go no farther in this work.

"You can project anything on a screen that you can see with the naked eye and that can be photographed." Woodville Latham was very positive in his answer. He was also correct.

The vision of the motion picture theater was then before them.

They set to work to attain it. The making of the motion picture, which entertains twenty million people a day in the United States alone, had begun.

(To be continued)

Censor-Proof

THIS is hard to believe. But *The Morning Telegraph* vouches for it. A Texas exhibitor booked a picture which starred Pauline Frederick, in which the heroine goes away with her lover without the formality of a wedding ceremony. "Not married!" said the exhibitor. "I can't have that in my theater." So he hunted through a collection of old film that he had, and discovered to his satisfaction a wedding scene with Florence Reed in bridal attire. He patched this to the Pauline Frederick film and with the air of a man who has done his duty, remarked: "Now no one can say a word. She is married!"

\$500.00

"EMPTY ARMS"

Prize Contest

THE Lester Park-Edward Whiteside photoplay, "Empty Arms," inspired the song "Empty Arms." A third verse is wanted, and to the writer of the best one submitted a prize of \$500 cash will be paid.

This contest is open to everybody. You simply write the words for a third verse—it is not necessary that you see the photoplay before doing so. Send your name and address on a postal card or sheet of paper and we shall send you a copy of the words of the song, the rules of the contest and a short synopsis of this photoplay. It will cost you nothing to enter the contest.

Write postal or letter today to

"EMPTY ARMS" CONTEST EDITOR
WORLD M. P. CORPORATION
 245 W. 47th St., Dept. 699, New York, N. Y.



Photo by J. R. Diamond

Hugo Ballin, artist and director. He would never be referred to as Mabel's husband any more than she is ever referred to as Hugo's wife.

The Ballins
 (Continued from page 69)

save money and not because he wants to be the whole show. She, of course, being his leading woman, gets a regular salary; but because she has the success of every picture very much at heart, she spends much of it for clothes.

She is really very lovely. Little; slim; fine brow, which she doesn't persist in covering; gold hair recently bobbed by herself; white white skin; an intelligent, rather than kissable, mouth; eyes like the early Italian Madonnas, until she smiles; then—like something else. Her beauty has been solemnly classified as chiselled and cold. I suspect she laughs at that.

Mabel is intensely feminine. Dislikes to order her own luncheon, and is never quite sure about the change, and how much to give the waiter; given to dropping things; vocally, the original ingenue.

Indirectly she rules her particular world. Gentle persuasion, soft smiles, rather than conversational brilliancy or intellectual magnetism or even obvious femininity. Buys little things for the house that she likes, ostensibly gifts for Hugo. The way she speaks her husband's name is an unconscious analysis of her character and, incidentally, her charm.

Hugo Ballin would never be referred to as Mabel's husband any more than she is ever referred to as Hugo's wife. They are The Ballins. Nobody knows her by her former name of Mabel Croft. She was an actress, who had appeared with some success on the stage and screen. He was, and is, an artist of genuine merit and prestige: member of the National Academy, and all that. He was abroad for years. Returning, he became interested in the films and went in for them seriously. He was the art director for Goldwyn, supervising the settings for the first and some of the most famous Goldwyn productions.

When Ballin felt he had learned something about the films, he formed his own company and made "The Honorable Gentleman," retitled "Pagan Love," or something like that, for publicity purposes. He followed it up, with an interesting "East Lynne," and the fine "Journey's End," a picture without sub-titles, of real beauty. In it, Mabel gave a performance of sweetness and spirituality—ask any critic. They

(Continued on page 116)



"Here's an Extra \$50!"

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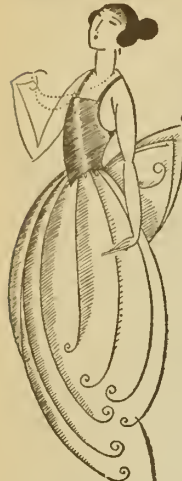
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The Ballins

(Continued from page 115)

were established, then. People began to talk about them—in a nice way, you understand.

Their real triumph was "Jane Eyre," into which both of them put their best, because it's the sort of thing they like to do. A delicious Jane, La Ballin experienced the thrill of seeing her name in large letters and warm praise in the papers; Hugo, too. They took it calmly and went right ahead with their next production. "The Luxury Tax" isn't what they particularly like to do; it's "society stuff," and these two quaint creatures much prefer the lavender-and-old-lace of "Jane." Obviously, this couple is "old-fashioned."

You may wander into a picture gallery and see one of his paintings. You may hear that she is getting to look more and more like Bernhardt—and she really has a quality which is reminiscent of the great Frenchwoman when she was twenty-four; you may hear he is making a picture forty-five reels long; you may even, some day hear them being discussed by somebody or other and learn that they are temperamental, like all these artists—

If you do, don't believe it. I know better. The Ballins will always be—the Ballins. In spite of all I've said, I'll be tremendously disappointed if I ever do find out that there is an eccentricity lurking about somewhere.

The Difference

THE critics of the films have always bemoaned the fact that the producers are quick to make capital of scandal. They have wept and wailed at the publicity-seeking actors and actresses; at the undignified uncommercialism of it all. A few of them are foolishly grasping. But not all.

We wish they would consider a certain recent case. In the Roscoe Arbuckle tragedy, there was involved an actor named Lowell Sherman. He had appeared on the stage for some years and was known as the most popular "villain" on Broadway. He played in Griffith's "Way Down East," and then was engaged by Goldwyn to come west and make pictures. He made one film for that company—"Grand Larceny." He had a contract with another company which, we understand, was broken when the "Fatty" Arbuckle scandal filled the newspapers.

Goldwyn had the name of Lowell Sherman erased from the billing of "Grand Larceny." His prominence in connection with the case was not played upon; it was ignored. The film company, in a quiet and dignified manner, chose to pass up any publicity of this nature. Decency, he felt, was preferable to dollars.

A Broadway producer of plays, yclept A. H. Woods, made Lowell Sherman one of the stars in a new production called "Lawful Larceny." His name is blazoned on Broadway.

A NEW YORK woman, who accused a man of pinching her in a motion picture theater, has been exposed by the judge before whom the case was tried, as a fraud whose favorite indoor pastime seemed to be making false charges against men. Men paid no attention to her, so she had to attract attention some way. It developed that only a few months before a respectable married man had been unjustly sentenced to jail on a similar charge which the young lady had made.

Ain't men awful?



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"Zukor Had an Idea"

(Continued from Page 64)

novelty of pictures that merely moved was wearing away. Mr. Zukor had the revolutionary idea that perhaps pictures that said something and meant something beyond the intricacies of "Horse Eating Hay," a current Lubin success, might be valuable.

Something of a demonstration of the merit of the idea was afforded by the Comedy Theater's presentation of Pathe's three-reel version of the Passion Play, made in Paris. But the producers generally took that as no precedent.

In this period the Marcus Loew Enterprises was formed and Mr. Zukor became an officer of the concern. He had less to do than formerly, and as he saw vaudeville take the ascendancy in the theaters again, he got to turning over his idea. Pictures were reduced to "fillers" and "chasers" on the vaudeville programs.

In 1910, Mr. Zukor took a trip through Europe and noted that in Paris and Vienna the motion picture was being taken somewhat more seriously by the show men and the public. Theaters presenting pictures were in the better neighborhoods and patronized by better people than in the United States. The American admission price was standardized at five cents. In Europe the admissions ran from twenty-five to seventy-five cents. That was evidence in support of his persistent idea.

In the fall of 1911, Mr. Zukor came back to talk about his idea and to receive once more discouraging advice.

THE motion picture magnates of the period would not listen.

Then came the determination to do the thing anyway, independently.

Mr. Zukor brought to the service of his idea the theatrical ability and prestige of Daniel Frohman and the motion picture experience of Edward S. Porter, formerly of the Edison picture concern. The idea was to make motion pictures which should tell a story long enough to constitute a complete entertainment in a single subject, and to do it in a quality way. It was also proposed to draft for the screen the box office values of the stage by the employment of well known and highly competent actors—in other words, famous players.

In 1912, the Famous Players was incorporated and plans were put into motion. The first move was naturally enough to seek for the initial production the most famous of all famous players in the world.

Louis Mercanton was commissioned to engage Sarah Bernhardt and produce a picture with her in the title rôle. Famous Players was to finance the picture and to receive, in return, the American rights. In due time and after a deal of negotiation Mme. Bernhardt agreed and the picture was made in Paris, entitled "Queen Elizabeth."

The cost of the picture, four reels, was \$35,000.

It was a success. Then Famous Players started producing.

The next picture was "The Prisoner of Zenda," with James K. Hackett. The roster of Famous Players since has included most of the great names of the screen. Among the earliest to adopt the Zukor idea was the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company, formed in 1913 and long since absorbed, with others, into the present Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

"Adolph Zukor presents" is a phrase that has gone around the world on the screen, and the interests built up on the original notion born in the penny arcade are of international scope. Adolph Zukor had an idea.



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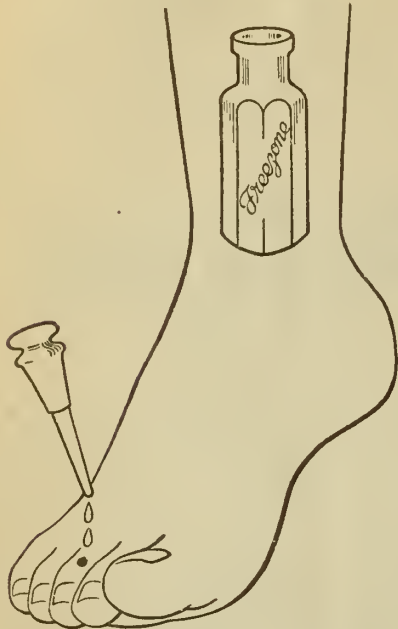
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MISS VAN WYCK SAYS:

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 54 and 55.

JANET G., INDIANAPOLIS.—Capes are to be very generally worn this spring. I think a cape is charming if properly worn. It is a most graceful thing and has almost the power of a fan, in a pretty woman's hands, to please. The costumes of dress and cape in tweeds and other sports materials are going to be exceedingly popular. Look for the new PHOTOPLAY Le Bon Ton Patterns. They are unusually good this month.

ANNE M. F., MINNEAPOLIS.—Henna, if properly applied, does not "ruin the hair." The shampooer should not use too much of it, but a little henna rinse cannot be harmful. A greenish heather mixture would be nice for the wool dress. Nile green, or even black, for your afternoon frock would be better than purple. Purple is a difficult shade at best, is not smart, and is too old for you anyway.

R. D., FLORIDA.—I am as excited as you are about your vacation trip. And it is so nice to be able to spend such a goodly sum for your apparel, isn't it? Let's see: you will need a morning dress of some light material or of gingham, if you like it—I do—two sports skirts, pleated, preferably, and slip-on sweaters; a silk or taffeta frock or two for afternoon; and two evening dresses—one formal, and one of the "semi" variety. A bathing suit—of course; a more or less fussy white frock with a wide floppy hat; and if you have a suit, all the better, and a sports hat and a little sensible turban. Shoes? Low-heeled oxfords; boots; slippers to match your evening and afternoon frocks. I hope you'll have the best time you ever had, my dear. You might write and tell me about it later, *n'est ce pas?*

DOROTHY.—I would never advise anyone to henna her hair. A henna shampoo would give it a pretty glint, however, and is not harmful. I think your friend Jean would be very foolish indeed to bob her pretty long blonde hair. As you say, it takes only a moment to cut it, but it takes some time for it to grow long again. Bobbed hair is not as smart right now as it was; but many women whom it particularly becomes have kept right on that way. But be sure to find out, if possible, how you're going to look with bobbed hair before you do it. You can't be too careful! The commonly accepted "ingenue type" looks very well; but the more mature woman is not so attractive with shorn tresses. It depends, too, upon the shape of the face. A round-faced girl would be very silly to bob her hair. There!

L. C., BOSTON, MASS.—Are you sure you are in perfect health? A sallow complexion is very often the result of indigestion. If your eyes are not bright, it may be eye strain, as you say you use your eyes most of the time. I would, if I were you, consult my physician; then, if he cannot help you, come to me again and we'll see what we can do!

JENNY.—Why should you try to gain weight? Your picture shows you to be just about right, with a splendid figure for modern dresses. Follow our patterns—you know, except for stamps, you can have one absolutely free—and you will always have the assurance that you are very well gowned.

EDNA.—May I congratulate you? I think, too, that June is the very nicest month of the year to be married in. I hope you'll be very happy. If you will send me a stamped addressed envelope I'll give you suggestions for your gowns in detail. The Patterns designed by Le Bon Ton for Miss Elsie Ferguson in the April issue would be very apt for you, I believe. Those made for Mae Murray, in this issue of the Magazine, are also well worth your attention. I know if you make your own dresses you will find Le Bon Ton Pattern Service in PHOTOPLAY invaluable.

G., LONG ISLAND.—Your letter interested me very much. I wish you would send me your photograph so that I might form some idea of your type. I wonder if it is your manner rather than your clothes which is at fault? A little reserve might be very valuable to you. Cultivate depth—consideration of others—*poise*. Poise is a gift, very often; but it can be cultivated. I'm going to write you a personal letter and keep in touch with you.

EVELYN.—If your hair is short and thin, why not bob it and give it a new start? Treat it with a tonic for dry hair—you can purchase a good one from Simonson's, Fifth Avenue at Forty-second Street, New York City. To give it gloss you might use brilliantine, but very sparingly. Let me know how you come out.

B. W., DETROIT.—It is very sweet of you to want to buy your mother a new dress, and I would love to be able to tell you just what kind to buy her; but you see I know nothing about her—whether she is tall or short, her coloring, or anything. Why not tell her about it and go with her while she selects a frock? It would be much more satisfactory that way, and I am sure she will appreciate it just as much—if not more!

URSULA, HYDE PARK, ILLINOIS.—I have been in that beautiful suburb of Chicago, and heartily agree with you that it is a charming place to live. However, my home has always been in the east although Paris is a second home to me. I am afraid the only way successfully to curl very short hair is with a heated iron. And I dislike to recommend that. Especially if you do it yourself. A capable hair-dresser can curl short hair without injuring it. Straight bobbed hair is charming—if it becomes you at all. Why not try it?

J. K., DAYTON, OHIO.—As a foundation for a wardrobe, a well-dressed woman should have one street suit, with as many blouses as she can afford; one sports coat; one afternoon dress of silk or crepe or taffeta; one evening frock, with a cape; one simple street hat, one hat for the afternoon, and a sports hat of some sort. Wool stockings became very popular in New York during the winter, for street wear. Your best colors should be shades of blue, brown and violet.

A. L., CONNECTICUT.—You would be a golden girl—charmingly gowned in gold color. So many girls wear blue, pink, orchid, and yellow. With your coloring, either Nile green or gold with gold slippers and stockings would be delightful. Have a good time at the wedding!

A Misunderstood Woman

(Continued from page 25)

permits one to become reportorial. So an appointment was made for ten o'clock one morning. I was afraid it might interfere with her rest, having in mind my own feather complex.

"I am up every morning at seven!" she cried.

I bowed respectfully and went home to set the alarm.

"Madame is not in," lied the butler suavely when I called at the hour of the appointment.

"But wasn't she expecting me?" I ventured, lifting my sun glasses, the better to see.

"Oh, pardon me," said he. "I didn't recognize you with the glasses. Come in. Madame will be down in a moment."

He wasn't a bit abashed at renegeing on his fib.

Naturally an English butler owes nothing to the memory of George Washington. That is why English butlers are so much more efficient than American.

I heard the click of typewriter keys above. Then footsteps came skipping, in the tripled rhythm of three steps at a time, down the staircase, and the august Madame entered, whistling.

"SHE enters whistling," I observed aloud. Nazimova made a moué and twirled into the corner of a divan, drawing her feet up after.

The effect was boyish: shining black hair cropped very short and parted on one side, a white Eton collar over a dark blouse, a short plaid skirt and flat-heeled brogues, and an abnormally long cigarette holder properly functioning.

Bella Donna, Hedda Gabler, Madame Peacock, Madame Nazimova—she's none of them. There is not a suggestion of hauteur or languor about her. Her dignity is about as impressive as Dorothy Gish's.

She has a handclasp, direct and energetic, which any politician might envy. It's the essence of sincerity. It's inimitable.

I have been in the presence of Nazimova many times and have yet to find her static. She never walks but she runs, or skips or scuds or bounds. When at work she wears Chinese pajamas to expedite progress. Her ancestors undoubtedly were cossacks. Had she been born in this country I would almost have been tempted to think they were taxi drivers. When required to sit she exercises her hands and shoulders. She's never still.

Once I asked her the secret for this superior pep, hoping half-heartedly for the name of a reliable bootlegger. Instead,—

"Hot water for breakfast."

"Hot water?"—a weak squeak.

"Well, a dash of lemon if you wish. For lunch, a three-minute egg and dry toast—and a cup of tea without sugar. For dinner, a little meat."

She assured me that such a diet would not only generate energy but keep the figure youthful. But remembering Uncle Tom I silently declared that my soul might belong to God but my figure certainly belonged to me, and rather than treat it with hot water and soft-boiled eggs I would suffer a premature senility, be a listless and paunchy old gentleman. Yet like all cravens, I admire the Spartan spirit. After observing Nazimova's supple slenderness, just five foot three in height, and an energetic youthfulness that claims to be mathematically forty-five, I would gladly write a testimonial to the efficacy of her diet. It would read like Will Roger's endorsement of a certain cigarette: "I don't smoke, but if I did I'd smoke your brand."

(Continued on page 120)

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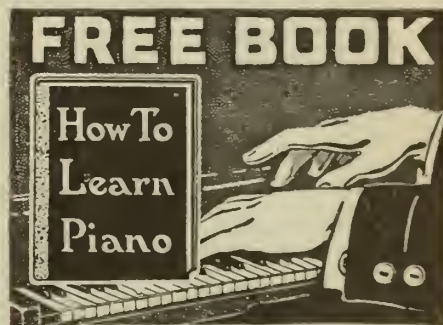
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A Misunderstood Woman

(Continued from page 119)

For happiness she recommended work. There again we differed.

"I am mis-er-able when I do not work,—mis-er-able," she cried, her rapier eyebrows lifted tragically in tune with her inflection.

It's Art when anyone can make me feel sorry because there isn't any work to do.

If her hardest bit of acting is swaying an interviewer, as she alleges, I solemnly proclaim Nazimova the world's greatest.

They say Sarah Bernhardt can shake you with sobs by reciting "Poor Little Ice-Cream Soda" in French. But fancy being stricken by a number in English entitled "Nothing To Do But Loaf."

Yet Nazimova really can sweep you into her mood. She's vibrant. Her thought flows in pictures which she externalizes by gesture, pose, and facial nuance. With Stendahl she might say, "My head is a magic lantern."

She lives in art. Disengage her and she would die of boredom because there are no other interests sufficiently vital to her. Her bantering, slightly satirical, humor conceals her sensitiveness. She is extremely sensitive toward her work. Adverse criticism of her last Metro pictures cut her sharply. Yet to all appearances she was untouched; she continued to assume production responsibilities which critics declared were too much for her. Some thought that her ego was running rampant, unbridled. That is not true. She may not have as clear a perspective or understanding of production as, say, Mary Pickford, but she will gain it or die in valiant defeat. There's a strain of perversity in her that will not let her pass up a challenge where her art is concerned. If some one told her that she could get away with an Oriental dance all right but that she'd never be able to do a good buck and wing, she'd start clogging immediately.

Outside the theatrical domain, however, she quickly yields. She has no business ability. She cares nothing about money. She never accumulated any until she married Charles Bryant and he became her business manager.

Her character is in the lines of her hands. She is proud of her hands.

"They are not the hands of an artist," says she. "They are the hands of a workman."

BECAUSE she is an aristocrat of the arts we make the mistake of considering her an aristocrat in caste. In the very name Nazimova there is something grandiloquent, sonorous, ritualistic,—like the notes of a cathedral organ. But in her heart there are no such notes. She scorns all artificial caste. In common or with most young intellectuals under the autocracy of the Tsar she had nihilistic sympathies, a devout loyalty toward all workers. She still has that loyalty, and like Pickford and Griffith, she has the faculty for inspiring loyalty and adoration in those around her.

She wants to be thought a good fellow. And, apparently, she has no difficulty whatever in achieving that ambition.

She confesses she used to think herself quite "Ibsenish and highbrowish," in high heels and long trailing gowns, but how the pose wearied her!

She's not an aristocrat, but a rebel. That sums her up in a line.

She's addressed as Madame Nazimova, but one thinks of her as "Naz."

She's the sort of jazz that Tschaiowsky might have written had he studied under Irving Berlin.

She's a Misunderstood Woman who wants to be understood—

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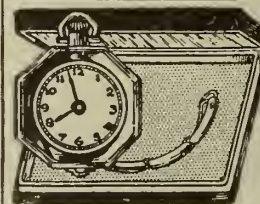
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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 74)

PEGGY H., SUMMIT, N. J.—Straightforward and honest, Peggy H.! Clarence Burton was the husband, and Forrest Stanley the well-known "other man" in Cecil de Mille's "Forbidden Fruit," with Agnes Ayres. Pearl White was born in 1880. Cullen Landis and Ralph Graves, Goldwyn. Landis has two children. Address Dorothy Davenport, care of Lester Cuneo Pictures, 635 H. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles.

GREEN.—Well, you *are*, you know. I wouldn't emphasize the fact by using green ink either, if I were you. Those scenes in "Food for Scandal," the Wanda Hawley film, may have been filmed in Ramona's Marriage Place in San Diego. If it's really a matter of vital importance to you, write the publicity department of Paramount and ask them about it.

G. G., INDIANA.—When I read your letter I reached for my silver-handled meat axe, but remembered in time that I had sent it out to be sharpened, anticipating the arrival of your missive. (Of course I don't really mean that—not all of it. It really hasn't a silver handle.) Wallace Reid is thirty-one. Yes, he is married. Yes, to Dorothy Davenport. Yes, he has a son Bill Reid. I wish you would take a memory course or something. I've answered those questions about Reid for you every month for three years.

E. B., BENNINGTON, VT.—Mahlon Hamilton opposite Gloria Swanson in "Under the Lash," the adaptation of "The Shulamite." William Russell was Blair Stanley in "The Diamond from the Sky"—ah, a voice from the past. Jay Belasco is about twenty-five. He is unmarried, born in Brooklyn and appears in Christie comedies. Percy Marmont is married. Wallace MacDonald is Mr. Doris May.

M. G. K.—I appreciate your thinking of me and love to get colored postcards of L'Arc de Triomphe, Notre Dame, and the Bay of Naples. It mitigates my prosaic existence, if such a thing is possible. When you return, I'll answer all your questions about the cinema, I promise you.

A. N., OAKLAND.—Buck Jones is married, but that won't stop him from sending you his photograph. In fact, Mrs. Jones probably attends to his correspondence herself. He's with Fox western. Lionel Barrymore in "Boomerang Bill"; address him at the Cosmopolitan studios, N. Y. C. His wife is Doris Rankin. You pronounce it Thomas Mee-an. Theda Bara's play, "The Blue Flame," went out. She's Mrs. Charles Brabin.

PHYLLIS.—I refuse, absolutely. The idea! Imagine! A nom de plume of "Just Me"! Great Grecian gods! Margery Wilson was the girl in "Crooked Straight." She hasn't been seen on the screen for a long time; don't know why. Speak up, Margery!

W. S. H., ARKANSAS.—To quiet my readers I hasten to assure them that these initials, while the same as Bill's, do not belong to him. Mr. W. S. Hart was born December 6, 1874. Harold Lloyd lost the thumb of his right hand in an explosion over a year ago and had a narrow escape from blindness. Lloyd is one of the finest chaps I know. Warner Oland in "The Fatal Ring."

(Continued on page 122)

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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 121)

THE YELLOW JACKET.—No, no—I'm not Carolyn Van Wyck. And not so loud—she might hear. I know absolutely nothing about fashions, and Miss Van Wyck knows just about everything. I'd suggest you write to her. She'll probably tell you they're not wearing yellow jackets this season. You'll have to get a new *nom de plume*.

MISS GRAY.—Tom Mix is coy as to age. He refuses to give his. William Farnum is married, and very happily, to Olive White, a very charming lady. His new picture, "A Stage Romance," is his best in a long time. Peggy Shaw and Myrtle Bonillas are his leading women.

H. B., DALLAS.—Billie Burke is on the stage now in "The Intimate Strangers," a nice fragile play by Booth Tarkington, in which Glenn Hunter also appears. Young Mr. Hunter has made a new picture called "The Cradle Busters." Billie was born in 1886, is married to Flo Ziegfeld, and has one little girl, Patricia.

YNEZ.—How on earth do you pronounce that? A gulp and a grimace—Ynez. It may be a really pretty name, though. Carol Dempster's bronze eyes and hair undoubtedly have it. Address them at the D. W. Griffith studios, Mamaroneck, N. Y. Miss Dempster first opened those eyes on January 16, 1902.

MILLIE.—You don't mind the Millie, do you? Mildred is so darned formal. Ann Pennington left the screen some years ago. I liked her pictures, too, but the general verdict seemed to be that she was better on the stage than the screen. She's the star of George White's "Scandals" shows now. She is not married.

DOROTHY K. J.—Dorothy Kelly has not been in films for years. She was a Vitagraph player, and a fine one. She married one Herbert Havenor, a non-professional, I believe; and has not been on the screen since. The photograph you enclose is of Betty Blythe, the erstwhile "Queen of Sheba," now in Rex Beach's United Artists feature, "Fair Lady." Yes—of course, Betty has the title rôle. She's Mrs. Paul Scardon in private life.

A. M., DETROIT.—I stayed up until nine P. M. answering yours and others' letters. I really work awfully hard, but nobody believes it. I have the art—ahem!—of achieving these paragraphs with ease and equanimity. Douglas McLean was born in Philadelphia, but declines to say when. So do I, these days.

C. J., PARK FALLS, WIS.—The abbreviations of states have always been sore trials to me. I hate abbreviations, and yet I must use them all the time. William and Neal Hart are not related; neither are Doug and Bill Fairbanks. Elsie Ferguson was born in 1883. Ethel Clayton is thirty-one. She is the widow of Joseph Kaufman.

LOLA A. E.—Sweet youth! A problem in geometry your chief trouble, and making fudge your greatest joy. I never could do geometry and fudge never appealed to me. I would much rather be old, as I am. Jack Perrin and Kathleen O'Connor in "The Lion Man." Kathleen is the wife of Lynn Reynolds, the director, and her latest appearance is in Goldwyn-Rupert Hughes' "Darlin'," which features Colleen Moore.

(Continued on page 123)

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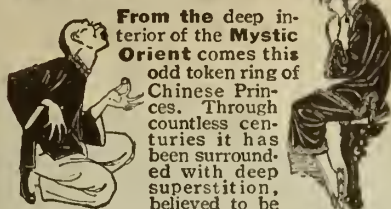
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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 122)

F. B., LIMA.—So you look like Ralph Graves. Can you act like Ralph Graves? Anyway, Ralph Graves was born in 1900, June 9, to be exact; has brown hair and blue eyes; is six feet one inch tall, and weighs 170 pounds.

D. H., BOSTON.—Doris Pawn was once Mrs. Rex Ingram. The present Mrs. Ingram is Alice Terry, the gorgeous blonde of the Ingram successes, "The Four Horsemen," "The Conquering Power," and "Turn to the Right." Doris Pawn is from Norfolk, Nebraska. James Rennie is back in New York again after making "The Dust Flower" for Goldwyn on the coast. Reginald Denny with Elsie Ferguson in "Footlights" and as the star of "The Leather Pushers," from H. C. Witwer's well-known yarns.

DEXTERITE.—You are very clever, and I am wary of a clever woman. However, if you like Elliott Dexter I'm a friend of yours. I like him also. Your letter will not be framed for its fourteen pages bound in engraved gilt would not part too much of my meager wages from my pig-skin wallet; but it shall be treasured—that I promise you. (I am making many promises—I hope I keep a few.) Mr. Dexter is abroad now. He told me he was going to stay until his money ran out, so I suspect we shall not see him for many, many months. The screen will miss him; and so will you; and so will I; so will everybody.

MIRIAM OF MAIN STREET.—Are you Carol Kennicotting around your town? Sinclair Lewis' best seller has not yet been filmed but undoubtedly will be before long. Bebe Daniels is twenty-one; Viola Dana twenty-three; Jack Mulhall thirty. James Kirkwood is abroad now, making pictures for Paramount.

BUBBLES.—I think Eugene O'Brien will send you his photograph. He is good-natured. He's not married. (In spite of my bachelordom, I hasten to assure you that these last two remarks are in no wise related.) Elaine Hammerstein is singly blessed.

B. S., HOLLYWOOD.—At last—one Californian who is still thrilled when she sees a film player! You say you met Lila Lee and she wasn't a bit stuck up. Of course not. Stuart Holmes' latest picture is Gloria Swanson's "Her Husband's Trademark," in which Stuart villains as the husband and gets killed, as usual, in the next-to-the-last-reel. Charles Ray Howard played the leading juvenile rôle in "Courage." However, I think this is the only prominent part in which he has been cast recently. He played in several government films during the war and was on the stage with Guy Bates Post in "Omar the Tentmaker." By the way, Post is making a picture of his stage success, "The Masquerader."

Miss M.—George Loane Tucker made but one picture after "The Miracle Man." This titled "Ladies Must Live," was released by Paramount. Betty Compson heads the cast. Thomas Meighan does not appear in it. Robert Ellis has the leading male rôle. Both Miss Compson and Mr. Meighan won stardom for their work in "The Miracle Man"—at least it was directly responsible for their promotions. Betty is not married. Tom is —to Frances Ring, sister of Blanche. The Meighans have no children.

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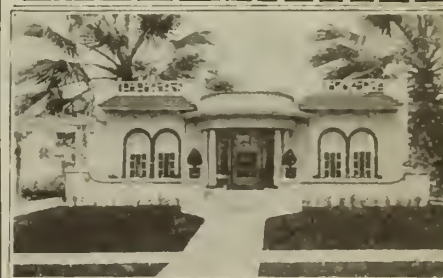
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The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

PHOTOPLAY

May 25c



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IN THIS
ISSUE

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The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XXI

NO. 6

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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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For Love or Money..First National
The Wise Kid.....Universal
The Ragged Heiress.....Fox

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Who Is the Future Film Star?

SOMEWHERE in America there is a Girl who is destined to make a name for herself in motion pictures. In some city or town or hamlet in this country, she is dreaming her dreams, hoping for the opportunity to realize them. A way has been provided for her to test her talents; her picture possibilities. The chance that thousands of girls have been waiting for has come. It is The Screen Opportunity Contest, sponsored by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation.

A practical, sane, and fair opportunity for young American women to win success in the films. No promises of immediate stardom or magnificent salaries; simply a good chance to work for fame. Every girl who has longed to act before the camera, who feels she possesses film qualifications, should enter her photograph. If she has ability, she will have ample opportunity to prove it.

The world wants new screen faces. The screen must have them. PHOTOPLAY and Goldwyn Pictures are cooperating to find these faces and to photograph them. It is the most unusual and far-reaching enterprise the screen has seen.

Don't delay. Send in your photograph now.

If you are one of these girls, send in your own likeness to the New Faces Editor, in care of this Magazine. If you know one of them, secure her picture and send it in for her.

— — —

Next month there will be the latest developments in the Screen Opportunity idea. Watch for them.

May She Invite Him

Into the House?

THEY have just returned from a dance. It is rather late, but the folks are still up. Should she invite him into the house or say good-night to him at the door? Should he ask permission to go into the house with her? Should she ask him to call at some other time?

There are countless other problems that arise every day. Should a woman allow a man she knows only slightly to pay her fare on a car or train? Should a man offer his hand to a woman when he is introduced to her? When walking with two women, should a man take his place between them or on the outside?

Those who know how to act under all circumstances are usually considered charming and cultured. But those who are always committing embarrassing mistakes, who do and say the wrong thing at the wrong time betray themselves as uncultured.

The Value of Social Knowledge

Everyone loves to attend dances and theatres, to mingle with cultured, brilliant people, to take part in social functions. Without the social knowledge which gives one polish and poise, one cannot hope to be happy and at ease in these circles. Social knowledge, or etiquette, serves as a barrier to keep the crude and unpolished out of the circles where they themselves would be embarrassed and where they would cause mortification to others.

Through generations of observation in the best circles of Europe and America, these rules of etiquette have come down to us—and today those that have stood the test of time must be observed by those who wish to be well-bred, who wish to avoid embarrassment and humiliation when they come into contact with cultured people.

The man or woman who knows the rules of etiquette should be able to mingle with brilliant cultured people and yet feel entirely at ease, always calm and well-poised. And if one knows how to conduct oneself with grace and confidence, one will win respect and admiration no matter where one chances to be. The charm of manner has a greater power than wealth or fame—a power which admits one to the finest circles of society.

What Do You Know About Etiquette?

Perhaps you have often wondered what to do on a certain puzzling occasion, what to wear to some unusual entertainment, what to say under certain circumstances? Do you know, for instance, how to word a wedding announcement in the newspapers? Do you know how to acknowledge a gift? Do you know the correct thing to wear to a formal dinner?

Do you know how to introduce a man to a woman, how to plan a tea-party, how to decorate the home for a wedding? Do you know how to overcome self-consciousness, how to have the charm of correct speech, how to be an ideal guest, an ideal host or hostess? Do you know all about such important details as setting a dinner table correctly, addressing invita-

tions correctly, addressing servants correctly? Do you know the etiquette of weddings, of funerals, of dances?

The Famous "Book of Etiquette" In Two Volumes Sent to You Free for Examination

There are two methods of gaining the social polish, the social charm that every man and woman must have before he or she can be always at ease in cultured society. One method is to mingle with society for years, slowly acquiring the correct table manners, the correct way to conduct oneself at all times, in all places. One would learn by one's own humiliating mistakes.

The other method is to learn at once, from a dependable authority, the etiquette of society. By knowing exactly what to do, say, write and wear on all occasions under all conditions, one will be better prepared to associate with the most highly cultivated people and yet feel entirely at ease. At the theatre, in the restaurant, at the dance or dinner one will be graceful and charming—confident in the knowledge that one is doing or saying only what is correct.

The famous two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette has solved the problem in thousands of families. Into these two volumes have been gathered all the rules of etiquette. Here you will find the solutions to all your etiquette problems—how to word invitations, what to wear to the theatre or dance, how much to tip the porter or waiter, how to arrange a church wedding. Nothing is omitted.

Would you like to know why rice is thrown after the bride, why a tea-cup is usually given to the engaged girl, why the woman who marries for the



second time may not wear white? Even the origin of each rule of etiquette is traced, and, wherever possible, explained. You will learn why the bride usually has a maid-of-honor, why black was chosen as the color of mourning, why the man raises his hat. As interesting as a story—yet while you read you will be acquiring the knowledge that will protect you against embarrassment and humiliation.

Examine these two famous volumes at our expense. Let us send you the Book of Etiquette free for 5 days. Read the tables of contents in the books. Glance at the illustrations. Read one or two of the interesting chapters. And then decide whether or not you want to return the splendid set. You will wonder how you could have ever done so long without it.

Within the 5 days' free examination period, you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the books without obligation. If you decide to keep them, as we believe you will, simply send \$3.50 in full payment—and they are yours. But be sure you take advantage of this free examination offer. Send the coupon at once! Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 775, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

NELSON DOUBLEDAY, Inc.,
Dept. 775, Oyster Bay, New York

Without money in advance, send me the two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette free for 5 days' examination. Within 5 days I will either return the books or keep them and send you only \$3.50 in full payment.

Name..... (Please Write Plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

[] Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful full-leather binding at \$5.00 with 5 days' examination privilege.

How Many of These Questions Can You Answer?

Should the engaged girl embroider her linens with her own initials or the initials of her future married name?

What is the correct way to eat cora on the cob in a public dining-room?

Does the woman who marries for the second time wear a veil?

Is it correct for a woman to wear a hat in a restaurant or hotel dining-room in the evening?

How should wedding gifts or birthday gifts be acknowledged?

In sending an invitation or announcement to a family in which there are adult children, is it correct to use the form "and family" on the envelope?

How Did They Do It?



DO you ever wonder how the ancient folk got along without the comforts and conveniences of today?

Without window-glass, without tooth brushes, without automobiles, without soap, without telephones, breakfast foods, stoves, and virtually all the items we consider bare necessities of life.

And have you ever wondered at the part advertising has played in the world's development? It has made and is making the world better housed, better fed, better dressed. It has increased the world's capacity for things that elevate, improve and idealize the important business of living. It is a big, vital force in fostering convenient and comfortable life.

Home! Can you imagine your own empty of advertised products?

Advertising is an authentic and essential guide to the markets of the world. Without its direction you lose much, and overlook much.

Don't fail to read the advertisements you find in this publication. Follow their guidance.

They will prove invaluable to you

Wonderful Clay Brings New Beauty to Every Skin!

Almost at once the complexion becomes clear and beautiful through this amazing scientific discovery.

SCIENCE is giving new complexions for old through a marvelous new discovery! Dull, coarse, blemished skins are being transformed into exquisite softness and smoothness—almost at once. Years of scientific research and experiment have finally revealed the elements which, when combined in certain exact proportions, remove the dead scales on the surface of the skin, clear the pores of every impurity, and leave the complexion as clear and charming as a child's.

The skin is provided by nature with millions of tiny pores with which to expel acids and impurities. When dust bores deeply into these pores and the use of harmful cosmetics clog them even more, the impurities remain in the skin. The result is not always noticeable at first. But soon the complexion becomes dull and harsh. Suddenly the face "breaks out" in pimples and blackheads. And if the impurities are still allowed to remain, the complexion becomes ruined entirely.

The use of harmful cosmetics will not correct this condition. Creams very often clog the pores only more. Many lotions and tonics cause enlarged pores and make the skin dry and coarse. Massage helps temporarily, but it stretches the skin and eventually causes it to droop and wrinkle. The natural, scientific way to remove both the blemishes and the impurities *at once* is explained by the remarkable discovery.

The New Discovery Explained

Certain elements, when correctly combined according to a chemist's formula, have been found to possess a powerful potency. These elements, or ingredients, have been blended into a soft, plastic, cream-like clay, delicately scented. It is applied to the face with the finger tips—just as a cream would be applied.

The name given to this wonderful discovery is Complexion Clay. The moment it is applied, every one of the millions of tiny pores in the skin awaken and hungrily absorb the nourishing skin-foods. In a few minutes the clay dries and hardens, and there is a cool, tingling, pleasant sensation as the powerful clay draws out every skin impurity. You will actually feel the tiny pores breathing, relaxing, freeing themselves with relief from the impurities that clogged and stifled them.

Allow Complexion Clay to remain for a little while. You may read, or sew, or go about your household duties. All the while you will feel the powerful beauty clay doing its work, gently drawing out impurities and absorbing blemishes. A warm towel will soften the clay, and you will be able to roll it off easily with your fingers. And with it you will roll off every scale of dead skin, every harmful impurity, every blemish. A hidden beauty will be unmasked—beneath the old complexion will be revealed a new one with all the soft, smooth texture and delicate coloring of youth!

Not a Cosmetic; Guaranteed Harmless

Complexion Clay is not a cosmetic. It is not a skin tonic or beauty lotion. It does not cover up blemishes and impurities—but removes them *at once*. It cannot harm the most sensitive skin. There is a feeling almost of physical relief as the

facial pores are relieved, as the magic clay draws out the accumulated self-poisons and impurities. You will be amazed when you see the results of only one treatment—the whole face will appear rejuvenated. Not only will the beauty of your complexion be brought to the surface, but enlarged pores will be normally closed, tired lines and bagginess will vanish, mature lines will be softened. Complexion Clay brings life and fervor to every skin cell and leaves the complexion clear, firm, smooth, fresh-looking.

Special Free Examination Offer

In order to enable everyone to test this wonderful new preparation, we are making a very special free-examination offer. If you send in your application now a jar of Complexion Clay will be sent to you at once. Complexion Clay is not on sale. It is sent to you direct, freshly made. Although it is a \$3.50 product and will cost that much ordinarily, you may pay the postman only \$1.95 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment. And despite this special low introductory price you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the jar and having your money refunded at once if you are not delighted with results.

Our Guarantee Backed by Million-Dollar Bank

We guarantee Complexion Clay to be a preparation of marvelous potency—and a beautifier that is absolutely harmless to the most sensitive



The beauty of the face is more largely determined by the texture and quality of the skin than by the features. The marvelous new discovery actually absorbs all blemishes and impurities, lifts away the coarse, dull, unsightly complexion and unmasks an entirely new complexion underneath—one as soft and smooth and charming as a child's! Because it is not a cosmetic, but a pure scientific and hygienic preparation, it cannot harm the most sensitive skin.

skin. This guarantee of satisfaction to every user is backed by a deposit of \$10,000 in the State Bank of Philadelphia, which insures the return to any purchaser of the total amount paid for Complexion Clay if the results are unsatisfactory or if our

statements in this announcement in any way misrepresent this wonderful new discovery.

Mail the Coupon NOW!

Don't fail to take advantage of this free-to-your-door introductory price offer. No matter what the condition of your complexion may be, Complexion Clay will give it a new radiant beauty—for it is a natural preparation and works *always*. You won't have to wait for results, either. They are immediately evident.

Just mail the coupon—no money. Test for yourself this remarkable new discovery that actually lifts away blemishes and reveals a charming, beautiful new complexion. Don't delay. Clip and mail the coupon now, while you are thinking of it. Domino House, 269 South 9th St., Dept. 265, Philadelphia, Pa.

.....
DOMINO HOUSE Dept. 265
269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Without money in advance, you may send me a full-size \$3.50 jar of Complexion Clay. When it is in my hands I will pay the postman only \$1.95 (plus few cents postage) in full payment. I retain the privilege of returning the jar within 10 days and having my money refunded if I am not surprised and pleased with the wonderful results. I am to be sole judge.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

If apt. to be out when postman calls send remittance right with this coupon.



*In her face—the charm
he seeks to find*

Nothing quite effaces that momentary disappointment

INSTINCTIVELY—perhaps without even stating it to himself—a man expects to find daintiness, charm, refinement in the women he knows.

And when some unpleasant little detail mars this conception of what a woman should be—nothing quite effaces his involuntary disappointment.

Don't let a neglected condition of your skin give an impression of untidiness in your toilet. Any girl can have a smooth, clear skin, free from little defects and blemishes. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies, and new takes its place. By giving this *new skin* the right care, you can keep it flawlessly smooth and clear.

If you have the type of skin that is continually breaking out with ugly little blemishes, use every night the following simple treatment to overcome this defect:

JUST before retiring, wash your face with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, 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.

Use this treatment until the blemishes have disappeared. Then continue to give your face every night, a thorough bath with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold.

This treatment and other special treatments for all the different types of skin are given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake

of Woodbury's today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream, Cold Cream, and Facial Powder, together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 505 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 505 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.* English agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Sq., London, E. C. 4.

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HERE is Madge Bellamy, for whom critics are predicting a bright future. She has given several performances of astounding beauty

Edwin Bower Hesser

New Photos



A GRACE of early Italy lingers about Alma Rubens. Actually a charming, modern young woman, artistically Alma possesses a poignancy too subtle to be exactly twentieth-century

Ira L. Hill



GIPSY O'BRIEN lives up to her unusual name. She has contributed portrayals of a depth seldom attained by seasoned stars. You've seen her opposite Lionel Barrymore

Sarony



WE ARE worried about the Follies. What are they going to do if beautiful girls like Betty Francisco persist in pursuing celluloid careers? Betty is much in demand as a featurette

Edwin Bower Hesser



YOU never hear of a thrilling jewel robbery or a rescue from bandits in connection with Katherine MacDonald. The lady is content to rest upon her laurels as an American beauty

Edwin Bower Hesser



A LOVELY profile has governed the destinies of nations. Claire Windsor started in pictures "just for fun" but has found it a serious and highly remunerative profession

Edwin Bower Hesser



SHE has grown up. Not so long ago, Edith Roberts was just a pretty little ingenue. Now, Cecil deMille has made her the dramatic heroine of his latest silk-lined problem plays

Seely



Actual photograph of frail silk lace stockings after 15 years of wear and the care that Ivory Soap Flakes gives. There is not a hole in toe, heel, lace or garter top.

Silk Lace Stockings 15 Years Old!

Kept unbroken and lovely by the purity that is in Ivory Soap Flakes

FIFTEEN years ago, in Paris, France, a Kentucky man purchased the pair of delicate, hand-embroidered silk lace stockings shown in the photograph, as a gift for his wife. During the years that followed she wore them occasionally, dipping them into Ivory Soap suds after each wearing, to rid them of the perspiration which always, though perhaps unnoticeably, clings to a stocking which has been worn, and which rots the silk if permitted to dry into it.

In the past year and a half the daughter of the original owner has worn these same stockings at least twenty times, continuing to wash them after each wearing. The only change in method was that the daughter made the washing suds with Ivory Flakes, which suds and cleanses almost instantly, instead of

going through the more tedious process of preparing the suds with cake Ivory Soap.

Mother and daughter both attribute the wonderful wear from these stockings to the fact that they never have been touched with anything but Ivory Soap. They never have been subjected to the chemicals in harsh soaps, which are as harmful as perspiration acids to silk fibre. They never have been rubbed—the rich Ivory suds remove dirt simply by dissolving it so that rinsing carries it away.

To rinse out a pair of silk stockings with Ivory Flakes takes just a few minutes in the bathroom washbowl. It is as easy as washing your hands, and you will find there is nothing quite so satisfactory for giving you long wear from silk hose and other dainty finery too delicate for the family wash.



Send for Free Sample of Ivory Flakes

with instruction book on the care of delicate garments of silk, wool, and all fine fabrics. Address Section 45-EF, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Ask your dealer for

IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Snowlike Flakes of Genuine Ivory Soap
MAKES PRETTY CLOTHES LAST LONGER



PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XXI

May, 1922

No. 6

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

YOU know what you want.
Ask for it.
Don't murmur. Shout!
If there ever was a democratic institution it is the motion picture.

In a few short years it sprang up among the skyscraper industries of the world,—because it appealed to the masses.

It was created by you. It will live by you. But it needs your attention.

Every motion picture producer is striving to please you.

What does the public want?—that is the constant query of the motion picture.

The boxoffice reports supply a fair gauge but it is not absolute. It merely states that a certain picture did a big business. But why? Was it because the theme was mother love, or because the players in it are popular, or because the director of it always pleases you?

The motion picture is not a luxury, it is a necessity. We realized this poignantly in war times. We must have recreation. The motion picture supplies it at a lower cost than any other form of entertainment. Furthermore, it is one in which all members of the family may participate.

Since it is a necessity it deserves your study.

You know the brand of coffee you like and you demand it. You know the newspapers that supply you with the kind of news you want, and you ask for them.

Accord the same interest to your entertainment.

If the exhibitor is charging you more than you can afford, more than you believe the entertainment justifies, kick!

If you would rather have the price lowered than to have the present prologue numbers of music, song and dance, tell the exhibitor.

He's not conducting a theater for his own amusement.

If you like certain stars, tell the exhibitor. If you dislike certain others, tell him that, too.

We believe the exhibitor should find a means of direct communication with patrons. Some of them have. But it is not easy.

A merchant knows what you want. When you examine a piece of goods you express your approval or disapproval and give your reasons. Why not do the same with the motion picture?

Don't leave the theater grumbling. Step up to the manager or an attendant and state your opinion. He won't be offended. He'll pass it on with emphasis to the man who sold him the picture. That man will tell the producer. Don't think for one moment that the motion picture industry can afford to ignore what you say. It is too directly dependent upon you.

Some exhibitors make reports to trade papers as to how a picture draws, how you liked it and what the virtues and weaknesses were.

We ask that you make similar reports to the editor of PHOTOPLAY.

From our two million readers throughout the world we now receive on the average of twenty-five thousand letters a month. We want more. We consider very carefully your opinions as to PHOTOPLAY magazine, and we put into it the personalities and the information which you indicate you want.

If your theater manager does not supply you with what you want, tell us. We'll pass the tip on to the producer.

Start in today being your own critic of stars, stories, directors and producing companies. Learn to know them by their brand names. Learn to know what you want—and *Ask For It*.

She Delivered the Goods

The first authoritative personality sketch of Pola Negri, the Polish Star, written in Berlin for Photoplay

By

MAXIMILIAN VINDER

The reasons for Pola Negri's immediate American popularity were threefold: first of all she was new; secondly she appeared in a "vamp" part—a type of part which, having been rendered ridiculous by Theda Bara and subsequently abandoned, stood in real need of resuscitation; and, most important of all, she was not camera-wise. If she had to rave, she raved; if she had to laugh or cry, she laughed or cried.

AND she didn't care whether the emotion made her look pretty or ugly. She delivered the goods.

The other established American screen favorites were beginning to sicken the public by their insistence on looking pretty at all times. Too many close ups, too many left profiles, too many soft focusings; it was all of the same school. The cameraman was prettifying the screen to death, and the stars liked him for it.

In "Passion" the photography was dull, the lighting was flat, there were few close ups of Negri. She, with her wide intelligent forehead and her big restless eyes, her unascetic mouth, dashed about from one scene to another, and

went through all sorts of emotional changes. But when the director said "Go to it!" she went to it like one doing an honest day's job for a day's pay.

There were times when she looked hideous; in "One Arabian Night" there were scenes when she was nearly ghastly. She overacted scandalously in "The Last Payment," but the audiences in the higher priced American movie houses had been so surfeited with underacting that they were ready for the Medusa of the Loud Pedal.

Actually, in "Passion" the best characterizations, exemplified by technique were those of the King and De Choiseul. They needed no tuition by the director; but Negri did. Naturally emotional, temperamental in every sense, she let herself go. From the viewpoint of absolute art her Du Barry was not wonderful. But it got the audiences in America all worked up, just as they get aroused by Al Jolson or Billy Sunday or anybody who puts his heart into his job.

MUCH has been written, still more talked of, concerning Negri's life before she became celebrated. Really the details are commonplace, with a record of hard work, struggle for recognition first of all as a dancer in Poland and Austria, until 1914 when, Poland getting to be the cockpit of Europe, ravaged with destruction equally by Slavs and Teu-



Pola Negri is a lavish hostess at her estate near Bromberg, Poland. Her hospitality admits of no class distinction. She is no adherent of artificial dignity, and is as democratic as in her days of climbing

POLA NEGRI is a screen product, as are the great women of the screen. In that lies her astounding success, just as in that fact lies the success of Lillian Gish, Mary Pickford, and Norma Talmadge. While it is true that both Miss Gish and Miss Pickford had some slight experience in the legitimate theater, they did little more than learn the alphabet of their art.

So with Pola Negri. Her dramatic experience prior to entering motion pictures was negligible. She was a dancer and a pantomimist, learning thereby the rudiments of gesticulation. Now, at the age of twenty-seven, she is a meteor flashing through the heavens, a product of the screen, and not a transplanted stage actress.

In Germany, many screen fans are still dazed and bewildered at the phenomenal reputation she has already acquired in America. For in German filmland she is not so esteemed as not to have competitors. Asta Neilsen and Henny Porten have quite as great a following as has Pola Negri. Much finer work in the subtler forms of acting has been done by Henny Porten. Pola Negri has one advantage over both Henny Porten and Asta Neilsen—she is better to look at.

Is this the reason for her American popularity? ask the Germans. Is it possible that mere looks are any criterion to histrionic excellence? they inquire.

tons, she fled to comfortable Berlin. She worked as an extra in the studios of the Ufa Company.

So little was she thought of that when Lubitsch made his first big picture, "The Oyster Princess," in 1915, the young Polish woman did not have even a small part. It was a comedy purporting to show the adventures of an American millionaire and his marriageable daughter—the story by Lubitsch, vulgar and coarse, and the stellar "honors"(!) fell to Ossi Oswald.

At this time there was a director named Stern who was beginning to direct pictures for the Ufa Company in Berlin. His pictures had to be cheaply made; and when economy is the order of the day, if conviction cannot be obtained by elaborate settings, it may be attained by casting to type.

THE story that Stern was scheduled to direct was one of those gloomy things in which German art delights to gloat. A young married woman in high society is unfaithful to her middle-aged invalid husband, selecting his nephew as her lover. The husband discovers her treachery; and before he dies makes a new will, leaving her the castle and grounds and other appurtenances of wealth (which would otherwise pass to the nephew) upon two conditions: that she never remarry, and that she spend eight hours, alone, each day in a certain room.

She has no qualms about continuing her intrigue with the nephew of the defunct; but a revelation awaits her in the room where she has to remain the prescribed eight hours, for the walls are almost entirely covered by life-sized portraits of her husband with the eyes staring accusingly at her. Not unnaturally, she becomes a raving lunatic, which is the end of the story.

AS the sophisticated will see, this is the sort of part that can scarcely be overacted, with its scenes of passionate abandonment to her lover in the garden, its no less passionate denial of her husband's deathbed accusations, and the foamings at the mouth in the scenes of insanity.

Stern needed a woman just like Negri in looks for the part, saw her, found her salary was small, and made his picture. Later when Lubitsch saw the picture, and various well-known actresses had rejected, for one reason or other, the part of Du Barry in the film now known as "Passion," he selected Negri for the leading woman.

This was the beginning of four years of excellent team work in which both director and star increased their reputations. Such team work is not unknown in America also; those who saw the pictures of Mary Pickford directed by Marshal A. Neilan—Rebecca, M'liss, Daddy Longlegs, and



Pola Negri is highly emotional in private life as well as on the screen. She never spares herself. Her restlessness probably accounts for the fact that although two or three years younger than Mary Pickford she screens so much older

She doesn't care whether an emotion makes her pretty or ugly

the others—will remember, sighing for the days that are no more.

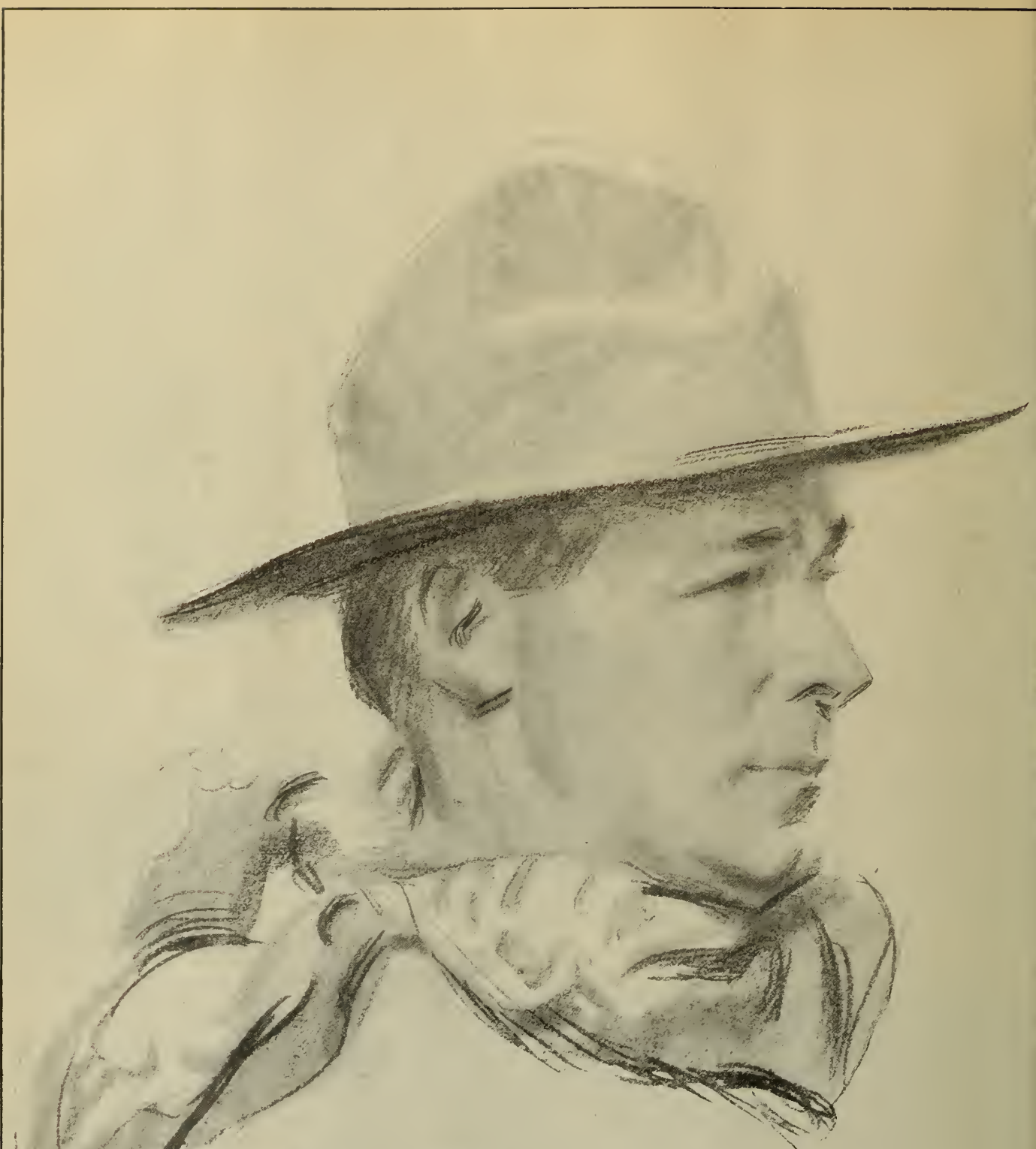
Together, therefore, Lubitsch and Negri made their pictures—Carmen ("Gypsy Blood") Sumurun ("One Arabian Night") and a host of others. The association was broken, temporarily, when Lubitsch left the Ufa last summer to make "The Loves of Pharaoh." Their last picture, a woeful comedy of the Polly Moran School, called the "Mountain Cat," written by Lubitsch, was badly received in Germany. Its appearance in America seems unlikely.

WHAT is much more interesting is to speculate on Lubitsch and Negri again joining their forces. Neither is so successful individually as when working with the other.

Having decided to take a rest last year, Pola Negri went back to Bromberg in Poland, near which city she had bought a chateau and estate. She and her husband had been divorced two years previously and thus she is no longer the Grafyn Apollonia Dwomska. Her taste in thus selecting Bromberg as a place of residence whilst her ex-husband was actually Military Commandant of that city was much questioned at the time. Negri's hospitality at the chateau was boundless and she recognized no class distinction.

But, after all, her democratic tendencies in a country of aristocracy (*Concluded on page 109*)





BILL HART
BY
JAMIE MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Drawn from the life by Mr. Flagg especially for Photoplay Magazine.

"Bill Hart"

By JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

AN extraordinary thing this personality business. Out of the hundreds—thousands rather—of actors in America a few that you can count on your right hand have burst the ropes that tied them to the pretty-goods of the legitimate to become the damwonderfuls of the screen. What these players have is as rare and as precious as radium. Maybe it is human radium. When they are found, nothing the world has is too good for them—everything is poured into their laps that the needful old world has to give to those that give to it—affection, praise, limousines, terrapin, pearls, vintages, purple and gold raiment, and palaces!

They are the chosen of the fickle old world—the old reprobate of a world—and a few of the few can stand it. Stand the furious glare of the world limelight, the terrific admiration and fatuous idolatry and the riches. One of the few of the few is Bill Hart.

I had never met him, although I had corresponded with him. I wanted to paint him in his war clothes, as I have always admired him and what he stood for on the screen. What does he stand for? For the great West, young feller, for the one and only epic romance of America—the pioneer—the frontiersman, that's what! The strength, courage, resourcefulness, the chivalry, simplicity and the clean-heartedness of American manhood, if I must tell you-all! The laughing opposite to the pallid, nervous timorous time-serving insects of the East! And I say this, an Easterner.

HE came to my studio on his trip East— You no doubt detect a faint aroma of hero-worship in my sentences? Well, suppose you do! Haven't you ever done it yourself? He wore a cap. He carried one of his forty Stetsons and an old silk bandana—for me to draw him in—at my request. He is what you see him on the screen—only much bigger and taller than you would think. The screen tells almost everything but the age and height of the player. It is dumb on those scores. He is magnificently built, but two weeks of New York have strained his waistcoat and it will take another two weeks' hard riding on "The Paint"—(which is what he calls his little fourteen year old pard, his horse)—to get down to normal.

HE looks about forty-five, is an easy talker, modest and simply nuts about that paint pony! He said that when he gets back to his ranch he has to be darn careful to watch

his step, as the pony in his delight in seeing him is likely to "rare" up when Bill isn't watching and come down on him with his front legs. He has ripped his sleeve from shoulder to wrist in just such affectionate cavortings. He told me dramatically how he and the pony nearly cashed in in a water hole in doing the "Toll-Gate" and about the fight in "Brand-ing Broadway."

He had a fight in the story with a number of waiters and he had to get a lot of new fighters for the scene. It doesn't do at all to fight with amateurs, as it is much more dangerous than with professionals, so Bill says. He had a talk with the fighter whom he was supposed to mix with last, and told him to pull his punches when he could, but that if he hurt him, Bill, never mind and on the other hand he wasn't to mind if Bill hurt him—**BUT**—when Bill got to a good place he was going to knock him cold apparently and the pug was told to wait for the signal, "Go!" and then drop.

All the time that Bill was giving his instructions he was rather annoyed and curious at the man's peculiar furtive expression and at his silence, which came into his mind again when he had cleaned up the other waiters and had reached this last one. At the propitious moment in the mill Bill yelled "go" and swung on him.

The man to his surprise paid no attention but went at him harder than ever. It flashed through Bill's mind as he now fought in desperation to keep from taking the count that this was a plant and he saw the hand of an ex-partner of his who was a blood relation of some hydrophobia skunk—so sailing in like a demon he managed to get an opening and landed on the man's jaw.

Then in a cold fury he corralled the fighters and accused them of a plot to knock him out—one of them begged to be allowed to explain. It wasn't a plant—my God, no! Then what in Tucson was it? Why the feller was stone deaf!

Bill has had his hands broken several times, and some few ribs, and several teeth loosened—but as I can't remember a picture of his in which there wasn't a fight I have come to the conclusion that somewhere in the dim past among his ancestors there must have been a strain of Irish!

Although I see the funny angle to lots of his pictures—the bad man being miraculously regenerated by one look into the blue eyes of a pure young girl—and I guess he does too—still I hope he goes on making the same kind of pictures because I and millions of others love them!

More power to Bill!

Sonnet Impressions

By

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

SHIRLEY MASON

There is a boyish freedom in the way
You laugh at life—there is an elfin thrill
That clings about you, half-elusive, 'till
Some grown-up comes to frighten you at play—
For then you put your toys and games away,
And act the lady, quite against your will,
And say and do things you should, until
One longs to see you young again, and gay!

When years have passed, when time has
left its trace
Of silver in the sunlight of your hair,
When you sit, idle, in an easy chair,
And smile into an unguessed future's face.
You'll keep, laid in some place that no one knows,
A doll, a ribbon, and a faded rose.



PAULINE STARKE

Your hands are slim and very pale,
Your dark hair lies against your face,
As if it loves its resting place;
And wistfulness is like a veil
Across your eyes. . . . Your form is frail
And yet unbending. Winsome grace
Fights with an urgent pride of race,
That binds you like a coat of mail.

One always thinks of songs unsung
When seeing you—of words unsaid,
Of youth that never will be dead,
Yet, deathless, never will be young.
One wonders if your dreams are lies,
Or shadow things, or butterflies!



Larry Semon is no John Barrymore, but he isn't kidding himself, and that's a great start



He may say he's crazy, but he isn't. If it's crazy to get \$100,000 a year to stop custard pies, bring on your bakeries

It's No Laughing Matter

This business of making comedies

"YOU'VE got to be crazy to do it," says Larry Semon. I'll say you do!

A fat man stood on a platform about twenty feet high and dropped a large pail filled with very gooey, smeary, thick soapsuds on the unprotected and innocent head of another fat man below. The pail, which had been previously broken and tied up with string, broke and the soapsuds Niagaraed all over the man's head and eyes and mouth and nose and ears and down his open shirt front, and seeped through his collar and trickled down his back.

Then they took a big towel and wiped him off and dried his hair and brushed it, so that it looked all nice and then—they did it all over again.

When they began to do it for the ninth time, I emitted what I suppose sounded like an exclamation of protest. It felt like one, so I suppose it sounded like one.

"What'd you mean, you got to be crazy to do it?" I asked.

"Well," said Larry Semon. "Don't you?"

"Do you think anyone that's sane is going to stand up there and let you throw soapsuds on their head like that for two hours and *enjoy it*? Do you think anybody that can have a good time saying good morning to a custard pie or falling on their anatomy continuously all day and not mind it a bit, can get by an alienist?"

"No wonder most comedians are sad away from their work. They ought to be.

"A comedy is only as funny as its gags. The comic is of secondary importance. I have thirty-two members of my company in stock, including property men, technical men, cameramen, assistant directors and actors. I expect them not only to be ready to do any doggone thing I ask 'em to, but to eat, sleep, think and read gags. Now you can't do that and not go crazy.

"How can people spend their lives falling into ponds and pies, and off tressles and girders, and chasing up and down hills, without getting a trifle different? Now, understand, I

don't think it's a thing in the world wrong to be a little crazy. I'd rather be crazy and successful and happy, than so darn sane, and a failure and miserable."

He got up, took a small, black leather book from the voluminous pockets of his short high pants. It was just an ordinary, commonplace little book—the kind of little black book that always makes all the trouble.

Larry Semon consulted this one earnestly and I was trying to determine whether he was planning to blow up the Vitagraph studio—when he said, "Now my script says that the next thing we do is in the theater, so let's go over to the theater set."

I TROTTED patiently by his side as we crossed the rough and rugged hills that divided us from the lot. Finally I gathered up courage enough to ask, "Is that your script in that little black book?"

"Sure," said the slapstick comedian. "I write it up every night, like a diary, with the next day's work."

Oddly enough Larry Semon comes of a good old Quaker family, too. New England.

But perhaps Larry Semon comes by his comical antics naturally, after all. New England, like Indiana, has been noted not only for poets and fiction factories. It has turned out a multitude of antis and pros. Most of these legitimate. Occasionally, though, there is a tendency to the freakish, the bizarre.

But not many like Larry Semon. If he's eccentric his brain cells are all there. He knows how to coin them into dollars. Every caper he cuts adds to the national exchequer. His income tax grows that fast.

This character he is establishing in his films, he originally drew when he was a famous cartoonist on the New York Sun.

He left there to act 'em instead of draw 'em—that's all. Like a nightmare come true.

And—well, you know what cartoonists are!

Night Life in Paris

If there was none there before there was when Teddy Sampson breezed in.
Garçon! Attencion! Toute suite!

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

AND I said to Lottie, 'So this is Paris.' Teddy's voice came across the bank of orchids and roses and I left my dinner partner flat.

He was only a business man.

In the first place, we had waited dinner half an hour for Teddy.

It is one of her charms that you always wait dinner for Teddy—and sometimes she comes.

Then, just after we sat down and the butler served cocktails (don't break any commandments, they were only lobster) there was a burst of conversation at the outer door, a whirl of silk and perfume and fur, and Teddy stood in the doorway, regarding us with that pugnacious little glance of hers, like a cross baby boy.

"Say, listen," she said, holding her mole-skin tight about her and regarding the glitter of silver and glass and flowers, "before I swallow a bite of that food, I want to ask you fellows a question. What do I have to do for this dinner? It looks too grand to be moral."

She dropped her fur cape on the floor with a swift aside, "Only paid \$175 for that in Berlin," flung her smart turban upside down on the nearest serving table, and dropped into her chair.

And grinned. Black, impish eyes, little white teeth between her carmined lips, wrinkled pug nose. Even her flying bobbed black hair. *Gamin*.

It was almost ten minutes later that I heard her remark about Paris, and I shamelessly listened in.

"When we got into the railroad station in Paris, a fellow in uniform rushes up to us and begins to deliver the President's message in Chinese. I understand French perfectly—I took six lessons before I went over—but this guy was talking against time or something. I said to Lottie, 'It's all right. Don't pay any attention to him, and he'll go away in a minute.' I was right. With a gesture of his good right arm, he cast us into outer darkness."

I don't see what need Teddy Sampson would have for French or any other language as long as they didn't tie her hands. If they did that, she couldn't talk English over a telephone. I don't know whether the Frenchman who wrote the delicious *gamin* story of "Kiki" for Lenore Ulrich ever saw Teddy or not. If he did, she ought to get a royalty.

Teddy went to Europe with the Fairbanks-Pickford party—to keep Lottie Pickford company and help Mother Pickford manage the expedition. It was her first visit.



Black, impish eyes; little teeth white between carmined lips; flying bobbed black hair—Teddy Sampson. In the circle: a scene from one of her first pictures, "Sympathy Sal"

"It'd be a great little place if it wasn't for the money," she went on. "But after all any country'd be better off without that. I bet the French nation could pay its war debt with the bills Lottie and I threw away because we thought they were telephone numbers we were through with. We couldn't read 'em, much less talk 'em. Guess that phrase about dirty money originated with some bird that had been to Paris for the first time."

"How did you like the climate?" asked her neighbor.

"Never saw any," said Teddy. "Did you ever ride in a French taxi? When I got back to New York I thought I was in a funeral procession every time I took a ride. Mother Pickford said to me, said she, 'Teddy, learn just one word of French. Learn to tell those war-eating chauffeurs to go slow.'"

"So I did. The next time we went out in a taxicab and the driver started to vol-plane, Ma Pickford yells, 'Oh, Teddy, tell him. Tell him to go slow!'"

"And like a dumbbell I'd forgotten the combination. But I took a chance—after all, what in the world is the difference, you're only here for a little while, anyway. I shrieked, 'Vite, vite, for the love of St. Patrick, vite!'"

"By the time I brought Mother to, we were in Versailles."

Teddy sipped her wine reflectively.

"We stayed in a grand old French hotel in Paris. If I told you the name of it in French, I'd probably get mixed up and insult you, so I won't. Lot and I had a royal suite.

"They must have built those old French hotels for convention purposes only. The drawing room we had would have held the French army. Lottie said to me, 'Teddy, if you don't stop trying to see the ceiling, you'll break your fool neck.' So I quit. I'm no Lillian Lorraine.

"Oh, the night life? Well—I saw enough of it to hold an intelligent conversation with the other nuts who have been to Paris. It's a great idea, but it's too expensive. Every time you throw a party in Paris it costs you a couple of years' income tax. D'y'e know, I thought I looked French—I'm not, my real name is Nora Stitch and I'm proud of it—but I've always been told I looked French and I fell for it until I got my first peep at the checks they handed me in those Paris cafes. Then I knew they had my number.

(Concluded on page 109)

Next Time, Jim

JIM KIRKWOOD is noted for being a good actor and an unfortunate investor. He probably owns more oil stocks than any star in the movies.

But the other night his title was seized by Julius Tannen, the famous monologist of the varieties.

Julius declared that he had invested in a proposition to plant rubber bands in Mexico and raise automobile tires.

"My Gawd," sighed Jim, "I wonder why they didn't let me in on that."



"She might not be a clever woman but she was an intuitive one. She could, for instance, recognize a cat when she saw one"

The Last Straw

An entertaining tale of motion picture life, illustrating again the adage that the worm—in this case the pretty, patient wife of a pompous film star—will eventually turn

By
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Illustrated by
R. Van Buren



LUCY! Lu-cc-eee!"
The ting-aling of a little bell. Then, "Luc-ee-eee?"

Lucy Beresford winced, swallowed a final bite of egg, grinned and flew to the stove, where she lighted the gas under the coffee pot.

Hugh simply couldn't bear coffee made in a percolator. In fact, he often declared that his old colored mammy used to say a coffee pot should be colored just like a meerschaum pipe.

Lucy went to the foot of the back stairs and called sweetly, "Yes dear. Coffee in just a minute. It's getting hot."

A moment's silence. Then the voice from above declared, "Too damn bad it couldn't be hot, when I wake up. *You know*, Lucy, what I'm like in the morning before I've had my coffee. And for goodness' sake, have the toast hot, too, and see if you can find a ripe melon."

Without waiting to hear the end, Lucy had returned swiftly to the stove and with tiny, deft hands made the toast, buttered it with sweet butter, and chose a melon from the basket on the back porch.

She was a pretty, trim little woman with big, dark serene eyes and a humorous mouth. In her morning dress of pink crepe with its white embroidered collar, she was a goodly sight for the eyes of any man to rest upon when he arose in the morning.

But Hugh Beresford failed of so much as a glance in her direction when she came in a moment later, bearing the tray with its steaming fragrant coffee, crisp toast and ice-filled, golden-hearted melon.

He was absorbed in his paper.

"Where's the Times?" he asked briefly.

"It's not come yet, dear." Lucy was arranging the tray on the little swinging table over the bed.

"It seems funny, Lucy, that you couldn't even tend to a little thing like my having the papers in the morning. Why don't you call up the silly office and tell them I must have my paper in the morning by eight? I shouldn't think that would be a great deal of trouble, when you haven't a thing to do all day long."

Lucy shut her lips tightly, then her usual cheerful smile spread over her face. "I did 'phone, dear. I'll try again today. They don't seem to pay much attention to me. Everyone around here complains of their delivery service."

The man threw down the paper in his hands and sat up in bed, his handsome brown eyes snapping. "Lucy, don't *argue* with me. Please don't. You know how I hate to be argued with in the morning, 'specially before I've had my coffee. Why will you do it?"

"For a quarter of an hour she sat there sputtering"

Mrs. Beresford ignored the remark and went quietly to the big walnut chifferobe. With the efficiency of long practice, she began laying out clothes—socks, handkerchiefs, a colored one and a white one, a shirt in which she carefully placed all the buttons, a soft collar to match, a suit of pongee underwear. Opening the door of the big wardrobe closet, she took out a pair of tan and white sport shoes.

She glanced at the bed, where her husband was placidly consuming his melon and the paper at the same time. Then she hurried into the bathroom, laid his shaving things on the plate-glass table and ran his bath, testing it carefully with a thermometer cased in wood.

A bellow from the bedroom made her drop it and, with little beads of perspiration beginning to stand out on her forehead, she flew back to his side.

"My God, Lucy, this coffee is stone cold—absolutely stone cold. Isn't there some way—*some way*—that I could arrange to get my coffee hot in the morning? Heavens knows I don't ask for a great deal. You know I can't drink my coffee unless it's hot."

"Well, dear," said his wife, taking up the cup from his tray, "you took so much time to read your paper that—"

"Lucy! Let's not *argue* about it. Of course it's my fault that you give me cold coffee morning after morning. I admit that. But could you figure out some way to get me a hot cup of coffee without my listening to endless condemnation and explanation?"

MRS. BERESFORD ran down the narrow back stairs to the kitchen and with hands that trembled just a little, reheated the coffee. This time she carefully carried the pot to the head of the stairs and poured out a clean cup, but when she carried it in to him her former smile had completely vanished.

She waited until he had finished and she heard him leap out of bed. Silently she flew to test the bath water again, ran an added stream of hot and shook in a handful of scented bath salts. Dextrously, she sharpened a safety razor blade on the patent sharpener.

Then she went to her own room to wait.

Outside her window was a bush of climbing roses—yellow roses. A few blocks away over the tops of the trees, she could see the sun glinting on the glass roofs of the stages at the studio. She stood, one little foot tapping, until as usual her smile came back.

Gracious, what was the use of paying any attention to Hugh?

She heard him splashing. Then whistling as he shaved. He came back to his room. She waited, poised.

Nor did she have to wait long.

"Lucy! Lu-ce-eee!"

There were times when Lucy passionately wished that her mother had selected some name for her that did not lend itself so well to shouting—anything, Bridget, or Augusta, or Mehitable.

"You haven't laid me out a tie."

"But, dearest boy, you said that you—"

"Lucy. I don't even know where my ties are. Please find me that knitted blue one with the henna stripes that I bought last week."

With the greatest care he finished brushing his hair—he



"There was a Lucy stood on

always brushed it ten minutes at night and ten minutes in the morning—adjusted his tie, settled his coat, gave himself a final survey in the mirror, and turned to his wife with a beaming smile.

"All right, sweetheart," he said. "Now, is the car ready?"

"Yes, dear, it's been at the door for twenty minutes."

He slipped his arm about her as they descended the broad front stairs, and Lucy, still holding herself tense for the last moment explosions, patted his cheek with her free hand.

"Will you be home to dinner, dear?" she asked.

"I can't tell yet, love." He paused to choose a flower from the little vase on the hall table that always held several flowers for his morning selection.

There was an instant of pregnant silence.

"I don't see a white carnation," he said evenly, ominously.

Lucy started. "Why, dear, the man didn't have a white carnation, and so—"

"YOU mean there wasn't a florist in town that had a white carnation?"

"Why yes, dear, I suppose they did. But my arms were full of bundles and it was so hot and quite a long walk to the next place. If I had the car for a little while each morning—"

"In other words, it was too much trouble for you to walk a few steps to do something that I had specifically asked you to do. As for the car, Lucy, I didn't think you'd bring that subject up again. You know how it distresses me to be kept waiting. I shouldn't be able to work all day, if I weren't sure James was there with the car in case I needed anything done."

"Yes, dear, of course."

He took a gardenia from the glass, adjusted it, and kissed her affectionately.

"Better prepare dinner, darling, in case I do come home. I'll

little patter on the stairs, and
he landing, flushed but quiet"



P. VAN BUREN — 22

have James let you know. I may go to the club. But be careful about your selection of food, Lucy. This hot weather, you know—something light and cool, but nourishing, something that will tempt my appetite and still give me the right strength. Don't forget the clothes to be pressed—both light suits. And darling, make out the checks for all the first of the month bills, and I'll sign them when I come home. Good-by, sweetheart. Oh, yes, you might order those new books Tom McInnes spoke of. Don't forget. My lamb is such a forgetful little girl, though you'd think with so little on her mind and when she's been married eight long years, she'd learn how to think.

"Oh, yes, dear, be sure to have my two new dress shirts—the two I like, you know—clean, will you? I think we'll get to the dinner stuff in a day or two. Better do them yourself, sweetheart, since you haven't anything else to do, because I don't always like the way they're done when anyone else does them. And are my dinner clothes all ready to put on?"

"By the way, midge, perhaps you'd better come over to the studio this afternoon and look over the dressing room. I'm nearly out of powder and cream and you know, darling, how it upsets me if I get in a mess. Good-by, darling."

He climbed in. The motor started. Lucy held her breath. There was a wail from the tonneau—no other word could describe it. She rushed down the steps.

"What is it, dear?" she cried.

She was not calmed by the sight of two heads—blonde and curly, and belonging to a couple of girls who worked at the studio and had crushes on Hugh—which appeared in the window across the street at that moment.

"My stick, Lucy. You almost let me go away without my stick."

Mrs. Beresford ran back into the house and brought out a polished brown stick with a curved handle which she handed him. Her temper was getting out of hand. Why *didn't* he go?

He contemplated the cane for a long moment. Then, slowly, "N-no, dearest, not this one. The gray one with the hammered silver handle. Quickly, Lucy, I'm getting late and you know how it upsets me if I'm late and have to rush with my make-up."

Lucy Beresford flew back into the house and—could not find the stick. She hunted, desperately now, through the downstairs closet, ran upstairs and searched frantically through every closet.

Her head was throbbing with confusion and her pretty face was drawn.

Hopelessly she decided to try the hall closet again. It *must* be there.

She started violently when she saw a figure in the front doorway. Hugh would be so—but it wasn't Hugh. It was the liveried chauffeur. He touched his cap. Mrs. Beresford nodded, gasping.

"Mr. Beresford says he's in a hurry, ma'am. But I think myself—that is, I'm sure he left that gray stick with the silver handle over to—that is, at Miss Sutton's last night, Mrs. Beresford."

Lucy set her teeth and marched to the car again, followed by the chauffeur.

"YOU'VE left your gray stick at Maud Sutton's," she said. "So you'll have to carry that one."

"All right, dear, if I did. That was careless of me. But why couldn't you have remembered it sooner, love?"

This time the car was really gone and Lucy Beresford—after a final glance through the window to see it actually disappearing—sat down in the cool, quiet drawing room and kicked off her high-heeled slippers. (Hugh simply couldn't bear to see her around in house shoes.)

He was gone!

For a quarter of an hour she sat there sputtering. Gradually, she began to laugh. She (Continued on page 101)

Will H. Hays—A Real Leader

A word portrait of the man selected
to head the motion picture industry

By

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

IF I were asked to state the qualifications of the Hon. Will H. Hays for the general directorship of the motion picture industry I should answer in these words:

He knows and loves America!

Not lightly does a man of Hays' intelligence and ambition relinquish a position of honor in the cabinet of the president of the United States to enter a new and unfamiliar field. The governorship of his state and, in due course, a United States senatorship were clearly indicated in Hays' horoscope on the day he resigned the postmaster-generalship. And there are those in the corn-belt who even visualized him in the White House.

It has been said that money was the compelling motive for the change, but to any one who really knows Hays this is a contemptible slander. His reason for taking the job may be set down in exactly the same phrase that I have used to describe his qualifications:

He knows and loves America!

He not only knows the heart and mind of the nation but he is animated by a passionate desire to serve the people—the folks as he likes to call them.

Try your best to think of some man who is like Hays and you will give it up. Hays is different. He baffles classification. I have eaten with him, traveled with him, sat up all night with him and exchanged views with him on every subject, from the literary productions of Isaiah to the latest political rumpus in Raccoon Township, and I will say that I am unable to forecast with any certainty just what will be his views on a given matter.

This isn't because he is erratic or thinks queerly or loosely; it's because being original and not an imitation he has his own individual way of looking at things.

And God Almighty clearly intended that Hays should do a good deal of looking at important things, for He gave him about the clearest, seeingest pair of brown eyes that were planted in a human head.

To any foolish persons who may feel disposed to dissimulate, equivocate or lie to Will H. Hays I utter this solemn

warning: *Don't do it!* Hays' ears are large roomy ears, constructed for service rather than beauty. Bill hears everything. He will listen to a fool up to a certain point. When this point is reached the fool will be aware of it.

He hates with the greatest cordiality liars and side-steppers. This may have an odd sound when you remember that the

man's training was in politics, a game in which a highly specialized talent for lying is popularly believed to be essential to success.

Hays' political activity began in his native town of Sullivan, Indiana, when he was twenty-one, and for the succeeding twenty-two years he continued his apprenticeship until he became the Republican National Chairman, conducted the Harding campaign, and was rewarded for his brilliant services with the cabinet seat he relinquished to become the Supreme High Potentate of the motion picture world.

He always played politics straight. He believed and proved by many experiments that clean politics will win. Nobody ever "got" anything on Hays because there wasn't anything to get!

When Hays walks quietly into a roomful of people you know at once that somebody has arrived. He's a dynamic person; tremendously vital, all alive. When you've shaken hands with him and met the gaze of his friendly brown eyes you feel that you've known Hays a long time. Through

no conscious effort on his part you get the impression that for years he's been hankering to meet you and that the meeting is an event in his life.

Alone on a desert island Hays would die; he's simply got to be where there's folks! But if he found a savage on that island Hays would make a friend of him; if he discovered two savages he would tame and organize them and put 'em to work.

People who are easily fatigued will do well to avoid Bill Hays. Laziness and slipshod work are painful to him. His own method is to work till he's tired and then begin all over again. I have seen him dictating letters while he listened at the telephone. I have gone motoring with him when he read his mail and talked cheerfully for miles at a stretch. Sleeper-



Photo © Underwood & Underwood

When Hays walks quietly into a roomful of people you know
at once that somebody has arrived

jumps have no terror for him and if he misses a couple of meals in a day it doesn't worry him a particle. He doesn't have to feed or rest his enthusiasm; it's always keyed to the highest pitch.

I ONCE asked him to lunch to meet a man twenty years his senior—a dignified white haired gentleman I knew very well myself but never thought of addressing by his first name. Within fifteen minutes Hays, in the most natural and casual fashion and without a hint of familiarity, was calling him Louis! And this wasn't just a political trick for establishing an intimacy with a man likely to be of use to him: it was the spontaneous expression of Hays' big, friendly heart. He liked that man and he wasn't afraid or ashamed to let him know it. And you may be sure he made a friend of that man.

Hays is a graduate of Wabash college at Crawfordsville, Indiana, where General Lew Wallace wrote "Ben Hur." If given his choice he would prefer to live right on at Sullivan with the rest of its three thousand population, practice law and go on Sunday to the Presbyterian Church, of which he's an elder, with his wife and boy, and otherwise live the quiet country town life.

But fate has played all kinds of tricks with Hays. Some bigger job has always been looking for him. Hays *likes* hard jobs—things that resist and fight back and require all the ginger that's packed into his slim body—which is some ginger!

But the doubting ones are asking, what does Mr. Hays of Sullivan, Sullivan County, Indiana, know about the pictorial drama? This is a foolish question. Of course he knew nothing about pictures the day he took the job, but the skeptical may rest assured that before Hays is many moons older he's going to know all there is to know about the business. The past proves the future.

That's Bill's way. He's a regular human sponge for soaking up facts. He wants to be shown; he's simply got to know! He has the healthy curiosity about all things of a boy who attacks an alarm clock with a hammer to see how the darned thing works. Only Hays can take the wheels out and oil 'em up and put the machine together again. Whatever he organizes is organized. During the war he made the Indiana State Council of Defense known all over the country for the scope and effectiveness of its work. In politics, he built fences so tight a gnat couldn't squeeze through.

In 1920 he perfected a national organization that was the best the Republican party had ever known. There were difficulties and perplexities innumerable. Discordant elements had to be brought into line. Hays was a marvelous peacemaker; his appeals for harmony were irresistible. He got men together who hadn't spoken since the Progressive kick-up,

and made them sing the doxology out of the same hymn book.

Hays has always puzzled the prophets and baffled the mind-readers. It has been said that he was going into the picture business to use the screen for political propaganda. Or that he was to become merely a high-priced lobbyist to assist motion picture interests in defeating censorship legislation. This, of course, is all sheer rot.

Hays isn't a fool. He views life in long broad vistas. He considers this world a pretty grand old place and it's a habit with him to think the best of his fellow man. He's that rarest of birds, a practical idealist.

And there's no bunk in Hays; no pharisaism, no hypocrisy. He will talk religion if you open the way, and will express his views in the same tone in which he discusses politics or any other subject about which he has definite views. No simpering; no sniffing or evasion.

Hays has gone into motion pictures wholeheartedly and enthusiastically to give the industry the benefit of his organizing and executive genius. He will strike snags. There will be criticism; perhaps in some quarters weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. But you can bank on this: Hays is on the job with a definite idea of what needs to be done and how he's going to do it. It's not his way to shoot with his eyes shut.

Knowing America as he does, he has a vision of the throngs that daily view the comedy and tragedy of life in picture theaters, seeing them as one vast assemblage; and it seems to him a pretty fine thing to serve these people, to be as a Master Magician waving his wand to win them to laughter and tears. He sees in motion pictures the greatest of all mediums for increasing the enlightenment and promoting the happiness of the millions.

Hays believes the enormous possibilities of the screen to entertain, instruct and

inspire have been only partially realized, and that in the task of developing and advancing the newest of the great arts lies an opportunity worthy of his best endeavors.

Hays' manner and words inspire confidence everywhere. Even the skeptics who have to be shown with a microscope, are soon converted into loyal adherents and ardent boosters.

Anyone who has watched the man in action knows that he knows. They see the loose threads of organization tightening, the broken ones replaced, the whole fabric taking on a new form. Hays weaves with the certainty of knowledge, and with equal facility he can use the materials at hand, or improvise others.

With business in all lines a little dull, with industrial leaders eager for new ideas, with the nation going through a period of cautious readjustment, the leaders of the most astounding amusement enterprise in the history of the world, have welcomed this forceful, compelling personality to their ranks.

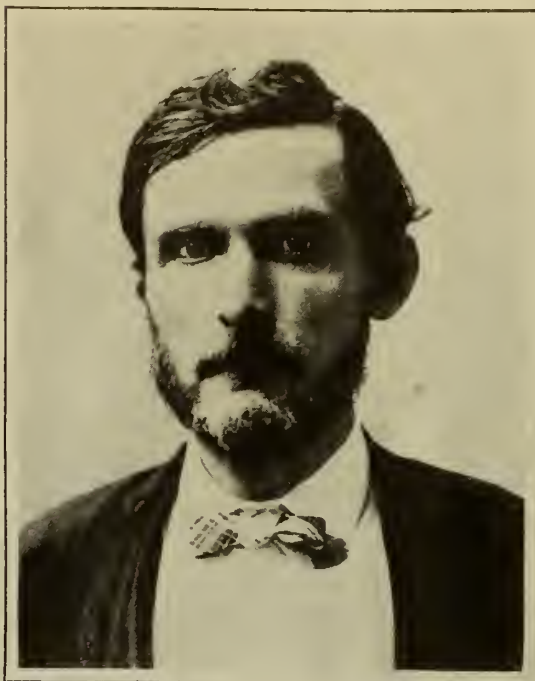


Cartoonist Cesare's idea of Hays going into the motion picture business

The Romantic History

A Human Story of Amazing Interest

Woodville Latham, scientist and scholar, had set out to make a machine to put the motion picture on the screen in behalf of his sons Otway and Gray Latham, who had become interested in the exhibition of the Edison kinetoscope at peep show arcades



This is the second instalment of the amazing history of the films—the first history. The mechanical progress of the screen has been followed before, but this is the first story to describe the fascinating evolution of the art, involving its great men and its most interesting movements. The romantic aspect of the industry has never before been considered. There has never, in the world's history, been an art or an industry which has such a wealth of romance connected with its development. The outstanding figures have been giants. Many who helped to make the films the great industry they are have been forgotten. But with a mighty force its celluloids have rolled on and on, until today it is far more powerful than those who conceived it and helped to develop it. This, then, is its history; its colorful biography, woven and interwoven with the stories of its makers.



Known as the Beau Brummel of the prize ring in the days of 1894-5, Mike Leonard fought the remarkable six round fight that the Latham brothers presented in a series of six peep show machines

CHAPTER II

THAT August day in 1894 when Woodville Latham walked out of the peep show exhibition at 83 Nassau street, he was very sure he could soon put the motion picture on the screen.

The dignified old chemist was impressed with the interest of the crowds that lined the street, waiting to peer in at the Leonard-Cushing fight pictures in the little Edison kinetoscopes, presenting the show that his sons, Otway and Gray Latham, were conducting.

At well near the same time in not less than three other places, widely separated from each other, other men saw the same opportunity and were about to go to work on the same problem. Within a few months all of them were to reach some degree of success.

Commercial opportunity was the tool of destiny, as always. Any of these men would have ultimately given the world the motion picture projection machine of today. In the first period of picture development we found many minds independently working: Muybridge, Levison, Marey, Anschutz, Le-Prince, and Edison. The motion picture was inevitable. So now the screen, too, was inevitable.



Otway

Gray

But never again in the motion picture field was another success to be so independent, isolated and clean cut as Edison's kinetoscope. Each successive step since has brought more and more minds to bear on the problems of the picture. This increasing ratio is evident in the history of projection machines which give us screen pictures.

It is natural at this point to raise the question as to why Edison seems to have paused after capturing the secret of the motion picture and locking it up in the kinetoscope box where one might peek at it.

Now that this had been done there were many anxious to see it put on the screen so that whole audiences might see it at once—and pay an admission for the pleasure. It was relatively a small thing to do, after the basic work of Edison in recording the picture on the film.

WH Y did not Edison go forward with the next step and build the projection machine?

The astounding answer is that he did not think it worth while.

He had other things to do that were more interesting to him.

It is true that Edison had done some casual experimenting with projection and had in his work with Dickson got a flickering promise of a picture by projection. The screen was



In London, Paris, Washington and New York inventors were trying to wed the films to the magic lantern

of the Motion Picture

By TERRY RAMSAYE

limited to five feet square and the results were unsteady and unpromising. These experiments were abandoned. That they did not represent true projection is evidenced both by expressions of Mr. Edison at the time and by later experimental efforts of W. K. L. Dickson, his laboratory assistant.

There is a bit of tragic humor in the fact that if at that time they had taken the shutter off the Edison camera, used for making kineoscope pictures, and put a light inside of it they would have had the modern projection machine in all essentials.

With the completion of the kineoscope, Edison paused. The next step, the step to the screen, so little to take and so great in its result, was left to others. It was as though Edison had exposed the ore of a gold mine and left it for any one who came along to dig.

AMONG others early to acquire kineoscopes along with the Lathams, were the two Greek speculators who had seen the machine at the World's Fair. They hastened away to London with it and sought the services of Robert W. Paul, a mechanic famed for his skill. Paul had his workshop at the top of a three story brick structure, at 44 Haddon Garden, in the midst of a busy district of minor manufactures. There they took the kineoscope and asked Paul to make them many duplicates of it. They saw money.

Being a person of principle and caution Paul made inquiries, and found that the Edison machine and its wonder of living pictures had not been patented in the United Kingdom. This obviously left him legally free to execute the orders of his clients. So the duplicate kineoscopes were made. The enterprising Greeks went out to startle Europe with their pictures. Meanwhile Mr. Paul proceeded to make many more of these machines on his own account and disposed of them to a swiftly growing trade.

Birt Acres, another Englishman with photographic and pictorial interests, had a notion that brought him to Paul with an order. This man had evolved an idea for putting the pictures on the screen, and he thought that the capable Paul could help.

Meanwhile over on the Continent in France at the establishment of Louis Lumiere, the kineoscope bearing Edison's idea had planted the same inspiration. Lumiere was then, as now, one of the world's most able makers of photographic materials. He was interested in wedding the kineoscope to the magic lantern.

At about the same time in Washington, D. C., Charles Francis Jenkins, a young stenographer in the coast guard service division of the Treasury Department, was tinkering

Carmencita, famous in her days of the early 90's, as a Spanish dancer and music hall favorite. She appeared at Koster & Bial's music hall in 23rd Street near Sixth avenue, in New York, a theater identified with the start of motion pictures



It was at this location, Number 35 Frankfort Street, New York City—now a vacant lot—that Woodville Latham built his first projector. Here, in April, 1895, he gave an exhibition of his device, called the "Pantoptikon"

with photographic experiments and developing a growing interest in the kineoscope. An acquaintance, E. F. Murphy, who was conducting exhibitions of the kineoscope and the phonograph, supplied Jenkins with bits of Edison film from the machines. Jenkins' first efforts

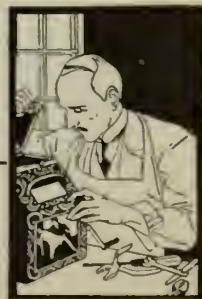
were toward the building of a machine that would do as much as the kineoscope would. Late in 1894 he achieved a sort of kineoscope and called it the "Phantoscope." In it he showed Edison films. He, too, was taken with the idea of putting these pictures on the screen.

AN interesting bit of coincidence arrived to complicate the workings of motion picture destiny.

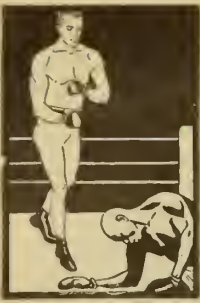
Jenkins' technical interests took him to the Bliss School of Electricity in Washington. There he confided his motion picture aspirations.

"There is another young man here working on the same thing," the instructor remarked, and proceeded to introduce Jenkins to Thomas Armat. It will be remembered that Armat had seen the Anschutz tachyscope pictures of a lumbering elephant at the World's Fair. Out of this introduction grew a brief but eventful partnership. Jenkins and Armat joined forces in their effort to produce a device to put motion pictures on the screen.

So the pioneering of the screen was left to the endeavors of a Virginia professor who wanted to leave a fortune to his sons, to a British mechanic serving a customer, to a French photographer,



All of the experiments toward the projection machine started with films from the Edison peep show device



Edison's studio put James Corbett into a knock-out film feature that was nearly fifty feet long

and to a couple of young electrical students in Washington.

It was a race in which no contestant knew of the other. Small wonder that the honors of that achievement have remained in casual dispute until today,

that some of them have been mis-awarded, and that even yet each nation points with pride to its own laurel crowned inventor of the motion picture.

It is a caprice of fate that among these the only men who were not to come in for some share of the honors were the man who first put the picture on the screen for the public, and the man who was the first to build a truly effective projection machine.

The most dramatic interest of the period centers about the efforts of the Lathams, now for twenty-seven years in the past, and for a decade forgotten and unmentioned in the world of the motion picture art. A remarkable web of consequence grew out of their work. A train of events was set in motion that continues today. In a direct line of heritage are some of the most remarkable of the developments that we may expect in the motion pictures of tomorrow.

While Woodville Latham, in his patient scientific way, was thinking over the problem of picture projection, his impatient and impulsive son Otway was taking other steps of his own that the expediency of the moment seemed to suggest.

When the special kinetoscopes to carry the Latham pictures of the Leonard-Cushing fight were built at the Edison plant at West Orange, Otway spent a great deal of his time watching the work. It seems that the young man was at some pains to build up a warm friendship with W. K. L. Dickson, who continued the chief of things photographic around the Edison establishment. Otway Latham, as events were later to bear witness, had a notion that Dickson might be of value to him.

THE blithe young Southerner made a less interested friendship with William E. Gilmore, then general manager of the Edison enterprises at West Orange. Gilmore, big of stature and with a dominating personality, had been called to West Orange from a post with the Edison General Electric works at Schenectady, N. Y. He was due at West Orange on April 1, 1894. He reported promptly at his new desk at 8 o'clock on the morning of April 2.

"I wasn't going to start anything on April Fool Day," he explained.

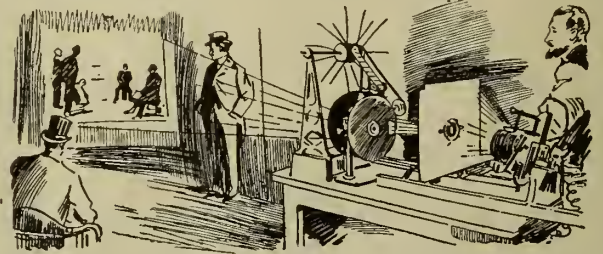
It may be set down here that this was probably the first and last evidence of anything akin to superstition in all the brass-tacks career of William E. Gilmore.

Gilmore's first official act has not been

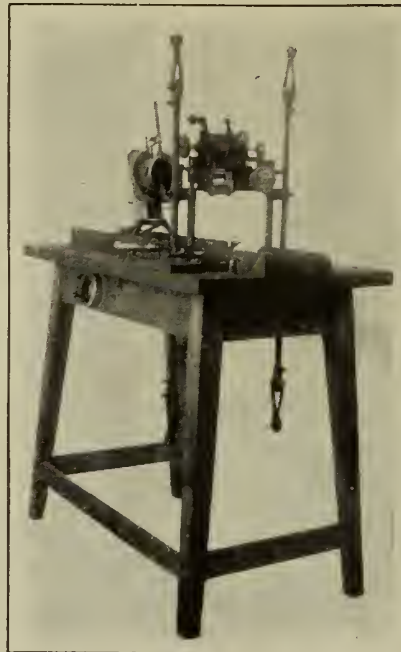
recorded, but it is a safe assumption that he brought down a hard fist on a surprised desk and demanded action.

There was neither superstition nor sentiment in the new order of things at West Orange under Gilmore. He found

that Edison, between his good nature and his concentration on scientific affairs, had allowed many to impose upon him. Meanwhile the Edison interests had been increasing in magnitude and complexity. There were problems of financing and administration. It is not that Edison might not have been able to cope with these problems, but rather that his stronger interests were elsewhere. Among other elements of the situation was a maze of patent litigations. It seems to have been painfully true that every important patented development from the Edison laboratories was sure to result in a flock of competing claims, seldom in good faith and not a few of them downright frauds conceived in criminal cleverness. The con-



The Latham Brothers first used the enlarged kinetoscope to throw pictures on a screen. This has caused controversy to this day, Edison declaring the apparatus was essentially his invention



This is Woodville Latham's projection machine. The picture is of the third which he manufactured at 101 Beekman Street

spicuous successes of Edison made him an object of continuous attack.

"Damn the patents, give me the goods with your name on it and we will do business." Gilmore's advice was as sharp cut as his judgments.

It is no testimonial to the court made justice, that the thousands upon thousands expended by Edison in defensive litigation probably never saved him a penny or gave him a nickel's worth of protection as measured by ultimate results.

GILMORE started some house cleaning and some merchandising. He was disposed to be friendly toward Otway Latham, on two counts. Latham was a customer, also he was an entertaining and cordial young man. He breathed of the spirit of Broadway and the gaiety of the period. He was a contact for Gilmore, with this amusement world, in which it seemed probable that this kinetoscope was likely to figure. He was interesting to Gilmore.

It was also to be noted that Otway Latham was being rather friendly toward Dickson.

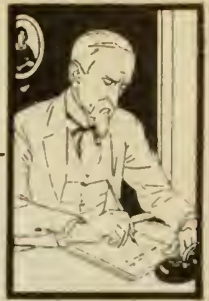
Meanwhile the Edison kinetoscope business was growing as Raff & Gammon gained new clients and sold more and more territorial rights. The little revolving photographic building, the famous "Black Maria," was busy with its first year of production, making motion pictures for the peep shows. Minor celebrities of the stage and the heroes of the prize ring were the actors.

The success of the Lathams with their Leonard-Cushing



Naturally the first girl pictured was a "vamp" but in those days they called her "a music hall favorite"

Latham's first screen showing started a controversy in letters to the papers that continues today



picture indicated the drawing power of fight pictures and a number of them were made. James J. Corbett, the mighty champion of the day, was employed to star in a massive production of fifty feet of motion pictures.

A husky darkey from Newark was cast as the champion's opponent. The black boxer was locally famous and highly self-esteemed.

Only a few days before the making of the picture, Corbett scored one of his most sensational ring victories by an astonishing knockout.

A sudden realization that he was face to face with something sudden and drastic came over the darkey as he squared off before the camera.

Corbett made a single pass.

The Black Terror of Newark went down in a heap. He had not been touched.

THEN the picture had to be started all over again.

This picture, a precedent in early producing policy, was merely an effort to utilize for the motion picture the ready made fame of the renowned in other fields. Not a year passes without many, more or less ineffectual, attempts of the kind. Borrowing fame, however, has never been a complete success.

There was, incidentally, quite another reason for the popularity of the prize fight as an early motion picture subject. This lay within the limitations of the first cameras. The picture taking machine was not the facile portable instrument of today. It was a vast bulky device of about the dimensions of a large dog house. It was heavy. It had a rather fixed viewpoint. It could not be swung to cover panoramas and it could not be tilted up and down to follow moving centers of interest. It had about the same pictorial availability as a knot-hole in a ballfield fence.

The ropes of the prize ring automatically limited the radius of action. It was simple to set the ponderous camera to cover the ring. The cameraman could then grind away, secure in the certainty that the picture was not getting away from him, unless indeed the combatants jumped the ropes and ran away.

For the same photographic reasons dance acts were especially available for the camera of the period, the kinetograph, as Edison called his picture taking machine. Also New York was as dance mad then as since. But in this period the performance of the sexy, jiggling jazz was left to professionals on stage, to be enjoyed vicariously from the comfort of music hall seats. The World's Fair at Chicago had brought to our hospitable shores some of the best work of the justly famous "Ouled Nail" dancing girls of the North African coast. Both more and less polite versions were being presented for years after at New York shows.

To Koster & Bial's Music Hall at the northwest corner of Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street came Carmencita, a dancer after the Spanish manner, and a sensation of national

scope in those days of 1895-6. A half square away in Twenty-third street at the Eden Musee a damsel of lithesome grace known as Otero was presented in ardent rivalry. Self-appointed committees of the sportive gentry of old New York, in their long tailed coats and silk hats, spent a deal of time comparing the merits of the dancers, and to this day it is impossible to get a real decision on their relative merits.

But this vast interest did result in one milestone for our history of the motion picture. Carmencita was drafted for the films. She went to West Orange and performed before the kinetograph. So far as can be ascertained by careful search, Carmencita was the first woman to be pictured in the films; certainly she was first to be photographed for public presentation. The verb *to vamp* was then uncoined, but the art itself was well established.

Otway Latham and Dickson talked motion picture a great deal in this period. Young Latham was afire with the possibilities of profit which seemed to be promised by showing pictures on a screen. The line of standing patrons, at 83 Nassau street, waiting to drop their coins and peek into the kinetoscopes annoyed him with the tediousness of the process. He wanted the screen so that they could all see the pictures at once. The profits would come quicker that way and one machine and one film would do the work.

DICKSON encouraged Latham's hope for the possibility of the picture on the screen. What all their conversations may have covered will have to be left to assumptions based on subsequent action. There remains, however, in various sorts of records, evidence that Dickson was not entirely satisfied at the Edison establishment. Otway Latham once testified in court that Dickson had let it be understood that he, rather than Edison, had really invented the kinetoscope. If so, it is not remarkable. Other laboratory assistants have had similar ideas.

There can, however, be little doubt that Dickson saw farther than Edison into the commercial future of the films. He was restive and anxious to push the business ahead.

An examination of old Edison accounting records indicates that in this period Dickson was paid thirty dollars a week for his laboratory services, a rather sizeable salary for 1888-89. Others have said that Dickson was paid considerable sums by Edison as bonuses. This is not verified by inquiry addressed to the best authority.

Late in 1894, at just about the time that the other experimenters in London, Washington, and Paris were starting, Woodville Latham's study of the problem of pro- (Continued on page 95)



Carmencita, the clever "vamp" of her day—the term had not yet been coined—was very likely the first woman to appear in motion pictures. She created a sensation

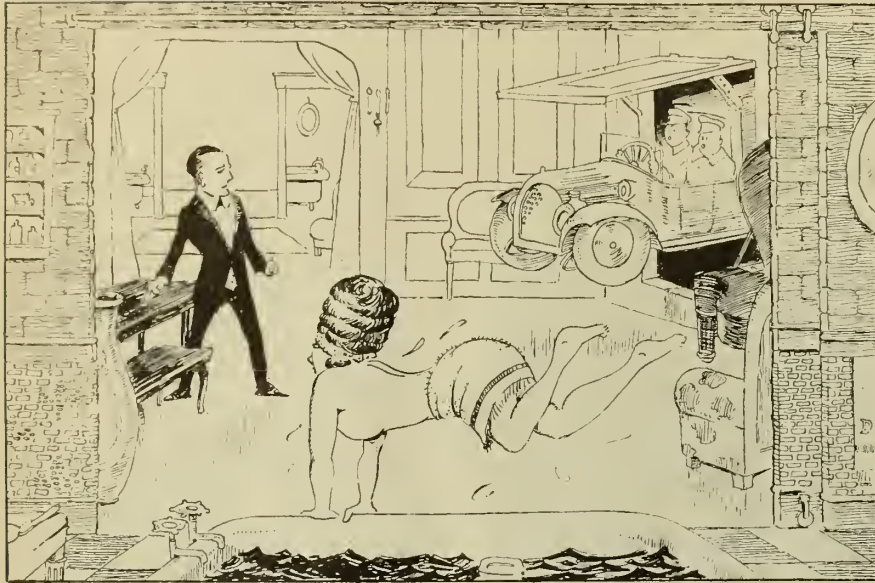


It was on Broadway, the world's greatest show street, that the public first came to see "living pictures"

Alas, Poor Hamlet

As some producers would do it

By ROBERT E. SHERWOOD



Ophelia climbs out of the tub in a rage

(Note: Since the Danish production of "Hamlet" appeared, the suggestion has been made that one of our native film producers should attempt to reproduce Shakespeare's immortal tragedy on the screen.

The accompanying article speculates on the manner in which this task would be handled by a number of representative American impresarios.)

CECIL B. DE MILLE

presents

"UNDER THE BED"

BY

JEANIE MACPHERSON

(Suggested by Shakespeare's story)

CAST

J. Hamlet Frothingham.....WALLACE REID
Ophelia, his wife.....GLORIA SWANSON

SUPPORTING CAST

Charles S. Chaplin, Bebe Daniels, Nazimova,
Ben Turpin, Mary Pickford, Charles Ray, Har-
old Lloyd, Theodore Roberts, Jackie Coogan, etc.

Settings designed by

Eureka Plumbing and Bathroom Fixtures Co.

Mr. de Mille's megaphone by Tiffany

The Story

HAMLET is a wealthy young New Yorker of the better sort, who lives in the residential district. His house (which he shares with his wife, among others) is full of trap-doors and bath-rooms. (Shot of Hamlet pressing button, which causes wall to slide away, revealing Ophelia in a tub full of opaque water. Close-up of Ophelia's right knee.)

Hamlet lectures Ophelia, telling her that she must stop going around with her father-in-law—his step-father. Ophelia pettishly tells him not to be so damned mid-Victorian. Hamlet, in a rage, extracts a telephone from a basket of fruit, and hurls it through a Louis XIV pier-glass. (For cost of pier-glass, see program.) Hamlet then

presses another button, and a Rolls-Royce rolls into the drawing-room. Ophelia climbs out of the tub in a rage. (Close-up of the rage.)

The next scene is in the gentleman's room of a gigantic cabaret. Hamlet stalks in disconsolately, and produces a gem-studded pocket flask, from which he takes a sip. He immediately becomes uproariously intoxicated, and reels into the main salon, where an orgy is under way. Everyone wears paper caps and throws confetti. All the men are insulting all the women, who are offering no argument. In the center of the place is a swimming pool filled with champagne. The various guests are executing high and fancy dives into it. As the ladies emerge from the pool, their wet evening gowns cling to their bodies.

This is too much for the susceptible Hamlet, who falls in an alcoholic stupor. He dreams that Ophelia is in trouble, wakes with a start, and dashes home to find that his wife is trying to drown herself in the bath-tub. He throws her a cake of Ivory Soap to which she clings, and is saved. They embrace. (Close-up of Ophelia's left thigh.)

FADE-OUT.

WILLIAM S. HART

IN

"HELL-FOR-LEATHER HAMLET"

Adapted from a story by

W. SHAKESPEARE

in the *Argosy* Magazine

CAST

Sergeant ("Hell-for-Leather")
HamletWILLIAM S. HART
OpheliaWINIFRED WESTOVER

The Story

"HELL-FOR-LEATHER" HAMLET, as the boys up Dawson way call him, is a sergeant in the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police (close-up of a C. N. M. P. badge, with words, "Get Your Man," superimposed). He is summoned by his colonel and told that there is a bad man, named Windy Pete, operating the territory between Skull Gulch and Cut-throat Creek. "It may take ye a year t' ketch him," says the bluff old colonel, "an' it may take ye ten. But yew go git him, Hell-fer-Leather, an' don't fergit t' write." Sgt. Hamlet squints, salutes, and exits. Close-up of Hamlet and his horse. (Hamlet is the one with the hat on.)

Hamlet rides into Skull Gulch, which is full of mesas, arroyos, and the like, and the first object to meet his eye is something that shines brilliantly. "Can that thar be a nugget?" he inquires of the welkin.

Upon closer examination, however, the object proves to be something more than a mere nugget: it is the golden head of a pure young girl, who is sobbing bitterly, mingling her salt tears with the alkali of the desert. She tells Hamlet that they call her Ophelia, but that she "ain't got no other name." Hamlet winces. (Close-up of wince.)

Ophelia then directs him to Windy Pete's cabin, and as he enters the place, he starts back, horror-stricken, for Windy Pete is none other than his long-lost step-father. One of his own kin! But Hell-for-Leather Hamlet does not flinch. (Close-up of not flinching.) He proceeds to kill Windy Pete with his two fists in the third round of a scheduled ten-round bout.

Then Hamlet goes after Ophelia, who is trying to drown herself in the Old Swimmin' Hole in Cut-throat Creek, and seizes her in the nick of time. Purged in the holocaust of a mighty love, they saunter off together into the great, clear sunset.

FADE-OUT

WILLIAM FOX

presents

THE SUPER-COLOSSAL SPECTACLE

"SIN ETERNAL"

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Whose writings are known and beloved in every town and city where Fox Films are shown. Ask your local exhibitor

Cast includes William Farnum, Betty Blythe, Annette Kellermann, Theda Bara, and Pearl White,—with 68,978 elephants, 2,456,045 camels, 4,638,291 fatimas and 7,460,318 lucky strikes

Produced under the personal direction of Mr. Fox and a directorial staff of 97,863.

The harem scene alone commanded the services of 68,945 people, for whose costumes no less than eight yards of material were used.

Expense of production computed to be \$41,987,371.16, at which time the adding machine broke.

The Story

At the start, a picture of Shakespeare (played by Mr. Farnum) is shown. He is smoking a cigarette, and scribbling with a fountain pen. Mr. William Fox walks up to him, pats him on the back, shakes hands with him, and hands him a fat contract. Shakespeare registers gratitude. (Close-up of figures on contract.) (Fade-out.)

The first scene is in Hamlet's home in Fort Lee. He is reading a book called "Hamlet." Half-way through he falls asleep. (A pretty tribute to Mr. Shakespeare.) (Fade-out.)

He is walking through a gigantic castle with canvas walls. The rooms are size five by nine (miles). The architecture of the place varies from Babylonian to Colonial, with here and there a touch of the early Ohioan. The people wear the sort of costumes that you rent for those parties to which you are invited with the stipulation that "no one will be admitted who is not dressed in old-fashioned garb."



Kills Windy Pete in the third round of a scheduled ten-round bout

He goes to the parapet of the castle, and sees Ophelia (Miss Kellermann) trying to drown herself in the waters below. She is c'ad in the North Sea. (Close-up of the North Sea.) Hamlet dives in to rescue her, and the cold water awakens him. It was only a dream—a bad dream.

FADE-OUT.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

IN

"THE GREAT DANE"

Shakespeare's Masterpiece

BY

EDWARD KNOBLOCK

CAST

Hamlet DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
Ophelia MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE

The Story

HAMLET, the dashing young Prince of Denmark, has everything in the world that his heart can desire, except excitement.

He is bored stiff with the daily routine of teas, dansants and petting parties, and his soul yearns for adventure, thus proving he is a real hero.

Every day he goes out and hurdles the Skagerak and the Categatt, or vaults the Schleswig Holstein peninsula.

But that is mere child's play, in view of the fact that he has a Douglas Fairbanks reputation to maintain. (Close-up of Douglas Fairbanks's reputation.)

Among other things, he has conceived a most intense dislike for his step-father King Claudius, who is a tyrant and an oppressor of the poor. Hamlet is extremely popular with all c'asses, because of his engaging personality and his Douglas Fairbanks's smile.

(Close-up of Douglas Fairbanks's smile. Hold it long enough for the audience to count the teeth.)

It so happens that Hamlet is in love with a wide-eyed slip of a girl named Ophelia, who doesn't know that he is the Prince of Denmark.

So Doug—I mean Hamlet, to carry out the illusion, pretends to be a revolutionary desperado and, as such, breaks into the palace and does battle with the entire Danish army, which has been more or less patiently waiting for a little excitement, too.

They chase him all over the State of Denmark and surrounding countries, up cliffs, down waterfalls, across deserts, through polar oceans, until he reaches the palace again, hurdles the walls, and engages King Claudius in a duel. After three-quarters of an hour of steady fighting, the King resembles a side of Sweitzer cheese, and is ready to cry, "Yes, Uncle," or its Scandinavian equivalent.

So Hamlet lets up—for Douglas Fairbanks maims his victims, but does not kill them as it might displease the ladies.

Hamlet unmask and discloses his true identity and the grateful populace proceeds to crown him, as he should have been crowned long ago.

Hamlet, I mean Doug, then magnanimously permits Ophelia to come on the scene and pose with him during the triumphant finale.

FADE-OUT.

(Continued on page 106)



Hamlet carves the King into the likeness of a Sweitzer cheese



Great excitement on a California Beach following a terrible catastrophe. One of the Mack Sennett's Bathing Beauties, Too Intent On Realism In Her Art, Got Her Feet Wet

Would I Do It Over Again?

LIBRARY
ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE
ARTS AND SCIENCES
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Lillian Gish said—

"WOULD you do it over again?"
I asked.

She gave me a stricken look, a sudden red flag of defiance in her cheeks.

"No—no. Never. Oh, never! Work on a farm—scrub floors. Anything!

"But go through again what I have gone through, work as I have worked, *knowing*,—I couldn't."

A vibrant silence fell on the room.

Lillian Gish sat looking into the fire with her head bent.

Schopenhauer said that not one of us, given the privilege of a choice, would live again the life already lived.

Yet here sat a girl who in her early twenties is not only the idol of a nation, but a great artist—perhaps the greatest tragic artist of the screen. A girl who had climbed from obscurity, poverty, to the top rung of the ladder.

What more could she want?

That is why I asked her that question.

I have given you her answer.

The road had been too hard, the sacrifices of personal life and privacy too great.

And yet—I didn't believe her.

It was my great good fortune, in the first place, to find Lillian Gish furious.

I realize this rings heretical to those confirmed in the belief that she is a sister of the saints and speaks never a word that could not be incorporated in a Book of Good Thoughts. Dervish devotees, celebrating her virtues in a dizzy fervor, have made one almost suspect her kinship with that Asiatic trinity which hears no evil, speaks no evil, sees no evil. After reading certain of these hymns, purporting to be works of portraiture, I have felt that their subject was not in reality a human being but a sweet floral token velvety inscribed "At Peace."

But Lillian was in a rebellious mood.

Pushing back her hair from a forehead that is high, she inveighed gloriously against law,—government—its tyranny—democracy—its mockery.

It was good old-fashioned indignation. But it was far from lily-like.

She had just come from the office of an income tax Shylock.

"It makes you feel like leaving the country when you realize the things that are going on. What is the government thinking of? What is the matter with everything? Laws, laws, laws,—but where is justice? I tell you—it makes you feel like—"

"A bolshevist. Bravo, Comrade Gish!"

That soothed her. She wearily accepted the arms of a big chair.

Let me tell you this, Lillian Gish is no broken blossom.



Photo by Frank Diem

"Spiritual, fragile and wonderfully tolerant—yes. But she's also practical, firm and shrewd in the ways of picture making"



"I'd rather work ten weeks in a sweat shop than one day in that closet of 'Broken Blossoms!'"
exclaims Lillian

She has been painted for you as a crushed lily—a saccharine goddess.

I found her strong fibre.

No meek and unassertive yes-girl. She has stamina and surprising vitality.

Practicality is one of the keynotes of her character. She possesses entirely the faculty of calculation.

Her decisions are instantaneous when necessary to enforce respect from those under her.

Not one ounce of mawkish sentiment.

While she was working with Director Jerome Storm, I heard her argue many a point. Always with brilliant logic, but with an almost stubborn determination. Upon one occasion when the director remained unconvinced, she said, "Let me act it for you. It is always best to demonstrate what you mean if you can. Any good salesman can tell you that."

Don't ever let anyone tell you that Lillian Gish's genius is tributary to Griffith's. She did—by way of demonstration for us—a bit of impromptu acting, in a cold rehearsal hall, that had the entire company in tears. When she had finished she turned to us in a matter of fact manner and said, "Is that it?"

It is understanding rather than sweetness that looks from Lillian Gish's eyes.

I wondered how she, among the stars of the tinsel realm, had attained such detachment, such tolerance, such forgetfulness of self. I put the question bluntly.

"Perhaps—" she hesitated, "perhaps it is because I started on a career so young. Yes, I think that is it."

If Apollo goes to see "Orphans of the Storm" he'll walk right out and have his face lifted so as to look like Joseph Schildkraut. So say the ladies.

Joseph is a gay and gallant Viennese who acknowledges but one master,—his father, Rudolph Schildkraut, a fine old actor now appearing in a Yiddish theater in New York.

Joseph invited papa out to the Griffith studio to watch the taking of the love scene in which the Chevalier Joseph creates an ecstatically purple moment with Lillian Gish.

The elder Schildkraut watched his son and Miss Gish with rapt attention. When it was over Joseph asked, "Did you like me, papa?"

The old gentleman, still spellbound, his eyes on Lillian, finally said: "Oh, you—I can't see you when that girl is around."

This proves our contention that even a god couldn't win laurels when Lillian Gish is around,—not even when she hides her face and turns her Grecian profile camera-ward.

The Still Hunt

Getting down to business in the Photo
the actual canvass

By ROBERT

Robert E. McIntyre, casting director for Goldwyn Pictures, who canvassed Manhattan for girls with picture possibilities, made daily pilgrimages to smart restaurants in his quest

Mr. McIntyre probably knows as much world. As the casting director for the interviewed thousands of girls, tested had parts which gave them opportunities to nearly as anyone can know, what constitute; if she has the dramatic spark. Mr. Goldwyn, commander-in-chief of the Gold-literally to canvass it for filmable girls. hunt; a practical search for screen beauty. results of his hunt, besides giving you an beauty and brains. He is, by the way, one play-Goldwyn Screen Opportunity. He will judgment is correctly considered of vital

personality, intelligence, youth and beauty. If she does not interest you, it is hardly possible that she will interest the camera. On the other hand, the most beautiful young woman I met while in New York proved a perfect frost in her screen tests. I'm sure I don't know why. The camera is psychic; that's all I can tell you. The girl had perfect yet piquant features; a beautiful body; a plasticity, very valuable; marvellous hair; gorgeous, soulful eyes. On the screen, cold as ice, and as interesting. Another girl possessed exactly half her beauty and charm; yet, because of a tilt to her head, re-inforced by a curve to her lips, she was an absolute knock-out in the films. And that's the way it goes. Which makes a search for screen material exceedingly interesting, but a little difficult.

Primarily, what we are seeking is a representative American young woman, who will get across on the screen the qualities



Aspirants before the see the man who may Goldwyn Screen Op-

we most admire. This girl may be in Manhattan; she may be a native daughter of Kalamazoo. That's what we are going to find out in this PHOTOPLAY-Goldwyn quest. I served as a sort of courier in the quest because it has been my business for some years to pass upon women and girls who are, or who want to be, actresses. My mission, to discover the young woman to play a certain famous part in a forthcoming



There was a young lady who came to see me about screen work. The moment she entered my office I was impressed by her. She had youth; sparkle; beauty; refinement—everything I was looking for. I talked to her and discovered she was also intelligent. She seemed too good to be true. Well, she was. In her screen tests she "registered" an entirely different personality. She lacked soul

IF I were not firmly convinced that somewhere in this country there is at least one girl who possesses every requirement for screen success, I should not be writing this.

When I left California for the east, it was with a definite object. I was to find a filmable girl. That's all. But it was enough. I was not to pass up a single possibility. I was to make a thorough search for beautiful, intelligent girls, and to have screen tests made of them. As far as it was possible, I was to scour the country, personally, and bring back with me, all tied up in celluloid, the most interesting young woman I could find.

I have done this. I have interviewed literally hundreds of young ladies. I have passed upon thousands of feet of film. And now I want to tell you the conclusions I've arrived at, after this pleasantly harrowing beauty quest.

Don't think it's been easy. I am aware it sounds something like a permanent first-row seat at the Ziegfeld entertainments, or a perpetual stroll up Fifth Avenue, or daily pilgrimages to the smartest, the most individual restaurants of Manhattan. Well, I've done that. I have even followed a certain woman for blocks and blocks and blocks, simply

because her marvellously graceful walk made me think she might be a future film star. I have looked into limousines and disgraced a dowager by asking her granddaughter if she could arrange to meet my wife, Mrs. McIntyre, for an interview. I have been watching interesting women for weeks. Mr. Ziegfeld is not the only critic of American beauty.

Interesting women. Not particularly pretty women, or intelligent women, but *interesting* women. If a girl is interesting, she very probably meets our requirements of

THE FOUR ESSENTIALS FOR SCREEN SUCCESS

Personality; Intelligence; Youth; Beauty. I put beauty last because it is at best, an illusion. A girl may seem to rival Venus off-screen; photographically she may be a failure. By personality, I mean charm; magnetism; that indefinable something that hits you when you encounter it, and that you can't forget. Intelligence and youth you must have

For New Faces

play-Goldwyn Screen Opportunity—
for filmable girls

E. McINTYRE

about film requirements as any man in the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, he has them, and put them in pictures where they exercise their abilities. He knows, as tutes a screen face; whether a girl will McIntyre was commissioned by Samuel wyn film forces, to visit Manhattan and It was to be a real, almost house-to-house In this story, Mr. McIntyre tells you the actual insight into the essentials of film of the men chiefly concerned in the Photo-help to pass upon all entrants because his importance in this search for new types

The screen authority walked on Fifth Avenue for hours watching the crowds. In this story he tells you the results of this practical search for the motion picture actresses of the future



One of the most famous beauties in Manhattan came to see me while I was east in my quest. I had seriously considered offering her a contract, but first I asked her her terms. "Well," she said, "I might consider a contract for a year, to make four pictures, once as a lead, to be starred in the rest. I shall also expect"—and she named an exorbitant sum, a personal maid, and other items. That girl didn't get the job

Goldwyn photoplay; and incidentally to keep an eye open for other screen possibilities.

My conclusion is that the winner in the Screen Opportunity is going to be a girl from a small town. A girl who was born and brought up in a small town; a girl who has never been away from a small town. That's the girl who will have the necessary sincerity, the earnestness, the wholesomeness, the determination. Her sister, who got restless at home, and went to the city, to seek her fortune there, is by this time a little tired, a little disillusioned. She may even be cynical. She has seen perhaps too much of the seamy side of life, and it has given a droop to her mouth and a lack-lustre look to her eyes. Whether she is successful or not, she has become imbued with New York-itis: she would probably not be content with any other existence, but she is not enthusiastic about her own.



casting director's office, at any film studio, all waiting to give them parts to play in pictures. The Photoplay-opportunity eliminates the necessity for standing in line

She would screen just like that. The little girl at home, the seventeen-to-twenty-two-year-old girl, with her fresh outlook, her enthusiasm, her undulled emotions, her bright, wholesome, I-am-willing-to-work-and-to-learn quality, has ten times more promise. She will work, she will fight, for success. She will not expect or demand sudden fame and fortune. She will *take direction*.

Another thing: this small town girl, and by small town you understand I do not mean, necessarily, the village or hamlet, but the smaller cities—has a very valuable sex unconsciousness. She would be able to wear an abbreviated ballet skirt with a complete and delightful unconsciousness. Her home surroundings, the influence of her mother and her brothers and sisters, of her Sunday-school and dancing-school existence, all helped to make her the kind of a girl we want.

The Goldwyn studio is the safest and sanest place in the world. Healthy morally, mentally, and physically. A place every mother would be content to have her daughter be. In fact, the mother of a little girl whom I cast for several rôles—Patsy Ruth Miller is her name—a girl of unusual mind—had always accompanied her daughter around the studios. For about a week she came with her to our studio. She, or her husband, Patsy's dad. Then one day she didn't show up. I didn't see her for a month. Then I asked her, "Don't you ever come here any more, Mrs. Miller? I thought you always chaperoned Patsy everywhere." Mrs. Miller smiled. "I don't have to come with her to Goldwyn's, Mr. McIntyre, I know she's safe here—as safe as she'd be at home."

There is to be a morality clause in every new Goldwyn contract. We don't want immorality in our studio. As soon as we discover it, we take immediate steps to remove its cause. There is no reason why a motion picture studio should not be the cleanest place under the sun. It's got to be if good pictures are to be made there. That's why I say: a good, wholesome home influence counts for much in a girl's character. The girl, I am willing to wager, will be a girl from home—the kind of girl you'd like to know.

The most accurate representations of American girlhood are to be found in the small towns. You are not likely to find the Screen Opportunity winner in New York. She may come from one of the other large cities in the country, but I doubt it. The small town girl has a sincerity, a directness, an unforced appeal which her city sisters often lack. There may be more real star-dust in a gingham apron than a French gown

"Who's the Prettiest Girl



Here is Miss Georgia Hale of Chicago: a vivid brunette, whose deep eyes predict the depth and sincerity essential for emotional work, and whose vivacity indicates an ability for light comedy. Her hands are worthy of notice. They will undoubtedly help her

Here are the representative young ladies whose pictures were among the first thousand—the immediate response to PHOTOPLAY's call for new screen faces. A glance at these girls will show you the high standard of the entrants for the Screen Opportunity. Every one of these young women is a potential screen star, provided she possesses as much intelligence as her features would indicate and the ability to pass the acid test—the camera! Every one has beauty—if not classic features, then a piquancy or prettiness which more than makes up for their lack. Every one has refinement, too.



More of Miss Hale. A little like Bebe Daniels

DO you know her? If you do, mail a picture of her to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE at once. You will be doing a favor to her and to the motion picture, for the screen needs that girl. Put your town on the map. Find her.

Already we realize that a choice is going to be difficult. Mr. Goldwyn has agreed to engage the winner of the contest on a year's contract at a salary equal to that of a competent actress. For more than a year he has been seeking new faces with little result. Within a few weeks after the announcement of PHOTOPLAY's quest he has seen more promising faces than ever enter his studio gates. Mr. Goldwyn has expressed his surprise and gratification.

The response has been quick and straightforward, demonstrating the faith which our two million readers have in PHOTOPLAY's integrity.



Louise Lavison, a blonde beauty from the southland—Memphis, Tennessee, to be exact. Her intelligent brow, her sensitive mouth, and her calm eyes all proclaim her the patrician. A relative sent in her photograph because Louise was too shy to send it herself!

in Your Town?"

BUT we want to reach out still further. We want to be sure that we have a photograph of every screen possibility in America.

The American girl is distinguished for her directness and frankness. We do not believe she would withhold a photograph through a mistaken sense of modesty. But she might not realize her own qualifications; she might feel that it was not worth while to enter the race with so many thousands. Therefore, if you know an attractive girl—ore whom you believe would develop into an excellent screen actress—obtain her photograph and send it to us.

The screen has taught us to see personality and character in pictures. These are the attributes which are more important than beauty of outline. The photos herewith shown prove that many girls in America can meet our requirements.



Poignantly charming; seeming to possess potentialities for tragedy, yet with a saving sense of humor—Dolores Jernigan, of Little Rock, Arkansas. She is an accomplished singer and sportswoman, at twenty-two. Many emotions may be mirrored in that expressive face



The fragile femininity of Gladys Andrews would provide the canvas for many characterizations. Her beauty is versatile; she might portray either debutante or mature woman



Helen Andrus of Manhattan is young and shy and sweet. There is a wistful appeal in her eyes which, if the camera can catch it, will help her to "register" on the screen. She has, besides, a piquancy extremely interesting

Great Authors' Ideals of Beauty

Feminine Preferences of Master Writers

WITH great writers, as with great painters, the feminine ideal has radically varied—each one reflecting in his heroines his own personal ideas of woman's beauty. Here are a few famous authors, and the types of women they generally depicted:

GEORGE MEREDITH:—The subtle, mentalized, brilliant, intellectual woman, with a gift for repartee, and a somewhat cold nature; capable of calculation; well poised and self-confident. She is mature, slender, imperious, with classic features, an impressive manner, and a graceful body, healthy but not athletic.

JOSEPH CONRAD:—Strange, tense, semi-mystical women, of deep passion and powerful personalities, to whom love is everything, and who are capable of the most intense suffering and tragedy. As a rule, they are dark, womanly, tall, stately and regal, with something of the mysterious East about them.

DICKENS:—Weak, hyper-feminine, domestic women with the frailty of girls—naive, unsophisticated, and without any particular intelligence. Many of Dickens' heroines (like Dorrit) are the sedentary, clinging-vine variety, with petite bodies, and sweet, characterless faces—women who are narrow and prim, but loving.

BALZAC:—Intensely feminine, primitive and loyal—women who submerge themselves in the men they love. They are the genuine, warm, emotional, spontaneous, unpretentious, sensuous type, with all the feminine vanities—the true daughters of Eve. And their physical beauty is a direct reflection of their natures.

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM:—The neatly tailored conventionally beautiful modern girl, medium sized and refined of feature, who, though possessing a strong feminine appeal, is capable, self-reliant, and cosmopolitan. Her inner nature is warm and emotional, but her surface is somewhat cold and sophisticated.

EDGAR ALLAN POE:—Dark, strange, mysterious women, "like the night," with deep cryptic natures, and eyes like luminous black pools—women who symbolize the sorcery and the mysticism of the decadent East, and who breathe an atmosphere of the uncanny and the abnormal.

JANE AUSTEN:—The heroines of this author are products of early victorianism—prudish, prim, religious, conventional, frail, clinging, narrow-minded women, who dress plainly and have plain features. They make a virtue of their weakness, and consider it inelegant to show their emotions.

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS:—The Chambers heroine is a literary counterpart of the Christy girl. She is dashing, healthy, normal, independent, athletic, capable, and slightly aggressive—with a lithe, well-rounded body, fair hair, large blue eyes, and a mouth in which sensuousness and restraint are combined.

JOHN GALSWORTHY:—The matured, dignified, aristocratic woman—with a leaning toward social revolution and unconventionality; cold of exterior, self-controlled and repressed, but with an almost tropical warmth beneath the surface. Tall, healthy and vigorous, and possessed of semi-classical, semi-voluptuous features.

TURGENEV:—Dark, flashing, competent girl-women of an Oriental type of beauty—passionate, tragic and vital—with the eyes of martyrs, and a mouth of sensuousness and purposeful sincerity. They have quick, active intellects, are self-reliant, and capable of doing whatever a man can do.

JAMES M. BARRIE:—The wistful, ethereal, dreamy, fragile, girlish type of woman—with a quaint, old-fashioned nature, breathing forth a delicate atmosphere of lavender and old lace. Her features are small and piquant, her eyes shy and vivid, her nose delicate, and her mouth at once sad and playful.

JAMES MAKEPEACE THACKERAY:—Two types—one the essence of prim propriety, the other the dashing, daring kind, whom women instinctively mistrust and fear, and

men openly seek. The outstanding example is Becky Sharp, green-eyed and blonde. Thackeray secretly admires her.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:—Strong-limbed young women, slender and athletic, keen of mind and quick of tongue. Self-reliant, yet they have their tender moments. Even then, however, their alert mentality is never dormant. Great facial beauty is always an outstanding attribute, judging by the remarks of others of the *dramatis personae*.

Terms of the Screen Opportunity Contest

THE Goldwyn Photoplay New Faces Contest is open to all women, over seventeen years of age, who are not professional actresses. This does not exclude members of amateur dramatic organizations.

The first choice of the judges in this contest—Samuel Goldwyn, president of Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, and James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—shall receive a year's contract to appear in Goldwyn Pictures. During the period of the contract, the winner shall receive a salary equal to that being paid competent actresses playing in pictures at that time. The Goldwyn Company agrees to pay for the transportation of the winner and her mother to and from the studios at Culver City, California, and shall have a three years' option on the winner's services.

Other entrants, in addition to the winner, will be considered for use in Goldwyn films. Motion picture tests shall be made of those selected as the best screen possibilities, tests to be made at Goldwyn exchanges, transportation of those chosen to be paid by the company. Photographs of all entrants will be received from February 1st to July 1st, 1922; and shall be addressed to New Faces Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. No photographs will be returned unless sufficient postage is enclosed.

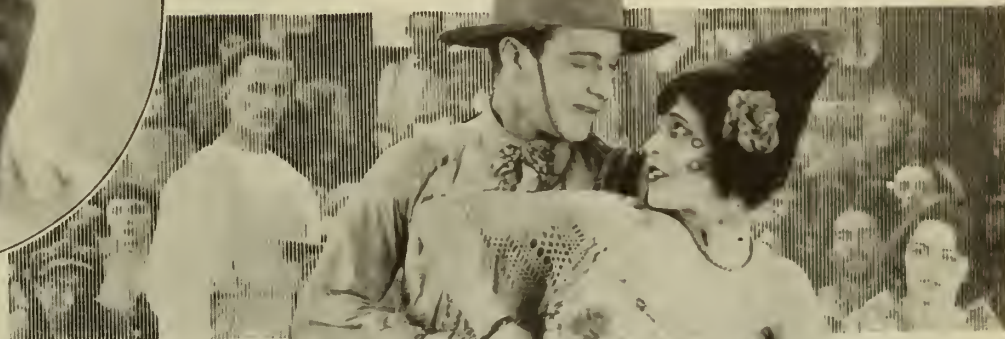
The winner will be announced in the September issue of PHOTOPLAY, on the newsstands August 15th.

When Valentino Taught Me to Dance

By MARY WINSHIP



He's changed the Rudolph to Rodolph since he has been made a star. Otherwise he is the same Signor Valentino



Remember the fascinating tango in the Argentinian episode of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"? That picture established Valentino as an actor as well as a dancer. But he hasn't forgotten how to dance!

NATURALLY, I was scared to death.

Who wouldn't be?

I'd seen Rodolph Valentino dance on the screen—and in the ballroom. You know how he dances.

I must borrow a word from Elinor Glyn and simply say, "Divine."

So, when we had finished our coffee and he asked me to dance with him, right there in the Ambassador ballroom, I was petrified.

And yet—I simply couldn't resist it. Like Oscar Wilde, I can resist everything except temptation.

I said, "I'm a perfectly rotten dancer."

And I am—or was.

Rodolph Valentino smiled. "Oh, that's all right. I've taught dancing, you know. This music is corking. I'll see you through somehow."

I got up. He put his arm around me.

Well, there never was such a dancer. In a couple of minutes I had decided I was Pavlova.

"Now," he said, as he swung into the most fascinating little step, "don't be stiff. That's the first essential. You know, good dancing is not a matter of knowing a lot of fancy steps. It's purely a sense of rhythm—and of control of your muscles that makes them flexible to follow your will.

"Shut your eyes and listen to that music. You must feel its variations: not only in your feet but in your soul."

I did.

"That's great," he said. "It is the grace with which your body follows the music that makes a really good dancer. If women forget self-consciousness they usually have grace and elasticity.

"Do you mind if I tell you something?"

I shook my head. I didn't. He could have told me anything.

"Well, you don't hold your shoulders and neck erect enough. A woman should always hold her shoulders well back from her partner and her head tipped back just a little. That's fine. See how much easier that is? And hold up the weight of your own right hand and arm. You have no idea how a woman tires a man when she lets him support her right hand as though it was a piece of iron."

The music stopped. Rodolph gallantly applauded. He's really awfully sweet.

"Why, you're a corking dancer," he said.

Anybody not on crutches could dance with that man.

"Most women dance too close to their partners—or too clumsily far away. You can't dance with a woman that gets too close. See—this is right. I hold you close to me about the waist. Then, with your shoulders back, we are several inches apart from the waist up.

your knees. Always dance on the ball of the foot. The most terrible woman in the world to dance with is one who dances on her heels. Never touch the heel to (Concluded on page 118)

"Now, see if you can follow me. I'm going to do a fancy step or two."

His arm supported me like a brace. I swung myself back, closed my eyes, breathed in the music and—followed. I couldn't have been so proud if I'd swum the English channel.

We sat down and Rodolph ordered more coffee and lit my cigarette.

"You know," he said, "the secret of good dancing lies in the knees. You must be elastic in

CHARLES WHITTAKER, the well known English dramatist, had just completed the screen adaptation of Ibanez' "Enemies of Women" for the International, and he was telling Rubye de Remer about it when they met in Paris.

"But how," said Rubye, "can you write a whole scenario about wrinkles?"

THERE'S a new descriptive phrase concerning the de Mille brothers that was heard on the Lasky lot—you know, William and Cecil B. de Mille. You know what their pictures are like. Somebody called them "Sacred and Profane Love."

"Come On Over!"

About a lass who came all the way from Ireland to answer the call of her heart



"Shane O'Melia—what a pretty name!" said Judy as she signed the book

AS Shane O'Melia sat on the driver's seat of the express wagon, he was musing—thinking of his home land across the sea and of the dreams and hopes that were waiting for him there. After two years in America they were just as dear to him, and just as remote as they had been when he landed at Ellis Island—as fresh and green as the very sod of the "auld country." After two years in America he was just as far from making them come true!

Moyna Killiea—she was the very essence of these dreams. He could still see her as he had last seen her, sitting upon a stone wall waving her farewells to him. The rising sun had made magic with her unbound hair, it had made the tears upon her cheeks glisten like jewels. Small wonder that he had come running back to her, that shaken with sobs of honest emotion, he had taken her fiercely into his arms.

"It's because I love you so that I'm lavin' you," he had told her. "But in New York I'll be soon makin' a million shillin's a day and I'll send for you out before you know I'm gone!"

Moyna's voice had trembled as she answered him. "There's beautiful women there in droves," she told him, "and they'll soon have your heart in their hands."

But he answered ardently, "How will they get my heart when I'm lavin' it here under your feet?"

Well, the million shillings a day had not materialized. So often modern Jasons come sailing to America to find the well

By RUPERT HUGHES

Fictionized by Elizabeth Chisholm

advertised golden fleece, and so often they are doomed to disappointment! For the streets of our city are not covered with coin of the realm. Sometimes even the

silver lining of our storm clouds would seem to be only nickel-plated.

Shane had gone at once, upon landing, to the home of Michael Morahan, the well-to-do son of an old neighbor in Ireland. And there he had made his home, while he found jobs and lost them, in rapid succession. There he had made his home and there he had built plan after plan to send for his sweetheart. But the plans never seemed to come to anything. . . .

With a sigh Shane got down from the driver's seat of the express wagon, and started to lift down a box that he was to deliver at a fashionable shop. It was at that moment that a big touring car drew up at the curb, and a little fat man with a belligerent expression climbed out. The little man was gloriously full of the stuff that Volstead made famous—and so were his companions, who remained in the car.

"BOYS," said the little man, turning to address said companions, and pointing to the shop that was Shane's destination, "Thass my daughter's new store—Smartes' girl in the world. My little Judy Dugan!"

With bewildered eyes Shane looked upon the name plate upon the door. "Mlle. Julie Du'Ganne, Modes de Paris," it said in gold letters.

As he was puzzling over the matter the little man's voice came to him.

"Course, Milly Joolie DuGanny ain't her name!" the little man snorted. "She's a milliner an' that's her nom de plume. People pay twice as much for a French name as they do for an Irish one—in a hat."

Shane turned, with a suppressed grin, and entered the store. It was his introduction to Judy Dugan.

DELIVERY men usually don't get along very well with French modistes. They don't move in the same circles. But, after all, Judy Dugan was not French. Shane, while waiting for his receipt, was forced to witness an unpleasant scene between the girl and her intoxicated father. And it put them, at once, upon a common meeting-ground.

Shane was immediately only a willing-to-help Irishman and Judy was only an Irish girl in trouble. Before he had left the shop with his receipted book, Shane was a friend who had promised to get Judy's father a job as night watchman with the express company that he worked for. For, as Judy said, "He's a dear old daddy, when he's himself. But since he's lost his job again, and he's drinking hard, I'm in despair."

So Shane went to his boss to beg a job for old Dugan. And he got one—for Dugan. But for himself there was only another disappointment.

"Sure, I'll give your friend work as a night watchman," the boss told him, "but say, I'm sorry—but I'll have to fire you. We're selling our horses and buying motor trucks. And you can't drive a motor truck, can you?"

Sadly, Shane had to admit that he couldn't. And still more sadly he went back to the Morahan flat to write to Moyna of another bitter disappointment that had come to him. Somehow life seemed very hard.

In the meanwhile, back in Ireland, old Bridget Morahan was reading a letter from her son, and Moyna, close beside her, was reading one from Shane in which he told her that he had a grand job driving a truck, and would soon be sending for her. Her eyes were joy-filled as she read the letter, for how could she know that the "grand job" was a grand job no longer?

THERE must be something, after all, in mental telepathy. For, back in New York, Michael was feeling shades of remorse for leaving his mother so long alone. In response to Shane's heartbroken remark,

"Every time I save up a little to send for Moyna, me job drops away from under me," Michael answered sadly,

"Moyna is pining away for a year, and me mother has brooded there for twenty-five!" He sat thinking of the old home as Shane stole out of the room. And as he sat there a resolve was born to go for his mother, and to bring her back with him.

Shane, in the meantime, depressed and hopeless, wandered out of the flat. And, drawn as if by some magnet, he found himself walking in the direction of the Dugan apartment. And something made him go in.

Judy was glad to see him, of course. For Shane was a very personable young man. And before he had been there long, he was cheered up again—almost smiling. Judy had a way

with her—she could teach a man to dance almost as easily as she could give smartness to a plain little hat. And she could teach other things, too. It was the first of a series of calls that Shane made.

The days drifted on—not too eventfully. Shane, with the little money that he had saved up, decided to take lessons as a chauffeur. He studied hard, and it was small wonder that he should want relaxation of an evening. It was to Judy that he turned—Judy who had troubles of her own, what with a new business and an old sot of a father, and could understand the heart of a fellow who was lonely and discouraged. Moyna had never seemed so far away, before—the little money that Shane had saved had been to bring her to America, and soon there would be none of it left. The situation was hard—but Judy was always comforting.

Yes, Moyna had never seemed so far away. But in reality she had never been much nearer—since that day when Shane

"If he truly loved me," said Moyna, "he'd feel it in his bones I was here!"



bade her goodbye in Ireland. For Michael Mornahan, who had made good his determination to visit his mother in the old home, had decided that he could not say goodbye again. His mother should go back with him to America, he declared, and Moyna should go with them.

"We'll surprise th' boy," he told the radiant Moyna. "He's a good boy, so he is!" And it was speedily arranged.

It was the morning of their arrival that Shane, at the Mornahan breakfast table, exploded—or was instrumental in exploding—a real bomb shell. The family—Delia, Michael's wife, Miles and Barney—a policeman and a fireman respectively, as well as the sons of the family—and Kate, the daughter, were all seated there teasing Shane about Moyna, and his inability to send for her. And as they were talking, a sudden knock came at the door and Judy flounced in. She had smiles for everyone, but her most glorious smile went to Shane.

"IT'S all right!" she told him, in a low voice, and Shane answered, "Then I'll see the priest as soon as you get your father's consent."

Was it any wonder that the Mornahan family believed there was a wedding in the air? Especially, when Shane refused point blank to answer any of their questions, and would say, "It's something I can't tell anybody. It's a sacred secret!"

After Shane left, Delia was much disturbed. She talked

"I can explain,"
cried Shane. But
Moyna ran out
of the room



over the state of affairs with her daughter while together they cleaned the house preparatory to the expected arrival of her husband and his mother. It was while they were talking that a second knock came at the door and they opened it to greet Moyna, who had been too impatient to wait for the others and had come on in a taxi. She had only one thing to say in response to their excited, amazed and slightly worried exclamations, and that was—"Is Shane home?"

HURRIEDLY, Delia answered, but her mind was in a turmoil as she thought of Judy's remark, that very morning, and of Shane's answer!

"He's away at his work," she answered, and then to change the subject, "shure, it's a born blossom you are! Shure you've had the use of the May dew on yer cheeks!"

Moyna waved aside the compliment. She felt somehow that Shane should have been there to greet her, even though her coming was a surprise.

"Ooh! the slathers of beautiful ladies I passed on the streets, she said sadly, "better dressed in a week day than I'll be in Heaven. I misdoubt Shane will blush for me!"

Delia and her daughter exchanged a glance fraught with meaning. Frankly they were nonplused, worried.

Moyna was strangely excited, and suspicious. And they realized the fact.

The morning dragged on. Michael Mornahan and his mother were held up by the customs and in the Mornahan flat the time passed heavily. Moyna became more and more upset, Delia and Kate more and more nervous. And, just as the unrest was becoming unbearable, the door was thrown open and Judy Dugan came breezily into the room. Almost ignoring Moyna, who had been hurriedly introduced to her, she asked for Shane. And, when told that he was not at home, she left a message for him.

"Tell him," she said briskly, "that I've talked with my father and forced him to give his consent, and we'll all three meet at the priest's at four o'clock." And then she hurried out, leaving a white faced girl and two inarticulate women who did not know how to comfort her.

"They're goin' to th' priest to arrange to be married," said

Moyna, and her voice shook, "to have the banns called. Oh! this is the beyant the beyants!" She burst into tears, but after a minute she spoke again.

"Oh! it's a bitter day for me," she sobbed, "that I ever set foot on the ocean. Is it a heart Shane keeps in his breast, or is it a hotel?" she paused, and then—"But why," she cried in sudden anger, "should he care for me when there's queens like her about?"

Striving to calm her, Delia took the overwrought girl in her arms. But Moyna tore herself free of the comforting embrace.

"I'll be going," she cried. "It's not blamin' you I am, Ma'am dear—but I can't stay anywhere where Shane is at all!" Without waiting to put on her hat she started for the door.

Delia stood aghast. But Kate, her daughter, spoke. "Where will you be after spendin' th' night?" she questioned.

Moyna's hand was upon the door knob, but she half turned to answer.

"I've a brother in Chicago," she said. "I'll go over there for the night, or push on to Boston!" And the door closed with a bang behind her.

MOYNA had scarcely run from the flat when Shane came in. His head was bent in dejection, for the firm who had employed him since he had gotten his motor driver's license had gone into bankruptcy and he was again without work. As he came in at the door, he smiled at Delia ruefully.

"I lost me job as usual," he said, trying to make his tone light and cheerful. "It died on me, and thin I went to the church as I promised Judy."

It was then that Delia, almost hysterical, told Shane what had happened. She told him of Moyna's pilgrimage to surprise him, and of Judy's call. As she talked, Shane went white with astonishment and fear. Without an explanation he dashed out, leaving Delia and her daughter in a state of collapse—a state from which she woke suddenly with the thought of her policeman son. Going to the telephone, she called him and told him to give in a general alarm for a red-headed, grey-eyed girl with a wild look about her.

With Shane and Moyna both (Continued on page 112)

Ten Years From Now—EDISON

The inventor of the motion picture tells what he thinks of the screen in education

By TERRY RAMSAYE

ABOUT thirty-four years ago an ingenious scientific and industrial investigator over at West Orange, in New Jersey, completed a new camera device and photographed the first motion picture. He had a notion that it was an interesting thing to do and that it might prove a largely useful thing in the world of affairs.

By the use of this interesting instrument the inventor found that it was possible to show things in the process of happening and to show things being done, instead of merely telling about them in words. Words had the fault of being limited, not alone by the person using the words but also by the capacities of the persons who heard them. It does not make any difference what a word means to the man who uses it, if it means something else or nothing to the person who hears it.

This idea concerning instruction in general and schools in particular was pretty deeply set in the mind of the inventor, and he labored quite a while to make the motion picture of service to education.

These thirty-four years having elapsed, it occurred to me that possibly sufficient time had passed now to enable this man—who by the way is Thomas A. Edison—to have arrived at some conclusions of interest and value about the motion picture, the institution of his creation.

I was waiting in that three-storied, high-vaulted office of his over at West Orange, sitting between the world's biggest roll top desk and a long work table, when Mr. Edison dashed in.

"Dashed" is correct. It was well near a run. I had heard rumors that he was getting "pretty feeble." Those rumors seemed incorrect, extremely incorrect. Mr. Edison is in his seventies.

Edison tossed his derby down on the long table, snappily jerked a chair up, and sat down, beckoning me to one alongside. I had had it in mind to interview him. He apparently decided to interview me, and he has a way of doing what he pleases.

We talked motion picture affairs, past and present, for a time.

"I got out of the picture business when I saw where it was headed at the time," he remarked. "The people getting into it were too smart for me—they had more business ability. The world is too big to bother about a thing like that—there are

so many interesting things to do—opportunities everywhere."

Edison stopped and looked reflectively up a moment.

"Do you think it is always going to be like it is now?"

He leaned forward and added the penetration of his eyes to his question.

"There are some of us who think that one day the theater and the amusement field will be the small end of the pictures—just as in the art of printing the publication of fiction is but a fraction of the work that keeps the printing presses busy."

The answer seemed to please him.

"Oh, the educational picture?" He lighted up and gestured wide with a toss of his arms. "That's an ocean—a whole ocean of possibility."

"But not yet." He raised a hand as though in caution.

"In ten years from now—maybe—about ten years."

"You see it does not matter how much anything may be needed or how much the people want it, it takes a long time to get them to accept it. It is very strange."

Edison swung about vigorously in his chair and raised an emphatic finger.

"Why, do you know it took about half a dozen years to introduce the electric light?"

"It took eight years—eight whole years—to get them to take the typewriter seriously."

"It took years with the telephone—it is that way with everything!"

Edison came to a halt and laughed.

"There are many things in the way of the educational picture, yet. Boards of education—teachers—school book publishers, the text book trusts—that is a powerful group. They will have to be interested first."

"Ten or eleven years ago I thought I would make a start. I had a little boy and a little girl (Continued on page 110)



The educational picture is coming into a great sphere of usefulness in the next ten years. The motion picture will be a part of the equipment of every class room, says Thomas A. Edison

Petrova's Page



Mme. Petrova, as she appears in one of her costumes in the stage success, the "White Peacock"

One Night Stands

JEANNETTE chérie:

It doesn't seem possible that over a month has passed since my last letter to you. Once on a time I had an idea that I was somewhat original, but as moons wax and wane I find myself uttering such banalities as "time flies," with a conviction that goes to prove that a sense of originality belongs only to extreme youth.

The last few months have been busy ones. My play, the "White Peacock," is now an acknowledged success in New York, after two weeks of one night stands and a Boston run of two weeks. As you don't understand the jargon of the theater, I might explain that "one night stands" means all that the term implies. I doubt that I did must else but stand during the entire two weeks.

Even when my day's work of rehearsals, matinee, reception (which consists of shaking hands with some odd hundreds of people), interviewers, lectures to the Rotary Clubs or the Elks, evening performance, and what-not, seemed about finished, I was hurried off to some sleeper (that word is distinctly humorous) located anywhere within half a mile of the station proper; to which one wallowed one's way through mud and snow, only to be pulled off it again, at about seven in the morning, in time to start all over again.

I am glad for some things for the experience.

I have gathered many mental photographs along the way, which I shall develop later for your amusement, Jeannette chérie, but—and I say this with the most profound seriousness—I would rather scrub floors than go through the ordeal again.

I wondered oft times to myself, as I saw play bills announcing other plays and players, that I was told put in about thirty weeks a season in this way, what can be the possible attraction in such an apology for existence.

Is there some pot of gold at the rainbow's end that I do not see?

OR is it just a dumb acquiescence, which in the long run brings atrophy of sense and feeling? And what a bubble is this thing called the theater! What a huge circumference of nothing, as far as the player is concerned. Is there one among them that really considers the noisy plaudits of a public any equivalent for the peace of home, the association of a few discriminating and cultured minds, the time to read and to think? There may be some glamor from the "front" of the house, but surely there is none in the stinking alleys that lead to most of the "stage entrances."

'Pon my soul, I think that when a group of financiers gets ready to build a theater they go to much trouble to find the dirtiest and narrowest back street in the town. Having found it they clap hand to thigh and say, "Ha! this will be a splendid location for the stage door." And O Jeannette! It is impossible to conceive of the filth of some of the dressing rooms. With one or two exceptions only, they were in underground cellars, without either light or air. Windows, of course, do not figure in cellars. An acrid odor of bug killer battles with the smell of plain dirt in many of them. If there were any preference, I think the bug killer had the advantage.

Pornographic sentences adorned many of the walls. Placards (I annexed one from one of the dressing rooms allotted to me, and am keeping it as a curiosity) instructed the artists not to spit on the floor as the wall was just as handy.

Of all the tawdry sights I have seen in my span of life, and I've seen many, these two weeks will stand out forever in my consciousness as silhouettes carven in black stone.

I should love to tell you of some of the "hotels" where they charge you almost Ritz Carleton prices for fare that would shame a poor house.

One in mind is the Exchange Hotel at Shanklin, Pa. Here we dined in a restaurant which contained also a lunch counter. Men ate with their hats on their heads and spat abstractedly on the floor during unoccupied intervals.

I could cover more pages than I have time to write or you would have patience to read, but last month I promised to tell you in this letter of the corrida, so the other must go for another time.

For at least a quarter of a mile, approaching the plaza, the entire traffic moves only in one direction—the direction toward the bull-ring. I am carried, rather than motivated by my own legs, through the enormous gates of the plaza. There are some twenty thousand chattering human monkeys gathered in the enclosure, which rises to the height of many hundred feet. I place my little cushion (price one peseta) on the stone ledge which forms the seat, and I look about me.


There is so much to see; such a tremendous kaleidoscope unfolds itself, that after taking a hasty mental picture of the whole, I prepare to specialize in detail. Before and below me is the enormous arena covered with yellow sand. We are on the shady and therefore the most expensive side of the ring. Directly opposite is the low white gate, through which, our courier tells me, the first bull will soon emerge. At this moment the ring is empty except for a few attendants in red caps and blouses who are giving a few finishing touches to the primrose sand, so soon to be trampled, and stained scarlet.

Above the door, a little to the right and high up on the last tier, there is the orchestra. It is a colorful affair both as regards players and the noise that they manage to evoke from their brass instruments. On this side (Continued on page 110)

Bought and Paid For

By
GEORGE BROADHURST

Fictionization by
William Almon Wolff



"Nothing counted but you—" he held out his arms. And with a little cry she went to him, swaying a little, so that he had to catch her

IT was just because she liked Stafford so instinctively and so much that his attentions bothered Virginia Blaine and rather frightened her. She had always listened with disdainful contempt to the people who talked of the dangers to which her work in the hotel, at the telephone switchboard, exposed her. Dangers! The word amused her. Of course, men annoyed her, sometimes. But you weren't in danger from that sort of thing, Virginia felt, unless you were tempted, and she wasn't.

Clara, at the telegraph counter, was different. For all her youth and inexperience Virginia could see that—just as she could see the envy in Clara's eyes when Stafford was bending over the switchboard beside her. Oh, Clara complained about how fresh men were! But—she went out to dinner with them. She liked a good time; the sort of thing such men offered her did tempt her.

But Virginia had never liked any of the men who gave her invitations—until Stafford came along. So it had been easy for her to say no; she had made no sacrifice. She would have liked to know Stafford; to be able to talk with him. She wasn't in love with him, or in any danger of being in love with him, she thought. When it came to love Virginia was pretty well walled in and guarded.

It wasn't that she hadn't had, didn't still have, dreams, hopes, ideals. But she thought of her sister, Fanny, and Jimmy Gilley, waiting till Jimmy got his raise from twenty-five dollars a week to thirty. Virginia wasn't mercenary, but she knew that the sort of life Jimmy and Fanny would have to lead would

choke love, romance, beauty, in marriage for her. And, on the other hand, the sort of men who asked her to dinner, or to go out to dance, the prosperous men of the hotel lobby, didn't think of marriage when they tried to flirt with girls like her.

Yet it hadn't always been easy to say no to Stafford. She must, though. What had they in common? Why, in one of the magazines, right now, there was an article about him and his tremendous success—his great manufacturing business, that he had built up under every sort of handicap. There were pictures of his home, of his art collections, of his yacht! And then he was beside her, smiling.

"Miss Blaine!"

She did like his voice. She

couldn't help the smile it evoked from her.

"I've thought of something."

"Yes?" she said.

"You don't have to dine with me alone, you know," he said.

"Bring some one along. Can't you?"

"I—" She hesitated. He had taken her by surprise. "Why—I suppose—I might bring my sister—"

He laughed like a boy, and she sighed. He was so nice—so simple. Wasn't she silly? Clara said so—even Fanny did. As for Jimmy—!

"Do!" he said. "Tomorrow night? At my place?" She hesitated still; nodded, at last. She was curiously excited. "Good!" he cried. He laughed again. He was like a little boy! "And—some one to talk to sister?"

She had to laugh herself then.

"WELL—she's engaged—"

"Splendid! Bring her fiancé—of course! That's settled, then!"

She was smiling when she reached home. As she opened the door she could hear Fanny and Jimmy Gilley talking. Fat, good-natured, old Jimmy! You couldn't take him seriously, but he was rather sweet. Not good enough for Fanny, of course. She supposed Jimmy was a pretty good shipping clerk. And he was always talking about how he was kept down; about his big ideas, and what he'd do if he could just bring himself to the attention of the big fellows!

Dinner was nearly ready. Fanny got home earlier from

her millinery shop than Virginia did from the hotel, and cooked, always. Jimmy brought something—frankfurters, tonight, Virginia saw, with a little pout. She hated them, but Jimmy revelled in them; you couldn't begin to get anything so filling for the money, he always said!

"Go and sit down, dear," Virginia said. "I'll put the things on the table. You've done enough."

She brought the food and put it down on the oilcloth cover. Was it the thought of Stafford's invitation that made it all seem so distasteful? Jimmy had been reading a magazine; she saw now that it was the one that had the article about Stafford.

"GEE!" said Jimmy. "If I could just get next to that guy Stafford! That's what holds me down—not being able to meet men like him! They talk my language! These dubs I'm with—!"

Virginia glanced at Fanny. But Fanny looked acquiescent. Well, she loved Jimmy; she took him seriously, of course.

"Has—has he asked you to dinner again?" said Fanny.

Virginia nodded. And after a moment, when she said nothing, the others exchanged puzzled, disgusted glances. Until Jimmy broke out:

"Say—didn't you ever think what it'd mean to me and Fanny if you knew this chap—really knew him?"

Fanny nodded at that. Virginia smiled.

"Why, no," she said. "I hadn't thought of that. But—it just happens that I'm dining with Mr. Stafford tomorrow night. And—"

"You are?" Fanny cried out. And: "Say—that's the stuff!" Jimmy exclaimed.

"—and so are you two," Virginia went on.

"Us!" Jimmy whistled. His expression grew solemn. "Say—"

thoughts, and she opened her eyes to look at him. He was smiling at her.

"I suppose so!" she said. "Oh, Bob—I'm so happy! You've made me so happy."

He came over to her, sitting on the arm of her chair.

"I knew I could," he said. "I wouldn't have dared to ask you to marry me if I hadn't been sure."

"But what a chance you took! Marrying a girl who—who didn't love you—only liked you—oh, ever so much—"

"I think you loved me," he said. "It was just that you didn't know it. I was sure you did—and that what I had to do was to wait till you found it out—"

"Perhaps," she said. "But how many men—oh, Bob—I'll never forget how sweet you were—how patient—"

"Look!" he said. There were roses on the table nearby. "See that bud—and the full blown rose. You can cut the bud—and it's lovely. But if you cut it you'll never have the flower in all its beauty. And that was what I wanted—and what I could wait for."

She laughed; drew him down to her.

"YOU have it!" she said. "Bob—I never dreamed what loving anyone could be—would be—"

"Oh!" he said, a moment later. "I asked Jimmy and Fanny to come to dinner tomorrow." He laughed. "Jimmy's a jewel! He's worth the two hundred a week I'm paying him just for the joy he adds to life around the office!"

"You've been wonderful about him," said Virginia. "When I think of how happy Fanny is—and the baby—"

"Nonsense!" he said. "I tell you Jimmy's worth it. He's immense!"

He got up; rang a bell. And when the Japanese butler came in:

"Scotch, Oku! I'm thirsty!"

Virginia frowned faintly. When Oku had gone she hesitated a moment.

"Bob!" she said. "Dear—it's the one thing—I do wish you wouldn't drink quite so much—"

"You little Puritan!" He laughed. "I don't drink enough to hurt me! It's a relaxation—I go to it pretty hard when I'm at work, you know—"

"I know—but I wish—" She shuddered. "Do you remember—in the hotel one day—a man who was bothering me? He was—he really was drunk. And you burned his hand with your cigarette? Oh—if you knew how I felt about it—"

"Sweetheart—because a chap takes a drink now and then it doesn't mean that he has to let go! I used—oh, I suppose I've taken too much, sometimes—you get started with a crowd—but you don't want to take things so seriously! Everyone—"

"I don't care what everyone does! It's you—you—" The passion in her voice surprised her almost as much as it did him. But it roused in him, too, a curious, defiant stubbornness that was really the necessary complement of the boyish quality that she most loved in him.

"I CAN take care of myself," he said. "If you—" He caught himself, and laughed. "Let's not quarrel, dearest. After all, I'm not a youngster who needs looking after."

She sighed; he had silenced her, though. Yet she was worried; this was the first time she had spoken, but not the first time she had thought, of this. He did drink more than he should; she was sure of it.



"Has he asked you to dinner again?" said Fanny. Virginia nodded. "Say, that's the stuff!" Jimmy exclaimed

I guess you haven't been as dumb as I thought! If—say—if he asks your folks along he must want to marry you!"

Virginia just looked at him. But she said nothing. What was the use? He wouldn't understand.

* * * * *

Virginia sat back in a deep, soft chair, her eyes closed. She couldn't quite believe that if she opened them they would show her the luxury that was all about her, and Stafford, smiling at her a few feet away. Married! Away, forever, from the lobby and the switchboard; from the tiny apartment, with its kitchenette and its frankfurters and canned soups! How absurd her doubts, her struggle, seemed now.

"Dreaming?" Her husband's voice broke in upon her

Happy Virginia was, certainly—and with reason. The comfort, the luxury, that surrounded her had its part in making her so, but it was, she was sure, only a small part. What really counted was her husband. She loved him; the completeness of her love, the utter satisfaction of it, amazed her. It was splendid to be able to do everything and have everything she wanted; it was even more splendid to do everything with him.

Yet she did worry about his drinking. It changed him so. She felt that he was a stranger. And it hurt her, too, that he did show a sort of remorse, often—expressed, as a rule, in the gift of some costly jewel a day or two afterward. She shrank from those gifts.

She wanted to talk with Fanny about her trouble, but it was not easy. Yet one night such a talk was thrust upon them both. Fanny and Jimmy were to spend the night, since they were going with Virginia and Stafford to the opera, and they had come in, with the baby, to avoid the necessity of catching the last train to their suburban house. And just before dinner Stafford telephoned to say that he was detained, and they must go without him. Virginia came back from the telephone tight-lipped; she knew Stafford's voice.

"Oh!" Fanny laughed, when she had the explanation. "Men! If it's not one thing it's another! He adores you. What more do you want? Lots of men drink a little too much sometimes. It's no great harm."

"It is!" said Virginia, hotly. "It changes him—he isn't himself—"

Fanny shrugged her shoulders.

"You want too much!" she said.

Late as it was when they came home, Stafford was later still. And Virginia realized at once that things had gone further than ever before. She shrank from him when he kissed her; he laughed.

"FANNY won't mind my kissing my own wife!" he said.

He insisted on seeing the baby; Jimmy brought her out, and Stafford, who adored her, was delighted. But Virginia sat apart, brooding. And when Fanny and Jimmy had left her alone with Stafford she moved toward the door of her room.

"Oh, wait a bit!" he said. He caught her in his arms; tried to kiss her.

"I'm dreadfully tired," she said. "Please—I think I'll go right to bed—"

He chuckled and rang the bell.

"Know the very thing for that tired feeling!" he said. "Oku—champagne!"

She stood still as he poured the sparkling wine and held out a glass to her. And she shook her head.

"No," she said. "I don't want any. And you've had enough."

But he only laughed and drank, and leaned toward her, then, to kiss her arm.

"Please!" she said.

"Oh!" His irritation broke out. "What's the matter? Don't you love me?"

"I—I love the man I married!" she cried, desperately. "But when you're like this—when you make love to me like this—I hate you!"

And, eluding him, she moved swiftly toward her door. His face darkened; he was at her door before her, barring her way.

"Please!" she said. She was beginning to be frightened.

He shook his head. The veins in his forehead were swollen. "I've had enough of this!" he said. "You—with your talk—your preaching! You didn't love me when I married you, either—but I bought you and paid for you—"

He touched the necklace at her throat, the rings on her fingers. She shrank back, appalled, incredulous. She stood still. For a moment he was touched by a confused remorse.

"Come on!" he said. "Give me a kiss and I'll let you go!"

She stood still, passive. And he caught her in his arms suddenly and kissed her. But in a moment he let her go, with an exclamation of angry disgust. For a moment she looked at him, shuddering; then turned and rushed into her room. Instinctively she slammed the door and turned the key; stood



She shook her head. "No," she said, "I don't want any. And you've had enough." But he only laughed and leaned toward her, then, to kiss her arm

still, then, panting, shuddering. The doorknob was turned; then shaken; she heard him calling to her.

And then, incredulous, appalled and frightened as she had never been in all her life before, she heard a crashing blow fall upon the door, followed by another and another. The wood splintered and broke; the panel was driven in. She saw her husband's face, inflamed and furious; saw his hand reach in and turn the key. Then, as he came in, she cried out, once.

* * * * *

It was as if nothing that she remembered had ever been; as if the memory of her marriage, of luxury, of comfort, were only a dream. To Virginia, going each morning to her work in the factory, returning each night to the cheap flat in which she lived with Fanny and Jimmy and the baby, sharing the expenses, there was no future and no past.

FANNY and Jimmy, bickering, quarreling, getting on each other's nerves. She could see the disintegration of the life they had been building up. And she felt, always, their reproach, seldom as they dared to put it into words. She was making them suffer poverty, discomfort! She—because she had left Stafford the morning after that unforgivable and deadly scene!

They could not understand. How should they? How could she expect them to see that she had had to leave him just because she loved him, and had to tell him, and had now to stick to her word, that she would never go back unless he came for her, with his promise to stop drinking forever? Oh, if he had made that promise the next day—instead of trying to buy her off with another gift of jewels!

He had been sorry—oh, yes! Even ashamed—bitterly ashamed, she knew. But that had not been enough. He had not understood—or else, he had not loved her enough to meet the only terms she could impose. It didn't matter which. And now she had to go on, knowing how Jimmy and her sister felt.

Dinner—as wretched, as unappetiz- (Concluded on page 111)

Rubye de Remer's New Clothes, Designed

Some New Ideas About Dress

As outlined to Carolyn Van Wyck

By RUBY DE REMER

I AM a very practical person. I have been told I don't look it by artists who have painted my portrait, and I hope that is true. Nevertheless, underneath I have a sort of practical, school-ma'am way of looking at things.

And I believe that the best thing to be about clothes is practical.

I have absolutely no use for the woman who declares that she buys things she thinks she likes in a store, and when she gets them home finds they aren't what she wanted at all. That is stupid and impractical and I should like to show women how to avoid it.

The secret of remaining young is never to wear an unbecoming hat. Nothing ages a woman like the feeling that her hat detracts from instead of enhancing her good looks. And nothing worries a woman so much, not even her husband, as the knowledge that there is something wrong about her clothes.

I really love beautiful clothes. If I went to interview a producer and found that my gown had two buttons off, I know I shouldn't make the least sort of an impression on him. Every woman's morale depends upon her clothes.

Now there is only one way to insure against mistakes in dressing—both in selecting clothes and in wearing them. And that is to be practical and use good common sense about it.

I wouldn't love the most beautiful dress ever designed if it wasn't practical.

That is the reason I distinctly prefer American clothes to Paris models and why, though I just returned from the French capital, I have as many American made and designed things in my new wardrobe as I have Parisian things.

When you want to buy things for a new season, sit down quietly and decide what you need and what sort of things you want to fill that need. Go to see some of the new films in which stars, who spend fortunes and invaluable hours in selecting their garments, are appearing. If possible, go to see a star who is something of your own type. Get a pretty good idea of what you are going to have. That is the way to avoid buying things you don't want. Then, either go to good shops or, what I believe is much more satisfactory, get good patterns and a good sewing woman, and have them executed in your own home. If you are clever along that line, you can make your own dresses.

Then you are sure of the value of what you have. It is certainly much more economical in every way.

Never select things that are easily torn, that are very difficult to put on, that have a lot of fancy trimming or a

One of these Patterns Goes to You

ONE of the three charming frocks, especially designed by and for Rubye de Remer, the screen star, may be owned by you. You may have the pattern of any one of the three, and with the knowledge that you have a costume comparable to the smartest and most exclusive design conceived this season. Because Le Bon Ton Patterns are celebrated for their originality and good taste; and Miss de Remer is one of the celluloid celebrities who set fashion standards for all America. She has cooperated with PHOTOPLAY and Le Bon Ton in presenting to you these frocks.

Carolyn Van Wyck



Design 8

A one-piece dress especially designed for Miss de Remer of heavy sport crepe. The severely simple lines are smart and becoming to her youthful figure. The necessary materials and their costs are as follows:

| | |
|---------------------------------|---------|
| 3½ yards sport crepe @ \$3.00 | \$10.50 |
| ¼ yard fillet lace . . . @ 7.50 | 5.62 |
| Silver clasps about | 5.00 |
| | \$21.12 |

lot of buttons to come off, or that are composed of a number of different pieces to put on.

The American woman is a pretty busy person. I don't know a single woman in New York or in California, the two places where I spend most of my time, or in my home town of Denver, who hasn't interests outside of her clothes. While we all have the instinct to be well dressed, in this country, there are very few of us that will spend hours over a toi-

lette or devote our chief mental and physical energy to our personal appearance. I have to do a lot of it, because it's my business, but at that I don't pretend to make a sacred rite of dressing, as French women do.

Therefore, I say again, be practical about your wardrobe. Get things that are easy to put on, that don't need a lot of repairing every time you've worn them, that continue to look attractive after they've had some wear. I have a more extensive lot of gowns than the average woman. But except when I buy a gown for a certain purpose, I always



Design 9

Miss de Remer's long circular cape designed to be worn with one-piece dress. It can be obtained at a ridiculously small cost. It has no lining

| | |
|--|---------|
| 4¼ yards sports crepe @ \$3.00 | \$12.75 |
| Silver clasp about | 2.50 |
| | \$15.25 |

by Le Bon Ton with Patterns for You

buy things that I know will continue to look nice after I've worn them a while.

I design a great many of my own gowns and have them made under my personal supervision. I find I get the best results that way. And I always take into consideration how they will hold up, how convenient they are to put on, for, except at the studio, I do not keep a personal maid.

I am personally very fond of one-piece dresses that slip on over the head, without hooks and eyes or buttons. I like cape-coats that do not wrinkle your frocks. Being a blonde, I prefer dark colors, because I think they bring out my hair and

Look smart, of course. But try to look sweet,

Sport things are always the order of the day during the summer season. But in choosing them, keep the feminine note as much as possible.

I myself prefer dainty, soft things in summer to too much of the sport effect. For evening, I always prefer soft, lacy, delicate things to hard sequins, glistening bead effects and severely classic lines. And I must admit that for the average woman I prefer veiled effects to too much nudity.

The models I have chosen to give PHOTOPLAY are things I really love, and I think they ought to be of great service to American women. Everyone of them is practical. Mostly they are my own ideas carried out by Le Bon Ton.

I hope you'll like 'em.



Design 11



Design 10

A charming dinner frock of flesh pink Corticelli Satin Patria uniquely draped with the front turned under in loops. The bead and floss embroidery on sash ends and across the front of blouse is also worked on the underbodice between the panel front and back. It totals but \$21.75.

| | | |
|--------------------------------|----------|----------------|
| 5 1/2 yards Satin Patria..... | @ \$3.50 | \$19.25 |
| Embroidery silk and beads..... | | 1.50 |
| Extras will cost about..... | | 1.00 |
| | | <u>\$21.75</u> |

Design 11

An afternoon model of figured foulard smartly trimmed with plain foulard. It favors a double surpliced bodice which terminates in sash ends at the left side and a skirt with a simple cascade drapery on the right lapping from the back. The approximate cost will be \$22.00.

| | | |
|------------------------------|----------|----------------|
| 5 yards figured foulard..... | @ \$3.50 | \$17.50 |
| 1 yard plain foulard..... | | 3.50 |
| Extras about..... | | 1.00 |
| | | <u>\$22.00</u> |

Design 12

Plain and plaided gingham are used with effective results in building this model. The dress of plaided gingham is buttoned to the long front panel of white gingham and the scalloped edges are worked in an over and over stitch. Neck of panel is finished with a cross stitch embroidery. The materials can be bought for the very moderate sum given below:

| | | |
|---|----------|---------------|
| 4 1/2 yards plaided gingham..... | @ \$1.00 | \$4.50 |
| 1 yard plain gingham..... | | 1.00 |
| Buttons, emboidery silk and extras..... | | 1.50 |
| | | <u>\$7.00</u> |



Design 12

skin. But color is always an absolutely personal matter. You must judge that for yourself.

There is one thing I want to say to all American women and girls.

Don't be hard on yourselves.

Don't wear clothes, even though they make you look smart, that mar your sweet, feminine softness.

That is one thing I learned in Paris, and if we have a fault in fashions in this country it is in wearing and popularizing things that are chic but trying.

In getting your summer wardrobe, keep that in mind. Avoid severe lines. Avoid harsh effects. Avoid hard glaring colors and—this is my own personal taste, of course, but I believe I am right—avoid the masculine note.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
 Department of Fashions
 25 West 45th Street
 New York City, N. Y.

For enclosed coupon and twelve cents in stamps or coins for postage and handling charges, please send me Le Bon Ton pattern of design number.....in size.....

Name.....

Street and Number.....

City..... State.....

Note: Only one pattern may be ordered with one coupon. Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 only.

Business

THIS is the seventh of one of the most unusual and talked-of series of satirical articles to appear in any American magazine. Not only is Mr. Wright recognized as one of the foremost satirists writing in English today, but Mr. Barton, who is illustrating this remarkable series, is America's greatest caricaturist. Next month these two famous humorists will collaborate on "The Theatrical Life in the Films."

By
WILLARD
HUNTINGTON
WRIGHT

Decorations by
RALPH BARTON



Almost any handsome young man can outwit an entire Camorra of old experienced Wall Street magnates

SOME years ago an impassioned speculator and *litteratus* inflamed the corpuscles of the Great American Common People with a series of lurid articles entitled "Frenzied Finance," in which he told astounding tales of Wall Street's goings-on, and set down fabulous descriptions of the practices and habits of the financiers themselves. But though he gave a new phrase to the language, his revelations were tame and commonplace in comparison with the business life which is presented to us nightly in the dramas of the screen.

Let us look first at the stock market of the films. It not seldom happens that the fate of Wall Street depends, in large measure, on whether or not an earnest and virginal young man with polished hair, arched eyebrows, and a skin-tight suit with slanting pockets and peaked lapels, can land some sort of a contract or other. The entire financial district awaits the result with bated breath and popping eyes. The curb is a howling pandemonium; prices have collapsed; panic reigns; and at least six capitalists are about to blow their brains out. If the young man puts the deal across, the market will pull together and go on. But if not! . . . Well, the bottom will just simply fall out of everything.

Moreover, almost any handsome young man, if he is honorable and pure, and really sets his mind to it, can completely outwit and ignominiously ruin an entire Camorra of old experienced Wall Street magnates.

Luckily these youths do not often invade the financial district. As a general rule, in the films, the stock market is completely controlled by a middle-aged gentleman with a square jaw, who tries to look like Tarzan of the Apes. Single-handed, he can wreck the works, and bring the entire financial struc-

ture of the country crashing down about the heads of his enemies. And he often does it, just to get even with somebody against whom he has a grudge. He merely calls up his broker on the telephone, speaks a few words out of the corner of his mouth—and, in five minutes, the entire Street is tottering.

And this brings up another curious point in the financial life of the screen. All millionaires habitually arrange their affairs so that it is possible for them to be wiped out clean in half an hour—so clean, in fact, that their old family servants are inspired to come forward and proffer them their meagre savings.

MOREOVER, despite the fact that they are always thus on the brink of ruin, and liable at any moment to have to face disaster, the shock of any catastrophe inevitably bowls them over. They all suffer from some serious cardiac disturbance; for whenever they get bad news over the ticker, they immediately have a stroke, as of acute apoplexy. Their chins sag; their eyes dilate; and they clutch at their breasts, sway back and forth, and then collapse on the floor, all tangled up in the tape.

Before passing on to the more general aspects of business life as depicted on the screen, attention should be called to the fact that all dishonest Wall Street plotters sooner or later come to grief. Virtue and honesty always triumph—one of the reasons being, no doubt, that all financial schemes of a criminal nature are invariably concocted and arranged over a telephone with a switchboard, so that the beautiful and chaste young daughter of the intended victim—enacting the rôle of

Life in the Films

substitute operator—can not only listen in and thwart the nefarious plans against her unsuspecting father, but incidentally collect sufficient evidence to send the would-be perpetrators to the bastille.

Business men and financiers of the screen possess many peculiar traits and idiosyncrasies. Their eyebrows are always shaggy, and there are always gray tufts above their ears. Courtesy and geniality are antipodal to their natures. They are at all times gruff and aggressive, and wear mean, beligerent expressions. When they talk they roll a large cigar viciously about in the corner of their mouths, and thrust their jaws forward in menacing fashion. Moreover, they gesticulate angrily, pound the desk with their fists, and constantly shake their fore-fingers threateningly under the noses of their listeners.

Another thing; they apparently have a deep and ineradicable suspicion of banking houses; for they always keep their money at home in the library in a circular wall safe, where any burglar can get to it with but slight difficulty. And this suspicion of the banks would seem to extend to the storage vaults, as well; for no business man or financier ever puts his important papers, or his bonds and stock certificates, in a safe-deposit box. Instead, he keeps them in his desk drawer at his private office. And, because of this eccentricity, he is nearly always robbed by someone who, posing as a customer, picks the drawer open with a pen knife or hair-pin when his back is momentarily turned.

Another invariable practice of the motion-picture business man is that of keeping a long, pointed, double-edged, highly sharpened, stiletto-like paper-cutter on his desk, so that any enemy or professional burglar will have a convenient and efficient weapon at hand with which to stab him. And it is nothing short of amazing how many commercial magnates are translated into the Beyond by this means.



The sons of wealthy business men of the screen are, without exception, a bad lot

Then there is the peculiarity possessed by every wealthy financier in his manner of employing help. No matter how crooked he may be, or how urgent his needs for caution and secrecy, he will engage a new stenographer without giving her a try-out or even asking her for references. The young lady simply walks into his inner private office, states her mission, and is accepted on the spot. The next minute he is turning over to her his confidential correspondence and making her privy to all his illegal and nefarious schemes.

Thus the daughter of the niece of one of his former victims, who is now in the Poor House, works herself in as a spy, check-mates all his dastardly plots, and gathers sufficient evidence to bring him, humbled and chastened, to the bar of justice.

The wives of all wealthy and successful business men of the screen are shallow, brainless, extravagant creatures, who live only for social diversions, and who spend their entire time buying new gowns and giving soirées and costume balls. They know nothing whatever of business matters, and when the financial crash comes and they are in- (Concluded on page 91)



When the watchman finds the secretary with a smoking pistol in his hand, there is nothing for him to do but turn the innocent young man over to the gendarmes

Plays and

If you keep up with these more about film folks than

By CAL.

Engaged? Although they're still playing flapper and juvenile respectively in real life as well as films, Marjorie Daw and Johnny Harron are old enough to have made up their minds they're in love

of the German language had suddenly failed her and she was not hearing aright. She asked the child to repeat.

"You have made a mistake, madame. You gave me—see!—too much."

Miss de Remer hastily thrust her hand into her purse and bringing forth its entire contents in silver forced them into the girl's hand.

"And the poor little thing wept," says Rubye. "She said it was more than she made in a whole year."

"Yes," interrupts Teddy Sampson, who was in the party, "and Rubye wept, too!"

FRANCES MARION, between scenarios for which she receives sums amounting to a pretty penny, has found time to turn out several plays. No—nothing to do with films. But the celebrated scenario writer is branching out, and her new literary efforts are along widely different lines than the Mary Pickford and Constance Talmadge screen stories she has done. One one-act play from her trusty typewriter is a little masterpiece, according to those who've been fortunate enough to get to read it. It will soon be produced, with two other one-act plays by her, by an artistic group which has done most of the worth-while theatrical things of Manhattan. Besides the plays there's a book in the process of construction, and a few other little things. And in spite of all this work, Frances Marion continues to look as beautiful as the stars she writes for.

DID you see that kid with the black bobbed hair and the white hair-ribbon in the country drug store show scenes of "Polly of the Follies"? She was the prettiest little girl in the audience which watches Connie Talmadge as *Polly* cavort in her impromptu play. Anita Loos played an extra just for fun and to see how she would photograph. She has no intention of becoming an actress instead of a writer.



As a tropical lovens, Corinne Griffith has few equals. She didn't have to play in a story of South Sea locale to prove that



THE possibility of producing the Life of Christ in motion pictures was being discussed at a tea.

There were some doubts expressed as to whether there was an actor who could play the Christ.

"Or one who *would*," interposed Madge Kennedy dolefully. "I know a very capable actor who was offered the chance to play Lincoln in a picture based on the Life of Lincoln.

"Play Lincoln?" said the actor. "I should say not! Not with that ending."

DID you know that D. W. Griffith predicted Rodolph Valentino's success several years ago?

Valentino was playing a villain's part in a picture with Dorothy Gish.

Turning to a man who was standing on the set at the time, Mr. Griffith said:

"There is a boy who is going to be a great idol some day, if fortune is kind to him."

WHILE Rubye de Remer was motoring through Europe she stopped at a small German inn for lunch. The little red-checked girl who waited on the table was so eager to please and so obvious in her admiration of the unusual guests that she attracted Miss de Remer's attention.

"She was so cute and so desirous of pleasing us that I gave her a good tip," explains Miss de Remer.

It was such a tip as an American waiter would accept as his due and say nothing. But translated into German marks it was quite a munificent sum. The little girl regarded it for a moment, then handed it back to Miss de Remer with a curtsy.

"You have made a mistake, madame," said she. "You have given me too much."

For a moment Miss de Remer was dumfounded. She believed that her knowledge

"Baby Stars"—Left to right, lower row: Mary Philbin, Patsy Ruth Miller, Bessie Love, Louise Lorraine, Helen Ferguson and Kathryn McGuire. Upper row: Pauline Stark, Maryon Aye, Jacqueline Logan, Claire Windsor, Colleen Moore, Lila Lee and Lois Wilson



Players

columns you will know
they know themselves

YORK

IT looks as though Jack Pickford had won Marilyn Miller, the Ziegfeld star of "Sally," and that they would be married this summer. Anyhow, George Stewart, the debonair brother of Anita Stewart, who was also an ardent courtier at Marilyn's court, has withdrawn from the field to devote himself to his art. He will star in Christie comedies.

In New York, at the recent Sixty Club Ball, which attracted all the stars of the east, Jack Pickford escorted Miss Miller to the royal box, where she was presented to King Doug, Queen Mary, and Dowager Charlotte.

A FEW years ago, when the motion picture industry had more pompous prelates than it has today, a certain director was expostulating with a certain producer about a picture. The producer demanded that the director make radical changes in his plans. The director became vehement in the argument and blasphemed slightly.

"My young man!" shouted the producer, aghast. "Do you realize to whom you are talking? Do you realize that you are speaking to the man who made the greatest picture ever filmed, the man who made more good pictures than Griffith, the man who has made more stars and directors than anybody in the business?"

The producer was purple with outraged dignity.

"I can't help it," said the director meekly. "I would say the same things to the Lord himself."

The producer gave a moment of solemn thought to the reply, then said:

"Well, I guess that's fair enough."

HEDDA HOPPER, the presiding genius of the Algonquin dining room, the idol of the literary lights who congregate there, and an all-round, one-hundred-percent human being—plays a part in the popular stage comedy, "Six Cylinder Love," which

Mrs. Anna Townsend celebrated her seventy-third birthday by playing Harold Lloyd's grandmother in his new comedy. She's been appearing in pictures without her daughter's consent

Our old friend and comrade, Robinson Crusoe, come to life—celluloid life, at any rate. He is played by Harry Myers



features Ernest Truex. She lends her aristocratic presence to several scenes, utters a few pleasant or poignant lines, and then is seen no more.

The other day the lovely Hedda was presented to an elderly lady from up-state who had seen the play and admired Mrs. Hopper. The lady looked at Hedda adoringly, then remarked embarrassedly:

"I liked your play, I must say; and I liked you—always have. But Mrs. Hopper—I'd like to ask you something. In your last scene there—why don't you enter into the conversation more?"

IT is one of the curses of fame that every few months you are reported demised.

Charles Whittaker, the famous playwright and scenarioist, has several times been obliged personally to deny the reports of his death. The latest rumor circulated several months ago, when an assistant director of almost similar name but different spelling died suddenly in California.

Mr. Whittaker, in denying this newest report, said:

"Even amongst those who are aware that I am in the flesh, I am constantly under the necessity of vociferously asserting my own existence or else get shouted down, but it's too bad to have my friends rejoicing and my enemies deploring an unjustified demise,—why, David Powell, upon arriving from England, was staggered to realize I am still on this oblate spheroid."

This expression may serve to explain why it is that Mr. Whittaker, in spite of the awe-inspiring and academic initials which belong after his name, and his literary prowess, is often called by his friends "Charlie."

AND speaking of queer kinds of rumors, John Barrymore at a party not long ago spent the whole evening talking about his baby boy. (Continued on page 74)

Every kid wants to ride a fire engine. One of Jackie Coogan's ambitions was realized in San Francisco recently when most of the fire department met him at the station on his arrival. After all, being an actor has its compensations. Jackie admits it's the life for him





FOR THE DEFENSE—Paramount

IT is good to see Ethel Clayton in a picture that is worthy of her efforts. An actress of unquestioned ability, she has lately devoted herself to films of patently inferior quality. But she scores emphatically in "For the Defense." It is a vivid melodrama, describing the adventures of a young prima donna who is victimized by a sinister Hindu hypnotist. She falls under his spell, as many other women have done before her, and is only saved from an unspeakable fate when one of the hypnotist's former inamoratas steps in and punctures him.

Use is made in one place in the story of a cubistic Caligari setting, in order to convey the impression of the heroine's hypnotic dream. This is remarkably effective, and serves to heighten the dramatic interest considerably. In fact, everything in the picture is well done, and Paul Powell, who directed it, deserves a resounding salvo of cheers for his work on this production. He has not missed a single trick. Moreover, he has assembled an excellent and appropriate cast to carry out the idea.



COME ON OVER—Goldwyn

RUPERT HUGHES goes to Ireland, this time, for his inspiration and brings back with him a little story of pathos and laughter.

Colleen Moore plays the part of *Moyna*, a young Irish girl who is waiting for her lover to "send for her out"—which, translated, means come across with transportation and a wedding ring. But the lover, Ralph Graves, finds many an obstacle in his path. One of the most insurmountable obstacles is his inability to keep a job, the other is a blonde modiste with a Fifth Avenue address. And so *Moyna* waits until, weary of waiting, she decides to take the journey on her own. The complications that ensue go to make up a picture that is one hundred percent family stuff!

To Assist You in Saving You

The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A review of the new pictures



SMILIN' THROUGH—First National

REMINISCENT of a gorgeous valentine,—one of those ornate lace-and-celluloid creations that remained in the drug-store window year after year because no one in town had enough money to buy it.

The subtitles are tinted and adorned with love birds on a twig, roses dropping their petals, a lily and a Bible,—everything but the clasped hands and the gates ajar.

The photography is thrilling. Charles Rosher, camera painter, is the co-star of the show. He creates shimmering splendors and then again quaint pastorals as charming as a Watteau.

The story would have been clarified and tremendously increased in dramatic power had it commenced at the beginning and smiled steadily through. As it is, there is some confusion and diffused interest. Yet it holds more real feeling than most of its contemporaries and its enchanting beauty lifts it among the peers of the season.

Norma Talmadge seems of late to be playing in a flapper key. There's not so much of that wistfulness and depth of feeling that she once displayed. She reminds us here of a lovely French doll with adroit and pretty surface emotions. Delectable, but a doll. Toward the end of the picture however, she delivered some tender moments that brought real tears from the spectators of the Ritz ball-room where the picture was previewed. And it requires rare acting ability to bring tears into the Ritz.

Harrison Ford is here; and with him as a vis-a-vis Miss Talmadge is at her finest. You will find that this is one of Norma's best numbers, pictorially a Kohinoor.

Motion Picture Time and Money

PHOTOPLAY'S SELECTION of the SIX BEST PICTURES of the MONTH

SMILIN' THROUGH
•
THE LOVES OF PHARAOH
•
FOR THE DEFENSE
•
A DOLL'S HOUSE
•
COME ON OVER
•
POLLY OF THE FOLLIES



A DOLL'S HOUSE—United Artists

A MENTAL masterpiece. The emotions are not called upon for such great exertions as is customary in the cinema. The spectator is asked to use his imagination and his mind.

By sticking as closely as adhesive plaster to Ibsen's original, Madame Nazimova has seen to it that none of the vitality has been lost. It is a literal translation. The atmosphere is not Hollywoodian; it is Norwegian. The very pictures on the walls are true to type. The sets are absolutely faithful. The acting is magnificent.

The story is a little bit old-fashioned in these days when nearly every wife enjoys the privilege of living her own life. But it will be preserved as a perfect record of its period and personality. The Russian star, usually eccentric, curbs her Camille tendencies, and as *Nora*, one of the drama's most absorbing women, really acts. Or rather, thinks. At times she is over-expressive. Charles Bryant is a truly good director; he knows the value of restraint and uses it. If this film is any indication of her state of mind, Madame Bryant is regaining her artistic balance and her next celluloid should restore her to her first high histrionic standard.



THE LOVES OF PHARAOH—Paramount

PROF. ERNST LUBITSCH is the great humanizer of history.

He was undeniably successful in applying the quickening touch to Louis of France and Henry VIII of England. But we feel that he went a little beyond his depth in attempting to excavate Egypt from the sands of 1,000 B. C.

It is pretty hard to put life in a mummy, and Lubitsch was unfortunate in selecting a Pharaoh who insisted upon shaving his head until it resembled a poultry product. At times he seems not so much a king of Egypt as a king of the dairy products combine. However, that impression may be overlooked in the real power of the performance.

Although Herr Lubitsch failed to generate the regular blood pressure in his characters he came as close to it as anyone could with mummies who were such freak dressers. His spectacular moments are gorgeous. The scene of the slaves working in the quarries resembles a hill swarming with ants. In a flash it suggests the panorama of man.

The film is a magnificent, dazzling orgy of splendors. And therein is its failing; the spectacle dims the individual. Dagny Servaes, the heroine, has a pure Greek profile and acts with distinction, but she is no Pola Negri. Emil Jannings as the Pharaoh is expert and effective in spite of his eccentric haircut. Henry Liedtke, called "the Wally Reid of Germany," is sometimes florid; but when he is content just to smile genially he does bear an amazing likeness to our native Apollo.

By all means see this, if only to exclaim that even the mighty Lubitsch is not always at his holy best.



POLLY OF THE FOLLIES—First National

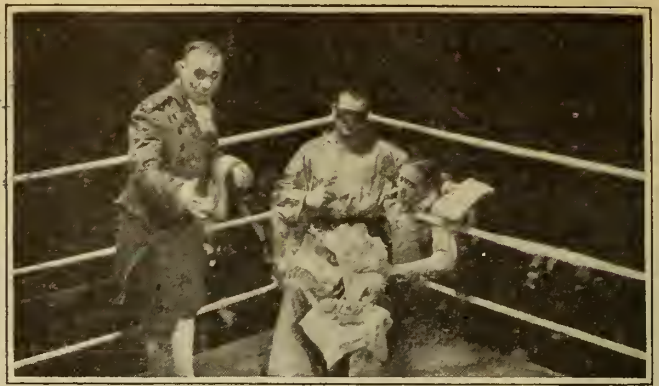
THIS is one of the most uproarious comedies that has ever been permitted to roam about wild on the prosaic surface of the silver screen. It is absolutely crazy—making practically no sense at any given point—but it is gorgeously funny, for all that. The story is a vague affair about a little slavey in the drug store of a blue-nose town, who scandalizes the folks by running away and joining the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic. Needless to say, she is an instantaneous hit, not only with the suave Mr. Ziegfeld, but with a handsome young millionaire.

Constance Talmadge is at her best as the latest Emerson-Loos heroine and you know what Connie's best is.



THE WORLD'S CHAMPION—Paramount

Wallie Reid, as the middle-weight champion of the world, gets the money, the girl and the social position. He also foils the villain—who isn't a bad sort, though fat. The picture is extremely well directed and cast. Splendid entertainment, of the cleanest sort, for the whole family. Lois Wilson plays the titled heroine with charm and a real ability. She is worth watching.



THE LEATHER PUSHERS—
Universal-Jewel-Colliers

If the last nine instalments are up to the standard of the first three, Universal will have made a real super-serial. H. C. Witwer's stories have lost nothing in the filming, and the prize-fights in each episode are packed with real, and convincing, thrills. Reginald Denny is the hero and Harry Pollard the director. And the cast is up to standard in every way. Follow this—by all means!



YELLOW MEN AND GOLD—Goldwyn

This picture should be popular, if only for the fact that nearly everybody has day-dreamed about the finding of buried treasure. Richard Dix, Helene Chadwick, and Rosemary Theby—with a Chinese chorus. And some most convincing villains! If you hate adventure, don't see it. By Gouverneur Morris with all of the thrills that made his first stories famous. A clean plot.



THE DEUCE OF SPADES—First National

Charles Ray in a typical rôle—that of the "from Boston" owner of a lunch room in a tough Montana town. Although the action drags, in spots, the comedy is good and the sub-titles are really clever. And the cast, as a whole, could scarcely be improved upon. A family film—in the Ivory soap class! In other words—the best sort of wholesome entertainment for young and old.



WILD HONEY—Universal

And oh, how wild it was! Priscilla Dean, lots of scenery, Robert Ellis, and both the Beerys thrown away to make a Universal holiday. As dull an evening's entertainment as you can find anywhere, up until the last few reels, when an ice jam is introduced to send you away with a shiver. What a waste—this star was once one of the most promising persons in pictures.



WHERE IS MY WANDERING BOY TONIGHT
—Zeidman

Glycerine tears are all right when kept in their place. A drop now and then never did any harm. But when they are allowed to flow in the same volume as Niagara Falls, there is reason for protest. "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" empties all the glycerine glands in existence. And it is a stupid, trashy film.

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Two New Polishes—just perfected

Entirely new formulas—a quicker, higher brilliance—that lasts

"We have made good polishes before, as have other manufacturers, but in these two new polishes we have introduced entirely new improvements that place them far ahead of anything of their kind."

Northam Warren
ORIGINATOR OF CUTEX.

NOW, at last, two new nail polishes that you will hail instantly as something distinctly beyond any you have ever used. They are in the two most popular forms of the moment—Powder Polish and Liquid Polish.

The **Powder Polish** is practically instantaneous. Just a few strokes of the nails across the soft part of the hand is sufficient to bring out the shine—a dazzling, jewel-like luster that is more brilliant and lasts better than any you have ever had before! It resists frequent washing—in fact, soap and water only improve it.

The texture of the powder itself is exceptionally smooth—the unpleasantly gritty quality that is so characteristic of powder polishes having been entirely overcome. And it has a "body" and



The new Powder Polish
At last—a powder polish that is practically instantaneous and that retains its brilliance despite frequent washings.

firmness that prevent it from scattering wastefully.

In the new **Liquid Polish** we have one that is entirely free from the objections to all former liquid polishes. It flows over the nail from the brush with an absolutely uniform smoothness, it dries instantly and leaves the most brilliant, delicately tinted luster—just like the inside of a sea-shell. It requires no buffing, of course, and it will keep its even brilliance for at least a week. When



The New Liquid Polish
Just stroke each nail daintily with the rosy fluid, and behold—a jewel-like luster that will last a week. A wonderful protection to the nails.

it begins to grow dull, you do not have to use a separate preparation to remove it. You simply put on a fresh coat of the polish, taking one nail at a time, and wipe it off quickly before it dries. This will leave the nail clean and ready for the new application. The Liquid Polish is the best possible protection to the nails. Used as a finishing touch, it will make a manicure last just three times as long. The Powder Polish is 35c a box and the Liquid Polish is 35c a bottle.

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Cutex announces a new assortment called the Five-Minute Set, containing full sized packages of these two new polishes, with a full-sized bottle of the Cutex Cuticle Remover, orange stick, and package of emery boards—exactly what you need for the quickest, easiest manicure. The price is \$1.00.

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MISTRESS OF THE WORLD—Paramount

If a picture's merit were measured by its size, this German production would be too good to be true. It is twenty reels long, and consequently has to be issued in serial form (five reels at a time).

The title rôle is played by Mia May, a German star of ample proportions. There are tremendous scenes, and vast crowds. But—what is it all about?



THE SHEIK'S WIFE—Vitagraph

A drama of the great desert where there ain't no votes for women and a man may raise anything that he wants to—including a thirst! The story proves that two races can't mix—matrimonially speaking. And then a happy ending is dragged in and the point of the whole thing is lost. Splendid photography and lighting and some good bits of acting. An importation from the French.



A DANGEROUS LITTLE DEMON—Universal

Marie Prevost as an ultra-modern flapper—in frocks that are too short, now-a-days, to be fashionable. She endures an arrest, a business failure, and an engagement with a very good young man. And still manages to come up smiling at the end, all ready to marry another young man who is not so good! Light, but entertaining, with a laugh or two for good measure.



LOVE'S BOOMERANG—Paramount

This is a beautiful production, marked with John S. Robertson's usual artistry, but rather lacking in dramatic value. The interest is buoyed up periodically, and then allowed to drop. There are many fine scenes, taken in England and France, and there is some good acting by lovely Ann Forrest, David Powell, and Geoffrey Kerr. Robertson should do another Barrie story.



THE CRADLE BUSTER—Warren

This is a simple, unpretentious little picture, with Glenn Hunter in the leading rôle. It is amusing in a quiet, Tarkingtonian way, and works up to an exceedingly effective climax. Frank Tuttle, who wrote and directed it, reveals himself as a producer of great intelligence. Beside Mr. Hunter, the cast includes Marguerite Courtot and Osgood Perkins.



WOMAN'S SIDE—First National

This is too tragic to be funny. It looks as if a band of earnest amateurs had got together and decided to make a picture. The theme, politics, with all the old tricks. Even the tender-hearted would have to work overtime to find an excuse for this. Katherine MacDonald is very beautiful, but you can't spend two hours exclaiming over the fact. *(Concluded on page 94)*

Tests made by great manufacturer of blankets show safest way to wash them

FINE woolen blankets will last a lifetime if properly cared for, but a single careless laundering can ruin them—felt them and make them harsh.

The manufacturer is as interested as the owner in finding the safest way to wash fine blankets. For this reason, the makers of the North Star blankets had extensive washing tests made.

The letter from The North Star Woolen Mill Co. tells what these tests showed them about washing blankets and why they enthusiastically recommend Lux.



Lever Brothers Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We picked out several of our finest blankets and had them washed in Lux. Each blanket was given the number of launderings it would normally receive.

The blankets were still soft and fleecy at the end of the washings. They showed no signs of yellowing or spotting and the colored stripes and fancy borders did not run. There was a complete absence of the little balls of matted wool that make a blanket lumpy in texture. Washing with a strong soap will mat woollens in this way.

We attribute the satisfactory results we obtained with Lux only in part to the fact that its flake form does away with rubbing. Even more important to our minds is its absolute purity and mildness. It will cleanse the finest woolen with entire safety.

Very truly yours,

J. P. Russell
THE NORTH STAR WOOLEN MILL CO.



Wash your blankets the way the North Star Woolen Mill Company recommends. These directions are in our booklet of expert laundering advice. Send for it today—it is free. Lever Bros. Co., Dept. S-5, Cambridge, Mass.

LUX

How To Do It

The secret is revealed
for the first time by "the Mansfield
of the Screen"

By
HERBERT HOWE



"I recited at the Fall Fair and Festival
of Minnehaha County"

I REALIZE that this is a daring and sensational thing which I undertake.

It may get me in bad with other members of my profession less generous than myself.

My disclosure may be declared unethical; I may be accused of breach of faith toward my art; this magazine may be denounced for permitting revelations so startling as to shake stardom to its very foundations.

For the first time in any publication the secret will be revealed, namely—

How to make good in the movies.

I realize full well the seriousness of the task which your editor has imposed upon me.

And you will perhaps realize the sacrifice I am making in telling you how to do it.

Thoughtless of self and the price I have paid, I will endeavor to reveal my own experiences in attaining what some critics have been kind enough to call the supreme pinnacle of pantomimic perfection.

From the top of the ladder, if I may be so bold as to say the top, I look back over the long, long trail of hardships and harrowing ignominies through which I stumbled to my present position as—again I quote—"The Mansfield of the Screen."

In showing you how I do it—that is, how to make good in the movies—it will be impossible to avoid casual reference to myself. Much as I despise egotism, for which, as one kindly interviewer put it, I stand in a place by myself, I must in the interests of your welfare use the personal pronoun occasionally.

As a child I showed marked signs of artistic temperament. I played the mouth organ uninstructed, drew striking likenesses of people on the sidewalk, caught on wagons, and shot craps. But my parents objected to a movie career. Needless to say, they are now quite won over and enjoy my weekly letters with inclosures.

MY first stage experience was "The Wreck of the Hesperis," which I recited at the Fall Fair and Festival of Minnehaha county. This led to my engagement as choir boy in the leading church of the village, where my strong, resonant voice soon caused me to be transferred to operating the bellows of the organ.

It was but a step from this to ushering and cleaning out the local opera house, where I came in close contact with such ar-

tists as Corse Payton, Grace Hayward, and Anna Eva Fay. Every night I studied the work of these artists, hanging on their every word.

Soon I knew every word of "St. Elmo" by heart. I became the favorite subject of hypnotists, and now and then was picked out from the other usher to play a part.

MY first regular stage experience was that of a toreador in "Carmen," a somewhat difficult role to get over because all the action transpired off stage.

Finally I determined to set out for New York to play under the direction of David Belasco. Mr. Belasco was out when I arrived. This was a fortunate circumstance, although I did not know it at the time. His personal representative in the

outer office urged me to come back, but I was determined to wait on no one but find my niche at once.

Belasco being out, I went to Childs, where I secured an instant engagement. My first Broadway appearance was thus made as The Griddle Cake Man. This gave me the poise I so badly needed. And let me say here that anything which takes you before the public is training you for a career in acting.

One day a famous movie director noted me and was instantly struck by my gestures. He asked me if I had studied Delsarte. I told him no.

"You are very handsome," he said.

I blushed and slipped him a cake.

"You would photograph like a young Adonis," he said.

I slipped him two cakes.

"With a little training you could become another Will Rogers." I slipped him the griddle.

He left me a card on which he scribbled his address. Although I was new to New York I sought until I had found the address. It was just off the end of the Twenty-Third street pier. I asked an uncouth sailor if he had seen a movie studio around there. He looked at me and with a leer said, "Give me a shot of it."

I learned that there were studios across the river a few hundred blocks further up, so I decided the gentleman had made a mistake. I trudged the entire distance and worked my way on the ferry which conveys actors across to Ft. Lee.

(Continued on page 69)



"My first appearance on Broadway was as
the Griddle Cake Man"

Nothing So Beautiful

As a wealth of well-groomed hair

Nothing so beautiful and nothing more easily attained—if you know how. Satiny, silky, glossy hair is the reward of intelligent care. Follow the suggestions we give you here and prove it.

Begin by learning how to shampoo, for this is all-important. The first step is a bottle of Palmolive Shampoo, the blend of palm and olive oils. Use as directed and watch results.

First is the wonderful softness you have never before experienced after washing. There is none of the usual harsh dryness and flyaway brittleness.

Your hair is wonderfully silky in texture, with a beautiful satiny gloss. Most important, your scalp is healthfully cleansed from every trace of scurf and dandruff. Ordinary shampooing doesn't get these results. They come from the action of palm and olive oils, the softening, soothing cleansers discovered 3,000 years ago in ancient Egypt.

Olive oil for gloss—palm oil for richness

Olive oil possesses softening qualities which neutralize the drying effects of washing. Palm oil contributes body, richness and lasting qualities.

In combination they produce a thick, mild, profuse, penetrating lather which softens the scalp and reaches every root and hair cell.

This lather loosens the dandruff scales, dislodges and dissolves them, leaving the scalp and hair free to function healthfully.

The greatest benefit

This thorough removal of dandruff, which doctors call seborrhea, is most necessary, as even the accumulation on healthy scalps injures the hair.



The dry, oily scales clog the roots of the hair, preventing proper nutrition. Soon the hair begins to fall out. The blend of palm and olive oils you get in Palmolive softens and penetrates the scales, loosening the cap-like accumulation.

Gentle massage forces it into the tissue of the scalp, leaving it healthfully purged and clean. Hair shampooed with Palmolive is never dry, harsh and brittle. The blending of these soothing oils leaves it soft, glossy and silky.

*New size,
price 50 cents*

Trial bottle free

We will gladly send you a 15-cent trial bottle of Palmolive Shampoo, free, if you will write a postal-card request. Just say "Send me the free trial bottle of Palmolive Shampoo" and sign your name and address. It will come to you by return mail, accompanied by a valuable book of directions for simple home treatments which beautify your hair and help it grow. Address Dept. B-279.

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The Blend of Palm and Olive Oils

Now Ready!



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CLINCHER FABRIC TIRE

**The NEW 30×3½
for \$10.90**

HERE is a *real* tire of *real* quality, at a price most remarkably low. It has everything that you demand—construction, appearance, long life, low price.

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Made with all the skill of Goodrich, of high-grade quality throughout and perfected with its scientifically constructed, anti-skid tread of thick, tough, specially-compounded rubber.

Ask your dealer to show you this remarkable tire. Remember the name—Goodrich "55"—price \$10.90. Also made in 30 x 3 size.

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Akron, Ohio

MAKERS OF THE SILVERTOWN CORD

Goodrich "55"
The Tire for Small Cars

—Goodrich Tires give longest service with Goodrich Tubes

There I found some studios. No one knew my kind friend, however, and there was a sign which said "No Casting." Nevertheless, I went to the studio every day and asked for my friend and for work. Finally the casting director said:

"Oh, go to Hollywood," or words to that effect.

Hungry, penniless, my watch gone, my cuff links gone, my shoe leather going, I went.

"How?" you ask.

To him who will there is a way. Always hold that thought in mind. Keep saying it over and over to yourself. Eventually you will attract attention. The elect know no failure.

I will pass lightly over the method in which I procured money for transportation. Money is a thing which some procure one way and some another. Only remember this: never do anything which is liable to come out later and hurt your following with the fans.

And so I reached Hollywood, that great fairyland where dreams come to,—thanks to Mack Sennett.

I immediately started visiting the studios.

Possessed of an imposing physique, due to early ploughing on the Dakota prairies, and a rhythmic grace, due to the Childs' endeavor, I had the advantage, perhaps, of many who go to Hollywood. But the gatemen whom I interviewed little suspected the stunts of which I was capable or the chest expansion under the tattered flannel shirt.

Soon I was again penniless, home-sick, foot-sore, hungry, unshaven, and almost incoherent—but always well-mannered. I had parted with everything but my integrity and appendix, and I couldn't afford to part with that.

I became a bit discontented, but never disheartened.

It was now four years since I had left my home for success in the realm of Art.

Finally I got a letter of recommendation from the man who conducted the Choosy Chow lunch room, for whom I had performed certain services. It was addressed to a casting director, who had owed the Choosy Chow for meals for several years. I took it to the casting director. He glanced at it then glared at me and exclaimed characteristically—

"What! Another rotten old dun?"

When he saw what it was he became more genteel. He looked at me intently, studied my profile in different lights, inspected my teeth, looked at my tongue, and then struck me so violently on the chest I nearly bit it off. I seemed to please him, for he smiled and gave me a card to fill out.

The questions were:

Age. Where Born. Parents in case of accident. Color. Nationality. Height. Wardrobe. Names of children, wives, etc. If animal, what tricks can it do? Where last hired? Fired? Do you Swim, Dance, Ride, Drink, Shoot Craps, Sew, Paint, Yodel, Read and Write, Wear Dress Clothes, and Use the Tooth Pick Properly?

To all of which I answered, "With a little training I could."

The casting director seemed impressed. He said that they had all the stars they could use at present but if I came back later, or left my telephone number, I would get something eventually. As I thought it would take him longer to get me by telephone than to come back, I came back. I came back every day for three years.

At the end of the seventh year my great chance came. The casting director told me to report the next day for a big ball-room scene in a super-special-spectacle de luxe.

I APPEARED early, carefully dressed in tan shoes, checked trousers, pink shirt, blue collar, red necktie and felt hat caught up on one side with a Roosevelt button. I had been studying harmony in dress from Tom Mix.

When I arrived before the casting director he demanded that I wear dinner clothes.

"But these are my dinner clothes," I said.

"I mean evening dress," he bellowed.

"These also," I said.

He swore. I tried to get through the gate. He knocked me down. I got up and smiled at him.

"I can take hard knocks," I said. "I'll make good yet."

This impressed him. He kicked me out of the studio.

Such are the little disappointments one has to expect in the movies.

To make matters short, at the end of ten years I met a director in a cafe and told him I wanted to work.

He said I couldn't expect to make a living right at the outset, not for six or eight years more at least.

I said:

"I don't expect to, but I'm game to stick."

Seeing the stuff I was made of he told me to come around the next day.

"What wardrobe shall I wear?" I asked, trembling in every limb for fear he would want evening clothes. But he didn't seem to be a slave to convention.

"Nothing at all," he said.

"Nothing?" I stammered, a trifle uncertain, yet joyful in the realization that I could qualify.

"Your part will be that of a cannibal," he explained, "in Miss Razelhell's new production, 'Take It or Leave It.'"

"I'll take it," I said.

In the morning I debated whether to undress for my part at home or at the studio. I finally (Continued on page 98)



"Possessed of an imposing physique, due to early ploughing on the Dakota prairies"



"I leaped upon the villain and commenced pounding him on the head"



The Conn Saxophone, acknowledged by popular Stars as the "World's Finest". Possesses improvements found on no other. Beautiful tone, perfect scale, simplified key system. Write for New Saxophone Book, Free, and details of Free Trial, Easy Payment Plan.

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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, scenarion 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.

EDWARD F.—There, there! I didn't mean to offend you. What have I done, what have I done? With the best of intentions, as usual, I have made you mad. The only reason that I can see is that I said I had a red-headed typist—and you don't like red hair. However—that is Joseph Schenck's real name.

BEATRICE B. K., NEW YORK CITY.—After telling me all about the grand spaghetti and lemon meringue pie you can make, you say, I await with bated breath an invitation to dinner, or at least a promised hamper of goodies—just like the girlies always get in the boarding school books at Thanksgiving time. "And while you are sweltering in your hall bedroom, remember I am waiting impatiently for information about Lowell Sherman." Well, Lowell's most recent picture was "Grand Larceny" for Goldwyn—a fetching title, isn't it?

BARBARA.—Oh, come, come! You are putting me in the mental class of the Bella Coola people. Have you, or Robert Benchley, ever heard of the Bella Coola-ists? I'm sure you would both love them. They were, and are still, I believe, heathenish red-skins who worshipped the One-Who-Must-Be-Worshipped—the Sun. But they were a trifle crude, for all that. Yet you expect me to be up to date on Ralph Graves' matrimonial status. As it happens, I am versatile. Ralph is married to Marjorie Seaman. He was the older, Charles Mack the younger, brother in "Dream Street." Carol Dempster is about twenty.

HELEN.—Thank heaven you are a dear sweet child, and believe in letting who will be clever. And a lot of them will. Or make an awful effort. You say you have become spoiled because you can't get along without PHOToplay (note to Editor: Helen added, "and in particular the Answer Department") and that you are going to subscribe to it until you die. Betty Compson's first emoting was done with the aid of a violin she played herself—in vaudeville. She was with the Christie comedies before George Loane Tucker's "Miracle Man" made her famous. Now she is a Paramount star. Charles Ray in "The Barnstormer," "Gas, Oil and Water," and "The Deuce of Spades."

VERNA.—How like the spring! How I can sit here calmly and answer questions about films, with the sun shining on the reddish gold hair of my stenographer, and the warm wind wafting itself through the open window—naturally—and the beautiful dull bricks of the opposite office building being shown

up by the beautiful blue sky—it is almost too much—it is almost too much. I honestly don't see how I do it. Oh, I may get a slight vacation. I may take a Sunday off, in August and go down to the beach. That is, I hope to. I am a simple fellow, with conservative tastes, yet I confess to a fondness for hot dogs and sands and salt water in August. It's my peculiarity. What? Oh, yes—Alice Joyce has retired from the screen for good, it seems. Vitagraph knows her no more. She married James Regan, Jr.

Here's Real Scandal

DURING the investigations in the Taylor murder case, when each day the sensational newspapers would come out with fresh "clues" and scandals only to cast them aside the day following for new ones, a certain noted motion picture star was approached by reporters of a Los Angeles daily with an interesting proposition.

They wanted him to "disappear" over the Mexican border so that the paper might run a sensational story fixing the guilt temporarily upon him. Of course, they said, he could return immediately and be cleared by an alibi.

The idea behind the proposition was that the star would get a lot of front page publicity and the newspaper would get a corking new yarn to excite the fans—and, consequently, sell the paper.

But they picked on the wrong star. The gentleman they chose—we will call him Mr. M.—hurled the reporters out of the room. Another paper got wind of the stunt and attempted to interview Mr. M., but he refused on the ground that too much sensational stuff had been woven about the unfortunate tragedy.

We recite this episode to show the lengths toward which certain papers went in an attempt to vilify the motion picture industry and its people. There are probably other instances which have not come to light.

SUNSHINE SUE.—Your optimism is frightful. It's slowly but surely making a confirmed pessimist out of me. Mary and Douglas inhabit a house in Beverly Hills, named by some exuberant press person "Pickfair." I'm sure Mary and Douglas, having at least one sense of humor between them, could never have actually approved the p.p.'s choice of names. Mary and Douglas were in New York about three weeks to attend a trial. Mary won. She and Mother. They would. Elaine Hammerstein was born in 1897. She is not married, although she has been the heroine of the usual number of reported engagements.

GEORGE H.—I never heard Bull Montana called Jack before. But then I haven't heard of lots of things, and nothing ever surprises me. However, I think Bull is more suitable to Mr. Montana. Eddie Polo was born in 1881. His latest serial is made for his own company, not Universal, and is called "Captain Kidd."

JACKIE.—I likewise bows, my dear. Carolyn Van Wyck is a lovely lady. I don't know much about women's dresses but I know what I like, and it seems to me Miss Van Wyck wears wonderful clothes. Norma Talmadge has brown eyes—very soft, very appealing—and very humorous. Norma doesn't take herself too seriously. Maybe in her case it would be better if she did, because her pictures haven't been all they should be, although Norma's work is always *sans peur et sans reproche*. (This is no place to drag in that classical allusion, but I love it, so I always use it on the slightest provocation.)

(Continued on page 72)

(Continued from page 71)

PAUL B., OKLAHOMA.—So you spoke to Bill Hart! May I shake your hand? Yes, I know Winifred; she's a splendid girl and Bill is a lucky man. His latest picture to be released by Paramount is "Travelin' On." Mrs. Hart is not making any films at present.

ELEANOR.—Thanks for typewriting your letter with so much trouble to yourself. It was awfully good of you. I like you for it, and wish I could send you a dozen autographed photographs of Wanda Hawley. But I don't know just what the blonde's future film plans are, now that Realart is no more. She is the wife of J. Burton Hawley, an automobile man of Los Angeles, Cal. Antonio Moreno is making features now, still for Vitagraph. I wish with you they would give him better stories. See "Secret of the Hills" if you want to see Moreno in six reels.

ANOTHER ALICE.—If you have a cook who's been with you for ten years you're the luckiest woman in the world. Most cooks are against their mistresses from the start. No wonder you have plenty of time to go shopping for amusement. Harrison Ford appeared in "The Passion Flower" and "Smilin' Through," with Norma Talmadge; and "Wedding Bells" with Constance Tal-

madge. Richard Barthelmess has been in "Broken Blossoms" and "Way Down East" for D. W. Griffith; and since his stardom by Inspiration Pictures (First National) he has made "Tol'able David," "The Seventh Day" (the fictionization of this appears in this issue of PHOTOPLAY), and is now working on "Sonny," from George V. Hobart's play. I consider "Tol'able David" one of the greatest pictures ever made; and think young Mr. Barthelmess has won a long-deserved success. Everybody who knows this boy likes him.

W. A. E., FREMONT, NEB.—You are the pianist in a picture house and the cue-sheet said to play a waltz in the ball room scene of "The House that Jazz Built," and you played a waltz and the manager told you to play a one-step! The cue-sheet was undoubtedly correct. That's what a cue-sheet is for. (For the benefit of those who came in late: a cue-sheet is supplied with every picture to indicate what music to play during the screening.)

MAVIS.—Kay Laurell is starring in a vaudeville sketch called "The Naughty Wife." Her last film was "Lonely Heart," the story of an Indian girl. Kay is very blonde and very beautiful. I don't know what her plans for pictures are, if any.

JUST BILLIE.—Your other questions were answered by mail. Anita Stewart is Mrs. Rudolph Cameron; she has no children. Priscilla Dean was born in New York; she is of New England parentage, although you might not think it of the fiery film Priscilla. Jane and Katherine Lee are in Keith vaudeville.

JERRY.—You wish that actor was a star! He probably wishes so, too. But the trend seems to be towards de-stardom nowadays. Edward Burns in "To Please One Woman," for Lois Weber, and "Fifty Candles," with Marjorie Daw, for Hodgkinson. You are really quite welcome, and invited to come again any time. *A toi.*

MILDRED W., PHOENIX, ARIZONA.—I should like nothing better than to grant your wishes: namely, to know Mary Pickford to grow up to act like her. For an eleven-year-old you have excellent taste. Here's the cast of "Pollyanna": *Pollyanna* Mary Pickford; *her father* Wharton James; *Aunt Polly* Katherine Griffith; *John Pendleton* William Courtleigh; *Dr. Chilton* Herbert Prior; *Nancy* Helen Eddy; *Tom* George Barrell; *Jimmy Dean* Howard Ralston.

(Continued on page 89)



THIS is the finest collection of guns outside of a museum in America. The gun in his hand belonged to Kit Carson and was presented to Bill by the State of Nebraska. Two guns in the collection belonged to the James brothers. The rest were the property of famous Western "Bad Men." Some have six "notches" in them—a notch for every man killed. They also include examples of the best known models for the past fifty years.

The saddle was presented to Bill by his cowboys, and is the finest example of Spanish workmanship ever constructed. Mrs. Hart seems to be registering extreme interest.



Safe - Efficient

Just one set of teeth, to last the rest of your life. Is it sensible to experiment with them by using gritty, druggy dentifrices that claim to do things that only strong chemicals can do?

The reason why more dentists recommend Colgate's than any other dentifrice is that Colgate's *cleans the teeth*, surely, efficiently, *safely*—and makes no absurd claims to do the miraculous.

COLGATE & CO. Est. 1806 NEW YORK



Large size tubes
at your favorite store 25^c

Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture

Plays and Players—East and West

COMMENTING on the recent attempt to vilify everyone in the motion picture business, Douglas Fairbanks remarked:

"Gosh, it isn't safe to admit you know anyone in Hollywood except Jackie Coogan."

TONY MORENO is not one of those actors who are too exclusive to associate with any but members of the Thespian profession. He has lively interests and many friends in other lines of work.

Recently when he had nothing to do he asked a surgeon, a friend of us, if he might go to the hospital and study the methods employed in operating.

"Certainly," said the doctor.

"Fine, I'll be your assistant," cried the enthusiastic Spaniard.

And so he went. They permitted him to hold the sponge or bandage or whatever is needed after an incision is made. Tony admits he was scared ashen when the surgeon made a gesture with a knife over the inert form of the patient.

"I expected blood to squirt all over the place," he said. "But it didn't."

It was nothing at all compared to a gory bullfight, so Tony averred in relating the incident at the studio. The studio publicity forces were on the job at once, preparing to send out a story about Tony's surgical activities, when they got a frantic telephone call from Tony.

"Say, you birds!" cried the fiery Castilian. "Don't you use what I told you for publicity. The doctor says that if you do it will ruin the reputation of the hospital. Nobody want to come if they know I'm there."

No, indeed, not after seeing Tony's recklessness with life in the serials.

THE Talmadge family is in the east again, and the east and the Talmadges are glad.

They have to bury themselves in the western studios for two-thirds of the year, but they



Do you see the resemblance? Joseph Schildkraut, the Chevalier of "Orphans of the Storm," and Priscilla Dean, fiery heroine of the thrill-dramas, might be twins. Or maybe his white wig and her chapeau have something to do with it

will come east to shop, see plays, and vacation, declare Mama, Norma, and Constance, to say nothing of business-manager-husband-son and brother-in-law Joseph Schenck.

Norma and Joe are domiciled in a huge suite at the Ritz; Mama and Connie are at the Ambassador, New York's newest and gorgeous hostelry. With the family is a retinue of maids and valets and secretaries. With them also is Frances Marion and her husband, Fred Thomson.

(Frances is to receive a munificent sum for the scenario of "East Is West," the popular stage play which Schenck has purchased for Constance, he having just finished Norma's latest film, "The Duchess de Langlais," said to be the best thing the elder Talmadge has done in years.)

Teas and theaters and dances have occupied the stellar sisters. Norma has acquired a magnificent new diamond solitaire and tons of new clothes. She is still, however, the unspoiled kid she was in Vitagraph days.

We saw her the other day lunching at the Ritz. Simply gowned, she strolled in, oblivious to admiring glances, ordered a healthy lunch and ate it with evident enjoyment. She went to a fashion opening at Frances', in an old suit and hat, and relished the disappointment of the other ladies, who have always looked to Norma for the latest in fashions. And—wonder of wonders!—this paragon-star left for Palm Beach for a rest on the afternoon of the opening of her picture, "Smilin' Through," at the Ritz. We don't know of another star who would skip out of town on the eve of such an event. Not in these days of frantic premiers and personal appearances.

Constance, before she left California, was escorted about by Maurice, the famous dancer. Connie likes to dance and there's no one more accomplished than Maurice.

RUBY DE REMER is such good copy she should really have a stenographer to follow her around the house to take down her bright sayings—the way they used to do with Will Rogers. The other day Rubye was posing for the fashion pictures you will see on Carolyn Van Wyck's pages in this issue of PHOToplay. Between poses she found time to scatter a little sunshine as follows:

"If things don't begin to break soon in the film business I'll have to put my dog in pictures and retire. I got him in Germany—his name is Lux; no advertisement; it's a German name. He speaks three languages—I wish I'd had his education.

"Oh, yes, we were in Italy, too. In Venice, my dears, in Venice. More than anything in the world I'd longed to see Venice and a singing gondolier. Well, we swam all over town trying to find one. We finally landed a boy who looked like a German butcher. He said he could sing. When he got through I was willing to do a kellerman from the Bridge of Sighs. Kind friends stopped me, but I now prefer silent gondoliers."

THE following amazing yarn, which only goes to show just how far rumors about screen celebrities are sometimes carried, came to the alleged hero of it, Conrad Nagel, via a letter to Lois Wilson from an intimate friend in her home town, Birmingham, Alabama.

This friend was on a street car when a group of high school girls got on. They had just been to see William de Mille's "Midsummer Madness." The following conversation took place:

"Wasn't Jack Holt wonderful?"

"I never thought Lois could act so well. She was fine."

"Well," said one girl, with a blush, "I just adore Conrad Nagel. He's so refined looking."

"I guess you wouldn't adore him if you knew all about him. He's got cork legs, you know. Doesn't he handle them wonderfully?"

"I don't believe it," said Conrad's admirer.

"Oh, but my dear, I know. My sister saw him when the accident occurred. He was run over by a truck in New York last year. But I think it's great the way he gets around with those cork ones."

Conrad declares he can prove to anybody in the world that his legs aren't cork. They're ordinary flesh and blood legs.

But the positiveness with which such yarns are told is something that no star is proof against and that does a great deal of injury to innocent people.

(Continued on page 84)



A pastoral, performed by Frank and Dagmar Mayo in their front yard in California. The daughter of Leopold Godowsky and her film star-husband have a reputation for matrimonial devotion which is not at all difficult for them to live up to

One cream to protect against wind and sun

A different cream to cleanse the skin thoroughly

WIND and dust whip the natural moisture out of the skin. Sun burns and tans it and coarsens its texture. To keep your skin from becoming permanently rough and coarse, you must protect it yourself before you go out.

The cream to use before going out

Pond's *Vanishing Cream* gives the skin just the protection it needs. It is a softening cream based on an ingredient famous for its soothing effect on the skin. This cream acts as an invisible shield against the drying effect of wind and sun. It keeps the natural moisture in the skin and prevents dust and dirt from clogging the pores.

The moment you smooth Pond's *Vanishing Cream* on the face it disappears, leaving the skin delightfully soft and velvety. Moreover it cannot reappear to make the face shiny for it is entirely free from oil.

The smooth surface which it gives the skin forms a perfect base for powder. In warm weather when the face has a greater tendency to shine, use Pond's *Vanishing Cream* to hold the powder and see how much longer you can go without powdering.

The cream to use for cleansing

AT night, just before retiring, or right after you have come in from an automobile trip or any unusual exposure to dust and dirt, cleanse your face



To protect your skin against wind and sunburn and to hold the powder, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream before going out

thoroughly with Pond's *Cold Cream*. This cream is entirely different from the protective daytime cream. It is made with just enough oil to penetrate the pores and rid them of dirt without overloading them with oil.

When you have smoothed Pond's *Cold Cream* well into the pores and allowed it to work its way out of the skin again, wipe it off with a soft cloth. This deep cleansing leaves the skin free from the grime that bores too deep for ordinary washing to remove.

Once or twice a week after this nightly cleansing, give the face a second application of Pond's *Cold Cream*. Work it in gently where lines are starting to form. The oil in this delicate cream lubricates the skin and keeps it elastic, so that little lines cannot fasten themselves on the face and form wrinkles.

Start today to use these two creams

Both these creams are too delicate in texture to clog the pores and neither cream will encourage the growth of hair. Get them in jars or tubes in convenient sizes. Drug and department stores can supply you. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

POND'S
Cold Cream for cleansing
Vanishing Cream to hold the powder

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
134 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.....

Solving the Million Dollar Mystery

A Slang Review

NO doubt you have heard of the \$11,000 lemon, and the \$25,000 quince, if so, then allow me to present to you the Million dollar hash, entitled, "Foolish Wives." They say that they used 320,000 feet of film and then cut it to 10,000 feet, but I fail to see why they had to stop there.

The story is about a silly looking bimbo, posing as a bum Russian count, but who is really a second story man. For some unknown reason the women all fall for his stuff and are a bit balmy over him.

He and two dames of the ancient order of yeggmen, who are supposed to be his royal cousins, decide to get in right with the American envoy to Monaco, and his wife, Helen. It seems that the business of taking people in was commencing to get pretty hard and the counterfeit jack was getting pretty low.

They needed the prestige of a couple of important babies like these to bring in more fallguys. So they sick Count Sergius onto the wife while the poor dummy of a husband is busy exchanging bows with the Prince of Monaco.

Sergius shows her all the bright lights and high life about



She was batty over the count and a real human dog when it came to taking abuse

Words and Art
By DICK DORGAN

had a pallbearing fracas with a gap in it that when she started to cry, I thought it was the fadeout for the intermission. She was clean batty over the Count and a real human dog when it came to taking abuse. It seems that the Count had vamped her and had promised to scamper up the aisle with her someday.

It didn't seem according to Hoyle that a real hot cruller like the Count who was batting around .400 with all the Sweet Patooties of the elite would fall for a one cylinder hick like Maruschka.

Well! he kisses her with all the ardor of a wild clam, and soothes her with a lot of oil about the sweet bye and bye, and sends her about her work.

The scene in the casino at Monte Carlo looked like the "Get together"

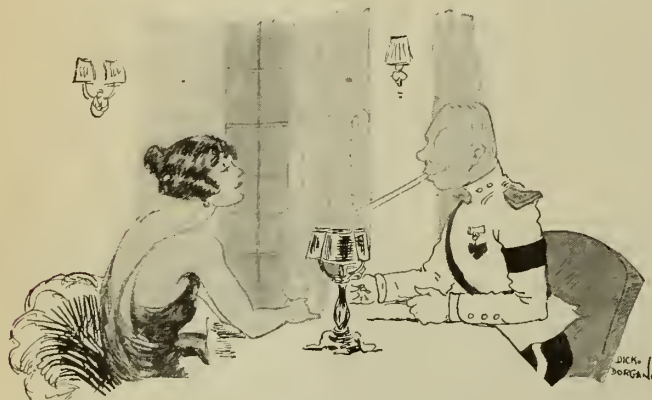
night of the boiler makers' union. Here the Count bets Helen's jack for her and wins a roll of notes that resembles the pre-amble to Wilson's "League of Nations."

It's such a shock to her that she decides to go home, but the others, including her meal ticket, leave for the Count's villa for a friendly little game of poker.

On the way out Sergius slips the lady a note to meet him outside the villa at midnight as it means life or death to him. The poker game was really immense.

They took the envoy for everything he had but the shirt on his back and only passed that up because it was pleated. Oh! they were the clubby little folks and as harmless as a lot of baby rattlesnakes.

The envoy then decides he's had enough and spots, "Princess" Olga taking the rest of the bunch with a trick roulette wheel, as he passes out through the room. (Concluded on page 100)



The Count's brand of chin goods was immense, and his line of attack made Don Juan look like a bush leaguer

the town and plays up to her to beat the cards. And maybe she didn't like it.

The Count's brand of chin goods was immense and his line of attack made Don Juan look like a bush leaguer.

One day he took her for a ride out in the country and after putting on the feed bag they took a long hike. A big rain storm came up and they had to play the "Paul and Virginia" stuff till she took a header and sprained her dog. Then, Sergius pulled the strong arm act and carried her through swamps and creeks to an old shack in the woods where they had to stay all night on account of the storm.

Helen puts it over next morning by telling her husband that she got in just after he had hit the feathers.

The next scene is in the Count's boudoir at the villa. Attired in a set of white silk PJs he was parked in a haypile that was all black—pillows, sheets n'everything. It looked like a set for a funeral parlor.

He leans out of the hay, yanks a long cord, and in steps the maid, Maruschka. One look was enough. She may have been a flower once but she certainly had gone to seed. She



For some unknown reason, the women all fall for his stuff



PRISCILLA DEAN, Famous Universal Film
Star, admires Garda Face Powder



MANY women — perhaps you — have promised themselves they would learn, at first hand, the wonderful new fragrance of Garda Face Powder. Why wait longer? A One-Week Sample of Garda awaits only your request. Send for this free sample today; test for yourself Garda's fineness and smoothness — its rare clinging qualities — its new, entrancing fragrance! In addition to Garda's other unusual features, there is a fresh, clean puff in every box.

Watkins GARDA FACE POWDER

Garda products on your dressing table assure complete harmony of fragrance and quality:

Garda Face Powder Garda Cream
Garda Toilet Water Garda Perfume
Garda Nail Polish Garda Rouge
Garda Talcum Powder

Garda toilet requisites—and over 150 other Watkins Products—are delivered direct to the home by more than 5500 Watkins Dealers. The Watkins Dealer who calls at your home is a business person of integrity. It pays you to patronize him (or her), for he renders a distinct service. He saves you time and money. And he brings you real Watkins Products, known

for their quality throughout 54 years and used by more than twenty million people today! If a Watkins Dealer has not called recently, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

One-Week Sample FREE!

Send today for liberal One-Week Sample of Garda Face Powder perfumed with the dainty new Garda odor; also our attractive booklet on beauty and Garda products.

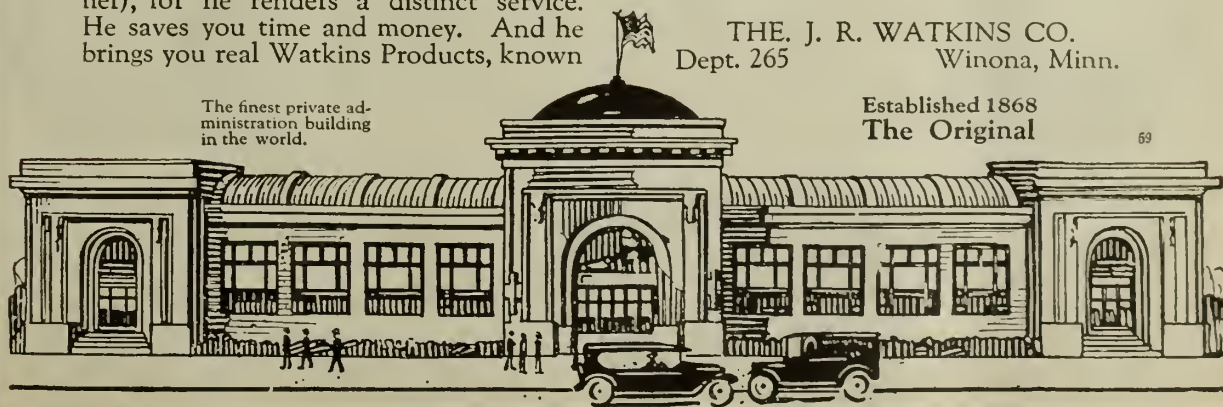
Territories open for Watkins Dealers. Write!

THE. J. R. WATKINS CO.
Dept. 265 Winona, Minn.

The finest private administration building in the world.

Established 1868
The Original

69



The Winning Doubles



Little Iva McHatton, of Covington, Ky., has that whimsicality and delicate appeal that distinguish Betty Compson. Both features and spirit, Betty's twin



Betty Compson



May Collins



In Philadelphia they often stop Mary Mayock on the street to ask her if she isn't May Collins. Mary smiles as brilliantly as her picture and says, "No."

HERE are the four prize-winners: the lucky recipients respectively of \$100, \$50, \$25, and \$25—because they look so much like screen celebrities!

PHOTOPLAY's Doubles Contest brought hundreds of photographs of girls—men and boys, too—resembling well-known film stars. Those pictured on this page are the most striking likenesses. The young lady who looks so much like Betty Compson won the first prize of one hundred dollars. May Collins' double took second prize of fifty dollars. The girls who resemble Dorothy Dalton and Anita Stewart won third and fourth prizes, each of twenty-five dollars. Honorable mention goes to the doubles of Pauline Frederick, Bebe Daniels, and Charles Ray—the three shown below.



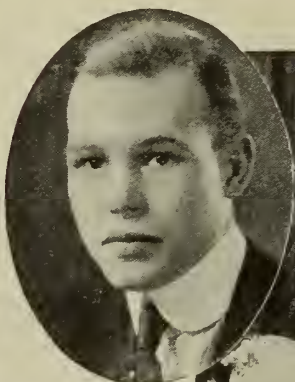
"A dead ringer for Dorothy Dalton!" exclaimed the editors. This is Erna Hughes, a young lady of Louisville, Ky. Same smile—same dimples



Louise Greer, a Chicago debutante, and Anita Stewart, celluloid star—which is which? Louise and Anita are photographic sisters



Dorothy Dalton



Here is Charles Ray the second—at least, O. N. Olsen looks very much like him



Pauline Frederick's double is Gay MacLaren, a concert singer of Washington Square, in New York



Anita Stewart

The Prize Winners

FIRST PRIZE—\$100

Iva McHatton,
323 Garrard Avenue,
Covington, Ky.

SECOND PRIZE—\$50

Mary Mayock,
1011 Mt. Vernon Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.



Ayleen Howard, of San Antonio, Texas, doubling for Bebe Daniels

The Prize Winners

THIRD PRIZE—\$25

Erna Hughes,
654 South 4th Street,
Louisville, Ky.

FOURTH PRIZE—\$25

Louise M. Greer,
1549 Birchwood Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois



Mae Murray, who is starring in her latest feature picture "Fascination."

The Power to Fascinate

Mae Murray tells where it comes from

WHEN Mae Murray's newest Metro Photoplay "Fascination" was started, she found that she had more than a usual role to perform.

And the way she carried through her part—dazzling and fascinating all who came near her—making this picture the greatest of all her successes—proved that she knew the secret of loveliness.

"This picture," she said, "taught me that not only must a girl do all in her power to keep her face and figure beautiful, but she must surround herself with an atmosphere of charm that will make her different from all the rest.

"It taught me too that the real secret of this atmosphere of loveliness and charm lies in the hair—just waiting to be brought out.

"For the girl with soft, fragrant, wavy hair is the girl who stands out

in every gathering—the girl who has true loveliness and charm.

"That girl has learned that even if her clothes are faultless—even if her complexion is perfect—she must make her hair charming and attractive if she is to be truly lovely."

You can use this secret of loveliness

It doesn't matter whether your hair is dull, lifeless, impossible to arrange or even full of dandruff. The following treatment, discovered by a hairdresser, will bring out loveliness you never knew you possessed. And your friends will soon notice a remarkable change.

Apply Wildroot Liquid Shampoo, (cocoanut oil base), and wash as usual, rinsing three or four times. After drying, massage Wildroot Hair Tonic

into the roots of the hair with the finger tips.

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 any drug or department store, hairdresser or barber, with a guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money refunded. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT
Hair Tonic and Liquid Shampoo



WILDROOT COMPANY, Inc.,
Dept. P5, BUFFALO, N. Y.

I enclose two dimes. Please send me your traveller's size bottles of Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and Hair Tonic.

Name.....

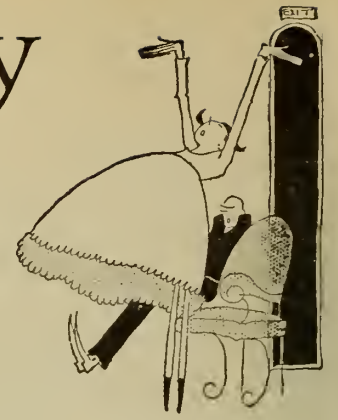
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Druggist's Name.....

Druggist's 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, 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.

Just A Moment While We Look Out the Window

IN "Foolish Matrons," Doris May, while having a clandestine luncheon with "the other man" in a private dining room at a smart restaurant, goes to the window and gazes enraptured at Fifth Avenue and the Public Library below her. Since when was there a "ritzy" hotel on the northwest corner of the famous thoroughfare?

CHARLES DICKINSON, Richmond, Va.

That Overworked Wind Machine

IN "Rent Free," with Wally Reid and Lila Lee, there is a terrific wind storm in which the tent on the roof is blown down, but as one gazes a little farther there are lines full of clothes unmolested by the wind.

ANN M., Northampton, Mass.

Seen in "The Sheik"

AFTER a wild ride through the desert the cavalcade arrives at its destination, each member of it boasting nicely polished boots.

L. H., Jersey City, N. J.

Versatile

MILTON SILLS, in "At the End of the World," hands Betty Compton a pair of oxfords to put on in place of her wet French slippers. Betty appears a moment later in oxfords—but an entirely different pair.

F. N. D., Findlay, Ohio.

Quick Changes in China

IN the Chinese release, "The Lotus Blossom," Sung hastens to his love, Moy Tzai, who is waiting for him in the garden. She is wearing the usual Chinese kimona which is trimmed in a checkered material; yet upon entering the house in the company of Sung, she appears wearing a dress trimmed with solid black material. Also, Sung in the same scene, appears to have a small moustache; but when he takes leave of Moy Tzai, to go to school, we have a close-up of him minus the moustache.

R. FELDMAN, New York City.

Screen Climate

THE most unusual climatic conditions prevail in "Don't Tell Everything." The morning after the storm, which knocked down a wall of Jessica's lodge, heroine Gloria Swanson drives up to the lodge in her motor, which raises an enormous cloud of dust.

CHARLES TOWNSEND, Quitman, Georgia.

Ask Miss Van Wyck

KINDLY tell me how, in "Not Guilty," Margy manages to start out with bobbed hair, go to India where she does her hair in a knot at the back, and wind up at a consular dinner with bobbed hair again?

MINNIE S., Berkley, Cal.

And Yet Again—

I NOTICED a mistake in Priscilla Dean's picture, "Conflict." She is riding the logs down the river to save her sweetheart. In the process she falls into the water, getting, as is natural, good and wet. In the scene in which she rescues Herbert Rawlinson she is perfectly dry and her hair is done beautifully.

A. H. PRESSLAR, Galveston, Texas.

Page Ponce De Leon

I AM puzzled. In "Over the Hill," we see Johnny as a boy, I should judge about ten. The next part of the picture is supposed to take place twenty years later, which would make Johnny about thirty. He spends three years in prison; he should be thirty-three. He was away two years—thirty-five. Is that the age he is supposed to be at the end of the film? If so, how did he keep his twenty-five-year-old look?

MRS. F. K. DONNELLY, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

One or Two on Mr. Hart

IN William S. Hart's picture, "White Oak," I notice these anachronisms.

First we are shown a caravan in a western desert in the year 1830. Indians rush in for slaughter and in the scuffle I perceived a woman with a French aviation cap on. Later Bill hides behind rocks and shoots Indians continuously with his twenty-century automatic.

In the dance hall scenes, the girls have silk stockings of the present day type and many have French heels.

KATHERINE PAULY, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Don't Ask Us

IN "The Mistress of Shenstone," Pauline Frederick and Roy Stewart are forced to spend the entire night on a cliff, because the tide rose. According to this picture, the tide starts rising about the middle of the afternoon and stays up until nearly dawn. How about it?

JACK CUNNINGHAM, Ohio.

She Changed Her Mind

EVIDENTLY Shirley Mason didn't care much about the costume she wore when she went to see the hero in "Jackie": light colored fur, dark dress, and dark hat with a bunch of cherries on it. Because after she and the hero leave his house she has on a dark fur, a light dress, and an entirely different hat.

T. P. O'ROURKE, Galveston, Texas.

Patent Pending

MARION DAVIES is seen walking down the steps to carry out "The Bride's Play" in the picture of that name, wearing slippers with ribbons wound round the ankles, yet in the scene where she strikes the presumptuous suitor's face she has but to reach down suddenly and lo, the slipper is ready for the deed. No unfastening necessary. Where did she get those shoes?

A. B. B., Germantown, Pa.

Attention Charles Ray, Director

IN "R. S. V. P.," Charles Ray's studio was decorated with a pennant which had on it the Greek letters which stand for Alpha Chi Omega. I presume it was supposed to be his college fraternity. If so, there were only two things wrong with it. In the first place, fraternities use banners but never pennants, and in the second place, Alpha Chi Omega is the actual name of a national Greek letter college women's fraternity.

In the same picture, the same studio is located on some lofty floor of a certain building. Charlie's visitors are frequently shown rounding the various landings on the different floors, but out of the window on each level the same view of a row of stores across the street is seen at the same angle.

E. W. L., Asbury Park, N. J.



gelatin salad
sugar
potatoes
buttered peas
veal cutlets
coffee
mince pie

The crime you commit against your body tissues

Each year more than 100,000 men and women still young pay the penalty for this wrong habit of eating

VEAL cutlets, boiled potatoes, buttered peas, gelatin salad, mince pie and coffee—all good foods. Recognized by thousands of American families as a satisfactory dinner.

And yet this dinner unless supplemented with certain vital food factors, is a crime against your body tissues. Because thousands of men and women do not supplement this diet with these factors they undermine their health and succumb to diseases which prove fatal.

It was easy for primitive man to secure an abundance of vitamin and other necessary food factors from his fresh meats and green leafy vegetables. But our modern diet—constantly refined and modified—too often lacks these vital elements.

A protective food—not a medicine

Yet each one of us can make good this lack. By adding Fleischmann's Yeast to their daily diet, men and women all over the country are securing for themselves the health and vigor that is their birthright.

As a result many are being freed from minor ailments, are building up increased resistance to disease; and

best of all are feeling a vigor and energy they have not known for years.

They have better appetite and their digestion is greatly improved. They also find that waste matter is eliminated regularly and naturally as a result of supplementing their diet with Fleischmann's Yeast.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a fresh food. It contains in a natural form the elements your body tissues crave. It is rich in the water-soluble vitamin, for yeast is its richest known source. In addition Fleischmann's Yeast contains a number of important mineral salts and other food factors essential to health.

What laxatives can never do

Doctors are agreed that laxatives never remove the cause of the trouble. Indeed one physician says that one of its chief causes is probably the indiscriminate use of cathartics. Fleischmann's Yeast as a food is just the natural corrective you need.

A noted doctor says fresh yeast should be much more frequently given in cases of intestinal disturbance especially if constipation is present.

Hundreds of men and women who have long been in bondage to laxatives are now free. The addition of Fleischmann's Yeast

to their daily diet has restored normal action of the intestines.

The ways they like to eat it

Many like to nibble Fleischmann's Yeast from the cake a little at a time. Some prefer it spread on crackers or bread. Others take it in boiling hot water, still others like it in milk, fruit-juices, coffee or cocoa. It is very nourishing with malted milk drinks. You will grow to like its distinctive flavor just as you grew to like the taste of olives or oysters.

The vitamin which Fleischmann's Yeast contains in such abundance improves the appetite, stimulates and strengthens digestion. Because Fleischmann's Yeast is a food it does for you naturally and permanently what habit forming drugs do only artificially and temporarily. One cake of Fleischmann's Yeast gives you ten times the amount of yeast-vitamin found in most of the so-called yeast-vitamin preparations to which drugs of various kinds have been added. Be sure you get Fleischmann's fresh yeast. Do not be misled by substitutes.

Begin today by eating Fleischmann's Yeast—2 or 3 cakes regularly each day. Place a standing order with your grocer. 200,000 grocers carry Fleischmann's Yeast. If your grocer is not among them, write to the Fleischmann agency in your nearest city—they will supply you.

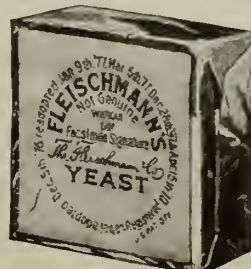
Send for free booklet telling the fascinating story of "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet"—what it has done for others—what it can do for you. Address THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 505, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

Mail this coupon today

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY
Dept. 505, 701 Washington St., New York

Please send me "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." (Please write plainly)

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

corrects these wrong habits of eating

POPULAR
CONCEPTION



Rises at 10 o'clock: bathes
in scented Roman bath



1 o'clock.
Off to work



11-12. Breakfast, opens mail
notes and flowers



2-4. Receives interviewers
and newspaper men

OF A
FILM STAR'S
WORKDAY—



4-6. Tea with famous
male star

—AS IT
USUALLY IS



Rises at 6 a. m.



Rides 40 miles to location



8-12.
Shooting
scenes



Makes up in the open. Temperature 90°



10 minutes for lunch and back to work



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HOPE HAMPTON says: 'It's Easy to Get Thin to Music'

WHEN one meets the famous screen star Hope Hampton in person, the superbly beautiful figure her picture reveals is seen to be indeed a reality. Those inclined to fleshiness will be interested to know how she achieved a trim, perfectly-proportioned figure—and how she keeps it so.

Miss Hampton used to be heavier. She took off her surplus flesh with Wallace reducing records. They played away the excess weight until her proportions became as you see them here. Even now, she uses them occasionally—just twelve or fifteen minutes—to avoid the return of unwelcome weight. "It's easy, and lots of fun" is the way Miss Hampton describes her own experience with Wallace's melody-method of reducing.

No woman—in the public eye or in private life—can afford to stay stout. Fat is a burden which no longer need be carried. Overweight is out of date—and already looked on as a sign of neglect. For Wallace reducing records remove superfluous flesh like magic.

Whether fifteen pounds too heavy, or fifty, this novel but natural means of reducing will bring your weight down to normal. Wallace's scientific movements will take off the last ounce of superfluous flesh, and in a most pleasurable way. There is something irresistible about it all—photographic poses of each position—the crisp commands of Wallace himself direct your every move on phonograph records—a full orchestra sweeps you through the entire lesson. Why say to yourself "I wonder if Wallace could reduce *me*?" Proof that he can is free. Mail your name now for trial record.

INVITATION

WALLACE, 630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago: I accept your invitation to prove what your course can do for me. Please send record for first reducing lesson free and prepaid. I will either enroll, or mail back your record at the end of a five-day trial. (218)

Name

Address



"Please, Ruth Miller,
a pleasant way
to remove hair!"

The appeal a million women
made to us to complete for
them the underarm toilette

JHROUGH you, who gave us Odorono, we have come to recognize a new standard of personal cleanliness. Won't you now complete the underarm toilette by giving us a really pleasant, a dainty, feminine way to remove hair?"

Letters daily brought this request. So the chemists in the Odorono laboratories tried and tested until they perfected The Odorono Company's Depilatory—a method as appealing in its use as a French talc or sweet scented cold cream. With its delicate almond fragrance it is a delight to use.

Swiftly and surely effacing every trace of unsightly hair, it leaves the skin as white and smooth as the outer arm. And it is as harmless as soapsuds, giving never a twinge of after irritation.

No repellent odor, no irritating chemicals no dangerous blades. The Odorono Company's Depilatory is the easiest, most pleasant way to remove hair. Try it tonight before you dress to go out. At drug stores and toilet counters everywhere, 75c.

Send for a dainty sample

For 6c in stamps, we will send you a sample of The Odorono Company's Depilatory—enough for one thorough underarm application. Mail the coupon below now to Ruth Miller, The Odorono Company, 905-D Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Miss Ruth Miller, The Odorono
Company, Cincinnati, Ohio

Enclosed find 6c in stamps for which please send me your sample package of The Odorono Company's Depilatory.

Name

Address

Mail today and we will include
a sample of After Cream free.



The successor to Geraldine Farrar: Marie Jeritza, the new soprano at the Metropolitan. Farrar recently refused to renew her contract at the opera house, preferring to sing in concert. Jeritza, a blonde from Vienna, in private life the Baroness Popper, has captivated Manhattan as *Tosca*

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 74)

IT'S getting mighty hard to find anything to write about, the way all these couples that go to the Coconut Grove remain faithful.

It's positively dull, the way you always see the same people together.

For instance, the other evening, I saw, as usual, May MacAvoy and Eddie Sutherland, and Helen Ferguson and Bill Russell, and Colleen Moore and John McCormick, and Lila Lee and Charlie Chaplin. To say nothing of the married ones like Leatrice Joy and Jack Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. Meighan, and the Douglas MacLeans.

One dinner table was surrounded by a group of screen and literary celebrities, including Ray Long, editor-in-chief of the Hearst magazines, Claire Windsor, Mr. and Mrs. Peter B. Kyne, Micky Neilan and Blanche Sweet, and Allan Dwan.

Edna Purviance was there, too, dancing with a handsome gray-haired man.

Miss Purviance is to be starred by Chaplin. Sort of a reward for faithful service, apparently, as other companies have tried to get her away from the comedian before and she has always refused to go.

However, the always fair Edna looked a bit heavy on the dance floor the other night. That sort of peaches and cream loveliness has a tendency to embonpoint—and if she isn't careful Edna will be more popular in Turkey than anywhere else.

ONE of the principal calls Ethel Barrymore paid during her visit to Los Angeles, where she appeared for a week in "Declasse," was upon Jackie Coogan.

"I couldn't go home to my children," said the great actress, "if I didn't go to see Jackie Coogan."

THERE'S an awful lot of transcontinental travel going on just now.

Anita Stewart and her husband, Ruddy Cameron, left recently for their home in Long Island.

Anita has bobbed her hair. The latest

victim, as far as I can see, of the clippers.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Ince left their three boys at home and went for a jaunt to New York—on a combination business and pleasure trip.

In the meantime, George Fitzmaurice and his wife, Ouida Bergere, were due to arrive in Los Angeles, and John Robertson, who directed "Sentimental Tommy," and his better half, Josephine Lovell, arrived. Tom Gerhart has also returned to Hollywood.

SOMEBODY asked Charlie Ray what he did during his recent trip to New York—his first, by the way.

"Well," said Charlie slowly, "I saw twenty-one shows in twenty-two days. The other day I had to appear at a charity benefit."

CERTAINLY, after this one, nobody should say that all motion picture stars are extravagant and improvident.

When Douglas MacLean went to file his income tax return, he had a neat little list, among his other exemptions, of the war tax he had paid during the past year.

All war tax is exempt from income taxation, and Douglas has prudently kept a record of tax on luxuries—hats, his wife's gowns, etc.

It amounted to about a thousand dollars.

But I'll bet there are a lot of sound, hard-headed business men that didn't think of that.

THE entire film colony of Hollywood has felt the deepest sorrow and depression over the recent death of Kathlyn Williams' son.

The boy was sixteen, a student at the Hollywood High School, and he passed on during the "flu" epidemic that invaded the west.

Kathlyn Williams is married to Charles Eyton, manager of the Lasky studio.

The actress was prostrated at her home by the boy's death. He was her only child.

(Continued on page 85)

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 84)

MAURICE TOURNEUR has finished filming "Lorna Doone", with Madge Bellamy, and a lot of people who have had a peep at it and who claim to know, declare it is the greatest costume film ever made.

One young man who played a minor part had great ambitions, and during the filming of the story insisted on being near and in front of the camera as often as possible. Sometimes, he even got in front of the star himself.

One day Tourneur lost his patience.

"You," he said, waving an arm in the young man's direction, "move out a little. A little more. Cheat out a little bit further." Then, to the camera man, "Is he out—clear out?"

"Yes," said the camera man.

"Now," said the director, "stay out. You've got your directions for the rest of the picture."

DOUG and Mary returned from their trip to New York—where Miss Pickford went to appear in the \$108,000 suit brought against her by Mrs. Cora Wilkenning and which, incidentally, Mary won—with Mr. and Mrs. William G. McAdoo. The McAdoos are to make their home in Los Angeles and as the former Secretary of the Treasury and Mr. Fairbanks are great pals, they will probably see a lot of the famous screen couple.

The Fairbanks went direct to their Beverly Hills home, which wasn't sold after all during their trip to Europe.

In two weeks, Mary Pickford will begin work on her production of "Tess" and Mr. Fairbanks is to start filming "Robin Hood," under the direction of Allan Dwan.

THE latest movie palace under construction is the Priscilla Dean-Wheeler Oakman home in Beverly Hills.

This interesting couple decided they wanted to have a place of their own, so they put the money they had been saving up for a trip to Europe, into bricks and plumbing instead.

I saw the beginnings of their place the other day—a charming colonial effect on one of the prettiest spots in Beverly Hills.

Priscilla, who is between pictures, while Wheeler is busy being a hero for some camera or other, is on the job most of the time supervising details of her plans and bossing carpenters.

A swimming pool is to be one of the features.

"And a nice large kitchen," says Priscilla; "you know Wheeler has a mania for cooking and he would wreck any ordinary kitchen in no time."

Mr. and Mrs. Oakman expect to be at home after June first.

WHEN you read on the screen that Elinor Glyn supervised a picture, you probably don't realize the full meaning of that statement.

But Madame Glyn is a thorough workman.

During the filming of her story "Beyond the Rocks," with Gloria Swanson and Rodolph Valentino, Madame Glyn was on the set every morning at nine o'clock.

In the big ball scenes, she even dressed the hair of all the extra girls with her own hands, to give it the proper "look" of English society.

And Miss Swanson wears several of the famous Englishwoman's own gowns, which she brought back from her recent trip to Paris.

(Continued on page 86)



A Delightful Test

To bring you prettier teeth

This offers you a ten-day test which will be a revelation to you. It will show you the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

Millions of people of some forty races now employ this method. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. You should learn how much it means to you and yours.

Clouded by a film

Your teeth are clouded more or less by film. The fresh film is viscous—you can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

Old methods of brushing leave much of that film intact. The film absorbs stains, so the teeth look discolored. Film is the basis of tartar.

How it ruins teeth

That film holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So most tooth troubles are now

traced to that film, and they are almost universal.

Now we combat it

Dental science, after long research, has found two film combatants. Many careful tests have proved their efficiency. Leading dentists everywhere urge their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been created, called Pepsodent. It complies with modern requirements. And these two great film combatants are embodied in it.

Two other effects

Pepsodent brings two other effects which authority now deems essential. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube and watch these effects for a while. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Then judge the benefits by what you see and feel. You will be amazed.

Pepsodent
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 829

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 871, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Only one tube to a family



Lost a Pound a Day through new discovery

Without painful diet, exercise, massage, drugs, bitter self-denials or discomforts. Free proof that anyone can lose from 7 to 10 pounds a week.

"In just three weeks I reduced 20 pounds—just what I wanted to—through your wonderful new way. And without one bit of discomfort."

Thus writes Miss Kathleen Mullane, famous Artist's Model and Ziegfeld Follies Beauty. Recently, excessive weight threatened to blight her stage and artistic career. She began to take on flesh rapidly and in a short time she was 20 pounds over-weight—and increasing daily.

In alarm, she tried dieting, eating only one meal a day. This brought on a weakness which was worse than obesity. Exercise, Appliances, Massages, Special Baths, Rubber Clothing and Drugs were all tried—but without success. Then came the marvel. Miss Mullane learned of the new, simple, easily-followed, natural method that has been discovered, whereby she could quickly regain normal weight, a slender perfect figure, firm smooth flesh and abundant health and energy. And this could be done quickly—and without any self-denial, exercise, starving or any other discomforts—it sounded too good to be true. But after all the *discomforting* things she had done it would have been foolish to fail to try a method that was so simple, so easy, so rapid and actually *delightful*.

In three weeks she reduced to normal weight. And she can retain her present figure without gaining or losing. This is under her own control.



Loses 13 pounds in 8 days

"Hurrah! I have lost 13 pounds since last Monday. I feel better than I have for months."

Mrs. Geo. Gutterman
420 E. 66th St.
New York

Loses 22 pounds in 14 days

"I reduced from 175 pounds to 153 pounds in two weeks. Before I started I was flabby and sick. I feel wonderful now."

Ben Naddle
102 Fulton St.
New York City

money. Just fill out and mail the coupon and you will receive the 12 books. As soon as they arrive weigh yourself so that you may be able to see how much weight you lose and how quickly. Under this Free Proof offer you risk nothing. Pay the postman \$1.97, plus postage, when he delivers the books—but if you are dissatisfied after using them you have the privilege of returning them at any time and your money will instantly be refunded. Don't delay. Remember our money back offer absolutely protects you against risking a single penny.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Inc.
Dept. W-2085, 43 West 16th St., New York City

You may send me, in plain wrapper, Eugene Christian's Course "Weight Control—the Basis of Health" in 12 books. I will pay the postman only \$1.97 (plus postage) in full payment on arrival. If I am not satisfied with it I have the privilege of returning the course at any time and my money is to be instantly refunded.

Name.....
(Please write plainly)

Address.....
Price outside U. S., \$2.15 cash with order.



Constance Talmadge is determined to learn golf if she has to knock down all the sets on the lot. She hasn't time to go to the links, so Jock Hutchinson, world's champion, instructs her at the studio

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 85)

ON the very best authority we understand that Rodolf Valentino is not going to remain a free man long.

As soon as his divorce decree from Jean Acker, recently granted him in the Los Angeles courts, is final, the handsome Italian will wed Madame Nastasia Rambova, for some years past Nazimova's art director.

As a matter of fact, the Russian name is a professional one only, and Valentino's future bride is a San Francisco girl, daughter of Richard Hudnut, the millionaire perfume manufacturer. In her native city she is well known in social circles as Winifred Hudnut.

The friendship between the screen's latest matinee idol and the brilliantly clever young artist has existed for some time. During the filming of "Camille" for which Madame Rambova designed the sets and, in which Ruddy played the hero, they were thrown in constant contact. But romance entered their lives only very recently, it is understood, and the engagement has not yet been made known to even their intimate friends.

Madame Rambova speaks several languages and is an extremely intellectual and cultured woman. It is understood that the match has the approval of her father.

OF course, Shirley Mason is a welcome visitor in anybody's beauty parlor.

Still, when she brings *all* the dogs along, it's not so good.

I saw Shirley in a well-known shop on Hollywood Boulevard the other day, having her pretty bobbed hair shampooed.

She was accompanied by three dogs, an enormous police dog that looked so ferocious it fairly terrified you with a look, a beautiful Boston terrier, and a handsome Irish setter.

Between barks, antics, and high spirits, the dogs certainly made that shop look more like a circus than a beauty parlor.

And how Shirley could be beautified between her constant commands and dashes after her three pets I don't know. But when she emerged into the bright sunshine of the Boulevard she certainly was adorable.

"WHEN I have to go out the next day," said Jackie Coogan, gazing at his bare knees with serious, almost sad eyes, "mother has to cold cream my knees the night before, so we can get some of the dirt off."

"She makes an awful fuss about it. But I don't see anything very dreadful about that. Do you?"

AN old friendship is being revived with a great gusto on the Lasky lot and some of its reminiscences are charming theatrical history.

The handsome young blond chap who is Tommy Meighan's constant companion is Larry Wheat, well known stage actor, who was "Stubby" when Tommy played the football hero, and his wife, Frances Ring, played the title role of the great stage success, "The College Widow."

Mr. Wheat was best man at the Meighan wedding, which occurred during the run of the play.

Now all three of them are bridge friends. A lot of their evenings are spent in a few quiet rubbers in the Meighan sitting room at the Ambassador.

Larry Wheat is appearing with the star in his Lasky productions.

(Concluded on page 87)

Plays and Players

(Concluded from page 36)

A GAIN and again and again, we hear the rumor that Bebe Daniels is going to marry Jack Dempsey.

Bebe says she isn't.

But it doesn't seem to do her much good. Frankly, I don't think there's a chance.

Bebe doesn't want to marry, in the first place, and if she did, I don't believe the heavyweight champion, while he is her very good friend, would be the man of her choice.

Bebe, while she looks exotic and almost too lovely to be smart, has one of the wisest young heads on her shoulders of any girl in pictures. She is as intelligent as they make 'em.

Whatever Bebe does, will be the right thing.

That you can count on.

CECIL de MILLE, who returned from his European trip literally on a stretcher, is recovering rapidly at his home in Laughlin Park.

He was suffering from inflammatory rheumatism.

We only hope he won't start to direct until he has completely recovered. Both because we admire C. B. tremendously and wouldn't like to see him have a relapse and because—well, we've seen him direct when he was in the best of health, and we'd hate to imagine him directing during convalescence.

It is generally understood at the Lasky studios that Tommy Meighan is to play the lead in the new Cecil de Mille production, "Manslaughter."

The part of the young Irish fighting district attorney was certainly written for Tommy.

MAE BUSCH has moved. She had to.

Peter B. Kyne, the well known author, gave her a German police dog. He'd never lived anywhere but on a ranch before, so the Hollywood Boulevard apartment which Mae lived in didn't appeal to him at all.

"I shall probably have to buy him a ranch in the end," said Mae, who named him "Pete" after his donor. "That's the way it is. Dogs are very expensive presents."

THIS apparently is the day of the exotic star.

Consider the tremendous vogue, created over night, of Pola Negri and Signor Rodolph Valentino.

And now we hear that Senor Antonio Garrido Montegudo Moreno is about to withdraw from the Vitagraph domain where he has so long been confined to the galleys of the serial and dime-feature-thriller.

There are rumors of a law suit impending between Senor Moreno and Vitagraph. The star, it is said, alleges that the company has not lived up to its contract with him. What the company has to say we do not know. Suffice to say, we hope that Tony will at last find his proper rôle. In addition to being one of the most handsome men on the screen, a romantic, fiery and dashing young Spaniard, Moreno is an actor of such fine record that his following is world-wide, and even those who eschew the serial remember the day when he starred in worthy features.

It seems to us that Moreno is one of the best stellar bets of the hour. But he needs colorful characters,—not the Nick Carter-detective things he has been assigned recently.



Posed by Wanda Hawley, a Paramount-Artcraft motion picture star. Miss Hawley is one of many beautiful women "in pictures" who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for proper care of the complexion.

Does Spring bring a fresh, healthy glow to your cheeks?

AFTER a winter spent inside, after a season of indoor activities—*what of your complexion?* Do spring sunshine and balmy air restore freshness to a sallow skin?

You can aid nature to bring back a fresh, healthy glow to your cheeks. You can attain new beauty of complexion if you begin at once the daily use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find, is more than a face cream. It has an exclusive therapeutic property which serves to refresh and nourish the skin cells—to "tone-up," *revitalize*, the sluggish tissues of the skin. Applied regularly Ingram's Milkweed Cream soothes away redness and roughness, heals tiny eruptions. Used on the hands it protects against the coarsening effects of garden work or household tasks.

For the most effective way in which to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream read Health Hints,

the little booklet packed with every jar. 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 to gain the clear, soft skin, the fresh glowing complexion that should be yours.

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—50 cents.

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—50 cents.

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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 ether-down powder pad, sample packets of Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder, Ingram's Rouge, and Zedetta 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.

NAME.....
STREET.....
CITY..... STATE.....



(276)



Are you a sensitive person?

NATURALLY, you are.

Every person of culture and refinement possesses those finer sensibilities that mark the gentleman and gentlewoman.

And particularly are such people sensitive about the little personal things that so quickly identify you as a desirable associate—socially or in business.

Attention to the condition of your breath ought to be as systematic a part of your daily toilet routine as the washing of your face and hands. Yet how many, many men and women neglect this most important item!

The reason is a perfectly natural one. Halitosis (or unpleasant breath, as the scientific term has it) is an insidious affliction that you may have and still be entirely ignorant of.

Your mirror can't tell you. Usually you can't tell it yourself. And the subject is too delicate for your friends—maybe even your wife or husband—to care to mention to you. So you may unconsciously offend your friends and those you come in intimate contact with day by day.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is usually temporary, due to some local condition. Again it may be chronic, due to some organic disorder which a doctor or dentist should diagnose and correct.

When halitosis is temporary it may easily be overcome by the use of Listerine, the well-known liquid antiseptic, used regularly as a gargle and mouth-wash.

Listerine possesses unusually effective properties as an antiseptic. It quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth and dispels the unpleasant halitosis incident to such a condition.

Provide yourself with a bottle today, and relieve yourself of that uncomfortable uncertainty as to whether your breath is sweet, fresh and clean—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, Missouri.



For
HALITOSIS
use
LISTERINE

Children and the Movies

By DOLLY SPURR

UP until the past few months I was engaged in the theater business in the small mid-west town of Marion, Ind. I had managed three theaters for eleven years, and for the greater part of each season these houses ran pictures. Being a woman and intensely interested in children, I gave a great deal of thought to suitable recreation for the kiddies.

While I was particular to select, at all times, clean, wholesome pictures for all my theaters, I nevertheless realized that some of the most ordinary dramas and comedies were beyond the understanding of the average child. I wanted my home town youngsters to see pictures they would understand and enjoy, and I figured that it was up to the parents to co-operate with me and select the pictures that were suitable.

To make this selection possible, I issued each week a 16-page booklet, containing pictures of each production and a complete story. I used both newspapers and advertised heavily, so that I could carry out this same idea. I called the public's attention to the pictures most suitable for the children, and urged the parents to read the synopsis of each picture carefully so they would KNOW what their boys and girls were seeing.

It was quite an experience, but after keeping at it for more than five years I grew disgusted and discouraged. A few of the parents saw the wisdom of selecting their children's amusements, but the majority kept right on in the same old line of flinging a dime or quarter to son or daughter, saying, "Yes, you may go to a movie." They either wouldn't take the time to find out, or didn't care whether the picture was suitable or not. In talking on this subject to one bright little mother she laughed and said, "Oh, what's good enough

for me is all right for Bobby!" Another mother bitingly remarked that, "If a picture isn't suitable for my child, it isn't fit for me either."

Both views are dead wrong. A film story of love, life, mystery, or temptation can be understood and appreciated by any grown person, but the same picture has little or no meaning for a child. As for the men and women who go to the other extreme, they may be rightfully careful of what their children see, but that's no reason why they have to be prudish about themselves. Maybe they would really enjoy playing "London Bridge" or "Ring around Rosie," and reading Mother Goose—but I have my doubts!

I kept a record one year of pictures I had shown that were particularly suitable for children. I found I had run one hundred and two, which is an average of two a week, and two shows a week is certainly enough for a child to see.

Children must have recreation, and the movies are a cheap amusement that can never harm the kiddies, if the parents will only use a little judgment about what they allow them to see. It's simply a matter of co-operation between the theater managers and the parents. Even the smallest, cheapest theaters nowadays, issue some sort of a program each week that gives a short description of the pictures. If there is no program, there is always a 'phone, and if a manager doesn't know what productions are the best for the children, he'd better get out of business. I've met hundreds of theater managers in various parts of the U. S., and I've never talked to one who wouldn't gladly co-operate with the parents, even so far as to put on special Saturday shows for children exclusively. But the theater men complain that the parents don't seem to take any interest in such moves.



You'd like to visit a studio, would you? Here's what would probably happen if you did: you'd trip over the beastly hose that has something to do with the lights; you'd walk in front of the camera and mess up the scene; you'd come away with the worst headache you ever had—from those lights you see here. But don't let this discourage you

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 72)

J. C.—Dorothy Gish and James Rennie are still happily married. Mr. Rennie made a picture for Goldwyn—in California, "The Dust Flower," and is again in the east, having made an appearance in a new stage play, "Madelaine and the Movies," by George Coahan.

KITTY, BUFFALO.—David Powell is married. He has just returned from England, where he made pictures for Paramount, and is now in Hollywood, where he will continue as a Lasky leading man. He is thirty-seven years old, doesn't look it, and is an all-round nice chap.

CURIUS.—Yes, it is true that the stork is soon to visit the Buster Keaton bungalow in Los Angeles, Mrs. Keaton being the former Natalie Talmadge. The Talmadge sisters, Norma and Connie, are delaying their departure for Europe until the interesting event takes place. Anita Stewart has no children. She has bobbed her hair, she is summering at Bayside, Long Island, and she is soon to make pictures for her own company—the latest information I have about the fair Anita.

MABEL OF NEW JERSEY.—Jackie Coogan is to make "Oliver Twist." I've always wanted to see a real boy play the famous Dickens hero. Jackie is a genius, sure enough. Alice Brady is getting a divorce, or has already got a divorce, from James Crane. Crane is the son of Dr. Frank Crane, the writer. Earle Williams is getting a divorce, is being divorced by, or has already been divorced, from Florence Walz, unless the rumor is all wrong. Earle is still starring for Vitagraph. The Vitagraph stars should all rise and sing, "Once with Vitagraph, always with Vitagraph; we'll live and die, with Vitagraph," or sounds to that effect.

I. M. and L. G., COTULLA, TEXAS.—Ah, a new town! Another pin in the map. Anyone who thinks he is fairly familiar with this country should look at my correspondence. He would see many strange postmarks. Mae Murray is married to Robert Z. Leonard, her director. Theirs is one of the most famous happy romances in the films. Their latest picture is "Fascination," for their own company, released through Metro. Mae wears one of her celebrated scanty costumes in it, scantier even, according to advance notices, than those in "Peacock Alley." Don't miss it. You won't. Viola Dana is twenty-four. She is in the east right now, making personal appearances.

THE COWBOY KID.—Clever, clever boy. How did you ever think that up? Ethel Clayton in "Her Own Money," "For the Defense," and "The Cradle." Miss Clayton is the widow of Joseph Kaufman; she lives with her mother and brother in Hollywood. She is still with Paramount. Dorothy Gish's latest film is "Orphans of the Storm," in which she co-stars with her sister Lillian.

(Miss) R. G., NEWARK, N. J.—Well, (Miss) R. G., you win the silver-plated banana skin for your questions. Such gems of wit and humor as, "Do you remember all the questions that people ask you or do you have somebody to help you?" and "Do you ever feel as if you'd like to see the people who write in to you?" make me realize my own shortcomings in no uncertain way. Just the same, I hope you win your wager, which was, all the rest of you, that (Miss) R. G. could get me to answer her letter.

(Continued on page 90)

Just what are the requirements of Scenario Writing?

[Thousands are asking that question as the motion picture industry calls for more, and yet more, stories. The answer is on this page.]

BRIEFLY the requirements are these:

- [1] Creative imagination (such as successful fiction writers manifest;)
- [2] Dramatic instinct (to a higher degree than conventional fiction requires;)
- [3] The story construction technique of the studio.

The first two rank as *talents*. You are either born with them, or without them. No human agency can endow you with either. The third is an *accomplishment*. It can easily be mastered by home training. It is useless without the two talents; and, for screen purposes, the two talents—creative imagination and dramatic instinct—are useless without screen technique.

In short, *natural ability to think out and tell a human, dramatic story is useful to the screen only when written in the language of the screen.* And literary skill is not required for scenario construction. Writing style cannot be transferred to the screen.

A test for you—and what it may mean

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation, encouraged by leading motion picture producers, is conducting a nation-wide search for creative and dramatic storytelling ability. By a remarkable psychological questionnaire test, which is sent free to any serious man or woman who clips the coupon on this page, natural aptitude for screen writing is discovered—often among people who had never even suspected its presence. This questionnaire, which was prepared by H. H. Van Loan, the well-known photoplaywright, and Prof. Malcolm MacLean, formerly of the Northwestern University faculty, is a searching, scientifically exact analysis of the creative qualities of mind. Through it scores of men and women, in all walks of life, have had opened to them the fascinating and well-paid profession of screen writing.

Persons who do not meet the test are frankly and confidentially told so. Those who *do* indicate the natural gifts required for screen writing may, if they so elect, enter upon the Palmer home training course. This course equips them in every detail, to turn those talents to large profit. The Palmer plan is actively inspirational to the imaginative mind; it stirs the dramatic instinct to vigorous expression. So stimulating are the forces brought into play for screen dramatization, that the Palmer course has become a recognized aid of incalculable value for authors who write for the printed page; and for men and women everywhere whose field is creative, its effects are immediate. Primarily, however it is for the *screen*.

\$500 to \$2000 for a Single Story

The Course, and the questionnaire test which must be passed before enrollment is invited, sprang out of the desperate need of the motion picture industry for original stories. The Educational Department of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation was organized for the sole purpose of developing new writers for the screen. The Corporation, which exists primarily to sell photoplays to producers, must train new writers in order to obtain stories to sell. The producers are now paying from \$500 to \$2000 for original stories by new writers.

Above are the simple, sincere facts. This advertisement is just a part of the Corporation's search for talent worth developing. It is not an unconditional offer to train you for screen writing; it is an offer to test you absolutely free, in your own home—to test you for the creative and imaginative faculties which you *may* have, but are not conscious of. When you have passed the test, if you pass it, the Corporation will send you, without obligation, a complete explanation of the Palmer Plan, its possibilities, its brilliant success in developing screen writers, and an interesting inside story of the needs of the motion picture industry today.

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PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation, Department of Education, 124 W. 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.

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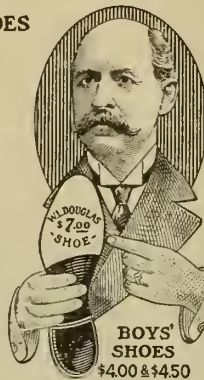
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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 89)

BETTY BLUE.—If you were my child, I'd spank you soundly and put you to bed. You're not, and it's lucky you're not. In spite of the fact that you say you have just oodles and oodles of fun reading these columns. I can't return the compliment even to the extent of saying I get a very small oodle of mirth out of yours. For goodness sake if you're going to write on blue paper, why can't you select a round, ringing blue—a real, unashamed blue, not that pale, picayune blue? Mary Pickford's hair is naturally curly. Wallace MacDonald was born May 5th, 1891, in Canada. He is five feet ten inches tall and weighs about 145 pounds. His hair and eyes are brown. His wife was Doris May. That is, she's still his wife and still Doris May on the screen, where she stars in such things as "Boy Crazy."

GLADYS D.—Thank you for both pictures, chiefly that one of yourself. The drawing of Constance Talmadge was very much like Mary Pickford, but then Connie and Mary are good friends, and wouldn't mind a little thing like that. Why not enter the Screen Opportunity Contest? Mary Fairbanks has no children. Little Mary Pickford the Second is the daughter of Lottie Pickford, who used to be Mrs. Rupp, but who is now Mrs. Allan Forrest.

HENRIETTA.—The new? Of course. I just saw your snapshot. All you girls are sending me photographs nowadays. My office begins to look like a photograph gallery. Gloria Swanson is divorced from Herbert K. Somborn. She has a small daughter.

HARRY G., HOUSTON, TEXAS.—"In Old Kentucky" was made in old Los Angeles. That's the way it goes, Harry old fellow.

THOMAS CHATTERTON ADMIRER.—You admire, to whom you have been faithful all these years, is not in pictures now and I have no record of his whereabouts. I'm awfully sorry, because such devotion as yours should be rewarded at least by an autographed picture. Perhaps Mr. Chatterton, wherever he may be, will see this and, in the patois, condescend to come across with his likeness.

P. L., PORT WASHINGTON, L. I.—Wesley Barry is thirteen, but it isn't an unlucky age for Wesley. He's been starred in "Penrod" by Marshall Neilan, and if that isn't luck! Of course, little Barry's ability and hard work had something to do with it.

RED-HEAD.—I am sure your hair must be charming. I love red or auburn hair. You are wrong when you say that auburn-haired women are so limited as to colors. I know of no more charming shades than apple green or jade green, violet or mauve with a crimson coiffure. Billie Burke, whose beautiful hair is auburn, wears a gold frock in the last act of her new play, and it is most effective.

MAXINE L., COLUMBUS, OHIO.—I'm sure I don't know what to say! You wish to look like Lillian Gish and wish to know how to go about it! It is a very good thing to wish, but Miss Gish is such an individual person I doubt if anyone could look like her. But you might emulate her in this respect: wear only the quietest and simplest frocks and hats. You would mistake Miss Gish for a smart debutante were you to see her walking on the Avenue.

(Concluded on page 122)

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Business Life in the Films

(Concluded from page 57)

formed that the only piece of property saved from the wreckage is a little rustic cottage in the country, they pout and weep, and become very angry and caustic with their husbands for being so careless as to lose all their money.

But these seemingly feather-brained help-meets always reform under the sweet agrarian influences of the pastoral atmosphere. They come to see the error of their former prodigal habits; and they inevitably wind up by laying out their husband's slippers and learning how to make pan-dowdy.

Then there are the sons of wealthy business men of the screen. These youths, without exception, are a bad lot. It would seem that business men are incapable of begetting sons who do not turn out to be Black Sheep. These wild and no-account male offsprings always wear fuzzy checked caps with their evening clothes, and drive sporting-model cars at break-neck speed. They spend their nights gambling for high stakes at fashionable clubs, despite the fact that their luck is consistently bad. Indeed, they have never been known to win a nickel; and they always wind up by forging their father's name to a check with which to meet their I. O. U.'s.

A GAIN, all wealthy screen business men are cursed with crooked and caddish partners of suave and elegant mien. These latter gentlemen are invariably bachelors of loose habits, who surreptitiously speculate on the side with the firm's funds, and make love—with masterly technique, let it be confessed—to their partners' wives.

In the matter of male secretaries, however, magnates in the films have much to be thankful for. These trusted young men are as pure as the driven snow, and as scrupulously honest as the day is long. Their virtue, indeed, is almost unearthly in its exquisiteness and perfection. Nevertheless, they are always getting caught in serious predicaments, and being falsely accused of heinous crimes. Their troubles and tribulations are enough to discourage any young man from trying to live an honorable and upright life. Yet they never weaken or swerve from the narrow path.

For instance, when their employer's son forges his father's name to a check, it is the righteous secretary who is at once suspected; and he is in honor bound to shoulder the blame for the sake of the young man's dotting sister, for whom he harbors a chaste, unworlly love.

Then, again, the one night on which he returns alone to the office to do some special work, is the identical date decided upon by a burglar to rob the office-safe. And, to make things even worse, it is also on this night that the magnate himself has business at the office. Of course, when the watchman hears the shots and finds the magnate dead and the secretary kneeling beside him with a smoking pistol in his hand, there is really nothing for him to do but turn the innocent young man over to the gendarmes.

To be sure, in the end, he is always cleared of the charges against him, and a few weeks later, he leads his employer's beautiful daughter to the hymeneal altar. But, even so, his life is no bed of roses—

what, with going to jail as a forger, being tried for murder, and having the unjust suspicions of everybody focused upon him.

A few facts concerning the offices of motion-picture business dramas should be mentioned here. For instance, all these offices are on the top story. What the rooms on all the lower floors of skyscrapers are used for, has never been revealed in the films. And the windows of these offices never give on a shaft or a court. They invariably overlook the surrounding housetops, and, no matter where they are located, one always gets a fine view of the Metropolitan Tower from them.

Furthermore, the signs on all the glass doors of business offices are printed backwards, so that only the people inside the office can read them without a mirror. Moreover, the light in all these offices is so arranged that whatever is going on inside is distinctly and accurately silhouetted against the frosted glass panels of the doors. And apparently anyone may enter—unmolested and without announcement—into the private office of any busy financier. In fact, there is always a veritable procession of flappers, vampires, book agents, job-hunters, and female members of the family, constantly coming in and sitting on the edge of the desk to converse.

In the Western purlicue, where business has to do with mills and mines and factories, equally unique conditions obtain. In these commercial organizations there are always plotters and bomb-throwers and sabotage artists constantly on the job. And when a week goes by without a strike, it means that some debilitating epidemic has spread among the workmen and rendered them temporarily helpless.

All that is necessary to start a perfectly good strike is for some amateur orator, with an imaginary grievance, to mount a box and make a brief speech. Before he has gotten well under way, his listeners begin growling, throw down their tools, and rush for the door of the president's office, shaking their fists over their heads. This means the strike is on.

A LL that is necessary to put down an uprising of this kind is for one of the handsome young laborers (who, in reality, is well educated and comes from a fine old family which has run out of funds) to demonstrate his fistic superiority over the burly agitator. The workmen, to a man, are at once won over through admiration for his physical bravery and pugilistic prowess, and immediately pick up their tools and return happily to work.

It is this same handsome and aristocratic young laborer, who, when the president's beautiful daughter visits the plant and gets caught in the machinery, or falls into a boiling vat, or is accidentally hoisted by a steam crane, saves her life, and thereupon becomes a partner in the business and a son-in-law in the family.

In fact, in the commercial dramas of the films, no young man—however poor or inexperienced—has yet succeeded in winning the affections of a wealthy business-man's daughter without being instantly taken into the firm as a partner.

THE press agent for Harry Rapf, a producer, with great gusto sent out the following notice, which we think should be framed, preferably in old oak:

While sojourning in Atlantic City (or words to that effect) Mr. Rapf noticed that everyone was reading a book called "Brass." On the boardwalk and in the hotels and the roller chairs, they were reading "Brass." So Mr. Rapf decided that if everyone was reading it, it must be a good book. And though he has not read it himself, bought it for pictures. We bet they'll make a hit.

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Ignorance

An obnoxiously moral morality play, suggested by
"Experience."

(The story was written for Ben Turpin)

By AGNES SMITH

TITLE: In the Valley of Slumbering Beans, Ignorance enjoys bliss.

Scene 1. A farmyard. Ignorance dusts off the cows and chickens.

Scene 2. Ignorance is seen standing at the door of a cottage decorated with particularly prim roses.

Title: In this quiet spot, with Ignorance as her only friend, dwells Censorship.

Scene 3. Censorship, a girl, is seen cutting the petals from wild flowers with her scissors. Ignorance enters and speaks:

Title: (Spoken) "It takes two to make a quarrel. Will you marry me?"

Scene 4. Censorship raises the pair of scissors menacingly.

Title: (Spoken) "I will, provided that nothing obscene, salacious or inciting to crime—"

Scene 5. The interior of Ignorance's cottage. Ignorance is seen playing ping pong with himself. The telephone rings. (Closeup of telephone ringing.) Ignorance answers it.

Title: (Spoken) "Hello, this is the Big City speaking. Why don't you come down to buy your trousseau and make a fortune?"

Scene 6. Ignorance registers delight.

Scene 7. The Big City, a large prosperous gentleman, gives the camera a wicked and meanful look. A chorus girl, who happens to be playing around his apartment in her stage costume, slaps him merrily on the head.

Scene 8. Ignorance bids farewell to Censorship at the little railroad station.

Title: (Spoken) "I will return before the cider gets hard." Closeup of Censorship in tears. She speaks:

Title: (Spoken) "Once you have seen the Big City, you will no longer love Censorship."

Scene 9. A three-foot-kiss.

Scene 10. Closeup of train whistling. (This has nothing to do with the story, but it always happens in the best pictures.)

Title: The Great Metropolis, where souls are lost, where hair is bobbed, where innocence is a thing to be scorned and where a baby's tear falls unheard amid the roar

of limousines laden with human cattle.

Scene 11. Long shot of Broadway taken from Times Building. (This scene is a stock bit in every Hollywood studio that goes in for wicked New York atmosphere.)

Scene 12. Ignorance alighting from the train at the Santa Fe Station in Los Angeles.

Title: Armed only by his love for Censorship, Ignorance comes to do battle with the gun men of Evil.

Scene 13. The Big City welcomes Ignorance with one hand and picks his pockets with the other.

Title: That night.

Scene 14. A cabaret, made entirely of glass. This setting should cost \$100,000 to be effective. Twelve bathing beauties in fur bathing suits climb up a ladder of champagne corks and dive into a pool of champagne.

Scene 15. At a ringside table. Ignorance registers delight.

Scene 16. The Big City throws the camera a mean leer.

Scene 17. Ignorance looks at girls in pool fade into—

Closeup of Censorship with scissors.

Scene 18. Ignorance, considerably depressed. The Big City speaks:

Title: (Spoken) "Cheer up, my fine fellow, you must learn to be a man-about-town if you want to be successful and buy these pretty toys for your own. Here comes a friend of mine, the Flapper."

Scene 19. The Flapper enters and is introduced to Ignorance by the Big City. She begins to roll a sock with one hand and a cigarette with the other, thereby putting one over on Bill Hart. She speaks:

Title: (Spoken) "Buck up, old Silo, the evening is yet young."

Scene 20. Jazz enters. The Flapper brings him to Ignorance.

Title: (Spoken) "Meet my friend Jazz."

Scene 21. Ignorance gets on the dance floor with the Flapper. As they pass near the orchestra, conducted by Jazz, the face of a saxophone player fades into—

Closeup of Censorship with scissors.

(Concluded on page 93)

Ignorance

(Concluded from page 92)

Same scene. They stop dancing.
 Title: The crimson night fades into the grey dawn.

Scene 22. An office in Wall Street. Ignorance is seen at a desk, working busily. He doesn't know that the Big City calls, not for honest and brave hearts, but for souls to ruin.
 Title: And here the underpaid workers roll up the wealth that the rich man spends so freely at night on chorus girls, cabarets and hat check boys.
 Closeup of clock registering the hour of five.

Scene 23. Ignorance arises from his desk and looks for his hat, which has been stolen. The Big City comes from his private office. With him is a thin gentleman evidently suffering from malnutrition. The Big City speaks:
 Title: (Spoken) "Meet Pay Envelope, take him out but don't lose him."
 Scene 24. Ignorance and Pay Envelope leave the building together.

Scene 25. A joint in Chinatown. Ignorance and Pay Envelope are sitting at the same table eating chicken chow mein. The more they eat, the thinner grows Pay Envelope. Seated around them are murderers, thieves, wife beaters, gun men and broken blossoms. In other words, lots of atmosphere.

Scene 26. Another table. Fake Oil Stock is selling engraved paper to two Chinamen. One Chinaman speaks:
 Title: (Spoken) "Me allee likee same rich Rockefeller water."
 Scene 27. Fake Oil Stock sees Ignorance with Pay Envelope and approaches. They talk. Pay Envelope becomes transparent. Ignorance takes the pretty papers and says:
 Title: (Spoken) "I'm on my way to riches. The treat's on me."
 Scene 28. Ignorance puts his last nickel into the tin-pan piano. Pay Envelope disappears and Jazz takes his place. Ignorance welcomes Jazz. The Flapper enters, but, seeing Ignorance without Pay Envelope, she snubs him. And then—
 Closeup of Censorship cutting coupons with her scissors.

Scene 29. Ignorance looks a bit gone. Jazz slaps him on the back:
 Title: (Spoken) "Come, come, Iggy. I will bring to you Near Beer and perhaps he will take you to his cousin Home Brew."
 Scene 30. Near Beer approaches. He has no legs and therefore no kick. Ignorance still looks worried. Chinese proprietor presents him with check. He looks around for Pay Envelope and finds that he has deserted him. Jazz and Near Beer also leave. The Chinaman winks at a low looking tough who is lurking in the background.

Scene 31. Ignorance meets Rough-Stuff and gets thrown down stairs.
 Title: Out, out into the night.

Scene 32. A park bench. Ignorance has a revolver pressed to his temple. Censorship enters.
 Title: (Spoken) "Ignorance, have you forgotten that the display of firearms is forbidden?"

Scene 33. Censorship cuts revolver with her scissors. Ignorance rises and speaks:
 Title: (Spoken) "I cannot do without you. I cannot look life and the Big City in the face. I cannot stand Jazz and Near Beer."
 Scene 34. They embrace according to the requirements of the best censor boards. Censorship speaks:
 Title: (Spoken) "Ignorance, you are my love and my friend. You are my natural partner, in marriage, of course." Title fades into scene of the Big City roasting in papier maché Hell.

The Short Cut to Successful Writing

By DELLA THOMPSON LUTES

Editor of "To-Day's Housewife," author of "A Soldier of the Dusk" and other books

I WAS sixteen when my first poem was printed. I was nearly thirty before I had a story printed. In the meantime I had written a great many things, but nobody wanted them. I didn't know how to write the things I wanted to write, nor what to do with them if I did. There didn't seem to be any way to get such information, either, since one couldn't go to college.

Then a Sunday newspaper printed two stories, and this was encouragement. Years went by, however, three of them, perhaps four, before I got anything more in print. I wrote and wrote and wrote. I sent things out and faithfully they came back to me. Always with rejection slips, and never with any advice. I couldn't get any advice. I couldn't get any help. Finally, however, my stories were good enough by sheer persistency and struggle, so that the magazines began to accept them. One went to the *Delineator*, one to *Good Housekeeping*, the *Designer*, the *Ladies' World*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and others. But always I had to cut and prune and rewrite after the story was accepted, because I didn't know how to do it in the first place. I had something to say that they were willing to pay for, but I didn't know how to say it. It took me ten years, and more, to learn what I could have learned in one or less if I had had such an Easy System of Writing as came to my desk the other day. Ten years and more, and the loss of thousands of dollars for what I could have learned in six months at a cost of a few dollars if I had had a chance!

A most astonishing assertion was recently made by one of the highest paid writers in the world. He said, "Millions of people can write stories and photoplays and don't know it."

I know from my own experience that almost every person longs at times to express himself in writing but doesn't know how. I have had thousands of letters from people saying, "Oh, I wish I could write. I know I could tell a story or write a good article if I knew how."

There is a technique to story or play writing just as there is to piano playing or painting. If you had that technique you could certainly express yourself better than you can without it, and you might find that you have an ability to do something that before you have only thought of vaguely as a wish.

Every heart has its own story. Every life has experiences that are worth passing on. The man who clerked in a store last year is making more money this year with his pen than he would have made in the store in a life time.

The young woman who earned eighteen dollars a week last summer at stenography sold a story last week for one hundred dollars. The woman who wrote the serial story which is now running in *To-Day's Housewife* hadn't thought of writing a story until about five years ago—didn't know for sure she could write a story. Now her name appears almost every month in the leading magazines.

A woman of over fifty came into my office one day last week to see me about a story we recently bought from her. Ten years ago she had never written a word. Within the last six months she has sold ten stories to leading magazines averaging over a hundred dollars each. You don't know whether you can write or not until you try.

Once there was a tradition that writing was a "gift" miraculously placed in the hands of the chosen few. We still believe in genius, and not everyone can be an O. Henry or a Stevenson, but the great majority of writers who are turning out the stories and photoplays of to-day, for which thousands and thousands of dollars are being paid, are not geniuses. They are simply people who have been taught how to tell a story and who then look about them and get a story to tell.

There are just as many stories of human interest right in your own vicinity, stories for which some editor will pay good money, as there are in New York City or anywhere else. Magazine editors are hungry for good stories. They will welcome a story from you just as quickly as from any well-known writer if your story is good enough. And they will pay you well for it, too. Big money is paid for stories and scenarios today—a good bit bigger money than is being paid in salaries.

There is a tremendous demand for writers—writers of stories, of articles, of photoplays. Money is being spent like water by magazine publishing houses and

photoplay companies. Big sums of money. And names do not count—until they have done something good.

This is the word I want to leave with you: If you have said to yourself, "I wish I could write," or "If I only knew how to do it, I believe I could write," or if you have plots for stories, ideas for articles, or if screen pictures come to you and you don't know how to put them in marketable form, don't be discouraged and think, "Oh, what's the use of my trying! I don't know how." And don't get the idea that all great writers were born knowing how to write. Almost without exception they have struggled to the top through years of bitter work and waiting. They did not have the help that lies at your hand.

The Authors' Press of Auburn, N. Y., has, to my mind, solved the problem for the would-be writer. They have prepared an Easy System of Writing that is at once so comprehensive and so simple that it covers every point of the principle and technique of short-story writing and photoplay writing, and yet is so clearly and pleasantly written that the perusal of it is an inspiration and a delight.

This New System is tremendously inspirational. I have read it three times to be absolutely sure it is what I should want to recommend to the hundreds of writers who ask me for help. Each time I read it I am so filled with enthusiasm that I want to run away from the editorial desk and write a story or a scenario. It is good reading even for the person who isn't filled with the desire to write, for it tells how it is done. A study of this New Method of Writing will help anyone to think better and to express himself more forcefully in conversation or writing than he otherwise could. I am glad to have the opportunity to recommend to all writers the inspirational, helpful, and most reasonably priced System of Writing published by The Authors' Press of Auburn, N. Y.

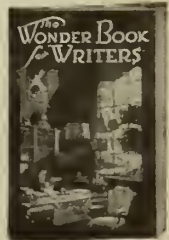
The New System of Writing recommended by Mrs. Lutes—and also endorsed by many more of America's foremost magazines, editors, publishers, and authors—is fully described in a wonderful FREE book called "The Wonder Book for Writers."

This amazing book shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't even 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 "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to WIN!

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The Shadow Stage

(Concluded from page 64)

BRUCE WILDERNESS TALES— Educational

ROBERT BRUCE has completed four scenic pictures of such remarkable beauty—not only in their conception but in their treatment—that they deserve the attention of everyone who is interested in the development of motion pictures as an art. They are called, "My Country," "Missing Men," "And Women Must Weep," and "The One Man Re-union"—and they are all excellent. The others combine little stories with their pictorial appeal—"And Women Must Weep" being the best.

ANOTHER DOG STAR— Post Nature Pictures

FOLLOWING in the paw-steps of Strongheart, the magnificent star of "The Silent Call," comes a diminutive dog that plays the lead in two short pictures, "Western Ways" and "A Winter's Tale." In fact, he goes Strongheart one better by wearing costumes, and undertaking character rôles. He is not very convincing as a heavy, but in his more frivolous moments he is thoroughly delightful. He seems to have some sense of artistry.

HEADIN' WEST—Universal

HOOT GIBSON, blond and smiling as ever, in exhibitions of riding and wrestling. A thin thread of plot, all about cattle rustling and impersonations and villains in furry panties. Send the children—they'll like it. Juvenile grown-ups mayn't be disappointed either.

IRON TO GOLD—Fox

DUSTIN FARNUM as a misunderstood bad man who falls in love with the wife of his enemy. Very heroic and noble and not at all convincing. Marguerite Marsh is the lady in the case.

FOR LOVE OR MONEY— First National

WHEN Mack Sennett makes bathing girl comedies he gives the public an eyeful. But when he attempts anything more serious the result is disappointing. Some families may like this—at any rate, it's harmless.

THE WISE KID—Universal

SOME jazz, a few clever titles, a slightly mutilated story and Gladys Walton—who plays the part of a cashier in a cheap restaurant. Not much to think about, but fairly good entertainment. It will teach the children some new slang. Some of the characters are well taken, and one glimpse of the settlement workers, looking in on the modern dances, is almost worth the price of admission. All in all it's reasonably good.

THE RAGGED HEIRESS—Fox

SHIRLEY MASON, very likable despite her cute ways and her eternal sweetness, does good work in this picture. The plot is as old as Cinderella, but there are quite a few thrilling moments and a real sympathy for the down-trodden little heroine is developed. John Harron, as leading man, is more like his brother Robert than ever. Send the children—although you can take them without wasting an evening!

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The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued from page 35)

ection, that his son had put up to him, turned to definite experimentation.

A one-room workshop was set up in the Scott Building at 35 Frankfort street in downtown New York. It was a little four-story red brick relic of Civil War days, an old building in the days when the Brooklyn Bridge towering above it was opened, ten years before the time of our present interest. The Latham laboratory, at the top of the last flight of stairs, was in a space twelve by fifteen feet. In it was an alcove and a bed where the employed mechanic slept. In dingy little Frankfort street, were pattern shops and silver platers' establishments. Half a block away was Park Row, vibrant with the thunder of newspaper presses, then as now. Only four years ago the Scott Building burned, finishing its days as a leather warehouse.

Otway Latham had chosen the location of the shop. He wanted it handy to the ferry from New Jersey. He had it in mind that he would want Dickson to find it convenient to come often. He inquired of Dickson for a competent workman. Dickson recommended Eugene Lauste, a Frenchman, who until a short time before had been employed by Edison.

THEN one Sunday in October the Lathams, including Woodville, the father, took dinner with the Dicksons at their home at 166 Cleveland Street in Orange, New Jersey.

A proposal was made to Dickson involving the plan to make a machine to put motion pictures on a screen. Dickson, according to his subsequent testimony relating to the incident, tentatively discussed the proposition and said he would ask Edison about it. Edison demurred, said Dickson, pointing out that he had a contract covering all his motion picture activities, with Raff & Gammon, the agents for the kinetoscope.

But work went ahead in the little Latham shop at 35 Frankfort street, where Lauste, under the supervision of Otway and the occasional advice of Woodville Latham, labored on models.

Then came a significant happening. Dickson, who had written in his book of projecting motion pictures as a greeting to Edison's return from Paris in 1880, now in 1894, set about trying to see if it could be done. He took parts of an Edison kinetoscope and a film picture to a laboratory at Columbia University in New York City to make these experiments.

It seems that the try-out at Columbia did not achieve projection, but it did not discourage the experimenters.

Dickson at times visited the little workshop where Lauste was materializing Woodville Latham's designs.

Experiments were made with films from the Edison kinetoscope. These Edison films were the starting point in the work of every motion picture inventor of the time. The Lathams, just as others after them, were influenced by the stereopticon or magic lantern and decided that for projection the films would have to be larger than the tiny one inch tapes of the kinetoscope. They felt that a film more nearly approaching the size of a lantern slide would be required.

So the Frankfort street shop turned to the production of a camera to make a larger picture for the screen.

In December of 1894, Woodville Latham, with a view to putting his efforts into business shape, and for the purposes of financing, decided to form a company. With a degree of modesty that has not always characterized the christening of motion pic-

ture companies since, he translated the "L" of Latham into the Greek and incorporated as the Lambda Company. Perhaps it had a classic flavor that he relished, too.

It was Latham's intent that his stock should largely go to his sons, and to them he looked considerably for the execution of business affairs pertaining to the enterprise. So it happens that Otway made a proposal to his friend Dickson over at the Edison establishment that he accept a quarter of the stock. Mr. Dickson hesitated and demurred. So the stock was turned over to the safe keeping of his friend Edmond Congar Brown, an attorney.

As Dickson afterwards explained on the witness stand he was not at that time sure just how far he might care to go with the Lathams. And yet he felt there might be something ahead for him in the screen exhibition of pictures; screen possibilities did not interest Mr. Edison, then.

Woodville Latham's health was failing. He had weakened heart action, resulting from some of his ordeals in the Civil War and his addiction to strong black coffee to aid him in his long laboratory vigils. It was growing increasingly difficult for him to spend long hours over the problems of the workshop. For days on end he kept to his bed in his room of the suite that he and his sons occupied at the Hotel Bartholdi.

Another technical problem was puzzling the Lathams considerably. It was the obvious necessity of giving an intermittent motion to the film in the camera and in the projection machine they hoped to build. Edison had an intermittent motion in his camera, but of that they seemed to know nothing. In the Edison kinetoscope, with which they were familiar, the film ran continuously and the spectator got only transient glimpses of it, so brief as to prevent blurring of the little images because of the motion. In a little picture under a magnifying lens as presented by the kinetoscope this was sufficient. But for a large picture on the screen there was not enough light in these transient flashes to impress an image on the eye. That meant that the projector must have an intermittent motion starting and stopping the film say twenty times a second.

This problem was mentioned to Dickson, and he replied by referring to the old and familiar device for interrupted motion used by the Swiss watchmakers of Geneva. Several variations of this were tried and one was adopted. By various ways most of the inventors of the motion picture were to arrive at this same solution, resulting in a great deal of patent controversy and litigation.

EARLY in February the machine took more promising form and a model was hurried through as rapidly as possible.

Woodville Latham was ill and unable to be on hand for the finishing touches and the first test.

Late on the night of February 26, Otway Latham, Dickson and Lauste gathered about the workbench to look over the assembled machine. It was time to try it out.

Otway swung an electric light by its cord and Dickson turned the crank and made the picture.

With feverish haste and anxiety they developed the film. It had a clearly defined record of the swinging light. It was a victory for their new machine. But their problem of getting the picture on the screen was yet before them. Thus far they had done only what Edison and Dickson

(Continued on page 96)



A Mysterious Something

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The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued from page 95)

had done long before them. They had recorded the motion picture on the film. But this was progress.

After an uncomfortable, restive night, Woodville Latham awakened early the next morning. It was not yet daylight. He consulted his watch and found it was five o'clock. When he turned up the gas he caught a glimpse of a note that had been pushed under the door. Curious, he stopped and picked it up. Folded within it was a bit of film with the pictures of the electric light and a notation:

To my friend, Woodville Latham:
Compliments of W. K. L. Dickson.

The note itself read:

Experiment most successful. We took a picture. Don't wake us up as we did not reach the room until 3 A. M. OTWAY.

There was a vast encouragement in this for the patiently hopeful Professor Latham.

When some days later his health permitted, Latham went down to the shop and looked over the machine. There was about this time just a hint of friction with Dickson. Otway Latham remarked to his father that Dickson had developed a penchant for talking in French to Lauste. Otway did not understand French. The father then issued instructions that orders to the workman would come from his son and that English would be more popular about the place.

Meanwhile over at West Orange, William E. Gilmore, the new Edison general manager, had been accumulating observations and information. He was not entirely pleased with what he had gathered.

It was April 2, 1895, just one year to the day after Gilmore's arrival, that a long impending explosion occurred.

There were three of them in the room, Gilmore, Edison, and Dickson.

"I was accused to the effect my relations with the Lathams were not honorable," is the way Dickson described the situation, relating the event on the witness stand many years later.

"I don't believe a dam word of it," was the way the witness quoted Edison's response.

Thereat, Dickson, filled with a brief confidence, suggested that either he or Gilmore should leave the Edison establishment. There was, it seems, an awkward silence.

Then since Edison's "decision was not sufficiently whole hearted" as Dickson described on the witness stand, he resigned on the spot.

SOME days later Dickson returned to the Edison laboratories and removed his personal effects. It was an abrupt parting that was not without its elements of regret to Edison. Dickson had been with him many years.

This was the end of relations between the two men who had labored through the tedious days and nights in "Room Five" to achieve the motion picture.

Both were to continue for a time as significant factors in motion picture development. Out of Dickson's departure and subsequent connections was to come the great war that for ten years filled the courts with bitter litigations and hampered the development of the screen.

For a short time after this parting with Edison, Dickson continued his relations, indefinite as they had been, with the Lathams.

By this time the Lathams had often projected pictures on their laboratory walls.

On the afternoon of Sunday, April 21, 1895, Woodville Latham gave an exhibition of his projection machine to reporters. He was ready to tell the world about it. The next morning the New York Sun carried a story about the showing. It was illustrated with an old fashioned chalk plate drawing, depicting something that was new to the world—Motion pictures on a screen.

It was a somewhat partisan piece of reporting. The Sun was obviously influenced strongly by the name of Edison and the fame of the kinetoscope. The Sun said:

MAGIC LANTERN KINETOSCOPE

Edison Says Latham's Device Is Old and Promises to Beat It.

An exhibition of what Edison considers a kinetoscope so arranged as to throw the pictures, enlarged, upon a screen, was given yesterday afternoon at 35 Frankfort Street by Woodville Latham. He calls his arrangement the Pantoptikon. The illustration gives a very good idea of what it looks like. The continuous film of photographic pictures with slots cut in the edges to catch the teeth of a sprocket that keeps it from slipping is reeled in front of the electric light of a sort of magic lantern, and so the pictures are thrown successively on the screen with sufficient rapidity to produce the well known kinetoscope or zoetrope effect of animated pictures.

The pictures shown yesterday portrayed the antics of some boys at play in a park. They wrestled, jumped, fought, and tumbled over one another. Near where the boys were romping a man sat reading a paper and smoking a pipe. Even the puffs of smoke could be plainly seen, as could also the man's movements when he took a handkerchief from his pocket. The whole picture on the screen yesterday was about the size of a standard window sash, but the size is a matter of expense and adjustment. Mr. Latham's camera will take forty pictures a second, and it can be set up anywhere, in the street or on the top of a house.

Mr. Latham says that he will try to obtain a patent on his apparatus, which thus enables the exhibitor to show kinetoscope effects to a large audience at one time.

A Sun reporter saw Mr. Edison last evening and described the Latham machine to him. Hearing the description, Mr. Edison said:

"That is the kinetoscope. This strip of film with the pictures which you have here, is made exactly as the film I use. The holes in it are for the spokes of the sprocket, which I devised.

"The throwing of the pictures on a screen was the very first thing I did with the kinetoscope. I didn't think much of that, because the pictures were crude, and there seemed to me to be no commercial value in that feature of the machine.

"In two or three months, however, we will have the kinetophone perfected, and then we will show you screen pictures. The figures will be life size, and the sound of the voice can be heard as the movements of the figures are seen.

"If Mr. Latham can produce life-size pictures now, as we will do with the kinetophone, that's a different matter.

"When Latham says he can set up his kinetograph anywhere and take the pictures for his machine, he means that he has simply a portable kinetograph.

"We have had one of those for six months. The reason that our pictures all had to be taken here at first was that our kinetograph was unwieldy.

"If they exhibit this machine, improve on what I have done, and call it a kinetoscope, that's all right. I will be glad of whatever improvements Mr. Latham may make.

"If they carry the machine around the country, calling it by some other name, that's a fraud, and I shall prosecute whoever does it. I've applied for patents long ago."

THE next morning in his room at the Hotel Bartholdi, Woodville Latham turned to the paper to see what had resulted from his exhibition—the first screen publically show in the world.

We can well imagine the scene with Major Latham, hot with anger as he strode the floor with the paper clenched in his hand.

(Continued on page 97)

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued from page 96)

A generation before in the Latham family this would have been provocation for a challenge and an affair of pistols and coffee.

But presently he was Professor Latham again. He sat down to his desk and with painstaking care and control, wrote such a letter as he deemed compatible with his dignity and the situation.

The first article in the Sun had won a double column space at the top of page 2. The next day on page 5, under a patent medicine advertisement, the Sun published Woodville Latham's letter:

LATHAM'S PANTOPTICON

The Inventor of It Denies That It Infringes Upon the Kinetoscope.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: You take notice in this morning's issue of a device of mine for projection on a screen photographs of moving objects, and if you had stopped at that I should now be in your debt. But along with your account of the apparatus you publish certain invidious utterances of Mr. Thomas A. Edison, which, if they went unchallenged, might reflect on me personally in the estimation of persons who do not know me or are unacquainted with the facts, and I, therefore, very respectfully request that you will give similar publicity to a word of reply from me.

I am not acquainted with the interior structure of Mr. Edison's kinetoscope, and am unable, therefore, to tell whether there are points of similarity between his apparatus and mine or not. I have, however, seen the outside of his, and I do know that mine is not half as large, though it includes an appliance for projection, which his does not. Another obvious difference is that my machine can carry thousands of feet of film as well as shorter lengths, and can be used for making long exhibitions, while as I am creditably informed, his larger machine (first made by the way, on the order of one of my sons), can carry no more than one hundred and fifty feet of film, and can afford an exhibition of only about one minute. These facts would seem to indicate a very material difference of make-up. However, I applied some weeks ago for letters patent on my apparatus, and it will not be a great while before the public will have better evidence than Mr. Edison's mere ipse dixit as to the priority of claim.

As to Mr. Edison's threat to "prosecute" anybody that exhibits my machine under any other name than the one he chooses to call it by, it is something a great deal worse than puerile. I refer not, at this time, to characterize it more pointedly. So far as his even qualified charge of "fraud" is concerned, I have only to say he would probably not have made it if he had reflected that the men to whom he is indebted for ideas touching his kinetoscope are quite as numerous, both in this country and abroad, as are those who, by any possibility, could appropriate his own.

If Mr. Edison can project pictures of moving objects on a screen, as he says he can, why does he not do it as publicly as I have done, and do it at once?

WOODVILLE LATHAM.

HOTEL BARTHOLDI,
April 22.

In this exchange of charges and challenges of twenty-seven years ago is reflected the coloration of all the embitterments that were to run down through the years of picture history.

IT was natural, in view of the events of April 2, that Edison should look upon Woodville Latham as an interloper and an infringer. Just as it is obvious today that Latham was a man of rigid principles, of old fashioned rectitude, conducting himself in this complex situation in a manner that squared with his own conscience. It is perhaps just as natural, too, that Latham should have misjudged Edison and belittled his attainment of the kinetoscope. Latham had heard some prejudiced testimony in the matter.

(Continued on page 98)

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The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued from page 97)

It was a large misfortune to the motion picture. There was to be no peace from that day until the remote end of 1908, thirteen battle wrung years away.

To give this period its proper place in the sense of time, it is of interest to note that the newspapers in this week of the motion picture's birth were spicy with the sensational disclosures of the Oscar Wilde case. Also that week Kaiser Wilhelm announced the coming opening of the Kiel Canal and the United States accepted an invitation to send warships to the ceremonial.

Meanwhile the problem of screen projection was not so nearly solved as might be surmised at this point. The pictures which the Latham machine projected were highly imperfect and unsatisfactory. They came near to complete motion picture illusion, but their fault lay in a minor but all important technical detail. The time in which each successive "frame" or step of the film was stopped and exposed to the eye did not sufficiently exceed the interval of motion, or the time in which the film was moving from one position to the next.

But the Latham enterprise was not amply financed. It was desirable to get it to earning an income as soon as possible. Hasty steps were taken to get the products of the Lambda company before the public as soon as possible.

The next move was the making of a picture. In view of the success that the Latham brothers showing of their six round

prize fight special in the kinetoscope peep show in Nassau street, it was an easy consequence that they should decide upon another fight as their first production for the screen.

A bright sunny day, just after the first of May, Otway Latham in the rôle of director staged a fight between "Young Griffo" and "Battling Barnett" on the roof of Madison Square Garden. W. K. L. Dickson, now no longer connected with the Edison enterprises, assisted at the making of this picture.

May 20, 1895, the Griffo-Barnett fight went on exhibition to the public at 153 Broadway. It ran its flickering way in about four minutes.

So the motion picture opened for the first of all first runs on Broadway. How far was that little four minute picture on the magic lantern sheet in a storeroom from today's motion picture magnificences of upper Broadway, with its multi-million dollar screen theatres!

Simultaneously with that opening on lower Broadway the Lambda company started its commercial career by offering for sale state rights on the use of their projection machine. The Lathams started to build a number of machines and to make pictures to be shown on the new born screen.

The beginning had been made. This was the founding of the motion picture industry. Potential millions of profits were waiting.

(To be continued)



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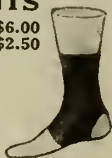
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decided to do so at the studio. To my surprise, upon arriving at the gates I was admitted without a word or blow.

Director Punch was in the yard. He told me where to find my dressing room. Imagine my indignation upon reaching it to find it full of cannibals! That was my first real disillusionment,—finding my part was to be shared with a hundred others. What chance is there for individual expression when one's part is shared with a hundred others? I thought of entering an objection but decided to wait until I was starved.

Let me say here, never raise any objections to anything during your struggle. Just save them up until you are a star and then enter them all at once.

A friendly cannibal showed me how to put on the tropic complexion and gave me a little shrub which he told me to drape to the best of my advantage. This I did.

With my heart throbbing openly, I arrived on the "set." Miss Rازهell, the little star, was at that time very democratic, although I hear she has become very upstage recently. Her kindness toward extra men was well-known. Although I was just one of the mob, she noted my personality and when it came time for the big rescue scene where she was borne on the stalwart shoulders of a Christian cannibal out of harm's way, the director came right over and picked me out.

There was to be a fight between the villain who had lured Miss Rازهell to the lonely island for the dire purpose of kissing her, and one of the noble savages, whose sister, Little-Sloe-Foot, had been overtaken and harmed by the same monster. I was to play the pal of the savage who fought the villain, and during the fight I was to bear Miss Rازهell out of harm's way.

Well, the fight was staged, the villain

punching at the noble savage and the n. s. stroking back. I was loitering in the background shooting craps with another cannibal when I heard Miss Rازهell exclaim:

"For Gawd's sake, Punch, this jazzbo fights like a sissy. Where'd you get him?"

She was referring to Lawrynce Jasmyne, the boy who was playing the noble savage.

"As the red man's hope you're a fine Mel-lin's food product," screamed Miss Rازهell. "Take him away before he tickles somebody."

I had crowded near to observe the fight and show my interest. Lawrynce Jasmyne was leaping about, making queer gestures at the villain.

"What's he doing?" I asked, eager to absorb knowledge.

Miss Rازهell glanced at me.

"Why, don't you recognize the swan dance?" she cried. "That's what you get, Punch, for engaging a Denishawn dancer for a prizefighter."

"Oh, Hell!" said Punch, stepping on the assistant director's derby. "Here you"—he was addressing me!—"Can you fight?"

Without waiting for further opportunity, I leaped upon the villain and commenced pounding him in the head.

"Here, here! you fool," cried Mr. Punch. "This is a movie fight—not a murder!"

I said, "Oh!" and released the villain's head from under my arm. He sighed and sat down heavily, but they brought him to with the aid of Miss Rازهell's smelling salts which she always carries in a flask. Then I learned how to fight fiercely without doing any harm to the opponent's make-up. All the time Miss Rازهell was cheering me on with bright smiles and such kindly appreciation as "That a bo!"

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How To Do It

(Concluded from page 98)

FROM that point on Miss Rازهhell showed a personal interest in me. Everybody referred to me as "Lotta's new one," meaning her new "discovery."

The next day Miss Rازهhell had a row with the director. Of course she triumphed, great artiste that she is. The subject of the row was, I learned, none other than me. Miss Rازهhell had seen my talents and knew I possessed the attributes of the ideal screen lover. So she insisted that my part be changed so I would win her in the end. This necessitated some trivial changes in the plot, and the director stupidly was against them.

"The public wont stand for you marrying a naked cannibal," roared Punch to Miss Rازهhell.

"I could put some clothes on," I suggested. "Oh shut-up," said Punch.

Finally they fixed the scenario so that I would be only half-cannibal, the daughter of a white missionary mother and a cannibal father who had been reformed by the missionary and culinary work of my mother. Thus over night I became a leading man and was hailed as a discovery by the public.

But my struggle was not over. The director, jealous because he hadn't discovered me, wanted to fire me. Professional jealousy is a terrible thing. Then, too, the producer couldn't see me in anything but half-cannibal parts. That is another thing—as soon as you triumph in one type of part they want you to keep on playing it. If it hadn't been for Miss Rازهhell, I might have gone on playing cannibals eternally. In her next picture I played an English lord with the same daring as in the cannibal part.

Contrary to persistent rumor, Miss Rازهhell and I have never become man and wife. We were just co-stars. Here again I must admit that professional jealousy crept in, although not on my part. Seeing that Miss Rازهhell was becoming jealous over the way the exhibitors were featuring me above her, I went to the producer and suggested he star me alone. He said the best he could do would be to put me in a serial playing the Man-Ape. I was not in sympathy with the part, as I am ambitious to play such parts as Ibsen and Shakespeare. Anyhow, the company had given me rotten stories with all the fat parts going to Miss Rازهhell, despite the fact that the exhibitors and fans were clamoring for me. And my salary, even though it was in the four figures, was ridiculous in comparison with what I was earning the producer. I have figures to show that I was earning the old usurer a half million a year clear profit on each of my pictures.

So I am about to form a company of my own, as soon as the capital has been raised.

In conclusion, let me say that there is nothing to "pull" in the movies. You have to make good on your own talent without the aid of anyone. I do know a few stars who have been made through the love interest on the part of someone, but they are waning fast and soon will be seen no more. To make a success in the movies you've got to have brains, intellect, and be a gentleman of culture. But above all you've got to be a Genius.

GEN. FRANCISCO VILLA, once the leading Mexican rebel leader, who made his peace with the De la Huerta Government and retired to a large estate at Canutillo, in Durango, given him by the Government, has complained to President Obregon that bandits robbed him of 200 head of horses. Villa asks for more adequate protection from marauding bands.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*



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RIP VAN WINKLE, Jr.

(Alias Ray McKee)

RIP VAN WINKLE fell asleep, in the depths of the Catskill Mountains, for twenty years. But Ray McKee fell asleep for three months—in the heart of Hollywood! Of the two, it's almost easier to believe Rip's story! For Rip had been drinking heavily of the cup that cheers while Ray had been working hard, making a picture.

He began to feel drowsy on the lot, where they were filming "Merely Mary-Ann." He was Shirley Mason's leading man—it was a good part, and there was no reason for him to fall asleep over it! But the drowsy feeling persisted, and finally, he stole away from the set. He was almost overcome with sleep when he reached his bungalow, and so he went straight to his bed room and threw himself, fully clothed, across his bed. And when Pat O'Malley, a close friend of his, came to call on him—some six hours later—he hadn't moved.

Of course, Pat tried to waken him. But no amount of trying did any good. Ray slept on—and on. So finally, a doctor was sent for. And then another doctor. And then a Specialist. But he never woke up. For the dreams had begun.

Strange, fantastic dreams, they were. Dreams of murders, and railroad wrecks, and Chinamen with long black hair that swept all about him in great oily tangles. Dreams more thrilling than the most lurid serial—dreams more full of crime and terror than Lon Chaney's newest picture. (It is called, "The Blind Bargain," and Ray, by the way, plays second lead in it.) Some of the dreams made him cry out in terror—some of them sent him cowering into the corner of his bed. But they didn't waken him.

The specialists, after many consultations, pronounced Ray's trouble "Sleeping Sickness," a disease almost unknown in North America. People marveled and asked questions. But Ray kept on dreaming.

His hair grew long, and he acquired a beard. And then the long hair turned white. He changed, in appearance, from a joyous boy to an emaciated old man. And then, he suddenly woke up.

His first idea was to go back to the set, and to the filming of "Merely Mary-Ann." For he thought that his sleep had only been of the normal, one-night-stand variety. "I have a call in for nine o'clock!" he protested weakly. And, because they were afraid to cross him in his weakened condition, they carried him out to his car and took him to the studio. It was only then that he understood, for they were making an entirely different picture.

"I broke down and cried," he said, "when I saw it—for I thought they'd left me out. I didn't know what had happened until I caught a glimpse of my reflection in a mirror. I don't wonder that only Rip Van Winkle's dog recognized him!

"There have been only twenty-two cases of 'Sleeping Sickness' in this country, I believe. The other twenty-one? I'd rather not talk about them. I got well, and my white hair came out, and then when other hair grew it was as dark as ever. So I don't feel that my long nap has really hurt me. Only—I'm three months younger, really, than I am."

Ray McKee was a child of the theater. He doesn't remember any part of his life, he says, that has not been identified with the drama. He made his screen debut in the days of the old Edison Company, went back on the speaking stage for a short time, and then entered the pictures again—through the medium of the War Department. With Claire Adams and Helen Ferguson he worked in several stories. And then, the war was over and he put on civilian clothes and went West to play leads in Fox films. The "Sleeping Sickness" came at the end of a two year engagement.

Rip Van Winkle didn't do much work, after his long rest. But Ray McKee feels that he has slept away all hope of a vacation. He is even now launched upon a new experience for he is, at present, sailing toward the Caribbean Sea, where he will catch, all alone and with a hand-harpoon, a monster whale. This is the big moment of a new picture, made to keep green the memory of the old whaling days. And Ray is the star of it!

Solving the Million-Dollar Mystery

(Concluded from page 76)

He points the bezer towards the exit and beats it home to his storm and strife.

In the meanwhile, said storm and strife meets the Count and they park themselves in the tower room, where Sergius puts the B on her for 90,000 francs, after peddling a lot of noise about his family honor and how hard it was to make a touch from a Jane. He even turned on the weeps for her.

Maruschka, the miad, goes balmy in the belfry and sets fire to the joint and then hoofs it to a nice peak where she takes a brodie into the briny deep to end her sorrows.

Soon the tower is a mass of flames, and Sergius forgets the lady and starts tearing around like a prairie dog looking for an out. He believed in the tradition of "Women and children first," but when the firemen arrived with the life net he jumped first to show her *how* and incidentally to make sure of himself.

Just as she leaps, her husband, the envoy, arrives on the scene and rushes her home in a taxi. He finds Sergius' note stuck in her waist and goes back to the Villa and socks

the Count in the kisser. Sergius believed that it was against the Queensbury rules to take another, so stayed where he was till the envoy had left.

That seemed the tip off to pull up the stakes and blow. So late that night, Olga and her pal packed like a couple of one-night standers and had everything set for a nice getaway, when in blew a half a dozen fly cops who were as welcome as a bad disease. They doffed the kellys, produced the bracelets, and escorted the two broads to the hoosegow.

Here is where the Count proved what a *sap* he was. He knew that the two dames were taking a run out powder, as the game was up, and his only play was the tall pines.

But, instead, the smelt-faced rummy sneaks over to the counterfeiter's shack and climbs the trellis to the half-witted daughter's room.

Here he gets a dirk stuck in his ribs and is bundled up like an Egyptian mummy and dumped into the sewer—a most appropriate resting place for the silly-looking dumb-bell and his playthings, "Foolish Wives."



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The Last Straw

(Continued from page 29)

laughed heartily, with real enjoyment. What a screamingly funny old idiot Hughie was! Anyway, he still handed her a lot of laughs.

She began to straighten the house. She did all the work herself—except for the weekly washing and cleaning—because she couldn't get a servant Hugh would put up with who would put up with him. For that matter, she had never found one whose cooking suited him. He never let her know, of course, until five minutes before meal time, but over half the time he came home to dinner. He liked her cooking.

She understood Hugh so well. And—she loved him. She didn't exactly know why, but she did.

SHE was meditating on the fact as she gathered up the dishes, when she heard a step and a moment later her mother, in a faded gingham house dress, came through the back door.

"Hello, mama," said Lucy, giving her a quick hug and kiss.

"Hello, Lucy," said her mother, regarding her under bent brows with her sharp, little old eyes. "How did he behave *this* mornin', by gosh?"

"All right. He's gone."

"Yes, I heard the car"—Mrs. O'Bannon sat down in one of the kitchen chairs—"else I'd not have come over. I've not a disposition like yours, Lucy, my angel. It's bouncin' a frying pan off his bean, I'd be. Not," as Lucy shook her head, "not, indeed, that it'd do a mite of good. That I grant you. Had I had the ill luck to marry him, I'd have been hanged long ago, a disgrace to my family and my church. However, in lots of ways, Hugh's a good man—a good man. He's a hard worker, and a money maker—though he don't consider you under the head of necessary expenses, I'm sure. And he's a success, which you like best of all, though what good it is to you, I'm not able to say.

"You would have him, Lucy. You was set on marryin' him, three years before he asked you—wantin' to marry an actor you were from the time you could cry. You was stuck on him, Lucy, my girl, and you were that pretty, though you've gone off considerable since, I must say, that he couldn't hut fall in love with you. Well, oo, I think he's faithful to you."

"Think? Oh, mama dear, you know that whatever else he is, Hugh is a good, true husband. I've no women to worry about."

"If there exists on the face of this planet a man like that, may I be forgiven for the sinful wrong I've done him in my thoughts. I never knew but one husband that I was sure was faithful to his wife—and that was Patsy Donovan's husband that was paralyzed."

"Oh, mama. Hugh has his little ways—" "Ways, indeed! He has. But, men are men, daughter. You can never say I deceived you in your bringing up. You knew as well as a woman can that hasn't had to live with one of them, what they are. I told you myself. And an actor—for a girl as had been raised respectable among hard-workin' God-fearin' folks. But girls get like that. And as I say, you might have done worse if marry you had to. He don't drink. It's too expensive now. And he don't heat you."

"Mama!" "Well, Lucy, as good women as yourself have been married to men that knocked 'em about now and again. Your father was the kind of a man that every now and then

(Continued on page 102)

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The Last Straw

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would let fly wid his fists and they'd connect up wid me somewheres. What have you to do today, Lucy? Can you go to a show with your mother this afternoon?"

"Oh, mama, I just can't. I'd love to. But he may be home to dinner, and I've got to wash his dress shirts and clean up and look over his dinner things and go over to the studio this afternoon and, let me see—"

"Not a thing to do, you lazy critter, as Hugh would say. Well, now, I'll tell you. My own little work's been done since six o'clock. I'm too old to lie a-bed mornin's now that I can. Now, Lucy, you do your housework and I'll wash them shirts. 'Tis really my washing that he likes did he but know it. Then I'll fix your dinner for you, child, and you git over to the studio. If you can get home in time, 'phone to me, and I'll take you out to a cool place for something refreshin'. I might even blow us to a taxi-cab. Have you got any money?"

Lucy mopped the sink with her dish rag and shook her head.

"Well, I have, and what's more, Lucy, I want you never to forget that though I'm not a woman who would interfere between a man and his wife—not even my own daughter would I ever advise to leave her man if I knew him to be a mean, picking devil that didn't treat her nowheres nears right—but just the same, my girl, remember your father was not a poor man when he passed to his reward, whatever that may have been. Mama has kept it safe for you, and if ever you want to come home, there'll be more clothes and a servant girl and a flivver—"

Lucy Beresford began to laugh.

"Mama, what an old fraud you are. Don't worry about me, dear. Hugh's odd, but I understand him. And I do love him, mama."

"Do you, indeed? Well, there's no accountin' for tastes, as I once told your father when he got himself mixed up with that thin, lanky Judy Dellamore. But—mightn't you get tired sometime, Lucy?"

"I don't believe so, mama dear. He's a good man at heart. He's funny, but I've loved him so long he's a habit with me and nobody else would put up with him. Sometimes I'm not as patient as I might be and I know I'm not wise enough to help him get over his foolishness as some women might. Sometimes, when I can't laugh for quite a long time, I get fed up, but a woman ought to stay with her man as long as she's able, oughtn't she, mama? You—did."

"Yep. I did. But your father only—well, I suppose to each wife is given the things she can bear with—one can bear women and another can bear liquor and another can bear poverty—and so forth. You're a fine little woman, Lucy, a fine little woman. A better woman than your mother, which is as it should be. But you're not an angel yet, and as I said to your husband, on one of the few times I addressed myself to him, I said, 'Hugh, my lad, there's always that last straw as breaks the camel's back. Be careful and remember what better men than you have forgot, that had good, patient wives—there's always a last straw with a woman the same as with a camel!' And now what'll I get for his dinner?"

II

MRS. HUGH BERESFORD, very trim and neat in her blue, home-made dotted Swiss, started briskly on the eight-block walk to the studio.

Her house was in order, mama was preparing her delicious chicken salad and a cold boiled tongue and a strawberry short-cake for Hugh's dinner. She had made out the checks, and the shirts were washed and it was not yet noon. The Hollywood streets were cool and had for her that same fascination that had so ensnared her imagination on the day Hugh had brought her to their first little home.

As she stepped gaily along, her easy laughter and love of fun welled in her eyes and came from her lips in a little tune-ful whistle.

She stopped short to admire a gorgeous wistaria in full bloom before she realized that the gray pergola it covered was attached to the charming mansion of Miss Maude Sutton. She didn't know Miss Sutton very well, though this was the third picture in which Hugh had appeared with her. (Hugh liked to refer to himself as a juvenile or a juvenile lead. He never reminded her that they had been married eight years except in private.)

AS a matter of fact, Hugh was thirty-four, though he really didn't look more than the twenty-eight which he claimed. Mrs. Beresford gave a quick sigh. She was five years younger than Hugh, yet she knew most people thought her older. Well, women grew old faster than men and she didn't have the time nor the money to keep herself up as Hugh did.

Hugh needed so much, a man in his position always had to make a showing. And though Hugh was such a good actor he wasn't a very good business man. She knew she was rather stupid and hadn't had Hugh's advantages—he often reminded her of it—but sometimes she could see business advantages that he couldn't. He didn't always get his salary and sometimes he lost his temper with directors or producers and lost a good engagement. He wasn't a man everybody liked to have around the lot.

As she gazed at the gray house beyond the wistaria, thinking on these things, she suddenly remembered Hugh's stick. He'd want it. She didn't know Miss Sutton well, but she was probably at the studio anyway and the servants could give her the stick.

But Miss Sutton wasn't at the studio and the butler asked Mrs. Beresford to come in. Lucy smoothed her skirts and pulled out the little brown curls over her ears. She hadn't meant to call.

Maud Sutton was a beautiful woman. Otherwise, of course, she would not have been a star. She was almost forty, but she still held her following.

Little Mrs. Beresford felt embarrassed at first and then somehow she felt quite at ease. After all, Miss Sutton was only a woman and there was dust all over the top of the grand piano and the rooms hadn't been aired. They were very gorgeous, but there wasn't much light and sunshine. The iced tea the butler brought in wasn't made properly and there wasn't enough ice in it.

Poor Hugh. How that must have annoyed him. And poor Miss Sutton. With all her fame and money not to know how to run her home and not to have anybody to look after her nicely.

The butler brought the stick and Lucy took it—she couldn't keep her hands nice, and she was conscious of their rough redness when she looked at Maud Sutton's lovely, white soft hands.

Afterwards, Lucy could not remember just when she became conscious that Miss Sutton was patronizing her. Nor when some-

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The Last Straw

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thing within her registered quiet suspicion. Phrases only stood out.

"Your husband's marvelous intellect. Dear Hugh's immense appreciation of the new poets. Hughie's great love for good music. Did Mrs. Beresford play? No? What a pity. Wasn't she fortunate to be married to such a high, artistic soul as Hughie? Wives often didn't appreciate their husbands but she knew Mrs. Beresford did. Sometimes, unfortunately men like Hugh were bound to narrow, jealous wives who limited their viewpoint and experience. Did Mrs. Beresford mind if she, an old friend, congratulated her on her sensible outlook?"

Mrs. Beresford said goodbye rather hastily. She might not be a clever woman but she was an intuitive one. She could, for instance, recognize a cat when she saw one. What did the woman mean, with such talk? There was an expression on Lucy's face very like her mother as she concentrated.

The chauffeur's face that morning when he mentioned Maud Sutton. The butler's startled expression when she gave him her name. The atmosphere of that house—unwholesome, unaired, messy. This untidy, scented, beautiful woman with her tangle of golden hair.

She nodded to the gateman and ran up the white, wooden steps to her husband's dressing room. In one hand she carried her little bag of cleaning things and, in the other, Hugh's stick.

He was eating luncheon which James brought him every day from a nearby tea-room. His make-up was bright pink—he held that a pink make-up made him look younger—but even with it on, he was a fine, handsome chap.

"Hello, darling," he said, "you're early. You mustn't start cleaning until I'm gone. You know how it upsets me to have cleaning going on around me. Never mind. I have to be back on the set at one."

MRS. BERESFORD did not sit down. She looked her husband squarely in the eye—she even pointed at him with his own stick.

"Hugh, what's this between you and Maud Sutton?"

Now Hugh Beresford was a man who rarely troubled himself to lie, even to save those he loved. What he did, he did by divine right. The king could do no wrong. His face, therefore, openly showed annoyance.

"Lucy, what's this, what's this? Don't you know you mustn't come in here when I'm trying to relax and strengthen myself for the afternoon and upset me by firing questions at me? Really, darling, you should have a little more consideration."

Inwardly, Lucy could not control a spasm of laughter. How consistent the brute was!

"Never mind your digestion for a minute, Hugh. What is it? I've just been here," she waved the stick by way of explanation, "and I don't like it. Have you been having an—affair with Maud Sutton?"

Hugh looked embarrassed. "Now, Lucy, my love, can't you see you mustn't ask me things like that, dear? You know what a gentleman's code is. One can't speak of those things even to one's wife. However, in this case, there's nothing to conceal. I'm a good bit fed up with Maud Sutton. She has such a bad cook. Plays the piano well, though. But you know how these movie stars are. She has some really wonderful first editions—poems. And she insists upon reading them outloud herself. And of

(Continued on page 104)



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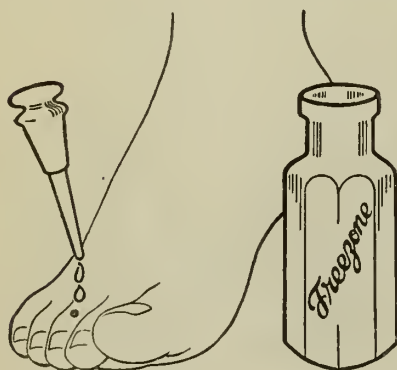
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The Last Straw

(Continued from page 103)

course, she *doesn't* read well. I can say that to you, Lucy. While I, you know, darling, how well I read. So I daresay I sha'n't go there any more."

Lucy went slowly very white. She was a normal little person and she had been "raised respectable." Her sense of right and wrong was unconfused and very definite.

"Hugh Beresford, you answer me this minute. Did you—have you—or haven't you done anything that I—"

"You mean anything technically wrong? No, Lucy. Maud Sutton didn't appeal to me in that way. I enjoyed her mind, her artistic understanding of a certain side of my nature. That was all. But, my dear, what a way to talk. You're not a baby. You surely realize that now that we have been married for years and years, I must have women friends, feminine interests, new experiences. You women mustn't be selfish about those things. A man's brain must be fed. You can't expect to keep a man, say, like myself, all for yourself. No."

He came over and sat down in the big chair, pulling her down on his lap.

"You're just a little home midge. Don't be silly, sweetheart. You know I love you better than anything else in the world. I don't say that if Maud Sutton had appealed to me—or that if the future should bring me some woman who could actually win a higher love—but I doubt it. Didn't I marry you, Lucy, when it couldn't mean a thing in the world to me, either socially or financially? Lots of young actors would have been looking about for a rich society girl. Haven't I always been a good, devoted husband to you, and put up with your funny ways and your carelessness and your—your mother? Now run along, dear. That is—I'll run. But I shouldn't be surprised if I could manage you a little car for yourself soon. I've just signed a new five year contract here that—"

"O-oh, Hughie. I'm so glad. Then you did take my advice—"

"Your advice? Well, darling, I daresay I did if that's what you advised, though I'd forgotten it. I'm old enough to think for myself, you know. Anyway, love, don't you worry your little head that you'll lose me. You shall continue to be Mrs. Hugh Beresford. Only don't let your mother put any provincial notions in your head. This is Hollywood in the twentieth century remember. And I'll be home early to dinner."

He slipped out of his dressing gown and she helped him into his coat.

AS she scoured and straightened the dressing room, mixed new powder to match the old, cleaned brushes with gasoline and put fresh paper in the drawers, Lucy Beresford was thinking hard. The more she thought, the more hurt she became. It was only a *technical*—the word was Hugh's—faithfulness he was giving her. He was going to have other women friends. He had at the least been spending heaven knew how much time with that odious Maud Sutton while she herself hadn't been to a theater or a cafe with him in weeks.

She was a sensible little thing, but she had to stop polishing the triple mirror and put her head down and cry bitterly.

How nonchalant he had been about it. Didn't worry a bit. But to her it meant a great deal. She wasn't twentieth century Hollywood. There could be only one end to such talk. Marriage was marriage or else it wasn't, to her. Up to now, as she had told her mother, the woman question had not concerned her.

Well, she still loved him. She wiped her eyes. She had enshrined him years before

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she married him—even before she met him. Now, he was a habit.

If her mother knew this—but her mother shouldn't know. She would just have to forgive Hugh this, take comfort that it was not worse, and try to win him more and more to his home.

She had rather an awful moment when she wondered if she was doing the right thing—if her indulgence and petting and forgiveness weren't aiding and abetting Hugh in his selfish egotism. Perhaps a stronger woman would take her stand and force him—but she was not a strong woman. She couldn't do that. Only going on doing the best—

It was nice anyway that she knew so far ahead that Hugh was coming home to dinner. It had been sweet of him to tell her. Mama had everything ready and she could spend her time making the house lovely and herself pretty. She counted the remainder of her household allowance. Yes, she'd stop for some of that cheese he loved so.

He *had* been sweet. He'd said he loved her better than anything else in the world. Perhaps he felt a little ashamed. They'd have a lovely evening together and forgive.

She had fixed her hair, put on her new tan dinner frock, and completed her dinner preparations when she heard the car stop. Hugh came briskly up the walk. As he stood in the doorway, she thought how good looking he was.

"Hello, sweetheart," he called. And Lucy, trying to prepare everything so that it would be just right if he wanted to eat now and so that it wouldn't spoil if he wanted to wait half an hour, called back, "Hello, dear, I'm in the kitchen."

He came into the spotless white kitchen and pulled her ear, as she turned the batter-dipped cucumbers in brown butter.

"Never mind that for me, sweet," he said. "I don't think I'll dine at home, after all. Tom McInnes has asked me to go down to the yacht club. He's going to call for me. You know how the water rests me after a hard day."

The last sentences floated down the stairs.

Lucy Beresford, her throat throbbing with sobs, her eyes blinded with hot, angry tears, went on mechanically frying cucumbers. She was never able to eat them afterwards. Well, she knew how flattered Hugh always was to be asked down to the yacht club. He liked to get in with that gang of big important men. She ought to be glad Tom McInnes, Hugh's director, liked him well enough to want him to go. Not all men liked Hugh. It was a wise move.

It was all right. She'd had rather a trying day, that was all. She'd call her mother to come over and eat the dinner and they'd have a visit and go to a show.

SUDDENLY upstairs she heard a terrific bang—bang—followed by the sound of shivering, exploding glass.

She ran to the stairs and called up, "Oh, Hughie—oh, what is it?"

"Damn it," he yelled down. "I threw that burned out light globe over my shaving mirror on the floor, that's what it is. I've told you already it was burned out and now, by God, maybe I'll get a new one."

The echo of his feet going into his room. Flung open doors. The drop of shoes—vicious. The creak of drawers hauled open.

Then—
"Lucy! Luc-ee-eee! What are you doing? Why don't you help me? Where are my best white pants? The other ones, with the tan stripe in them. I can't find the cursed things anywhere. What in the world do you do with things? I can't imagine."

On the last words, Lucy walked quietly

into the room. From the nearest hanger in the closet, not two feet from Hugh's face, she took the best white pants.

Then she went deliberately to the open window and threw them out, as far as she could throw them.

They lit grotesquely, on a cactus plant in the middle of the front lawn.

"There they are," she said. "Now go get 'em, if you want 'em. I'm going home to my mother." And walked out.

III

"**I**N the name of hiven, what's this?" Mrs. O'Bannon stopped before the front window of her small, plush drawing room and looked out intently.

A very handsome, dark blue coupe, driven by a chauffeur in livery, had just drawn up.

The door opened instantly and Hugh Beresford, resplendent in a Palm Beach effect, and bearing in one hand a bouquet of American Beauties jumped out.

"Hello, mother," he said, as he took the steps two at a time.

Mrs. O'Bannon regarded him silently, aggressively from the doorway.

At last she said, "Did you want something?"

Hugh crimsoned slowly. "I—I wanted to see Lucy," he said.

"U—um," said his mother-in-law. "Well, the child's having her breakfast in bed. I doubt if she wants to see you."

Hugh's eyes sought the brightly shining coupe. "I—I wanted to show her the new car I bought her," he said in a voice that was quite new.

"That's nice," said Lucy's mother, "but it may be 'twill take more than a new car to mend a camel's back when you've broke it."

There was a little patter on the stairs, and Lucy stood on the landing, flushed but quiet.

"I thought I heard your voice, Hughie," she said. "Why don't you ask Hugh to come in, mother?"

"He can come in if he wants to," said Mrs. O'Bannon. "I'm not stopping him."

Lucy, her little head very high, led the way into the parlor.

"I brought you these roses," said her husband.

"They're lovely," Lucy admitted, taking them into her lap. "Thank you."

"And—if you'll just peek through that window, Lucy, you'll see the little new car I bought you—and I've got a maid for you at the house. I think she's a very good one."

"It's a beautiful car," said Mrs. Beresford, "but—I don't think I want it. Cars—and servants—well, that isn't it, Hughie. I—I just can't come back."

There was a tense little silence. Lucy's finger slowly plucked the rose leaves in her lap, turning the petals back and forth.

Then suddenly the man knelt down beside her chair. "But Lucy—I can't live without you. I—I'm sorry. I love you. I know I was a pig—a fat headed pig. Tom McInnes made me see things a little last night from—from your point of view. I'm sorry."

Lucy's lips were pale, but she shook her head. "I'm glad you're sorry, Hugh—but I—don't think I could—start in all over again. It's too much. No—I just can't."

"But Lucy—I need you. I need you."

The shaft of sunshine that sifted through the drawn curtains fell just then on Lucy's face. But it was a pale, cold thing compared to the gorgeous light that came into her eyes.

"Well," she said softly, "if you really know you need me, Hughie—I guess I'll come home."



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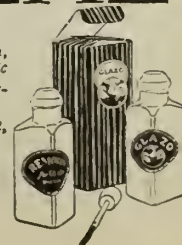
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Alas, Poor Hamlet

(Continued from page 37)

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Foreword

In the mighty breasts of time beat the hearts of eternity, sending their thrilling throbs through the arteries of space, to warm, with their life-giving corpuscles, the vast anatomy of the universe. And so, good friends, bear with us while we feel, ever so tenderly, the rhythmical pulse beats of these great organs of love.

(Close-up of hand turning leaves of a huge volume, on each page of which are the initials D. G.)

The Story

SUB-TITLE: "In the little old town of Elsinore dwelt a Girl and a Boy, loving, as you and I have loved, yearning, as you and I have yearned, weeping, as you and I have wept." (Close-up of Hamlet and Ophelia kissing each other on the brow, followed by close-ups of two doves, two ducklings, two rabbits, two turtles, and two gold-fish in similarly amorous proximity.)

Hamlet is a wealthy youth, but he is sadly maltreated by his cruel step-father, who won't let him marry Ophelia because the gal has had a scarlet past. Ophelia realizes this, and the thought preys on her mind. (Misty close-up of Ophelia's mind in the act of being preyed upon.)

Hamlet goes out into the orchard and, leaning against an apple tree in full bloom, gazes at the distant hills and broods on the inexorableness of fate. (Close-up of the doves, ducklings, bunnies, turtles, and goldfish also brooding. Close-ups of the broods.)

He realizes that intolerance is as age-old as time itself.

(Flash-back to a scene in ancient Rome when Clementius the Licentious was Emperor. Hamlet appears as his step-son, and Ophelia as a Christian martyr. A gladiatorial exhibition is being conducted in the vast Coliseum [reproduced in its every detail from plans submitted to Mr. Griffith by the American Archaeological Institute and the Societe Royale Geographique Italiano]. The Christian martyrs, including Ophelia, are to be immersed in oil and lit up, like so many Pain's Fireworks, to provide illumination for a Roman holiday. Hamlet pleads for mercy, but the Emperor commands that the festivities proceed, at a cost to Mr. Griffith of \$641,000.)

This vision brings Hamlet to his senses, and he dashes home to tell his step-father where to get off. Imagine his horror upon learning that Ophelia has gone mad. (Close-up of Ophelia going mad, followed by similar close-ups of the doves, the ducklings, the bunnies, the turtles, and the goldfish.) Furthermore, she has run away up into the mountains looking for an avalanche.

An ominous roar from behind the scenes indicates that she has found one. Hamlet sprints to the rescue, finding her lying prostrate in the path of an onrushing maelstrom of crushed rock. The hot breath of the avalanche is upon her. But it is an accommodating landslide, and it marks time for two whole reels until Hamlet comes up and pulls her from its very jaws to a place of safety.

Then the pair receive the step-parental blessing, and together with the doves, the ducklings, the bunnies, the turtles, and the goldfish, they live happy ever after.

And so, through limitless infinity, goes the eternal message of perfect love—deathless, immortal, without end.—D. G.

PROLONGED FADE-OUT.

(Concluded on page 107)

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Alas, Poor Hamlet

(Concluded from page 106)

VON STROHEIM

Carl Laemmle takes pleasure (?) in announcing that he has expended \$1,973,-468,592.18 (latest figures available before adding machine broke) on the colossal spectacle

“FOOLISH LIVES”

WITH

ERICH VON STROHEIM

in the title rôle

Sub-titles by

MISS AMY LOWELL

* * *

Foreword by Mr. Laemmle

“Aside from the fact that this film was based on a play by the late Wilhelm Von Schakschpier and adapted by Erich Von Stroheim, who also directed, photographed and developed the picture, and played the leading parts—‘FOOLISH LIVES’ is a real, 100 per cent American production, and anyone who says it isn’t is a *roscher*.”

* * *

The Plot (if any)

THE Herr Kapitan Hugo Von Hemlet, a well-known homewrecker from Potsdam, arrives in Monte Carlo to collect a few assorted blonde, brunette, and henna scalps for the collection in his trophy room. (Long shot of the entire principality of Monaco, showing every detail of the place including the Prince.)

Sub-title: “MONTE CARLO GAY LOOSE SEDUCTUOUS GRAVEYARD OF BANK-ROLLS.”

(Close-up of Hemlet licking his lips.)

Our hero starts his first day right by ruining sixteen parlor maids, assaulting nine cooks and outraging two coachmen’s wives. He is about to accord similar privileges to a Grand Duchess, when the censors interfere. So he decides to go after Ophelia, the wife of a wealthy American Ambassador. Hemlet visits her at her hotel, and finds that her husband is away visiting the Prince. (Close-up of the American Ambassador eating with his knife, and offering his royal host a quill tooth-pick.)

The American girl looks good to Hemlet. (Close-up of Hemlet licking his lips;—the same one will do.)

Sub-title: “PASSION SOFT INSIDUAL SEXITIVE THE RADIATOR OF THE SOUL.”

So Hemlet decides to possess Ophelia. The trouble is, however, that he doesn’t make up his mind quickly enough. It takes him eleven reels to do it, and by that time the American Ambassador has finished his banquet and has come home. When he discovers the perfidy of Hemlet, he adds a few more scars to the already extensive assortment on our hero’s Heidelberg brow, and then heaves him into the sewer.

At this point, Ophelia becomes a mother—the baby being her contribution to the evening’s entertainment.

This brings us to the end of the 32nd Reel, and the conclusion of Episode I. Episode 2 will follow later.

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FADE-OUT.



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“EMPTY ARMS” CONTEST EDITOR

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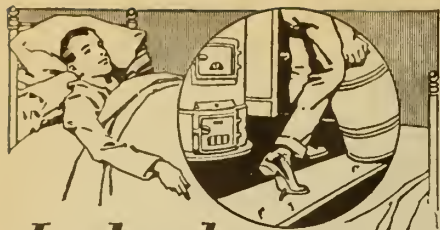
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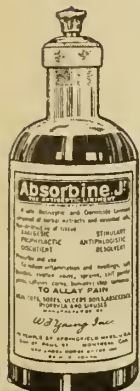
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An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

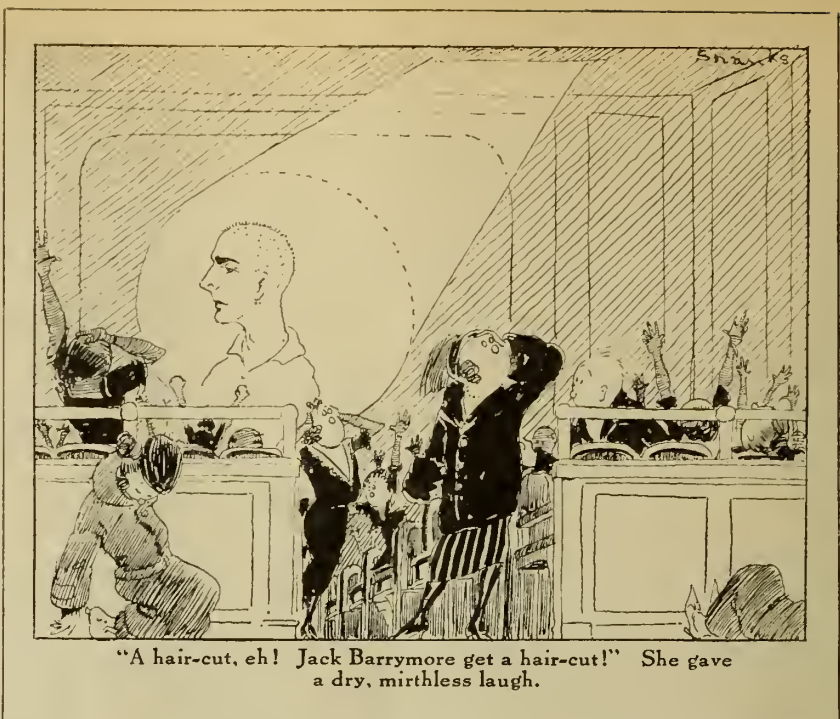
If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

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.



"A hair-cut, eh! Jack Barrymore get a hair-cut!" She gave a dry, mirthless laugh.

FANS I HAVE KNOWN

By ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

II.—The Neglected Lover

AS I sat down in a more or less deserted section of the balcony, I received a mean look from a youth who, together with his girl, occupied the seats directly in front of me. The two of them were so close together that they could easily have occupied *one* seat if the usher hadn't been watching them.

The theater was dark and fairly empty, and the lovelorn swain was evidently attempting to make the most of those fleeting moments that he was spending with his lady friend; and she was not unresponsive. In fact, they were having a pleasant spoon. He therefore resented my intrusion.

But he was soon to forget about me, for just after I arrived the feature picture started, and the lover was confronted with competition from an opposite source. It was John Barrymore in "The Lotus Eater."

As the star's name was flashed on the screen, the girl cried out gleefully and slangily. "Yea, Bo!" and I knew then and there that the hapless young man was in for a bad evening.

"Why the 'Yea Bo' stuff?" he asked.

"Don't you see who's in the pitcher?"

The youth evidently had not.

"Why, it's *Jack Barrymore!*" her emphasis was extreme. "*Jack Barrymore!*"

"Whonell's *Jack Barrymore?*" inquired the irreverent youth. "I never heard of him in pitchers."

"Say"—her voice flamed with scorn—"I spose you never heard of Warren Harding or General Poishing or Babe Ruth or—"

"Lissen, kid. I didn't mean it. Don't you see, I was *kidding?*"

He tried to laugh it off, but wasn't very convincing.

"Well, save your kidding for someone else," she conceded.

He took her hand and leaned closer, whispering something in her ear which I deliberately tried not to hear.

Suddenly she emitted a joyful squeal, and almost jumped from her chair.

"Oooo lookit!" she cried. "There he is. That's him!"

"That's whom?"

"That's *him*. Jack Barrymore, you hick. Ooo, *lookit* him. Lookit those eyes, that profile, that throat!"

"He looks to me like a ham," was the youth's caustic observation.

He might as well have cast aspersions on the American flag.

"Say, listen to me, Ed Necker," said the girl, in a voice that carried far and carried authority, "you shut up this minute, or I'll never speak to you again. *Never*—as long as I live!"

Ed was only slightly chastened.

"Well, why don't he get a hair-cut?" he asked.

The girl, for a moment, was stunned by the enormity of this insult.

"A *hair-cut*, eh! A *HAIR-cut!* Jack Barrymore get a *HAIR-CUT!*" She gave vent to a dry, mirthless, and highly insulting laugh, snorted, and then relapsed into a frigid silence that lasted throughout the rest of the picture.

Ed attempted to reason with her, and said "Lissen, honey," several times, but she paid no attention to his pleas. Her only response was a series of tremulously ecstatic sighs, delivered in the direction of the screen whenever the divine John succeeded in silhouetting his profile against the setting sun.

Finally, when the picture came to an end, and the pair left the theater, I could see at least three feet of daylight between them.

* * * *

Ed Necker has a new girl now, and he occasionally brings her to our local movie palace, but only to see films of which Ben Turpin, Will Rogers, Bull Montana, or "Snookey" are the stars. Ed doesn't relish competition.

She Delivered the Goods

(Concluded from page 21)

looked like having the industrial and metalliferous portion of Poland taken away from its Empire; Korfanty, the Polish insurgent, was raising Cain in a series of raids. Negri replied to the newspaper attacks by stating that she had also contributed to German war funds and war charities. It was a reply, even if not an explanation.

It has already been said that Negri is highly emotional. Not only is this so in her work but she is intense in her private life. She never spares herself; and that she is so restless probably accounts for the fact that although two or three years younger than Mary Pickford she screens so much older. In person she is much prettier in life than on the screen. Her face is not at all reminiscent of Theda Bara or Norma Talmadge, as had been suggested.

Like most of the Berlin actresses she has a tendency to overdress, obtaining her clothes from Vienna. She revels in luxury, but although she is now possessed of what is an enormous income in Germany, she has not altered her character to any great degree from the days when she was an extra. She is no adherent to artificial dignity, and is just as democratic in her associations and friendships today as in the days of her climbing.

Is her future assured, or is she just a meteor? Up to now her limitations have not been exactly defined; but if the American public should ever insist on her playing parts of the Pollyanna school, it may prove that she is emotionally and temperamentally unsuited for them, and that her place on the screen is that of a tragedienne and not of a comedienne pure and simple.

Night Life in Paris

(Concluded from page 25)

I was an American in Paris, all right, all right.

"I went to the museums, too. If some of those janes they painted pictures of in those days were alive now, they'd take our jobs away from us. But, say, they didn't have any censorship on statues, did they? After I looked at some of those works of art, I blushed when I passed the guard going out.

"But the churches—those are what I call churches. Every time I saw a cathedral, I resolved to lead a better life. And I'm pretty near too good to be true, now.

"I got in a regular kink over Berlin, though. That's a great town. The chambermaids in the hotel stole all our nightgowns. And it's just as cold in Germany in the winter as it is anywhere else. As the French would say, for a couple of nights, Lottie and I were 'poulet au naturel.' I hope that means what I think it does.

"I wanted to go to England. But I gave out an interview on the Irish question and I didn't dare. By the time I go back, so many people will have said things about the Irish question, I can put on a pair of false whiskers and slip in.

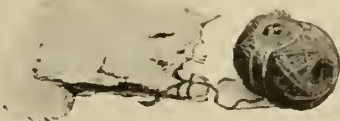
"Now I'm going to lead a quiet life and make a couple of pictures."

Our hostess rose. And of course I never got near Teddy again all evening. There were eight men in the room.

Of course you suspect by this time that Miss Sampson is a motion picture star. I'll say she is. If you haven't seen her recently speak to your exhibitor.

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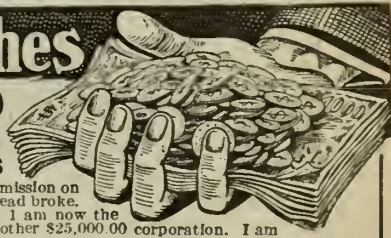
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Ten Years from Now—Edison

(Concluded from page 49)

perform some simple chemical experiments. We went through them very carefully, before the camera. Then we brought the pictures in here and showed them to an audience of children. They understood the experiments perfectly—although I think some of my office men didn't." Edison enjoys a bit of sarcasm.

"Then we went down to Long Branch and made a picture showing and explaining the undertow.

"Then," continued Edison, "we showed the pictures to a group of teachers. They saw the point. They liked the pictures and wanted them."

Edison smiled broadly but with a wry face under it, by way of illustrating the temporary, fleeting character of his satisfaction at this point.

"And then we got the Board of Education over from New York.

"They were enthusiastic and said the pictures should be introduced in the public schools at once.

"They returned to New York.

"I have never heard from them since.

"There evidently was some influence that caused them to drop it.

"That was about ten years ago—and it will take ten years more.

"But the pictures are the thing. You can make an educational picture just one hundred per cent effective.

"You can make the picture and try it—keep trying it on the dog—until it works a hundred per cent. You can show it to the same audience time and again and locate exactly the places that they do not all understand, and then make those over until they all do get it."

MR. EDISON was warming to his subject by now. He has opinions about the educational institutions of the day that are perhaps rather well understood.

"Are you a newspaperman?" He shot the question with evident purpose.

"No—not now—but still a reporter."

"Not the university kind, are you?"

"No—engineering student gone wrong."

"I see," Edison nodded. "Journalism in the Hard Knocks School. I've had some

dealings with the professors and the physicists myself," he continued. A reflective light came into his eyes.

I wondered if he was thinking of the days when the physicists were firm in agreement that a dynamo could not possibly have a greater efficiency than fifty per cent. They contended that it was an axiomatic certainty that the internal resistance of the generator had to equal that of the external circuit where work was being done. They proved it neatly on paper and wrote their proof into a flock of equations in abstruse calculus. Then Edison went into his workshop and started the work that has brought the dynamo up to an efficiency of about 98 per cent.

Edison brought me back to the present with another shot.

"Have you heard about my questionnaires?" He laughed as he put the question. He has enjoyed the storm that his new employment test has raised. He knew his question was about like asking, "Have you heard of the late war in Europe?"

"The school people," remarked Edison, "the professors, have put up a defense that they do not try to teach a lot of 'isolated facts,' but that they teach their students where they can find them.

"Well, the other day Mr. Hopkins, over on the Scientific American, went up to Columbia with a questionnaire and they presented it to a batch of students. He said, 'Here are the questions and here is a University full of reference books—go to it.'"

Edison treated himself to another laugh.

"The result was just the same—they couldn't find the answers in the books. They didn't know where to look."

That was the end of that for Mr. Edison. He dismissed the subject with a gesture of finality, leaning back in his chair with one of his frequent interludes of relaxation.

"I have just run on to a great book, just published—Mme. Bleucher's story—she was on the inside of things over there in Germany in her day and she was a smart woman—it's great stuff. I was awake until four this morning reading it."

Edison is still getting his education.

Petrova's Page

(Concluded from page 50)

On this side of the ring are the "common" people. But it is they, like the gallery of olden times, that are loudest in their approbation or in their disapproval. It is really they that are the makers or breakers of the matador's popularity. Many of them have removed their hats and have covered their heads with brilliant handkerchiefs. They patronize the lemonade merchants with princely magnificence.

As my eye travels around the ring, my attention is attracted by the president's box. There is a huge shawl embroidered with vivid crimson and blue flowers pendant before it. The royal princess sits beside the president. She wears a black mantilla.

As I try to distinguish her features with the aid of an opera glass, a great shout goes up. I turn. A gate to my left and almost directly opposite opens. The music blares forth. There is a tremendous rustle of excitement and craning of necks to get the first peep as the procession begins its march into the arena.

First come the matadors (the actual killers of the bulls) on foot. Then the banderillos

(they that stick the banderillas into the necks of the bulls). Then the picadors on mere apologies for horseflesh. These horses have a red handkerchief tied over one eye, sometimes over both eyes. Behind them come the mule team, consisting of eight splendidly caparisoned beasts, dragging the little carriage which is later destined to carry off the slaughtered bulls.

The procession makes a grand tour of the ring, saluting under the president's box as it passes. As it draws near the gate again it disappears, leaving behind only the steel armored picadors that are to engage with the first bull.

They take up their stations. Another blast of brass and wind; another shudder of animal magnetism passes through the crowd; a sense of the primeval lust of killing still at the subconscious bottom of most humans is borne in upon one's consciousness. I hold my breath. The excitement is tense. My eyes are glued to the little white door. It opens and the bull rushes into the ring.

Heavens! again over space. Until next month, Jeannette chérie.

Bought and Paid For

(Concluded from page 53)

ing, as it always was! Jimmy putting his cheap cigar away until he had finished, and lamenting Stafford's Havanas. Fanny, looking tired and worn, with all her old prettiness fading out.

Yet Virginia was grateful. For once they weren't hinting, working upon her feelings. They usually did at dinner; the contrast seemed to be sharpened then. Perhaps they were beginning to understand, to be a little

Bought and Paid For

NARRATED, by permission, from the Paramount Photoplay, adapted by Clara Beranger from the play by George Broadhurst. Copyright, 1922, by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. Directed by William C. deMille with the following cast:

- Virginia Blaine.....Agnes Ayres
- Robert Stafford.....Jack Holt
- Fanny Blaine.....Leigh Wyant
- Jimmy Gilley.....Walter Hiers

considerate of her. And then the door bell rang, and Jimmy jumped up.

He came back a moment later. "Some one to see you," he said to Virginia. "Me?" She went into the next room, listlessly, without suspicion. And the next moment she was in Stafford's arms.

"Robert!" she cried. "Oh, you did come—you did!"

He couldn't speak and for a time there were just murmurs between them, little inarticulate sounds of love and joy. Until:

"Oh, my dear—I'm so glad you came for me—at last—at last—"

"Dearest—surely you knew I'd come the moment you sent for me?"

"Sent for you?"

Virginia started away from him. They stood staring at one another, with understanding dawning in their eyes.

"You didn't send?" he said. "Then Jimmy—"

Her head was bowed; she was shaken by great sobs that racked and tore her.

"Then—" she said. "Then—it is all a mistake—"

"No!" he cried. "Virginia! You said—that day—you said that when I was ready to make you that promise—you'd come back. My dear—oh, my dear—I'm ready now! I wasn't big enough to come to you—but I've not touched a drink since you left me—I never will again! Nothing counts but you—"

He held out his arms. And with a little cry she went to him, swaying a little, so that he had to catch her.

GLORIA SWANSON has been in the very depths of despair.

She has had four wisdom teeth pulled in one week.

Well, we are glad to know she got her wisdom teeth, even if the nasty old dentist insisted on pulling them.

When she came back from San Francisco, Gloria brought a tiny Chinese suit for her daughter. You should have seen that lovely young person, Gloria second, strutting about in the infinitesimal panties and wee coat. She can walk all over the house now, by the way, and she has all her first teeth. Which is much more important in Gloria's life than losing a few wisdom ones.



How's Your Eyesight? Can You Find Very Many Objects In Picture Beginning With "T"?

Try This Puzzle

You May Win \$1,000! Free Gift For Everyone!

ARE you good at solving puzzles? Let's see how many objects you can find in the picture above starting with "T" like Trunk, Tub, Telescope, Etc., who knows you may win a \$1,000 or a new Buick Touring Car. There will be two \$1,000 prizes, besides many others.

\$3,000.00
IN 50 FREE PRIZES

| GIFTS | Class "A" | Class "B" | Class "C" |
|--------------|------------|-----------|-----------|
| 1st | \$1,000.00 | \$300.00 | \$50.00 |
| 2nd | 1,000.00 | 300.00 | 25.00 |
| 3rd | 500.00 | 100.00 | 10.00 |
| 4th | 200.00 | 75.00 | 7.00 |
| 5th | 100.00 | 30.00 | 5.00 |
| 6th to 10th | 25.00 | 15.00 | 4.00 |
| 11th to 15th | 10.00 | 7.50 | 3.00 |
| 16th to 25th | 7.50 | 5.00 | 2.00 |
| 26th to 50th | 5.00 | 3.00 | 1.00 |

Class "A" Prize if you buy two Pencils \$5
Class "B" Prize if you buy one Pencil \$3
Class "C" Prize if you buy no Pencil

Prizes on Deposit at
REPUBLIC STATE BANK
Minneapolis

No Costs—No Obligations
No, there is no cost, you need not buy a thing to win. All we want is to get you acquainted with our new Henber Silver and Gold Pencil while you are trying for a free cash prize. Extra special prizes are offered if you care to assist in our advertising plan by ordering one or two of our pencils. This is optional, you can win without ordering a Henber pencil.

Plan In A Nutshell
If your solution is awarded first prize and you have ordered two of our \$3.50 Sterling Silver Pencils (special price two Buck; if you had ordered one \$3.50 Pencil special price \$3) you would win under Class B, \$300; if you had ordered no Pencils you would win under Class C, \$50. There are fifty prizes in all.

Everyone To Receive Free Gift!

Everyone who sends in a solution will receive a free gift—a Cuban Linen yard tape measure a useful article for every household. This gift will be mailed to you absolutely free.

Others Have Won \$1,000

In our last puzzle advertising campaign, Mrs. Hiram Elliott, Lakewood, N. Y., won \$1,000. Walter Rice, Tenstrike, Minn., and Mrs. Ella Phillips, Clifton, Colo., also won \$1,000 prizes. You may be the next winner if you try. It doesn't cost anything to try.

- RULES**
- Whoever sends in the biggest and most nearly correct number of visible objects appearing in the puzzle starting with "T", will be awarded first prize and so on down the list of 50 Free prizes. One point will be allowed for each correct word and one point deducted for each omission or incorrect word. In case of tie duplicate prizes will be awarded.
 - Use only words found in Webster's International Dictionary. Your solution must not include hyphenated, obsolete, compound or foreign words.
 - It is permissible to name either singular or plural, but both cannot be used. Words naming any object will count only once, but any part of an object can be named.
 - Write words on one side of paper only, numbering each one, 1, 2, 3, 4, etc.
 - Three prominent people of Minneapolis have consented to act as Judges, A. H. Gilbertson, Vice-Pres. Republic State Bank; B. K. Woods, Principal, Commercial Training School; Mrs. Agnes Ryder, High School Supt. Their decision must be accepted as final and conclusive.
 - Anyone may compete for the free prizes except employees or their relatives of the Henber Company.
 - Your solution must be received by May 27, 1922. The judges will give two weeks later. Enlarged picture on request. List winning first prize will be published at the close of contest.

Advertising Campaign for Henber Pencil



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T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 9 CHICAGO

And then, all at once, the two of them were dancing together



“Come On Over”

(Continued from page 48)

running about the city, it was not the best time for Michael to bring his old mother home. But it was then they arrived at the flat, and one of the first questions they asked was about the meeting of the pair. But Delia and her daughter had made up their minds not to spoil the old woman's big adventure, so they answered evasively. It was only when Delia was able to take Michael aside that she told him the truth.

“A fine mess you make of things with your surprises,” she told him, “and, on top of it all, Shane lost his job again!” For a moment Michael glowered. And then, all at once, an idea struck him and he slapped his knee.

“I'll get him a job,” he exclaimed, “I'll rob him of that excuse!” And, without more ado, he went to the phone and called up Daniel Carmody, the president of a great railroad, who had crossed with him on their first visit to America. After reminiscing, he asked Carmody to give his young friend a job, and Carmody promised to do so, also promising that he would call at the Mornahan flat and visit the family.

It was four o'clock when Moyna's feet gave out. And she was no nearer Chicago than the Bronx. Sinking down upon a park bench, she would have given way to utter discouragement, had not a policeman suddenly stopped in front of her.

“You're arrested,” he told Moyna, after,

secretly comparing her with a slip of paper that he took from his pocket.

Moyna was frightened, but still game enough to be belligerent.

“What for?” she questioned.

“For sitting on a park bench without a hat,” answered the policeman, concealing a grin.

Moyna rose, wearily. “And they call this a free country?” she questioned feebly.

The policeman chuckled.

“You must be a foreigner,” he said, “or you wouldn't remember the Declaration of Independence!”

He took Moyna to the station house and there she met Miles, who, under the excuse of identifying her, took her home to the Mornahan flat.

It was just as Miles and Moyna were arriving home that Carmody, the railroad man, made his appearance. He was by himself but he brought an invitation for the whole family to come that night to the home

of his sister, the rich Mrs. Van Dusen (once Maggie Carmody), for a reunion. They accepted, and Carmody was just about to leave when Moyna stepped into the room. He started back, as if he had seen a ghost.

“It's never Moyna O'Gara?” he questioned shakily, “the same that I loved and left?”

Moyna looked at him sadly.

(Continued on page 113)

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Send 25¢ for TRIAL BOTTLE

“Come On Over”

NARRATED, by permission, from the Goldwyn Photoplay by Rupert Hughes. Directed by Alfred Green with the following cast:

Moyna Killiea.....Colleen Moore
Shane O'Mealia.....Ralph Graves
Michael Mornahan.....
.....J. Farrell MacDonald
Delia Mornahan..... Kate Price
Carmody..... James Marcus
Judy Dugan.....Kathleen O'Connor
Bridget Mornahan.....Florence Drew
Myles Mornahan.....Harold Holland
Kate Mornahan.....Mary Warren
Mrs. Van Dusen.....Elinor Hancock
Dugan.....Monti Collins
Barney.....C. E. Mason
Priest.....C. B. Leasure

"Come On Over"

(Continued from page 112)

"That was me mother's name before she married me father," she told him, "she's restin' by him now, in th' churchyard." She did not know that her mother's romance with Carmody had been the sort of a tragedy that she and Shane might have known—one of unfulfilled waiting.

Shane came back at last, to the flat. But Moyna refused to see him. She ran out of the room when he entered and locked herself into a bedroom. And, when he tried to force the lock she threatened to jump from the window. At last, still refusing to explain matters to the now angry Delia, he left. And Moyna accepted Carmody's invitation to come with him to his sister's home until she had made her plans for the future.

* * * * *

The party! Moyna in an evening frock loaned to her by Mrs. Van Dusen's daughter, Michael Mornahan in a dress suit, Michael's third son, a priest, and his two other sons, as well as his pretty daughter. Delia, in satin, and the old mother. . . . The Van Dusen mansion had seen larger and more fashionable throngs, but never a noisier mob, or a happier one!

They had all arrived when Shane came in. He was pale, and nervous, but his eyes were bright with joy as they fell upon Moyna. He was in a daze of admiration as he said to her.

"Girl, you're wonderful. I never dreamed of you like this!"

Moyna tossed her head as she answered. "You like your ladies dressed up, don't you?" she said shortly. And just then the irate butler announced, "Miss Judy Dugan and Mr. Dugan."

At once the Mornahans froze, in a body. And Shane was frantic. He hurried to Judy and begged her to release him from his promise. And then, in desperation, he went to the young priest. But the priest had also promised. Things were going badly for the party when an old blind piper made his way past the butler and into the house. He was the piper who had played for them all, years ago, in Ireland. Everyone crowded up to him, and Moyna whispered, throwing herself into his arms, "I'm Moyna Killilea."

THE old piper ran his hands affectionately over the girl's face.

"Shure it's my little Moyna," he whispered back. "Only your voice is taller than it was!"

Moyna was crying—the long hard day had been too much for her. The old piper felt her warm tears upon his withered hand.

"There's only one way to shake sorrow off, honey," he told her, "and that's to dance it off."

The word dance seemed to electrify the company. It made Delia smile suddenly.

"You may be the rich Mrs. Van Dusen now," she said to her hostess, "but I used to dance you down when you were only Maggie Carmody."

Mrs. Van Dusen bristled with anger. "Nobody ever danced Maggie Carmody down," she answered.

"Shure, I could do it again," Delia answered, "but not on these rugs. I used to dance out in the fields on a door."

Without more ado, Mrs. Van Dusen turned to the shocked butler.

"Bring a door," she ordered, "a smooth door."

And it was brought.

Everybody was dancing wildly. The young people were doing a modern jazz, the two women were clogging. Dermot, the priest, crept silently out—the old piper was nearly exhausted. And then Mrs. Van Du-

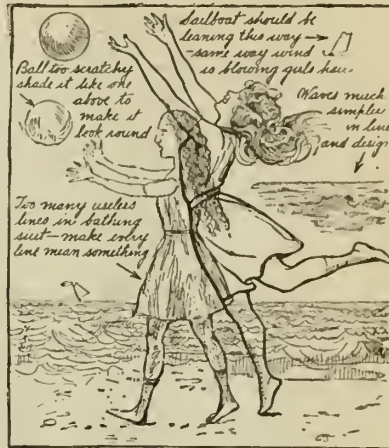
(Concluded on page 114)

Amazing New Method Makes Drawing Easy

With This Wonderful New Graphic-Correction Method You Can Easily Learn Drawing in Your Own Home in Spare Time

NO matter what your present ability may be—no matter if you feel that you have no special "talent"—by this wonderful new method you can quickly qualify for the fascinating and highly-paid profession of Commercial Art. Even those whose work was not as good as the figure shown, have quickly and easily learned to qualify for big, highly-paid positions in this splendid uncrowded field.

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And again,—O. B. Blake, Old Town, Me., says: "I am certain that anyone, whether he has talent or not, cannot fail to make rapid progress under your instruction."

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Alfred B. Flemming of Newark, N. J., writes: "Since the last lesson was returned, I have sold \$85.00 worth of drawings (3)."

And another, J. B. Barwell of Staunton, Va., tells us, "Have just sold the first installment of twenty drawings on a comic series."

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"Come on Over"

(Concluded from page 113)

sen fell back, panting—Delia had danced he down. And Moyna, who had been standing by, alone and silent, heard, as in a haze Judy's father speaking to the hutler.

"Is there a stick in that punch," she heard him asking.

The hutler answered. "It's as innocent as water," he said grimly.

Moyna, listening, heard Dugan groar. All at once, Shane's secret was out.

"What do you think that daughter of mine did to me?" old Dugan questioned thickly. "Dragged me to a priest and made me swear never to drink again so's I could hold a job that villain of a Shane got for me!"

Above the general noise rose the piper's voice.

"Moyna, honey," it said pathetically, "let me that can't see your face hear your feet!" And Moyna's face was suddenly a smile with joy as she called back.

"Aye, I can dance for you now. Play your wildest!"

Have you ever seen summer moonlight on the sea? Or a humming bird in a flowering vine, or the wind in the orchard, where cherry trees are a-bloom? Moyna's dancing was like that. The room grew still as she danced, and the words died upon the lips of the party.

Straight to Judy Dugan danced Moyna. And when she was quite close she spoke.

"Forgive me," she said, "I did you an injustice!" And then she danced on, even though Shane was crying, "Oh, Moyna, my own, have you guessed the truth at last!"

On and on she danced, never heeding, and then, suddenly, Shane was dancing after her. His feet that had been busy learning jazz were remembering the old Irish jig.

The dancing was not moonlight any more. It was love and youth and springtime. And then, all at once, Shane was not dancing after Moyna. He had ceased to follow her. All at once two of them were dancing together. And, as they danced, their lips met in an all-revealing kiss.

Reactions

(Proving that "Evil to him who evil thinks" is still a good line!)

AUNT MARIA, a maiden lady from a small town in well-censored Pennsylvania, saw a certain star in a certain picture. This is what she thought:

"She acts just like a little child, And yet they say she's very wild— They say the goings-on of her, Have set all Hollywood a-stir. She wears her skirts too short, her hair— Was black before it grew so fair!"

Reggie Van Alstine—who saw the same star in the same picture—came across with this:

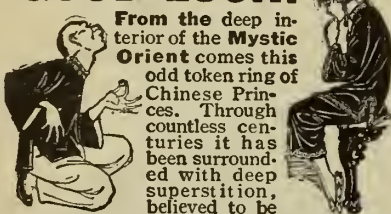
"Some doll! I think I'll take a trip Out to the coast. . . . Perhaps she'll slip A glance or two at me—they say She'll meet a chap like me half way. I'd like to see her on the beach, Dressed à la Sennett—she's a peach!"

But—when they showed the same star in the same picture at the Sunnyside Orphanage—Jennie, aged eight, spoke in these words:

"Her hands are awful white an' kind, I sorter think she wouldn't mind If just a little girl like me Should snuggle up against her knee . . . Her eyes seem wide an' soft an' grey— I guess most mothers look that way!"

—M. E. S.

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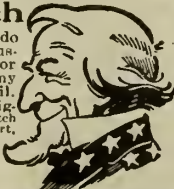


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New Discovery Clears Skin

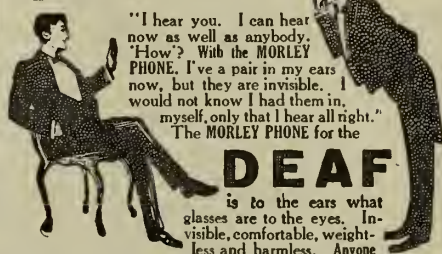


No more freckles, blackheads or pimples! No more redness, roughness, sallowness or "muddy" complexion! Science has made a new discovery that clears and whitens your skin with amazing quickness. As if by magic your skin imperfections harmlessly vanish—and your complexion takes on that clear, smooth beauty that everyone envies and admires. There is hidden beauty in *your* skin. In an amazingly short time you can bring it out.

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A Close-Up of the Scenario Editor

By ROSE GLEASON

Former Scenario Reader for the Norma and Constance Talmadge Film Companies

WITH those eager screen devotees who so often ask for criticism of their photoplays—and seldom get it—this article hopes to get in touch. Its object is to introduce them to the scenario editor, a personage, whom I don't doubt, many of them have wondered about.

First off, though I want to ask you, Why is it that the average photoplay dramatist, when entrusting his mental offspring to the care of Uncle Sam, invariably summons up the frightful vision of a malignant ogre who is eventually to pass on its merits? With few exceptions, it seems to me, writers figuratively see the scenario editor seated at his desk, their brain child at the mercy of judgment, crude and ruthless, whereas—if the truth were known—

Well, far be it from me to spring the sob story, but if you had the line on the scenario editor that I have, you'd know that more likely than not the poor grub, instead of trying to bring about the literary infant's demise, is really analyzing the child with the hope of making a man of it.

Following this little prelude, it seems to me that no better time could be found to introduce the editor than while he's reading a letter which has come to him enclosed in a manuscript. The letter tells him this:

Dear Editor:

You will please find enclosed, a story entitled, "The Kiss That Enthralled," in 4765 words. Criticism will be appreciated in case you decide you can't use this.

Very truly yours,

E. J. JONES.

Despite its highly colored title, the scenario editor to whom the above mentioned 'script is sent, turns the pages of it. They bear marks of many erasures and the type is so illegible that he must, perforce, take the author's word for it that there are 4765 words. Somewhere, perhaps, within it is a lot; if so it would take a better reader than he to discover it.

Mr. Jones gets his 'script back. He has enclosed return postage, but a two cent stamp will carry it to the given address.

Another letter says:

Dear Sir:

Ten days ago I sent you my manuscript called "Love With Honor." I shall expect decision and criticism by return mail as I believe I have a right to expect square treatment on this..

Respectfully,

R. K. BROWN.

P. S. I have heard all about the way scenario departments steal plots. If you try that with me, don't think you can get away with it.

Mr. Brown's story goes into its return envelope. It is not even read.

You will conclude, no doubt, that an editor receives the foregoing letters only from illiterate or unthinking writers. Judging from the first, of course, that fact is very evident, but many similar to the second epistle come to editorial desks from the better class of writers, who, if not firmly established authors, are, none the less, men and women who should be capable of thinking sensibly.

Suppose also — while we're glancing through the editor's mail—that we read the

kind of letter a disappointed author, who has received his 'script back, very often writes:

Dear Sir:

My manuscript has been returned to me with only a rejection slip enclosed. Naturally, I am disappointed. It seems the least you could have done was to have given your reason for rejecting it. I shall not bother to send you any more.

Yours very truly,

And so it goes.

When a scenario editor first undertakes his (or her) job, he answers these calls for criticism. Very painstakingly, and with infinite sympathy he reads every script, and then dictates a letter telling the author what's the matter with it. The result is—what?

A regular correspondence, which—if he were to keep it up—would occupy all his time.

One of the writers whose work he gives a written criticism on, thanks him most heartily and is honestly appreciative. Another acknowledges the receipt of his letter and promises to do better next time. A third is quite certain the editor couldn't have read his—or her—manuscript very carefully or he wouldn't have written what he had about it. A fourth regrets that the critic so completely misunderstood the thought she intended to convey, and states she would not be averse to calling at the studio personally to enlighten the editor on a subject he has utterly failed to grasp.

Incidentally, she mentions that while discussing this particular story with him, she has a good stock of others she would be willing to talk over.

All this, while the editor's desk is piled high with stories which he must pass on, and which, if not attended to promptly will bring a flood of complaining letters to him.

The fact that he has also to review books and plays and other material which literary agents send in, as well as to dig up old classics some director wants to get a line on, is one that has never, I'm certain, entered the average writer's head. Nor does it seem to matter to the literary public, that, besides keeping in touch with everything that is published, an editor's real job is to find good stories for the producer whose check he receives every Saturday.

All of which is to say that if you don't get a criticism from the editor to whom you have sent your 'script, such a fact indicates that either he hasn't any particular reason for giving one, or that he hasn't the time. It may also indicate that some unpleasant experience in the past has prejudiced him against such a policy.

You wouldn't believe—would you—that editors have decidedly unpleasant experiences with unsolicited manuscripts which come to their desks? Well, they do. These manuscripts are sent by mail—brought in by the author, himself—or come through the hands of unreliable agents.

Because of such experiences, editors must avoid setting down on paper well intentioned statements, which may go to some unknown literary crook who sees in them a double meaning that some shyster lawyer will be able to construe favorably for him.

At least one such experience fell to the lot of an editor I know.

(Concluded on page 116)



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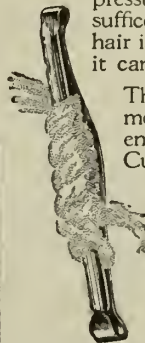
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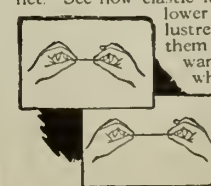
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A Close-Up of the Scenario Editor

(Concluded from page 115)

Late one afternoon, some time ago, a man, who seemed a pleasant enough sort of chap, and whom the editor met for the first time in the editorial office that day, left there the manuscript of a play, the screen rights of which he wanted to dispose of.

The play was read and found to contain some fairly good picture possibilities, but was turned down on the score that the story was too improbable. On returning the manuscript, a courteous letter of rejection was enclosed.

Some months later, the editor was summoned to court to say whether or not the agent's statement was true that an actual offer had been made for the play. It had not.

This particular incident led to nothing more serious than the loss of numerous hours spent in waiting around city magistrates' rooms in response to various subpoenas. But it was an experience annoying enough to make that editor wary of unknown agents next time.

YET very often, despite this and a few other drawbacks to free expression, a scenario department head will throw discretion to the winds when he sympathetically dictates a reply to a letter which has come to him filled with the emotions of the writer—a writer who has written there something that has touched his heartstrings. Editors really do have 'em, you know. Heartstrings!

The appeal of such a letter lies in the correspondent's piteous acknowledgment of his inability to write, coupled with his explanation that the accompanying story is not submitted with any hope of acceptance. Rather, he says, it is sent in a desperate attempt to obtain criticism that will prove helpful when writing others. With money obtained from the successful output of future work, certain little ones may be provided for—or some loved one made well again.

Queer, pathetic little life stories, these, which unroll themselves from the manuscripts onto the editors' desks.

Importunities to the stars (professional stars—not celestial ones) from some poor maimed creature who begs to be made whole, and whose script accompanies the written request that haste be used in dispatching whatever sum is sent. An editor always answers these.

Less appealing, too, in a way perhaps, yet equally pathetic, are those letters which reach the editor now and then, coming from some ex-convict (very often a woman) who stipulates a certain sum to be paid for the true story of a crime which he (or she) claims contain great film possibilities.

Oh, the endless number—and the stories beneath the surface of them!

But don't get the impression that all the scenario editor's correspondence is gloomy. It is not. Some of his letters are laughable—others whimsical—all are interesting. Wouldn't you laugh if you got this one!

Editor in Chief:

I am sending you a sixteen page story called "Go At 'Em." I wrote it myself and it is original. You may find some mistakes and corrections in it, but I don't care if there are. I don't want to be a photoplay writer—I want to be an actor. I think if I start now it will mean something when I grow older.

If you cannot take my story will you at least send it back and tell me what's the matter with it. I much rather go on the stage than get my story accepted, anyhow.

Hoping for your answer,

SAMMIE.

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. 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) Poolc 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) 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 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 Caluenga Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
- PATHE EXCHANGE,** Pathe Bldg., 35 W. 45th St., New York. (s) Geo. B. Seltz, 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 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 Chanin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
D. W. Griffith Studios, Oronta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
- Rex Beach, Whitman Bennett Studio, 537 Riverside 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.
- VITAPHON COMPANY OF AMERICA,** 469 Fifth Ave., New York; (s) East 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood, Cal.

LETTERS FROM READERS

Williston, N. D.

Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
New York.

Dear Sir:—Was glancing over my PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE this morning and caught sight of the headlines of an article, "You Cannot Learn Movie Acting By Mail."

Now I must admit that I was stung by this some years ago, myself. But no casting director ever had the chance to laugh at me, for I never finished the course. If there is anything I can do to assist you, please let me know, and use this note wherever you like.

Sincerely yours,
ALFRED VOTE.

705 So. I St., Tacoma, Wash.

Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
Dear Editor:

Human beings are queer creatures, aren't they?

For instance in the March issue of your magazine is a most wonderful article by the supreme lover of the screen (for the present) Rodolph Valentino, concerning love and women. Mr. Valentino defends the gentle art of loving. For the cave man he has no use. Especially, does our beloved American come in for his share of criticism. He is depicted as being an impossible lover. He nags. He fails to please his wife. May I at the risk of being thought unladylike, say "Rot"?

The American man suits not only his country women but women of other countries as well. He does not nag, and he does please. Because he isn't always waiting in some secluded corner to carry on a sly love affair, he is called an impossible lover. At least he is not that one thing we American women abhor—sly. Foreigners weary me.

Personally I prefer Conrad Nagel, a typical American, to all the Latin lovers on the screen. I note his stardom predicted in your latest issue. He deserves it more than any other actor on the screen. His acting shows him to be quiet, well bred, and intelligent, and I have always felt, since seeing him in "Red Head," three years ago, that his was one of the magnetic personalities of the screen.

And may I say in closing, that charm, poise, magnetism and, above all, good breeding, are going to be the deciding factors of your New Faces contest. Beauty is secondary to these.

Sincerely,
JOAN CLAYBORNE.

Hollywood, Cal.

Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
Dear Editor:

In reference to Mr. C. H.'s (of New Orleans) contention about Mr. Ingram's production "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" which appeared in PHOTOPLAY of February 1922, I beg to say that Mr. C. H. is entirely wrong.

Julio, as the son of a Frenchman and though born in a foreign country, is not to be looked at, strictly speaking, as a foreigner, it being considered from the standpoint of the French Government, which does not officially recognize the foreign naturalization of any Frenchman, nor any of his sons. Born in a foreign country a Frenchman's son may keep on as a foreigner, but should he please to claim himself as a Frenchman, he is by this very fact registered as French, enjoying all his citizenship rights, providing he does his military duties. Therefore, Julio enlisting, was becoming a Frenchman and had to

serve in the *Regular French Army* and not at all in the *Legion Etrangere*.

Very careful to surround himself with the required technical talent for his pictures, Mr. Ingram engaged precisely a French Non-Com (myself), born in Paris and living in America since twenty years. When the war broke out I was one of the first to answer the call. As such I lived nearly three years in the trenches and was decorated with the Croix de Guerre. Needless to say I must know something about the uniforms worn by the French, Allied and foreign armies.

With besides ten years' practical experience in the moving picture business under masters by the names of D. W. Griffith, C. B. de Mille, and others, up to the present celebrities, I may say without any boasting that I am entitled to qualify as a technical man for certain pictures.

Trusting that you will see fit to insert the present rectification in the next copy of your very valuable magazine, with my thanks, I beg to remain,

Yours very truly,
EUGENE TOUYET.
Assistant to Mr. Ingram, Metro Pictures Corporation.

Clearwater, Fla.

Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
Dear Sir:

I have read with enthusiasm the review of Von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives" published in the current PHOTOPLAY, and hasten to congratulate you upon it. It exactly expresses my own feelings about this picture and I am delighted that at last proper publicity is being given to this most objectionable feature.

I can only add that it is my sincere hope that others will follow your courageous example and that the picture will be withdrawn in response to public opinion.

Yours always sincerely,
NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

Alexandria, Va.

Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
Dear Sir:

Recently I saw "Tol'able David" at the Metropolitan Theatre in Washington, D. C. I thought it the greatest picture I had seen since "The Birth of a Nation." The next day I bought the February number of your magazine, hoping to find some review or appreciation of the picture. I was delighted to find your review of it on page 64 and to find that you agreed with me in thinking it a great picture, a masterpiece. I only wished that your review had been fuller, much, much fuller.

One sentence in the review struck me: "See if you can't prove to the doubting magnates that you do appreciate fine things on the screen." This had been my feeling, too, that I owed it to the makers of the picture to express my appreciation. I did not know any other way of doing it than to write them (and, of course, to tell all my friends to see the picture). So I sat down and wrote a letter to the producing company, a letter which very poorly expresses my admiration.

I hope you will publish more photographs taken from the play, more reviews of it, more appreciations, and keep writing and writing about it until everyone shall have seen the picture and recognized the greatness of it.

Yours very truly,
FRANCES VALIANT SPEEK
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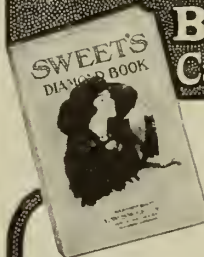
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When Valentino Taught Me to Dance

(Concluded from page 45)

the floor. I hate a woman that drags her feet as though they were floor-polishers. Skip lightly, yet always keeping the ball of the foot on the floor.

"The most common mistake I find with American women in dancing is that they shake their shoulders. That's terrible. Even when you dance the shimmy—do you?"

I said I didn't. But I made a mental reservation. I decided that if he asked me to shimmy, I would. You know how those things are.

"Well, in the shimmy—or in ordinary dancing—never move your shoulders. Never move from the waist up. Shake your hips lightly and gracefully, or pivot from your waist, but above everything don't move your shoulders."

The music started again.

"Come on," said Rodolph, "let's dance."

I did.

And since I've been following his instructions to the letter and practicing in my bedroom, I find I have more partners at dances than I know what to do with.

That's why I'm passing it on to you.

Too Sharp to Trick

HAROLD LLOYD has a wholesome horror of appearing in public. He never has made a personal appearance and says he never will. While he was in New York recently on a vacation, he attended many theaters. On one occasion he went to see his friend, Al Jolson, in "Bombo."

Jolson knew he was in the audience; and just before the curtain fell for the last time, called the audience's attention to the presence of the famous film comedian. Lloyd, in the face of the honest applause, left his seat and rushed madly up the aisle to the nearest exit. Most of the audience rose at the same time and kept right on applauding.

On his mad rush Harold heard a comment.

"What are they trying to pull?" remarked a man disgustingly to his companion. "I know Harold Lloyd when I see him, and I like him; and *that ain't him!*"

Lines to Any Movie Star

*If I should write a note to you,
About my deep regard;
If I should tell you that your charms,
Have hit me very hard—
Say, lady, would you answer it?
Or would you merely frown,
And turn away your lovely eyes,
Of blue (or grey, or brown?)*

*If I should send a gift to you,
Some candy, or some flowers,
And verses, on a card—enclosed—
Of love-shine flooded hours;
Say, lady, would you sigh a bit,
Or would you turn your back,
And proudly toss your flowing curls,
Of auburn (blonde, or black?)*

*If I should try to make a date,
The Claridge, say, for tea—
Would you consider it, a mite,
Or would you laugh at me?
Dear lady, would you meet me there,
Or would you turn and go,
And leave me, all alone, to face
Your husband (lover, beau?)*

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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 54 and 55.

MISS W., TEXAS.—Two very good colors for you—and for summer—would be Nile green and periwinkle blue. An evening frock of the latter would be charming, with a silver girdle. Apple green, tulip yellow,—how very springy these sound—would also be suitable shades.

MRS. L. O., INDIANA.—Crochet your angora collar and cuffs in rib stitch, about four inches wide, unless you like the collar slightly wider than the cuffs; in that case make it six inches.

JESSIE R.—Ruffles tend to make the wearer look stouter, not slimmer. Do not wear your hair puffed over the ears. Try dressing it rather high, in a modified Spanish effect. The simpler your clothes and coiffure, the slimmer you will look, my dear.

ANNE.—Thank you for your sweet letter. I surely appreciate such praise, because it rings true. I am so very glad you are delighted with your dress made from one of Le Bon Ton patterns. I am sure you will always be pleased with these patterns and won't be able to get along without them. Sweaters are still being worn for sports.

R. I. O., CALIFORNIA.—I wouldn't wear black gloves in summer. They might be more serviceable, as you say, but they would not be nearly so pretty as white, a very soft grey or beige. Unfortunately, it is rather difficult to find pretty things which are also practical; but it can be done.

CLARISE.—If you are tall and very slim, wear fluffy things. Soft hats; pastel shades. You should look very well in a cape, and capes are very smart. All the shades of brown should become you. Jade, orchid, mauve, blue—any of these shades for evening rather than black.

MRS. H.—If your husband approves of bobbed hair, by all means wear it. Many husbands do not! Bobbed hair is still being worn a great deal, principally by younger women. It is easy to care for and particularly becoming to the outdoors type of girl, which you say you are.

C. W. H., DENVER.—I see no reason why you should not enter the Screen Opportunity Contest. The snap-shots you enclosed are very pretty and sweet. Do not send snap-shots to the contest; send a regular photograph. It is certainly worth trying for, this Opportunity. I have never heard of anything so fair and so attractive to promising young women. The screen is a wonderful profession, with unlimited possibilities.

DOROTHY, SALT LAKE CITY.—A sports skirt with sweaters is a solution of the before-afternoon summer problem. Gingham is going to be worn again this season. A tweed suit is always sensible and attractive. Tafeta is not so good for warm weather.

MARGARET S., NORTH ADAMS, MASS.—You should use the shade naturelle in face powder. I have no objections to rouge if skillfully applied. Do not, however, use a heavy make-up for the street or daytime. A healthy complexion is much more alluring than cosmetics, particularly out of doors.

JACQUELINE.—I do not advocate the curling iron. Straight hair may not be momentarily as charming as curly hair, but if it is not naturally curly, it has an artificial look which is not at all pretty. Besides, curling the hair eventually deadens it. So, if you possibly can, wear your dark tresses straight. There are many coiffures for uncurled hair, you know.

CORINNE H., LONG ISLAND.—Of course your aunt is right. Wear your hair down as long as you can. Once up, it can never come down again, my dear child. Sixteen is a very delightful age, as those who have passed it always agree. Your aunt is a sensible person, I am sure; and if I were you I should accept her judgment in all things, for a year or two longer, anyway.

POLLY.—Why do you wear such severe things? You are the ingenue type, and except for office wear, should not confine yourself to tailleurs. The lighter colors are being worn for the street this season. More and more the conventional dark blue is being supplanted by the more youthful and frivolous periwinkle blue and tomato red and Nile green and lavender. And it is a most satisfactory change. With your coloring you can wear almost any shade. Follow your inclinations in the matters of color and lines; you won't go far wrong.

RUTH B., LOUISVILLE.—You are a lucky child. You can wear almost any type of dress and your coloring permits a wide range of colors. From your photograph it would seem, however, that you are addicted to fuzzy hair. It is not particularly becoming, Ruth, and I should try to devise a simpler coiffure.

BEATRICE K., EVANSTON, ILL.—Eat starchy foods—rice, potatoes, and bread. Drink milk and cream. Avoid acids. This should help you to increase your weight. I was chatting with Miss Rubye de Remer, the charming film star—her designs by Le Bon Ton appear in the fashion pages in this issue—and she was telling me that she is putting on weight rapidly by practicing a series of exercises. Imagine the fortunate Miss de Remer—so many women are trying to lose weight, not acquire it. Incidentally, the blonde star has one of the most distinctive costumes I've ever seen—her dress and cape, photographed for us.

MARIAN.—Study your profile carefully before you bob your hair. It is not a becoming style if you happen to have a large nose, for instance. Bangs are not good for everyone. Why cut your hair, Marian, if it is so long and curly? Remember it takes a long time to grow again.

KATHERINE H., ITHACA, N. Y.—Treat your skin in the following manner every night before retiring. Wash your face with very hot water and a good skin soap, working the lather into the skin. The hot water will loosen the blackheads. After a few minutes rinse off the soap, still using hot water, and then apply cold water. Follow this if possible with an ice rub, to close the pores. During the day, before applying powder, use a good vanishing cream. I think this will help.



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10 Years Ago

LOOKING backward into the past of the photoplay to the year of 1912 we find a curious period perfumed of the quaintness that pervades an excursion into grandmother's attic on a rainy Sunday afternoon, or an idle hour over the old plush album on Aunt Mary's black walnut whatnot in the little cottage home upstate.

MARY PICKFORD was an unknown little girl who had played a part in "The Warrens of Virginia" for David Belasco.

THE Solax company fired a thrilling broadside at the motion picture trade with the announcement of "Fra Diavolo" in three reels, a \$25,000 production.

THERE was a director by the name of D. W. Griffith working for the Biograph Company in New York. He had some ideas about a big picture to be called "Judith of Bethulia." Biograph thought Griffith was a pretty capable man in some ways but they never advertised anybody.

ANNOUNCING that he hoped to interest "successful writers like Richard Harding Davis, Rex Beach and other people of that sort in this new and coming field of art," William H. Clifford set forth that he would, in behalf of the Pacific Motion Picture Company, pay a royalty to authors of five dollars per print of the production issued. Mr. Clifford said that in view of the prospect of issuing as many as a hundred prints this would bring the author's reward up to maybe \$500.

THEDA BARA, having not yet discovered that she was born in the Egyptian desert of royal and ancient lineage, was acting in a little theater in New York's East Side.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS had about decided that he was not so fond of Wall Street and the study of corporation law as he had once supposed, and was heading back at a stage career.

IN seven lines of type, the coming of "Twins," for release June 18, 1912, a Thanouser production featuring a couple of little girls, was given publicity. Some years later the Fairbanks Twins were world famous.

AN actor by the name of Francis Xavier Bushman was beginning to be mentioned a bit.

THE names of the leading producers of the day included among the "trust" or licensed members of the General Film Company: Biograph, Kalem, Lubin, Pathe, Selig, Vitagraph, Cine, Edison, and Melies; and among the "independents:" Rex, Italia, Champion, Thanouser, Gaumont, Majestic, Solax, Bison, Gem, Reliance, and Universal.

MARY MILES MINTER, who was probably then, as ever since, just sixteen years old, was in a theatrical road company.

THE Moving Picture World, the leading trade paper of that day, remarked: "There is power in a good name and evil in a bad one. 'Nickelodeon' is dead; 'Photoplay' is being so seldom used that it may soon be forgotten."

CONSIDERING the status of the close-up and its value in dramatic focus and accent in the motion pictures of today, regard the following comment from the columns of the Moving Picture World of April 6, 1912.

MISS ASTA NIELSON burst into American fame in 1912 as the star of "Gypsy Blood," one of a series of pictures made by the Deutsches Biograph Company of Berlin.

Sometime ago in the columns of the World there was voiced a polite protest against the tendency of many motion picture makers to cut the feet of the actors out of the scene. There were fond hopes hereabouts that the morsel of suggestion thus cast upon the waters would some day come back twice blessed, having blessed the sender as well as the giver. But the fond hope was not fulfilled; for, instead of following that bit of wise counsel, the film makers straightway began cutting off the figures at the knees. Nor did it end there. Things kept getting worse, until now it is a common sight to witness a photoplay the greater part of which is acted so close to the camera that the actors are seen only from the waist upwards. . . . Actors are sent to the tropics and to lands that are rugged in nature for the sake of their excellent backgrounds. When the pictures they make are thrown on the screen, the actors so completely block out the scenery that they could as well have saved their carfare and done the work at home. . . . An arrangement with the feet cut off is not a complete and harmonious whole. There is something lacking. . . .

THE Mutual Film Corporation was organized by a group of sessionists from the Motion Picture Sales Company, the association of "independents" then fighting the "trust" as represented by the General Film Company operating under license of the Motion Picture Patents Company. There were only two kinds of film in those days, licensed and unlicensed.

PAUL RAINEY'S African Hunt pictures arrived with a vast blare of publicity.

THE American Film Company announced: "A new version of 'Get Rich Quick Wallingford' in a subject entitled 'The Other Wise Man,' for release May 13, 1912."

VITAGRAPH was advertising violently, giving great space to titles and none to the names of stars, although its roster of players then included John Bunny, Florence Turner, Earle Williams and many others of equal rank.

P. A. POWERS captured Florence Lawrence, a Lubin player, and started to feature her as an "Independent" star.

(Concluded on page 121)



Dr. Lawton's Guaranteed FAT REDUCER FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Will show reduction taking place in 11 days, or money refunded.

Results come usually in three or four days, but if you do not see positive reduction taking place in 11 days (the full trial period), return the Reducer at once, together with the instruction book that accompanied it, and your \$5 will be refunded. Dr. Lawton, shown in picture, reduced from 11 to 152 pounds in a very short time. The Reducer is not electrical; made of soft rubber, and weighs but a few ounces. Whether you are 10 or 100 pounds overweight, you can reduce any part you wish, quickly, safely and permanently by using Reducer a few minutes, night and morning. By a gentle manipulation, the Reducer breaks down and disintegrates fatty tissue which becomes waste matter and is carried out of the system through the organs of elimination; thereby the blood circulation is improved. For years, Dr. Lawton's Fat Reducer has been successfully sold and is used by thousands. It is ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS, and its use requires no dieting, starving, medicines or exercise. Sold generally by druggists everywhere, or will be sent direct to your home, in plain wrapper, upon receipt of \$5 plus 20c to cover cost of Parcel Post and Insurance (\$5.20 in all.) Send for your Fat Reducer today. Remember, it is guaranteed.

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REMEMBER!

The June issue of *Photoplay* will be on sale on the newsstand **May 15th**.

10 Years Ago

(Concluded from page 120)

UNIVERSAL'S players included: Lois Weber, Ethel Grandin, Anna Little, Owen Moore, King Baggot, Margareta Fischer, Marion Leonard, and John Manley.

NAT C. GOODWIN appeared in "Nathan Hale," proclaimed as "A complete show of two big reels, four colored posters, four page herald, ten original photographs."

THE Selig Polyscope Company, of Chicago, announces:

A feature of features: Last Rites of the Maine and the Burial of its Dead. Perfectly photographed. Under official auspices. Special release for Wednesday, April 3rd, 1912, 1,000 feet.

ESSANAY, with much flourish of black type, announced four releases for the week of April 9, 1912:

"Broncho Billy and the Girls"—G. M. Anderson and a superb cast.

"All in the Family"—A 1,000 feet of comedy-drama.

"Lonesome Robert"—A plot based on wireless telegraphy.

"Under Mexican Skies"—With G. M. Anderson, taken on the Mexican border.

A YOUNG fellow by the name of Adolph Zukor, who was in business with Marcus Loew, had an idea that big stage stars ought to make a hit in pictures. He wanted a license from the "Trust," but they laughed him out of the office. So he organized Famous Players and imported a foreign picture entitled "Queen Elizabeth," featuring Sarah Bernhardt.

CHARLES CHAPLIN was beginning to get across pretty well in a bit in a drunk act in an English skit called, "A Night in a Music Hall." He had funny feet and baggy pants.

SAMUEL L. ROTHAPFEL, a young showman, was making something of a sensation by insisting that the motion picture was an entertainment for our best people, demonstrating his theories at the Lyric in Minneapolis.

Backing the Bobbers

THE bobbed hair brigade, has come in for a lot of criticism ever since it organized. But now that it is going down in defeat before newer coiffures, several eminent are rushing to its rescue. Among them, the distinguished artist, Augustus John.

"What objection could there possibly be to bobbed hair?" he asks. "Personally, I think it is convenient and not at all objectionable when worn by the right person. What kind of head should the right person possess? Ah! that is impossible for me to define."

You have to trust to luck. But you never saw a bobbed-hair girl whose shorn coiffure was not becoming, did you?

ROBINSON: "It is awfully late, Brown. What will you say to your wife?"

Brown: "Oh, I sha'n't say much, you know. 'Good-morning, dear,' or something of that sort. She'll say the rest."—*Tit-Bits.*

IN Massachusetts a man who speaks ten tongues has just married a woman who speaks seven.

We are betting on the lady.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*



—And now never a care for bothersome SUPERFLUOUS HAIR. She has learned to definitely free herself of it with the roots—a secret thousands of women still yearn. If you have used depilatories, electrolysis or the razor, which leaves the roots to thrive and often cause the hair to grow faster and coarser you will immediately appreciate this superior remedy.

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Questions and Answers

(Concluded from page 90)

QUIZ, NEWPORT NEWS.—It may be true that hundreds of elephants go to make piano keys. But they don't go of their own free will. Albert Roscoe in "Cleopatra" and "City of Comrades." He is six feet tall, weighs about 175 pounds, has brown eyes and black hair, and may be addressed at the Lambs Club, New York City. He is married. Jerome Patrick played *Adrian Maitland* in "Her First Elopement."

VIRGINIA.—Rudolph Valentino? I really don't know whom you mean. In case you're referring to the Latin lover known as Signor Rodolf Valentino, I'll tell you he is divorced from Jean Acker and reported to be engaged to Natalya Rombova. (Please don't be too hard on me if I've got the latter lady's name wrong. Cal York is out right now, and he's the only one I trust for things like that.)

E. W. K.—Bessie Love? Yes, yes—boy, page Miss Love! Why, she's playing an Oriental maiden in "The Vermilion Pencil," Sessue Hayakawa's latest screen adventure. Bessie has sort of dropped out recently. Remember those dear old days when she was "The Heiress at Coffee Dan's," and D. W. Griffith was predicting for her a future as bright as any screen child's?

M. H., SEATTLE.—I went to visit the American Museum of Natural History the other day. (I say I went to visit, not to stay.) It always renews my faith in human nature to look at the extinct dodo birds and dinosauri(?) and things. Charles Ray is married to Cora Grant. She was an extra girl once. Charles is now his own director, scenario writer, I believe, and star. Must keep him pretty busy. Constance Talmadge is obtaining a divorce from John Pialogo.

JAMES W. JOHNSTON, AKRON, OHIO.—I am overwhelmed. Positively you have saved my day—and many other days, if I can only hold the thought you express in your letter. Understand, I don't hand myself all those bouquets, but I like to smile 'em, anyway. Come up to see me whenever you are in Manhattan; I'll be really glad to see you. If I had a wife she wouldn't mind the letters I receive from the fair. She'd be too sensible. (This may lead you to some philosophical observation as to why I'm still single.) Charles Ray makes his own pictures for First National now.

PEG.—So you saw Lillian and Dorothy Gish in person at the opening of "Orphan of the Storm," and think they're just as nice as they look in pictures? Well, you're right they are. Lillian is a very delightful young woman, with much intelligence and humor and Dorothy is a lovable and lovely child. You see, I've known her a long time, and in spite of the fact that she is Mrs. Renni and very much grown-up and all, I feel still have the right to a fatherly "child once in a while. Dorothy Dalton has bobbed her hair. She is in "Moran of the Lady Letty" with Valentino and is making a new Paramount picture.

Miss HUGHES.—Some film star may have neglected to write you a three page personal letter at one time. That's the only reason I can assign for your gloomy disposition. I can't help you and I can't answer you because you see my own disposition is so unfaillingly charming, so beautifully cheerful I don't feel that we are in the same class at all. (Chorus of protests: "Who does he think he is, anyway?" "Where does he get that good disposition stuff?")



You may have heard how awfully temperamental these film stars can be. Disliking to disappoint, it is nevertheless our duty to show you Pauline Starke and Alice Calhoun, both working on the same Vitagraph lot, sharing the same box of candy—and still smiling



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IT was such a contest as Movieland had never seen before—a contest of tears. And Remember Steddon won. Under the biting raillery and lashing invective of the famous director the soul of this country girl spilled out of her eyes and a wonderful actress came into being. Thus are made the stars that twinkle in the celluloid sky.

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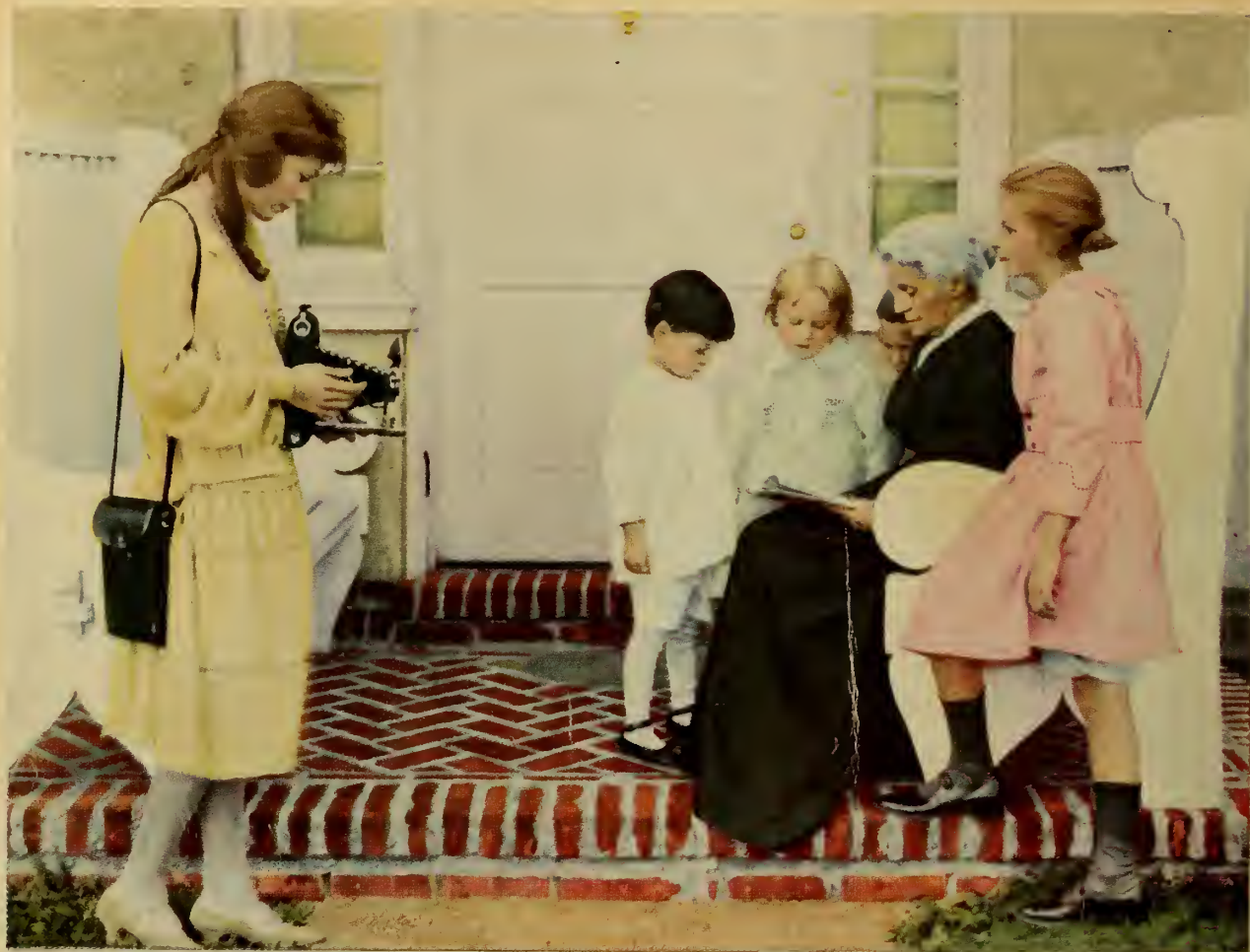


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PHOTOPLAY

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MABEL BALLIN

IN THIS ISSUE
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The Girl Who Was Too Beautiful

STEADFAST THROUGH THE YEARS

It was midsummer. In the forest a traveler paused beside a mighty fir tree to rest. Seated there he was attracted by the beauty that surrounded him—gay wild flowers caught and pleased his eye; a darting dragon fly, brilliant in green and gold, excited admiration; the cheerful babbling of a little brook brought him delight.

The fir tree that sheltered him he scarcely noticed.

Months later the traveler passed that way again. Winter winds had driven away the flowers, the dragon fly had lived its little life and died; the brook lay silent, a twisted ribbon of ice.

But the fir tree stood as in the summer—strong and straight, its branches covered with eternal green.

Every industry produces its commercial fir trees—business houses rooted deep in honesty and trustworthiness, whose growth is steady and sure, whose products are of one high quality under all conditions.

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When are these coming?
Use the phone!

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From "The Noose," by Constance Lindsay Skinner. Scenario by Monte M. Katterjohn and Julia Crawford Ivers. Directed by William D. Taylor.

"The Woman Who Walked Alone" with Dorothy Dalton

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Dashing Dorothy Dalton as the mad-cap sportswoman of English social life! Lovers galore, and then—the terrible scandal, the trial, and "the woman who walked alone!"

From the story, "The Cat that Walked Alone," by John Colton. Scenario by Will M. Ritchey.

THOMAS MEIGHAN

in "The Bachelor Daddy"

GEORGE FITZMAURICE'S
PRODUCTION

"THE MAN FROM HOME"

An Italian Prince makes passionate love to a pretty American girl, in an attempt to win her millions. "The Man from Home" arrives, and then the lightning begins to fork and play!

From the play by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. Scenario by Ouida Bergere.

Tom Meighan playing Daddy to five children orphaned by a bandit's bullet!

From the novel by Edward Peple. Scenario by Olga Printzlau. Directed by Alfred E. Green.

with
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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XXII

No. 1

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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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The July PHOTOPLAY will be the greatest magazine ever published about motion pictures.

Samuel Merwin



One of America's most celebrated fiction writers has just completed for PHOTOPLAY the most remarkable novel of screen life ever written. Daring in its truth and superb in its writing, it will be the sensation of the screen world. Mr. Merwin spent months in Hollywood to gather material and color. It appears in the July issue, and is illustrated by Frank Godwin.

In addition there will be twenty other fascinating special features.

—

Many newsdealers sell out PHOTOPLAY a few days following publication. There will be a great demand for the July issue—so play safe and order yours in advance.

How Would You Introduce This Newcomer?

If you were the hostess of a dinner party and your out-of-town guest arrived rather late, how would you present him? Would you introduce him to all at once? Would you introduce him to the person in whose honor the dinner is given? Would you take him to each guest individually? Which is correct?



ROY ARNOLD

THE man who would be cultured, well-mannered, and the woman who would possess that coveted gift of charm, must cultivate the art of introduction. For he who can create a pleasant atmosphere between strangers, who can make conversation run smoothly and pleasantly, distinguishes himself as a person of breeding.

Every day, in both the business and social worlds, occasion arises for the introduction. Perhaps it is a business acquaintance who desires to meet your brother. Perhaps it is a friend who would like to meet another friend. The next time you introduce two people, notice whether the feeling you create is friendly and pleasant or whether it is uncomfortably strained.

Let us pretend that you are at the club with Mr. Jones, a young friend. There you meet elderly Mr. Blank. In introducing your two friends, would you say "Mr. Blank, let me present Mr. Jones," or "Mr. Jones, let me present Mr. Blank?" If Mr. Blank is the cultured, well-bred gentleman he seems to be, would he say, "Pleased to meet you?" What would be the correct thing for him to say?

As he is an old friend of the family, you take Mr. Blank home for dinner. But your sister has never met him. Would you say, "Mr. Blank, this is my sister, Rose," or "Rose, this is Mr. Blank?" Is it correct for Mr. Blank and Rose to shake hands? If she is seated, shall Rose rise and acknowledge her brother's introduction?

Later in the evening you go with Mr. Blank to the theatre. In the lobby, Mr. Blank recognizes some friends of his wife, and he greets them. You have never met the ladies; never spoken to them. Should you lift your hat, or merely nod and smile?

In the box at the theatre is Mrs. Blank with several friends. Mr. Blank presents you—do you shake hands with the ladies? Do you bow to Mrs. Blank? Would you use any of these expressions: "How do you do?" "Pleased to know you," "Delighted."

Ordinary, haphazard introductions are as ungraceful as they are ungratifying. If correctly tendered, the introduction becomes a graceful and becoming art. To be able to introduce correctly is to command the respect and honor of all whom you come in contact with.

How Do You Ask a Lady to Dance?

One breach of etiquette in the ballroom condemns you as a hopeless vulgarian! One little blunder and people begin to wonder whether you are such a tremendous success, after all!

If you are truly a gentleman your gallantry will distinguish you in the ballroom. If you are a cultured woman, your grace and delicacy will make you the envy of less charming women. The ballroom is, without doubt, the ideal place to impress by one's culture and refinement.

Let us pretend once again. You have taken your fiancée to a dance. The first few dances were hers, of course. But for the fourth you decided to ask a young lady, who happens to be a wall-flower, to share with you. How shall you excuse yourself to your fiancée? How do you ask the other young lady to dance? Which are the correct and which the incorrect forms? Can you make the young lady feel happy and at ease, or will she feel uncomfortable and embarrassed?

The music ceases and you must return to your fiancée. Do you find another partner for the young lady you have been dancing with? Do you escort her back to her seat? What is the proper thing to do, to say?

It is growing rather late, and you are warm and tired. Is it in accordance with etiquette's laws to wander out on the veranda? What is the correct thing to do if you cannot, for any reason, fulfill a promised dance?

And the woman at the dance. What shall she wear? May she under any condition ask for a dance? May she refuse to dance without reason? What are the usual forms of refusal? How many times is it correct for a girl to dance with the same partner? What shall the young girl who is not asked to dance do?

Both the man and woman must know the etiquette of the ballroom—must know just what to do and what to say. It is the badge of culture and refinement, and not even poverty can hide it.

What Shall I Wear Tonight?

You have asked yourself that question many times. "What shall I wear to-night?" Whether you are a man, or a woman, it is utterly essential that you wear only what is perfect in taste and correct according to the etiquette of the occasion. What does a man wear to an afternoon dance? What does a woman wear? What is worn to the evening entertainment? to the wedding? to the funeral? Do you know what a Tuxedo is? When is it worn? We will pretend, once again, that you are invited to an important afternoon function. What would you wear? Is the high silk hat correct? And if your sister accompanies you, what should she wear?

Are pearls worn in the afternoon? When are diamonds worn, and to what functions? What is the proper dress for the young lady's chaperon? Is it permissible to wear black to a wedding, even if one is in mourning?

The world is a harsh judge. It judges you by what you wear even more severely than by what you do and say. If you would be respected, if you would be conceded a success, you must dress correctly and in full accordance with etiquette's laws.

Book of Etiquette

In Two Comprehensive Volumes

The world demands culture. If you can hold yourself well in hand, if you have the polish and poise that come with the knowledge that you are doing and saying only what is absolutely correct, you will be admitted to the highest society. If you are refined, well-bred, you will command respect wherever you go.

The "Book of Etiquette" makes it possible for everyone to be polished, cultivated. It tells you just what is right to do and wear and write and say at all times. It corrects the blunders you have, perhaps unconsciously, been making. It dispels the doubt that you may have had. It helps you, with its rich illustrations, to solve the problems that have been puzzling you. It comes to you, in fact, as a revelation toward perfect etiquette.

With the "Book of Etiquette" to refer to, you will be without question cultured in your dinner etiquette. You will know what to do and say, without embarrassment, when you overturn a cup of coffee on your hostess's tablecloth. You will know how to eat lettuce leaves, and how to use your knife correctly. You will know how to dispose of cherry and grape stones. You will know how to use the finger-bowl, and the napkin with the ease and grace that bespeaks culture of the highest degree.

The splendid two-volume set reveals to you the definite conventions that the world demands at the wedding and the funeral. It reveals the secret of correct introductions and acknowledgments. It tells you how to word your calling cards, your wedding invitations, your cards of thanks. It helps you to be cultivated and refined at all times.

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*A Love Story
That Will Go
Down the Years*

HOW an American girl came to the frozen North;
—how she fell into the clutches of the notorious Fu Chang;
—how a handsome, dashing sergeant of the Royal Mounted
rescued her;
—how he confessed a crime of his brother's, only in the end
to be compelled to track that brother down;
—how the three—the girl, the tracker and the tracked—were
snowed in by a blizzard—this is but the beginning of one
of the most stirring love stories ever told—"I am the Law".

Adapted from a story by James Oliver Curwood, directed by that master of outdoor production, Edwin Carewe, "I am the Law" has had more time, patience and study lavished on it than most productions on the legitimate stage. It is Belasco-like in its perfection. Don't miss it.

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A WONDERFUL new method of losing disfiguring, burdensome excess flesh has been discovered. A method that can give you the type of figure you admire so much—one month from today—or less. It is a simple, self-followed law of Nature. Any one can apply it at once, without any bitter self-denials, and results are often gained in only 48 hours.

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But, in spite of the simplicity of this wonderful new method of reducing, the experience of thousands of stout men and women has shown that a pound a day is not too much to look for at the very start. Many women have taken off 10 pounds a week, and even more.

Lose Flesh Quickly—and Improve Health

And the beauty of this safe, *natural* method of reducing is that it gives you renewed vitality and energy, in addition to restoring your normal youthful figure. Your general health will improve. You obtain a clearer complexion, a brighter eye, a more elastic step and greater zest in life. Your nerves are improved, your sleep is more refreshing. The years seem to drop away as the superfluous fat vanishes, and you may even find, as others have, that wrinkles which seemed permanent have also been effaced.

Hundreds of women have reduced 20, 30, 40, and more pounds in astonishingly short times. And they did all this without being harassed by rigid rules of diet.

If you wish to avoid the necessity for making sudden changes in your clothing, you can easily control the operation of this natural law of reduction so that your loss of weight will be more gradual than a pound a day. While you are steadily regaining your slender, graceful, youthful figure, slight and inexpensive changes in your garments can be made from time to time. Then, when you have arrived at your ideal weight, the new discovery will enable you to maintain it steadily, without gaining or losing. Your weight is thus largely under your own control.

In reducing through this remarkable new discovery 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. All you do is to follow an extremely simple and easily understood law of Nature.

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It was given to Eugene Christian, the well-known food specialist, to discover this 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. There is nothing complicated and nothing hard to understand. It is simply a matter of learning how to combine your food properly, and this is easily done.

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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 now offered to you on free trial.

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.

As soon as the course arrives, weigh yourself. Decide how much weight you wish to lose the first week and each week thereafter. Then try the first lesson. Weigh yourself in two days or so and note the result. You'll be as happily surprised as the thousands of others who have quickly regained a normal, beautiful figure in this simple, scientific way.

Remember, send no money; 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. Corrective Eating Society, Inc., Dept. W-2086, 43 West 16th St., New York City.

If you prefer to write a letter, copy wording of coupon in a letter or on a postcard.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Inc.
Dept. W-2086, 43 West 16th St., 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 return the course within this time.

Name.....
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Price outside United States \$2.15 cash with order

Read How Others Have Lost Weight

Loses 13 Pounds in 8 Days

"Hurrah! I have lost 13 pounds since last Monday and I feel better than I have for months."

MRS. GEO. GUTERMAN,
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"I reduced from 175 pounds to 153 pounds (a reduction of 22 pounds) in two weeks. Before I started I was flabby, heavy and sick. Stomach trouble bothered me all the time. I feel wonderful now."

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From 187 to 143 Pounds

"I will always be thankful that I wrote for the course. I weighed 187 pounds. After getting the course I secured results right away and now am down to normal weight, having lost 44 pounds. It is grand to have a girlish figure again."

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"I found your instructions easy to follow and your method delightful. In 30 days I lost 28 pounds—8 pounds the very first week. My general health has been greatly benefited."

(Signed) EARL A. KETTEL,
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To free your skin from blemishes—*the right way*

YOUR skin was so smooth and clear yesterday—today it is spoiled by unsightly little blemishes! How did they come there? And how discouraging it is—just when you were most anxious to appear at your best!

A skin specialist would tell you that blemishes are generally caused by infection from bacteria or parasites which are carried into the pores of your skin by dust in the air.

Don't let your skin lose the clearness that is its charm. To free your skin from blemishes, begin tonight to use this treatment:

JUST before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, 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. Within a week or ten days you will be surprised at the improvement in your complexion.

Special treatments for each type of

skin and its needs are given in the booklet of famous skin treatments which 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—find the treatment your skin needs, and begin using it tonight.

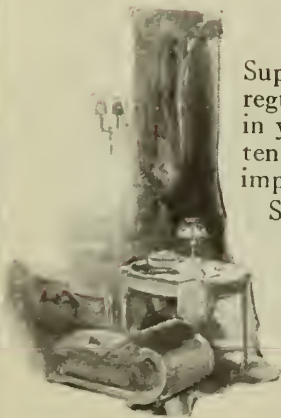
The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for general use. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks if used for general cleansing of the skin and also for any of the special Woodbury treatments.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

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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- Together with the treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch.*"

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 506 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 506 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. English Agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.





*THE jewel of the continental cinema, Pola Negri, posing for
PHOTOPLAY in her home. She is to startle America in person*

NEW PICTURES



THIS mysterious, midnight-eyed young woman—would you believe her name is simply Estelle Taylor and that she hails from prosaic Pennsylvania? She is still featured by Fox, who discovered her

Seely



ANY minute they may step from their frame and swing into a quaint dance to the tinkling strains of an old tune—(if the director doesn't call Gloria Swanson and Rudolph Valentino back to the set)

Donald Biddle Keyes



A *SUBTLE and very quiet charm which is almost oriental,
and a very vivid sense of humor. Leatrice, not Beatrice
Joy reveals the combination as Cecil deMille's permanent heroine*

Clarence Bull



GAZE upon this lovely lady long. An expert farceuse in public life, and the wildest of women in her private existence. Meet Hedda Hopper, otherwise known as Mrs. deWolf

Abbe



YOU may have wondered why Alice Calhoun always plays the correct and charming young lady whom you'd like to introduce to your mother. The answer is obvious—She is. Her most recent portrait

Kenneth Alexander



YOU know "Tomboy Taylor," the heroine of a certain celebrated cartoon series? We will wager Gladys Walton, stellar hoyden, was just that kind of a kid, and not so very many years ago, either

Edwin Bower Hesser



ACTUAL photograph of green Shetland drop-stitch sweater, edged with silk, after nine washings with Ivory Flakes and proportionate wear. Garment and letter from original owner on file in the Procter & Gamble offices.

To Wash Wool Sweaters

Pour a quart of boiling water over two table-spoonfuls of Ivory Flakes, add three quarts of cold water, and whisk up a thick suds. Immerse the sweater carefully, and press it gently under water, to remove the dirt. Do not lift garment from the water and do not rub. When clean, lift it from the suds on a towel and put it through three rinse waters of the same temperature as the suds, each of which contains enough Ivory Flakes to make the water milky. Always use towel in lifting sweater from bowl.

After final rinse, place sweater in dry towel and pat out the excess moisture, or run towel and sweater through a loosely set wringer. Dry garment flat on thick towel, away from sun or strong heat or cold. Turn it frequently, and keep pulling it into proper shape, according to a paper pattern cut before garment was washed.

If clear water causes color in sweater to run, set color by soaking garment in salt water, or in a gallon of cold water containing one table-spoonful of powdered alum for black, black and white, gray, yellow, pink, brown, red, or green; or one table-spoonful of sugar of lead for purple or blue.

Send for Free Sample

with complete directions for the care of dainty garments, and interesting pictures of blouses, dresses, and lingerie which have given remarkable wear under the care of Ivory Flakes. Address Section 45-FP, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company Cincinnati, Ohio.



—and her friends said it wouldn't wash

THE original owner of the green drop-stitch Shetland sweater in the photograph was advised not to purchase it, because it "wouldn't wash".

Previous experience with many delicate garments had given her such faith in the fine-laundering ability of Ivory Soap Flakes that she bought the sweater in spite of her friends' warning, and popped it into Ivory Flakes suds the moment it was soiled. All told, she has now washed the sweater nine times, without stretching, shrinking, fading, or breaking it, or discoloring the white silk edge either yellow or green.

She says that the present

beauty of the sweater is due to Ivory Flakes, because even the greatest care in washing would have been useless if the soap had been strong, or the suds not rich enough to dissolve the dirt without rubbing.

Ivory Flakes—simply snow-like flakes of genuine Ivory Soap — has the purity and thick-sudsing quality essential for fine laundering. *With* it, you are equipped to take perfect care of your sweaters and other pretty clothes, no matter what they are made of. *Without* the sure safety of Ivory Flakes, your utmost care in handling can not always prevent the things you wash from having "that laundered look"

IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Makes pretty clothes last longer



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The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine
HOLLYWOOD, - CALIFORNIA

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XXII

June, 1922

No. 1



TOO MUCH MUSTARD

THE motion picture business has a pain in the box office.

It has not yet reached the acute stage where the agony forces it to seek a cure.

But the pain is growing every day and capable physicians must be found.

The public has the motion picture habit. If you producers and exhibitors continue to surfeit it with cheap pictures and insincere advertising the public will lose the habit and you deserve to lose your business.

The motion picture patrons are about "fed up" on the screen slop served under the guise of wholesome food.

The stomach revolts at too much mustard, red pepper or tabasco. The public is revolting against too much spice in pictures.

The world's greatest stories are simple ones, simply told. They have themes—not thrills.

The heart of the world is always young.

It is this deathless youth of the world that the motion picture must serve. The art of the art must be its perennial freshness.

Too often the motion picture screams, when it would be heard with more effect if it would just talk.

Fortunately now and then a fresh mind breaks through the clannish cordons of the studios.

One of the best pictures of the year has been made by an artist with no motion picture traditions behind him, his first work for the screen.

More like him are to come.

Your exhibitor does not have to show tawdry pictures. Here are a few splendid ones, each a worthwhile entertainment, each built on a great theme, all released within the past few weeks: *Smilin' Through*, *Turn to the Right*, *Sisters*, *The Cradle*, *Hail the Woman*. These are not all, but they prove the case.

Throughout the whole history of mankind when evils have grown insufferable they have reached the point of cure. And the cure in this case will be a major operation in which the art and industry will be freed of its ulcers and obstructions.

The Girl who

The real life story
of Barbara La Marr is stranger
than fiction; it
will amaze and thrill you

It isn't often that the Great Playwright shows us naked, human drama.

When he does it is like gazing from the top of the Bright Angel trail into the stupendous miracle of the Grand Canyon.

The story of Barbara La Marr is just the real-life yarn of a girl who was too beautiful—and didn't know what life was all about.

But it is the sort of thing we progressive women of today ought to read and consider. It is elemental.

I have always wondered how Helen felt during the Trojan war.

The thoughts of her heart, while death made her face an unwitting instrument to slaughter thousands and lay her lover's country in ashes at her feet, make an epic poem worth dreaming over.

BARBARA LA MARR'S face at fifteen, when I first knew her, was the kind that could no more go peacefully through a world of men than a cobblestone could pass through a plate-glass window without busting things up.

At sixteen, the girl, who is now Barbara La Marr and is now no prettier than numbers of other women, was so beautiful that a woman couldn't even be jealous of her.

As well be jealous of the crescent moon in June—or an American Beauty rosebud—or a Keats sonnet.

The face that launched a thousand ships—the face that lost Mark Antony the world—the face a million poets have sung—that was her face at sixteen.

I am trying to avoid exaggeration.

I have seen a good many beautiful women in my time.

Of them all, Barbara La Marr was the most exquisite girl I have ever seen.

And at sixteen her beauty threw her suddenly into the whirlpool of life, quite without warning, quite without preparation, knowledge, or protection. You have read about things like that. This time I saw it happen.

Then began the series of adventures that go to make up her story—a story from which David Graham Phillips might



AKINDLY old judge with a fringe of white hair around his bald spot leaned down from his bench.

"You're too beautiful to be alone in a big city while you're so young," he said. "Go back to the country, back to your folks. You're too beautiful, my child. You don't understand where it might lead you."

The tall, slim young thing before him turned away her wonderful eyes, bowed her head in its cheap, gay straw hat, touched her lips once with a little hand in a ragged glove—and left the courtroom.

That girl was Barbara La Marr.

And that was the day—eight, nine, seven years ago—that we christened her the "Too Beautiful Girl."

I was there, a reporter on an afternoon newspaper.

Then, she was a sixteen-year-old country girl with a face that might have launched a thousand ships. A face that was to lead her, as one like it led Trojan Helen, into the very thick of the elemental things of life.

Today, she is the alluring young dramatic actress whom you will remember as *Milady* in Douglas Fairbanks' "Three Musketeers," and who is soon to be seen in the superb leading rôle of Rex Ingram's newest production, "Black Orchids."

Between the two lies a page from the Book of Life that is written in scarlet and green and black and gold.

She is so very lovely that other women aren't jealous of her. And that's going some!

Rex Ingram directing Barbara La Marr in a scene from his new production, "The Prisoner of Zenda"



was too Beautiful

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

I am willing to salute the unconquerable soul of a girl who can beat her own destiny and with her bare hands climb back up the cliff over which life has thrown her. As women, we ought to be very proud of Barbara La Marr



There is something spirituelle about her face, an elusive wistfulness. The struggles of her extreme youth have left their mark upon her—but it is a charming one

have written a tremendous novel, full of the tumult and tragedy of youth and beauty.

I think she was only fifteen when she was kidnaped from her peaceful little home in a small village a few miles out of Los Angeles.

Leading there a quiet sort of life with her father and mother, simple, hard-working, ordinary people, she quite suddenly disappeared.

For days the police of Los Angeles sought her, urged to frantic efforts by the pleas of her father.

At last they found her, miles away, carried there by a fast automobile, with her stepsister and a man who was the stepsister's friend. The police took her home, a shaken, bewildered, beautiful child. The matter came up in court. But the girl was safe and the family only wanted to forget it all. She had come to no



As Milady, the engaging and very efficient villainess of "The Three Musketeers," Barbara La Marr came into her own. Audiences found it hard to dislike her!

harm. A few months later, still suffering from the shock of her experience, she went to visit friends in Arizona.

She was not particularly interested in men, but already she had learned that men were always interested in her. One young man, a nearby rancher, lost

PERHAPS the dash of his wooing appealed to the girlish heart. Perhaps in her simplicity she couldn't control the situation. Anyway, she rode to the altar for the first time—behind him on his fiery broncho.

his head completely over the girl. He followed her about all day and spent the nights watching the house where she slept. One day as she and a girl friend rode across the open country in a car, he stopped them, dragged her from her seat, put her up behind him on his horse and rode away with her, a veritable young Lochinvar.

If her husband had lived, the girl's beauty might have faded in the glare of an Arizona sun, and the grind of a desert existence. But in a few months he died of pneumonia, and the sixteen-year-old widow went home to her family.

To me the next act of her drama was one of the most tragic things I ever covered.

Blossoming daily, daily more lovely to look at, she fell in love with and married a man who shall be nameless here.

He was a lawyer, good-looking, cultured, romantic, of good family—everything that the child's heart was beginning to envision; everything that the men she met normally in her own sphere were not. The wedding was performed by one of the best known ministers in (Continued on page 106)

And again in "The Prisoner of Zenda". The role of Antoinette de Mauban would not be an easy one for most women—but with those eyes anything is easy



Most Famous Hat in Picturedom

THERE is probably no more famous piece of property in all Hollywood than William deMille's directorial hat. Even Theodore Roberts' all-expressive cigar does have to be renewed occasionally. But Bill deMille's hat is like Tennyson's celebrated brook—it goes on and on forever.

Six years ago when William deMille began directing pictures for Paramount, he brought with him this hat. He has never directed a picture since without it. He never changes it. It is a barometer of his feelings concerning the work of a picture. And a good luck charm which never fails him.

Probably no other headpiece is as disreputable



He has just arrived on the set for a day's work, wearing the famous directorial hat. It looks as if there is going to be a good day ahead



He is in deep thought between scenes, trying to evolve the fullest dramatic symbolism or value out of the next one. Note position of hat



Expression and position of hat show William deMille has just dismissed one idea and doggedly settled down to arrive at a better one



Better satisfied. He's beginning to get hold of the idea he wants



Now everything is all set. "Let's just rehearse it that way!"



The preliminaries have worked smoothly. "Now, let's shoot it!"



"That's O, K!" William deMille's sense of dramatic, satirical humor is one of the keenest of all motion picture directors and playwrights



Here he is seen reflecting a little of that quality for which he is famous as the players inject it into a scene which is in progress



The day's work is over and he is satisfied with the results. Soon the directorial hat will be removed and another substituted for street wear

Must They Be Beautiful?

Answering a pertinent question of qualification for the Photoplay-Goldwyn New Faces Contestants

BEAUTY—that overworked word! Just what does it mean, anyway? The world has always worshipped beauty. Its poets and painters and singers and actors have been beauty's press-agents. Through the ages beauty, almost always in the guise of the feminine, has held sway over men and empires. Consider Cleopatra and Helen and Du Barry. These ladies may not have been actually beautiful in the strictest sense of the word, but they possessed that mystic quality that made them seem beautiful whether they really were or not. They ruled the world because the world thought them beautiful. The world was right. Whether the beauty's nose was classic or retrouse, whether her mouth was large or small, her ankle ungainly or shapely, if she had charm, or wit, or spirituelle, she was called beautiful.

IN America there are many beauties. They may not all have classic contours, but they undoubtedly have a magnetism that makes up for the lack of them. In every town in the country, there is a Beautiful Girl. She is pointed out at church, on the street, at parties, as "our prettiest daughter." She may have competition; there may be half a dozen contenders for her crown. She probably dreams her dreams of empire; she is ambitious; she wants the world to know she is beautiful, even though she is modesty personified. In the cities there are other girls; lovely young women the world would worship if the world knew them.

THESE young Americans have had the opportunity of many lifetimes extended to them.

Through the medium of the motion picture, they may make their bows to the world. The PHOTOPLAY-GOLDWYN New Faces Contest is attracting national—international—attention.

Thousands of girls are sending in their photographs. The winner, or winners—for there are so many pretty girls to choose from that it is very probable more than one will be selected—will be given camera trials and, if successful, will be sent to California under the auspices of Goldwyn Pictures and PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, where every available resource will be called upon with the purpose of presenting the world with a new screen star.

Newspapers all over America have evinced an extraordinary interest in the Contest. Motion picture theaters are co-operating enthusiastically. Exhibitors have joined in the

search for new film faces, partly because of the great interest they naturally have in such a remarkable enterprise, and partly because PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is offering a cash prize of one thousand dollars to the motion picture theater manager who is successful in landing the winning girl.

The entire film industry is watching the outcome of the Contest. It realizes that here is no commonplace contest; but that behind the idea is a real desire to give the motion picture public new faces.

The sincerity in the search has manifested itself, and producers are waking up to the fact that here is an actual effort, a determined drive to put new life on the screen. In fact, several producers have gone so far as to write to the Editor of PHOTOPLAY to ask if they may look at the photographs of the entrants after the winners have been selected. It takes a lot to make old showmen, callous critics, and skeptical producers sit up and take notice, but the Contest has done it.

If the censors and other critics of the photoplay could read the letters the Editor receives from clergymen, from mayors, from women's clubs, about the New Faces Contest, they would be forced to alter their ideas. Three ministers' daughters are among the entrants. The Mayors of six cities have accepted the challenge to find the "Prettiest Girl in Town." They are urging their young women to participate. In fact, "Who is the Prettiest Girl in Your Town" has become a national slogan.

We will repeat: "Who is?" She may be you. She may be the girl next door. She may be your daughter, your sister, your sweetheart. Whoever, wherever she may be,

send in her photograph to PHOTOPLAY. If she is beautiful—and by beauty remember that we mean character; purpose; charm; magnetism; intelligence—she may be the winner.

A girl may be a good photographic subject.

She may take a charming "still" picture. She may seem to possess all the qualifications her likeness indicates. But she must *really* have them. She must be able to do much more than merely "take a good picture." Because the camera, the film camera, will find her out every time. It is an unflinching recorder of truth. It is impossible to deceive it.

The enthusiasm with which PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and Goldwyn Pictures Corporation first approached this New Faces idea, has grown, not abated. With every new entrant, inter-

TERMS OF THE NEW FACES CONTEST

THE Goldwyn Photoplay New Faces Contest is open to all women of the United States or Canada, over seventeen years of age, who are not professional actresses. This does not exclude members of amateur dramatic organizations. Men are not eligible.

The first choice of the judges in this contest—Samuel Goldwyn, president of Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, and James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—shall receive a year's contract to appear in Goldwyn Pictures. During the period of the contract, the winner shall receive a salary equal to that being paid competent actresses playing in pictures at that time. The Goldwyn Company agrees to pay for the transportation of the winner and her mother, relative, or chaperone, to and from the studios at Culver City, California, and shall have a three years' option on the winner's services.

Other entrants, in addition to the winner, will be considered for use in Goldwyn films. Motion picture tests shall be made of those selected as the best screen possibilities, tests to be made at Goldwyn exchanges, transportation of those chosen to be paid by the company. Photographs of all entrants will be received from February 1st to July 1st, 1922; and shall be addressed to New Faces Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. No photographs will be returned unless sufficient postage is enclosed.

The winner will be announced in the September issue of PHOTOPLAY, on the newsstands August 15th.

Some Charming Girls Who Have Been



Twenty-one year old Julia Clarkin of Kansas City is another nut-brown maid. She has studied dancing in the Denishawn School in Los Angeles, but has had no actual theatrical experience



The eternal ingenue; the quintessence of very young America: little Polly Day of Harrisburg, Pa. As far as measurements are concerned, she is in the Pickford-Clark class: five feet—one hundred pounds!



"My daughter has always been ambitious for a screen career; so we are sending her photograph for your Contest to give her her opportunity," writes the mother of lovely Anne W. Gardiner of Lima, Ohio

est is strengthened. For the photographs have been amazingly good.

They have set a high standard.

Feminine charm gathered from different quarters of this broad land.

American beauties—the loveliest girls in the world—one of them a future film star!

We have tried to make the Terms of the Contest, given elsewhere, as plain as possible, but the New Faces Editor is receiving scores of letters asking for additional information—for a further interpretation of the conditions that, each month, are printed in PHOTOPLAY.

Many Canadian girls have written in to ask if they are eligible.

They certainly are.

Art knows no boundary between us and our neighbors to the North.

If Canadian girls were barred from the screen, Mary Pickford would not be with us.

QUERIES on the subject of matrimony often are made. Matrimony is not a bar.

That is a question of domestic relation in which the New Faces Editor does not care to participate.

Don't be too modest in your descriptions of yourselves. Call attention to your attainments; describe yourselves as fully as possible.

Remember that any stage or screen appearance that you

Entered in the New Faces Screen Contest

LIBRARY
ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE
ARTS AND SCIENCES
HOLLYWOOD, - CALIFORNIA



Soft and southern and sweet: Marguerite C. Smith, One of Montgomery, Alabama's, "Prettiest Girls," Miss Smith is just eighteen. She is the kind of girl you want to introduce to your mother!



If she possesses all the qualities contained in her photograph, Edith May Patterson stands an excellent chance of becoming a good screen subject. She has grace and charm. Pine Bluff, Ark., will be proud of her some day



Margueritta Mehrtens—as distinctive as her name—is a Florida beauty, born in Jacksonville. She is a vivid brunette, with her dark hair and velvety brown eyes. There is an instant allure in that smile

may have made is an absolute disqualification to your entry in this contest.

Men are not eligible. This is a Contest for girls!
This may seem unfair; actually it is not.

For one thing, there are more opportunities for women on the screen.

For another thing the supply of actors is greater than the demand.

New feminine faces are in great demand.

There are more parts for girls in film stories.

The public never wearies of womanly charm, and the public welcomes new types, new ideals of beauty.

If the winner should be so unfortunate as not to have a mother living, expenses of a relative or suitable chaperone will be paid in addition to her own.

Thus no one need hesitate because of a timidity of traveling to a strange place alone.

If there's anything else you wish to know, just write to the New Faces Editor.

New Amer

The statuesque and
of a generation ago has given

By ADELA ROGERS



(Photo by Otto Sarony Co.)

There is no woman on the screen today as large as Marjorie Elliott was in her prime

IT'S an old line, but it's still good. Times certainly have changed. The corset, the gas jet, the saloon, and the buggy ride have gone the way of all flesh.

In their place, we have the rolled stocking, the toddle, wood alcohol whiskey and the taxi.

A lot of people declare they don't know what the world is coming to.

Still, way back in the 16th century, we find Catherine de Medici rebuking her beautiful daughter, Marguerite de Valois, for her modern tendencies, and uttering much the same sentiment.

At least we have dropped a bunch of idle superstitions—for instance, the stork intrigues the youthful fancy of America no more today than the dodo-bird—and we are grateful for the aeroplane, electricity, and the motion picture.

And above everything else, we have radically changed our ideas and ideals about feminine beauty.

In spite of the 19th Amendment, the last ten years have seen the American beauty softened, feminized, and reduced to an amazing extent.

DID it ever occur to you that this is a metamorphosis for which the screen abstractly and D. W. Griffith personally are almost entirely responsible?

That may sound a trifle far-fetched to you at first.

It did to me, when a brilliant young artist sprung it on me one night at dinner.

But after consideration, I had to admit that it was true.

The screen has had an effect upon our national life that cannot be estimated.

And it has certainly revolutionized our thought about what is charming in the female of the species.

Oscar Wilde once declared that Life imitates Art far more than Art imitates Life.

It seems to me that this is largely true in this case. As our popular, professional beauties of the



(Photo by Eddowes Bros.)

Lillian Russell at one time stood for perfection of American loveliness



The Gibson girl, who was by no means a frail creature, was representative of America's type of beauty

© 1897 by
Charles
Scribner's
Sons

ican Beauty

fulsome pulchritude
way to the fragile, girlish type

ST. JOHNS

screen have become small women, have changed from the stately and statuesque to the petite and ingenué, I find myself intrigued by the fact that women in general seem to be following the same trail.

ANYWAY, think back to the days before there were any movies. I know it's hard to do, but try.

What was then the nation's ideal of the American beauty? The Gibson girl.

Tall, stately, impressive. Juno rather than Psyche.

Who were the really famous beauties of that day—the women whose names were actually synonyms for American loveliness?

Lillian Russell and Maxine Elliott.

Both very big women, with the then popular Junoesque figure. Both more than average in height, with full, developed figures boasting tiny waists.

Fritzi Scheff, Lotta Faust, even the glorious Edna May, while not so large, were built along lines



Photo by Evans Studio

Mary Pickford represents today's petite ideal type of beauty

that always suggested the woman, never the girl.

The famous original Floradora sextette were all good-sized girls.

The show girls of the Irene Bentley period, who were the real beauties of the time, were selected for impressiveness as well as beauty.

Even in the social realm, we remember the aristocratic Katherine Elkins, the lovely American girl who became internationally famous as Lady Randolph Churchill, the first Mrs. John Jacob Astor.

Mae Marsh

All big, stately women.

Of course there were little women who were favorites. Women like Della Fox and Polly Chase. But they did not rank professionally as beauties. They were soubrettes.

No, in all honesty, the American beauty was big, athletic, stately.

Julia Marlowe, Nance O'Neill—a veritable giantess—Margaret Anglin, Olga Nethersole—the dramatic and tragic artists of the day, followed the tradition.

AND then—and then—

The motion picture and D. W. Griffith.

Today we find beyond question that the new and reigning American beauty is small—the tiny, childish, girlish type.

Before the days of the cinema, Lillian Russell was the most adored woman in America. Our prized American beauty.

Now, who is America's sweetheart?

Mary Pickford.

Mary Pickford, who stands four feet and eleven inches in her shoes.

If England or France or Italy stops to think what the beautiful woman of America is like, the ideal type, to whom do their thoughts naturally turn?

Mary Pickford and the host of other screen beauties we send them.

Who is today conceded by the majority of critics and audiences in this country to be our great- (Concluded on page 109)



(Photo by Frank Dem)

Lillian and Dorothy Gish, fragile, girlish types entirely unlike the famous beauties of yesterday



"I know you," he went on pleasantly. "You folks came over to Pasadena and used our home in one of your pictures"

Behind the Curtain

A remarkable
love story from real motion picture life

By
FRANK CONDON

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

"She's probably the finest girl in the world, and she's got common sense, in spite of her being willing to marry that boy of mine"

what they describe as the promising girls. She was coming right along. Newspaper critics prophesied that, in time, Sarah B. Aiken would be pushing Lillian Gish off the end of the bench. Maybe so. It hasn't happened yet, but you never can tell.

Sarah was a bird with beautiful feathers and two hazel-brown eyes under perfect brows—two pools of feminine mystery, which, when she focused them upon a hapless adult of the opposing sex, caused him forthwith to forget everything in the copy-book,

starting with "Be Good and You Will Be Happy."

Sarah was not a vamp in the accepted meaning of that silly and overworked word. A vamp, as seen in L. A., is a beautiful woman who is either wicked now, or will be without delay. Miss Aiken was nothing of the sort. She was anything but slinky and she never wore black. Sweet and lovely innocence was her middle name.

SHE seemed a good deal like a misplaced nun, and when she first fluttered into the Federated shop to play leads, our battle-scarred staff had a quick look, and wondered who would protect the angel child. She looked timid and fragile. I expected to see signs on her, such as, "With Care," or "This Side Up." But no. . . . And my good Gosh! How that lady *did not* need protection!

I HAPPEN to know a good bit about the movies, because I've been knocking around in the studios for seven years, and what I say is as follows: The movies are not vastly different from any other business. Canning the drama is a good deal like canning salmon, although there are points of variance, some of them in favor of the salmon. The fish-canners are nice people, with, of course, the usual exceptions. Similarly, the movies have their nice people; and they have their sour babies, too.

We have, on our own lot, a sprinkling of these sour babies, but we also pay off every week a large congregation of God-fearing actors and actresses who settle their bills promptly, tend to their morals, speak kindly of their fellow-men, wash their soiled linen in private, and otherwise behave like people you wouldn't object to as next-door neighbors.

"Here comes another of those horn-rimmed movie defenders," I can hear the tired reader mourn. . . . Not so. . . . I am only repeating a few hackneyed truths at the beginning of this little narrative, because it concerns a very sour baby, and I would like to have it understood that the trade is not composed exclusively of such.

This particular one was a female, who slipped along through the ranks of the extra persons and into semi-stardom under the name of Sarah Bradley Aiken. She never really became a hot-dog star, with red letters up and down the main avenue, and a secretary to talk to little wet-eyed interview ladies from the movie magazines; but she was, nevertheless, up there among

R. VAN BUREN

Sam Perry was the genial director of our company, and my own duties were those of assistant. We had as fine a staff as there was on the Federated lot, and while we remained together as a working unit, we certainly knocked off some celluloid masterpieces. Naturally, we had a few failures. Now and then they gave us a story out of the cook-book, and we produced a banyan on the screen, which is what anyone might expect. But with a fair start, having a good story, we generally came through with an interesting and entertaining collection of galloping photographs. And thanks to Sam Perry, a good director, whose art is being injured, because he has a wife who throws knives at him during moments of high emotion.

TOWARDS the end of Sam's tenure in office, Sarah Bradley Aiken joined up with the Federated, and, as I said, we gazed upon that beguiling countenance, and marvelled that one so fair and sweet should have to mingle with the coarser breeds. You looked at her and concluded that by rights she should be always standing in the middle of a pure, white tablecloth, with a lily in her hand and her eyes raised to Heaven.

Sarah was probably twenty-six that year, and she could seem sixteen, except at certain grim hours in the morning, or when abruptly deprived of her cosmetics. What she could do with a little dab of scarlet paint is beyond human belief. We learned about women from her—boy, we did indeed.

With Miss Aiken playing the lead, we finished one picture, and did the job quickly and largely in the studio. It was one of those all-interior yarns and we rolled through it with speed. Nobody on the lot knew Sarah very intimately, but we were all prepared to take a solemn oath upon seven bibles that here was one of God's few noblewomen. She was, during the making of that first picture, a sweet and simple soul. If she bumped against an obscure prop boy, she apologized. If she kept Sam waiting for a scene, she begged his forgiveness with such earnestness that Sam with difficulty restrained himself from bursting into tears. She was too good to be true.

Towards the start of the second picture, I began to notice a strange young gentleman, who anchored himself outside the studio every afternoon, and leaned against a tree at a point opposite the gate. He didn't look like a film person, and yet he was there so persistently for a week or more that I cast the eye of curiosity upon him. He was a kid of twenty-two; a bright-eyed, clear-skinned youngster with a round face that ended in a noticeable chin. When he talked, he looked you in the eye. One day he hailed me, as I pawed my way through a crowd of extras.

"MY name is Gilbert Nordahl," he said. "You're Mr. Perry's assistant, aren't you?"

I admitted that this was the guilty truth.

"I know you," he went on pleasantly. "You folks came over to Pasadena and used our home in one of your pictures."

I then remembered him. The year before, we had need for a mansion and Pasadena is where we generally go for our mansions. The Nordahl dwelling was the one chosen by Sam, and if that isn't an elegant domicile, I don't want a dime. Towers everywhere with turrets protruding. Ivy climbing over balus-

trade and portico. Half-a-mile of velvet lawn and a squad of Japs chasing weeds. The garage is just one size bigger than the Boston City Hall, and on the front lawn is an iron reindeer fleeing on three legs. The place is like a French chateau that has been kept up, and the owner is old Dave Nordahl, who built the first bandit-proof railroad into Mexico, and who now has a dollar for every flea in China.

Certainly, I recalled the kid. Sam Perry and I knew his father, and not only that—we knew him *well*. Dave took me down in his cellar, while we were getting those mansion shots,



She stood in the center of the dining room in sight and wished we were all

and showed me enough Scotch to make me realize, for the first time, the pure bitterness of poverty. Every drop straight from Glasgow. Dave told me he had just enough for one hundred and thirty-eight thousand high-balls, by which time he hoped he'd be dead.

This Dave Nordahl is a regular human being, without any accessories. He has six automobiles, beginning with a flivver finished in the natural rust and ending with a British limousine with eight doors in it. And the old boy can be observed any day, bounding from crag to crag in the tin coupe. He drives it by choice, the same as he chews fine cut, instead of telling young men the cardinal rules for success.

And this was Dave's boy.

"Miss Aiken is now in your company, isn't she?" young Gil-

bert said next. I glanced at him and ah-ha'd me a couple of quiet ah-ha's. So, that was it? The young man was buzzing around that lovely drop of human honey.

"She is," I answered. "Know her?"

"Slightly," he said smiling, and blushing a twelve-ampere blush—the kind that gives the ears a warm apricot-red. No grown man can do it. After a male passes the critical age of thirty-five, he simply runs out of blushes. In moments of extreme stress, he gets goose-pimples and lets it go at that.

"Are you allowed to enter this temple of art?" I demanded.

minutes, he would probably see Miss Aiken come out, but I felt that this wouldn't be news.

* * * * *

Sam Perry and I rushed the preliminaries on our new picture, and the department turned over to us what they claimed was the script of the story. Maybe it was. I read it carefully, and I don't know now and never did know what it was all about. I can understand scenario English as well as anybody, and if that script was a story, I'm a kangaroo. Sam read it, cursing bitterly all the way through. Sam's theory is that

all scenario writers are the off-springs of moron parents, and that there should be a law allowing them to be put out of their misery.

"We never can make this," said Sam, throwing it away from him.

"Of course not," I agreed. "Still, you said that about the last one."

The Nordahl scion continued to be there or thereabouts whenever the closing whistle blew, but he made no effort to swarm himself into the studio. He had his tree out by the automobiles, and he was content to wait for a vision of his goddess. Every evening at five, the resplendent Sarah appeared, looking more young and beautiful than ever, and she never lacked for protection. Four or five eager youths were on hand always, to take her home to her aunt, and to guard her from the wickedness of the world. Suffering scarabs! She needed protection the same as the British fleet.

AT any rate, young Gilbert Nordahl learned very speedily that there was competition afoot. Though he drove a gray automobile that had cost his father all of one season's profits in steel, still there were other automobiles, and Sarah distributed her favors like a duchess. Many a night, Mr. Nordahl stood in the shadows, biting his nails, and watching the lovely young thing step into another lad's machine.

One day, probably two weeks after I had first noticed the kid, who comes tearing around the end of Number Four Stage but Dave Nordahl himself, wearing his Pasadena golf uniform and chewing on the fag end of a cigar. His mind was elsewhere, and he all but ran me down.

"Hello, Bill," he said, coming back to earth. "I'm glad to see you. There's something I want to talk about."

"Go ahead," I said.

"I may need some help from you, Bill. I'm working out a little project that may or may not go through. It's that kid of mine."

"Gilbert," I said, and it dawned

on me. I knew at once what had brought Dave into the Federated lot.

"You might be able to help me, later on. Can we go somewhere and sit down?"

I steered him into Sam's office, opposite Number Three.

"You treated us to the best there was," I remarked. "Now it's our turn. Sit down, and what's on your mind?"

Dave unbuttoned his coat, hooked one of Sam's cigars and began. It seems that young Gilbert had been talking things over with him on a previous occasion, and since that chat, Dave had been reflecting. Without warning, Gilbert had walked into his father's library and had announced certain personal intentions. The news had astonished Dave—but not outwardly.

(Continued on page 78)



rug and announced that she hated everybody dead and buried in quicklime

"Well," he replied, "not exactly. You see, I don't want to make a nuisance of myself. I know you studio people hate to have strangers messing about. If I wanted to get in, I suppose I could arrange it somehow."

I LOOKED at that chin of his—the Nordahl chin. Old Dave Nordahl has a jaw of his own. It was what he built the Mexican railroad with, when they said he and his gang would be cut up into frijoles and fried, and the kid has the family chin—square, solid and sort of Gibraltaresque. I reflected that he certainly could get inside the Federated gate, if he wanted to.

"Well," I said, "glad to have met you again. So long."

I wanted to add that if he would hang around for about ten

Inside the Battle Line at Hollywood



Hollywood's Main Street—the Boulevard named after it. On the right, observe the newest Hollywood skyscraper

THE siege of Hollywood has been on for a year. In the good old days they built stone walls and moats around cities to withstand attacks. When the city fell the invaders sacked it of treasure, put the defenders to death, and carried off the women as slaves. Today the scandalmonging newspapers, reinforced by professional reformers, use poison gas, and ruin the reputations of decent men and women, in the hope of carrying off rich reward in the shape of increased circulation and self-advertising. Poor Hollywood, "the modern Sodom and Gomorrah"—"the world's wickedest city." And, by the way, here's something the newspapers are not serving up in headlines—that the Los Angeles police are convinced that William D. Taylor was assassinated by a gang of drug peddlers and bootleggers, such as ply their trade in every large city, whom he was trying to put out of business.



Reverend Neal Dodd, the favorite clergyman of the motion picture industry, who has married scores of actors and actresses in real life weddings as well as film ones



The Hollywood Hotel, which has housed as many or more film and literary celebrities than any other hostelry in the world. Among those who have lived there are Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Thomas Meighan, May Allison, Elinor Glyn, Gloria Swanson, the Talmadges, Sir Gilbert Parker, Mary Roberts Rinehart and Somerest Maughan. The Hollywood's fame is world-wide



The interior of the Blue Front—any day at noon. If you look closely you will see Tommy Meighan, Conrad Nagel, Lois Wilson, and Larry Wheat lunching together. "Ruddy" Valentino is over in a corner



The Armstrong Carleton Cafe, familiarly known as the Blue Front, where most of the film stars lunch. The little group snapped in the doorway includes the director, George Melford, Mae Busch, star, and Hezi Tale, director, who paused a moment for the cameraman



The Garden Court Apartments on Hollywood Boulevard—the largest and most beautiful apartment house in Hollywood. It has been the home of many screen celebrities because of its convenient location and its unpretentious, homelike atmosphere—inviting after a hard day's work

Perhaps the one actor's estate in Beverly Hills that has never before been photographed. Here, the retiring Rays are viewing their domain from the formal back garden. Their house is white plaster with a dark green roof



A Little Ray Home in the West

Photography by Stagg



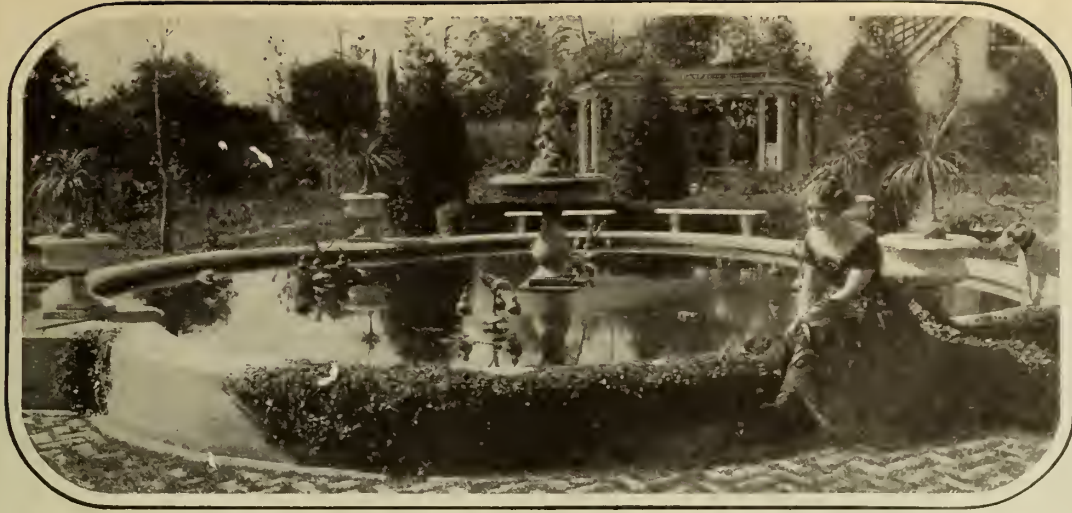
In the den it is permissible to call him Charlie. A real man's room, done in carved old English oak. The rug is a real Persian of great value and the hand-carved oak desk is an antique. The curtains are a pale gold



Their dining room—considered by artists and designers one of the most beautiful in America. The colors are pistachio green and pale violet. The mirrors are really panel doors opening into the hall



A panorama of Hollywood from the Japanese house that tops a hill overlooking the famous California suburb. Here you have a view which includes practically all of the cinema community



Mrs. Charles Ray—formerly Cora Grant—in her favorite corner of the garden. This garden is the Rays' particular hobby. The iron lilies of the fountain contain electric globes. (Don't overlook Whiskers, an actor of reputation)

Just a cottage in the California hills—but it's good enough for Charlie and Cora!



In the Japanese tea house—a decidedly futuristic room, in black patent leather and red enamel. The floor is of black linoleum. The Rays entertain here informally a great deal in the summer time



A glimpse of the lady of the house, in her very French boudoir. The silken draperies are in all the pastel shades. Notice the vase of ostrich plumes and the basket of ribbon flowers. Furniture is gilt with satin upholstery



This hilltop must provide the Rays with a satisfying sort of "all-the-world-at-our-feet" feeling. In the distance lies the mountain-rimmed city of Los Angeles, gleaming in the bright sunshine

A remarkable chapter of hitherto untold facts picture—an epic story of human ambition,

The Romantic History of the



Rose O'Neill, sketching by the road in remote Missouri, one day caught the attention of Grey Latham, and came to New York to be the bride of the first motion picture romance—and, later, to rise to fame as an artist. The whole world knows her "Kewpie" dolls



THIS remarkable chapter in Mr. Ramsaye's narrative of the development of the motion picture unfolds an amazing wealth of previously untold stories of the highest romantic color. They are the more amazing because they are documented in a large degree by the veracity of the camera itself and the long forgotten records of early film litigations. Here is given a prospect of the tremendously human story back of the statistical boasts of the motion picture. Research has revealed a treasure trove of glamorous historical material, until now untouched, and without parallel in the annals of art and industry.—THE EDITOR.

gallants fond of the taste of life, the motion picture on the screen seemed to promise wealth and all of the things that youth fancies wealth can buy. They had prospered in a promising degree with the Edison kinoscope peep shows and that success had given them a foretaste of what might be ahead. They found amusement successes came rapidly, when they came, and their experiences in showmanship consisted of just one successful venture—pictures of the Leonard-Cushing fight. On the basis of that precedent they had a large faith in the future. It seemed bright and certain then.

It was in this period of radiant hopes that love first came to tilt with the destiny of the motion picture. And it will be interesting for a moment to recall the romances which at this time came swiftly into the lives of these two young motion picture adventurers.

Journeying into the West, Grey Latham came in his travels to a little town in remote Missouri, where he idled the hours between trains with a stroll through pleasant byways and village streets. He came upon a pretty girl sketching by the road. She was uncommonly pretty. The handsome young man from Broadway approached with his best Southern

grace and discretely begged permission to compare the sketch with the view. But his eyes were not for the landscape, at least not the landscape alone.

"I think," he said, "that you are to be an artist, and that you must come to New York for real opportunity, a career."

What else may have been said before Grey Latham left the town that bright day in June we can perfectly well leave to conjecture. For it was not so very long before the rarely beautiful

girl took her sketching kit and bid goodbye to the little Missouri town. She was on her way to New York on her glorious adventure.

When this girl reached New York Grey Latham was at the station in courtly attendance, seeing her established in great propriety and comfort at a church school. Young Mr. Latham knew the studio life of New York exceedingly well, and there was something that made him think it better that the pretty girl from Missouri should live with the Sisters at a convent. He was exceedingly busy, the while, with the

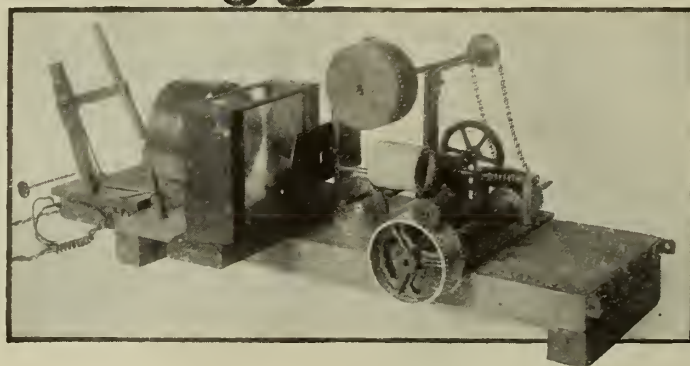
CHAPTER III

THE fires of anticipation illumined the efforts of the Lathams when they started manufacturing their motion picture projecting machine in the early summer of 1895. Successes in the laboratory had kindled high hopes.

True enough, the Latham eidoloscope was hardly more than the Edison kinoscope, with an arc light behind it, but in that day of beginnings it was enough of a foundation for hope.

Major Woodville Latham saw the possibility of an achievement that might well crown a lifetime of devotion to scientific effort, and perhaps equally important, might rebuild for the Lathams a fortune and estate worthy of the family's traditions in Virginia.

To the Major's sons, Grey and Otway, vigorous young



This machine is one of the three first successful film projectors built by Thomas Armat and C. Francis Jenkins in the year 1895

about the beginning of the motion
love, conflict, and achievement

Motion Picture

By TERRY RAMSAYE

budding picture affairs of the Lambda company. But his fair protege got much of his time and her work a great deal of his discriminating critical attention.

By way of an odd and pretty compliment to her sponsor the girl artist signed her work "O'Neill Latham." Presently editors grew interested in the bizarre whimsy of her style and O'Neill Latham became a familiar name in the publications of the day. For a long time there was a public impression that the O'Neill Latham who drew those weird fantasies in line was a man, probably some extraordinarily modest young man who refused to be seen or known.

Then one day Grey Latham, the aspirant of the films, and the girl from Missouri were married. She was Rose O'Neill. Now the whole world knows her fame. The "Kewpie" doll has taken a smiling glint of her genius the world around. But that and her major successes were waiting in the years to come, and Grey Latham was never to share in the rich attainment of the forecast that he made that guileless day by the roadside out in Missouri. Today the studio of Rose O'Neill in the timestained old red brick mansion house in Washington Square South is one of the places pointed out to the visitors to New York's Greenwich Village. And not one in a hundred thousand of them know that the secrets of the first motion picture romance are enshrined by that spot.

"The Black Maria," the first motion picture studio, at West Orange, New Jersey. It cost Thomas Edison \$637.67. In it were made practically the only pictures used in the world from 1889 until late in 1896



Annabelle the Dancer, who was probably second only to Carmen-cula among the first women to appear in motion pictures



It was in this same time, too, that Otway Latham was married to Natalie Lockwood, a gifted young member of one of New York's art colonies. She was soon to share with her husband the thrills of the first motion picture expeditions. Destiny awaited them, too, with a dramatic adventure of tragic termination that was one day, many years after their parts had been played, to come again into motion picture history. But we must wait a long time before completing the telling of their strange story.

This same spring of 1895 while the Lathams were busying themselves with the building of their eidoloscope projection machines for state's rights buyers, competition was germinating in hidden

distant places. We have mentioned Louis Lumiere in Paris, Robert W. Paul in London and the partnership efforts of Thomas Armat and C. Francis Jenkins in Washington. Two new names now came into the race for the screen.

Drifting southeast from California into Texas went William N. Selig, a young showman. He was a versatile inventive person with considerable photographic skill and experience. In the town of Dallas he came upon a kinoscope parlor where the Edison films were displayed in a peep show, just such an establishment as the Lathams had conducted in downtown New York. Selig spent several days investigating the machine and its films. He, like the rest, got a magic lantern idea and a notion of pictures on a screen.

This Selig was something of a plunger in his methodical, sure way. Showmanship in the open west had given him that. And since his name and works run in a continuous thread through all the subsequent motion picture history down to today and now, it is significant to turn back the pages even a little earlier than that day in 1895. From his home in Chicago some years before Selig went into the West in quest of his health, lingering a while in Colorado and then journeying on to California. He became manager of a health resort known as Chicago Park. Renewed energy came and he went on the road with a bit of entertainment. It consisted mostly of tricks of parlor magic, deftly done, including the old master performance of extracting the Belgian hare from the tall silk hat. That rabbit might be said to have been the progenitor of the famous Selig Zoo, but that is a decade and a half ahead in our chronology.

Mr. Selig was rewarded so handsomely for his successful manipulation of the docile rabbit and the trick hat that he developed his show business into a full-fledged minstrel attraction. It was a genuine fast black show and it had the flavor of genius about it. In a little upstate town in California, Selig paused in the street one day to observe a lonely, forlornly idle ducky. He was a yellow boy. He yawned a deep, wide open watermelon expanse of mouth and settled himself to let the sunshine soak in. He saw Selig looking at him and smiled. The smile was approximately one foot on its major axis. Selig admired it greatly.

The eidoloscope film, actual size, from the Latham picture of the Duncan Ross-Ernest Rober wrestling match



LeRoy Latham, who opened the first "store show" of motion pictures in the world

Historic "Firsts" in this Chapter

THE FIRST motion picture romance, in which handsome Grey Latham of Broadway found Rose O'Neill, a Missouri beauty and brought her to New York to be his bride.

THE FIRST motion picture exhibitor and state's rights buyer, LeRoy Latham, a nephew of Woodville Latham, inventor of the eidoloscope, who gave the first "store show" entertainment exclusively of films, in Norfolk, Virginia, in 1895.

THE FIRST appearance in the amusement world of the late Bert Williams as a minstrel in the employ of William Selig's wagon show in California.

THE FIRST motion picture presentation based on a popular song, "The Sidewalks of New York," pictured by the Lathams in New York.

THE FIRST motion picture advertising man, Henry Southall, a colored boy, who urged a handbill campaign on LeRoy Latham.

THE FIRST vaudeville act in a picture show, when Jack McConaughey, a circus clown, padded the Latham show at Newport News, Va., with poses of "ebony statuary."

THE FIRST Selig zoo, consisting of one Belgian hare, used by Colonel Selig in the famous rabbit-out-of-the-hat piece of parlor magic.

"Boy—want a job?"

"Whut at, boss?" The yellow boy was casually interested.

"In a minstrel show—just stand up and open your mouth, that's your act."

"I most suttinly kin, boss—when does we start?"

That was the beginning of the career of the late Bert Williams, a genius whose death a few weeks ago was a matter of world news and regret. When Williams joined the Selig show that day he found in the cast the man who was later for years to share his fame as the other half of Williams & Walker.

Walker was surly. Williams was all smiles.

This was, incidentally, Bert Williams' first appearance on any stage. Being light of hue, fifteen-sixteenths white in ancestry, he was ordered into burnt cork make-up. Stage fright overtook Williams in the first ensemble number and the sweat of distress poured down his face. His make-up ran in streaks of alarming perpendicular zebra effect. When the end man fired his funny question at Williams, the novice's eyes opened in terror and beads stood out on his forehead. He couldn't remember his lines. In dismay his mouth flew open. The house roared.

"If Ah says anything those folks'll laugh at me." Williams backed out into the wings. His hit was made, in spite of him. With the little Selig wagon show in 1892 he laid the foundation of the fame that took him into every great world capital, and which quite incidentally one day got him a transient motion picture success of sensational brevity.

William Selig had the bankroll of his minstrel show profits in his pockets when he discovered the kinoscope in Dallas and saw the greater promise of the picture that could be put on the screen.

Selig went back to Chicago and rented a workshop on the second floor of a most humble building in the midst of the hectic night life of Chicago's tenderloin. It was the now historic 43 Peck Court, and probably the only reputable tradition of that redlighted byway.

But the space was inexpensive and Selig saw a long task ahead of him, a costly one. While Woodville Latham's shop was at work in New York building eidoloscopes, Selig was toiling in Chicago trying to find a way to put the motion picture on the screen, and do



it well. He had samples of Edison kinetoscope film to experiment with, like the other workers. And by the way of pot-boiling for current incomes he took on large orders to make carbon prints for Chicago portrait photographers and made giant photographic enlargements for railway advertising. For a year nothing more was heard of Selig at 43 Peck Court.

Hardly more than an hour's ride away to the north of Chicago, up at Waukegan, a lake shore village and manufacturing center, another inventor, Edward Amet, was at work on the same problem. He also had a handful of Edison kinetoscope films. It is now twenty-five years since the name of Edward Amet figured in motion picture affairs. As this chapter is written he lives in quiet retirement at Redondo Beach in California, and only a few of today's figures in the motion picture industry can recall the time when he figured importantly for a moment as one of several contestants for patent office recognition and first motion picture honors. Yet the efforts of Amet led to the founding of the one time powerful Essanay concern of Chicago.

Amet was a most traditionally typical inventor. He needed money to go ahead with his work. He had just completed the invention of an automatic platform scale which for one cent handed you out a ticket with your tonnage on it. So now in his backroom workshop at the plant of the Chicago Scale Works down by the railroad tracks in Waukegan he had turned to the business of trying to get the kinetoscope picture on the screen. In point of time his efforts were slightly later in their inception than those of the Lathams, Amet and others. His machine was half done and as a banker would gracefully say it, funds were low. He thought that perhaps when his picture machine was completed it might have some value for theater use, if it worked. There was a show playing a one-night stand in the Waukegan Opera House. Mr. Amet noted the date and bent his steps that way with an idea of consulting a regular theatrical magnate.

At the close of the show Amet applied at the box office and found the manager of the attraction counting the receipts. They shook hands and the showman gave his name, George K. Spoor.

With the dignity and calm reserve which characterizes all good poker players and Scotchmen, Spoor listened to the inventor's story with a profound but outwardly casual attention. He had heard of moving pictures, but he had not seen them move. He agreed with Amet that if they could be made to move, in sight of an audience, on a screen they might have an entertainment value. He would look at the machine. He even admitted that he might just possibly invest if the thing looked right.

Mr. Spoor did not mention at that time that his capital consisted of the twenty-eight dollars and eighty-five cents profit on the night's show, and that his regular employment was the management of the newsstand and lunchroom at the Northwestern Station in Chicago. That night he was magnating.

The two of them, inventor and magnate, talking in terms calculated to impress each other favorably, walked across lots from the opera house to Amet's workshop. There they surveyed the array of gears and miscellany of parts of the machine as it stood incomplete before them.

Spoor and Amet talked for an hour. Reluctantly and with a faint heart down under his firm voice, Spoor ventured to ask the one important question:

"About how much capital, Mr. Amet, do you think you will require to finish this?"

The Six Inventors

In the year of 1895 six busy laboratories were close upon the solution of the problem of putting the motion picture on the screen. All of them based their efforts upon the beginning made by Thomas Edison and W. K. L. Dickson, his laboratory assistant, in 1889 with the invention of the kinetoscope. The workers were:

WOODVILLE LATHAM, in New York, who with a staff made up of former Edison employes, and the temporary co-operation of W. K. L. Dickson, produced the eidoloscope.

THOMAS ARMAT and **C. Francis Jenkins**, of Washington, who built a "beater" type projection machine with which the first commercially successful picture projects were conducted.

EDWARD AMET of Waukegan, Illinois, who with the financial assistance of George K. Spoor, developed a projection machine. From it came the famous Essanay concern.

LOUIS LUMIERE, famous French photographer, whose projector had for a time promised an international success.

ROBERT PAUL of London, who first copied the Edison kinetoscope and then attacked the problem of projection, with important early success in England.

WILLIAM SELIG of Chicago, who went from showmanship to invention and became the founder of the world known Selig Polyscope Company.

Edison had captured the secret of motion picture photography and locked it up in a little box where one person at a time could see it. These inventors' function was to liberate it on the screen.



Thomas Armat, of Washington, who built the type of projection machine which came to dominate the industry and who continues today to experiment for the technical betterment of picture projection. In his early work he was in partnership with C. Francis Jenkins (shown at bottom of page), also an inventor, still at work on motion picture problems

Spoor stiffened and set himself for a shock. He expected a suggestion of anything from five to twenty-five thousand dollars.

Amet stood thoughtfully silent. He did not want to make a mistake in front of this theatrical man. He did some elaborate figuring.

"Well, Mr. Spoor, I should say that I'll need
(Continued on page 100)





Jackie Turns Author

"The Kid's" Own Page—he wrote every word of it, all by himself

I HAV a new teacher.

I am glad.

Her name is miss Newell. She is telling me how to spel what I put down here.

I talk very good but I am just learning how to write. I hate spelling. miss Newell can spel fine.

Peepul that write must be smart. I could never. I forget what I think before I can make the letters to write it down.

What I like to do better than anything else in my whole life is climb.

Yesterday at the Kinema theater I saw a man 104 years old. He was still alive.

That is very old.

Moody who is what I call my mother wanted to know would I like to live until I get that old. I would like to be twice that old.

My grandpa that I went to visit for my last birthday is 70 years old. He can hunt and fish swell.

The trouble about being so old is teeth. I know about that. I had false teeth in my last picture.

I lost two teeth right in front like a jack o' lantrin. They stuck some ones in. It felt funny when I talked.

Now my new ones are coming in fast. One is grown. The other is little.

I pulled one of my teeth.

It was in the Ritz in New York. Moody was cross. Well, I was afraid I would eat it with my lunch.

Poody, that is my father, said the Ritz was an all right place to pull a tooth. But we had ladies at lunch.

I turned my head away. I said excuse me. Then I pulled it out.

I like the new house I live in.

MAYBE Moody will buy the lot next door. Then we can have a swimming pool.

I will have a slide from my bedroom window right into the swimming pool.

It will be a long slide but I am not afraid of anything. I bet Wes Barry would be afraid of that. My bedroom is very high. It is in the second story.

I will learn to swim. I can some. At Catalina Island last summer I did. The man put me on the bottom. He put his foot on me in my stomick.

You bet I kept my eyes wide open.

Wes Barry had a hard time to learn to swim. Now he is a fine swimmer.

He is bigger than me.

Moody read to me in a newspaper today. (Concluded on page 112)

JACKIE COOGAN
HOLLYWOOD

WHAT I LIKE TO DO
BETTER THAN ANYTHING
ELSE IN MY WHOLE
LIFE IS CLIMB

"Kiss Me, Frank"

Just a domestic scene in a hotel restaurant



Dagmar Godowsky set the Thanatopsis Club on its ear as she undulated into the dining room with friend husband, Frank Mayo

You have followed Frank, no doubt, through various vicissitudes in his screen career. She came east to do some shopping and to see papa and mama. He followed.

"WHAT I always say is," remarked Mr. Mayo after the grapefruit had been served by a breathless waiter, "give me a good story. If I only had a good story. Now, take that story I had not so long ago—called—Daggy, what was that story called?"

"I cannot remember the name of your story, my sweetheart," purred Dagmar. "But was it not the one where you were buried in the sand?"

"No, not that one, dear," he said. "That other one—well, I can't remember the name of it, but it was a good story. Daggy, what was that man's name I was supposed to call up? If you don't mind, I'll go and call him up now. What was his number, darling?"

"Vanderbilt oooo," said his wife smoothly. "Kiss me." He kissed her. She turned to me. "We haf been so busy. There are so many things to do (Continued on page 99)

By DELIGHT EVANS

HE undulated into the Algonquin, swathed in sables—or very good mink—and veils, and oriental perfumes. Everybody watched her. Everybody waited. The Young Men's Thanatopsis Club—composed of such high-browed herculeses as Marc Connelly and Roberts Sherwood and Benchley and F. P. Adams—even these stopped and stared. She was a good round eyeful. And in her wake was a mere man—a good-looking, well-set-up, modest man. He followed her into the dining room.

They seated themselves—she slid out of her wrap, disclosing a svelte figure in a Russian thing—she took off her gloves, disclosing diamonds—she threw back her veil, disclosing a white, white face, with scarlet lips and slanting, provocative eyes.

She tilted her head; and adjacent luncheon parties listened breathlessly. The beauty was about to speak. The California Cleopatra was on the verbal brink of elucidation. She looked at her companion.

"Kiss me, Frank!" she said.

He kissed her, and the audience drew a long, long breath.

And then they had lunch.

Which would seem to disprove all those stories about the present Mrs. Frank Mayo and her husband not getting along very well.

Of course, the kiss—it might have been a stage kiss. If there had been only one—but there were many more.

She used to be Dagmar Godowsky, the daughter of Leopold, the great pianist.



The story of a nobody who turned out to be somebody after all. Two women. One, the beautiful Barbara; the other, starved Little Letty. Which did Allerton choose?

"But," he said, "you can't run off and leave me in your debt like this." She smiled sadly. "I'm paid—I've got remembering, always"



The Dust

By BASIL KING

RASHLEIGH ALLERTON was furiously angry; he was desperately hurt. His pride was up in arms; it urged him on to extremities of action, to finalities, from which all his love and his longing for Barbara made him shrink. A dozen images of her were before him as he strode along through the park. He saw her beautiful, full of a lovely, gracious charm, the remote Barbara of those days when he had known her first. He saw her yielding, later, giving herself—and yet withholding herself; too, always; tempting him, maddening him, with laughter, always, faintly on her lips and in her eyes.

He saw her flushed with the knowledge of her power, her mastery of him, capricious, driven to test her strength and—his weakness. It was the knowledge of his own weakness that angered him now; he resented that, had he only understood himself, far more than anything that she had ever done. And he feared it; that collapse of pride and will that she had induced, again and again.

This last quarrel—yet, was it a quarrel, exactly? He couldn't reconstruct the scene in his memory in any convincing detail. Some trivial cause, in the beginning. Queer, how trivial the causes of their quarrels had been, as a rule! And how quickly occasions sank into insignificance beside the ugliness, the bitterness, of word and gesture arising from them! Just now—how swiftly irrevocable things had sprung from a forgotten cause!

He had declared himself at last—demanded surrender from her, in the name of his own self respect and any chance they had for lasting happiness. And she had refused. He could remember her, flaming, as she took his ring from her finger and held it out to him, and the tiny sound, thunderous, though, as a hammer stroke of fate, as it had fallen to the floor.

She was, she had been, so contemptuously sure that his love, his aching longing for her, would bring him back to her, abject in his surrender. It had done so before, and he ground his teeth at those memories. Yet he had never said so much before. He had warned her. Melodrama? Oh, yes! To threaten to marry the first woman he saw who would have him! Yet wouldn't it be better? What chance, what hope, could there be for him and Barbara, now?

He was at the very climax of the emotional storm that was sweeping him when he first saw the girl by the fence that ran around the reservoir. Something about her struck through the tremendous self absorption that had enveloped him. He had a glimpse of her white face, exalted by a sort of desperate determination. She had dragged a bench over to the fence. He sensed her purpose, suddenly, and began to run. He reached her just in time; laid violent hands upon her; drew her back and down.

And she sank down on the bench, and hid her white face in her hands, and began to sob. He was curiously detached, curiously without either sympathy, or blame, or any emotion, as he stared at her. Only a mild curiosity moved him.

"Oh!" she said, at last. "Why did you stop me? I had my courage all screwed up—"

He laughed, rather grimly.

"Yes," he said. "Exactly! You're better off than I, though! At least it wasn't some weakness in yourself that stopped you! That's been my case—"

She stared at him a moment; hid her eyes again. He picked up stick and gloves to move away. Something stayed him.


"WHY?" he said. "You needn't tell me, of course—but you might as well—"

"Why—why not?" she said. "There's nothing else for me to do. I—I've been living with my stepfather. He takes all my money. He took my mother's before she died. He killed her. He'd just as soon kill me. Today—he was going to make me go to work in a—in a place—"

She grew crimson, suddenly.

"I ran away," she said. "While they thought I was putting on the—the clothes the girls there wear. I knew he'd beat me if he found me, and make me go back. So—"

She stopped; sat, crying. He stared down at her. There was no dignity about her; there was scarcely pathos, even. She was drab, sodden, colorless. Yet, suddenly, a thought flashed through his mind; he stared, and chuckled. Here was a climax of irony!



"I told you I'd marry the first girl I met—and I did!" Barbara was tolerant. "A girl like that can be bought off"

Flower

Fictionization by William Almon Wolff

"Look here!" he said. "Can't go back, can you? You're at the end of your rope? Nothing ahead but that?"

He made a gesture toward the reservoir. She looked up at him.

"You might do better if you married me," he said.

She straightened up, staring at him in her amazement. Her eyes wandered over him, taking in every detail of his well-groomed figure.

"Marry me—you?" she said. Her voice rose to a shrill note. "Why—why?"

"Oh, because!" he said. His voice rang out bitterly. "The woman I love—the woman I was engaged to—has just thrown me over!"

She stared.

"You can travel a lot of different roads, you see," he said, "and still come to where you were when I pulled you back!"

Quietly he began to tell her of Barbara. Strange expressions flew back and forth in the girl's eyes as she listened. He might have seen wonder, sympathy, anger—an anger that, gradually, banished everything else. She must have been visualizing Barbara, in her cold pride.

"There it is!" he said. "You can't lose. You'll have all that she's thrown away—"

"No," she said, in a whisper so low that he did not hear. "Not all."

"You'll be protected—clothed—fed—sheltered. I—it doesn't matter about me."

She sat, brooding, hesitating. Then, suddenly, she rose.

"All right!" she said. She laughed harshly. "I guess you're a bit mad—but what's the odds?"

It was a long time before Allerton could remember just what happened after that. Details were lost in a haze. An official's droning voice; the girl's voice, answering questions. Giving her name—Letty Gravely—and her age. His own voice, answering like questions, assuring a clerk that he was white. Another droning voice; portentous sentences. Then a moment on the sidewalk, with the vast bulk of the Municipal

Building looming up, and his wife—his wife!—waiting beside him, patient, docile.

Then, later, old Steptoe's amazed eyes as he opened the door for them. Curious reflexes, moving him to turn to Letty, with a grave courtesy, once they were in the house.

"This is your house—you are its mistress, now," he said.

Slowly he led her into the old-fashioned drawing room. She sat down, wearily, in a great arm chair. And his eyes fell upon an envelope, placed conspicuously; an envelope addressed to him in Barbara's hand. He stared at it a moment before he opened it. His eyes were entirely expressionless as he read the few lines of the note. She was sorry. Yes. She hadn't meant what she had said, earlier in the day. She was wearing his ring again.

Sheer horror held him still. Every memory of pain and bitterness was banished. Only his love for her, his longing, remained. His eyes turned toward Letty. And all his agony was in them. She sat still, watching him.

"Steptoe—" Allerton raised his voice slightly, and the butler came in. "Steptoe—this is Mrs. Allerton."

The training of his years of service saved Steptoe. For a moment he was silent; then he bowed, gravely, to Letty.

"Madam is very welcome here," he said.

Allerton made an impatient gesture. He turned to Letty.

"You're tired," he said. "Steptoe will show you your room. We—I think we won't disturb the maids tonight, Steptoe. The guest room is ready?"

"Yes, sir. If madam will come this way—?"

OLD servants know more than is supposed, sometimes; permit themselves, too, sometimes, strange liberties. Downstairs, that night, after Allerton, too, had gone upstairs, Steptoe read Barbara's note. It told him the little, the very little, that all that he had observed for a long time had not enabled him to guess. Above him were the portraits of his master's father and mother. He looked up at them; smiled, with an ancient wisdom.

"Maybe you two are looking down in 'rorr, if you know!" he said. "But I'm not so sure your boy 'asn't 'ad a bit o' luck!"

It was Steptoe, in the morning, who answered Barbara, telephoning nervously, long before Rashleigh Allerton awoke from the troubled sleep into which he had fallen just before daybreak. But Allerton himself spoke to her; shrank, though, from telling her the truth. Yet she must have known that something was desperately wrong. And Allerton, turning to Steptoe, showed a stricken face. But Steptoe faced him, smiling.

"If Mr. Rash will only be calm, like," he said, "something may appen to straighten things out."

Allerton shook his head.

"Take care of—Mrs. Allerton," he said. "See that she has whatever she wants. I—I'm going out—"

He had to see Barbara; that duty couldn't be evaded. She had guessed the incredible truth; that made things easier.

"I told you," he said, "that I'd marry the first girl I met—and I did!"

She was furious, and yet, it seemed, she had begun already to learn the lesson that threatened to cost them all so dearly. For the first time she mastered her passion; came back to him, penitent and kind.

"It's bad," she said. "Oh, Rash—it's awful! But it's my fault as much as yours—I know—I know! Still—what's done can be undone."

"How?" He cried out eagerly.

"Oh, Rash!" She smiled tolerantly. "A girl like that! She'll consent to an annulment if you pay her money enough—can't you see?"

Hope dawned in his eyes.

"I NEVER thought of that!" he cried. "Of course! Oh, Barbara—! My dear—"

He sank on his knees before her, burying his head in her lap. And with a curious, motherly gesture, new to her, she stroked his head.

If Allerton could so forget and neglect his wife, however, he was well represented in his absence. Steptoe had his ideas, as he was wont to say. And some strange flash of sympathy had been kindled in him by his first sight of Letty. He was waiting for the first movement of her door. Already he had said his say to the furious women servants, set by the ears by a maid's chance opening of the guest room door and her sight of Letty—and Letty's clothes.

For once in his life Steptoe cast reserve and discretion alike away. He knew what he knew; foresaw what he foresaw. And—he had read Barbara as some men read a printed page. Allerton had told him to see that Letty had whatever she needed. And to that order he gave the widest, the most liberal, of interpretations. What she needed! What didn't she need?

Understanding—the knowledge of a thousand things, hidden from her through all her starved and stunted life. But Steptoe knew them all. Little things, like the way to eat a grapefruit and use a finger bowl. And the quality he had discerned in Letty at first sight, that astonishing simplicity of hers, made her accept what he offered in the very spirit of his offering.

The outraged maids served Steptoe's purpose well. Letty, in the morning, was as sure as Allerton himself that they had done a terrible thing, committed a ghastly blunder. Her solution was simple—flight. But Steptoe's will was otherwise. And the maids, insulting her, roused in her an angry pride.

"Insolent upstarts they are, madam," he said. "I should be proud to show madam how to put such in their places."

Incredibly Letty found herself taking her cues from him, dismissing cook and maids who came to give notice! Incredibly, again, she let him take her to places where, once his authority to give orders in Rashleigh Allerton's name had been made plain, there was only eagerness to touch her with the magic wand of clothes from Paris, shoes of a slender grace, silks, laces, wonders of which she had scarcely so much as dreamed!

It was a Letty transformed, lovely in a wan and wistful way, whom Allerton saw when he came home at last. Steptoe ex-

"My stepfather takes all my money. He took my mother's before she died. He killed her. He'd just as soon kill me. So—I ran away"



plained what he had done; Allerton nodded, dumbly. Yet, though, in some strange way, this made it more difficult, he knew that he must carry out Barbara's plan. Gently he told her what she knew—that they had made a great mistake.

"She wants you back, then?" said Letty, going to the heart of things. He nodded.

"All right," she said. "I'll go whenever you please."

"No," he said. "You will stay here. My lawyer will make the necessary arrangements. You will, of course, have a suitable settlement—money—"

"No." She shook her head. "I don't want to be paid."

A CURIOUS pride in her tugged at his heart. By George—she was rather fine! Yet he argued, until, at last, she yielded.

"You are right, I suppose," she said. "I don't understand such things."

He watched her go upstairs. She was wearing a black velvet gown; a lovely thing that might have been designed for her. Steptoe was watching, too; he sighed, a moment later, when the telephone rang, and he had to tell Allerton that Miss Walbrook wished to speak to him.

"Well?" Barbara's voice was pitched high, in its nervousness. "Have you told her?"

"Yes," he said. "It—it's all right." Yet his conscience troubled him strangely.

"Ah!" She laughed. "I suppose you've forgotten the Benedicts' dance tonight? Well—hurry and dress. We'll stop and pick you up."

He went upstairs, and Steptoe went with him.

"Steptoe," he said. "She—she doesn't want to take any money."

"Maybe she's right, Mr. Rash," said Steptoe. "Money's not for them as 'asn't learned its use."

He started.

"I hadn't thought of that! By Jove, Steptoe—I can't just pay her off like—like a taxi, can I?"

"I shouldn't presume, Mr. Rash—but if you'd keep 'er 'ere a bit and—learn her, like?"

But Allerton wasn't minded to talk any more, and, when he was dressed, Steptoe left him. Rashleigh went on down to wait. And, as he descended the stairs he saw Letty, slipping down before him—the Letty he had married, in her old, worn clothes. She was at the door when he called to her.

"Oh—!" she said. She had the hunted look of the park. "I—I wanted to get away so you couldn't make me take the money—"

"But—you can't run off and leave me in your debt like this—"

She smiled sadly.

"I—I'm paid—I've got remembering—always—"

He grew more and more excited and nervous. Until Letty, smiling, held up her finger and began to count, slowly, up to ten.

"What—?"

"Don't say a word till I've finished—" She laughed. "I used to calm Mother so, sometimes—"

"I—I've always been nervous—ever since I was born—"

He slumped down beside her on the sofa; they had gone into the drawing room. Instinctively she began to stroke his forehead.

"I—I'm so tired—and overwrought—" he said. "That's—you make me feel easier. If you'll do that—I can rest—"

"I'll stay as long as you need me—there, there—"

He dozed, and she watched him, as a mother might watch a fretful child. Until he fell asleep, and she sat waiting, smiling. And it was upon that picture that Barbara opened the door, hard, smiling, coldly angry behind her mask of disdain.

Letty started up. She knew who it must be. And with a cry she ran out, past Barbara, and upstairs. Rashleigh awoke with a start. Shamefaced he tried to explain. Barbara stood still, smiling contemptuously.

"So you wouldn't let her go!" she said, finally.

"Barbara—it would be cruel—she needs training—"

"Keep her, then—till she can take care of herself—"

He turned toward her eagerly. But Barbara averted her eyes.

"You—you Quixote!" she cried stormily. But then she laughed. "I suppose it's because you are just that that I love you, though—"

"And I love you because you're a good sport!" he said, and caught her in his arms.

So the curious menage went on, and grew into something strangely permanent. Letty saw little of Allerton. His life was oddly unaffected by her presence in his house. He took his meals at his club; spent much of his time with Barbara. Yet he did see Letty; watched, without any real perception, her growth, the way she changed. Luxury did nothing to spoil her; only gave her a new, delicate beauty. She learned much. Steptoe, wise in his own way, taught her much; suggested ways she could learn the things he was not qualified to teach.

For Letty her old life was like a nightmare, dimly remembered in the hour of waking. Flack, her stepfather; Ott, owner of that place from which she had fled—these were terrible, unreal figures. Yet they had substance enough. There were times when the memory of them was sharp and vivid enough to rouse her to a terrified wakefulness in the night.

Allerton lived in a curious state of suspension during this time. His love for Barbara was still a living thing, yet it was dimmed by a growing feeling of what he owed to Letty; his responsibility to her and for her weighed upon him. There were sharp quarrels with Barbara as she grew more and more impatient, less and less able to see why he should delay the dissolution of his shadowy mockery of a marriage.

And then, abruptly, fate played into Barbara's hand. For Ott had seen Letty in her new guise; had followed her to her home. Assuming what a creature of his stamp would necessarily assume, he hastened to tell Flack—and to sneer at him for supposing that a girl capable of selling herself for such a price would work in his place for a stepfather's profit! And Flack, furious, moved by greed, tracked her down—and forced his way past the outraged Steptoe on the very day when Barbara had at last determined on a bold stroke and gone to see Letty!

"He won't decide anything," Barbara said to Letty, coldly angry. "So—he must be made to act. Now—if I give him up, will you? Free him—to make a real choice?"

She stripped off, once more, the solitaire she flaunted; wrote a note.

"Read it!" she said, handing it to Letty. And Letty read: "I am

returning your ring again. This must end sometime—and now is the time."

And, as Letty tried to understand, and to make up her mind, Flack, brutal, leering, came in! Barbara, coldly triumphant, heard and understood his insinuations and his threats. He went, at last. But his coming had won for Barbara; had made Letty realize the impossibility of everything. Her mind was made up.

"All right," she said. "I'll slip away tonight."

"It's for the best," said Barbara. For a moment a real flash of sympathy warmed her. "I'll make Rash take me out tonight—that will give you your chance."

Yet if Flack had aided Barbara in the afternoon he was to aid Letty that night. His greed drove him back to the house. And this time he found Allerton. It was blackmail he had in mind; not for a moment, of course, did he believe that Allerton had married Letty. And before, half cowed, he slunk away, he told Allerton where he could find him—at Ott's place, half saloon, half dive.

Allerton, sick with disgust, saw him go. Barbara was coming—but he must see Letty first, and warn her. He sent Steptoe for her—and, just as Barbara's footman came to the door, Steptoe came down, white with fear.

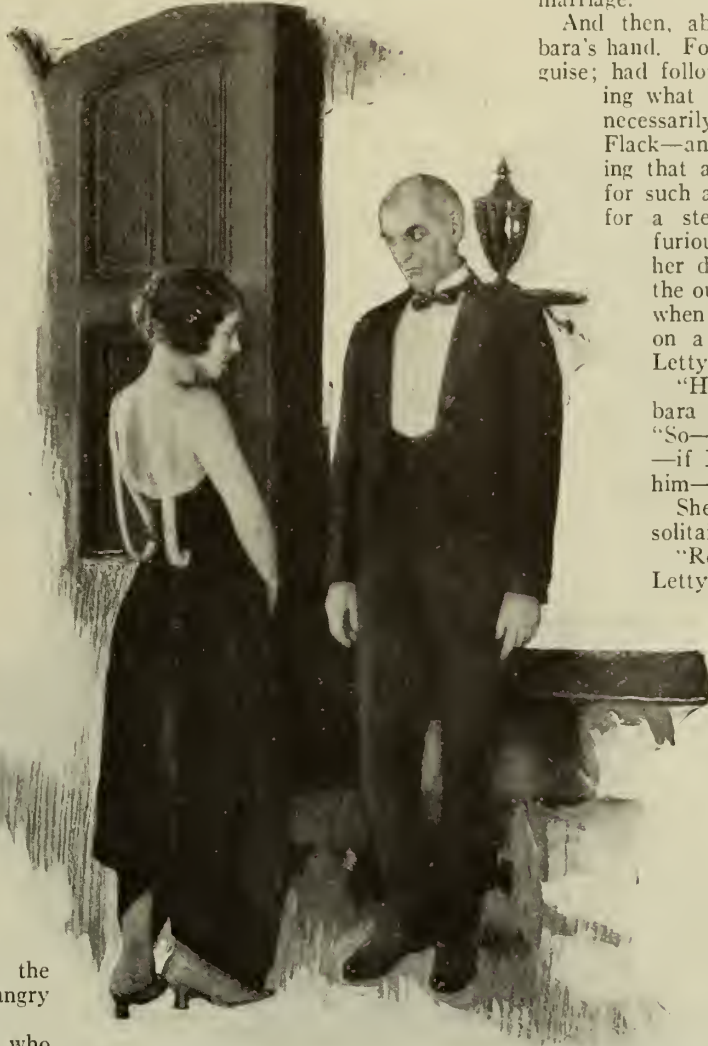
"She's gone!" he cried. "There's a note, sir—"

Grimly Rashleigh Allerton read the note. She had gone—he must not follow her. He turned on Steptoe.

"Miss Walbrook—she was here this afternoon—Mrs. Allerton was greatly hupset, sir—and that person you saw, Mr. Rash—he was here—"

Barbara, impatient, had followed her footman. And now Allerton turned on her.

(Concluded on page 105)



Understanding—the knowledge of a thousand things, hidden from her through all her starved and hunted life. But Steptoe knew them all. And he helped her

They Can't Fool

Are stars the same on and off the screen, or have they dual personalities? The question is answered in this story. The truth about personalities is that only the real survive. Remember that, when you send in your photograph to the Screen Opportunity contest, with high hopes of winning. It isn't your photograph that counts nearly as much as what that photograph reveals of your real character—the soul that the camera can catch



The world has not tired of Charlie Chaplin. He has developed mentally and histrionically, and his drawing power has developed in the same proportion



Tommy Meighan is the regular, sane, all-round man that everyone—particularly men—like to see come out on top. He deserves his success. This is a typical picture of Tommy, off-screen

WHAT are they like off screen? That is the question invariably asked a person who has encountered stars off duty.

Although the fan has been told that the villain in reality is often a sweet soul who raises daisies instead of the proverbial Hades and that the vampire is addicted to prayer meetings instead of orgies de jazzerie, he cannot help but believe his eyes and the subtitles.

And it would appear that most of our leading directors are siding with the fan. We know that D. W. Griffith, John S. Robertson and Rex Ingram cast their pictures with careful eyes for "types,"—persons who *are* the characters portrayed rather than those who may be able to enact them.

Indeed, Mr. Ingram's selection of types for "The Four Horsemen" is the chief point on which he scored a directorial knockout, if not the B. A. degree from Yale. "He knows how to cast," we said.

I do not mean to say that a player must be the exact duplicate of the fictional character. He need only to look as though he might be such a character. Signor Rodolph Valentino was a superb *Julio* in "The Four Horsemen," not because he is a great actor but because he has the foreign air, the sleek and urbane appearance that was *Julio's*.

There used to be a lively discussion as to whether a player should be chosen for his acting ability or because he looked the part. Actors from the stage snorted at the idea of "types" and contended that a good actor could give life to any part.

THEREIN do the stage and screen differ. The stage is chiefly vocal; the screen entirely visual, save for subtitles which must be in harmony with expression. On the stage a player may characterize by his voice and create the necessary optic illusion as to his appearance by the use of make-up and lights. Distance lends enchantment, and there is considerable distance between the man behind the footlights and the man in the orchestra chair.

On the screen a player must characterize entirely by facial and bodily appearances. Subtitles which say he is a dirty dog will not make him one unless his face has the canine



There are two Mabel Normands: separate and distinct personalities. One, the brilliant, charming, intellectual Miss Normand, of sparkling mind and lightning wit



The other Mabel: the roguish, mischievous child—captivating, good fun, slapstick comedy incarnate

the Public

By
HERBERT HOWE

qualities. He may fool us to some extent by make-up, but the inevitable close-up is a severe exposure, and we no longer tolerate elaborate make-up.

The eye of the camera penetrates all artifice and exaggerates what it sees. And it has trained our eyes to see. At first we were not very discerning. Our gaze stopped at externals. If a vampire waved a peacock fan and puffed a cigarette, however amateurishly, we were content. She was a soulless, home-wrecking hussy, she was.

But those were the days when we were little Red Riding Hoods, when a wolf in granny's clothing raised but a few doubtful queries.

Today we read character through the camera.

Neither ruse nor rouge can fool us long concerning the soul within.

No less an authority than David Wark Griffith declares absolutely that the camera goes straight to the heart and that the eye of the director must be keen if it is to see what the spectators out front are going to see when the player faces them.

YOU may not know that you are judging a person's character when you see his face on the screen. You only know vaguely—subconsciously—that you like or dislike that person. You have often said, no doubt, that a certain star is a good actor but that there is something about him that you do not like. Instinctively your eye has recorded an impression which your mind has not taken the time or effort to analyze and formulate.

The regular motion picture public is infallible in its election of stellar favorites.



The charm of Lillian Gish is enhanced by personal contact. Her fragile loveliness is not exaggerated by the camera



Antonio Moreno, despite his fiery Spanish temperament, despises conceit. He once said, "If it weren't for the movies I would make about fifty a week!"



Mary Pickford cannot play a part she does not feel. She has tried to appreciate and guard the trust which the public has imposed in her; consequently she has progressed



That essentially masculine punch that Jim Kirkwood puts in his pictures is the real thing. There is nothing of the actor in him, though he is continually striving to improve artistically



Wally Reid cannot take himself seriously. He does not brood over himself and his future. He lives by the day

Such is my conviction after several years' close contact with famous stars. I have known players of all ranks and, with a few exceptions to prove the rule, I've found that those who are the most attractive on screen are the most attractive off.

The policy of PHOTOPLAY since its inception has been to mirror the personality of players as truthfully as it is humanly possible. An interviewer must neither gloss nor besmirch. He must take an absolutely impersonal position, just as a portrait artist does before his subject. There is no one since the year of our Lord of whom it might be said, here is a perfect creature. Therefore, with humanity toward all and malice toward none the writer (Continued on page 110)

Close-Ups

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

"**M**OTION pictures will go the way of the saloon unless they reform or are reformed," says "Columbia," the official magazine of the Knights of Columbus. Legislation to kill motion pictures would be about as effective as prohibition. Can you imagine what bootleg pictures would be like? Some of them are bad enough now, but if picture prohibition would have the same effect as the eighteenth amendment the product would be as deadly to morals as prohibition whiskey is to the system.

It's a hard world to reform.

IT is a well known fact that no two censorship boards agree on the same standards of morals, or on what should or should not be eliminated from pictures.

There is one thing, however, according to W. D. McGuire, Jr., executive secretary of the National Board of Review, on which all censors do agree, and that is they want their salaries raised as often as possible.

WE wonder what the newspaper writers and churchmen who painted William D. Taylor so black would feel like if it developed, as is likely, that the man was killed by a gang of drug bootleggers whom he had threatened—that he died trying to save a woman who was in their power.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is suing a young man by the name of Amador (whom no one ever heard of) for wearing his shoes and trousers and even his moustache.

Mr. Amador didn't actually steal Charlie's own famous shoes, but according to the complaint, he stole the idea and has been making some two reel comedies in which he tries to look as much like the great comedian as possible.

Well, he may steal all the external appliances, but fine feathers, as you have heard, don't make fine birds, and shoes and trousers don't make Charlie Chaplin. Mr. Chaplin doesn't need to worry much about imitators. There are some things that can't be imitated and Charlie's fine artistry is one of them.

Billie West tried to imitate him, and where is he now? Screen dead, with only a wreath of raspberries, and not a single mourner.

THE radio rage is sweeping the nation with a wave of novelty interest and popularity that has had no parallel except in motion pictures. This new competition has the picture barons worried a trifle. It is estimated that there are not less than a million amateur radio receiving stations in the United States.

The radio concerts have a tendency to keep picture goers at home nights, the picture makers suspect. But their concern is hardly justified. The theater is "some place to go." We like to have our thrills and laughs with the crowd. The radio is relatively a solitary pastime.

In two or three remote obscure laboratories dreamers are now at work on the problem of sending pictures broadcast by radio. There is a thought for tomorrow!

"**N**EW YORK pictures are not censored; they are reviewed," said Mrs. Eli Hosmer, one of the New York State Censors. Well, well, even the censors themselves are disgusted with the word. Mrs. Hosmer complains that the Federal government won't give them a free hand to exercise political statements in pictures when the subject of prohibition is treated. Why not give them license in matters of religion, science, and everything else?

HERE is a new company that comes along, Pyramid Pictures. On one of its first pictures it starts out with the old hokum and changes the title "The Mayor's Wife" to "Should Husbands Know?"

Bunk! Bunk! Bunk!

WHAT we see on the screen is only a part of the drama and comedy in the motion pictures. For example, there is the great "serving the papers" scene staged the other night in the wars of litigation between Mack Sennett, maker of comedies, and Charles O. Baumann, maker of money.

Mr. Sennett had been evading process servers with the agile grace of Ben Turpin in a screen free-for-all. Then in the dim theatrical twilight of one evening Mr. Sennett went softly up the elevator to a conference at First National's offices. Into the dark street below nosed a taxicab. It stopped, and the driver snapped down the lights. In the dark interior only the glowing ends of two cigars betrayed occupancy. The hours passed, one, two, three of them.

Across the street a Sennett henchman stepped out and looked about furtively. The street was still, but for that ceaseless lulling murmur that is the beating of the heart of New York itself. The coast seemed clear. The scout stepped back and spoke to someone in the hall.

Mr. Sennett strolled out. The taxicab swiftly whirled across the street. Out jumped Mr. Baumann and his lawyer, clutching the papers. They were served, thus legally informing Mr. Sennett of the suit. Fade out. "Part Two will follow."



Lewis Stone has made romance — good, old-fashioned romance — live again on the screen. He is not a sudden success as a leading man; he has had years of training on the stage and in the films to enable him to portray the famous dual role of Rudolf Rasendyll and King Rudolf in "The Prisoner of Zenda," the picturization by Rex Ingram of Anthony Hope's popular novel and play. To the right, a scene from the picture, with Stone and Alice Terry (Mrs. Ingram) who plays the lovely heroine, Princess Flavia



Lew Stone is a little older, but he will make Reid and Valentino look to their matinee idol laurels

"Just a Good Actor"

WHEN I went over to the Metro studio the other day to interview Lew, he eyed me suspiciously and said, "What did you come clear over here to interview me for? Can't you see it's raining? You already know everything there is to know about me and if you tell it all I will probably land in jail. You never came over here in this rain just to interview me. You're going to play some darn joke on me and get me to say the wrong thing about something. I know. Well, I won't."

I was righteously indignant. I almost decided to take him at his word and write about his past.

But I found I couldn't.

I have since attributed his lack of ease and courtesy to the fact that the Metro tailor—being of an economically inclined race, anyway, and having heard that the studio was going to close for three months on account of hard times besides—had made the pants of his dress uniform much, much too tight.

By MARY WINSHIP

You know that can handicap a man's style considerable.

If he wanted to sit down, he had to lower himself into a chair without moving any portion of his anatomy between his collar button and his shoes laces.

The fact that he was supposed to battle to the death in that economical garment, added to his mental unrest.

We were on the gorgeous drawing set designed for Rex Ingram's forthcoming production, "The Prisoner of Zenda." Lew Stone is the hero—the dual hero of the romantic young Englishman and the equally romantic King Rudolf.

BUT as he walked up and down before me, his usually free and dashing stride was hobbled, as it were, by the mistakes and misapprehensions of that tailor.

Lew Stone is a very charming chap.

But he also has a disposition.

In fact, I've never known anyone in the world who reminded me so much of the little girl in the rhyme—you know the one:

When she was good, she was
very, very good
But when she was bad—she
was T N T.

Lew is one of those people, you know. I have never understood in the twelve years I've known him, how anyone so charming and entertaining could be so contrary and satirical.

I have known Lew Stone since the days of the old Belasco Theater, in Los Angeles, where Lew was a very young, very talented and very handsome leading man.

He and his first wife, a clever young actress named Margaret Langham, who is now dead, had a charming home in the exclusive residential section, where used to gather a distinguished set of budding theatrical and literary geniuses. Marjorie Rambeau, Richard Bennett, Bessie Barriscale, Dorothy Bernard, Harry Mestayer and, even on occasion, Laurette Taylor and her husband, Hartley Manners, to name a few.

Lew Stone is a cultured gentleman, and conceded by all critics and managers to be one of our best actors.

New York still remembers him in "Behind the Lines" and "The Bird of Paradise." New York told him he was a fool when he forsook the stage and returned to California, which he adores, to enjoy his home and make pictures.

He is now married to Laura Oakley, a beautiful young actress, who was once his leading woman.

Lew has been on the stage since he was a boy.

His real ambition in life was to be a soldier. He ran away from home to enlist in the Spanish-American war.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH PICTURES?

THERE has been a noticeable diminution of attendance in the thousands of motion picture theaters throughout the United States during the past year.

What is the answer?

Is it the continued high admission charges?

Are exhibitors overdoing the vaudeville and orchestral features?

Is the public losing interest in the personalities of the screen?

Is it because of the failure of producers to provide consistently good pictures?

Is the public wearying of this form of entertainment?

Is it because of unemployment?

Is it due to the over-exploitation of pictures?

There is some fundamental reason.

The Editor of PHOTOPLAY wants to hear the voice of the two million readers of this magazine.

\$100 FOR LETTERS

To the person writing the most intelligent and convincing letter on this subject (within two hundred words) a check for \$50 will be mailed.

For the second best letter—\$20.

For the three next best—\$10 apiece.

Think this problem over and sit down today or tomorrow and write me your opinion.

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor*

When he asked me so impertinently why I came to interview him—it's terrible interviewing people you've known all your life—I told him frankly that as a motion picture actor he was an unknown quantity and we'd have to forget the past and begin all over again.

He laughed. And when Lew actually laughs, his eyes light up so that they warm the very cockles of your heart—whatever those may be. His eyes are the most *alive* things I have ever seen. And even though his hair has a few distinguished threads of gray—the youngest eyes I have ever seen.

"I'm not a motion picture actor," he said. "I'm just an actor trying to act in motion pictures. I do my best, but—it's hard sledding."

But Rex Ingram tells me that as the dual hero of "The Prisoner of Zenda" he is superb.

"No other actor on the screen could have done it so well," he told me. "He is marvelous. His acting, his carriage, his appearance—well, he is the complete return of the romantic, daring, young hero we always love so well."

I saw Lew Stone play Rudolf in "The Prisoner of Zenda" on the stage.

If he is anything on the screen like he was then, some of these pert young matinee idols of the screen—yes, even Wally Reid and Rodolf Valentino, will have to look to their laurels.

He was lured from the stage to do pictures a few times in the old days—his first was as Bessie Barriscale's leading man—and recently he made "Beau Revel" for Ince and "Nomads of the North" for First National.

DREAM SHEET

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER



THE little dreams, the childhood dreams,
The dreams that never were;
The dreams that touch the edge of tears,
That make the pulses stir.
The dreams that I have laid away,
The dreams that are to be:
They flicker from the silver sheet,
Into the heart of me!

THE tiny homes where I have dwelt,
The paths that go untrod;
The struggles that my soul has known,
When just to live was hard!
The brave adventures I have missed,
The thrills that passed me by;
They flicker from the silver sheet,
Before my eager eye. . . .

THE longings and the vain regrets,
The heart throbs and the tears—
The happiness, the tender joys,
The ache of lonely years,
The romance, and the call of life,
And all that is to be—
They flicker, from the sheet of dreams,
Into the heart of me!

Bathing De luxe on Saturday Night

A Slang Review

HAVING just been appointed a knight of the Bath, the editor has requested me to see that no dirty work was pulled and that there were clean breaks between reels at a picture called "Saturday Night!" He thought that it would be quite apropos of my recently acquired honors.

Now, that I've seen the picture, I'm striving hard to be made a Knight of the Garter and review a few of Mack Sennett's pictures.

"Saturday Night" is a story of a rich young cake-eater, named Dick Prentiss, who gets google-eyed over his washwoman's pocket edition, a trim little filly, called Shamrock, who wielded a pair of wicked lamps.

One night the Prentisses give a swell shindig at their home on upper Fifth Avenue. Miss Van Camp (I think that was the name), the cake-eater's sweetie, was there. She was one of those babies who are "Meat" for the parlor snakes—you know what I mean—3-in-1—rich, young, and beautiful.

Well! the cake-eater sneaks out into the corridor for a smoke and spots the filly up on the balcony, dancing with a pillow. She had just brought back the laundry and was grab-



DeMille's idea of a chauffeur's uniform is immense

Words and Art
By DICK DORGAN

bling and gets stalled in the middle of it, just as a train is taking the curve.

Tom, the chauff, gets a headlock on her and hangs down off the side of the trestle—holding onto the ties with one hand, when beginners should always use two—but then he was a chauffeur and no doubt had had lots of practice.

After that noble act friend heiress decided to fall in love with him. No wonder!—DeMille's idea of a chauffeur's uniform is immense. I used to be a buzz-wagon conductor and I never saw anything like the outfit this bird had on. It looked like it was designed for a Mexican General by the house of Kuppenheimer.

They rush back to her home, to tell her uncle, old man Van Camp, that they're going to be hooked up. He nearly throws a fit and cuts her off his wad entirely and demands the trick uniform back—(I think he was going to join Villa).

Dick, the cake-eater, was calling on Shamrock when he heard the news, so he follows suit and packs the filly off on a honeymoon, which was all pansies and roses while it lasted, but when they arrived home—mercy! what a difference in the morning.

It was a pretty tough job for the little filly (who was a gum-chewing expert and a Saturday night bather) to put on the high hat and be a perfect lady, doing the bath act twice a day, without any spring training. When she saw her bath—one of those deMille geyser effects—the poor kid thought she was sight-seeing in Yellowstone Park.

At a dinner party she took an awful shine to the sparkle water 'cause it tickled her head and then nearly crabbed the party by parking her ear on her (Concluded on page 97)



She nearly crabbed the party by parking her ear on her escort's shoulder

bing a free earful of jazz like an innocent little child.

He calls to her to come down to finish the dance in the hallway. His sister comes out and insists that they dance in the ballroom—unless Dick is ashamed of her. So they bust in on the floor, where everyone is in soup and fish but Shamrock, and they all give her the laugh and leave the floor for that dance.

While Prentiss is saying goo'-bye to the filly, his sister calls the gang together and announces the engagement of the heiress, Miss Van Camp, to her brother. That started things going anyway, even though it was all of a sudden.

The next day the heiress goes for a spin in the country with her chauffeur. He was one of those good-looking birds, dead weight from the neck up. But nevertheless she liked him and he was good scenery.

They bumped into a closed road, and not caring to make the three-mile detour, she starts tearing over the railroad



She was one of those three-in-one babies—rich, young and beautiful

Plays



Can this be Constance Talmadge? This super-sophisticated young woman, posing here as the dancing partner of Maurice? They are executing a difficult step of the Talmadge fox trot, which Florence Walton's former husband designed especially for the blond star, who, by the way, is just getting her divorce from John Pialogo. Constance, an edition de luxe flapper, seems to make dancing her chief interest

WILL the American screen soon boast a real Duchess among its stars?

A report from Paris says it will. Not that a titled Frenchwoman is about to enter pictures. No, no! A film star is expected to enter the French nobility.

Pearl White, you may have heard, has been commuting from New York to Paris regularly in the past year. She would make a picture in America, and then catch the next boat to France, where she would stay as long as she could before hastening back home to appear in another photoplay. She appeared at the *Folies Bergere* in the French capital and scored a success. She has made no secret of her adoration of that dear France. And now there has been discovered a good reason for the reports that she would make Paris her future home.

THE distinguished, valiant, and wealthy young Louis, Duc de Vallombrosa, is said to be the most adoring of all Miss White's admirers. He is the proud scion of a famous family of Bourbon loyalists, has fought three duels, is seen at the smartest Parisian haunts of fame and beauty, and a little more than a year ago obtained a divorce from his wife, who was M^{lle}. de Bozas, very young and very beautiful. Already it reads like a romance. Add the piquancy which the blonde Pearl of the serials supplied when she arrived in Paris and so captivated the young Duc that he recently scoured Paris at midnight to find a particular piece of jazz music that the film queen expressed a desire to hear!

When Pearl White dropped from an airplane into the heart of Paris, the Duc de Vallombrosa was one of the first to welcome

her. He presented a huge bouquet of roses and made a charming and complimentary speech. Since then, she has been seen, while in Paris, much in the company of Louis, who has revealed a constancy which, the gossips declare, will end surely in marriage. In spite, of course, of the complications presented by the distinguished relatives of the young man.

Miss White has been married twice: once to Victor Sutherland an actor; and the second time to Major Wallace McCutcheon, also an actor and a hero of the British army.

THE humorous relief of the film month in Manhattan was the effort of a producer of Hebraic extraction to pronounce the phrase, "infinite possibilities of the motion picture."

He fired the press agent who wrote that speech next morning.

A SON was born to Alice Brady in a New York hospital in March. He is called Donald Crane.

A few days later the divorce decree of Alice Brady Crane and James Crane became final.

William Brady's famous stellar daughter and the actor-son of Dr. Frank Crane, conductor of a column of calm philosophy in one of the Manhattan papers, were the principals in a stage romance which attracted national attention. They were for over a year one of the most devoted couples in the theatrical world. James Crane, or Jimmy, was starred in one of the Brady plays, "Personality." He was his wife's leading man in a number of her photoplays. Rumors of differences

were at first denied; then it became apparent that the Cranes had come to a parting of the ways, with an actress reported the cause of the rift in the domestic lute—my goodness, we're talking exactly like Dr. Crane.

Anyway, divorce proceedings were instituted by Alice, in spite of the fact that a new arrival was expected.

It is said an effort was made by Miss Brady to keep the birth of a son a secret from the world at large; but the news was published. She will doubtless continue her screen work, as she is believed to be still under contract to Famous Players.

A WELL-KNOWN scenario editor tells this one on himself.

He was sitting at his desk when a star blew in. She was a very mad star.

The editor looked up from the pile of manuscripts he was plowing through and politely requested to know on what errand she came.

She waved a manuscript. "Do you expect me to play a part like this?" she asked indignantly.

"Of course—I okayed the script," replied the editor imperturbably.

"Did you actually think I would act in such a story?"



It's hard enough to wring tears from an dog star emote, it requires the talents of the making a scene for a Fox film. The villain in the yard Lassie, the dog, discovers him ladder lady is Lassie's trainer, playing a two hours and three hundred feet of

and Players

If you keep up with these columns you will know more about film folks than they know themselves

By
CAL YORK

"Why, it's a great story," answered the editor.

The star went on: "Do you mean to say you expect me to play a part where I have to dine at a man's house alone, shoot him, and then do a dougfairbanks through the window?"

"I certainly do," said the scenario editor.

"Well, there's nothing like that in the manuscript at all," said the star triumphantly. "I knew you'd never read it!"

SAD news for the young ladies:

Joseph Schildkraut is married. His bride was Elsie Porter, a charming young New York girl who has appeared on the stage. It's a real romance, for the



Once upon a time there was a vampire named Theda Bara. Remember? Then she got married. Here's the man who, besides directing many of Theda's vanishing pictures, became her husband in private life: Charles Brabin. They have been making personal appearances lately for Marcus Loew. This is their first published portrait

Apollo-esque hero of "Orphans of the Storm" fell in love with pretty Miss Porter and made the most convincing love of his life. They were married in Philadelphia, where Schildkraut is playing in "Liliom," his great success.

MARY HAY'S husband, according to report, would be quite content to have her stay at home and simply be Mrs. Richard Barthelmess.

But Mary—and the Manhattan managers—have other plans.

The little dark-haired wife of the star made such a hit in "Marjolane," although she had only the second lead, that the producer of that musical comedy has placed her under contract for five years, and will star her as soon as he can find a suitable play.

Quite a combination: the serious-minded young tragedian, Richard Barthelmess; and the sprightly, bobbed, babyish little dancer.

THE publicity which attended the story of a mother's accusation of Herbert Rawlinson the actor, in connection with an alleged attack upon her daughter has been most unfortunate.

While it has been discredited absolutely except in the more sensational newspapers, it has once again focussed unpleasant attention upon the motion picture industry.

The story is so absurd it seems incredible that it could have gained such circulation. The mother, said to be unbalanced, alleged that Rawlinson had attacked her daughter, Dorothy Clark, when she was fourteen. The mother, by the way, made her accusations from her bed in a hospital. The daughter is now seventeen, and emphatically denied the story. She is now married to a young piano salesman, and they evidently wish to drop the matter completely.

But how about Herbert Rawlinson? While the accusation was undoubtedly untrue and malicious, it has left its evil impression—an impression which will be hard to overcome. The whole affair is disgusting to the decent-minded member of the public, but that does not alter the fact that Rawlinson's film career has suffered a serious set-back.

Again the yellow journals have profited by an affair of this kind.

APPARENTLY," remarked Cecil de Mille the other day, "women are now divided into two classes. Those who write letters to Rodolf Valentino and those who can't write."

The Valentino fad seems to continue without abatement. The girls at Hollywood High School, for example, frankly admit that they scour the school for boys bearing a faint resemblance to their hero and that the Spanish and Italian boys—the Valentino



ingenue. But when it comes to making a entire studio staff. Here is Jack Ford climbs over the wall to steal the girl. Down and warns the hero by howling. The step-mouth-organ to induce the howls. It took film to get the correct canine expression



In spite of the fact that Marjorie Daw and Johnny Barron went to all this trouble to convince us—and Marshall Neilan, their director—that they are not engaged, we are still skeptical. Too many times have we denied an engagement, only to hear the next day that the participants changed their minds and eloped

boys, as they call them—are the only ones who are universally popular with the fair sex this year.

Bebe Daniels brought her small cousin, age fifteen months, out to the studio the other day. The young lady proved there was no age limit on Ruddy's attraction for the feminine, for after scorning the advances of such an idol as Jack Holt, she gave a gurgle of delight and flew into Ruddy's arms the moment he appeared on the scene.

THE California Christian Endeavor held its week's annual reunion and festival in Hollywood recently.

IT begins to look as if the only appearances of some of the stars lately have been personal.

When their contracts, made in the picture period when salaries were high and prospects rosy, have expired, they go in for "personal appearance" tours.

Few have been successful in their face-to-face encounters with audiences. A lady who was once a champ vamp makes solemn jokes which fail to register. An erstwhile emotional star undergoes a complete metamorphosis, merging as an ingenue, and displaying the entire bag of coy and kittenish tricks.

There are, of course, always the exceptions. Bert Lytell makes a good impression because of his splendid voice and convincing stage presence—he was an actor of reputation on the stage, you remember. Viola Dana doesn't attempt to be highbrow, but she succeeds in maintaining her celebrity as the flapper de luxe. Clara Kimball Young seems to have made good. Lew Cody was favorably received.

But deliver us from most of the others!

WALLACE WORSLEY, the well known director, was discussing with Arthur Beck, producer, the cast for a production which he was to direct, starring Leah Baird.

They had arrived at the discussion of an actor for the leading role.

"There's really just one man for it," said Worsley, mentioning a well known leading man. "Of course, he wouldn't play it, and

you couldn't afford to engage him and if you did, I wouldn't direct the temperamental son of a gun, but aside from that he's really the man for the part."

THE funniest thing that happened in Hollywood this month was Jim Kirkwood's return.

Not that Mr. Kirkwood's arrival in the film colony after some months abroad and in New York would be funny under ordinary circumstances. But this is what happened.

Tommie Meighan was making a picture by George Ade called "Our Leading Citizen." In it was a scene in which Tommie, coming

home from war, is supposed to be welcomed by his fellow citizens. The scene was filmed at the Los Angeles Salt Lake station, and a large crowd of extras, waving flags and carrying flowers, to say nothing of a couple of brass bands playing the national anthem, were on hand. But according to the scenario, Tommie, being a modest young man, left the train at a way station to avoid the conquering hero business.

The cameras were out of sight on a bridge. Consequently, when Jim Kirkwood poked his head out of the vestibule door as the limited pulled in, he was amazed to see a large and festive throng, including a number of familiar faces. At first it meant nothing to him, then he began to see a lot of his very good friends, pretty Lois Wilson, Al Green, the director, Larry Wheat and a few others.

Poor Jim knew he was welcome back, but he certainly hadn't expected such a reception. He turned several shades of crimson, alighted painfully and tried to behave according to Hoyle on such occasions. But he was overcome with embarrassment nevertheless.

Then, after trying to play the role of the welcomed hero with becoming modesty, he was overwhelmed with confusion to discover that it wasn't meant for him after all.

WE have it on very excellent authority that the stork is soon to pay a visit to the home of William S. Hart. In fact, we suspected and suggested as much when Bill blushing told us that his bride was wearing an old Indian charm around her neck so that "it would be a boy."

Mrs. Hart was Winifred Westover, the pretty blonde screen actress who had appeared with the western star in some of his films.

By the way, Bill has just made his semi-annual denial that he is to retire from the screen. He isn't going to, he says; his picture, "Travelin' On," is not going to be his last; he expects to begin work on a new one any day now, one that will be released in the early fall.

Bill has Bernhardt beaten.

HARRY (SNUB) POLLARD is married. His wife is a charming young widow not connected with motion pictures.

(Continued on page 74)



A democratic duchess! The noble lady of the de Langeis family takes fifteen minutes for lunch with Frank Lloyd, Conway Tearle, and Wedgwood Nowell. A ham sandwich on a California cliff tastes just as good as pate de foi gras at the Ritz to Norma Talmadge

LIBRARY
ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE
ARTS AND SCIENCES
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

The Ogre

Who proves to be a pigmy



"The Germans are coming," screamed some American producers a year ago. White faced and trembling with fear they awaited the impact of the onslaught

Others, less craven-hearted, cried, "They must not pass." But the "tidal wave" of German pictures moved hardly a pebble on the beach

"CALIGARI" refused a showing last summer in Los Angeles—under a fusillade of protest from the American Legion, the Actors' Equity Association, the Motion Picture Directors' Association, and goodness knows what else in the shape of other lesser groups—was peacefully exhibited later at the same theater that was the center of the summer maelstrom of indignation. The eighteen hundred Herren Direktor Generals of the eighteen hundred German motion picture companies snuffled and chatted and snorted delightedly over this piece of news in their Film Club in the Friedrichstrasse; with true German reasoning they will conclude that at last America has been conquered and the invasion complete. They are sitting there, waiting—like the Kaiser on his white horse before the town of Nancy in 1915—waiting to take part in the triumphal procession of the conquerors.

SO much fuss has been made of the Ogre, the Goliath of the German film invasion by the craven-hearted that it is time to look at mere facts. Of an output of seven years' intensive productivity, with its largest company assisted financially by the German Government, with the brainy presence of Von Ludendorff sitting at the deliberations of that company's meetings, the entire German industry has produced so far as America is concerned, one 100 per cent financially successful picture—"Passion"—three or four mediocly successful pictures—"The Golem," "Gypsy Blood," "One Arabian Night"—and several failures, such as "Hamlet" and "Deception." A series of Pola Negri features has added nothing to the popularity of that star. "The Loves of Pharaoh" has not yet proven a sensational success.

The screen is a reflection of popular thought and national taste. A successful picture is elected into popularity, exactly as a political candidate either wins or loses. All the false trials, all the ballyhooing will never make a bad picture successful. This does not mean that all successful pictures are necessarily good. "Passion" succeeded largely because of its unjustifiable title; because it was a novelty in that no big costume picture had been seen here on the screen for years; because the curiosity as to an oddly-named star got the first idlers dribbling and drabbing into the the-

aters; and its success became confirmed because of the excellence of the acting. But all the Germans have given us since is a lot of Kings and Queens, beings in whom, as a class, the Germans take an intense interest—because audiences admire the screen character whose social or moral attributes they aspire to possess.

Now, the American male sees an etherealized version of himself in Thomas Meighan, Douglas Fairbanks, or, Charles Ray; but the German sees an enviable form of himself in a puppet king because a monarch orders somebody about. The whole basis of his life is the fact that he is master of the man immediately below and the servant of the man immediately above, himself. The basis of American idealism is the life of Abraham Lin-

coln. "If God did not exist it would be necessary to create one," said Voltaire; to the German, if a Kaiser had not existed it would have been necessary to create one.

There are no two countries so widely separated in their aspirations, ambitions, and manifestations as Germany and America. Since 1914, America has made the following obvious but amazing discoveries: that Germany is eaten up with class distinction; that there are not and never were any self-made men in Germany; that no Jew can be an officer in the German Army or Navy or a Judge; that—with the exception of Mosse—Germany has never produced any philanthropists; that Berlin is notoriously a city of open vice; that not one of the many German songs of home was ever written by a woman; that in the order of precedence in the home and on the street, papa always comes first and mother and the children nowhere.

AT the present time, the novel which is the best seller in Germany deals with a woman's adventure in eugenics of so monstrously obscene a sort that it would be impossible to allude, however faintly, to its character outside the columns of a medical journal. That such a novel is successful is one of the many manifestations of the blighting morbidity in

which the German soul gloats. Nor is this appalling sordidness confined to literature. It finds its exponents in the theater (as in plays like "Reigen"), and it has scores of examples in German pictures. There is "The Four Dev-

(Continued on page 90)

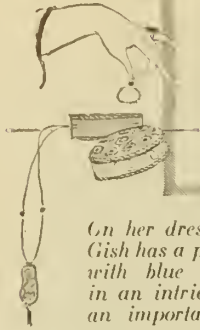
The Ogre of German Film Competition has been shown to be as mythical as the ogre of fairy tales

Lillian Gish's Summer Frocks Designed

You May Have One of these Patterns!

MISS LILLIAN GISH is as individual in her ideals and ideas of dress as she is in her acting. Celebrated for her tragic portrayals on the screen, she is equally famous for her quaint costumes, her quiet tastes, in real life. PHOTOPLAY and Le Bon Ton have never presented more charming frocks than those on these pages.

Carolyn Van Wyck



On her dressing table Lillian Gish has a powder box of gold, with blue and pearl stones in an intricate design. It is an importation from France



An exquisite lace handkerchief, presented to the star by the Brazilian consul general and his wife, is here shown



Individuality in Dress

DRESS is largely a matter of instinct. Good taste may of course be acquired. But the true feminine intuition for what is most becoming must be born in one. If you are fortunate enough to possess this instinct, you need never worry about being

Miss Gish's favorite collar and cuff set is of ruffled voile. The collar has a black ribbon tie. Just the thing for a dark dress or suit

well dressed. On the other hand, you may, with careful study, learn what is best for you to wear. The woman without good taste might buy the most expensive gowns from the most exclusive house, and still be dowdy. The woman with the *flair* for clothes looks well in a gingham gown.

As told to Carolyn Van Wyck
By LILLIAN GISH

Simplicity—first, last, and always. And imagination.

You don't like to pass, on the street, five women with costumes exactly like yours. You don't have to. You may not be able to afford importations but you can always, add to a dress or a suit your personal touch.

I don't get as much time as I'd like for shopping. I am not clothes-crazy. I love



Design 13

One of the season's smartest afternoon frocks has been designed for Lillian Gish. It is one of the new one-piece draped dresses lapping to the left side. The drapery is held with a sash of the material, the right side having a group of pink lucks. Materials as follows:

| | | |
|--|----------|----------------|
| 4½ yards Corticelli crepe de chine, quality 1035, 40 in. wide... | @ \$3.00 | \$13.50 |
| 1½ yards Corticelli printed Castle crepe (for sleeves)..... | @ 3.00 | 1.50 |
| Extras..... | | 1.00 |
| | | <u>\$16.00</u> |



Lillian Gish's favorite dance frock, of white laffeta, is caught up over the hips and draped over a lace petticoat. The hem, shoulder straps and quaint bodice are beaded



Design 14

A charmingly informal evening dress of Crepe Chenette is cut in four pointed panels. The sash ends of the crepe are knotted at the right side, over which hang ends of metal-edged picot which also bind the sleeve edges. The materials are as follows:

| | | |
|--|----------|----------------|
| 5 yards Crepe Chenette (40 inches wide)..... | @ \$3.00 | \$15.00 |
| 3 yards of ribbon..... | @ .35 | 1.05 |
| Extras..... | | 1.00 |
| | | <u>\$17.05</u> |

by Le Bon Ton with Patterns for You

pretty things; but you may remember that I seldom get a chance to wear them on the screen. And I am "on the screen" almost two-thirds of my life! In "Broken Blossoms" I was a child of the London slums. In "Way Down East," I was a poor little country girl, although I did have several charming dresses in that picture. In "Orphans of the Storm" I play a girl of the French Revolution. So I do not select my dresses with their film appearances in view. My wardrobe is my own. It belongs, except as far as PHOTOPLAY readers are concerned, to me and not to the world. Consequently, all my frocks represent my own taste.

My clothes have been called "quaint" and "old-fashioned," often. Perhaps this is largely because I so rarely play modern girls in pictures, and that I may, unconsciously, have followed this type of thing in selecting my own dresses. It is true, I suppose, that I do go in for the more conservative styles; that I favor the longer skirts, the more graceful sleeves. The more modest and quiet a costume is, the better I like it. To be well dressed one should be conspicuous only by one's simplicity.

It's not the size of your wardrobe, but the things in it, that counts. I grow attached to the things I own. One of the nicest dresses I ever had is four years old. I have it still. I never wear



This afternoon dress of tucked white chiffon and lavender taffeta was designed by Miss Gish after the mid-Victorian manner so popular just now



Design 16

A blouse of crepe de chine on which the bell is embroidered in basket weave stitch in heavy floss is very smart. The collar and cuffs are organdie finished in the floss. The material requirements are:

2½ yards crepe de chine (40 inches wide).....@ \$3.00 \$7.50
 1½ yard organdie (36 in. wide) @ 1.00 .50
 Embroidery silk and extras..... 1.00

\$9.00

Design 15 (to the right)

A good summer frock is this of gingham, bound with organdie which is also used with the vestee cut in one with the sash. The bottom of the blouse is cut in tabs buttoning on to the sash with pearl buttons. It may be made for \$6.75, from the following materials:

4 yards gingham (36 in. wide) @ \$1.00 \$4.00
 1½ yards organdie (40 in. wide) @ 1.00 1.50
 Buttons and extras..... 1.25

it now, of course, but it's an evening dress, and the only dance I have attended in recent years is associated with it. It is—again!—quaint; it looks like a gown grandmother would have worn, except for a few decidedly twentieth-century touches. I remember the Editor of PHOTOPLAY was present that evening. He came directly over to me. "I like that dress!" he said. Editorial commendation!

I like to have every frock I own absolutely individual. I think every woman should. And it isn't impossible at all. All it requires is a little planning.

It is so very easy to take the first frock you come to in a shop, if it pleases you at all. I don't believe that's the way to do it. So many frocks are just—frocks; things to wear. Consequently they never seem to belong. They are not part of you. They should be so distinctive that when people see them they exclaim, "That dress belongs to you!"

Expensive things are not necessarily good. I think it idiotic to dash into a shop, buy something, and dash out again, no matter how much money you may have to spend. Mary Pickford, one of the world's wealthiest young women, exercises the same care and discrimination as you or I would do—or should do. She doesn't believe in the

careless purchasing of priceless dresses or furs or hats.

So don't feel rebellious if you haven't all the money in the world to spend on clothes.

Select your style. Find out what you should wear. Discover whether the long, straight lines, or the fluffy silhouette is more becoming to you. Then dress to your idea of how you would like to look; don't imitate someone else.

I think the PHOTOPLAY Le Bon Ton pattern idea is a splendid one, and that every girl and woman should take advantage of it.

These frocks combine good taste and style and you will, I am sure, want to make at least one of them for yourself.



PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Department of Fashions

25 West 45th Street

New York City, N. Y.

For enclosed coupon and twelve cents in stamps or coins for postage and handling charges, please send me Le Bon Ton pattern of design number.....in size.....

Name.....

Street and Number.....

City..... State.....

Note: Only one pattern may be ordered with one coupon. Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 only.



SISTERS—International-American

THIS picture was made because women love to cry. If they didn't, there wouldn't be any picture.

Kathleen Norris, one of our foremost women writers, may or may not have a secret business arrangement with the seapackerchief people. Anyway, she provides more material for tears than anybody else in America.

The picture is an improvement upon the book. Whereas the novel has a highly melodramatic and emotional climax, and a sorrowful fade-out—the kind that the films are always criticized for—the film presents a saner version, with an ending that isn't dramatic, but that undoubtedly would occur in the best middle-class families. The story of the sisters, *Alix* and *Cherry*, and the husband of *Alix*, whom *Cherry* almost succeeds in claiming, gave Albert Capellani, the director, a series of strong situations of which he made the most. The photography is inexcusably old-fashioned but you can overlook that. Seena Owen is great as *Alix*; she has made a human being out of a martyr. Gladys Leslie and Joe King are particularly splendid in their rôles.



TOO MUCH BUSINESS—Vitagraph

A LAUGHTER barrage with Ethel Grey Terry, Edward Horton (who has moments of being delightfully reminiscent of Sidney Drew) and Tully Marshall in charge of the artillery—which is never heavy! All about a young man who gets engaged on a strictly business basis, and loses his job because of his engagement, and starts out in business for himself—as the director of a hotel for babies. How his enterprise is started and then wrecked, all in a month, is worth a year of commonplace living.

The story is an Earl Derr Biggers-Saturday Evening Post combination. And the idea back of the story is a new one. The cast functions well. And Tully Marshall in a tantrum is one of the best bits of comedy ever screened.

To Assist You in Saving Your

The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A review of the new pictures



PAY DAY—Chaplin-First National

IF we ever get to the point where Charlie Chaplin fails to make us laugh, we are going right out and order a nice, large, beautifully engraved tombstone. There will be nothing left in life for us. We would blame ourselves, not Charlie.

"Pay Day" made even the ushers laugh in the theater where we saw it. Ushers see a picture more times than anybody else, excepting the policemen. It had been running almost all week when we saw the ushers laugh. We can never hope to offer a critique as poignant as this. And Charles Spencer's epitaph could not be more glorious than, "He made even ushers chuckle."

Chaplin's European trip has not spoiled him; it has done him good. He has a keener appreciation, a more tolerant viewpoint. There is not one kick in this picture. It almost has an accent—an English accent. It savors of the London 'alls.

It's a little cameo cut from the life of "a hard shirking man:" just one day, Saturday. He is the earnest fellow of all the Chaplin essays, but his solemn efforts to arrive home safely after a night with the boys are funnier than the gymnastics of his predecessors. There's a quartet which renders "Sweet Adeline;" the ponderous arguments of the intoxicants; Charlie's desperate attempts to board a crowded street car; and his final failure to get away with it with the wife—real comedy, all of it. If the satire doesn't saturate, the broader tricks will.

Mack Swain, brother Syd, and La Purviance perform, but briefly. It is all C. C.

PHOTOPLAY'S SELECTION
of the SIX BEST
PICTURES of the MONTH

PAY DAY
•
FAIR LADY
•
SISTERS
•
IS MATRIMONY A FAILURE?
•
TOO MUCH BUSINESS
•
THE CRADLE



FAIR LADY—United Artists

WOMAN has been called a snare—more than once. Perhaps that is why the title of this Rex Beach story has been changed from "The Net" to "Fair Lady." There doesn't seem to be any other reason. At least, so far as we can see.

The Mafia—one of the most terrible of the Italian secret societies—has been taken as the basis of the picture. And the action starts in Sicily with Betty Blythe, almost heart-breakingly beautiful in a bride's cloth-of-silver gown, as the heroine.

The bridegroom is killed on the way to his wedding and the bride, still in her veil and silver finery, declares vendetta against his unknown murderer. The bridegroom's American friend, who was with him at the time of his death, is sent away in disgrace.

Five years pass and the scene changes to the Italian quarter of New Orleans, where the rule of the secret society has become a terror and a menace. There the story becomes melodrama of the most satisfying sort, with the American friend (Robert Elliott) as the hero, and the bride—under an assumed name—as the heroine. The action is fast enough to satisfy, we should think, the creator of the original story.

The cast is good, and the Sicilian settings are exquisite. Especial mention should be made of Gladys Hulette who, in a blonde wig, plays the part of a candy-eating flapper. Thurston Hall is everything that a villain should be—all villains please take notice if you want to play the game a la Hoyle. Florence Auer makes good as a Sicilian maid.



IS MATRIMONY A FAILURE?—Paramount

THE scene of this picture—especially recommended to couples who have passed the five-year limit—is laid in a commonplace little town where husbands and wives fight in private and make love in public. Prayer meetings are the main form of evening entertainment. Cherished razors are used as pencil sharpeners. Poker sessions are taboo and socks go undarned. And yet youth, in the face of it all, insists on committing matrimony. In this case Lila Lee and T. Roy Barnes are the optimistic boy and girl.

They elope. They get a license. And then, after their flight is discovered it comes to light that the license has been issued by a notary public who has never been sworn in. In the commotion that follows, half—the male half—of town who had their licenses from the same source are given an excuse to leave home. The comedy situations that ensue have been left in the hands of an all star cast—with Lois Wilson, Zasu Pitts, Walter Hiers and Tully Marshall as the fun-makers in chief. They settle everything except the question embodied in the title. Perhaps they forgot that.



THE CRADLE—Paramount

ALL sermons aren't delivered over a pulpit by a man in a black gown. Told from the point of view of a little child, this picture is an enthralling and at times poignant sermonette against the evils of divorce. It proves that, despite minor details of production, a feature film may be both entertaining and really inspiring. The plot is a simple one about a man and his wife who separate and re-marry at the cost of their small daughter's happiness, and though the pathos seems a bit overdone at times, any amount of emphasis may be excused on the grounds of the message involved. Ethel Clayton is an appealing mother but Charles Meredith seems a bit—shall we say collegiate? Leave the children at home—this is a problem for adult minds only.



OTHER WOMEN'S CLOTHES—Ballin-Hodkinson

Hugo and Mabel Ballin can serve the most delicious whipped-cream confections—but afterwards you want to order corn beef and cabbage. When it comes to bringing a light story back to life, they should call in consulting physicians. Here is a series of rarely lovely pictures; exquisite acting by Mabel; imaginative touches—but lacking the necessary wallop for the best effect.



THE ROSARY—First National

A picture built around the human interest of a little fishing village and the life of its priest—whose everyday existence, is a monument to good and self sacrifice. Wallace Beery, the villain, is killed, as usual (may he some day get the girl, the money and everything!), Lewis S. Stone is the priest, while Jane Novak and Robert Gordon supply the love interest of the pastoral tale.



THE ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE—Universal

When Universal can produce such fine serials in the most casual manner it seems a shame that they should stoop to exploiting "Foolish Wives" and gathering "Wild Honey." Robinson Crusoe strikes the bell again. Harry Myers plays the title rôle splendidly and Noble Johnson portrays the *Man Friday*. Gertrude Olmstead, beauty prize winner, has the leading feminine part.



THE MAN FROM DOWNING STREET—Vitagraph

The background is India. The star is Earl Williams. And the good old British Secret Service is the shadow in the wings. Murder, intrigue, treachery, and disloyalty to the government give the hero a busy week in which his every finesse works. The plot is dramatically spun out, with a genuine surprise ending. Betty Ross Clarke and Eugenia Gilbert share leading lady honors.



THE GLORIOUS FOOL—Goldwyn

A pleasant pastel—a warm evening's cool and charming entertainment. The romance of a pretty nurse and a patient, by Mary Roberts Rinehart, skillfully directed and humanly acted, it will not startle; it advances no theories and hasn't a sermon to spin. But you find yourself more than usually interested in the love affair of clever Helene Chadwick and likeable Richard Dix.



THE CRIMSON CHALLENGE—Paramount

A lot of scenery—including Dorothy Dalton with bobbed hair. A street battle with revolvers, a horse race—and Dorothy Dalton in knickers. Jack Mower with a bandaged head, an affectionate fade-out, and Dorothy Dalton shows that she is still an alluring woman despite her new boyishness! Special mention should be made of the divorce scene in the frontier town.



The right and the wrong way to manicure

JUST as many people spoil their nails by mistakes as by neglect. No matter how careful you are, you simply cannot cut the cuticle without causing it to look ragged and unsightly.

For this thin fold of skin at the base of the nails forms the only protection of the delicate nail root which lies less than 1-12 of an inch beneath. When you cut the cuticle, you can hardly avoid piercing through to this sensitive living part. Then Nature immediately begins to build up new tissue to protect it. This is tougher than the rest of the skin and thus gives the nail rim that ragged, uneven look that you are especially anxious to avoid.

Yet when the cuticle grows up over the nails, dries, splits and forms hang-nails, it must in some way be removed.

Never cut the cuticle

You can remove it easily, quickly, harmlessly with Cutex Cuticle Remover. Apply it about the base of the nails with an orange stick, and then rinse the finger tips. When drying them, push back the cuticle with a towel. All the hard dry edges will simply wipe away.

There are two wonderful new Cutex polishes that come in the two most

popular forms of the moment — powder and liquid. The new Powder Polish gives a brilliant luster instantaneously — just a few strokes of the nails across the soft part of the hand is sufficient to bring out the shine — and it lasts better than any you have ever had before.

The new Liquid Polish is practically instantaneous. It flows over the nail from the brush with an absolutely uniform smoothness. It dries instantly and leaves the most brilliant, delicately tinted luster which will keep its even brilliance for at least a week. Used as a finishing touch it will make a manicure last just twice as long.

Cutex Sets come at 60c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$3.00. Or any Cutex article may be bought separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada. Begin today to see what this way of manicuring will do.

Introductory Set — now only 12c

Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. 706, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

The new Introductory Set



Mail this coupon with 12c today

Try a Cutex Manicure today. A few minutes once or twice a week will keep the nail rims smooth and even and the nails polished and pink.

Northam Warren, Dept. 706
 114 West 17th St.,
 New York.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....



ARABIAN LOVE—Fox

More sand, more caravans, more Sheik! With John Gilbert—a new star—in a Valentino setting. (Incidentally he could show Rodolph a thing or two in the matter of wearing turbans and climbing balconies.) Two beautiful ladies with the same front name make the cast more than ordinarily decorative—Barbara La Marr, in a character part, and Barbara Bedford as leading woman.



BOUGHT AND PAID FOR—Paramount

Sex o'clock—and all's as well as could be expected! A Broadway success that seems too strong, in spots, for screening. In this enlightened day it is unpleasant to see a man break in a bedroom door with a poker—the fact that he is intoxicated doesn't help, either. Jack Holt, Walter Heirs, and the charmingly unreal Agnes Ayres—all wasted. Leave the children at home, by all means!

THE BEARCAT—
Universal

"The Singin' Kid" thought he was a bad man—and then a lady with a smile went out of her way to prove that he was only a nice boy. And, after a heap of fighting and shooting, every thing ends happily. Hoot Gibson is the musical hero and Lillian Rich the lady who smiles. Those titles that are verses of the Kid's song are especially good and quite out of the ordinary.

FIND THE WOMAN—
Cosmopolitan-Paramount

A good picture—though the story, as it originally appeared in *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, would have made a better one. Why was it changed? A murder mystery with three women and several men involved in such a way that the ending comes as a complete surprise. Some problems that supply good mental exercise, with Alma Rubens, Eileen Huban, and George MacQuarrie.



SEEING'S BELIEVING—Metro

Viola Dana as a high-powered, 1922 model flapper—a role that she puts across with her characteristic ease. A near scandal, almost too innocent to be true, that almost separates her from the man she loves, supplies the thin but amusing plot. The characterization is unusually good and a checker championship game, in a country hotel, is a unique and laughable touch.

THE GREEN
TEMPTATION—
Paramount

Highly colored and improbable, but if you are not too literal-minded you will get an average amount of enjoyment out of the hectic adventures of Betty Compson, a beautiful crook, Theodore Kosloff—a great actor, by the way—as a master robber, and Mahlon Hamilton as the rescuing angel. Betty reforms but Theodore doesn't, and then the fun begins. (Continued on page 120)



TIRES OF DISTINCTION

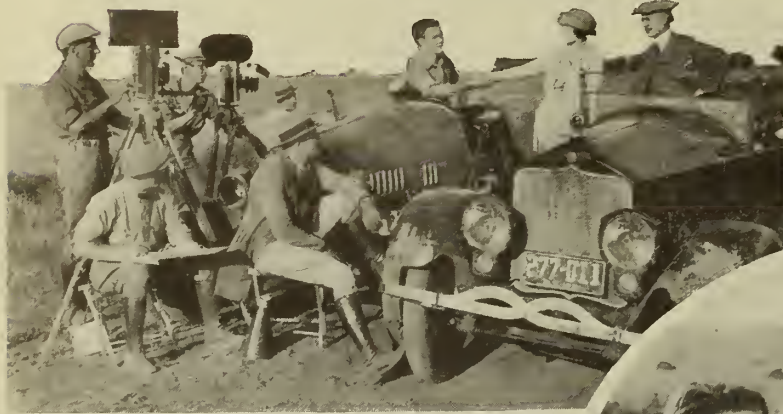
WITH SILVERTOWN CORD TIRES on your car you can park it anywhere on earth with the comforting assurance that whoever sees it will credit you with good taste and good judgment. They are the finest examples of tire craftsmanship, a remarkable combination of beauty and durability. Thoroughbreds in appearance, with sleek, creamy white sides and glistening black treads—they have within them the rugged strength that means long wear, long life and long service.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY

Akron, Ohio

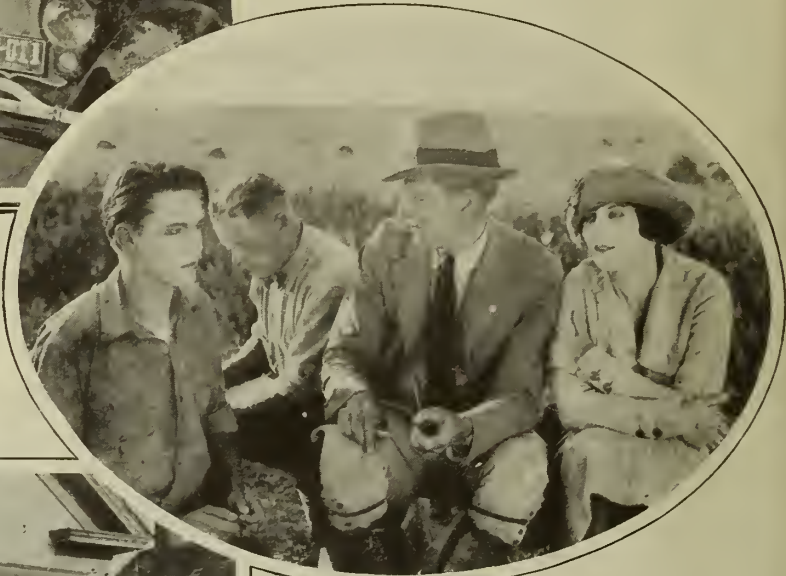
GOODRICH
SILVERTOWN
CORDS

Filmed in Four States



A transcontinental filmplay is just coming to the screen. It is director E. H. Griffith's "Free Air," from Sinclair Lewis' novel. Griffith and his company travelled across the country in automobiles, just as the original characters did in the book, taking scenes en route. Montana furnished the background for some of the prettiest "shots" in the picture. Here is Griffith directing

This happened in Kansas. The hero in his car follows the heroine in her car and catches up with her—of course, or there wouldn't be any picture. Mr. Griffith—no relation to D. W., but well known as the director of *Marquette Clark*, *Corinne Griffith*, and other stars—is viewing the proceedings with as much interest as if he hadn't directed them himself



A Wisconsin wheat field, an assistant director, a leading man, a producer, and a leading woman. In a minute they are going to get all mixed up in an exciting scene. The young lady is *Marjorie Seaman*, who married *Ralph Graves* just before she went on location for this picture. The hero is *Tom Douglas*



Main Street—one of the many models for "Main Street," Mr. Lewis' best-seller. Its prototype may be found in hundreds of middle-western towns. This particular scene was shot in Minnesota. This picture, by the way, has not a single studio-made scene. Every foot of film was shot by Mr. Griffith in the locale

Famous makers of lingerie fabrics and dresses make washing tests

Find this is safe way
to wash fine cottons

FINE cottons are as perishable as silks. One careless laundering is enough to fade the delicate colors or to ruin the fine textures that women now demand for their lingerie dresses and blouses.


The manufacturers are as concerned as the wearers to find a safe way to wash expensive cottons.

The makers of Anderson gingham and Betty Wales Dresses felt it was so important to solve their laundering problems that they had thorough washing tests made. Their letters tell many interesting things these tests showed, and why, as a result, they are urging the use of Lux.

Send today for booklet of expert laundering advice—it is free. Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. S-6, Cambridge, Mass.



Betty Wales Dressmakers
New York



Lever Bros. Co.,
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We have the materials which are to be used in our summer dresses tested in Lux. Each fabric, pastel shades of Edelweiss organdie and dotted Swiss, and checked gingham, was given the number of laundings it would receive from the average wearer.


The fabrics lost color only slightly, and were fresh and crisp at the end of the last laundering. A harsh soap or soap flake would have affected the color and taken away the "life" of the material.

Washing an organdie is about as severe a test as Lux could be put to, as this material has the most perishable finish of any commonly used cotton fabric.

We think the excellent results we obtained with Lux are due in part to its form, which of course does away with rubbing, but more especially to its extraordinary mildness and purity.

Very truly yours,
Betty Wales Dressmakers

DAVID & JOHN ANDERSON, LTD.
Lever Bros. Co.,
Cambridge, Mass.



Gentlemen:

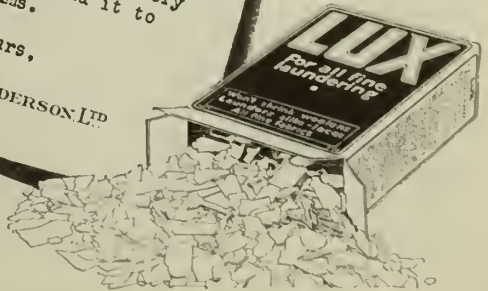
Six of our most popular designs in gingham were tested with Lux. Each design was given the average number of laundings for a tub dress.

The chief charm of a gingham, to most women, is its coloring. We were, therefore, much pleased to see how the various designs kept their colors. Even at the end of the laundings, the fading was slight. In some designs, six or eight colors were used, but in no case did the colors run into each other.

This is a real testimonial for Lux, as a harsh soap and rubbing would undoubtedly have faded and streaked the colors. The results of the tests with Lux have proved to us its entire mildness and purity in a very conclusive way. We shall recommend it to the women who buy our gingham.

Very truly yours,
DAVID & JOHN ANDERSON, LTD.

LUX



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.



Social Errors Among the Indians

I SAW several mistakes in "Cardigan." Unless I am greatly mistaken, when Indians declared war, the ceremonies often lasted for days. But when *Cardigan* comes to the Indians with the belts, *Walter Butler* convinces the Indians that he is an enemy and they take him to the stake. Then we see scores of Cayuga warriors attacking the fort with *Cardigan* still on his way to be burned.

And why did *Felicity* wear buckskin socks in such a decorous place as Johnson Hall?

ANNE L. NEW, Orlando, Florida.

Thoughtful of Her

HOW did it happen in "Perjury" that when *Bob Moore* comes to his wife's cafe, which has been closed for some time for repairs, the tables are all provided with cream and sugar, salt and pepper, etc., and *Martha*, the wife, has a pot of hot coffee all ready to pour?

M. L. R., Walters, Oklahoma.

Pity the Poor Goldfish

"SATURDAY NIGHT" was an entertaining picture. But when Miss Edith Roberts knocks over a fish bowl on a staircase and it does not break, and what is more remarkable, some water remains in it, and later Mr. Conrad Nagel again knocks over the said fish bowl and it still remains intact—it is to laugh, is it not?

BRICE DISQUE, JR.,

WILLIAM J. GRIFFIN,
Dartmouth College, N. H.

Too Much Action for Those Extras

IN "Cameron of the Royal Mounted," a pay car is robbed by Indians. When the "Mounties" are seen approaching in the distance, the crew stand up and cheer lustily. In the next scene they are all lying down, apparently wounded, and a nurse is attending them.

MARGUERITE N. SIDENER,
Springfield, Illinois.

Well Done

IN "Scrap Iron," Charlie Ray, as *John Steel*, places three eggs in a pan to fry. The clock on the table registers 12:10. When he removes the eggs, it is one-thirty-five. Yet he takes them from the pan, and they form the main part of his lunch!

R. McQUISTON, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Why Worry?

IN ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN'S picture, "Why Announce Your Marriage?" I noticed this. Niles Welch and Elaine have married secretly and are trying to keep it so, by living apart. Niles gets lonesome and comes to call on his wife. They decide to eat, and our hero declares his intention of going out and getting something to eat, which he does. But when he returns he has nothing. Were the groceries closed or couldn't Niles get any credit?

J. E. MULLIGAN, Louisville, Ky.

The Month's Most Popular Mistake

WHEN the little bride jumps from the boat in "Theodora," she leaves her scarf, but when she is found later, around her like a silvery mantel lies the scarf.

CHERRY GLENN, Tampa, Florida.

Coiffures a la Swanson

IN "Her Husband's Trademark." Gloria Swanson and her lover, being followed by a band of Mexicans, are compelled to swim across a river. Gloria's hair looks lovely as it floats in the water, but when on the shore the hero takes her in his arms to carry her—once more Gloria is correctly coiffed, even with a splendid Spanish ornament to add the deMille touch.

META HAMILTON, Evanston, Ill.

Those Egyptians!

EMIL JANNINGS, who plays Pharaoh in "The Loves" of same, is completely bald until he is left on the battlefield presumably dead. When he returns to his palace no one recognizes him, for his long hair and beard act as a disguise. The action of the play indicates that but a few weeks at the utmost have elapsed, yet it would have taken years to grow such a hirsute crop!

LOUISE HEIDELBERG, New York City.

An Eccentric Electrician

IN "Queenie." Shirley Mason, the star, starts to explore Mr. Pepper's house. She enters a room with a lighted candle in her hand. She looks at a portrait on the wall which can be seen plainly, although the candle is out. She gazes at another portrait and this time the candle is lit. Who's responsible for this?

FLOYD B. HARLOW, Louisville, Ky.

More Fun in the Great Northwest

IN "The Golden Snare." Wallace Beery rescues a baby girl from the burning ship of an Arctic explorer. The baby, as I remember, is scantily clothed, so Wallace rolls it up in a blanket and takes it to his hut. Yet some years later the girl, now grown, brings forth a chest of her baby clothes, also some identification papers and a pair of high-heeled shoes. And where do they get these super-men who romp around the frozen North in their shirt sleeves?

Also: in "Nan of the North Woods," the hero rides over to Nan's (Ann Little's) cabin. When he starts, his horse has a wide white blaze the entire length of its nose. By the time he reaches his destination, its face is black except for a tiny white star in the middle of its forehead.

GERTRUDE E. C. SHAW, St. Louis, Mo.

Why, Mr. deMille!

IN "Fool's Paradise," Cecil deMille's picture, which by the way I enjoyed, Dorothy Dalton as *Poll Patchouli* sketches a goatee and moustache upon the pictured face of *Rosa Duchene*, the dancer, which adorns the walls of the hero's cabin in poster form. But later, the poster is shown without her decorations. And the poor hero had not time to acquire another before he was stricken with blindness.

In the same picture, Dorothy takes some burning biscuits out of the oven and Theodore Kosloff takes the pan in his hand almost immediately without flinching.

DONALD A. STEELE, New Bedford, Mass.

Attention of Frederick O'Brien

JOHN BARRYMORE, in "The Lotus Eater," is on a ship bound for a south-sea isle. One can plainly see in the background numerous trees, although the ship is supposed to be in mid-ocean.

MRS. W. H., Ventura, Cal.



Be Beautiful for One Night

SOMETIME soon there will be an occasion when you would give anything to dazzle your friends with unaccustomed beauty and radiance, and enjoy for one glorious night the admiring homage of everyone.

Well, do not imagine that this is impossible. There may be no fairy godmothers nowadays, but there is Lournay! And Lournay has devised a treatment that will do more in one hour to improve your appearance than ordinary treatments do in weeks. It involves a trio of preparations—*Crème au Citron* to cleanse the skin, the *Lournay Masque* to transform it, and *Lournay Powder* to give the final touch of blossomy daintiness.

The Masque is a facial pack composed of beautifiers famous for centuries, such as almond meal, balsams of benzoin and myrrh, and crushed lupin seeds. As the Masque dries, it draws all impurities and particles of dead cuti-

cle from the face, at the same time making the skin taut so that wrinkles disappear.

When you remove the Masque, you see a new and lovelier "you" smiling back at you from the mirror—clear-skinned, aglow with the freshness of youth! It is the *real* you, that has been obscured by the effects of atmospheric irritants, unscientific care, and the tense life we lead nowadays. Knowing that you look more charming than ever before, you go forth to conquer and enjoy!

Lournay wishes you to try this treatment for your next *grande occasion*, so if you will send the coupon below with \$1 for the full-sized box of Lournay Powder (its regular price), you will also be supplied with a complete treatment of the other preparations. If after trial you are not entirely satisfied, just return the unused portion of the powder and your money will be instantly returned.

In filling out the coupon, be sure to supply all the information requested, so that in the future you will be personally advised of any new treatments suited to your needs.

Lournay

7 Rue de L'Isly, Paris, France

366 Fifth Avenue, New York



LOURNAY, 366 Fifth Avenue, New York

Enclosed is \$1 for a box of Lournay Powder. In addition, send me a free trial treatment of the Lournay Masque and *Crème au Citron*.

Complexion coloring _____
 I am troubled by: Wrinkles _____ Coarse Pores _____ Black-
 heads _____ Sagging Muscles _____ Sallowiness _____
 Dry Skin _____ Double Chin _____ Scrawny Neck _____
 Unhealthy Hair _____ Scanty Lashes and Brows _____

Name _____

Address _____

My dealer's name _____

COUPON

Pompeian Beauty Powder



"—and so they lived happily ever after"

She looks confidently into a happy future. She knows that the clear, fresh loveliness of youth, which first attracted him, will always be hers. The charm that won his admiration will hold it through the coming years—for she knows the secret of instant beauty. She uses the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

First, a touch of 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 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? Presto! The face is beautified and youth-i-fied in an instant! (Above 3 articles may be used separately or together. At all druggists, 60c each.) Be certain that you get Pompeian.

TRY NEW POWDER SHADES. The correct shade is more important than color of your dress. New NATURELLE is more delicate tone than Flesh, blends with medium complexion. New RACHEL is rich cream tone for brunettes.

Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian

Day Cream (60c) . . . holds the powder
Beauty Powder (60c) . . . in four shades
Bloom (60c) . . . a rouge that won't break
Massage Cream (60c) . . . clears the skin
Night Cream (50c) improved cold cream
Fragrance (30c) . . . talc, exquisite odor
Vanity Case (\$1.00) . powder and rouge
Lip Stick (25c) . . . makes lips beautiful



These three for Instant Beauty

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 Co., at Cleveland, Ohio.

Get 1922 Panel—Five Samples Sent With It

"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.

THE POMPEIAN CO., 2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
Also Made in Canada © 1922, The Pompeian Co.

TEAR OFF NOW

To mail or to put in purse as shopping reminder

THE POMPEIAN CO., 2131 Payne Ave. Cleveland, O.
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



Some blondes suggest gingham; others, crepe de chine. Claire Windsor would look lovely in either, but why serve corn beef and cabbage on Royal Dolton?

Give Credit to Kansas

THIS is really a wonderful country. Sometimes it is astonishing the things it does. No—not the Volstead Act or Congress. But people.

Would you ever believe that a girl like this could be born in Kansas? Not but what Kansas is a wonderful state. But even its most ardent boosters could hardly call it decorative. It's the kind of a state you sleep through, when you dash across the continent. It conjures up thoughts of cyclones and prairies and things.

But that it could produce a bit of expensive porcelain or hand-woven tapestry like Claire Windsor seems incredible. Yet we have the young lady's word for it that she first opened her pansy eyes in Kansas.

Claire suggests cloth of silver and brocaded satin. She is decorative to the nth degree; polished; perfumed; lovely. As the heroine of such photodramas as "Grand Larceny" and "One Clear Call" she is one of the most captivating sights of the screen.

Her name, originally, was Ola Cronk. She spent her girl-

hood in Seattle, where she was a popular debutante. Then she married and went to Denver to live. There she used her talents to ornament society in the role of a young society matron. But the marriage was not successful, and four years ago Claire, her mother, and her baby boy came to California, where the beautiful blonde girl began the upward grind of a screen career as an extra girl.

She might still be playing small parts if Lois Weber had not seen her. The director saw in the slim patrician the exact type she wanted for the young society matrons of her domestic dramas. Claire took at one leap the rungs of the ladder that lie between extra and leading lady. She was with Miss Weber for a series of pictures; then with Goldwyn. Now she is so much in demand that she can afford to pick and choose her parts.

She's proud of the fact that she came from Kansas; and maybe Kansas isn't proud of her!

What? No, she isn't. She and Mr. Chaplin are good friends, that's all.



Mae Murray



Anita Stewart



Priscilla Dean



Betty Compson



Mildred Harris

How Famous Movie Stars Keep Their Hair Beautiful

The Secret of Having Soft, Silky, Bright, Fresh-Looking Hair

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 luster, 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, everywhere, now 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:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair

and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it 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.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

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; 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 to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week

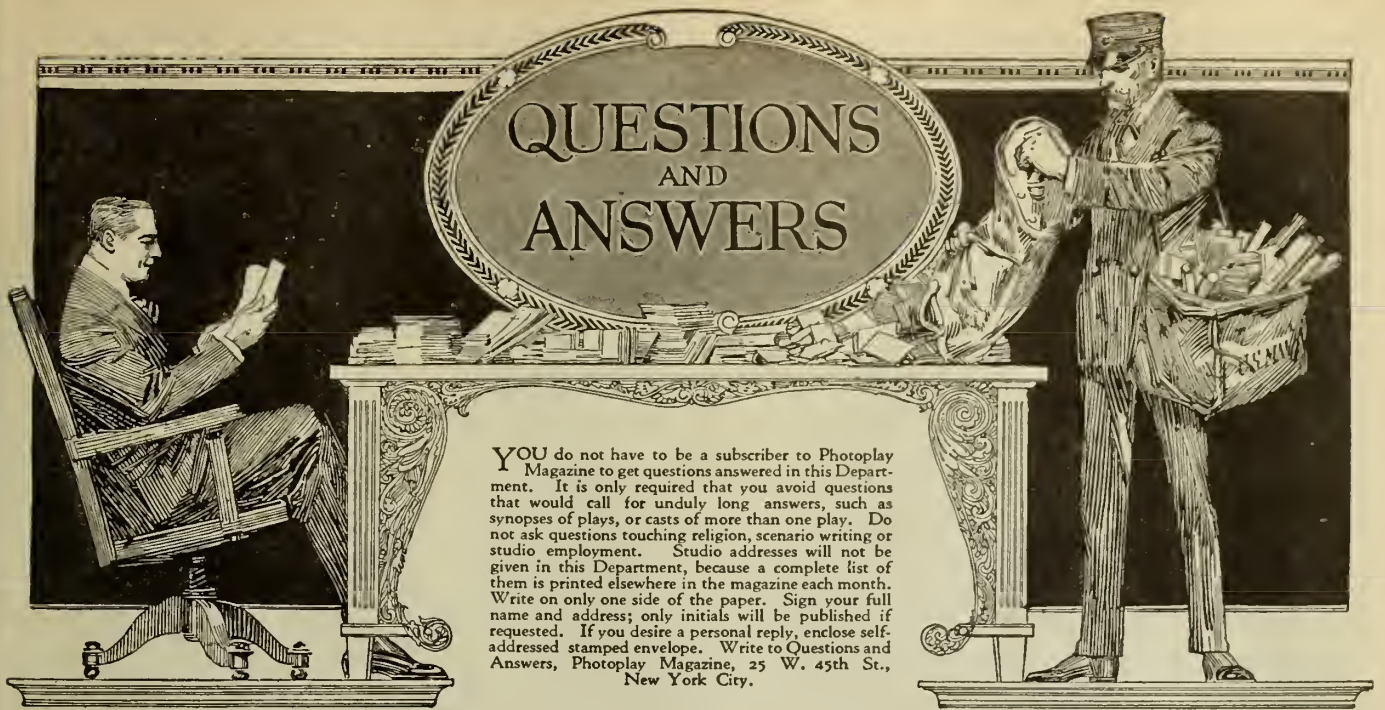
for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Makes Your Hair Beautiful



WATKINS
MULSIFIED
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO



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.

MARJORIE AND ERNESTINE.—At last I have had a song dedicated to me! You're awfully nice girls to go to all that trouble for me, and I certainly appreciate it, and kiss you—figuratively speaking—on both cheeks. I would try it over on my piano, but I didn't pay my instalments in time and they took it away from me. However, I will keep it among my treasures.

HELEN H. B., COLUMBIA, S. C.—I believe in suppressionism, not impressionism. I lived too long to learn any new artistic tricks. I'll leave the vers libre-ing and the Paul Gaguin-ing to those who like them. Rudolph is now Rodolf Valentino. He played with Agnes Ayres in only one picture, "The Sheik." He is starred in "Blood and Sand;" but before that he made "Moran of the Lady Letty" with Dorothy Dalton and "Beyond the Rocks" with Gloria Swanson. He is divorced from Jane Acker.

WANDA.—I'm sure I don't know why you call me Richard, unless you see in my likeness a resemblance to Richard Barthelmess, and I don't flatter myself to that extent. However, if by being called Richard I obtain also a snapshot of you, I'm satisfied. The snapshot, Wanda, is very coy and cunning, but I cannot publish it in the Magazine because we don't go in for snapshots, however coy and cunning. Dick Barthelmess is still married to Mary Hay, and I have not heard of any rift in the domestic lute. There—I'm getting to be a regular writer.

(Miss) L. C., PITTSBURGH, PA.—So you say you had a case on a bootlegger's son. Well (Miss) L. C., all I can say is that you are extremely fortunate, but that there is no place for you in this department. It is strictly prohibition. And when I say prohibition I mean prohibition—yes, it's as dry as that. House Peters in "The Alibi," "The Invisible Power," and "Human Hearts."

JOHN H., VERMONT.—Virginia Valli is the pretty brunette whose work you have admired in Bert Lytell's pictures. She is not married to Mr. Lytell; she is married to George Lamson. Virginia is now playing the heroine in "The Storm," for Universal. Address her U City, Cal. I think Virginia's

husband will not object to her sending you a photograph, but I can't promise—that she'll send you one.

V. S., ALLIANCE, OHIO.—Robert Sherwood who writes reviews for *Life* always writes for PHOTOPLAY. He's a clever little chap—a little over six and a half feet tall. He and I are always good friends. I always read his stuff. Tom Mix is the father of a baby daughter. Her name is Thomasina, heaven help her. But having Tom for a dad and Victoria for a ma probably more than makes up to her for being called Thomasina. The

Mixes make their home at 5841 Carlton Way, Hollywood, Cal. Thomas Meighan is still with Paramount. Buck Jones is married; his address is 1954 Crasena Drive, Los Angeles. They certainly have fancy names for their streets out there.

MARIETTA.—No, I don't know Johnny Hines, so I can't send him your love. I wouldn't anyway. That's how mean I am. Johnny's address is 548 West 164th Street, Manhattan. (Manhattan is just a lofty way of saying New York City, so don't let it scare you.)

HELEN, METROPOLIS, ILL.—We have some very finished players; you're right. My objection is that more of them are not finished. Eugene O'Brien is thirty-seven; he's not married. O'Brien-Selznick contract is up, I understand, and he is going to Europe for a vacation before making his future film plans. Vincent Coleman opposite Constance Binney in "Such a Little Queen." The chief difference between Constances Binney and Talmadge is that people call the former Constance and the latter Connie.

ANNA ERMINE.—Pretty name. But don't call me a perfect stranger. I am far from perfect, I promise you. Johnny Walker played *Johnny* in "Over the Hill." Lillian Walker has been playing in vaudeville. She was in "The Woman God Changed," which Vignola made for Cosmopolitan Productions.

H. H. H., PIEDMONT, CAL.—Why, I suppose you can learn to play the piano in your spare time; but you do so at your own risk. If I were as sarcastic as you I would get a raise in salary. Mae Murray says she is twenty-five years old. Agnes Ayres doesn't say.

JACKIE.—Welcome home. Here is the cast of "The Iron Trail:" Murray O'Neil.... Wynham Standing; Curtis Gordon.... Thurston Hall; Dan Appleton.... Reginald Denny; Eliza, his sister.... Alma Tell; Natalie, Gordon's step-daughter.... Betty Carpenter; Dr. Cyrus Grey.... Lee Beggs; Tom Slater, O'Neil's foreman.... Harlan Knight. (Continued on page 37)

PROTECT YOUR EYES!

TO obviate the annoyance experienced in entering those motion picture houses which still refuse to consider seriously the problem of lighting, close the eyes for half a minute before walking down the aisle or attempting to find a seat. By so doing you will accustom your eyes to the darkness and will avoid the embarrassment of stumbling over some one's feet.

If your eyes feel strained or tired after a performance, it may be that you should have taken a seat in the balcony. The human eye is unaccustomed to looking up for very long at a time. We spend most of our lives looking down—at our desks, at a book, at billiards or golf. Gazing up at the screen from the pit of the theater brings into steady use a set of eye muscles unaccustomed to this angle.

Front seats are an abomination. Yet here it is that children eagerly flock or are guided by attendants anxious to dispose thus of seats the adult usually shuns. Not only is the range too close but the sight suffers from screen flicker that is greatly diminished for those sitting farther back.

The First Photoplay in Colors

AND now comes the first feature photoplay in natural colors, "The Glorious Adventure," a tale of seventeenth century glammers, with Lady Diana Manners in the rôle of heroine.

To the picture patron the greatest interest of this drama is in the colorful representations of the gay and ruthless life of the period, with its dashing, duelling gentlemen in their scarlet doublets and sweeping hats, and its graceful, dainty ladies in the exuberant finery of that romantic day. There is the great fire of London, done with an indifferent skill in spots and with a shuddering, desperate reality in others, at the climax of adventurous doings on land and sea. And of course there is the love triumph in the end.

A rather topical interest, second only to the element of color, centers in this first screen appearance of Lady Diana Manners, acclaimed by critics of the pen and brush (not forgetting the press agents) as England's greatest beauty. She was used in a bit by Griffith in "Hearts of the World," but only for atmosphere.

The secret may perhaps be found a simple one—a screen salary of handsome and attractive proportions. The English nobility are not averse to piecing out their incomes—especially since the war.

This picture is the first to be made by a newly-invented color camera from the laboratories of William Van Doren Kelley of Prizma.



And here Lady Beatrice (Fair Lady Diana Manners) has received the bloodstained rose that carries the false message of the doom of her gallant Hugh Argyle

Never Told Tales About Stars

THE Humble Self-effacing Hero of a Hundred Interviews Gives Some Interesting Extracts from his Notebook. Unexpurgated Impressions of Certain Cinema Celebrities—Incidents about Famous Screen Sirens that have Never Before Been Published.

Soon after he wrote this story, the author left for Russia. Read it, and you will understand why.

It is the frankest and the most unusual account of the stars you have read. Besides, it is illustrated in delightful fashion by Rae Van Buren.

DON'T MISS THIS STORY

In the July Issue—
Out June Fifteenth



"Of course I believe you're not married," said the interviewer. "What a snappy new overcoat your husband has!"

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ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE
ARTS AND SCIENCES
HOLLYWOOD, - CALIFORNIA



Take a Kodak with you

It's all so easy the Kodak way, and the pictures, precious at the time, will be priceless to you later. You can spend your vacation and have it, too—in pictures.

Autographic Kodaks \$6.50 up

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. *The Kodak City*

MILDRED HARRIS is now a vaudeville star.

She has a sketch which she has been playing in various Manhattan theaters.

It's a far cry from the famous wife of Charlie Chaplin, sought after by film producers who wanted the privilege of billing her last name in large letters, the mistress of a fair estate in Hollywood, the possessor of many fur coats and motor cars, to an actress earning a good but not startling salary in the varieties.

Many of her friends aver that it will be good for Mildred, after her sudden fame and fortune, almost to begin all over again as an actress absolutely on her own. They say, some of them, that the prestige she acquired as Mrs. Chaplin turned her blonde head a little; that it accustomed her to a mode of existence more luxurious than most princesses, before she was ready for it. She and her mother are now living quietly, when they are not on tour, in a modest New York hotel.

It is also added that her acting has taken a decided turn for the better.

AT a recent dinner attended by several leading lights of the screen, speeches were made by the most prominent guests.

A star whose husband addressed the table was talking to a friend the next day.

"My dear," said the friend, "I'd no idea your husband was such a brilliant after-dinner speaker."

The star eyed her skeptically and sighed, "You should hear him before breakfast!"

PAULINE FREDERICK has gone back to the vocal.

She will speak, after six years of silence.

A reorganization of the Robertson-Cole company, which had Miss Frederick under a stellar contract at a munificent salary, caused her to plan her return to the stage. The new executives of R-C are said to have suggested that her salary be cut. So Polly,

who recently became Mrs. Rutherford, thought it was a pretty good time to make good her threat of returning to the legitimate.

She was one of the most captivating stars in America in "Innocent" and "Joseph and His Brethren," before Famous Players lured her away to play in "The Eternal City," "Bella Donna," "Zaza" and others. She promised A. H. Woods, her manager, that when she returned to the speaking stage it would be under his guidance. After her gold-crowned years as Paramount and Goldwyn star, she has kept her promise. Contracts have been signed and she will soon leave for London, where she will accomplish her return in a new play.

Rumors that she and Dr. Rutherford had quarreled were absolutely denied by both. Whether or not her husband will accompany her to London is not yet settled, but according to them they are ideally happy, and nothing but her work could separate them.

AS if a birth announcement which read, "Just Arrived—One Good Cowgirl, Thomasina Mix, At home on rainy Days," were not enough for a baby to bear, we hear that Tom Mix, the proud father, has just presented his brand-new daughter a beautiful bootjack of carved California redwood, delicately inscribed with the Tom Mix cattle brand.

IN Harold Lloyd's new picture "Grandma's Boy" appears one of the most villainous villains ever seen. He is uglier than Bull Montana.

His face was new to me and his acting so excellent that I said to Harold: "Where'd that fellow come from? He's new. How'd he get into pictures?"

"Prohibition," said Harold.

"What?" I gasped.

"Oh yes, he used to be a whiskey salesman. Isn't he a great argument for prohibition? Saved from the life of a liquor dealer to go into pictures."

The new Lloyd picture is something of a departure from Harold's usual line of splendid comedies. It is just as funny as ever, but it has a touch of drama and a little touch of pathos that are very pleasing and that raise it considerably from an artistic standpoint.

BERT LYTELL has left Metro.

He made a personal appearance tour before definitely parting company with the concern. Now he is back in Hollywood, co-starring with Betty Compson in George Fitzmaurice's production of "To Have and To Hold."

After a series of indifferent program pictures, Lytell should be seen to advantage as a Paramount player. He is one of the best actors on the screen when he has a chance.

HOW long will it be before music by radio will take the place of orchestras in film theaters?

At the radio show in New York, there was a demonstration that made many theater owners give a thought to the idea. Music for dancing was furnished in a hotel ballroom by a New Jersey orchestra, the strains being perfectly transmitted by means of the wireless telephone.

If an exhibitor has six theaters in New York, for instance, with an orchestra for each house, he could install instead radio-phones in each theater and let one centrally located orchestra say it with music to six audiences.

On the other hand, the present radio craze has made many who used to go to the neighborhood picture shows every night for amusement, stay home. (Cont'd on page 80)



We don't know how an introduction is accomplished in the best French circles, but anyway, readers, we beg to present to you the Duc and Duchesse de Vallombrosa. That is, the former duchess, now divorced. It is said that the Duc aspires to share his title with Pearl White, who has been a film queen long enough not to become disconcerted by another title



Powder will stay on for hours with the right vanishing cream as a base

A cream that really holds the powder

It will not reappear in a shine

HOW many times, especially in summer, you have wished your nose would not get shiny and that the powder would stay on.

You need never permit this shine. The way to make powder stay on is to provide a base for it to cling to. Powder put directly on the skin catches on little rough places and then flecks off leaving your face as shiny as if it had never been powdered. These little rough places may not be apparent but they prevent the powder from going on smoothly.

The ideal powder base is absorbed instantly, giving your skin a velvety surface to which the powder will hold. Try Pond's *Vanishing Cream* for this. Smooth on a little. Now powder. The powder will go on smoothly and evenly, giving your skin a lovely transparent tone. You need not worry about your face getting shiny—the cream cannot reappear because it contains no oil. And the powder will stay on for hours.

More than that, Pond's *Vanishing Cream* is the best possible protection against exposure to sun and wind. Always smooth it on before you go out. It is made of

ingredients famous for their soothing effect. You will notice, the moment you apply it to your cheeks, what a freshened feeling it gives you.

A very different cream just as necessary

No one cream can contain all the ingredients necessary to take perfect care of your skin. You cannot have in a vanishing cream the oils you need for cleansing and stimulating the skin.

FOR cleansing a different cream—Pond's *Cold Cream*—must be used. It contains just enough oil to penetrate the pores and remove every particle of dirt, and to lubricate the skin.

Every night and whenever you come in from a dusty railroad or automobile trip, smooth this delicate oil cream into your face. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth.

Use both these creams every day. Both are too delicate to clog the pores. They cannot promote the growth of hair. You will find them in convenient sizes of jars and tubes at all drug and department stores. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

POND'S

Cold Cream for cleansing

Vanishing Cream

to hold the powder

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co., 135 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

Mary's New Clothes

To the right: we can't say much about this picture, although we think it's one of the cutest ever published, because we prefer to meet Mary Pickford face to face any time. However, it illustrates the lines of a useful-as-well-as-ornamental and patriotic frock of blue with loop trimmings of red and white



Mary Pickford went to Paris! The whole world knows that, but here's its first glimpse of what Mary brought back—gowns by Jeanne Lanvin, the designer for the jeune fille (French for flapper). Above, a suit of velvet, with collar and cuffs of white moufflon. Mary neglected to mention just what moufflon means, and Miss Van Wyck isn't in, so your guess is as good as ours



Above: Mary calls this her "Water lily" dress. It is of shimmery silver-green silk with bands of silver lace and a silver ribbon around the waist tying in a bow at one side and hanging nearly to the bottom of the uneven hem line. It's bad enough trying to describe these gowns: imagine designing one!

Another one of the forty-nine frocks which Mary bought from Lanvin, on which she paid a fearful duty, and which she will wear in her photoplays. This informal evening gown of white chiffon has loops and streamers of the same material in a pretty shade of coral. The girdles as well as the band of trimming across the front and around the sleeves are made of iridescent beads in coral and white

\$1,000⁰⁰ in Prizes

How many words can you build from the letters in the phrase, "Use Elam's Irish Lawn When You Write"?

TO the person submitting the largest number of correct English words built from the letters in above phrase and written on Elam's Irish Lawn, a first prize of \$500.00 will be paid, besides twenty-nine other cash awards as shown in prize list Number One. However, the use of Elam's Irish Lawn is not essential to win a prize, for words can be submitted on any paper you choose and be eligible for prizes in list Number Two if you do not care to compete for the big prizes.

Anyone can compete except persons connected with our organization. Competent and unbiased judges will make the awards. Contest closes July 31st, 1922.

Most good stationers, druggists and department stores carry Elam's Irish Lawn. If unable to obtain it send us 50 cents for full sized box containing 24 sheets of paper and 24 envelopes to match. Specify color: White, Gray, Buff, Blue, Pink or Lavender.

Rules of Contest

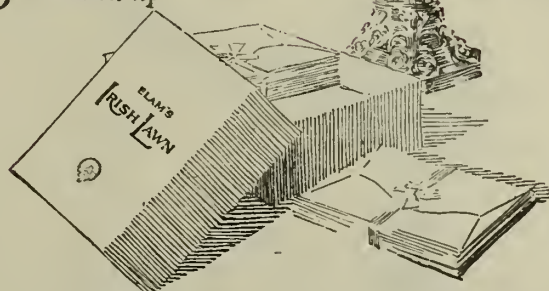
1. Only words found in Standard or Webster's dictionary will be counted. Do not send foreign, hyphenated or compound words. Words of the same spelling can be used only once even though they express different meanings.
2. Letters may be used in each word only as often as they appear in the contest phrase. For example, s may be used three times, but only once.
3. Contest closes noon, July 31, 1922.
4. Use either singular or plural, but where plural is used, the singular cannot be counted also, and vice versa.
5. The list showing the largest number of English words will be awarded first prize; the next largest, second prize, etc.
6. All answers should be written on one side of paper only and words numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, etc. Write your name and address on each sheet.
7. In the event of ties the full amount of the prize will be paid to each contestant tying for that prize.
8. All lists will receive the same consideration whether written on Elam's Irish Lawn or not.
9. The decision of the judges will be final and awards will be made and checks mailed to winners as soon as possible after close of contest.
10. So-called "master lists" such as are sometimes offered for sale, will be barred.



ELAM'S Irish Lawn

50¢ and up

Aristocratic Stationery at a Democratic Price



Address your letters to
Department "P"
"Do it Now"

ELAM PAPER CO.

General Offices

Marion, Indiana

Stationery which pleases the most fastidious—men as well as women. A letter written on Elam's Irish Lawn expresses your own personality, and implies a delicate compliment to the person receiving it. A wide variety of shapes, colors, and sizes of boxes.

LIST OF PRIZES

| \$1000.00 Prize List No. 1—For words written on Elam's Irish Lawn. | \$150.00 Prize List No. 2—For words NOT written on Elam's Irish Lawn |
|---|---|
| 1 prize of - - \$500.00 | 1 prize of - - \$50.00 |
| 1 prize of - - 200 00 | 1 prize of - - 25.00 |
| 1 prize of - - 100.00 | 1 prize of - - 15.00 |
| 1 prize of - - 50.00 | 1 prize of - - 10.00 |
| 1 prize of - - 25.00 | 1 prize of - - 5.00 |
| 5 prizes of - - 10.00 | 5 prizes of - - 3.00 |
| 10 prizes of - - 5.00 | 10 prizes of - - 2.00 |
| 10 prizes of - - 2.50 | 10 prizes of - - 1.00 |

For a year and a half, young Nordahl had been engaged to marry a girl named Helen Marsh. The two had known each other all their lives, and had been sweethearts for years. The engagement pleased her family and particularly Dave.

"I approved of that marriage," he told me, "because I know Helen. She's probably the finest girl in the world, and she's got common sense, in spite of her being willing to marry that boy of mine. She'll make Gilbert a fine wife, and he needs a sensible wife, because he's a wild ass of the desert. He's got to have a sensible wife—Helen's my pick."

"YOU ought to know something about it," I said grinning, and going back over Dave's past in my mind.

"I do," he admitted. "I learned and I paid for it. Why should the kid pay all over, when he can ride on my pass?"

The railroad builder sketched out the situation as he saw it, acquainting me with the various facts. He had heard about a Sarah Bradley Aiken abruptly. His boy was not the kind to carry on in an underhand way, so he had laid his cards on Dave's table. He had stood over his father and said:

"Dad, I'm going to break off with Helen."

"Why?" Dave asked, showing neither alarm nor surprise.

"Because I'm in love with another girl."

"Who?"

"Her name is Sarah Aiken. You don't know her."

"Never heard of her. What's the rest of it?"

"There's nothing, except that it wouldn't be fair to Helen for me to go on, when I love another woman."

Dave had leaned back in his chair and surveyed the youngster with a thoughtful eye. He knew his kid's ways. He looked at the family chin and decided not to indulge in parental indignation. He continued to discuss Sarah as though she was weather. He asked a few questions, seemed only casually interested in the whole business, and learned what he could.

Among other things, he discovered that young Gilbert had met Sarah only at rare intervals—a few times altogether. Infrequently Gilbert had had Sarah to himself. Usually they encountered in some gilded coconut grove or on a dance floor, and there were always other young swains hovering

about, eager for a smile or a word with the star-eyed siren. Gilbert, despite his lack of true acquaintance, was for immediate action. He desired to start at once for the Helen Marsh home, walk in on the girl and tell her that he could never marry her, because he had fallen in love elsewhere.

"I stopped that," Dave said, grimly. "Of course, Gil is making a damn fool of himself, but that's unimportant. I expect him to, I did. He wouldn't be my son, if he didn't. The thing that's quite unnecessary is to inflict pain upon Helen. There's no use telling her anything, because in the end, there won't be anything to tell her. Gil thinks he is going to marry this Aiken girl. But he's not."

I watched Dave's jaw settle upon that last sentence, and perceived that the only son was heading straight for the concealed rocks.

"Of course," continued the father, "I don't know anything about Sarah Bradley Aiken, except that she's a movie actress and works on this lot. She may be one of earth's rare angels, for all I know, but the chances are, if she is thinking of my son and marriage, she is also thinking of my money. I've had actresses think of my money before now, Bill."

"I believe you," I said. "Have you ever met Sarah?"

"Today. That's why I came over. Looked at her long and carefully. She had on her best Pullman dining-car manners and she talked pretty to me, I being the boy's old man. Well, I've had 'em talk pretty to me, and they used to get away with it. But you can't fool an old dog, and I am now the oldest dog west of Council Bluffs. And let me tell you, Bill. This Aiken person may be a peach on parade, but underneath, she is counterfeit money. She's bogus. She is imitation goods, with a fake wrapper."

"She stands well with her fellow-workers," I said, defending the lady, as I felt in justice bound to do. "Everybody on this lot has a good word for her."

"Sure," Dave grunted. "How long have you known her?"

"One picture."

"Not long enough. Wait till you all know her better, and then come in with your verdict. She has a lovely smile and a cherubim face, but she has something in her eye that she never got in

(Continued on page 93)

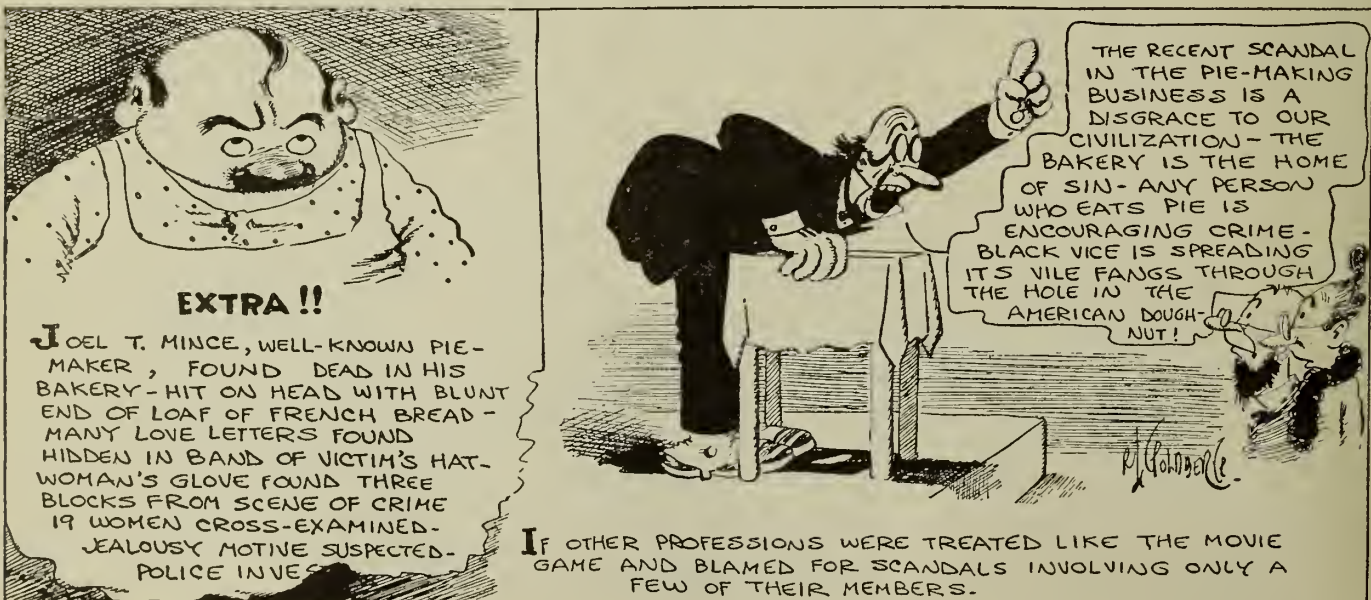
SAMUEL MERWIN

has just written for this Magazine the greatest fiction story of motion picture life ever written. He spent six months in Hollywood gathering material and color for it.

The characters are all drawn from life.

IN THE JULY PHOTOPLAY

Woof! Woof! We're Going to the Dogs!





After 2000 years—a SUPER-fine face powder

THE more delicate the texture of your skin, the finer should be the face powder you use to enhance its beauty.

Enchanting to the eye, the smoothest skin reveals itself under a magnifying glass as made up of countless tiny mounds and valleys.

To lay a transparent, even bloom on such a varying surface, a face powder must be *super-fine*. Ordinary powders show because their coarse grains fill the depressions and give that coated look which is so common. Yet women have waited twenty centuries for the invention of a *super-fine* face powder.

Hand-sifting a primitive process

Cleopatra's powders, we know, were hand-sifted through gauze. Queen Elizabeth, Marie Antoinette, Empress Eugenie used powders made in the same primitive way. Not until the remarkable new Melba process of *air-sifting* was perfected, was the first *super-fine* face powder created.

Compare Melba with any other face powder, imported or domestic. Apply them side by side. Note how much finer Melba *air-sifted* powder is. How closely it clings. How difficult it is to blow or even wipe away. How natural and transparent is the effect it gives. How smoothly it blends with the tone and texture of your skin.

Clinging and blending as it does, Melba *air-sifted* powder is hardly affected by wind, heat or moisture. It stays on. You can motor or dance, play golf or tennis without fear that your complexion will lose its freshness.

How complexion charm is gained

Melba *air-sifted* powder gives an exquisite bloom to a woman's beauty. But complexion health and charm lie deeper. Every inch of your face contains hundreds of oil-laden pores, which are almost invisible until this oil and body-wastes, mingling with outside dust and dirt, accumulate and clog them.

Washing with soap and water only clears the surface. Melba Skin Cleanser, applied daily, will penetrate the trouble-breeding stuff within the pores and little by little bring it to the surface for removal. Following this, a stimulating massage with Melba Massage Cream will flush the tissues and refine and restore the pores to normal.

This test is easy to make

Melba *air-sifted* powders and Melba face creams can be bought at 40,000 drug and department stores. Send the coupon below with 25 cents for a test package containing generous samples of

- Melba *air-sifted* Face Powders
- Melba Skin Cleanser
- Melba Massage Cream
- Melba Vanishing Cream
- Melba Dry Rouge
- Melba Skin Lotion

To the first twenty thousand who accept this test offer, we will send our new booklet, "The Art of Make-up."

M E L B A



Melba Skin Lotion
35 cents



Melba Massage Cream, 50 cents



Melba Skin Cleanser
50 cents



Melba Rouge Compact
Large size, \$1.00; small, 50 cents



Melba Face Powders
50 cents to \$2.00

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 25 CENTS

MELBA MFG. CO. P. J.
4235 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

I enclose 25c (stamps or silver) for which send me 1 trial tube of Melba Skin Cleanser, 1 trial tube of Melba Massage Cream, 1 trial tube of Melba Vanishing Cream, 1 trial bottle of Melba Skin Lotion, sample of Melba rouge, and sample packets of Melba air-floated face powders. You are to include your book, "The Art of Make-up," free.
Print plainly with a pencil

Name

Street No.

City..... State.....



Photo by Hill

Irene Castle in her new Country Club costume of Corticelli crêpe de chine in white accented by facings of black velvet.

“The best dressed woman in America”

No one knows better than Irene Castle how beautifully silk crêpe lends itself to the present styles.

This season Irene Castle is finding in Corticelli silk crêpe a new medium to express her charm and taste in dress.

There are Corticelli silk crêpes in the fashionable Canton weaves, heavy, closely woven crêpes, crêpe de chine in all the newest colors.

There are many other Corticelli Dress Silks in the most fashionable colors. Satin Princess, Satin Patria, Satin Crêpe, Taffetas, Poplins. If your favorite store cannot show you these, please write us.

Free booklet showing Irene Castle's new frocks

Send for free copy of new booklet which illustrates in color seven dresses made from Corticelli Dress Silks for Irene Castle. No Canadian orders accepted. Address, the Corticelli Silk Company, 1306 Nonotuck Street, Florence, Mass.



The

CORTICELLI SILK COMPANY

Also makers of Corticelli Spool Silks
Ladies' Silk Hosiery, Yarns, and
Crochet Cottons



Wallace Reid's motor mania isn't assumed for the screen. When he isn't driving this Stutz, he's getting into practice for a special performance in the International 500-mile Sweepstakes at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway. He wins every race in his pictures, but this will be the real thing

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 74)

THE Gish girls dropped into the White House not so long ago for luncheon.

It was at the particular invitation of President and Mrs. Harding.

They are the first film stars ever bidden to be the special guests of the Chief Executive and the First Lady, although innumerable screen people have journeyed to Washington to shake the Harding hand.

Lillian and Dorothy and D. W. Griffith were at the national capital to be present at the premiere there of "Orphans of the Storm." The three went to the White House and had an awfully good time: partook of a luncheon which included such Ohio dishes as salt-rising bread, and were shown personally through the executive mansion by the President's wife, who sent home by them, for Mrs. Gish, flowers from her own garden.

We were asking Lillian all about it the other day. "Oh, it was wonderful," she said. "But please don't say anything about it for publication, because we wouldn't for the world have the Hardings think we want to make publicity out of our visit."

The Hardings know the Gishes well enough not to suspect them of publicity seeking.

A SPECIAL showing was given of an imported film, "Lady Godiva," based on the famous legend of the lady who rode through Coventry's streets.

A representative of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, motion picture committee, was present. Regarding the well-known ride, she is said to have remarked:

"This incident . . . has been very delicately and artistically handled by the producer. Any member of the family may view it without fear of offense."

Won't the censors—and some others—be disappointed, though?

MARY THURMAN and May Collins visited Manhattan last month.

They shared a bungalow in Hollywood and Mary is going back with a nice contract. But May—

May is going to Duluth, Minn.

Just why May Collins, one of the pret-

tiest ingenues in pictures, who won added fame as the reported fiancée of Charles Chaplin, should go to Duluth, Minn., may be a matter for conjecture.

The answer is that Miss Collins wants more dramatic experience before she continues her film career. To get it she is going into stock—in Duluth, Minn. There is no better training for a young actress than a season in stock in a small city.

HUGO and Mabel Ballin were working on a scene for their newest production, which is supposed to take place in a den of thieves; a criminals' rendezvous.

After taking some close-ups of the leading man, Mr. Ballin called across the set to his wife. "All right, Mabel—get ready for the dive scene."

Mabel's Irish maid stood by with the makeup box, and at this she turned to the little star with surprise written large on every Gaelic feature: "Why mum," she said, "I didn't know you did any fancy swimming!"

A YOUNG Los Angeles business man, married to a screen star of some prominence, had had trouble with his theatrical wife.

"But she's so beautiful on the screen, so lovely, I don't see how you could quarrel with her," said a friend.

"I know," said friend husband, "she's great on the screen but not so good in a flat."

THE Bryant Washburns may make an attempt to succeed the late Sidney Drew and Mrs. Drew as exponents of the domestic comedy-drama on the screen.

Mabel and Bryant have been ambitious to do this for some time, and since the star's "own company" went the way of most own companies, and he has been playing leading rôles again, it seems probable that their ambition will be realized.

Remember "Skinner's Dress Suit," which Washburn made for Essanay? Mabel Forrest Washburn hasn't been seen in pictures since she married.

(Continued on page 82)

How A New Kind of Clay Remade My Complexion in 30 Minutes

For reasons which every woman will understand, I have concealed my name and my identity. But I have asked the young woman whose pictures you see here to pose for me, so that you can see exactly how the marvelous new discovery remakes one's complexion in one short half hour.

I COULD hardly believe my eyes. Just thirty minutes before my face had been blemished and unsightly; my skin had been coarse, sallow and lifeless. Now it was actually transformed. I was amazed when I saw how beautiful my complexion had become—how soft its texture, how exquisite its coloring. Why, the blemishes and impurities had been lifted right away, and a charming, smooth, clear skin revealed underneath! What was this new kind of magic?

You see, I never really did have a pretty complexion. My skin is very sensitive. It always used to be so coarse and rough that I hated to use powder. Sometimes pimples and eruptions would appear overnight—and as for blackheads, I never could get rid of them!

To be perfectly frank with you, I tried everything there was to try. I greeted each new thing with hope—but hope was soon abandoned as my skin became only more harsh and colorless. Finally I gave up everything in favor of massage. But suddenly I found that tiny wrinkles were beginning to show around the eyes and chin—and I assure you I gave up massage mighty quick.

Wasn't there anything that would clear my complexion, that would make it soft and smooth and firm? Wasn't there anything I could do—without wasting more time and more money? It was very discouraging, and I was tempted more than once to give it up—especially when I saw that after all my efforts my skin was more dull and coarse than ever before.

In fact, on one very disappointing occasion I firmly resolved never to use anything but soap and water on my face again. But then something very wonderful happened—and, being a woman, I promptly changed my mind!

Why I Changed My Mind

Did you know that the outer layer of the skin, called the epidermis, is constantly dying and being replaced by new cells? I didn't—until I read a very remarkable announcement. That announcement made me change my mind. It explained, simply and clearly, how blackheads, pimples and nearly all facial eruptions are caused when the dead skin-scales and bits of dust clog the pores. Impurities form in the stifled pores—and the results are soon noticeable.

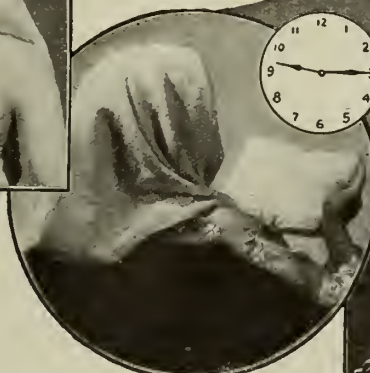
The announcement went on to explain how scientists had discovered a marvelous clay, which, in only one application, drew dust, dirt and other impurities and harmful accumulations to the surface. This Complexion Clay, in only a half-hour, actually lifted away the blemishes and the impurities. And when it was removed the skin beneath was found to be soft, smooth, clear and charming! Can you blame me for wanting to try this wonderful discovery on my own blemished complexion?

My Extraordinary Experience With Complexion Clay

I won't bore you with details. Suffice to say that I applied the Complexion Clay I had read about to my face one evening at nine o'clock and settled myself comfortably for a half-hour of reading. Soon I was conscious of a cool, drawing sensation. In a few moments the clay on my face had dried into a fragrant mask. And as it dried and hardened there was a wonderful tingling feeling. I could actually feel the millions of tiny pores breathing, freeing themselves of the impurities that had stifled

them, giving up the bits of dust and the accumulations that had bored deeply beneath the surface. It was a feeling almost of physical relief; every inch of my face seemed stirred suddenly into new life and fervor.

At nine-thirty I removed the Complexion Clay and, to my utter astonishment, found that I had a brand new complexion! Hidden beauty had actually been revealed! Every black-head had vanished; the whole texture of the skin had been transformed into smooth, clear,



Three simple steps—and the complexion is made clear, smooth and radiantly beautiful.

delicately-colored beauty.

I shall never forget my extraordinary experience with Complexion Clay. It accomplished in a half-hour what other preparations had not accomplished in years. With gentle firmness it drew out every impurity from the stifled pores and revealed beneath a skin of exquisite texture and delicate coloring. I would never have believed it possible, and it is because it did it for me, because I actually had this wonderful experience, that I consented to write this story for publication.

Domino House Made This Offer To Me

The formula from which the amazing Complexion Clay is made was discovered by the chemists of the Domino House. I have been asked to state here, at the end of my story, that Domino House will send without any money in advance a \$3.50 jar of Complexion Clay to any one who uses the special coupon at the bottom of the page. If I would write my story for publication the Domino House agreed to accept only \$1.95 for a \$3.50 jar from my readers.

You, as my reader, should not miss this opportunity. I am sure that the marvelous Complexion Clay will do for you what it has done for me. It is guaranteed to do so, and a special deposit of \$10,000 in the State Bank of Philadelphia backs this guarantee. Your money will be promptly refunded if you are not delighted with results and return what is left of Complexion Clay within 10 days.

Do not send any money with the coupon. Just pay the postman \$1.95 (plus few cents postage) when the jar of Complexion Clay is in your hands.

Complexion Clay will be sent to you freshly compounded, direct from the Domino House. The coupon is numbered with a special department, and the Domino House will know that you have read my story and are to receive a full-size \$3.50 jar for only \$1.95, according to their offer to me.

Don't delay—I'm glad I didn't! Mail this coupon today. Domino House, Dept. 266, 269 South 9th Street, Phila., Pa.

**Domino House, Dept. 266,
269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

You may send me a \$3.50 jar of Complexion Clay, sufficient for 3 months of beauty treatments. According to the special agreement, I will pay postman only \$1.95 (plus postage). Although I am benefiting by this special reduced price, I am purchasing this first jar with the guaranteed privilege of returning it within 10 days and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
If you wish you may send money with coupon.

The Hand that Wears His Ring

Keep it ever dainty and charming with this smart, new manicure

You *do* want lovely hands—the dainty, well-groomed hands that everyone admires. And to have them, *always*, is so very easy with this smart, new manicure.

Instead of bothering with old-fashioned methods whose beauty at best is lost in a day, simply brush your nails lightly with Glazo, the wonderful new liquid polish. Instantly, without a moment's buffing, you will have an exquisite, fashionable lustre that will last five to seven days. Could anything be simpler?—time and expense saved, and never a fear of being surprised with untidy nails!

And don't mistreat the Cuticle

Preserve the beauty of your nail sheaths by using Glazo Cuticle Massage with your orange stick. It softens and perfects the cuticle, removes stain from under the nails, and lends a new charm to tapering fingertips.

Call for this simple, two-item manicure today, and have lovely hands always—nails modishly manicured; cuticle smooth and velvety.

Write for this booklet

It tells you much that's interesting and new about the care of the hands. Simply send your name and address and we'll gladly mail you a copy free—The Glazo Company, 28 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Canadian Sales Agents, The John A. Huston Company, 60-62 Front Street West, Toronto.

GLAZO

Glazo Liquid Nail Polish, with remover, 50c; Glazo Cuticle Massage, 50c; or the two in Combination Set, 75c—at any toilet counter.



As an experiment to prove that talking pictures are possible, Frank Bacon, star of "Lightnin'," at the Watterson R. Rothacker studios in Chicago, enacted a spoken sketch while the motion picture camera recorded his actions and a stenographer took down his words. Later Bacon radiophoned his "lines" to a projection room where the films were being screened. Bacon's words from the radio and Bacon's action on the screen synchronized

(Continued from page 80)

IT used to be a custom in the old world for actors to carry revolvers with them for self-defence while they were on the stage.

We would suggest a revival of this custom for some of the film stars who make personal appearances.

VIOLA DANA has been making personal appearances, now, for months and months.

She left her happy home in California last Christmas, and has been out on the road ever since in the interests of Marcus Metro Loew.

These personal appearance tours are great institutions. Hardly one star of note has escaped. Neither, we might add, have the audiences.

But if they were all like Viola, the audiences wouldn't mind.

The pert little ingenue recently delivered herself of several original remarks about her "appearances."

"They're fine," she said. "Fine—but I think you ought to be over five feet tall to enjoy them—and I'm not. I'm not exactly of a retiring nature, but neither do I believe in pushing. Well, at first, when we—all the other stars and me—attended these meetings en masse, so to speak, I kept modestly in the background; I stayed where I was shoved. Especially when we went to see a certain Governor. There were about twenty of us—all kinds and sizes. Vamps; ingenues; leading men. I found myself somewhere in the middle distance; I could barely see the top of the governor's head. But he looked like a regular guy at that. So when I finally got to where I could see all of him, I smiled expectantly and extended my little hand. Just as he was about to take it, a battle cruiser who has made considerable fame and fortune out of vamping on the screen, pulled her line in real life and rushed up to the governor. 'Oh Governor,' she gushed, 'I'm so thrilled!' and pushed into his hands her bunch of flowers—we all car-

ried flowers. The governor went right on smiling at me. He asked me how I was and I said 'Fine.' He said he always liked my pictures. I got real red and prepared to fade out. He called me back. 'Miss Dana,' he said, 'I'd like to have one of your roses to put in my button hole.' He got it, bless his heart."

THE film event of the season, as far as the east coast is concerned, occurred in March in Manhattan. It was the dinner and dance given in honor of Will Hays, who had just assumed his duties as head of the new producers and distributors association, at the Hotel Astor.

Everyone turned out to do him honor, this little man with the keen eyes and commanding presence who is at the helm of the screen ship. The great motion picture magnates, the celebrated stars, the famous writers, and the lesser lights were there.

It was much more than the usual film dinner; it had a significance, a dignity, and a prediction of big things.

Everybody made a speech. Mr. Emerson's was probably the longest. Mr. Hearst expressed himself on the film industry for the first time since his connection with it. The burden of most of the addresses was that the picture industry needed a leader and that it had found one in the former Postmaster General. The general note was one of decided optimism; it was a gala event and seemed to inspire gaiety and good will on every hand.

THE Luther Reeds are the parents of a son.

He was born in April, in Manhattan. His mother was Naomi Childers, who has been celebrated on the screen since her early Vitagraph days.

She made her biggest successes last year in Goldwyn pictures.

His father is a scenario writer for Cosmopolitan Productions.

(Continued on page 84)

Do you know the girl we are looking for?



Are you the girl?

You will be the guest of the Metropolitan for one whole week in New York. All your expenses traveling and while in New York will be paid by the Metropolitan. You will stop at one of New York's famous hotels and visit the smartest shops in the world. You will walk in the brilliant fashion show of Fifth Avenue in a saunter up to—say, the Ritz—for tea; dinner, and then into the fairyland of Bagdad-on-the-subway, which is New York aglow with lights, at play.

If you are—listen!

Every evening of your New York stay you will be a Metropolitan guest at a Broadway theatre. From the Hippodrome to the Metropolitan Opera you will see all of the fascinating and colorful life of the greatest city—the people and places at the rainbow end of the wit and genius of two worlds.

If you know the sweetness of ambition, this may be the Cinderella opportunity of your life. All yours without effort, expense or obligation of any kind—if you are the Girl! Your photograph is the test.

SEE PAGE 6 OF THE JUNE

ALL
NEWSSTANDS
TODAY

Metropolitan

ALL
NEWSSTANDS
TODAY



"Pleasant, safe, feminine—this way to remove hair"

Ruth Miller tells how the makers of Odorono came to complete the underarm toilette

With the same eagerness with which women adopted the Odorono standard of the underarm toilette, they appealed to us to give them what they have so long lacked and wanted—a pleasant way to remove hair.

"We want a method as satisfying as Odorono. Pleasant. Effective. Dainty. Safe. Easy. Feminine."

A large order, this. But the chemists in the Odorono laboratories have finally perfected Odorono's toilet complement, The Odorono Company's Depilatory.

First of all, it has a new quality for a depilatory—it is pleasant. No disagreeable odor, here; it is fragrant with burnt almond scent.

And so easy and effective! It removes the offending hair like magic, leaving the underarm smooth and white. There is never a twinge of irritation.

Relieved from using dangerous blades which coarsen and increase the growth, women find in Odorono Depilatory the ideal method for this important phase of the underarm toilette. A complete 12 weeks' supply, at toilet counters everywhere, 75c. If your dealer hasn't it, we will send it postpaid. Address, Ruth Miller, The Odorono Company, 906-D Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.



The
ODO-RO-NO
Company's
Depilatory



A little landscape entitled, "Summer in California." We are not spoofing; it's actually sunny California—Truckee, where almost all the dramas of the great northwest are filmed. This latest story of the snows is "I Am the Law." Yes—sounds like the Mounted Police had something to do with it

(Continued from page 82)

THERE is a new young man on the screen who threatens to become as spectacularly famous as did Rodolf Valentino.

He is another Rex Ingram discovery, a Spaniard, Ramon Samanyagos. The director considers him one of the most promising actors he has ever worked with. He plays *Rupert of Hentzau* in "The Prisoner of Zenda," a rôle which permits a fascinating set of false whiskers, a monocle, and a military cape.

If Samanyagos doesn't make good in a part like that, he never will.

BETTY BLYTHE is now a star.

She will remain in the east to make four special productions.

After "The Queen of Sheba," Betty's fame increased, and now she has been given the reward of all good little motion picture actresses.

Wonder if Sheba's tiara, or whatever they called crowns then—would still fit.

MARIE JERITZA may make "Thais" for the screen.

The Viennese prima donna came to this country, sang at the Metropolitan, and immediately scored an amazing success. It is said to have been because of Jeritza's singing of two of her favorite rôles that Geraldine Farrar left the opera house and went into concert. Manhattan was Jeritza-mad during the past season. Portrait galleries exhibited her in striking oils by famous painters. She became an idol almost over-night.

Then came motion picture managers who according to report wish her to exhibit her acting for more thousands. She is almost as fine an actress as she is a singer. She sailed for home in the spring, but will be back soon, so we may have another songbird in the shadows.

But do you remember Mary Garden in the filmed "Thais"?

AFTER five years under their banner, Antonio Moreno has left Vitagraph under circumstances which include law suits and various other exciting elements that often accompany such circumstances.

Tony was notified by wire from Albert Smith, president of the company, that he was fired.

Whereupon the handsome Spanish star filed a suit for \$127,000 due on his contract which had about two years to run.

The next day he went to work in the leading role of the new Rupert Hughes production at Goldwyn, playing opposite Colleen Moore.

According to Tony, after taking him out of the serials in which he had been enormously successful, Vitagraph made only two five-reel features with him. He has not worked for several months and had refused to play certain types of heavy rôles and to be co-starred under what he considered most harmful conditions.

His fans will probably have a chance to see Tony now in some good roles. It's a cinch he hasn't had the proper chance of late with Vitagraph and he's not only a good actor but distinctly the type of which matinee idols are made, if he's given proper parts.

THE very latest fad in Hollywood is magic vases.

Colleen Moore is the proud possessor of one.

It is a handsome thing of gorgeous Chinese pottery, but it isn't only for ornamental purposes.

When you go to see Colleen, she asks you if you want to ask any questions of the vase. Of course you do. And when you ask it questions, you are immediately answered from its depths by a strange voice which tells you a lot of things you want to know and sometimes reveals some of our hidden secrets that you'd just as soon not have shouted in a drawing room.

You may carry it about from one room to another, but it still retains its magic qualities.

Sometimes Colleen will take you out in the garage and show you the intricate telephone connections that make it possible, so that your mind is relieved.

A number of homes have them installed now and the chauffeurs are kept busy playing spirit to the vase, and trying to remember all that its owners have told them about the guests who are going to ask questions about it.

(Continued on page 85)



Just exactly 187 months ago Patsy Ruth Miller posed for this portrait. Patsy is a great big girl now, as you know if you have seen the pretty little ingenue of Goldwyn pictures; but she has the same smile

(Continued from page 84)

JEANIE MacPHERSON, while in New York recently, went up to one of the big prisons for women, to spend a few days in jail. It was all done from an artistic point of view because Jeanie wanted to get proper color and atmosphere and mood for writing the scenario of "Manslaughter," in which the heroine spends some time in prison.

Thus far, the story is well. But thereby hangs a tale which is absolutely too good to keep.

Jeanie, it seems, did not wish the other prisoners to know that she wasn't one of them. So she made all her arrangements with the assistant superintendent, the agreement being that Jeanie should be committed for ten days and released any time she felt like she'd had enough.

So, the famous scenario writer was locked up in her cell and began to live according to regular prison discipline.

After forty-eight hours, Jeanie decided that she'd had enough and that art for art's sake could not be served by her remaining longer in this rôle.

So she sent frantically for the assistant superintendent. He was not there.

She would soon straighten out this stupid matter of course.

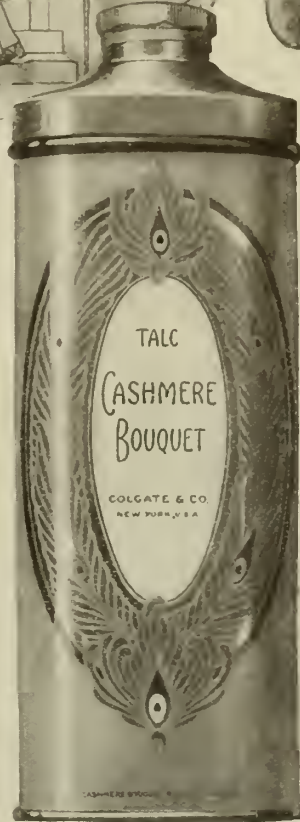
But unfortunately for her, the assistant superintendent had had a row with the superintendent the night before and been fired. And there was one of the great lights of the movie industry condemned to shine beneath the bars of a prison for some time longer, before the affair could be straightened out and her liberty returned to her.

JACQUELINE LOGAN, formerly of the Follies and most recently Goldwyn leading woman, has gone in for classic dancing. Jacky, with her red hair and her pretty blue eyes, is one of the prettiest girls of the film colony, but, according to all reports, it might be just as well if she stuck to jazz.

MARY and Doug are in their own new studios.

If you drive out Santa Monica Boulevard, you can see the big signs that say "Mary

(Continued on page 86)



In Cashmere Bouquet Talc you have a fragrant, refreshing after-the-bath powder to comfort the skin from head to foot. As a finishing touch to the complexion, you will enjoy the same fragrance in a soft, clinging Face Powder.

COLGATE





How was she to know?

FINALLY he appeared one evening—the man who stirred her heart—the man, at last, who captured her instant interest.

All the rest had seemed only casual, arousing never a single, serious emotion.

But he seemed so different! The moment their eyes met there seemed to be an understanding. They felt drawn to one another.

Through a mutual friend an introduction was arranged. Then they danced.

But only one dance!

He thanked his partner and went his way. She saw no more of him. Why he lost interest was a mystery to her.

How was she to know?



That so often is the insidious thing about halitosis (the scientific term for unpleasant breath). Rarely indeed can you detect halitosis yourself. And your most intimate friends will not speak of your trouble to you. The subject is too delicate.

Maybe halitosis is chronic with you, due to some deep-seated organic disorder. Then a doctor or dentist should be consulted. Usually, though, halitosis is only local and temporary. Then it yields quickly to the wonderfully effective antiseptic and deodorizing properties of Listerine.

Fastidious people prefer to be on the safe and polite side. They make Listerine a systematic part of their daily toilet routine—as a gargle and mouth wash.

It is so much easier to be comfortably assured your breath is sweet, fresh and clean; to know you are not offending your friends or those about you.

Start using Listerine today. Be in doubt no longer about your breath—Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, Mo.

For
HALITOSIS
use
LISTERINE



The tough customer is doing his best to terrorize Marcia Manon and it looks as if he is going to get away with it



But wait! It was only Milton Sills in make-up for a new drama, "Skin Deep." He's a crook in the first part; then he reforms

(Continued from page 85)

Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks" studios.

For some years Mary has made her productions at the Brunton studio, but when that was purchased by Joe Schenck recently, Miss Pickford decided to have her own plant. So Mr. Fairbanks closed the old place where he has worked and they bought the Hampton studios on Santa Monica Boulevard.

Already the huge and artistic sets which Mr. Fairbanks is to use in filming "Robin Hood" are nearing completion and Mary is almost ready to start shooting her new version of "Tess of the Storm Country."

AFTER bringing in their verdict of acquittal, the San Francisco jury who tried Roscoe Arbuckle gave out the following statement:

"Acquittal is not enough for Roscoe Arbuckle.

"We feel that a great injustice has been done him. We feel also that it was only our plain duty to give him this exoneration, under the evidence, for there was not the slightest proof adduced to connect him in any way with the commission of a crime.

"He was manly throughout the case and told a straightforward story on the witness stand, which we all believed.

"The happening at the hotel was an unfortunate affair, for which Arbuckle, so the evidence shows, was in no way responsible.

"We wish him success and hope that the American people will take the judgment of fourteen men and women who have sat listening for thirty-one days to the evidence, that Roscoe Arbuckle is entirely innocent and free from all blame."

ALL I can say for everybody who wasn't at the Wampus Ball is that I'm sorry for 'em.

They surely missed the time of their lives.

It was a galaxy of stunningly beautiful women and handsome men.

Of all the perfectly grand parties that the Hollywood film colony has ever, ever given, this was it.

The Wampus, the nickname for the Western Motion Picture Advertisers, and the ball, their first social attempt, was held in the ballroom of the Ambassador. It was certainly a glittering affair for all the stars of the Movie Way were on hand to enjoy themselves.

Mr. and Mrs. Tommie Meighan had a box, of course, and Mrs. Meighan made us regret more than ever that we only see her privately nowadays. She looked stunning in a frock

of orchid spang'es. I think Gloria Swanson was in her party, in a frock of gleaming black jet beads—large flat beads that covered the entire dress and were most effective in that setting.

THE "Stars of Tomorrow" were hostesses and they were like a big bunch of fresh rosebuds. Lois Wilson wore pale lavender georgette, delicately beaded, and had a large and very handsome sutor in attendance. Lila Lee was all in white and silver, with a wreath of flat silver leaves in her dark hair. In fact, white seemed to be the popular color with the younger girls, for Claire Windsor wore a gown of white satin with straight rows of white beads accentuating the lines of her slender figure and Helen Ferguson, escorted as usual by Bill Russell, was in a fluffy affair of white lace and net, with ropes of pearls twisted in her hair. Colleen Moore looked perfectly adorable in the loveliest creation of pale yellow taffeta, a full, billowing skirt edged with real lace, and a tight-fitting bodice, laced up the front with a satin cord. Patsy Ruth Miller was the most gorgeous of all, simply swathed in cloth of gold, in a plain but stunning way that showed the lines of her figure and left her back and arms bare.

Bebe Daniels flitted in and sang a little Spanish love song for us—all wrapped up in the most stunning new full length ermine cape.

Betty Compson wore orchid chiffon trimmed with ermine, and ermine cape and an adorable little turban of ermine and silver. Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton were there, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo (Enid Bennett), and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ellis (May Allison). It was a surprise to see May in a Paris creation of black chiffon velvet, simply draped and held about the waist with a flexible golden snake with jade eyes. I saw Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Reid just for a moment, Mrs. Reid in a lovely shimmering gown of opal taffeta. Mr. and Mrs. Rex Ingram were there, Mrs. Ingram, who is Alice Terry, of course, in her favorite shade of rose.

Lottie Pickford and her husband, Allan Forrest, Mary Thurman and May Collins, with their escorts, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Reynolds (Kathleen O'Connor) pretty Barbara La Marr, in a gown of black net that revealed tiny golden and pastel chiffon roses underneath, Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, mother of Mary Miles Minter, Bessie Love,—oh, it's impossible to remember everybody who was there.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 71)

MISS MANHATTAN.—Of course, I live in New York City. But not in the same exclusive section that you do. I am a poor but proud and struggling author,—guess where I live? It's awfully decent of you to ask me to tea, but I don't like tea—I never drink it. I always spill it, stumble over my own feet, and disgrace my hostess. No, I won't come to tea, thanking you kindly all the same. I'm not a social lion. Gareth Hughes, Metro studios, Hollywood, Cal. Bert Lytell opposite Betty Compton in "To Have and To Hold," for Paramount. That was made before with Mae Murray and Wallace in the leading rôles.

NELL OF NORTH CAROLINA.—You should sell the title rights to your *nom de plume* for a scenario. June Caprice should appear in it. I don't adore Norma Talmadge because if I did, and in print, too. Joe Schenck might not like it. But I do think she's a splendid actress and a fine girl. She's always been very nice to me. She was born in Brooklyn, May 2, 1895. Constance is as charming off the screen as she is on it.

W. E. N., PAWTUCKET, R. I.—Hoot Gibson was born in Tekamah—note to my stenographer—put a new pin in the map—Nebraska, in the year 1892. His latest pictures are "The Bearcat" and "The Fire Eater." He has light hair and blue eyes.

FRANCES.—Elaine Hammerstein is the daughter of the late Oscar Hammerstein. She was born in New York in 1897. She has a fair complexion—by fair I mean light, not indifferent—gray eyes, and brown hair, and weighs just 120 pounds. Her latest films are "Why Announce Your Marriage?" and "Reckless Youth."

DOLORES.—Peggy Hyland's real name is Gladys Hutchinson; she is married to her director. Peggy is an English girl, and made her American film debut with Vitagraph.

C. F., HOLYOKE.—I'm not superstitious. I never sit down at a table if I am the thirteenth guest; I dislike intensely to walk under ladders and I have never whistled in a dressing-room. But as for superstition—I laugh, I sneer! You won't be thirteen very long—only a year; so don't worry. Viola Dana is not married; she is John Collins' widow. She has dark brown hair and green eyes and a sister named Shirley Mason. Bobby Connelly in "Humoresque" and "The Greatest Love." Bobby's getting to be a big boy now.

MARGUERITE L.—Billy West is married. So is Ben Turpin. There must be a chance for me. Galdys Walton is married. She was born in 1904. Carmel Myers is Mrs. I. Kornblum. Carmel is twenty-one. Frank Mayo was born in 1886. Dagmar Godowsky is the present Mrs. Mayo.

RUTH D.—Colleen Moore is not married or engaged. She told me so herself, and I believe her. Clyde Fillmore isn't married, either. Vivian Osborne as *Marie Cliff* in "The Restless Sex." Vivian was also in "Over the Hill," which starred that great actress, Mary Carr. Mrs. Carr's performance as *Ma Benton* is one of the classics of the screen. She is a splendid woman in real life. You would love her. Everybody does.

(Continued on page 88)

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Each one is a perfect dream
For they always use each day with care
HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM.*



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To soften your skin in a healthful way
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Daily use on your hands and arms
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Dept. 28
Portland Maine

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 87)

G. J. S., MICHIGAMME, MICHIGAN.—*That's* a new one for my map. Very nice word, too—Michigamme. And it ought to be in Michigan, and it is. How splendid. The class in pronunciation will now rise and say, Sheshue Hy-a-kaw-wa and Zu-ru Oaky. Once again, now—Sheshue, etc.

D. W., PELHAM N. Y.—Charles Coghlan did not play in Marion Davies' picture, "Buried Treasure." You may address him The Clinton Apartments, 53 West 42nd Street, New York City.

MRS. M. P. S., DRIFTWOOD, PA.—Add to discussions as to Tom Mix's birthplace: Tom was born in Driftwood, Pa. Not in Dubois, Pa., nor Texas, but Driftwood, Pennsylvania. This lady says she has passed the house where Tom was born; knows Tom's cousin, who was a Mix before she married, and also knows of a good many Mixes who are related to Tom. Now it is up to Tom.

GENEVIEVE SCOTT.—I'm covered with confusion. If all these bouquets are composed of roses without a single rock concealed within, my conceit will increase. I shall have, too, to grow whiskers to hide my blushes. Bebe Daniels played child parts with Burbank and Belasco stock companies in Los Angeles, Bebe has been on the screen for about nine years. She was Harold Lloyd's leading woman before she graduated into drama under Cecil de Mille's guidance. She and Harold are not engaged. Mildred Davis is the most likely candidate for the position of Mrs. Lloyd.

YELLOW JACKET.—The welcome mat is out for you to trip over. Elinor Field is the young lady opposite Joe Ryan in the Vitagraph serial, "The Purple Riders." She's the same Miss Field who used to cavort in comedy. Ryan is no longer a Vitagraph star. I don't know where he can be reached at present.

S. J. J.—Francelia Billington is Mrs. Lester Cuneo. She took the rôle of *Lady Winifred* in "Hearts are Trumps." I haven't seen her on the screen since. Dorothy Davenport Reid played with Mr. Cuneo in one of his western pictures; and Bill Reid was in it, too.

MARJORIE C. S.—It's awfully nice of you, Marjorie, to wish me all those good things. I feel I have found a real friend, and real friends are indeed rare. (It's so hard for me to be kindly in the copy-book manner, Marjorie; but I know you'll understand.) You are a good critic and you write very well. King Vidor's "Jack-Knife Man" was not a commercial success so I suppose he has decided not to make any more like it, for a while anyway. He directs his wife, Florence, in her new series of stellar pictures for Associated Exhibitors. The first one is called "Woman, Wake Up!" The Vidors have a daughter, Suzanne. The young brother in Lionel Barrymore's "Master Mind" was Percy Helton.

ALICE-CAROLYN, OHIO.—There may not be many college men in pictures, as you say; but there are a good many gifted ones. Of course, I am not of the opinion that a college is an institution which teaches one to do nothing in an artistic manner; but neither do I believe a college education is absolutely essential. Rex Ingram received a B. A. degree from Yale for his work on "The Four Horsemen."

Alice Terry is a brunette—her hair is reddish brown; but it is true that she wears a golden-blond wig on the screen. She is five feet one inch tall and weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds.

GERTRUDE T., CANTON.—Marie Doro is thirty-nine; she is in Europe now, after concluding the run of the stage play, "Lilies of the Field." Elliott Dexter is back home, working opposite Clara Kimball Young in Clara's new picture for Metro. Annette Kellerman is thirty-four. Dorothy Dalton, twenty-eight.

ALICE A. K., PHILADELPHIA.—Al Kaufman is a Paramount executive, in charge of the European affairs of the company. He is in Germany now. His wife is not a professional. Jack Hoxie is married to Marin Sais, who was an actress in the old Kalem pictures. Mrs. Hoxie has not appeared in pictures for some time.

ERNE.—I cannot help you to write scenarios. If you have a good idea, put it into a brief synopsis and send it to a company. Norma Talmadge is in the west now. The name of her new picture, adapted from Balzac's novel, "The Duchesse de Langeais," is "The Eternal Flame." Meaning, presumably, love, *n'est ce pas?* (It's a French picture, so we can use that phrase without seeming to be ostentatious about it.)

LILLIAN J., JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Does Bebe Daniels really dance around in real life like she does on the screen? That's a hard one. I never noticed that Bebe did any dancing around. Elliott Dexter is about five feet eight inches and weighs 160 pounds. He has brown eyes and coal black hair. You like him "because," you sigh, "he has such sad eyes." I wish my eyes were sad. It seems to be the thing.

BETTY BROWN.—Is it possible that someone doesn't know who played *Julio* in "The Four Horsemen?" None other than Rodolf Valentino, my dear Betty, whom all the young ladies are asking about right now. He is the newest, the slickest-haired, and the most romantic of them all. And a good actor, too. You'll see him soon as the torador-hero of "Blood and Sand," the Paramount picturization, directed by Fred Niblo, of Ibanez' book and the play in which Otis Skinner starred on Broadway last season. *What* a sentence, my dear Betty!

AGNES F. P., CHICAGO, ILL.—So Conway Tearle has "sad eyes," too! Wonder what I can do to make mine look sorrowful? I suppose someone will offer to oblige. Conway is married to Adele Rowland. He is the handsome hero, *General de Montriveau*, in Norma Talmadge's "The Eternal Flame." You want Mr. Tearle's tearful gaze in the rotogravure section? You shall, Editor willing, have it.

PEGGIE C.—I'd change that second letter to i. You asked altogether too many questions. But you won't get them answered, so it's all the same to me. May McAvoy was born in Manhattan in 1901. She is four feet eleven inches high and weighs just ninety-four pounds. She has dark brown hair and Irish blue eyes. May is not married. Of course there have been rumors; but then there are always—rumors.

(Continued on page 89)



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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 88)

MILDRED, INDIANA.—Niles Welch has a wife, and they are very happy I understand, so he is not considering matrimonial candidates. Dell Boone is the lady. He has been playing opposite Elaine Hammerstein for Selznick in a series of pictures. Mary and Douglas Fairbanks have no children. They are both working now at their Hollywood studios. Mary in "Tess of the Storm Country" and Doug in "Robin Hood"—but that title will probably be changed.

BILLIE, LE T.—Crane Wilbur, he of the wavy locks and the —again!—sad eyes, is now doing a turn in vaudeville. His last picture was "The Heart of Maryland," with Catherine Calvert, for Vitagraph. Martha Mansfield appeared with him in the varieties for a while, but now Martha is back on the screen and Crane has another leading woman.

THERESA.—Maria? Often wondered if that Lady even remotely resembles the bust of her one sees about? Edna Murphy played *Lucy*, the silly wife, in "Over the Hill." Later, Fox co-starred her with Johnny Walker in some films. I don't know where she is now.

MARY ALICE MURRAY.—Valentino began as a player of very small parts, in Dorothy Gish's pictures and others. Rex Ingram really deserves the credit for his discovery, as he had never had an opportunity to show what he could do before the director put him in "The Four Horsemen" and "The Conquering Power." Of course the actor had it in him, or he would not have made such a tremendous success in such a short time.

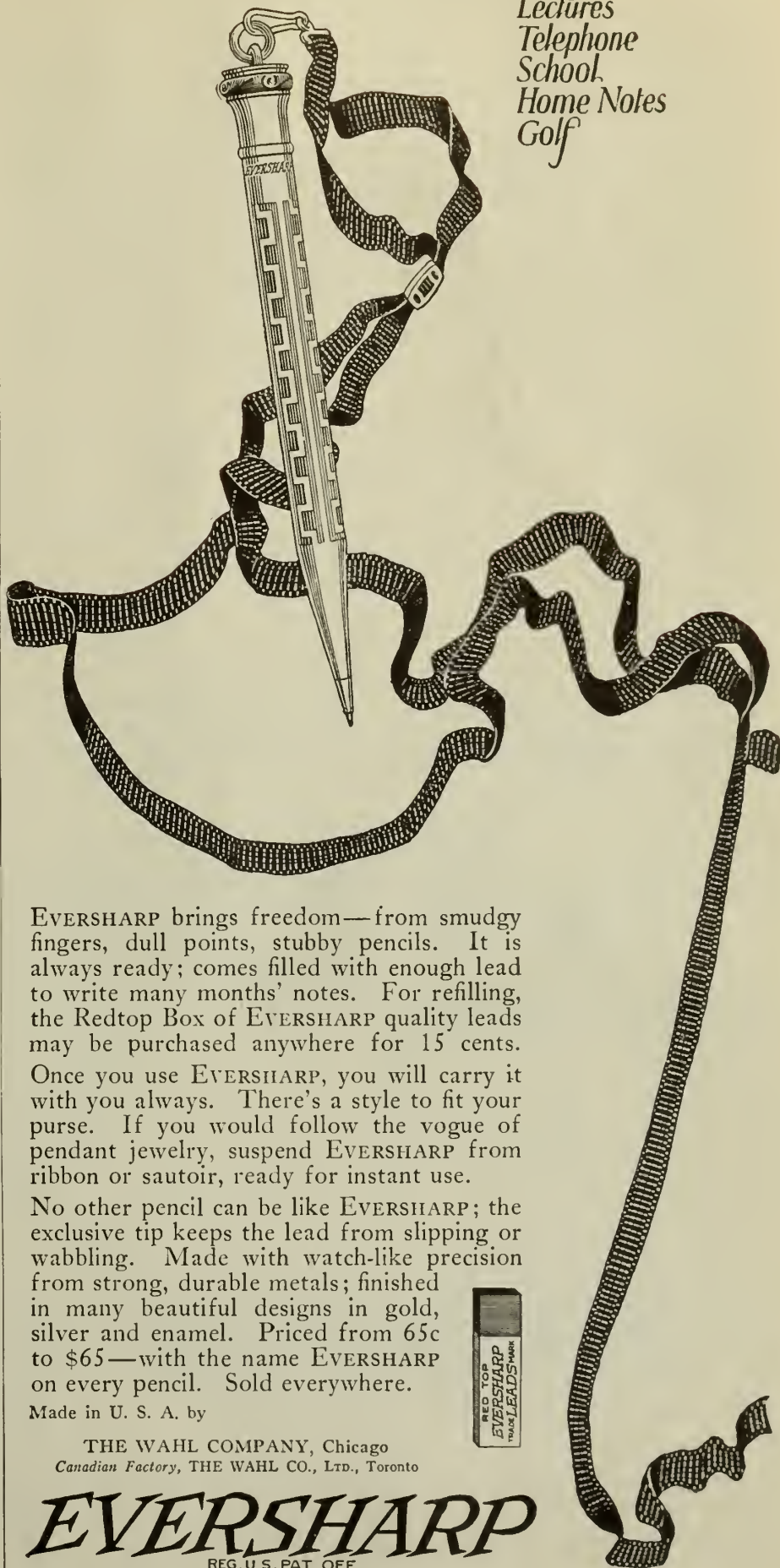
I. K. WILMINGTON.—Billie Burke is Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld. Mary Miles Minter will make a new picture as soon as she returns from her vacation in Honolulu. Bebe Daniels, May McAvoy, and Lois Wilson may all be reached at the Lasky studios.

BUCKY.—Glad the pictures of the Mexican motion picture actresses interested you. So you know Emma Padilla and Maria Conesa. Well, well! I have never seen any movies made in Mexico, but I would like to. Creighton Hale, D. W. Griffith studios, Mamaroneck, N. Y., or his personal address is 18 Windsor Road, Great Neck, L. I. Hale has been a member of the Griffith stock company since his hit in "Way Down East." He provides the comic relief in "Orphans of the Storm." He is I believe, married. Thanks for your picture. It is a refreshing sight to me, cooped up in a stuffy office on this warm day. If I ever come to Mexico, I shall call, I promise you. My Mexican acquaintanceship is somewhat limited.

MISS BOWMAN.—You ask me, in all seriousness, "Are you sarcastic?" One of your answers looked that way." I refuse to diagram my remarks; it's hard enough to write them. Frances Ring, Mrs. Meighan, has black hair and brown eyes. Bebe Daniels was the King's favorite in deMille's "Male and Female," from "The Admirable Crichton." Tom Meighan and Gloria Swanson played the title rôles.

ETHEL.—I refuse, flatly, to call you Ethyle. I suppose your sister Edith signs herself Edythe. Bah! Carlyle Blackwell in "The Restless Sex." Write to him at the Lambs' Club. (Continued on page 90)

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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 89)

ELINOR JAMES, FRISCO.—Yes, I received your Valentine and your Easter card, and I admit I should have written right away to thank you; but I was so busy, Elinor. I'm sorry, and if you send me a Christmas card I vow I shall wire you my appreciation. James Kirkwood and Gertrude Robinson are now divorced. Kirkwood is the leading man in "The Sin Flood" and "The Man from Home," the latter picture made by George Fitzmaurice in Italy. Address him Paramount studio, Hollywood, Cal.

HARRIETT.—My word! More Valentine! I never heard of so much incense being burned for any popular hero. He has as many admirers as the president or the Prince of Wales. He may be addressed at the Lasky studios, Hollywood, Cal.

BEATRICE.—So you can impersonate most of the leading characters appearing on the New York stage. Goodness me—what a versatile young woman—what a *very* versatile young woman! The fact that you can assume a French dialect like Irene Bordoni and a French-Canadian dialect like Leonore Ulric won't help you much in the motion pictures. They are, as you may have heard, the silent drama. Why not try to get a part on the speaking stage, where all your dialectic talents will stand you in good stead? (Spoken like a grandfather.) Of course, my province, such as it is, is pictures; so I can't help you very much. Write and tell me more about yourself if you care to.

J. M., St. Louis, Mo.—I can't give you Dick Barthelme's home address, because the young man wants, and deserves, a little privacy. He would, if I published his address to an eager world, stumble over young ladies draped about his doorstep, find floral offerings choking up the apartment, and have to have the telephone taken out. No, no—I can't do that. Write to him care the Lambs' Club, West 44th Street, New York City.

(Continued on page 121)

The Ogre

(Continued from page 55)

ils," a depressing five reeler on the same subject as Germinie Lacerteux except that the protagonist is a young circus acrobat; there is "Scherben," a five reeler which for unmitigated gloomy realism and horror has no competitors. Both these pictures are acclaimed as masterpieces in Germany because the German goes to a picture theater analytically, as he goes to a concert. He likes horror and suffering on the screen—not indeed to sympathize with the sufferer, but to enjoy watching the sufferings. He is the true dissectionist, vivisectionist and micropist of the world. He displays the utter naivete of the fool who said in his heart "There is no God." There is not one single ray of hope or optimism in "Passion," "Deception," "The Golem," "One Arabian Night," or "All for a Woman."

"The Mistress of the World" was so obscene in its original form, and as released in Germany, that it was chopped to pieces and the whole story changed before it was shown here. In spite of spectacular exploitation it was, in the vernacular of the trade, a "flop."

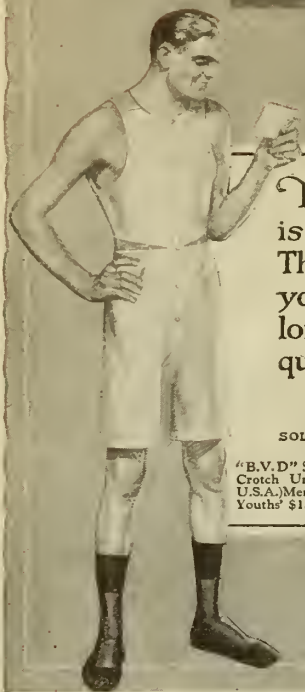
There is a brand of intellectualism that is considerably lower in the spiritual order

(Concluded on page 91)

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The Ogre

(Concluded from page 90)

than mere materialism. It is the opposite end of the scale to St. Thomas Aquinas. It is in this Phrygian atmosphere that the German intellect now revels. With Von Ludendorff preaching war as the one thing that saves the world from materialism, and with the intelligentsia ordering the Germans to think pessimistically, it is easy to see why the German picture is taking concrete shape as a compendium of gloom expressed in terms of spectacle. Not unnaturally, the sheer optimism of the American screen is found by the Germans to be trivial.

AT this moment, the Germans are making a definite attempt to impose their Kultur of realistic morbidity on the rest of the screen world, covering the pill of pessimism in the sweetmeat of spectacle. But the American appreciation of the arts is based on intelligence as distinct from intellect.

The American, as a member of the screen public, is considerably moved by the fictional narration of events of today, in which laughter and tears are intermingled, wherein he can see the social aspects of life as he knows them. But, these being modern days, it is doubtful whether he would comprehend a republic that in public documents calls itself an Empire; a country where the fugitive Kaiser still owns enormous properties and retains millions of adherents; its capital city so strongly if silently attached to the not entirely departed Imperial Family that the Imperial entrance to the Opera House is not opened for the public; its plan of the sexes so drawn that a married woman may not open an account in a savings bank without her husband's consent; and where any unmarried girl of twenty-five or under on being presented to any man of fifty, genuflects and kisses his hand. It is doubtful whether he could understand the expression of that country in terms of motion pictures depicting modern life.

Not only does the German live far from our field of conscious thought and habit, but his taste, judged by no more than his standards of physiognomy is worlds apart from ours. It is a fair truth to judge a country by the looks of its popular idols. Contrast, then, the attributes manifest in the faces of Harding, Pershing, Foch, and the Prince of Wales, with those of Bismarck, the Kaiser, the Crown Prince and Von Hindenburg. Necessarily, this physiognomic taste is carried into the casting of the German pictures. Up to now, we have not seen one face of an actor which conveyed charm, or one face of an actress which betokened innocence in all this German welter.

Of course, if you believe in the eternal destiny of splendid youth, in the glory of motherhood, in the square deal, in the equality of the sexes, in the equal opportunity for all, in the Boy Scouts' Motto, in Robert Louis Stevenson's prayer, in Kipling's "If," in leaving the world a little more forward in endeavor than when you came into it, and in laughter, why then you will probably go to see Charlie Ray, Bill Hart and Wally Reid pictures. But if the only things you really enjoy are eating, drinking and ordering people—especially your women folk—about, and you pay money into a box office not to be excited or entertained, but to watch other people's emotions put in a test tube, held under a Bunsen burner and volatilized off in the form of sentimental poison-gas with a residue of nastiness left in the bottom of the test tube, then you will eat the German pictures alive and like them. But it is more than probable that the Herren Direktor Generals will continue waiting—waiting just as the Kaiser did before Nancy.



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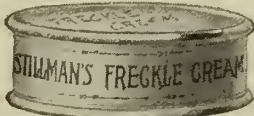
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Another Hollywood scandal—Julien Josephson, moral young husband, goes wrong—Becomes addicted to solitaire

Unwept, Unhonored and Unhung

NO one is interested in reading about the scenario writer. He is just one of those persons around the studio who have to be there for some reason or other. He writes the script that the director tears up and eats before beginning to make the picture. When the picture is shown, the critic says, "The star was wonderful, the direction was perfect and the camera work was flawless." I know what critics say; like Frank Bacon, I was a critic once myself.

However, there is the case of Julien Josephson. He can write in words of more than one syllable and he looks at a scene from the human angle and not from the camera angle. Adapting the short stories of Anzia Yesierska, he wrote "Hungry Hearts." The scenario was so perfect that strong men wept—and some of them had not wept for years and years. E. Mason Hopper, the director, Bryant Washburn and Helen Ferguson, who were in the cast, went to his office to thank him and give him a laurel wreath. He wasn't in his office; he was across the street buying a cake of milk chocolate.

When Mr. Josephson went to work for Famous Players-Lasky, the publicity department cornered him and asked him a few facts about his career. He told them that he had been born in Roseburg, Oregon, and that he went to Leland Stanford University. Whereupon he went back to his work.

Julien Josephson is the shyest person in the motion picture business. Of course, that isn't saying much; but even in any other business he would be a shy man. For instance, he didn't tell the publicity department that he had written most of Charles Ray's earliest—and as most of us think—best successes. He didn't mention the fact that he has ideals and that he lives up to them.

As a matter of fact, he is quite unconscious of his ideals. He only thinks that it is a peculiar sort of stubbornness that makes him refuse to do things—for money—that most professional writers are eager and anxious to do. One time he didn't have a contract. Business was dull. A large producing company sent for him to write a scenario. He took the story home and read it. And then he refused the assignment. The story concerned a young married couple who lived in the Bronx. They were terribly bored and found matrimony a failure. Life was tough

because they owned no limousine, because they had to wash dishes, because they couldn't go out to a restaurant every night.

And here is why Mr. Josephson refused to write the scenario. "If young people are in love with each other, washing dishes isn't so bad. I have never lived in the Bronx, but I don't believe it is as bad as Sing Sing."

Mr. Josephson never has been to New York. He is afraid to go. He fears that he will be lost in the shuffle. He is a small town boy, pretty much like Charles Ray grown up.

"I know all about small towns. I lived in Roseburg, Oregon. My brother and I ran a general store there. I was no good as a storekeeper. A slick traveling man could sell me anything. But I liked the town. Everyone who happens to live outside of New York or Chicago doesn't go insane, although that's what novelists want us to believe. No sir! We have pretty lively times—parties, movies, automobile rides. First you get to know your neighbor, then you get used to him and finally you get to love him. Of course, there are a lot of human beings in the big cities, but this business of trying to make people believe that the White Lights of Broadway are the only lights worth living for is all wrong.

"I have nothing against New York. I want to go there sometime. I bet night life on Broadway isn't half as silly as it is in motion pictures."

Besides being shy, Mr. Josephson doesn't mix around in the film parties. He can go Will Rogers one better. Rogers has one wife. So has Mr. Josephson. But Mr. Josephson has no automobile. He says that is how he keeps his wife. Mrs. Josephson is young, aristocratic and witty. She has the best sort of faith in her husband; she has seen him jump from the general store business, to newspaper work and then into the movies. Only once did she hamper his ambitions.

Several years ago, in San Francisco, Mr. Josephson wanted to become a street car conductor. The wages were good. With Mrs. Josephson, he went over the route. It was a lonely, dark and dull ride. Mrs. Josephson complained. Someone might knock her husband down and rob him of his nickels. He had better go back to writing, even though newspaper salaries were poor. The moral is that women are usually right.

Behind the Curtain

(Continued from page 78)

Heaven. That's the way I feel and that's the way I bet. I'm laying money that this Sarah Aiken is one hundred per cent poison, with no antidote."

"If you don't want your kid to marry this female, why don't you order him not to?" I asked.

"I know him better than that. If I ordered Gil not to marry a Cree squaw, he would start for the Cree reservation on the next train. Of course, it's a good quality in some ways, and in some ways, it ain't so good."

When Dave concluded, I had a fair understanding of the case, as it stood to date. On his way out, the perplexed parent paused for a moment.

"I'll run in and see Smith," he remarked. "I haven't laid an eye on the old wretch in a year. So long, Bill, and remember what I've told you, in case anything happens."

Smith is the president of the Federated. We don't call him Smith but Dave Nordahl can call anybody in California anything he wants to.

THE next thing that happened to the Nordahl family was another discussion that occurred not long after Dave's visit.

"Gil," said his father, at breakfast one morning, "you came to me straight about this Aiken girl, and agreed to say nothing to Helen for awhile. That was sensible and I liked it. Now I'm going to do something for you, sonny. How many times have you met Sarah?"

"Not many," Gil said truthfully. "There's always a crowd of fellows. She's certainly popular, dad."

"That's what I thought. You may be right, and I may be wrong. If Sarah Aiken is the girl for you, I don't want you to marry Helen; but I do want you to be sure of your facts, before you leap."

"Dad, Helen is nice, but there is simply no comparison. I'm perfectly wild about Dimples."

"Dimples, eh! Well, I've heard of such things before. Still, you don't know Sarah as well as you ought to, and Sam Perry's company is to leave soon for Whitney, California. They're going to make a picture with Miss Aiken in the leading part. And how would you like to go with them?"

"Oh, dad!" gasped the kid, his eyes shining. "Would I!"

"I can arrange it," Dave continued. "They start for Whitney some time next week. You'll be a sort of working guest, if you decide to go along. Perry may use you as distant atmosphere. At any rate, you will be welcome, and you won't be in the way. You will also be earning money, which will be a sort of novelty in this family."

"Thanks, dad," the boy said, wringing his father's hand. "You're wonderful to me. You always were. It's great to have a father who understands a fellow."

"It is," agreed Dave, looking out at a Jap chasing devil-grass.

Sam Perry and I received the official news of our new recruit through the regular office channels, and Sam was mildly surprised. We were requested to add the name of Mr. Gilbert Nordahl to our cast, and to take the young man up to Whitney with the rest of the troop.

"Now what?" Sam wondered, reading over the pink instruction slip and wrinkling his nose, which is his habit when puzzled. "Here's Dave Nordahl's boy. How come?"

"Damfy can explain it," I returned. "A I know is that the kid is a bit daffy over our Sarah; and his old gent doesn't like our

(Continued on page 94)



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Behind the Curtain

(Continued from page 93)

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Instructor to
the Vanderbills

Sarah; and his old gent has arranged for Gilbert to go along with us and Sarah. What is the answer to such a conundrum?"

"That old walrus never does anything, unless he has a reason, but whatever his reason is, it's over my head. Is Sarah thinking of marrying into Dave's family?"

"Dunno. We will probably learn many new facts before this location trip is over. That old railroad-builder doesn't want his hoy tangling himself up with our angel-face lady, and yet he's sending him up to a mountain town with her, where we will all be so close together for five weeks that you can't find your own shoes. Anything may happen. Probably she'll marry him and they'll leave us flat."

"Over my lifeless corpse," grumbled Sam. "We're making a so-called motion picture—not running a matrimonial agency."

Whitney, California, is another of those towns that makes you wonder how it ever came to be. It has no assets whatever, except plenty of snow in winter, and a mountainous background. It is a one-street town, with one hotel, one haberdashery with brown felt boots in the window, one dirty-looking restaurant, called the California; one half-dead drug store, with some ancient magazines on a table and a green bottle covered with fly specks. Whitney has one of everything. One mangy dog is forever going across the road, or coming back. You wonder why people ever selected such a town, or consented to live in it; then you look at the people, and understand better.

The solitary street is neither interesting nor picturesque. A railroad crawls up a hill and trickles through town as though thoroughly ashamed of itself. Houses are unpainted and dismal and the occupants are more dismal than the houses. The entire population has the air of having once been drowned in a flood and dug up again. There is nothing to do, nothing to talk about, and nowhere to go. The town dog has half spots all over him, and spends his time tipping over ash cans or examining defunct shoes.

Every half-day, a train shows up and slinks through the village, pausing when forced to, and acting generally like a train that came from a good family and has now gone wrong. Nobody ever comes into Whitney except unfortunate drummers and movie companies hunting for scenery. None of the natives ever go away. No one ever seems to buy anything in the few stores, in which can be found watery-eyed female clerks wearing their husband's clothing.

WHEN the 'Frisco newspapers arrive in town they are too old to be interesting. Nobody ever heard of a child being born, and nobody ever died, except a switchman who stepped in front of a wandering locomotive. The only genuine human being in Whitney is Gene Barnes, who owns and runs the railway hotel, and is the loyal friend of all the movie folks. Year in and year out, there is some sad-eyed group of film fleas at Gene's hotel, playing stud poker and waiting for the director to tell them they can go home.

We arrived, bag and baggage, in this delightful village, forty of us, on a cold, cruel morning, and of course Sarah Bradley Aiken was along occupying the best stateroom. There were four other ladies, all unimportant, and thirty-five males, including Dave Nordahl's love-smitten son, in a natty pair of riding breeches and army puttees.

The outfit had been ordered to report at the Barnes hotel, and the two Pullmans that carried us up the mountain were

switched off the through train and laid up on a siding at four in the morning. A conductor had notified Sam the night before that the company could remain abed until nine o'clock. That was an error.

About seven o'clock, a hurrying official came out of the telegraph office and approached the slumbering Pullmans with news that everybody would have to pile out in five minutes, because the coaches had been ordered onto the west-bound limited. That doesn't sound like tragedy, but it was.

Gilbert Nordahl was already investigating the beauties of the neighborhood and I had to be on the job, but the ladies were peacefully dreaming of star parts when routed out by a soulless corporation. Gilbert and I paused to watch the disembarkation, and it was worth the pause. When Sarah Bradley Aiken showed up in the wan sunlight of that early morn, carrying most of her apparel under her arm, she looked like somebody else. Gilbert got his first genuine shock. He stared at the white-faced female, with the hair hanging in gobs down the side of her neck, and he learned for the first time that it is best not to look at the modern young woman until she has been on her feet at least one hour.

Sarah presently observed Gilbert and moved around behind one of the coaches. That was the end of that, but young Nordahl must have had a few thoughts with his breakfast.

HE started in eventually on the production of one of the toughest motion pictures I have ever tackled. Everything that could go wrong, went wrong enthusiastically. The scenario, which was worthless when we left L. A., continued to grow more worthless, and two sad-faced continuity hounds pegged away at it, making it more unintelligible and foolish day by day. Our location expert, who had come on ahead, proved to be suffering from temporary insanity, as was discovered when Sam and I went up into the hills to have a look at what he had selected. One of the cameras broke in the middle and the whole thing had to be shipped back home and replaced. Our only villain came down with a hoil on his neck, and I defy anybody to sneer into the eye of a camera with a caruncle clicking on the apex of his spine. And so forth, with one trouble succeeding another. At the end of the first week, Sam Perry wanted to call the whole thing off and return to L. A.

About twenty of the actors, and all the actresses, were quartered in the Gene Barnes Hotel. The others lived in tents, a half-mile out of town. Gilbert Nordahl began enjoying himself, because for the first time, he had Sarah Bradley Aiken all to himself. Sarah needed amusement. In fact we all needed amusement.

Every morning, Gilbert hustled out among the mountains and returned with flowers for Sarah's table. He sat by her side and watched her eat. He took her for long walks. He listened to her sing, and I will swear that he must have loved her, because nobody could listen to Sarah Aiken sing, and not love her.

One of the things that kept us all from committing community suicide was the fact that we had a concert every night in the dining room. Those who could sing, sang; and those who couldn't sing, sang. There was a feeling of mutual esteem and friendly admiration that lasted the troop about one week, after which everybody began to get on everybody else's nerves. For about ten days, the company crowded into the dining room, joking and laughing. At the end of

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Behind the Curtain

(Continued)

that time, I began to notice that our actors preferred to eat, each by himself, alone and solitary. If anyone spoke to him, he barked in return. Too much Whitney. I've seen it before.

Meantime, it was painfully obvious that Mr. Nordahl was plain daffy about our leading lady, but that meant nothing. Almost every movie troop that starts on location has a leading lady, and some sap is sure to be daffy about her, so there is no novelty in it for the hired hands.

Life in a place like Whitney is a terrible catastrophe under any circumstances, but when it rains, and keeps you indoors, the problem of restraining thirty adults from killing each other becomes a man's job. And it did rain. We couldn't shoot any drama, so we sat around Gene's stove and shot craps. I lost two week's pay whilst merely walking through the room. While we all suffered from being too close together, the one who suffered most was Sarah B. Aiken, the bird of paradise.

She mooned around gloomily from day to day, calling upon Heaven to witness that she couldn't stand this much longer. Gilbert Nordahl followed her like a tame rabbit, trying to cheer her up, although not feeling any too gay himself. I suppose he must have whispered those sweet nothings that come from the young swain in love, and anybody who could stand around in that soggy town, and look at that soggy scenery, and whisper sweet nothings, is a true hero.

As time went on, Sarah's temper began to show. The nap came off her amiability, and gradually everyone stopped saying, "Good morning, Miss Aiken." She snapped at the oldest actor in the world, who was with us to play the grandfather. She told him icily that if he didn't have enough manners to quit smoking a pipe in the halls, she'd learn him some manners. She accused the first camera man of deliberately trying to ruin her with poor photography. She shrieked at the company fiddler, and she coldly asked Sam Perry who did he think he was talking to. It got better and better all the time.

One evening, she refused to act at all. She sat down on a soap box and dared any roach-faced director to make her act. It was a cold, raw evening, and the rest of the company was dressed lightly. They stood still for two mortal hours and shivered themselves into incipient pneumonia, while Sarah indulged herself in temperament. Sam finally threatened to kill her with an ax, whereupon she burst into tears and fled to the hotel. Young Gilbert started to defend Sarah from persecution, but strong hands held him back, and it was a good thing, for Sam was in no mood to explain anything.

OUR leading lady reached the hotel, still full of temperament, went to her room and apparently found a quart of stray moonshine. When next seen, she was coming down stairs to dinner, under the impression that she was the wild daughter of a desert sheik, and that it was her night to reverberate.

She stood in the center of the dining room rug and announced that she hated everybody in sight and wished we were all dead and buried in quicklime. Mr. Nordahl sat in a corner looking extensively stunned. He stared at Sarah during her invocation to the gods, and it seemed to me he was a bit paler than usual. Some of his Pasadena tan was gone. Before she finished, our beautiful star picked a fight with a waitress whom she disliked and a female battle was staged, with hair coming down and assorted

(Concluded on page 96)

\$500 to \$2,000 for a Scenario

Critical shortage of screen plays causes nation-wide search for new writers, with free test for you

Five hundred to two thousand dollars (and more)!

That is what producers are paying today for screen stories. Hundreds of scenarios are wanted; the revived industry faces its supreme crisis in the shortage of photoplay material. The little group of trained, capable photoplaywrights are hopelessly behind the demand. The very small percentage of fiction adaptable for the screen is virtually exhausted.

That, in brief, is the situation in the studios today.

It explains why the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, the world's largest clearing house for the sale of photoplays to producers, has undertaken its nation-wide search for *new screen writers*; why the Corporation invites you to clip the coupon below and receive the free questionnaire test which will indicate whether you are among the men and women whom the re-awakened motion picture industry so desperately needs.

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Everybody cannot write and sell photoplays. But actual test and experience have shown that adult men and women of *imagination* and fair education (not necessarily writers), who possess natural creative ability and the *feel* of the drama, can easily be trained in the technique of screen writing; and that persons so gifted, and adequately trained, can sell, and *are selling* stories to producers.

Through the Palmer Course and Service men and women heretofore unknown to the screen have been started on the path to fame and fortune. The course equips them, in every detail, to turn real talent to large profit. The Palmer plan is actively inspirational to the imaginative mind; it stirs the dramatic instinct to vigorous expression. So stimulating are the forces brought into play for screen dramatization, that the Palmer course has become a recognized aid of incalculable value for authors who write for the printed page; and for men and women everywhere whose field is creative, its effects are immediate. Primarily, however, it is for the screen.

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aptitude is the object of this advertisement; to test them in their own homes is the purpose of the Van Loan questionnaire which the coupon below will bring to you free and without obligation. Through this questionnaire the Palmer Photoplay Corporation is finding talent in homes and offices all over the land—talent of which its possessor was unaware until this remarkable and highly fascinating home test was applied.

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Behind the Curtain

(Concluded from page 95)



Watch for the

R. A. Walsh

production

"Kindred of the Dust"

Peter B. Kyne's famous story with the beautiful

Miriam Cooper

YOU undoubtedly have read this wonderful story which ran through the Cosmopolitan magazine. Whether you have or not you will want to see it. R. A. Walsh, the producer, and Miriam Cooper, who plays the part of Nan, of the sawdust pile, are both independent artists who need no introduction to the motion picture public.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc., which releases the pictures of independent artists, is a nation wide organization of independent theatre owners which fosters the production of finer photoplays and which is devoted to the constant betterment of screen entertainment. It accepts these pictures for exhibition purposes strictly on their merit as the best in entertainment.



Ask Your Theatre Owner If He Has a First National Franchise

screams. They dragged Sarah off and removed her from the scene.

One hour later, I emerged from my room, carrying a hand-bag, and ready to start for L. A. We had run into trouble with the production department and were exchanging bitter telegrams.

As I walked down the hall, feeling glad to escape from Whitney for even a few days, I paused. Sarah was going on again. She was in her room, this time, but the transom was open and you could hear her in the hall. You could likewise, unless totally deaf, hear her in Halifax. Gil Nordahl, coming up the steps, lingered at the sound of that sweet, familiar voice.

"Him," Sarah was saying to some silent listener, "I can marry him any time I want to, but do I want to? His father has all the money in Pasadena, but what I want to know, is it worth it? This movie business is a rotten game, but why marry Gil? As it is, I can just keep from shrieking, and he's not even married to me. I don't know whether it's worth it, or not."

There was more to the speech and Gilbert heard it all, as I did.

"That ought to wind him up," I said to myself, as the kid slowly turned and started downstairs. He walked over to Sam Perry.

"I'm going to quit, Mr. Perry," he said.

"Quit!" said Sam, looking up.

"If you please, I'd like to pack and get out. There's a train tonight."

"What's up?" Sam demanded.

"Nothing; only I've had about enough of Whitney. I want to get back to Pasadena."

"And I don't blame you," Sam grinned.

I stood in the doorway, thinking admiring thoughts about Dave Nordahl.

"I'll take you with me," I said finally to the kid, feeling sorry for him. The corners of his mouth were down, but the old Nordahl chin was still there.

He telegraphed his father immediately, and we caught the night train for Frisco. When we walked out of the Barnes Hotel, Sarah was still in her room, singing in a loud voice, and unaware that a fortune was stepping out of her young life. And all the way down to L. A. the kid said never a word—that is, not a word about women or actresses or love. He looked out of the window and I felt that whatever was going on in his mind was doing him good.

WHEN the express pulled into L. A. station the next morning, old Dave Nordahl was waiting in the family carry-all and he was not alone. A nice-looking girl sat beside him, and her face lighted up as we came into view. The old boy blew himself to a cheerful grin when he saw me coming with his boy, and I was introduced to Helen Marsh, though I must admit nobody paid any great attention to me. I never saw Helen before, but I knew immediately that she was regular people.

The boy climbed in without any ceremony, except a brief handshake with his father. Helen kissed him a warm, friendly kiss and patted his shoulder as though she was glad to have him near her, and she was. Dave slipped out of the limousine and came over to me for a brief, whispered conference.

"Well, Bill," he said hoarsely, "Do I know anything about women, or not?"

"You do. Your kid's cured—plenty."

"Was she poison?"

I nodded. "And then some."

The old railroad sharp climbed back in among his future family, wearing a Cheshire grin, and the machine drove away.

"E Pluribus Unum," I said to myself, being a great guy to cover a situation with a Greek quotation. Then I began hunting a taxi.

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DO YOU KNOW A GIRL? If you do, send in her photograph to us at once.
BEAUTIFUL ENOUGH FOR PICTURES ♦ **FOR DETAILS SEE PAGE 23**

Bathing De Luxe on Saturday Night

(Concluded from page 51)

escort's shoulder. In the meantime the ex-heiress was having an awful time, cooking meals for her chauffing husband, in a two-room flat overlooking the "L" and meeting his friends, who belonged to the Spearmint social set.

Tom, the Chauff, was also a clean-up kid on Saturday night. Things were breaking bad in both places now and Kid Cupid was looking for an out. On hallowe'en the Prentisses give a big swimming party and everyone was having a grand time but Shamrock, who was given the air by her in-laws.

Chauffing Tom comes with her coat, which he had left in the car, and they tear off to Coney Island for a big time. It's carnival week. They get on a ferris wheel which busts when they are up in the air so that they have to stay there all night. They didn't care, though, as they could chew gum.

Prentiss is tipped off that his wife has taken a run out powder so he beats it quick to the apartment where he finds the ex-heiress alone, darning socks. They sit up till 5 A. M. consoling one another while waiting for the gum chewing duet to return.

Just as it looks like a big scrap is coming off, some sap down stairs started a fire and they both start battling to save Shamrock and leave the poor ex-heiress to burn to death. When they reach the street the cake-eater misses her and tears back and saves her.

Well! Seven years later we see Chauffing Tom and his storm and strife, Shamrock, and three bundles of excess baggage playing the bamboo slides at Coney—and then as a finale—the heiress with the "ex" amputated, with the cake-eater whispering as though they were going to get together after the awful experiences they both had.

Well—some people won't ever learn nothing!

"Smilin' Through"

AT the Woods theater there is a play presenting life as a stupid and dirty joke. At the Chicago theater, a block east, is a movie presenting life as a spiritual romance. In about a block the theater goes from the mud to the skies. To what we have already said of the bath house production at Woods we add the suggestion that people who have wasted several hours there go to the Chicago and clean up.

"Smilin' Through" was here with Jane Cowl last year. Norma Talmadge does it for the movies with the advantages of the movies. On the screen the influence of the spiritualized love story can go into every town in the country. Ten thousand people can see Miss Talmadge where one could see Miss Cowl.

This is a tremendous increase in influence and a reason for commending the exercise of a good influence. The drama itself is one which forces the belief in the sublimation of human emotions, purposes, and character. It insists to many people who have lost some of their belief in the possibility of romantic good that human life can be developed into forms which are beautiful, clean, and spiritual. It says that men and women may have ideals which are not lost in contact with realities, that they may be well bred, tenacious in their love, simple in their lives, and clean in their thoughts and their emotions.—*Chicago Tribune.*



"Soap-and-water" clean—of course! —but still are you above reproach?

*One great toilet fact
that two million women now recognize—that cleanliness
does not always mean daintiness*

By RUTH MILLER

A BRILLIANT novelist who writes much about women was asked what he considered a woman's greatest attraction.

He replied promptly: "It isn't beauty, it isn't brains, it isn't charm of manner. I believe it is a woman's instinct for daintiness as expressed in all the little niceties of her person and her dress."

Almost as strong as a woman's instinct for cleanliness is her love of personal daintiness. What many women do not yet understand is that while personal daintiness may *begin* with cleanliness, it does not *end* there.

*Soap and water alone cannot
insure daintiness*

The great enemy of personal daintiness is underarm perspiration odor and moisture. The underarm perspiration glands are easily stimulated to unusual activity. Clothing and the hollow of the underarm make evaporation difficult.

Soap and water are powerless to counteract this condition. To be immaculately clean in clothing and in person is not enough.

This condition calls for special measures. The underarm must be given the same regular care that is given to the teeth and skin. You can't afford to compromise by hurried use of a preventive that may be effective for only a few hours.

*Two million women and thousands of
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Through Odorono, a new standard of daintiness has been set up. It prevents moisture as well as odor, performing both requirements perfectly.

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A clear, clean, antiseptic liquid, Odorono is easy and delightful to use. Physicians and nurses recommend it as the safe and most effective means of relieving perspiration troubles.

Dr. Lewis B. Allyn of the famous Westfield Laboratories, Westfield, Mass., says: "Experimental and practical tests show that Odorono is harmless, economical, and effective when employed as directed and will injure neither the skin nor the health."

Twice a week is often enough to use Odorono. Each application *assures* your daintiness for at least three days. By correcting the cause of excessive underarm perspiration, Odorono eliminates unsightly moisture and repellent odor. It leaves a feeling of absolute cleanliness, of irreproachable daintiness that satisfies the most exacting.

No more perspiration-soaked clothing, no more stained or ruined gowns, no lingering taint of perspiration odor! Make sure you are above reproach—with Odorono, the underarm toilette.

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Write for our new booklet of information on the toilette of the underarm. "The Double Meaning of Daintiness," together with a sample of the Odorono Company's new "After Cream."

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Misguided Scenarios

SCENARIO I

The Adorable Cheesemonger, or the Last of the Limburgers

A Strong Tale in Twelve Scampers and a Squeak

(NOTE: Due to the American sense of square play, this picture was not released until after the late war. If it had been released during the war, the enemy would have had to give in without a struggle. It's that strong.)

Featuring Miss Pretty Mean, the most sinuous, sensuous and shocking star on the screen today—where will she be tomorrow?

Reel I, Scene I: Miss Pretty Mean close-up. Her eyes are undulating and her lissome lips are lipping: "Hold up your hands!"

Scenes 2 to 10 (inclusive): Same as Scene I.

Scene II. Dinner table. The guests throw down their salad forks and up their hands. They thought Miss Mean was just a pretty little deb, but they learn to their sorrow she is more, oh, much more, than that.

Title (Pretty): "One of you is—I mean has, a valuable piece of cheese. It is the last of the old Limburger line. It is somewhere in this room; something tells me it is."

Pretty with her revolver in one hand—it is a pearl-handled revolver—searches the guests with the other. Soon she says: "It is concealed somewhere and I must find it!"

Scene—we've lost track of the scenes. Anyway, a large man coughs, drops his handkerchief, and stoops to pick it up. He is a spy. Not a German spy or a Japanese spy; just a spy. Pretty's sharp little ears—close-up of each of her ears—catch a whispered word from the spy: "Limburger—cheese it!"

Title (Pretty): "You big cheese!" (This is the last time this pun will be used.) Stopping only long enough to fire six shots into him, Pretty dashes out. Calling her pet blood-hound she whispers in his ear, and together they set out on the trail.

MEANWHILE the cheese has found its way about; and doubtless motivated by hope of revenge upon some poor mouse which, when cheese was plentiful, had nibbled a chunk of our Limburger, makes his way to a garret, where a Struggling Author is sitting upon a creaking cot, his long slim head bowed in his long slim hands; and a long slim envelope twisted in his slim long fingers—you know. His manuscript was weak anyway, and continual travel has worn it out. It is returned for the 150th time—actual count.

"Ah!" he says—even as Vvlasimir Vvkas-dovitch murmured, in the last Russian novel we read, just after he had murdered his father, mother, aged grandmother, and baby sister, and had lighted the bomb which was to blow the county court-room to atoms—"Ah!" our hero murmurs—twice. Just then the landlord knocks at the door. Our hero lays low but the cot creaks ominously, and the landlord, hearing, growls, "If I don't get my rent pretty soon"—and stumps down the stairs.

Just then the Limburger toddles in. The Struggling Author rushes to the window and opens it wide. "Ah!" he says—he just loves to say ah—"the sun is up; it is too

late to sleep. The Bowery, like a long silver ribbon of silver, is spread out at my feet. The sweet smell of smoke from many chimneys—I mean chimneys—comes to me. I must write."

Back to Pretty and her bloodhound, still on the trail. Pretty has been through a lot and her cloak has been torn from her; she looks, now, like the lingerie advertisements in the backs of our best magazines. But she keeps right on, finally arriving at the garret, where the S. A. has succumbed to the Limburger—it was a losing fight. But just the same our red apple is on the S. A.; he's the only S. A. in the plot; he *must* win. The landlord has broken in and is searching the young man's belongings, i. e., his portfolio. He comes upon the manuscript, just as Pretty arrives. Miss Mean wrenches the story from the landlord, pays his bill out of her own—er—pocket, and sends her bloodhound home. She has found the Limburger—and love.

Title: "Jack," his name is Jack, just to be different—"I knew I'd find you. I have always kept the Valentine you sent me—the comic one."

HE takes her in his arms. His face is white, but not with emotion. He buries her head in his chest.

Title (she) "Ugluhubub," her head buried in his neck-tie, "I wish you would wear solid-dye ties. I wanted the Limburger—I hadda have it. To complete my collection of war curios. I have one hundred helmets, sixteen shells, the Kaiser's mustache fixer, the Crown Prince's lip-stick—so I hadda have the Imperial Limburger—last of its line. I made up my mind to stop at nothing. I have killed many men and I am going to marry you. But now that I have the Limburger—let's open the window."

"The window is open, my dear."

Pretty Mean goes to the window and throws the Limburger out. "Now that I have it, I don't want it. That's life."

"You remember I left you because of your passion for collecting things that you didn't want after you got them," he says sadly. (Illustrated color title of Pandora opening box.)

"Jack, I know. But life has taught me different. The only things I want to collect now are—" She whispers in his ear. "My darling!" he murmurs.

Title: "And so as the sun sets" (close-up of sun setting) the lovers prepare to catch the Hudson tube which will carry them to a little cottage in New Jersey, where they will, God willing, raise chickens, and live happy ever after.

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EXHIBITORS' REPORTS: "Reserve a date for it and clean up on that day. You might even arrange to redecorate your house the day you play it."



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in
15 minutes

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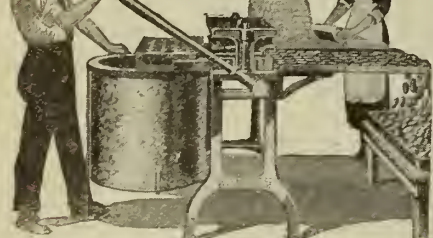
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Write—Get My Help—Begin Now

Others are making money—lots of it. Letters just received during this year tell of wonderful successes. You can succeed, too. Start is all you need. I'll gladly help you. Furnish everything—complete outfit, materials, secret formula, full directions, wrappers, etc. Send post card for illustrated book of facts. Tells how to start. Explains most successful methods. Gives all information needed. It's free. Write now!

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"Kiss Me, Frank"

(Concluded from page 41)

here. It is much, much more exciting than California. Look—I haf a picture of him when he was a leetle boy. Was he not sweet? See, my lip-stick—from Kansas City. I stopped there for one reason only—to buy this lip-stick. Nowhere in the world have they lip-sticks like Kansas City's."

She used the Kansas City lip-stick with exquisite discrimination. Emerging from the silken recesses of her beaded bag, she presented to the world an even more alluring portrait than before. She left—to telephone mama that they would be home for dinner. "Kiss me," she commanded; and a goodly portion of the K. C. lip rouge remained upon Mr. Mayo's cheek.

"This is a great town," he said when she'd left. "Nothing but those darn fool films in California. You know what I'd like to do, don't you?"

I didn't.

"Well, I'd like to make 'Davy Crockett' in pictures and then put it back on the stage as a vaudeville sketch. I think it would have a public. My father played it with great success. I haven't had such good luck with my pictures lately. Good stories are hard to get. I'd like to make good pictures; I really would. But you take—"

Dagmar descended upon us. "We are going to mama's and papa's for dinner, beloved," she said. "And then we are going to see 'Kiki' again."

"You know Daggy got an offer to play *Kiki* in the west," volunteered her husband. "But I don't believe a woman should work after she is married. Of course, if she ever wants to—"

"Of course," smiled Dagmar Godowsky Mayo. "You see, I am so much interested in my Frank's career, I do not give one single little thought to my own. We haf our nice, big home in Hollywood; we haf our books and our pets; we haf each other—"

"Kiss her," I commanded—and vanished.

Minister Flays Malicious Scandal mongers

THE Rev. Frederick E. Hopkins, pastor of the First Presbyterian church at Michigan City, Ind., preached a sermon on scandal mongers a few weeks ago.

"It was scandal mongers who started the run on the bank and were happy when the poor lost their money," he said. "They have lied about actors and actresses until they have virtually ruined the theater, and now they are after the movies. They have told so many indecent stories about dancing that decent people are wondering what to do to enjoy life and not be talked about.

"They have tattled about preachers until many church members have lost interest in the church," the speaker continued. "The scandal monger is the original little messer. We wish scientists would find a way to exterminate the scandal monger."

A LITTLE boy stood at his garden gate and howled and howled and howled. A passing lady paused beside him.

"What's the matter, little man?" she asked.

"O-o-oh!" he wailed. "Pa and ma won't take me to the movies."

"But don't make so much noise. Do they ever take you when you cry like that?"

"S-s-sometimes they d-do and sometimes they d-don't," wept the lad, "but it ain't no trouble to yell."

"In Every Man and Every Woman There Is Some Great Moving Picture Scenario"

THIS is the astonishing statement made by the world's greatest motion picture producer—David Wark Griffith, the man who made "Birth of a Nation," "Way Down East," "Broken Blossoms," "Intolerance." Is his surprising statement true? Can it be possible that there is "some great moving picture" in the life of every man and every woman—in YOUR life?

"Every man or woman has known, has seen, or has lived part of a great story," says Mr. Griffith. "There is material for screen masterpieces in the life of the dullest person you meet on the street today. Your neighbors are living stories that, if told naturally and spiritedly, would touch and thrill the world."

Why don't YOU get the story out of YOUR life? Wait! Don't say you CAN'T, because you don't KNOW you can't! Thousands of people, who thought they COULDN'T, found out they COULD, and now make big money in their spare time, live comfortably and happily, envied and admired by all their friends.

Maybe YOU could write stories and plays and don't know it! Don't laugh at the ideal! "Ofttimes one can do best the thing he least suspects." YOU may possess hidden talent only waiting to be developed and brought out. You may not suspect this but it may be true just the same. Many of our greatest authors suddenly discovered they could write when they least thought they could.

For years the mistaken idea prevailed that you had to have a special knack in order to write. People said it was a gift, a talent. Some imagined you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. They vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged and often scoffed at attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

Yet only recently a great English literary authority declared that "nearly all the English speaking race want to write! It's a craving for self-expression, characteristic of the present century."

So a new light has dawned! A great New Truth that will gladden the hearts of "all the English-speaking race who want to write!" Astounding new psychological experiments have revealed that "the average person" may learn to write! Yes, write stories and photoplays; thrilling, human, life-like; filled with heart-throbs, pathos, passion, pain.

You may learn it just as you may learn anything else under the sun! There are simple, easy principles to guide you. There are new methods that produce astonishing results for beginners. A great literary bureau at Auburn, New York, which is endorsed by some of America's greatest editors, authors, and magazines, is now busy night and day supplying this information broadcast. And this free information is everybody's property. It is not for the select few. Not for those specially gifted. Not for the rich or fortunate, but for anybody—any man or woman of ordinary education and no writing experience whatever—thousands who don't even DREAM they can write!

The Kind of Proof You Like to See

"There never has been such a market for good fiction as there is today. This is the golden age for writers. Any man or woman with an original idea, or even an original way of handling an old idea, can sell their manuscripts as fast as they can turn them out." ROBT. H. DAVIS, of Munsey's Magazine.

"It requires no literary experience or ability." MARION FAIRBANKS, writer for Mary Pickford.

"Original five-reel plots by unknown authors sell for from \$500.00 to \$5,000.00." JOHN ELLERSON, well-known photoplaywright.

"The best reading matter is as frequently obtained from absolutely new writers as it is from famous writers." JOHN M. SIDDALL, Editor of American Magazine.

"There is a popular impression that the new writer has no chance—that his contributions are given scant attention. The impression would be quickly dispelled if the public could see how eagerly magazine editors go through each mail—hoping always that the Great Unknown may at last have appeared."—Editor of COLLIER'S.



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MISS CLAIRE WINDSOR, Famous Film Star
Read her inspiring message in "The Wonder Book for Writers" sent free to anyone

at the ease with which they learn to write! Many find that about all they need is an ordinary education, an observing mind, some will power, and a little confidence. You know it was Shakespeare who said: "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players." Life's stage all around you is filled with people and incidents that will make stories without number. From the great Screen of Humanity, with its constantly changing tide of Human Emotions—Love, Hatred, Jealousy, Happiness—you can create endless interesting plots for stories and photoplays. There is never a lack—it flows on in an Endless Stream of Circumstance—like Tennyson's brook—forever! Every person you know is a type, a character. "Every house has a story." And those who dwell within have impulses, ideas, hopes, fears, farcies that furnish material for you. The columns of the daily newspaper are filled to the brim. The Footlights of Fate reflect scenes and incidents providing rich food for the Pen of Realism.

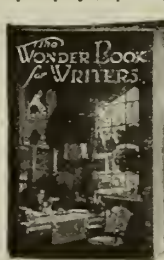
There is nothing in all this world that so dominates the heart and mind as the fascination of WRITING. It gives you a new power, a new magic, that charms all those around you. It lends a new attraction to your entire personality. You are looked upon with eyes of envy.

For the world of story and playwrights is no longer the starve-in-a-garret fraternity of old. No, indeed! Many of the Story Kings these days cruise around in large limousines, have elegant country homes or town houses, live in the highest social spheres in America! No society is too high or exclusive for them to enter. No marble mansion but what is open to them. Men and women writers, from humble stations in life, have been the honored guests of Kings and Presidents.

We have just published a new book for you that amazes every reader—and the most amazing thing of all is—IT'S FREE! This new book, now being distributed by the thousand, is pouring glad sunshine into the lives of aspiring people who want to become writers, who want to improve their condition, who want to make money in their spare time. Within its covers are surprises and revelations for doubting beginners that have caused a sensation everywhere, because it is crowded with things that gratify your expectations—good news that is dear to the heart of all those aspiring to write; illustrations that enthrall; stories of success, brilliant instances of literary fame coming unexpectedly; new hope, encouragement, helps, hints—things you've long wanted to know!

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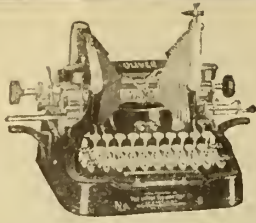
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The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued from page 39)

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sixty-five dollars to finish it and I could use twenty-five right away."

Spoor swallowed deeply.

"Well, then, that can be arranged." He spoke with all of the reserved conservatism of J. P. Morgan buying a railroad or John D. Rockefeller giving away a souvenir dime. "Here is the twenty-five," Spoor continued, counting over the bills carefully, counting them off face side up like a man who has respect for money. "And you can draw on me for the rest, the other forty along as it is needed."

That was the way that George K. Spoor entered the film business on a basic investment of sixty-five dollars. That was in 1895.

All the way back to Chicago that night he wondered how many kinds of a fool he had been to take a flyer in a motion picture machine.

The year of 1922 finds him enjoying a fortune of something between seven and ten millions. The earning and winning of that comfortable competency is a story thread that will appear in many chapters of this narrative.

TO neither Armat nor Selig came any word

of the picture developments underway in the experimental laboratories in the East or in Europe, or of each other. Locked doors and heavy silence was a general policy, adopted no doubt from the example of mysterious "Room Five" at the Edison plant in New Jersey where the kinetoscope was born. All of them were planning to break out on a surprised world with the motion picture screen, just as Woodville Latham had hoped to do with the showing in New York that netted him merely a newspaper controversy with Edison.

But with a future of more ultimate significance perhaps than all of these, measured in terms of the motion picture of today, the labors of Thomas Armat and C. Francis Jenkins were progressing promisingly in Washington, D. C. They had built a number of machines, experimenting at first with devices very closely akin to Edison's kinetoscope, making a fragment of progress with each attempt.

Mr. Armat was getting so interested that it is to be discovered that he rather neglected his real estate interests somewhat to the inward annoyance of his cousin and business associate, T. C. Daniel. But that is a characteristic of young inventors. Armat can point to some large phases of motion picture development as his justification.

Chief among the difficulties of these two inventors was the satisfactory production of an intermittent motion, the starting and stopping of the film so many times a second as the necessary optical illusion on the screen would require. They hit on a sort of mutilated gear arrangement, of clockwork ancestry, and ordered one made for them at a machine shop in Boston.

This intermittent gear arrived from the Boston Gear Works about the middle of August, 1895. They hastened to install it in their waiting machine. The hour of the great test was at hand. They threaded up their projector with an Edison kinetoscope film and turned on the motor. Their hearts were in their mouths. In a few seconds their fingers were in their ears.

The things worked. There was a dancing image on the wall. But the noise was terrific. The picture lasted but a few seconds. The machine battered and clattered and shook.

Pound for pound in weight it was the noisiest piece of machinery in the world.

The inventors shut down the motor and took inventory.

The big gear wheel procured at such pains had merrily hammered itself out of shape with the rapid starting and stopping. It would work while it lasted, but obviously it was not a practical device.

Here was something entirely unexpected. Jenkins was disgusted and disappointed. Armat was puzzled and baffled.

An inspiration came to the rescue. There was a lens testing box among the instruments that Armat and Jenkins had been using. It was based on the inventions of Demyen, a foreign investigator. It had a system for moving a sensitive tape like a film. Out of this came an idea which Armat thought would make their machine function properly. It was a matter of getting that intermittent stuttering motion on the film without having to start and stop heavy machine parts. They decided to try out this new inspiration.

A new machine was built. This was completed about the first of September of 1895, a couple of weeks after the experiment with the Boston gear. The new machine had what is known technically as a beater movement—a sort of eccentric device revolving on a shaft slapped the film down a picture at a time. This one worked. The inventors made many tests, using their stock of Edison films from the peep show machines. They had hit on the best projection device that had yet been evolved.

Ever since that day in August of 1895 that first noisy gear wheel has been a paper weight on Armat's desk, now surrounded by a maze of motion picture machinery, antique and modern, in his laboratory in the Hutchins Building in Washington. As a paper weight it is excellent. It lasted just one minute in the motion picture business. But that minute has proven a valuable one. Big things grew from that failure.

Armat and Jenkins now considered plans for putting their machine to work. The Cotton States exposition to be held in Atlanta was being promoted at the time and attracted their attention. The gathering of crowds there promised an excellent opportunity for introducing the marvels of living pictures, life size on a screen. But this enterprise needed financing. Armat's three brothers made a pool and supplied three thousand dollars.

MEANWHILE Woodville Latham in New York was striving on with limited capital, making his first commercial machines and a program of pictures to be shown by them.

The showing of the Latham machine with the pictures of the Griffo-Barnett fight at 153 Broadway was moved over into a store-room in Park Row. It was not drawing any great deal of attention after the first flurry of interest. The pictures lacked quality, they flickered alarmingly. The fleeting flashes of light through the continuously moving machine did not give the screen enough light.

Among those who paused and looked in on the fight pictures at the Latham show was Rich G. Hollaman, head of the company operating the Eden Musee, a remarkable sort of museum and amusement house in Twenty-third street near Sixth avenue. He had excellent reasons of showmanship for being interested, and that interest made the influence of Hollaman and the Eden Musee a far reaching factor in early motion picture affairs.

Since the ancestry of so many motion picture interests of the present day traces back to the old Eden Musee it is fitting to here take an excursion back into the amazing history of that memorable institution.

(Continued on page 101)

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued)

It is without a parallel in all the world of amusements. It begins in the ominous latter days of the reign of Louis XVI of France, and pertains to the king's whim.

In those distant times one Christopher Curtius was a surgeon of note in Berne, Switzerland. As an aid to his study of human anatomy he modelled the figure and presently discovered a gift for doing faces, by way of diversion. Prince de Conti, a cousin of the King of France, in his travels came upon the surgeon and urged him to remove to Paris to there abandon surgery for art. With prospect of royal patronage Curtius went, taking into his studio a niece, Marie Grosholz, a deft and brilliant sculptress. The royal favour came and with it the attention of many celebrities, among them Benjamin Franklin, Voltaire, the Duc d'Orleans, and Marie Antoinette. Marie Grosholz was presently summoned to Versailles to be the companion of Madame Elizabeth, sister of Louis. The Swiss girl became in effect a member of the household. She modelled all the royal family in wax.

Had there been a motion picture in that day the royal camera man would have been exceedingly busy with the vanities of Versailles. Sculpture in wax was the answer to the living picture demand of the day. It was the nearest possible approach to the recreation of events in terms of realism. The wax work was the motion picture trying to be born.

THEN came the Revolution and the Reign of Terror.

The revolutionists wanted a record of their work for the national museum. Models in wax were to be their news reels.

Marie Grosholz was forced into the dreadful service of modelling the guillotined heads of her friends. The tumbrils from the scaffold rumbled up to her door, bringing her the heads of Marie Antoinette, Louis, Danton, Robespierre and all that amazing list.

In 1795 the sculptress was married to Francois Tussaud and soon afterward removed to London, taking along the strange, tragic works in wax. There she opened the famous institution known as "Madame Tussaud's." She presided over the museum until she was ninety. The remarkable and long continued success of the gallery in London led to the establishment of an identical showing in New York under the name of the Eden Musee. Hollaman, who had come to the United States from England to be a publisher, stepped into command at the Musee, making it a strangely interesting center of sen-ational displays and educational showings. With the coming of the kinoscope type of motion picture peep shows the Eden Musee was the first amusement establishment in America to adopt the new art of the films.

Hollaman had installed what was declared to be an improvement on the Edison kinoscope, manufactured by the celebrated electrical firm of Siemens & Halske in Germany. The showing was abandoned only after the world's supply of kinoscope film subjects had been exhausted and no more changes of program could be had.

So it came that the Latham's showing of "living pictures of the great prize fight" as announced by the barker at the door in Park Row promised opportunity to Hollaman. The pictures that could make events live over again, life size on a screen, would, he felt, one day supplant the modelled groups of wax figures that told the stories of coronations, assassinations and executions

(Continued on page 102)

The greatest danger in your meals today



*The body has two constant needs
which must be met by our daily diet
—the need to build up body tissues
and help eliminate waste matter*

A GREAT nutrition expert says we are in danger because we eat so many artificial foods—things which are convenient under modern conditions but which have been robbed of valuable properties in manufacture. Many even of our natural foods are incomplete and do not give us the food factors we need.

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Fleischmann's Yeast has a truly remarkable effect on the whole digestive system. It contains not only vitamin but other vital food factors which help build up body tissues, protect against disease, and keep the intestines healthy.

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intestinal inactivity—even chronic cases. Take advantage of their experiences and free yourself from this widespread complaint.

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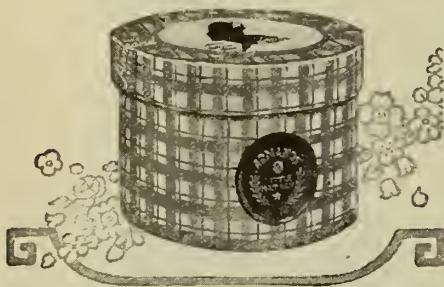
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The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued from page 101)

and the like at the Eden Musee. So he entered the world's first public motion picture show on a screen.

The flickering figures of the fighters were disappointing, but the idea was there and the realization only a short distance away. Hollaman sought out Woodville Latham, who had removed from the Bartholdi hotel to a most modest boarding house in the theatrical district above Twenty-third street. Major Latham outlined his hopes and his financial needs. He suggested that Hollaman might join in developing and perfecting the eidoloscope.

But Hollaman declined. In the faded eyes of the hopeful old professor of chemistry he could find no gleam of the thing that spells commercial success.

"But the Eden Musee will install the first perfected machine for throwing pictures on a screen and I wish you much success," Hollaman offered by way of polite encouragement. He went his way, to await a better projector.

DESPITE the apathy of New York Latham's Lambda company went on with its project, making machines and pictures.

LeRoy Latham, a nephew, then about twenty years old, found himself in New York with nothing to do, owing to the closing down of a lithographic plant in which he had been employed. An idea came to the lad that his Uncle Woodville's living pictures might contain an opportunity. He applied to his uncle for the rights to the eidoloscope for Chicago.

"The price for that territory is ten thousand dollars," the uncle gravely observed. They compromised on Virginia, their native state, at three thousand, half in cash and the remainder in installments from the earnings. This was the first state's right sale in the film business.

The machines, the first set of eidoloscopes, were to be ready for the customers late in June.

LeRoy Latham decided to open his show in Norfolk. Accompanied by a friend and associate from the lithographic studio, Henry C. Lindeman, he went to Norfolk and rented a store room, equipping it with a white screen and a hundred and fifty chairs rented from an undertaker, to await the coming of the machine and films from New York.

With Otway Latham as director-producer the Lambda company engaged in the first motion picture making for the screen. The Edison kinetoscope films were not available for the Latham machine, for a variety of reasons. In the first place Edison would have violently objected and in the second place the Latham machine required a considerably larger picture, approximately twice the Edison standard in dimensions.

Just at this juncture the Latham picture interests encountered internal disarrangement that was soon to prove serious in its effect, and which by swift development was soon to affect vitally the whole subsequent history of the motion picture. W. K. L. Dickson, who since his departure from the Edison service in April, had maintained a dallying relation with the Lathams decided, in his own words, to "leave them high and dry." Especially "dry" one fancies.

Dickson had arrived at the notion that there was no important commercial future to the Lambda venture. So he abandoned it, and the twenty-thousand dollars' worth of stock that had been put in a sort of escrow in the hands of his friend Edmund Congar Brown.

In after years on the witness stand in a

famous picture litigation Dickson testified that his action grew out of his disapproval of the personal conduct of Grey and Otway Latham. He held that they were a trifle fast. There is indication Dickson never did like Broadway, and he has been living back in England these twenty-odd years.

But Otway Latham went blithely ahead with his production schedule. When in August the first three projection machines were ready for delivery he had completed pictures for an exhibition that would last an entire twenty minutes on the screen. There were five "feature" subjects; the Griffobarnett fight, the Nicholas Sisters act from Koster & Bial's in their daring introduction of the "split dance," Duncan C. Ross and Ernest Roeber in a wrestling match, a picturization of a new song hit "The Sidewalks of New York," showing street gamins dancing to a hurdy-gurdy's plaintive refrain, and a scenic bit entitled "The Waves," a picture of the surf at Atlantic City.

The "studio" for these productions was the sunlit roof of Madison Square Garden. They were made with no equipment and the director did not carry a megaphone. Each picture consisted of one continuous scene. There was no semblance of scenario or plot. The principals went into action and stayed at it until the film ran out. The subjects were from fifty to a hundred and fifty feet long.

The first three sales of state's rights included the Virginia territory, Massachusetts and Illinois. The Latham shows opened in Boston, Chicago and Norfolk within a few weeks of each other.

LeRoy Latham, the young lithographer, was something of an artist, but nothing of a showman. He experimented with his machine in the improvised theater at Norfolk and decided that coming from the bright light of day outside into the pitch-black darkness of the interior might discomfort his patrons. In order to overcome this effect he installed electric lights dipped in a purple paint. These lights gave a subdued and eerie glow to the interior. That was the rudimentary beginning of lighting effect in the motion picture theater.

Not being a showman LeRoy Latham forgot about advertising his opening. The day before the first showing he was standing in front of his theater when a tattered negro boy approached and gave respectful attention to what seemed to be going on. At last, cap in hand, he approached deferentially.

"Boss, kin I take around d' handbills?"
"Black boy, I think you may have an idea," Latham responded. "Come with me to the printing office."

TO Henry Southall, colored, became the motion picture's first advertising man. Henry therewith attached himself to LeRoy Latham and became the doorman, usber, janitor, electrician, orchestra and valet to the management. Henry did handsomely on fifty cents a day, piecing it out, it was discovered later, by the use of the theater in after hours for his own sterling presentation of the two Galloping Dominoes in the drama entitled "Come Seven."

The opening in Norfolk that bot August of 1895 proved a decided success. There was just one complication. It was discovered that a license was required from the city authorities. But the only amusement license that seemed to apply was the circus license, rated at a hundred dollars a day. Obviously the picture show could not pay that. The city attorney and the exhibitor were both puzzled. Then LeRoy

(Continued on page 103)

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued)

Latham came through with a regular Yankee idea. He advertised admission free, contributions of 25 cents each received from all satisfied patrons.

Delegations, skeptical about living pictures, called on the management for permission to stand behind the screen. They wanted to be sure there was no deceit. There was a strong suspicion that living actors were in some way casting their shadows through the canvas sheet.

UP in New York, meanwhile, Woodville Latham and his sons were having some difficulty with the finances of the Lambda company. Because of the success of his showing LeRoy Latham had been remitting installments in payment for his Virginia territorial franchise with great enthusiasm. Soon came daily wires from Otway.

"Can we draw on you for a hundred."

At last the Norfolk show had to move because there were no new pictures to show. A month of the Nicholas Sisters and the surf at Atlantic City was all that Norfolk would pay for. Newport News was the next stop.

At Newport News a wandering adventurer, one Jack McConaughy, a boyhood acquaintance of LeRoy Latham, strolled in and offered his services as an expert.

"What you fellows want is a regular big top showman—that's me. I'm a circus clown, but I got so good the outfit got jealous—now I'm resting."

McConaughy joined out. He suggested stretching the show by inserting an act. He proposed to pose as "living statuary." Tights were ordered by wire from New York and an announcement was put in the newspapers. The tights did not arrive for the opening night. There was acute distress. In the last hour McConaughy got an inspiration.

"Send for some lampblack—I'll black up and pose as ebony statuary. That's a novelty—ought to be a hit."

And so it proved. The audience in the Newport News Opera House was thrilled. Henry Southall, master of effects, in the wings was peevisish about it. Ebony statuary was no treat to Henry. McConaughy's closing number was entitled "The Fall of Man." He sat immobile in the spotlight, holding aloft a gilded apple in a jet fingered hand.

"The Fall of Man" rang out the voice of the announcer. As the spotlight flashed on the posing artist, Henry kicked over the thunder machine and spilled the crash box back stage. The din shook the opera house. It sounded like the fall of the universe.

The audience got its breath and broke into a riot of applause.

Out a rear exit went Henry, with the ebony statuary in hot pursuit.

The run in Newport News was brief. The living pictures show moved to Richmond, LeRoy Latham's home town, where he had relatives and family traditions and all that. By way of promotion it occurred to the young exhibitor that it might be well to give a special premiere presentation for the young daughters of the South in attendance at Richmond's most exclusive female seminary. In their dimities and organdies and muslins, accompanied by their prim preceptresses, the girls of the school marched en masse to the Richmond Opera House. The picture of the waves at Atlantic City went over to a rippling round of applause. "The Sidewalks of New York" went over nicely. But the Nicholas Sisters and their split

(Continued on page 104)



"And I thought above all things, my skin was clean!"

Occlusia—Banished now, in sixty minutes!

Discovery of a Skin Physic Gives Adults the Clear, Clean Complexion of a Child

SIXTY women in 100 have occlusia (occluded or clogged skin pores).

People of scrupulous bodily cleanliness with facial pores swollen with waste matter. Not a pleasant condition to contemplate! Thanks to science it need no longer be tolerated. An element that purges every pore it touches has been found. An English scientist, M. J. McGowan, discovered it.

A magnified view of the human skin before and after a thorough movement of the pores would cause any dainty woman to write this specialist posthaste. If you saw just one of the fifty or more demonstrations I witnessed, you would realize the folly of any effort towards smooth skin texture and colorful complexion without first attending to this thorough cleansing underneath. It all happens in an hour. The newly-found skin laxative acts swiftly. The scientific term for it is Terradermalax. Its action is almost immediate; evacuation of every tiny opening in the skin structure is complete. Indescribable Impurities are expelled—all matters—soft or hard—is passed by the pores. Skin is left relieved, relaxed, and glowing pink. The resultant natural color lasts for days.

Any skin specialist will tell you why every youngster's skin is downy-soft and fair—the pores do not become irregular except with years. Occlusia rarely sets in until one is of age. In other words, complexion at 50 can be as perfect as it was at 16 or 18 now that an unerring aid to evacuation of pores is known.

Another important result from Terradermalax; it makes powdering per-

fectly harmless. The fine particles which work down into delicate facial pores are carried away with the rest.

Terradermalax is compounded in a clay of exquisite smoothness. Spreading it starts laxation. Put it on face and neck—in a short hour wipe off—and behold a skin and complexion transformed. Clear and colorful to the eye; clean and wholesome beneath. Not a trace of occlusia remains not a blackhead, pimple, or other unclean accumulation. I have seen positive proof of this at the laboratory where McGowan made his amazing discovery.

Stores cannot handle Terradermalax because the active ingredient is of limited life. The laboratory supplies enough for two months, shipped the day compounded, the labeled. The laboratory fee is only \$2.50, paid on delivery. Or, if you expect to be out when postman calls, you may send \$2.50 with order. Either way, you may have this small fee back if not delighted and astonished with results. Use the handy form printed here:

DERMATOLOGICAL LABORATORIES
329 Plymouth Court, Chicago

Please send two months' supply of freshly compounded Terradermalax soon as made. I will pay postman just \$2.50 for everything. My money to be refunded if asked. (75)

(Write your name very plainly on this line)

(Complete mail address here or in margin)

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued from page 103)

Dorothy Dalton's Beauty Chat

Miss Dorothy Dalton, the actress famous the world over for her beautiful complexion, says: "Any girl or woman can have a beautiful, rosy-white complexion and clear, smooth, un wrinkled skin like mine if she will follow my advice and use Derwillo in combination with Liska cold cream. Both are simple but very effective toilet preparations. I use Derwillo for the instant beauty it imparts and Liska cold cream to cleanse the skin, and make it soft and smooth."



Dorothy Dalton

Derwillo comes in three shades: flesh, white and brunette. At toilet counters everywhere.

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Play quaint dreamy Hawaiian music or latent songs on the Ukulele and you will be wanted everywhere. We teach by mail 20 simple lessons give you free with every course a genuine Hawaiian Ukulele, music, everything—no extras. Ask us to send the story of Hawaiian music. You will love it. No obligation, absolutely free.

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dance did not seem to be so good. The temperature went off rapidly. The Richmond engagement was not an entire success.

LeRoy Latham returned to the north and lithography, putting the eidoloscope machine into a warehouse where it was to repose for twenty-six years, until unearthed for the making of the picture which appeared among the illustrations of the second chapter of this history.

Henry Southall's advertising job in the films was gone. He retired from the theatrical world to devote himself to golf—African golf. When twenty years later Henry began to see stories in the papers about the riches of the motion pictures he was sure his one time employer must surely be one of those New York film millionaires. Henry stowed away on a boat and came to New York, expecting to find his old boss and enter a basking service in some gilded mansion on Fifth Avenue.

Henry became a pathetic figure, ragged and wistful, going from theater to theater in New York. "Please, boss, does you know Mistah Latham?"

Winter came on and the quest wore Henry to extreme penury. It was hopeless. Box office girls and curt door men laughed at the somber-faced dorky and told him to "beat it." Henry went home.

But the faithful shall be rewarded.

One day in the busy year of 1920 LeRoy Latham, sitting in his office overlooking Bryant Park, had a flash back of memory to his motion picture days, and Henry. He called a secretary.

"Letter to Henry Southall—don't know the address, just make it Henry Southall, colored, Norfolk, Virginia. Maybe the post-office will find him."

Four days later Henry came bowing and smiling into the offices of the Latham Lithograph Company. He has been employed there ever since.

"If the boss an' me'd a stayed in this fillum business we'd be billionaires right now," says Henry. "But I'm satisfied."

AT Christmas time Henry goes out "to de big house" of the Lathams at Plandome, Long Island, to share in the holiday largess, as in the golden days in the Old South.

Shortly after LeRoy Latham started the exploitation of the eidoloscope in Virginia a showing opened in Boston, with indifferant success, and in Chicago at the Olympic Theater. William Selig, then at work on his own projection machine in Peck Court, was in the first audience, September, 1895. He got a sample of the film used in the Latham machine, about three feet of the Duncan Ross-Ernest Roerber wrestling match. This is still among Mr. Selig's treasured archives and is probably the only bit of Latham film in existence.

In Washington Thomas Armat and C. Francis Jenkins had completed their first successful machines for the Cotton States Exposition at Atlanta. They made three projectors, anticipating an increasing business after the first showing. They had heard nothing informative of the Latham showings.

Shortly after Armat arrived in Atlanta, in September, for the opening of the exposition and his motion picture concession, he found Grey Latham there with an eidoloscope. The Latham exhibit was not at the exposition but at a store room downtown.

The Armat-Jenkins motion picture machine, equipped with Edison films, took up its stand in a little shedlike theater next door to the Hagenbeck animal show.

Chief among the items of the program

was a film depicting the graces of "Annabelle the Dancer." It was made at the Edison "Black Maria" in West Orange. This picture, often discussed in picture annuals, has for many years been erroneously attributed to other sources. Verification may be found in the first Edison film catalogue, included among the exhibits of early day patent suits in the federal courts.

THE show at the Cotton States Exposition met a skeptical audience. The first crowd bolted when the lights were turned out to darken the screen for the pictures. A barker was employed to invite the public to "come in free—you can pay when you go out if you are satisfied." Everyone paid who entered, but few entered.

The show was just in a fair way to start drawing a real patronage when a fire, starting at night from an overturned torch in a nearby cotton exhibit, swept that end of the exposition and severely damaged the picture show. It was closed.

But shortly before the fire Jenkins departed for Washington, taking with him one of the projection machines. He went on to his home in Richmond, Indiana, where he gave that village its first showing of motion pictures. The Richmond Telegram of Wednesday, October 30, 1895, told with enthusiasm of the showing of the night before and ventured to say that the new invention "has a fortune in it." Previous references to this early day showing setting the date in June of 1894, misleading many writers, are incorrect.

Back in Washington, in November, differences arose between Armat and Jenkins. Armat's brothers who had financed the unsuccessful Atlanta showing faced a loss. In the settlement of claims and controversies, to conserve their interests they accepted Jenkins' offer to sell his share in the pending Armat-Jenkins applications for patents. The application in question covered the "Boston gear machine" made in August. Jenkins sold his interest for \$2,500. A long fight and a great deal more investment was ahead of the Armats before they were to win a profit.

Meanwhile Thomas Armat set to work to improve his machine. A number of new models were made. Among the important improvements was a method of producing slack in the film to take up the shocks of the beater which jerked the picture through the machine.

After proper patent applications had been made Armat again set determinedly at the problem of getting his machine on the market. He wrote to Raff & Gammon, the Edison selling agents who handled the kinetoscope distribution.

A reply came from F. R. Gammon. "We doubt that you have a successful machine to project pictures as the Edison people have tried to make one and have not succeeded."

"Come at my expense and I will show you," Armat wired.

On the eighteenth day of December, 1895, the skeptical Gammon arrived at Armat's office in Washington.

The shades were pulled down and to the rhythmic hum of the beater machine Annabelle danced on the wall.

When the showing was over Armat had a contract with Raff & Gammon to supply projection machines, while the film for them was to come from the Edison establishment.

The real history of the screen had begun. But there were mighty complications looming just ahead.

(To be continued)

The Dust Flower

(Concluded from page 45)

"Do you know where my wife has gone—or why?"

She stared at him.

"Oh!" she said. "Rash—can't you see it had to end? This mad business was ruining you—"

"So—you did drive her away?"

"If you choose to put it so—I made her see the truth—"

He turned from her, raging. And Steptoe came to him.

"If you follow that man, Mr. Rash—"

"Of course—get a cab—!"

The Dust Flower

NARRATED, by permission, from the Goldwyn photoplay by Basil King. Directed by Rowland V. Lee, with the following cast:

- Letty Gravely....Helene Chadwick
- Rashleigh Allerton....James Rennie
- Barbara Walbrook..Mona Kingsley
- Steptoe.....Claude Gillingwater
- Flack.....Edward Peil
- Ott.....George Periolat

Once more Rashleigh Allerton moved in a haze. But this time he knew what moved him. Gone was the obsession of his false love for Barbara. He knew that only Letty mattered, in all the world. He stormed into Ott's place. Ott, frightened, gave way before Allerton, and pointed to the yard.

"Her father—talking to her—out there—"

It was a red mist of rage that clouded his eyes now. He saw Flack, whip in hand; Letty, dressed as the girls in the vile resort were dressed, lying, moaning at his feet. Then vengeance descended upon Flack. And in the sheer joy of battle Rashleigh Allerton emerged from the mists of self deception and of doubt.

It was in the arms of her lover and her husband that Letty opened her eyes at last—to know that he was carrying her to the home from which she need never fly again.

Paper Film?

LABORATORY and technical departments of the Hollywood studios are much interested in a new invention recently brought to their attention which claims to present a paper film for making motion pictures. The invention is that of two young foreigners and is being investigated by experts with a great deal of attention.

If it proves successful, it will mean much more than a mere novelty.

At present, motion pictures are made on a celluloid film which is very expensive. If a paper print could be turned out at low cost, it would beyond a doubt revolutionize the entire motion picture industry. A paper film could probably be bought for a few dollars, where a celluloid one costs hundreds.

Projection machines, while they are expensive, can be bought for little more than the cost of a phonograph or an electrical piano. So people would soon be able to have motion pictures in their homes, buying the films as they now buy rolls for the player piano or records for the phonograph.

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HYGLO individual preparations and sets (at 50c, \$1.50, \$3.00) are sold at department, drug and specialty stores. If not easily procurable, we'll handle your order by mail. A small sample, with helpful booklet, "For the Hands of a Lady", will be sent upon receipt of 2cin stamps.

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The Girl Who Was Too Beautiful

(Continued from page 21)

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or
Seasick?

Be guided by the experience of thousands of travelers the world over and use

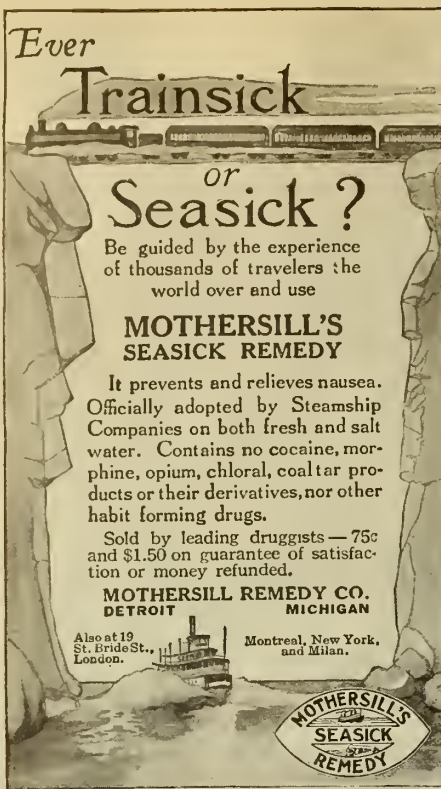
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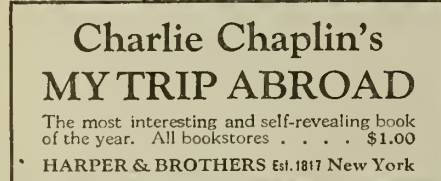
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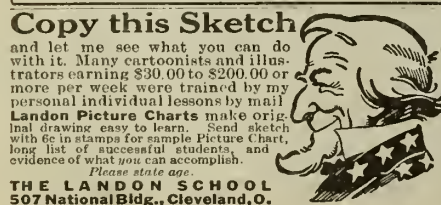
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the city, after a courtship that lasted three days. There was a wedding supper at the bride's home—a bride so marvelously lovely in her simple white dress that the guests were speechless before her.

And a bride, who, when the rural gaieties were over, clung an instant to her father, kissed her mother, and followed her new husband out into the night, glad in a strange, newly-awakened way of the beauty she might bring him as a wedding gift.

But the nemesis that hung above her beauty trailed her light footsteps even here.

Three days later it was discovered that the man had a legal wife, who, waiting anxiously at home with her three children for his return, had seen the license in the paper.

Utterly crushed and broken-hearted, the child bride, who was not a bride, hid herself and her shame and grief from the world. She could not be found.

The man, went home to his wife. He declared he remembered nothing of the marriage, that the girl's beauty had cast a spell over him under which he suffered complete amnesia.

For two days then I helped a frantic father search for his girl. He was an old man. He felt that he should have protected the child more carefully. He blamed himself. And when at last we found her, hidden like some stricken thing in the home of a married woman friend, her dark hair down to her knees, her face white as sea-foam, he took her into his arms as though she had been six and someone had broken her doll.

A week later, the man she had married was declared by doctors to be suffering from a permanent mental disorder, as the result of a blood clot. His obsession was the face of the Too Beautiful Girl. He seemed bewitched by her loveliness. They operated, hoping to remove the clot that caused the pressure.

He died on the operating table.

It was that experience, for she had loved him and she had seen the wife and three babies whom she had so unknowingly wronged, which first stirred the mind behind that beautiful face. The depth of an emotional nature, of a hunger for life and experience that today is a tremendous artistic force, drove her to seek for the things she hardly knew existed—for love, beauty, color, study, people, culture, emotion.

Her family had moved to El Centro, a little town on the desert in Imperial Valley. A raw town then, without a single advantage, without beauty, without anything to offer a nature yearning for new food, a nature beginning to unfold as a rose blooms.

So the girl left home and went to Los Angeles to find work.

But her father was a man and he knew something of the effect of a face like hers upon other men. He was afraid for her, in his timid, ineffectual way. He followed her, begged her to come home. She loved him, too, but she thought of the desert, the loneliness, and she refused to go back.

She had forgotten that she still wasn't of age.

Her father went to the juvenile authorities. He asked them to send her home and to force her to stay home.

And the kindly, wise old judge looked into that face, with its great sea-green, mist-gray, pansy-purple eyes, its carved scarlet lips, the rich, black hair against the pearl skin—and sent her home.

As soon as she was eighteen she started again to find work.

Like Helen of Troy, her face had launched

tragedy—had spelled disaster. No matter how innocent she had been, the fact remained.

She couldn't find work. Nobody wanted her. They were afraid. Even the movies were superstitious about her. It was all very well to be beautiful—but not *too* beautiful.

Cabarets were not so fussy. She learned to dance.

Later came vaudeville.

She is now living very quietly in Hollywood with her sister, almost a recluse. She does not attend parties and her friends are literary people.

I WONDER what you and I would do with our lives if we should suddenly be given the gift of perfect beauty. I wonder if we, with great beauty and little else, would have molded our lives any better than some of the other beautiful women who have made shipwreck?

And I wonder if we would have come back as Barbara La Marr has. The abnormal quality of her beauty began to fade.

She became wise, with the wisdom of women who have grappled with life bare-handed.

She began to write, first very lovely and successful little verse.

Then scenarios.

Under her new name of Barbara La Marr—for that was not her name when she was the Too Beautiful Girl—she wrote a number of excellent screen stories. At last she went into the scenario department at Fox.

Always, in the back of her mind, had been the intense desire to act. Much as she liked her writing, and she was very clever at it, it was not the thing she wanted most to do.

She made the break. Her first part was with Fox. Her next with Anita Stewart in "Harriet and the Piper." She has made seven pictures altogether, including the "Musketeers" and the forthcoming Ingram production "The Prisoner of Zenda," in which she plays *Antoinette*.

She is now making "Black Orchids"—a play and a rôle which should establish her as one of the great young dramatic actresses of the screen. I believe Rex Ingram thinks it will make her the greatest.

Her beauty is indisputably tempered, though even now most women would love to look as she looks.

But a woman might be the biggest dumb-bell in creation and still she could not live the life that Barbara La Marr has lived without learning and knowing a great deal—a great deal about emotion, about men and women, about life and philosophy and human nature.

About suffering. About elemental emotions. About joy.

I don't know how you will feel about this bit of life.

But I, for one, am willing to stand uncovered before it.

Because I still uncover before suffering that the outward circumstances of life force upon the innocent, the scheme of drama that sends us things before we are ready for them.

I do not salute the waste and fall and wreckage sheer physical beauty often makes—the map of empires it shifts.

But I am willing to salute the unconquerable soul of a girl who can beat her own destiny and with her bare hands climb back up the cliff over which life has thrown her.

If women have progressed, if we have gained that tremendous sense of justice which is the essential of life in and for the world, as women, we ought to be very

(Concluded on page 107)

The Girl Who Was Too Beautiful

(Concluded)

proud of Barbara La Marr and the thing she has made of herself.

Not a success. That can be achieved in too many ways.

But a great actress—for we cannot dispute the word of men like Rex Ingram and Fred Niblo.

Barbara La Marr owes nothing to anyone but herself.

She had neither the training nor the character to use her beauty to advantage when it was at its height.

She came through tragedy—humiliation—fire.

When her beauty lost its stupendousness, when her chance came to avoid the limelight and the drama, she did it.

Some of the ships she launched were shipwrecked. But those she cared to save, she has saved.

It is one of the oldest theories in the world that knowledge of life makes great acting—really great acting. From the heart that has suffered every woe in the world, that has mounted every peak of joy. From the mind that has tasted raw every sort of loneliness and hurt and betrayal and anguish, that has whirled before the scarlet and joy of perfect bliss. From that heart comes acting such as Duse and Bernhardt and Rachel and Siddons gave the world.

Laughter that has tinkled in the face of pelting stones. Tears that have flowed before the quicksilver of joy. These things, say many great authorities, ripen into art and acting that are beyond the mummer and the technician.

There are not many girls among our screen stars who have these things.

Oddly enough, most of them began so young, most of them have known very little of real life.

Most of them understand merely the technique of it.

They have never *felt* the things they have to portray.

But Barbara La Marr is different.

She starts with a very different training.

It will be interesting to see what she does. If she proves the theory to be right. If she goes beyond the mark set by the others who have not known life face to face as she has.

And, do you know, I rather think she will.



Famous Betty Blythe, lovely "Queen of Sheba," likes Neet best of all to keep underarm silken-smooth and skin daintily free of hairgrowth. Velvety Neet, soothing and fragrant, ready for use as it comes, swiftly erases all annoying hair. Neet is the only comfortable remover of armpit hair, and its use there allays distressing perspiration—chiefly due to the morbid hairgrowth! Neet makes your skin like satin, and never fails to delight its user. Regular size 50c, 60c in Canada, at all drug and department stores, or if you wish first to prove its wonderful results, send 20c for a liberal trial size to Hannibal Pharmacal Company, 659 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Neet

Wisdom From the Poets

THE poets help out amazingly at times. It is in times of greatest puzzlement when what to do seems almost unanswerable, that this splendid bit of verse from Charles Kingsley comes as first aid:

Do the thing that's nearest,
Though it's rough at whites.
Helping when you meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles.

Here is another, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind,
Is all this sad world needs.

There is guidance enough here for a lifetime.—*Ohio State Journal.*

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Higher Criticism

"ARTS going to the dogs," remarked the High Brow. "And the motion picture is responsible."

"How come?" inquired the Human Being, with one eye cocked longingly on the poster at the entrance to the Criterion Theater.

"That," went on the High Brow, disdainfully, metaphorically stilettoing the aforesaid innocent poster with his long, skinny index finger; "that is the nadir of dramatic depravity."

"As bad as that?" said the Human Being. "Dear, dear! It does sound fierce, don't it?" But his voice had the absent-minded tone of one who is wondering where he has left his vest pocket dictionary.

"In the patois of the street," said the High Brow, "Bill Hart is the bunk."

"Why, now, I thought he was rather good," said the Human Being, in the apologetic way one has when his bosom friend overhears the wife say she just won't cook dinner for that bum—so there.

"Ah, that's because your taste has been vitiated by long contamination." The High Brow spoke now without a trace of anger. His pity was of the gentlest. "But you should know that the very poorest spoken drama is higher art than the (so-called) best film."

"I dunno," said the Human Being, dubiously. "I went to a burlesque show last week, and—"

"Man," broke in the High Brow savagely; "you need education from the very beginning. Come in and I'll instruct you in the faults of this performance."

"I'm game," said the Human Being, with snappy alacrity.

It was a pastoral scene that met their gaze on the screen.

Already the brow of the villain was lowering like a storm cloud upon the lives of a rustic couple who were exchanging happy greetings. And to make certain that this fact got home, the sub-title said so, too.

"Now, that's all wrong," ejaculated the High Brow. "The audience should be left to find that out for itself."

"Uh-huh," acquiesced the Human Being, hastily, like one who hates to be disturbed. "Somn fierce, Lizzie," muttered a flapper behind them, dexterously juggling a hunk of Wrigley's between her teeth. "That nut's readin' the titles out aloud."

The High Brow swallowed the insult and glued his eyes on the screen. Stolidly, like a red man at the stake, he endured the

torture, without a whimper, past the middle of the play.

The action was moving forward with the irresistible impetuosity of a cyclone. Not even an asthmatic fat man wheezed. A bit of film had hypnotized the emotions of two thousand people.

Things were growing tenser and tenser. The orchestra turned on the notes of terror. The villain had the heroine covered with his revolver, her beautiful face—beautiful still in the face of death—suffused with tears. There came an interruption. A little child's innocent smile stayed the assassin's hand.

The High Brow's soul was wrung to the core. "That's awful," he groaned, "it isn't true to human nature."

"Say, Liz," said the Wrigley expert, masticating loudly between words, in his ear, "we've got one of them there critics in our midst."

"Uh-huh," agreed Liz, "and so impolite he ain't got sense enough to keep his mouth shut."

A deep silence followed, save for the low moaning of the orchestra and the excited gnashing of gum.

As the villain hesitated in his dirty work of revenge, entered Bill Hart, amid the plaudits of the High Brow's fellow spectators.

Bill's advent was the signal for the quick turning of the tables—a battle royal, a shot in the air, a sudden downfall of all wickedness—i. e. the villain—followed humor, laughter, light hearts, kisses. Fadeout. The show was over.

Out in the open, the Human Being surreptitiously wiped his glasses. Pictures always makes my eyes red, he needlessly explained. But the High Brow didn't heed him.

"Wasn't that impossible?" he demanded, furiously. Whether he meant the film or the crushing of his higher criticism under the heel of a crude and illiterate proletariat, he didn't elucidate.

"I dunno," persisted the Human Being, stubbornly, "I thought it was a good show."

And then goaded to desperation by all this mad obtuseness, the High Brow fairly roared:

"What's the use of throwing pearls before swine?"

"Um," meditated the Human Being aloud, "there's such a thing as a swine before pearls, too."

But the High Brow had evaporated.

Aristotle and the Kitchen Stove Drama

RICHARD WALTON TULLY, who has written and produced many of our most successful, as well as our most spectacularly beautiful, plays says he has "low brow convictions."

"Aristotle, thousands of years ago, taught what I consider the true principles of drama," Mr. Tully states. "He said that every play should have six elements—that it should have Character, Plot, Diction, Song, Thought, and Spectacular movements. And he was right—though certain so-called high brows do not agree with him."

Mr. Tully says that the self confessed high brow is afraid of what he calls melodrama. That he is afraid of the spectacular, and of emotion. His plays are built around the little sordid incidents of life—the drab domestic tragedy, the brief comedy of mono-

tones, the suppressed romance of the kitchen stove and the darning basket.

"I think," he says simply, "that people need something different—a relief. People need sunshine, flowers, music. They need the high spots, the vivid brightness, the warm colors. That is what I have tried to give them in my plays."

Well known producers said Mr. Tully's "The Bird of Paradise" would fail because no one had ever—at that time—done a drama of Hawaii. People didn't know what a ukulele was, or what "Alhoa" meant—then. But "The Bird of Paradise" did not fail. It furnished a starring vehicle, instead, for such actresses as Bessie Bariscale, Leonore Ulrich and Laurette Taylor. It was the same with "The Rose of the Rancho" and with "Omar the Tentmaker." Also "The Masquerader."

New American Beauty

(Concluded from page 27)

est tragedienne? Lillian Gish.

A little, slender, blonde thing, almost a child.

Beyond a question, it was Mr. Griffith's little galaxy of beauty and talent that first began to effect this great change.

Mary, Norma Talmadge, a really great beauty as well as a splendid actress, lovely, exquisite Blanche Sweet—to my mind the most attractive woman we have ever had on the screen—Lillian and her little flame-like sister, Dorothy Gish, the Constance Talmadge of the mountain girl in "Intolerance," spiritual, pathetic little Mae Marsh, who under Griffith's direction has given the screen some of its greatest performances, dark, soft-eyed Miriam Cooper.

All of the new school. All small, slender, soft, essentially feminine.

They broke upon us like a set of dazzling comets.

MR. GRIFFITH sensed, for he tells me that he never thought consciously about it, that in those early days the screen would be best served by small women.

While he established no definite type—there is the widest possible range for example between Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge—he did establish certain distinctly new characteristics, the chief of these apparently being smallness of stature and femininity.

Gloria Swanson is only five feet tall.

All the successful idols of the screen today are very small women.

And this influence has permeated and altered our whole conception of American beauty.

Mary Miles Minter, Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, Viola Dana, Corinne Griffith, Mabel Normand, Lila Lee, Madge Bellamy, Edna Purviance, Marie Prevost, Mary Thurman, Mae Murray, Marion Davies, May Collins, Alice Terry, Florence Vidor, Marjorie Daw, Doris May, Mildred Davis, Colleen Moore, Helen Ferguson even the dramatic and dynamic Priscilla Dean, Constance Binney, who is even smaller than Miss Pickford, while they differ in many ways, follow the new Griffith tradition of small, very feminine beauty.

Of the great stage actresses, who have come to the screen, the really successful ones have all been small and appealing. Nazimova is just over five feet. Pauline Frederick is very small. Marguerite Clark and Billie Burke are typical ingenues—Miss Burke probably could claim to be the greatest ingenue we have ever produced in this country.

Katherine MacDonald is very large. But she has never established her claim to being the American Beauty of the screen, despite admirers.

Her face is lovely, but her coldness and the awkwardness of her movements have told against her with audiences which subconsciously had accepted Mr. Griffith's new ideals.

Betty Blythe is probably the only tall woman to have made a big hit—but that was only in one picture, and her size has always told against Betty and kept her from doing many things.

Even Theda Bara, of ancient memory, was a small woman.

These are the women, these idols of the screen, who are seen year in and year out by millions of people in every city and village of the United States.

They are admired, discussed, absorbed, and followed by the nation.

They have influenced our whole national thought about our own women.

And as American films are shown everywhere abroad, they, too, must be having considerable influence in foreign countries.

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When I resigned my U. S. Army commission on July 19, 1919, I discovered that I was dead broke. Uncle Sam handed me a bonus of \$60. From this small start I am now the head of a \$100,000.00 corporation and another \$25,000.00 corporation. I am going to make more money than ever and I you can help me while learning the secret of my success.

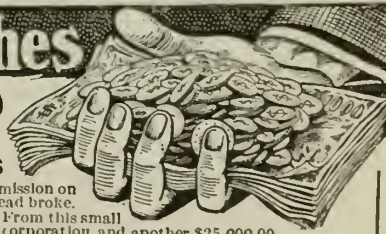
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WRITER'S DIGEST
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They Can't Fool the Public

(Continued from page 47)

endeavors to portray character with all accuracy within his power. Because of this standard there have been occasions during my five years of interviewing for this publication when I found it impossible to do an assignment. Perhaps the subject seemed to me so devoid of merit that I could find no high lights to relieve the shadows, and rather than paint an unpleasant character I refrained entirely. Or, perhaps,—and it does happen now and then,—I felt such an intense admiration and respect for a person that if I told my true impression I would be accused of being laudatory if not downright fulsome.

Publicity is a tremendous force in developing the value of a star, but it must have material with which to work. Only a very small part of the public can be fooled all the time. Fortunes have been expended in publicity and in lavish productions to force a player into favor—but to no avail. You can stuff a ballot box but you can't stuff a boxoffice. Here is one democratic institution where the public will prevail.

PRODUCERS have lost fortunes in gambling upon stellar potentialities. Oftentimes they have picked actresses of beauty and average ability who appeared to be good bets but who failed to receive public endorsement. Why? They lacked character. They hadn't that something within which gives individuality and holds interest. Physically they might be as beautiful as Mary Pickford or Lillian Gish; they might even have as much acting ability as those stars had a few years ago; but they haven't that most precious of assets which both Miss Pickford and Miss Gish possess—lovable character.

Occasionally I have been perplexed upon meeting a star who on the screen is distinguished for certain likable traits, but who off screen seems to be of entirely different character. But upon coming to know such a one more intimately I have found that the real is shown to the camera while the artificial is worn at home. In a word, he is himself on the screen; off-screen he is an actor.

Sometimes, too, certain traits of a player's nature may be so emphasized on the screen that you almost overlook other qualities.

This was an error I made in regard to Mabel Normand. I thought of her as a roistering hoyden, pert and cocky, but not subtly charming. Perhaps I had not devoted very much attention to her because she was not one of my favorites. Then I met Miss Normand. Expecting little to entice me, I found much. Through knowing her off screen I have become an intense admirer of her on the screen. Of all the models in the Hollywood ateliers Miss Normand's seems to me the most captivating. That is because she has the qualities which I like—spontaneity, loyalty, tolerance, generosity, a brilliant mind and a lightning wit.

Another alert personality is Norma Talmadge: a warm and genuine one which the camera treats with consideration. She is a creature of moods; that is why she is able to express young girlhood in one picture and mature and dignified womanhood in the next. Her actual self—which her family and friends know—is warm-hearted, generous impulsive, mischievous, unassuming. In fact, there is no celebrity who has so little veneer as Norma, excepting Mabel Normand. The proof that she is herself very much like her screen personality is that her work has matured

with her, becoming more finished and less fiery with the seasons.

Viola Dana plays herself on the screen. She is the eternal flapper, the expression of flippant Young America. Her sister, Shirley Mason, is more serious, more boyish than her celluloid shadow. There is an unexpected sprightliness in the real Rubye de Remer, whose film performances would lead one to expect an aloof dignity. Gloria Swanson is actually a petite, reserved person; there is nothing in the least demilleish about her. The close observer of the screen can easily detect this. Marion Davies, Priscilla Dean, Constance Talmadge, Betty Compton—all express after office hours the same qualities which their screen work reveals, in greater or lesser degrees.

Down in our hearts we all have a tremendous regard for certain virtues. Some of us prefer a sense of humor to all else; others demand sincerity first. Each has certain pet virtues, and the star who appears to have these becomes a favorite. Thus you adore Mary Pickford because you see in her face the reflection of sweet womanliness and consideration for others. Or you may worship Lillian Gish for her fragile loveliness and spirituelle. Or Mabel Normand for her droll impudence, her quick wit and her air of *bonhomie*.

If you like them for these qualities you will not be disappointed upon meeting them. On the contrary you will find their charm enhanced with personal contact.

But the mistake which an idol-worshiper too often makes is in attributing all the virtues to his favorite. He likes a star for certain very human qualities and ends by expecting that star to be a divinity without a blemish.

Stars sometimes undergo a change of character. Very few mortals can remain adamant to flattery. And I find—alas, alack!—that 'tis the male of the movie species who is the more susceptible. A matinee idol quite often listens to sycophantic droolings until he becomes persuaded that he really is a superman and that the earth is operated solely because he is on it. But about the time he has reached such a conviction he experiences an awful crash and has to pick himself up from the debris, brush off a little vanity and seek a job in vaudeville.

Was the public mistaken about him all along? Probably not. At the outset he doubtlessly was a likable fellow with certain claims to merit, but success turned his head and he changed completely. Noting the change, the public simply declared a referendum and gently, but definitely, booted him off the pedestal.

I HAVE heard numerous votaries remark that a certain idol of the present is manifesting undue conceit. These, you may be sure, are the first rumors of that idol's impending doom.

The reason Wallace Reid has endured so long with both men and women is his frank geniality and his devil-may-care air. He doesn't appear to take himself very seriously. Unless you know actors you cannot appreciate what a relief it is to find one who does not brood over himself and his future.

Thomas Meighan has gained a tremendous following in the last year. Here, again, is absolute proof of the public's perspicacity. Thomas is the regular, sane, all-round man that everyone—particularly men—like to see come out on top.

Antonio Moreno, despite his fiery Spanish temperament, is another one who de-

(Concluded on page 111)

They Can't Fool the Public

(Concluded)

spises conceit. He once bawled out a fellow actor who was manifesting airs. "Why should we be conceited?" he shouted. "If it weren't for the movies we'd be making about fifty a week. There's a lot of good bookkeepers making only that much."

You would not be disappointed in James Kirkwood were you to meet him outside the studio. The same qualities which he shows on the screen are apparent in real life. He is a man's man; he takes his work seriously, for he doesn't "think he is good;" but he refuses to take himself seriously. He can be disconcerted by a compliment.

Then again I have watched another star pass from nonentity to fame and have observed the marked character change. From a genial young man with diversified interests he has developed in a few short years into a selfish, egotistical bore, without any sense of humor and with no interest in anything that does not directly pertain to himself. How long before this mental attitude becomes obvious to screen spectators I cannot say, but it is bound eventually to show, and then the decline in popularity will set in.

Here we find a reason for the clamorous demand for new faces. We haven't tired of all the old ones, but we have tired of certain particular ones who have not kept the faith. We often catch ourselves saying that we liked a certain star a few years ago when she was fresh and unspoiled. But now she doesn't seem the same. It may be that she had little to offer and that little has become monotonous, but it is quite as likely that she actually has changed in character.

Certainly we have not tired of Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, Mabel Normand, Charlie Chaplin, and other old favorites. On the contrary they have developed mentally and histrionically and their drawing power has developed in proportion. These artists have not let down in the presence of wealth and fame, but have appreciated and guarded the trust which the public has imposed in them.

We all admire beauty, but we don't love it with the enduring love that we give to character.

The face that all Americans love, more than any other, perhaps, is a very homely face. The face of Abraham Lincoln.

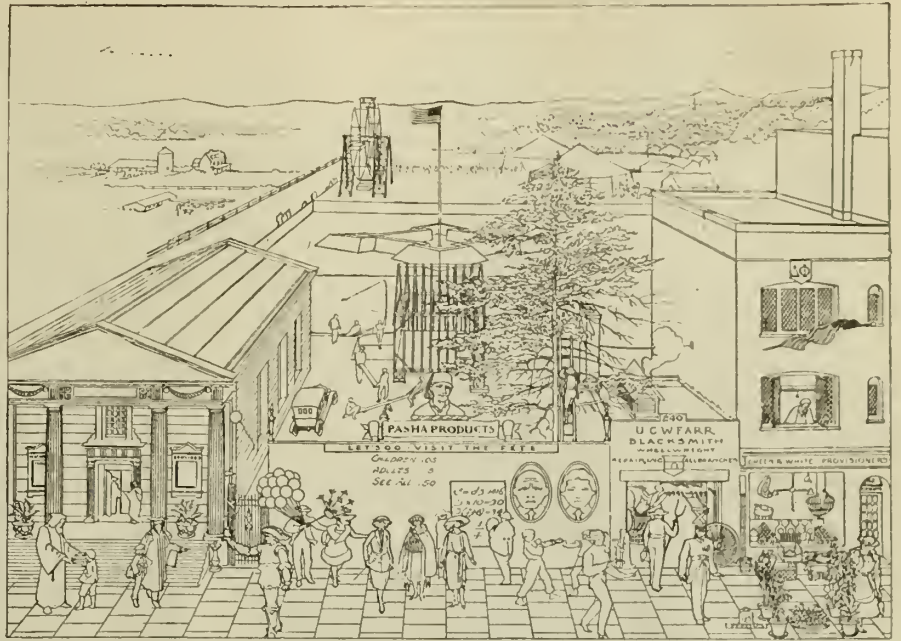
The Cinema's Chance

PERHAPS 5,000 persons in the United States knew Alexander Dumas' great historic novel, "The Three Musketeers," a few months ago. At the time, some months hence, when Douglas Fairbanks' photoplay version of the tale is finally packed away in a film storehouse, 25,000,000 persons or more will know D'Artagnan and his sweetheart, Constance, hero and heroine of the tale. Dumas' novel has been before the public 77 years. It is one of the standard classics, but in pictures Douglas Fairbanks has told the story to more people than all who have read it since the book first left the presses. The fact merely re-emphasizes the great opportunity for education which the motion picture offers.—*Grand Rapids Herald*.

"HOW do you manage to sell so many fireless cookers?"
"It's due to my method of approach," said the smart salesman. "I begin my little talk by saying, 'Madame, I have called to enable you to spend every afternoon at the movies.'"—*Birmingham Age Herald*.

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Rules

1. Use only one side of paper. The names of objects must be numbered 1, 2, 3, etc. Your full name and address must be written on each page in upper right hand corner. Write nothing else on sheets with list.
2. Obsolete, Hyphenated, Compound words, or words formed by the combination of two or more nouns, or words not given in Webster's International Dictionary will count against your list.
3. An object may only be named once but its parts may also be named.
4. Either the singular or the plural of a word may be used but not both. The same spelling of a word may only be used once.
5. Every F word correctly used will count for and every F word incorrectly used or misspelled will count against the list.
6. The full amount of any prize will be awarded to tying contestants.
7. Lists will be judged by three persons having no connection with Parvin-Shaw Company.
8. Contest closes June 20, 1922. Envelopes containing answers must be postmarked not later than this date.
9. At the close of the contest the list winning first prize and names of the prize winners will be mailed to all purchasers; also to anyone else on request.
10. Only one prize to a family or to a group working together.
11. Address answers to Parvin-Shaw Company, 17-19-21 South 17th Street, Philadelphia.

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Jackie Turns Author

(Concluded from page 40)

It said Charles Rays and William d mills and I were the only nice ones in pictures. I want to say Charlie Chaplin is the best man in the world. He is worth both of them put together. Why did not they put him in.

Charlie Chaplin is the best actor in the world. Douglas Fairbanks is next, Mary Pickford is next.

Our cook's name is Geneva. Is not that a funny name.

I am glad my name is not Geneva. miss Newell is reading to me in a book that is called The Jungle Book. It is by a man named Kipling. It is the best book in the world.

There is a girl lives across the street from our new house.

Her name is Ione Buxton. She is ten. I like pretty girls. I like Ione. She is ten years old.

Moody says I must be honest. I did not write this all by myself. miss Newell helped me. I told her what I thought to say. She spelled it out for me.

I could not do so good alone. It has tookend me all afternoon. I am glad it is done.

I am glad I do not have to do it again until next month.

Good-bye.



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It's Water proof

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Universal
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Use Liquid Lashlux to bead and darken your lashes instantly. Moisture has no effect on this wonderful new liquid—it will not run or smear even after swimming.

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YOU have often wondered why some folks are more attractive than others. You have often heard remarked "How beautiful she is" or "What a handsome man." Yet have you ever stopped to consider the cause? Well dressed hair with that soft, glossy, well groomed appearance adds charm and attraction so becoming to stars of the stage and screen.

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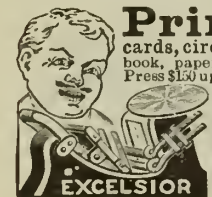
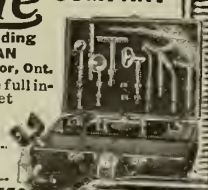
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Bonehead Censorship

ONE wonders what sort of a brain is possessed by the average censor. It must be a strange and terrible thing—that brain. Of a thick, drab-colored substance. And completely surrounded by bone. And not too clean, either.

No normal brain could, for instance, rule against the word "darkie" as used in a subtitle. Said subtitle was supposed to be the expression of a certain Virginia gentleman and he used the word in referring to his farm hands. And yet the Chicago censors ruled that it should be changed to "negroes." No Virginia gentleman would call his farm hands "negroes"—of that we're fairly sure. And yet the word "darkie" has a pleasant sound. It calls up thoughts of plantations, and moonlight, and the soft strumming of banjos. The word occurs in a thousand songs and poems—well known and well loved. Surely there is nothing derogatory suggested in it!

In Kansas, "The Sheik"—which ran to an overwhelming capacity in New York City—was voted down by the censorship board, although the mayor of Kansas City and the rector of that same city's Episcopal church had passed it at a private showing. In Pasadena "The Affairs of Anatol" was also the subject of a controversy, but the anti-censorship faction won—by taking the matter to court.

In Portland, Ore., "Paying the Piper," a picture with an excellent moral, was kept from the public for no given reason. And so it goes.

There must be something strange about censors—leaving the question of brains out of it. Perhaps they have never heard the old French motto—"Honi soit que mal y pense." Or that other, just as old, one—"Unto the pure all things are pure."

"WHO was the poet who wrote about 'man's inhumanity to man'?" asked Mr. Bibbles, in a choking voice.

"I don't recall," said Mr. Jagsby. "What reminded you of that quotation?"

"I've just discovered that I paid \$10 for a quart of cold tea."

Don't Worry About Your Ankles

There is no need to tell you of the vital importance of shapely ankles. You know that your ankles mark you. There are many women who are afraid of the pitiless publicity of the present day styles. If you are not proud of your ankles send for



Bonne Forme Ankle Reducers

Easily worn at night, they give definite rest and comfort to tired, aching feet and ankles. BONNE FORME SHAPES YOUR ANKLES TO THE CORRECT LINES. You know that your ankles mark you. There are many women who are afraid of the pitiless publicity of the present day styles. If you are not proud of your ankles send for

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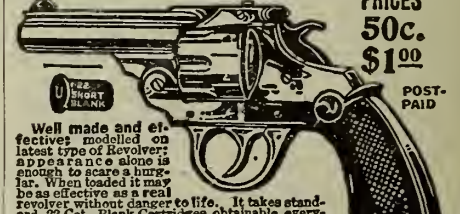


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MISS VAN WYCK SAYS:

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 56 and 57.

SUSAN B., HARTFORD, CONN.—The Paisley shawl effect is not new now. But if you are so keen about it, I should not let that influence me. Many of us are too eager to be absolutely up to the minute. If a certain style particularly becomes you, why worry if it is not exactly *le dernier cri de Paris*? That is one of the chief charms of Lillian Gish's frocks. They are always smart, but they have an old-fashioned quaintness about them which makes them adaptable always. You will, I am certain, want more than one of the patterns of the dresses in this issue, designed for Miss Gish by Le Bon Ton.

DOROTHY A., LETHBRIDGE, ALTA.—Yes—bob your hair. It cannot possibly do it any harm and it will probably do it good. Use a good tonic, too, and massage, and I think you will find it helps. And don't curl it, whatever you do. I daresay that has been the trouble.

GERALDINE, NORTH ADAMS, MASS.—I think seventeen is a suitable age to put up your hair for the first time. If you are inclined to plumpness, do not wear bouffant skirts by any means. The straight line frocks would be much better for you. And by the way, try doing your hair so that you show your forehead. It will give a more becoming line.

GERTRUDE, CANADA.—I wouldn't wear one of the "choker" furs this season if I were you. They are not good. The fuller scarf effects are better, and you can buy one very reasonable. They are showing, in the fur shops here, some beautiful shades of fox, some of which are quite inexpensive. I should not attempt to buy a fur if I could not afford a good one. It doesn't pay to purchase cheap furs. Stone and baum martens and squirrel are good.

MARIAN M., NEW YORK CITY.—I think you are very wise not to follow the more extreme styles, no matter what your friends do. The brightly colored tweed, or near-tweed suits, the rakish hats, the flappy shoes, and the scarfs that a few girls have been wearing in Manhattan are overdone. You may be tailored and still retain your feminine charm. Don't get a sports suit unless you can get a good one, and have it well fitted. An ill-fitting suit is the most distressing garment I know of! Capes are being worn—indeed yes. A graceful cape is always charming.

LILLIAN, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.—Your evening frock should be of taffeta or georgette, not an elaborate sequined affair. You are too young to wear beaded and decollete gowns. Take your mother with you when you select your frocks, if you intend to shop for it; otherwise go over the various frocks which have been designed by Le Bon Ton for film stars and which have been appearing in PHOTOPLAY beginning in the March issue; and send for the patterns of those you like.

MURIEL.—Of the frocks in the April issue, I think numbers four, five, and seven would be most becoming to you. I don't like the dress you are wearing in the picture you sent me. Any one of the three frocks would be much more becoming to you. You should also wear your dresses a little longer than you are doing.

MRS. K. K., DULUTH, MINN.—Use a good lemon cream every night, rubbing it well into your skin, then wiping it off. Put on a thin coating before using powder in the morning. A bleaching cream containing lemon or benzoïn cannot possibly do your skin any harm.

(Concluded on page 114)

Statement of Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Photoplay Magazine Published monthly at Chicago, Illinois for April 1, 1922

State of Illinois }
County of Cook }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Robert M. Eastman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary and Treasurer of the Photoplay Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Photoplay Publishing Co., 350 N. Clark Street. Editor, James R. Quirk, 350 N. Clark Street. Managing Editor, none. Business Manager, James R. Quirk, 350 N. Clark Street. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) E. M. Colvin, Chicago, Ill.; R. M. Eastman, Chicago, Ill.; J. B. Quirk, Chicago, Ill.; J. Hodgkins, Chicago, Ill.; Wilsert Shallenberger, Waterloo, Iowa; Photoplay Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

R. M. EASTMAN,
Secretary and Treasurer.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of March, 1921.

(SEAL)

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY,
(My commission expires October 18, 1921.)



GALE KANE
who says "My Necklaces of Deltah Pearls were chosen only after I had compared them with everything the jewelers offered and convinced myself that Deltahs are supreme!"

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You too will find it difficult to adequately describe the charm and purity of your Deltah Pearls.

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A treatment that will remove all Superfluous Hair from the face or any part of the body without leaving a mark on the most delicate skin. Removes entire hair duct. No electric needle, burning caustics or powders used.

Women, tired of experimenting, find that MI-RITA destroys the most stubborn growth. The treatment can be used successfully at home.

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Golden Glint Shampoo

The difference between beautiful hair and ordinary hair is very slight—usually something about its shade, a little something which makes it attractive if present or just ordinary if lacking. Whether your hair is light, medium or dark, it is only necessary to supply this elusive little something to make it beautiful. This can be done. If your hair is dull or lacks lustre—if it is not quite as rich in tone as you would like to have it—you can easily give it that little something it lacks. No ordinary shampoo will do this, for ordinary shampoos do nothing but clean the hair. Golden Glint Shampoo is NOT an ordinary shampoo. It does more than merely clean. It adds beauty—a "tiny tint"—that little something which distinguishes really pretty hair from that which is dull and ordinary. Would you really like to have beautiful hair? Just buy a package of Golden Glint Shampoo. At your dealer's or send 25c direct to *J. W. KOBT COMPANY, 151 Spring St., Seattle.

© J.W.K. Co.

Miss Van Wyck Says

(Concluded from page 113)

MILDRED B., NEW YORK.—The booklet containing the coiffures is on its way to you. I am glad you have decided to take my advice and dispense with the "puffs." Do you take plenty of exercise? If not, I recommend it as the safest and sanest way to keep in good condition. Walk; swim; ride, if possible. Riding is the most exhilarating sport in the world.

ALFREDA, VANCOUVER, B. C.—A tweed or homespun suit is just the thing for you. They come in the various shades of blue, gray, and tan. I would not get one in any of the more conspicuous shades. They are not as practical and do not wear as well. If you will tell me more about yourself I can give you more intelligent advice.

BESSIE, CICERO, ILL.—Thank you for what you say about my department. I am glad if I have helped you in any way. I wish to be of really practical service, and for that reason I like to establish personal contact with my readers. Indeed, I am delighted to hear from you even when you have no questions for me to answer. If your face is small and slender you have a wide choice of coiffures. But take care not to dress your hair too high or too elaborately.

JACQUELINE, DENVER.—If you can have both a suit and a cape, it would be very nice. If, however, you do not care to have both, I would prefer for you a cape. A suit is so practical that I find one almost indispensable. But you say you have a good many dresses, and if you invest in a cape you can wear them. I like gray shoes and stockings. Gray suede strap pumps are pretty.

MARY, INDIANAPOLIS.—So you have always longed for a black evening gown! With lace, too! Well, Mary, I cannot say honestly that I think you should have one, right now, at least. Wouldn't you be content with a pretty blue taffeta, or rose georgette—or even white? These are infinitely more suitable to your type and also, if you'll ever forgive me for calling attention to it—your age. At eighteen you can, I admit, wear black well; but I wouldn't care for a black lace evening dress for the summer, would you? Not unless you can have lots and lots of other frocks to alternate.

MARGARET BOSTWICK, CHICAGO, ILL.—Your aversion to gingham dresses is perplexing. Perhaps it is an ancient prejudice from the childish days when you wore gingham almost exclusively. However, gingham is very popular for day dresses, and trimmed with organdie and adorned with frills they are, I think, delightful. There is a lovely gingham dress designed by Le Bon Ton for Miss Lillian Gish, in this issue. Why not send for the pattern and ask your aunt to make it for you? And I'll wager you will change your mind about gingham!

ELSA B., ORLANDO, FLORIDA.—The practical jersey dresses will always be "good." You can always make good use of the skirts to wear with separate blouses. I agree with you that it would be silly to buy a new sports skirt when you can use the skirt of your jersey two-piece dress. Pumps are not being worn much now. The strapped slippers and oxfords are. I favor the shorter-vamped shoes myself; but it is largely a matter of taste. By the way, there is an attractive blouse in the fashion pages this month.

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Magazines properly illustrate woman's activities,
and mirror like finish comes from using
WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES

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Motion Picture Axioms

ALL ladies wake up in the morning with their make-up in perfect condition, and without a single lock of their immaculate coiffure disarranged.

Every small-town girl who comes to the city in search of fame runs out of money and is ejected from her lodgings on a particularly cold and disagreeable night.

All persons with dual personalities sooner or later look at themselves in the glass, and then proceed viciously to smash the mirror into smithereens.

Whenever a man is wounded the young lady present always binds him up with a bandage torn from the bottom of her petticoat.

The predictions of fortune-tellers invariably come true.

All children have bobbed, fluffy, blond hair, which is at all times becomingly combed and brushed.

All men with Inverness coats and waxed moustaches are seducers.

Playing cards are never used for innocent family diversion, but always as gambling instruments.

All society matrons have voluminous bosoms, wear straight-front corsets, and carry elaborate lognettes hung on a chain which reaches well below their waist-line.

The influence of one week of the simple life on a farm never fails to turn the blackest of criminals into righteousness; God-fearing and benevolent souls, whose one ambition is to do good and to make everyone about them happy.

No important document, valuable paper, or incriminating private letter is ever put in a safe-deposit vault, but is kept in a pigeon-hole of the living-room desk.

All authors, artists and musicians wear tortoise-shell glasses, Windsor ties and black velvet jackets trimmed with braid; and, whether married or single, make suave and elegant love to every personable lady that comes their way.

All proposals of marriage are made with the man and woman standing up facing each other.

No one ever goes to the aid of another at the first call of help. They look first in the direction of the cries, blink their eyes several times, and appear nonplussed. When the second call comes they arise hesitatingly, button the bottom button of their coat, and stand waiting, with raised eyebrows. At the third call they dash to the rescue.

Whenever a man is shot, or meets with a serious accident which renders him unconscious, the young lady in love with him always rushes forward, leaps upon him with all fours, grasps his shoulders with both hands, and proceeds to shake him violently.

All cowboys wear hair-pants, and shave twice a day.

Young men who lose heavily at gambling always forge their father's name to a check and shove the blame onto the poor but honest secretary who is in love with his sister.

There is always a policeman just outside of every house where a crime has been committed, and at least four other policemen within hailing distance.

At all gay parties someone in evening clothes falls into the fountain.

A transfusion of blood, made in an emergency and with no special facilities, is always successful; and five minutes after the operation the patient is able to be up and about.

A crook, when arrested, invariably puts up a fight, whatever the odds against him; and even when handcuffed and in the grip of four Sandows, he struggles so violently that he has to be dragged bodily to the station-house.

Sculptors devote their entire time modeling nymphs in the nude.

Everybody sleeps sitting up in bed, and with most of their clothes on.

No Chinaman ever walks; the sole Chinese method of foot locomotion is a shuffling dog-trot.

A single candle gives forth a steady, diffused light of sufficient intensity and penetration to illuminate clearly every minute detail of a large room.

All nice young girls have curls.

All rich men keep their money in a circular wall-safe hidden behind an oil painting in the library.

A person who has been shot never dies immediately; he clutches his breast, staggers back and forth, writhes and rolls about on the floor for several minutes, and finally turns over on his back with his arms outstretched.

All pure young men who live alone have a pet dog with which they sit in front of a gas fire and converse about needing a woman around the house, calling the dog "old man."

How Many Pounds Would You Like to Gain In a Week?



Scientific Discovery of Vitamines Quickly Builds Up Thin, Scrawny Figures—No Drugs or Dieting—Quick Relief For Tired, Worn-Out People. Sample Sent FREE.

THIN? You needn't be. Now it is possible for anyone to have smooth, full shoulders, rounded neck and a plump, trim figure. Alexander Vitamines, extracted from a wide range of foods, are primarily responsible for converting food into firm flesh and producing new vigor and vitality. Lack of Vitamines in the diet, causes nervousness, loss of weight and vitality, headaches and many deficiency diseases such as skin eruptions and emaciation.

Quick Relief—No Drugs or Dieting. But when Alexander Vitamines are added to the diet, the results are amazing in their rapidity. Within a few days an emaciated, scrawny figure begins to round out—bony angles and ugly hollows disappear. Your weight quickly becomes what it should be according to your height. The flabby, useless tissues which are now a handicap, become firm flesh and muscle—rich, red blood is produced—tasks now wearisome are quickly done because the food you eat is converted into energy.

IMPORTANT:—Alexander Vitamines are not to be confused with "vitamine" products now on the market containing drugs. Alexander Vitamines are pure vitamine concentrates, nothing else, and are widely recommended by physicians.

Gains 3½ Pounds in Four Days

"I gained 3½ pounds the first four days I took Alexander Vitamines and am still gaining. Have increased my weight 9½ pounds and feel like a different person."

Gains 8 Pounds Quickly

"Alexander Vitamines have increased my weight 8 pounds and done wonders for my complexion. They are the first thing I ever tried that put weight on me. I advise every nervous, scrawny woman to take them."

Generous Sample FREE

Send No Money I want everyone to have an opportunity to try ALEXANDER VITAMINES in their own homes at no expense. To introduce these vitamines in a million new homes, I will send a free sample to anyone who will write for it. I want to make it plain that this does not cost a cent, nor does it put you under any obligation whatever. Merely send me your name and address TODAY—a post card will do if you wish. I will send you the sample postpaid absolutely FREE.

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\$4 Puts It At Your Finger-tips
First Payment

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This beautiful machine is the only brand-new, standard, full-size machine with a 4-row, 42-key, 84-character keyboard that you can buy for less than \$100. It comes direct from the factory to you.

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Designed and built by men who have studied typewriter construction for years, tried by every known test, the Annell comes to you as a revelation in typewriter perfection.

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Strength and simplicity are the outstanding qualities of this machine. Here is a modern typewriter with every essential late-style feature and operating convenience. A wonderfully smooth touch and easy action. Will last a business lifetime.

Absolutely Free Trial

We give you ten days to try it out, without cost to you.

A Year to Pay

Then if you like the machine you keep it and pay for it by easy monthly installments. Send coupon today and get complete information. It will pay you.

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Not an Order—Tear Out and Mail Today

ANNELL' TYPEWRITER CO.
 618 No. 230 East Ohio Street, Chicago.
 Send me complete information about the Annell' typewriter. This places me under no obligation.

Improve your Figure

Control Your Nerves—Enjoy Life Be Free from Nagging Pains and Ailments
 How? Correct your posture and strengthen your muscles and nerves by using for a little while this gentle, easy, natural support. Nearly 200,000 have done it with the wonderful

Natural Body Brace

Overcomes weakness and organic ailments of women and men. Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.



Develops Erect Graceful Figure

Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders; develops lungs, chest and bust; relieves backache, curvatures, nervousness, ruptures, constipation, after effects of Flu. Comfortable—easy to wear.



KEEP YOURSELF FIT

EVERY MAN with heavy abdomen, rupture, stooping shoulders, backache, shattered nerves or other spinal trouble should wear my brace.

Wear it 30 Days Free At Our Expense

Write me in confidence today, stating your condition and desires. I will answer quickly and send illustrated booklet, measurement blank and our very liberal proposition.

HOWARD C. RASH, Pres. Natural Body Brace Co.
 330 Rash Building, Salina, Kansas

FOR THOSE EYES!



"SHIC" glorifies them by growing long, silky lashes and beautiful eyebrows. Three kinds—"Natural," "Brown" and "Dark." Guaranteed pure and harmless. 50c a jar, brush included. SOCIETE LA FRANCE, Dept. P, 15 W. 126th St., NEW YORK CITY

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. 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.
- CIRISTIE 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 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 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.
- 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, Oronta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
 - Rex Beach, Whitman Bennett Studio, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, New York; Geo. Arlliss, 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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Brickbats and Bouquets

THE readers of *Photoplay* are invited to write to this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed—but we'll publish them just the same! Letters should not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's name and address.

Letters to the Editor

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Editor: I read your article in the current issue of your magazine, "Moral Housecleaning in Hollywood," and, while I did not agree with you, never thought of writing you one woman's view.

Yesterday I read an item in a photoplay magazine in which it stated that two more stars in the Hollywood firmament have BOBBED THEIR HAIR. Now, these women must be sadly lacking in imagination, if they think their beauty or picturesque value is being enhanced by their hair-bobbing. In a sense these women belong to the public, and it is not conventional and is an offense against the traditions of this country and good taste for an American girl to wear her hair like an Igorrote.

I hope fervently that you and Mr. Goldwyn may be able to select two dozen or more girls in this forthcoming contest, who will no more consider bobbing their beautiful tresses than they will enjoy having the world know they are contemplating their third marriage, as is a famous actress.

The women and the men, too, of the screen are held up to the youth of this country every day, and when they see Constance Talmadge get by with bobbed hair and a divorce after she has been married scarcely a year, they feel, "If she can do it, why cannot I?" You see how far-reaching and insidious is the influence.

Then, too, Gloria Swanson, that much-lauded and beautiful woman, is now considering her third venture, but I have not as yet relegated her to anathema, and will not until she, too, shears her tresses.

ANNA FRAZER.

Kingston, Ont.

Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,

I would like to tell you how much I enjoy your Magazine's review of the new pictures and the "Plays and Players Section." It is at all times instructive and tries to give an unprejudiced review of the new pictures, and I have yet to be "stung" on a picture that was recommended by your magazine.

ROBT. H. CHAMBERS.

DEAR EDITOR:

Just a word of tribute to the most interesting part of a picture program: the news-reel.

It is my greatest relaxation, to see the visual news of the world. And the strides the news-reels have made in the last two years is amazing. Once, there were a few scenes of fires and parades. Now there are records of every interesting happening in the world. I saw in Kinograms the other evening an airplane picture that was more

thrilling than any stunt in a regular film. The pictures as pictures are sometimes beautiful.

I'm for 'em! I'd rather see a good news-reel or an educational film than all the dramas and comedies and tragedies on the screen.

W. K. G., Los Angeles, California.

Bennington, Vermont.

Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,

Dear Sir:

I have never indulged in harsh criticism of the moving pictures or people, but some of the remarks I have recently read about "undesirables" in the business make my blood boil. These statements have come from people in the industry.

I don't want to know the horrible truth (?) about Arbuckle. I have read most of the lurid stuff in the papers. My resentment is not against him but against the men higher up. I know that the Arbuckle wine cellar was only joked about a few weeks before his troubles began. Perhaps some of those who condemn him now have been drunk on its contents. Apparently the whole industry knew of his weakness for "booze parties." His employers had the power to force him to change his ways.

In God's name, why didn't they do it?

Anyone, it seems to me, could have seen that sooner or later he would get into trouble. But they blindly let him drift into disaster. He was good enough for the best of them as long as the public heard nothing against him. While he was at the top, his faults were wholly excusable to his associates. He was a good money-maker—that was all that was necessary to make him "desirable." In his misfortune those same faults are something to curse him for. Do you think this attitude is absolutely just? Had these scandals never occurred he would still be desirable, no matter what his private life might be. Nothing would be too good for the press agents to say about him—to the public.

I think it would be a disgrace to a nation that prides itself on its square dealing to let the confounded charges of an intoxicated bigamist, whom he never knew before that fatal day, ruin his career.

When you consider the number of even "nice" actresses who deliberately appear before the camera in a state of near nudity it is altogether just to place all blame on the men of the studios, if the latter sometimes lose their natural reserve before they realize it?

By all means clean up the movies. But I am in favor of giving Arbuckle a chance to redeem himself. All the fans I know feel the same way. We feel that he has been victimized by bloodsucking parasites, and that his own faults are as nothing com-

(Continued on page 118)

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Three sizes: 60c, \$1.00, \$2.00

At all toilet counters, or direct from us in plain wrapper on receipt of price.

DeMiracle

Dept. J-23, Park Avenue and 129th Street, N. Y. C.

Brickbats and Bouquets

(Continued from page 117)

pared to the hideous wrong that has apparently been done him. May God grant him complete exoneration. Whatever the result I am bitterly sorry that such a terrible tragedy has come into the life of a man who has done so much to make life brighter for others.

Sincerely,
(MISS) ELIZABETH KAPITZ.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Dear Editor:

I've been reading the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for quite a while, and find it very interesting. In the March issue of the magazine I read a very interesting article entitled, "You cannot learn acting by mail."

After reading this, I became convinced of the mistake I would have made by sending for a course in acting, from the same company you mentioned, as I had already received their "Talent Tester."

I want to thank you for taking the trouble of publishing an article to warn the public.

MICHAEL CONSTANCE.

1707 Monroe St., Toledo, Ohio

Dear Editor:

I am going to take the liberty of writing you in regard to the Screen Opportunity Contest you have launched.

I can not tell you how much I appreciate the articles written by Mr. Goldwyn—that he should take his very valuable time to give us in detail his requirements of a movie star and also the detailed art of making up! It made me decide immediately to purchase materials and practice that all-important art.

At last someone has declared that the "Camera Photographs the Soul!" If this is not true what is that intangible something which makes one of us with a sensitive nature, laugh and cry alternately with the varying moods of actors and actresses?

It is true, that though regularity of features must be a necessity, beauty is not. Most people would proclaim Alma Rubens more beautiful than Nazimova—but is she? I feel just as listless as she looks when I watch her, and though I have seen her cry—seen her in utter despair—yet her grief seemed so lifeless, affected.

But when I watch Nazimova run and skip and bound, it takes an effort for me to sit in my seat, and I blindly sneak my handkerchief toward my eyes after feeling the agony of her grief. The conclusion one arrives at is this: You would think of Alma Rubens's soul as being asleep—for her beautiful eyes, "windows of the soul," give forth a dreamy light—while Nazimova's eyes seem to sparkle with the light which spurs us on toward Supreme Victory, only to taste of sorrow that we may be more worthy to reach for Higher Things.

I go to the "Movies" that I may entirely forget self. And I want to see someone act who can make me forget, play upon my emotions, and send me away feeling a little less self-centered, and a little more considerate of fellow-beings. A great actor or actress must bare her soul in order to do this. But what a wonderful sacrifice, what a glorious mission—when one is able to ease a few heart-throbs or create a few finer ideals for humanity!

(MISS) EFFIE M. LESLIE.

(Concluded on page 119)



Ann Forrest, Photoplay Star, uses and recommends "Maybelline"

Just a Wee Touch of Maybelline

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No matter how plain or unattractive your eyes may now be "MAYBELLINE" will beautify them instantly. It makes the eyelashes and brows appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant, thereby bringing out the full brilliancy of the eyes. Just how wonderfully "MAYBELLINE" will add to your beauty and charm will never be appreciated until you have used it. Unlike other preparations, is absolutely harmless and greaseless and will not spread and smear on the face. This greatest of all beauty aids is used by beautiful girls and women throughout the world. Each dainty box contains mirror and brush. Two shades, *Brown for Blondes, Black for Brunettes.* **75c AT YOUR DEALER'S** or direct from us. Accept ONLY genuine "MAYBELLINE" and your satisfaction is assured. Tear out this ad NOW as a reminder.

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Lickbats and Bouquets

(Concluded)

DEAR EDITOR:

Why did the producers permit the censors to gain such an advantage?

The License Numbers at the beginning of good, clean films make me wild.

In the greatest city in the world, where, if anywhere, citizens should enjoy liberty and freedom, they must bow to the whims of a lot of old ladies who have taken it upon themselves to tell them what they should and should not see.

SALLY B., Manhattan.

Fanny Ward's Jewel Case

FANNY WARD, the famous film star, who now lives in Paris, and her husband, Jack Dean, were going from Paris to London to be present at the marriage of Fanny's daughter—yes, she has a daughter old enough to get married, though it doesn't seem possible to look at her.

They started out on the 12 o'clock express from Paris.

When they arrived at the station, the porters thought the whole army must be going. For Fanny had 17 bags, 6 suit cases, 4 lunch hampers, 3 bundles of rugs, and several servants.

At last they were settled in the carriage, when suddenly Mr. Dean—by the way, he's Fanny's husband, you know—gaspd and said, "Oh, heavens, Fanny, I've forgotten the passports."

Fanny gave a shriek of rage, and the outfit disembarked upon the platform just as the express pulled out.

They went back to the hotel—had a few drinks with friends, got the passports and once more went to the station where the entire corps of porters helped them into their compartments.

The whistle blew.

Then—Fanny screamed.

"Jack—my jewel case."

Jack searched and Fanny searched.

"You had it—I gave it to you—oh, what have you done, given it away to somebody?" cried the beauty.

"You had it, yourself," said her husband.

Anyway, the jewel case with some \$350,000 worth of diamonds—Miss Ward has one of the most famous jewel collections in the world—was not to be found.

Again they fell from the train, with their luggage falling about them like a shower of snowflakes.

Disconsolately they returned to the hotel.

And while Fanny had hysterics in Rubye de Remer's arms, Jack Dean saw all the officials in Paris. While he was interviewing the chief of police, and several hundred other hounds of the law, a little chap in a red cap was vainly trying to get into the room.

Each time he was shoved back by the crowd.

After about three hours he managed to break into the room and in excited French and holding out the missing jewel case he said, "I am the taxi driver. The lady give me this to hold and then does not come back, so when I see you leave, I follow you."

Husband and wife collapsed in each other's arms and—decided not to go to London until they could get all their possessions chained to them.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 62)

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GYPSY PASSION—Vitagraph

ALTHOUGH Louis Mercanton—probably the best of the French producers—has avoided cheap hookum and a false punch, he has been unable to resist the temptation to make certain changes in a splendid and really famous story. Beauty of setting makes up, in part, for the lack of dramatic situation. The cheap, box office title was obviously made in America.

ISLAND WIVES—Vitagraph

THIS picture stands out for two reasons, despite an illogical and imagination-stretching story. The two reasons are the rather amazing lighting effects and the equally amazing beauty of the star, Corinne Griffith. Tahiti and return, allowing a wide range of costumes and emotions. A tropical typhoon that is really terrifying. And titles, in the manner of Amy Lowell, that fail to register. Rather strong for childish minds.

UP AND GOING—Fox

TOM MIX in the Canadian Northwest is a romantic and energetic figure. As usual he had many perils, saves the beautiful lady (played by Eva Novak) and fights his way clear of difficulty. Red-blooded stuff in large doses that will make the star even more popular. Take the children—especially if they happen to be boys—with you.

THE MAN UNDER COVER—Universal

THIS "crook" story is convincing—perhaps because L. V. Eytinge, the author, is serving a life sentence in prison. Furthermore it is well cast, with Herbert Rawlinson (if only he could forget, once in a while, that he is an actor!) in the star role and Barbara Bedford as his leading lady. There are a few nice comfy thrills and the ending is quite satisfactory. For the family.

THE FACE BETWEEN—Metro

BERT LYTELL plays a double rôle—that of a chicken-chasing old father and a noble young man who is always shouldering the other fellow's guilt. Said young man is banished for the first few reels and haunted for the rest of them—for no fault of his own. The plot is illogical and Bert Lytell not too happily cast. Andre Tourneur and Sylvia Brearer are the ladies.

MONEY TO BURN—Fox

ONLY the languorous beauty of Sylvia Brearer and the pep of William Russell save this picture from being a total loss. There are some interesting moments, but as a whole the story of a young man who throws away not only his own money but the money of his friends is pointless and tiring. That he gets the money back doesn't seem to matter—much.

BEAUTY'S WORTH—Cosmopolitan-Paramount

MARION DAVIES—cast as a little Quaker maiden who blossoms out, via a charade, as a quite surprising beauty—is lovelier than ever. If there are weak places in her acting, one scarcely notices them because of her blonde prettiness. The story is

(Concluded on page 121)

FORMS FOR AUGUST ISSUE CLOSE JUNE TENTH

AGENTS AND SALESMEN

AGENTS, \$60 TO \$200 A WEEK, FREE SAMPLES. Gold Sign Letters for Store and Office windows. Anyone can do it. Big demand. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 481-K, No. Clark St., Chicago.

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BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY OWNER buys gold initials for his auto. You charge \$1.50 make \$1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 169, East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS—COST \$5—YOUR PROFIT \$89.50, TRANSFER monograms on autos, trunks, bags, furniture, etc. No experience—no license. Write for free sample. Globe Monogram Co., Inc., Dept. P. P., 244 Market Street, Newark, N. J.

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HELP WANTED

DETECTIVE AND FINGER PRINT EXPERTS OPPORTUNITIES. Particulars free. Arthur Wagner, 186 East 79th, New York.

AT ONCE—LADIES TO TRAVEL, DEMONSTRATE and sell dealers; \$40 to \$75 per week; railway fare paid. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 59, Omaha, Neb.

WOMEN WANTED: BECOME COSTUME DESIGNERS. \$140 month. Learn while earning. Sample lesson free. Franklin Institute, Dept. D 507, Rochester, N. Y.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. EXCELLENT opportunity. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write. American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PREPARED TO your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing; send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Company, Dept. 21, Philadelphia, Pa.

WORK FOR YOUR GOVERNMENT. MEN—WOMEN over 17. Steady. \$92 to \$192 month. Common education sufficient. List positions free. Write today—sure. Franklin Institute, Dept. D-136, Rochester, N. Y.

AMBITIOUS MEN — WOMEN: \$40.00, \$150.00 weekly. Become advertising writers. Students frequently earn \$20.00, \$40.00 weekly while learning. Prepare quickly home spare time. We assist you to position. Write Applied Arts Institute, Dept. 251, Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia.

WOMEN—GIRLS. BECOME MILLINERY DESIGNERS. Earn \$125 month. Sample lesson free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. D-805, Rochester, N. Y.

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PATENTS. WRITE FOR FREE GUIDE BOOK and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch for opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Attention. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 763 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

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The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

commonplace—but it is pretty, too, in a weak way. Forrest Stanley, June Elvidge, and Halam Cooley are in the cast. An extremely family film.

KISSES—Metro

A STORY almost as sweet, in spots, as the confection from which it takes its name. But the plot is entertaining, if not gripping, and all of the family can see it together. Alice Lake plays the part of *Betty Ellen Estabrook*, the heroine. And Harry Myers as the hero, makes one wish for another "Connecticut Yankee." From Mark Twain to modern comedy is a long jump!

THE SILENT VOW—Vitagraph

ONE of those vengeance-is-mine stories, carried through to the second generation. Father and son played by William Duncan, who is equally impossible in both parts. All the unlikely happenings and situations that could be crowded into six reels. A villain knocked out by a blow from a hammer held in the hero's teeth—a beautifully humorous touch—and Edith Johnson as the heroine.

ELOPE IF YOU MUST—Fox

EILEEN PERCY being hard-boiled (much snapping of fingers and many exclamations of "Hot Dawg!") and a tangled plot that might be rather merry if it did not drag so in spots. All about a father and mother who don't agree on the subject of the man that their daughter must marry and a blonde nuisance—Eileen—who fixes things in six long reels. Send the children.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 90)

M. A. F., SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO.—Special productions are usually exhibited first in New York City, but not invariably. Sometimes they have "first runs" in Chicago, Los Angeles, and other large cities. However, it depends upon the theater conditions, and upon the producers. Of late, Broadway theaters have been pleased for special showings of the bigger pictures; but this is in my opinion just a phase which will pass. Pictures in picture theaters—such as the Capitol, the Rivoli and Rialto in New York; and the Chicago and the Riviera in Chicago.

E. M. L.—And now you call me "The Unknown." Evidently I could go in vaudeville and share honors with the artistic act known as "Saving a Woman in Half." Constance Talmadge is getting a divorce from John Pialoglo. Valentino is Italian—born in Castellanaeta, I hope you know how to pronounce that; I don't. The date was May 6, 1895, but it's too late to send Rudie a birthday card this year at least.

MINA MAE.—And then again—Well, Mina, I wish you success as a film actress. Why don't you send in your picture as an entrant in our New Faces Contest? It offers a splendid opportunity if you are really sincerely ambitious to work hard to be a player. It's mostly work, you know. Agnes Ayres was married, but she is now divorced.

(Continued on page 122)



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If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

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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**Will show reduction taking
place in 11 days, or money
refunded.** Results come usually in
three or four days, but if

you do not see positive reduction taking
place in 11 days (the full trial period), return
the Reducer at once, together with the in-
struction book that accompanied it, and
your \$5 will be refunded. Dr. Lawton, shown in
picture, reduced from 211 to 152 pounds in a very
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Whether you are 10 or 100 pounds overweight,
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gists everywhere, or will be sent direct to your
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Remember, it is guaranteed. Or if you prefer,
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Name
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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 121)

FLORENCE B., PHILADELPHIA.—You wish
to know the names of the principal nuts
who participated in "The Cabinet of Dr.
Caligari?" You mean the real names of
those who played nuts in that picture?
Here they are: Dr. Caligari... Werner
Kraus; Cesare... Conrad Veidt; Francis
... Fritz Feher; Jane... Lil Dagover;
Alan... H. Van Twardowski. I dare you
to pronounce that last one, Florence.

BOSTON BLUES.—I didn't know they had
blues in Boston—not the jazz kind, any-
way. Books and beans, maybe, but not,
surely, blues. Norma Talmadge has dark
hair and eyes. She is two inches over five
feet and weighs 110. She's Mrs. Joseph
Schenck in private life. She was not mar-
ried before. Natalie is Mrs. Buster Keaton
now.

GRACE M., ST. LOUIS.—I have no record
of a Dorothy Wilkinson. But if she has
only been appearing in pictures a short
time, it may be that she is not yet suf-
ficiently known to have filled out a bio-
graphy blank. Gloria Swanson is about
twenty-five or twenty-six or twenty-seven,
I should say. (I don't know what Gloria
will say.)

PRUDENCE, KEYSER, WEST, VA.—Bet they
changed the spelling of your town during
the war. Thomas Meighan is thirty-four.
He is married to Frances Ring, former
stage star. They have no children. Tom's
newest picture is "The Bachelor Daddy."

C. R.—I think Theda Bara is going to
return to pictures soon, at least there's a
report that she is. Her husband, Charles
Brabin, is a director, you know, and he
will handle the megaphone for her future
productions. The Bara-Brabins have been
personally appearing for Marcus Loew.
Their picture is in Plays and Players in this
issue of the Magazine.

ALMA.—Where do you live? I always
ignore letters which neglect to give ad-
dresses, but your omission seemed to be un-
intentional; so, unless you are very very
clever, Alma, I forgive you, providing you
remember next time. I never heard that
Pearl White's real name was Victoria Evans.
If it is, I can't see why she'd change it to
Pearl White. I hear it is rumored that
Pearl's name may be changed to the
Duchesse de Vallombrosa. Read about it
in Mr. Cal York's columns this month.
Mr. York has got me beat. I don't see how
he does it. I thought I was pretty good,
but I can't possibly keep up with rumors.
Facts are as far as I go.

LIMA BEENE.—I am envious. I wish I
were as clever as you. You should be
writing vaudeville sketches. Kathlyn Wil-
liams is Mrs. Charles Eyton in private life.
She is not seen regularly in pictures now,
but once in a while comes back to take a
part which particularly appeals to her.
She's a fine actress; remember her in "The
Adventures of Kathlyn"?

ELIZABETH.—Pauline Frederick is married
to Dr. Rutherford. She has left the screen
to return to the stage for A. H. Woods.
The London stage will claim her first, and
after that she will return to this country
to appear on Broadway. She received one
of the highest salaries ever paid a film
star—\$7,500 a week. I think I could man-
age on that. (Concluded on page 123)

Corns
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Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little
"Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly
that corn stops hurting, then shortly you
lift it right off with fingers. Your drug-
gist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for
a few cents, sufficient to remove every
hard corn, soft corn, or corn between
toes, and calluses, without pain, soreness.

\$500.00
"EMPTY ARMS"
Prize Contest

The Lester Park - Edward Whiteside photoplay,
"Empty Arms," inspired the song "Empty Arms." A
third verse is wanted, and to the writer of the best one
submitted a prize of \$500 cash will be paid.
This contest is open to everybody. You simply write
the words for a third verse—it is not necessary that you
see the photoplay before doing so. Send your name and
address on a postal card or sheet of paper and we shall
send you a copy of the words of the song, the rules of the
contest and a short synopsis of this photoplay. It will
cost you nothing to enter the contest.

Write postal or letter today to
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WORLD M. P. CORPORATION
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Refuse Substitutes
They may be dangerous. Flesh White, Pink or Cream, 50¢ a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10¢ for a sample box.

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 57
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



Questions and Answers

(Concluded from page 122)

JINX.—I have indeed heard of Paterson, N. J. I have even been there. But I never heard of a Bert Rooney. There's a Pat Rooney on the stage, in musical comedy and vod-vil. Won't he suffice?

THE BAT.—Thanks for the beautiful card. It is a work of art and I shall keep it. Why don't you write to me any more? Always took great pleasure in your letters, old man. The old latching is out for you, and you may even sit in my swivel chair if you'll come soon. I might, too, go so far as to let you borrow my ivory-headed cane, which a kind gentleman sent me—providing you return it promptly.

LAILA, WASHINGTON, D. C.—I'm sure I don't know where you received the impression that I have large ears. It is erroneous, I assure you. My ears are respectably shaped and fairly sized; but they do not even remotely resemble an elephant's. I resent your insinuation, also, that my desk is piled with unanswered mail. Couldn't that mail you have drawn in your picture of me be answered mail, that I have retained to read again? Of course it could. But (softening) but bless your heart, child, I suppose I should be flattered that you considered me a worthy subject for your sketch, and all the above is merely mentioned in a spirit of good, clean fun.

ALICE MACDOWELL.—Many thanks for remembering me. I appreciate the fact that I have a good friend in you, and I hope I can keep your esteem. Write any time, whether you have any questions or not. And drop in to see me if you're ever in the neighborhood. I haven't so many grandmothers as grand-daughters among my correspondents.

JOHN F. C., PORTLAND, OREGON.—Your letter made me take my glasses off to wipe away the moisture. I can't tell you how good you made me feel. You say you would rather write my answers than have Charlie's funny feet. No, you wouldn't. Compared with Charlie, I am a dollar-a-year-man. I am, however, content if I have made you laugh a little. Many, many thanks.

E. K., NEW YORK CITY.—Lillian Gish may be addressed at the D. W. Griffith studios. Her apartment is on Park Avenue, where she lives with her mother. She is a very charming and sincere young lady, and would I am sure appreciate your poem.



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