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The National Guide to Motion Pictures

N.S.E.

PHOTOPLAY

July 25c

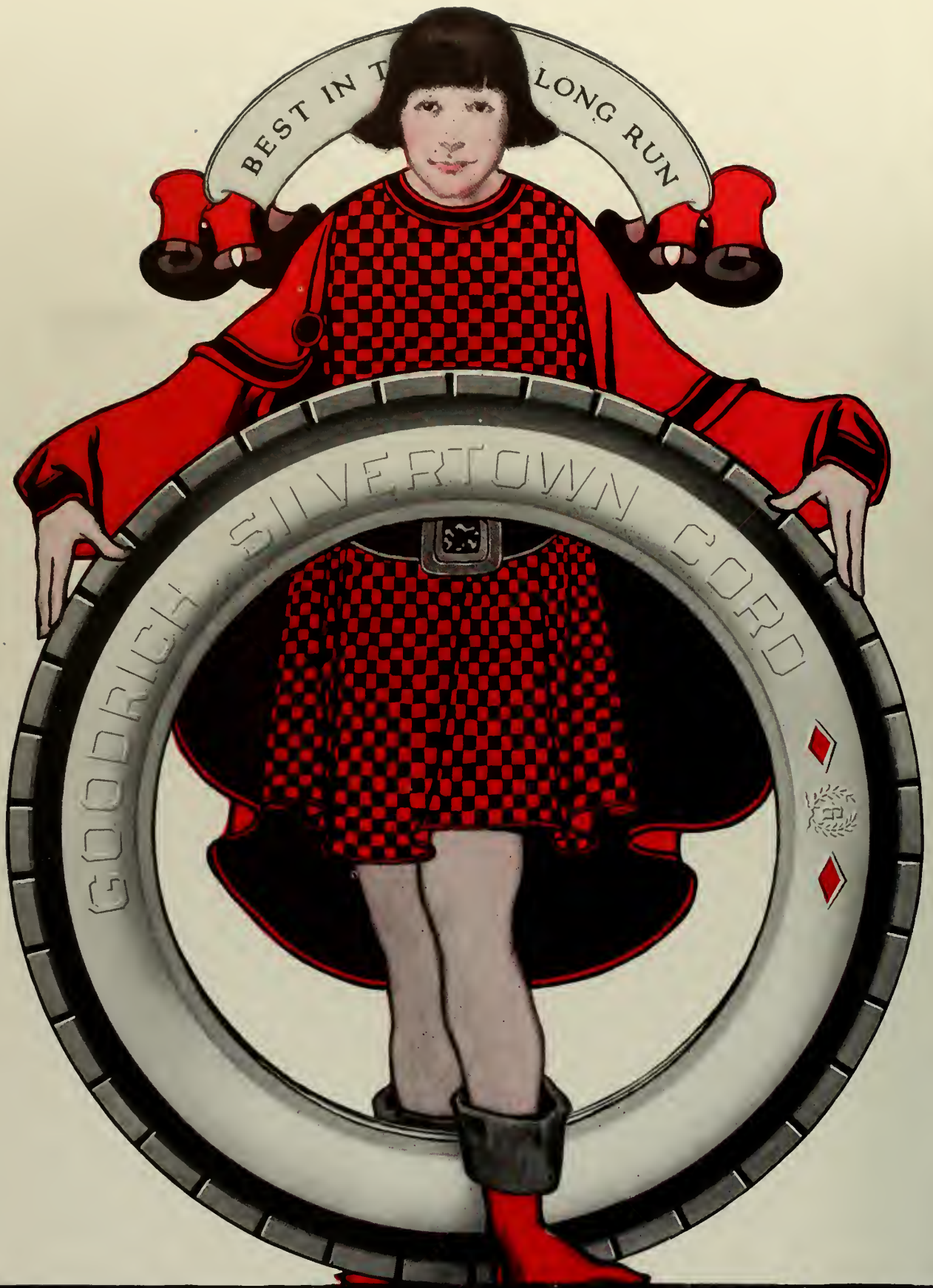


Pauline
Garon

5000

IN GREAT

PRIZES



Q U A L I T Y

GOODRICH QUALITY IS MAINTAINED IN EVERY SILVERTOWN TIRE—NO TWO GRADES—NO SEVERAL BRANDS

Out p 59-63



Posed by Claire Windsor, star of "The Little Church Around the Corner," a Warner Bros. motion picture. Miss Windsor, like many other beautiful women of the screen, uses and endorses Ingram's Milkweed Cream for promoting beauty of complexion. From a photograph by Clarke Irvine.

Sunburn, tan, freckles

—do they rob your complexion of its fresh, wholesome charm?

DO you feel a summer-long dread of hot sun and dusty wind? Do you avoid out-of-door sports because your complexion suffers?

There is no need of it. You can *guard* your skin against the burning rays of the sun. You can *protect* it from the coarsening effects of hot, dusty winds if you adopt the regular use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find, is more than a face cream. Not only does it protect the skin—it keeps the complexion fresh and clear, for Ingram's Milkweed Cream has an exclusive therapeutic property that actually "tones-up," revitalizes, the sluggish tissues of the skin.

If you have not tried Ingram's Milkweed Cream, begin its use at once. It will soon soothe away old traces of redness and roughness, banish slight imperfections. Its continued use will preserve your fair, wholesome complexion through a long summer of outdoor activities.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the 50c package or the standard \$1.00 size. (The dollar jar contains three times the quantity.) Use it faithfully, according to directions in the Health Hint booklet enclosed in the carton—keep the charm of a fresh, fair complexion through the trying heat of summer.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream



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Established 1885
102 Tenth Street Detroit, Michigan

Canadian residents address F. F. Ingram Company, Windsor, Ontario. British residents address Sangers, 42A Hampstead Rd., London, N. W. 1. Australian residents address Law, Binns & Co., Commerce House, Melbourne. New Zealand residents address Hart, Pennington, Ltd., 33 Ghuznee Street, Wellington. Cuban residents address Espino & Co., Zulueta 36 1/2, Havana.

Ingram's Rouge



"Just to show the proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. Offered in thin, artistic metal vanity-box, with large mirror and pad. Five perfect shades, subtly perfumed — Light, Rose, Medium, Dark or the newest popular tint, American Blush—50c.

The new Ingram's Rouge packet measures 1 7/8 inches in diameter and 1/2 inch in height. It is convenient to use and convenient to carry. Does not bulge the purse.

Send a dime for Ingram's Beauty Purse—An attractive souvenir packet of the exquisite Ingram Toilet-Aids. Mail the coupon below with a silver dime and receive this dainty Beauty Purse for your hand bag.

Frederick F. Ingram Co., 102 Tenth St., Detroit, Michigan

Gentlemen: Enclosed find one dime. Please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse containing an eiderdown powder pad, samples of Ingram's Face Powder, Ingram's Rouge, Ingram's Milkweed Cream, and for the gentleman of the house, a sample of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....



Stars, Directors
& Featured Players
in
Paramount Pictures
Alphabetically listed

Robert Agnew
Mary Astor
Agnes Ayres
Alice Brady
Herbert Brenon
Betty Compson
Ricardo Cortez
James Cruze
Dorothy Dalton
Bebe Daniels
Cecil B. DeMille
Wm. C. deMille
Elliot Dexter
Charles de Roche
Richard Dix
Allan Dwan
George Fawcett
Elsie Ferguson
George Fitzmaurice
Victor Fleming
Alfred E. Green



[continued]

Sigrid Holmquist
Joseph Henabery
Walter Hiern
Jack Holt
Glenn Hunter
Leatrice Joy
Theodore Kosloff
Lila Lee
Jacqueline Logan
Charles Maigne
Thomas Meighan
George Melford
Antonio Moreno
Nita Naldi
Pola Negri
David Powell
Theodore Roberts
Wesley Ruggles
Lewis Stone
Jerome Storm
Gloria Swanson
Rob Wagner
Irvin Willat
Lois Wilson
Sam Wood

The Independent Artists of the Screen

MOST of the great artists of the world have wished to be relieved of business worries.

They excelled through single-minded devotion to their art.

In the art of the screen Paramount has provided this ideal creative condition, thereby reaping the reward of leadership.

Directors, stars, players and master-technicians, are extremely appreciative of the freedom from all worry of finance and organization which Paramount gives them.

They have choice of the richest material of story, personnel and equipment. Literally nothing is asked of them except that they give their best.

And back of it all is the intoxicating thought and stimulus that thousands of audiences are ready for and expectant of the Paramount Pictures they will make.

This is the virtue of making to an ideal rather than to a fixed cost—and these are the real independents.

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



Pola Negri



Gloria Swanson



Bebe Daniels



Agnes Ayres



Antonio Moreno



May McAvoy



FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP
ADDLN. BLDG.—PRESIDENT
NEW YORK CITY



Glenn Hunter



Leatrice Joy



Lila Lee



Elsie Ferguson



Betty Compson



Jack Holt



Richard Dix



Cecil B. DeMille



Thomas Meighan



Theodore Roberts



Jacqueline Logan



Dorothy Dalton



Nita Naldi

Paramount Pictures



The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH
MANAGING EDITOR

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXIV

No. 2

Contents

July, 1923

Cover Design	Pauline Garon	
From a Pastel Portrait by J. Knowles Hare		
Brickbats and Bouquets		8
Letters from Readers		
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures		11
In Tabloid Form for Ready Reference		
Friendly Advice	Carolyn Van Wyck	12
The Department of Personal Service		
Rotogravure:		19
New Pictures: Ramon Novarro, Bebe Daniels, Madge Bellamy, J. Warren Kerrigan, House Peters, Patsy Ruth Miller, Gloria Swanson		
Speaking of Pictures (Editorials)	James R. Quirk	27
Pickford's New Picture (Photographs)		28
Showing Her as "Rosita" in "The Street Singer"		
Odd Folks of Hollywood	Helen Carlisle	29
They Bring Realism to the Screen		
The House of "Kiki" (Photographs)		32
Lenore Ulrich's Home Is a Place to Dream About		
How Lloyd Made "Safety Last"	Adela Rogers St. Johns	33
On the Boulevard (Photographs)		34
You May Have the Same Luck That the Cameras Did		
Photography by Stagg and Russell Ball		
The Man Who Gets What He Wants	Herbert Howe	37
None Other Than Tommie Meighan		

(Contents continued on next page)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine — refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

Page 68	
The Rustle of Silk.....	Paramount
Within the Law.....	First National
The Bright Shawl.....	First National
Page 69	
The Girl I Loved.....	United
The Ne'er-Do-Well.....	Paramount
The Abysmal Brute.....	Universal
Page 70	
You Can't Fool Your Wife.....	Paramount
Prodigal Daughters.....	Paramount
Sixty Cents an Hour.....	Paramount
The Go-Getter.....	Paramount
The Nth Commandment	
Paramount-Cosmopolitan	
Trifling with Honor.....	Universal
Page 71	
Bavu.....	Universal
West Bound Limited	
Film Booking Offices	
The Girl Who Came Back.....	Al Lichtman
Vengeance of the Deep	
American Releasing	
A Noise in Newboro.....	Metro
Cordelia the Magnificent.....	Metro
Page 101	
The Affairs of Lady Hamilton	
Hodkinson	
Dead Game.....	Universal
The Prodigal Son.....	Stoll Film Corp.
Soul of the Beast.....	Metro
What Wives Want.....	Universal
Trailing African Wild Animals.....	Metro
The Critical Age.....	Hodkinson
Temptation.....	C. B. C. Film Sales
Page 102	
Fools and Riches.....	Universal
Double Dealing.....	Universal
Madness of Youth.....	Fox
An Old Sweetheart of Mine.....	Metro
Her Fatal Millions.....	Metro
The Remittance Woman	
Film Booking Offices	
Crossed Wires.....	Universal
Stepping Fast.....	Fox
Lovebound.....	Fox

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Contents—Continued

Three New Faces (Photographs) They're Attracting Attention Just Now—Jetta Goudal, Constance Wilson and Neil Hamilton	38
Meet the Duchess! Alma Rubens Is More Than to the Manner Born	Herbert Howe 39
The Romantic History of the Motion Picture In This Chapter, Among Other Things, the True Story of Mary Pickford's Beginning	Terry Ramsaye 40
Gag Men Who Think Up the Funny Things You Laugh at on the Screen	Mary Winship 44
May Allison's New Personality (Photographs)	46
The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor You Are Invited to Cast Your Ballot for What You Consider to Be the Best Picture of 1922	47
The Studio Secret (Fiction) A Realistic Story of Love and Intrigue in Hollywood <i>Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg</i>	Frederic Arnold Kummer 48
The Coming Mansfield That's What They're Calling Lowell J. Sherman	52
A Charming "Mother" Myrtle Stedman Stages a "Come-back"	52
Hollywood's Pride Lois Wilson Is Just That	53
A Welcome Return And What a Return It Was—That of J. Warren Kerrigan	53
To Bob or Not to Bob (Photographs)	54
The Girl Producer Grace Haskins at Twenty-two Writes and Directs a Picture	Sydney Valentine 55
They've Found Their Voices (Photographs) Favorites of the Film Who Have Taken to the Speaking Stage	56
Close-Ups and Long Shots Comment on the Activities of Screen Personalities <i>Decorations by John Held, Jr.</i>	Herbert Howe 58
Rotogravure: \$5,000 in Fifty Cash Prizes! Rules of PHOTOPLAY Magazine's Great Screen Contest Nita Naldi (Photograph)	59
"Star Stuff" (Fiction) In Which Love Emerges Upon a Smooth Course After a Long and Somewhat Painful Detour <i>Illustrated by George van Werveke</i>	Roy Milton Iliff 63
A Movie Fan's First Impression of a Film Studio Cartoon by H. W. Haenigsen	66
The Shadow Stage The Department of Practical Screen Criticism	Frederick James Smith 67
Where the Lloyds Live (Photographs)	72
So This Is "Lawful Larceny"? (Photograph)	72
Mary Carr in Three Generations	73
Gossip—East and West The Latest News of the Film Folk	Cal York 74
Questions and Answers "The Woman With Four Faces" (Photographs)	The Answer Man 81
The Tie That Blinds (Photographs) As Demonstrated by Raymond Griffith	86
Why Do They Do It? Screen "Breaks" Caught by Readers of PHOTOPLAY	96
Casts of Current Photoplays Complete for Every Picture Reviewed in This Issue	111

*Addresses of the leading motion picture studios
will be found on page 15*

What Chance has a Beginner in Motion Pictures today?

No field of work in all America is richer in its rewards than the world of motion pictures—but *can the beginner break in?* Gold and fame await the successful aspirant for film popularity—but *actually what are the chances of an outsider to win out?*

PHOTOPLAY has canvassed the whole field of the photoplay with great care and the results will be published in the August number. Here will be found the frank and honest opinions of the heads of the casting departments of Famous Players-Lasky, both in New York and on the coast, of Metro, of Fox, of Cosmopolitan and other big companies.

Here, too, will be the answers of our most famous directors, including

David Wark Griffith
Cecil B. de Mille
Hobart Henley
Marshall Neilan
and
Allan Dwan



All movie fans like
the Soda Fountain

Enjoy thirst—

Walk in — there's
a bright red sign to
guide you to a cool and
cheerful place — where
they serve the beverage
which proves itself per-
fect when you taste it

Drink

Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK
REGISTERED

Delicious and Refreshing

5¢

The Coca-Cola Company
Atlanta, Ga.

"A First Class Fighting Man"

Wayne, Mich.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: In "Brickbats and Bouquets," I see where Dorothy Curkeet hits Jim Kirkwood pretty hard as a man trying to hide his identity. I think he played his part splendidly in "Under Two Flags." I wonder if Dorothy knows that in the crack regiment of guards, that *Victor* is supposed to have belonged to, the men are not babies, or little whipper-snappers, or dandies, but hard fighting men all over six feet. I know for I have had the honor of fighting with them as far back as the Boer War—probably before Dorothy was born. My opinion, and also the opinion of others in this community, is that Jim did his work well.

DANIA A. BROWN.

What Sweden Thinks of Us

Stockholm, Sweden.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I am a Swede (by the way, Sweden is very far from the Pole, we have snow only two or three months a year, and polar bears have not existed here for centuries, so I beg you not to think I am some cavewoman who has been just slightly touched by civilization) and I have for several years been reading your excellent magazine. The "Brickbats and Bouquets" especially seems to me a splendid idea, and I should like to express a few thoughts on the movies. First of all the American pictures do not play the same dominating rôle here as in the U. S. A. We have Scandinavian, French and (let me whisper it) German ones to compare with and I am sorry to say the "made in U. S. A." pictures often do very badly. Not in photographing and settings, but in stories and acting. Why can you not make fewer pictures; find better stories and actors?

I belong to those few who still believe in the film as an art, but as long as people only use it for advertisement, to escape thinking, as a *mannequin* exhibition or as a means of earning a lot of money, it has no future, regarded as an art. It is shocking to see all these so-called actresses with beautiful faces and bodies but no brains or talents whatsoever. Clothes and coiffures and Beauty Contests do not make good actresses, but this is what many seem to think.

In my opinion, there are only about four or five good actresses—Mary, Norma, Lillian, Alla and Pola (who is Polish!) and as for the actors—! Speaking of actors, all Sweden is going through the Valentino fever just now, but typically enough most of his admirers seem to be in the ten to sixteen years age. It is a pity he has become such a woman idol. He really has some talent but now I suppose he is going to be content with his good looks only. Dick Barthelms though is a real actor, and I congratulate you in having him.

All this, however, does not imply that I am an enemy of the American film industry. Such pictures as "The Four Horsemen" and "Way Down East" make one tolerate at least five bad ones, and I also like the Constance Talmadge comedies. But it is these vulgar and sensational pictures like "The Sheik" or "Anatole" or "The Gilded Cage" that I, and many with me, should like to see put out. These "luxurious" pictures only do harm to the film.

And last allow me to put this question—why so openly discuss the private affairs of the stars (Untold Love Stories, etc.) in a magazine? The life of a star ought to be his or her private property with which the public has nothing to do.

At least to many Europeans this familiarity seems repellent.

ELSA JOHNNSSON.

Brickbats & Bouquets

LETTERS FROM READERS

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. 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 full name and address.

"Wasting Her Sweetness—"

New York City.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: For a long time I have wanted to write you asking you a favor. The favor I ask is for a dear, sweet little lady who appears in very poor pictures on the screen. She is that beautiful child, May McAvoy. Please have a heart and write a page in PHOTOPLAY and ask Mr. Lasky to tell you why he doesn't buy her a good story. Did you see her in "Clarence," in "Kick In," or any picture at all? Here is an actress with youth, beauty, talent. Still her time is wasted every day in every way with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. I am writing you because you know and appreciate good acting. For Miss McAvoy's sake as well as her public's please ask Mr. Lasky to give her better stories.

BESSIE BARRETT.

To the Prying Public

Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Why all this agonized inquiry after the ages of the movie actors? The poor people can't help when they were born. It's got nothing to do with their art, anyway. The superb actors, the Barrymore and Beery brothers, may be hilariously sliding toward their eightieth birthdays and Mary Pickford may be dancing on the verge of her fiftieth and our beloved Douglas may be diving head foremost into his seventieth year, what do I care? It worries me not at all, so long as I can enjoy their art. What does it matter to the public? Inquiring after ages, I mean—petty, prying curiosity, typical of the mind that wants to open other people's letters and spy into their poor little secrets, then run and tell someone what they have discovered.

Here is a first rate brickbat for a lot of your readers and I hope you will give it due space. And I will add that I am neither a motion picture actor nor related to one, neither do I know any. I hope these questions as to our stars' ages will hereafter receive the ignoring that they deserve.

ATHELSTANE.

The Better Things of Life

Jersey City, N. J.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Everyone is giving their opinion of the stars and movies and I would like to say a few words concerning them.

The people have been hungry for better pictures for some time and a few stars and directors have listened to the public voice, among them Cecil de Mille and D. W. Griffith of the directors, Marion Davies, Douglas Fairbanks, Douglas MacLean, Mae Murray, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge and Rodolph Valentino. These are the only ones who are doing their best to make pictures better. Most credit should go to Douglas Fairbanks, who, after giving us a splendid performance in "The Mark of Zorro"—a wonderful picture—gave us a greater in "The Three Musketeers" and a still better one in his latest production "Robin Hood." Fairbanks today is not the same Fairbanks of three years ago.

I am looking for great things from Barbara La Marr, Jacqueline Logan, Leatrice Joy, Pauline Garon and Ramon Novarro. And hoping that Barbara La Marr and Ramon Novarro remain with Rex Ingram.

In closing I wish to say that I have given up seeing between twenty or twenty-five stars during the past year and I haven't yet seen one of them this year. I have been fed up with poor pictures and I will not see them until they give better and more sensible ones. I am saving my money for better things. I for one want better and fewer pictures with more stars in them.

JAY MARGULIES

Vive Le Rex!

Jamestown, N. D.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I have just seen "Trifling Women" and I must admit that it is the best picture I have witnessed in six months.

Barbara La Marr was superb in her acting as well as being exquisite and Ramon Novarro was—well—who said he couldn't act? Something must be said about Lewis Stone's fine work also.

Rex Ingram gives a certain subtlety and mystery to his characters that other producers have never shown, or if they have they fail to make an impressive thing of it; a thing that lasts in the mind of the public. Those who have seen this picture recall the ape and dwarfs and the sinister gloom which seemed to envelop them. The most unfeeling person in the audience could not mistake it.

If you remember "The Four Horsemen" and "The Conquering Power," etc., remember them for one thing besides the splendid acting of the stars, and that is the personality of Rex Ingram throughout the whole picture!

When I go into the theater and listen to the lulling music of the orchestra, a magic flash comes to the screen bearing the words, "Rex Ingram Productions." Instantly the atmosphere of the theater changes, I am ready to enjoy the mystery, romance and beauty that this cinema master gives so freely in his pictures. I am hoping that "Where the Pavement Ends" may not be unlike "The Conquering Power" or "Trifling Women."

HELENE G. BELLIS.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 10]

Fourteen More New Screen Writers

—trained by this Corporation—who have recently sold stories or obtained studio staff positions in producing companies.



Ethel Styles Middleton,
Pittsburgh, wrote the first Palmerplay. She receives royalties on the profits of the picture for five years, having already received an advance payment of \$1000.

RECOGNITION and financial rewards have come to fourteen more Palmer trained writers. Five of them have recently sold stories.

Nine are employed in studio staff work in producing companies. All discovered their ability through the Palmer Creative Test which is offered to you now.

They are typical of the men and women in all walks of life who, without realizing it, have the ability to duplicate this success.

Seriously Needed by the Industry

The motion picture industry needs these men and women and needs hundreds of others who have like ability.

Mechanically the industry is close to perfection. The directing and acting personnel has reached a high level of artistic accomplishment. But one thing is lacking. There are not enough good stories, written directly for the screen, to supply the demands of the great producers.

Few novels, short stories and stage plays, really adaptable for motion pictures, are now available.

Novelists, short story writers and playwrights have been attracted by the hundreds because of the large prices offered for acceptable stories. Only a handful have succeeded.

The future of this great industry lies with hundreds of unknown men and women who, like the fourteen whose names appear here, can write the straightforward, interesting stories of life as they live it.

We Search the Nation

We know that many people, who do not know it now, can succeed in this field. And because we are the largest single clearing house for the sale of scenarios to the producing companies, we are searching out these people. We must have stories to sell. And we must have stories to produce, for we are also producing better pictures—Palmerplays.

For stories written by new writers, Palmer trained, which we select for Palmerplays, we offer royalties for five years on the profits of the pictures with an advance payment of \$1000.

Our search is being tremendously successful because of the novel Palmer Creative Test, developed by Douglas Z. Doty, formerly editor of *Cosmopolitan* and *Century* Magazines and literary adviser to Harper and Brothers.

During his years as an editor, Mr. Doty was deeply interested in the new writer. He discovered and encouraged several who have become famous.

More recently Mr. Doty has been an editor in the studios of some of the more prominent producers. Thus he is qualified to aid in the discovery of new screen writers by a well rounded experience.

We Test You Free

To prevent anyone with ability being overlooked, we test men and women at our expense.

You merely send us the coupon for the Test. Work it out in your own home and return it to us for our careful and personal analysis.

If your test indicates that you have natural story telling ability—Creative Imagination—you receive additional information relative to the Palmer Course and Service.

If you lack this ability, you are courteously advised against further effort along this line. We want to train only those who are naturally qualified. Tests returned by persons under legal age will not be considered.

We invite you to test yourself, without any obligation whatsoever. Merely send the coupon now.

Perhaps you, like these others, have ability which opens up a new and profitable field of effort. Though you doubt it, it costs you nothing to know. And it is too important a matter to decide by a guess.

Clip the coupon. Receive also, Carrol B. Dotson's interesting booklet, "How a \$10,000 Imagination Was Discovered."



Douglas Z. Doty

These Men and Women

In addition to Mrs. Middleton, mentioned above, the following have recently sold stories or accepted studio staff positions in producing companies:

Waldo Twitchell, graduate engineer, now assistant production manager at the Fairbanks-Pickford Studios.

John Holden, fiction writer, now on the staff of one of the large Eastern producers.

Jane Hurrle, portrait painter, whose story, "Robes of Redemption," was purchased by Allen Holubar.

Jessamine Childs January received her chance to become a member of an Eastern Studio Staff through the recommendation of the Palmer Department of Education.

Jesse H. Buffum, veteran film man, who found in the Palmer Course the training that enables him to do his work better.

Euphrasie Molle, a school teacher, recently sold her story, "The Violets of Yesterday," to Hobart Bosworth.

G. Harrison Wiley, research director at the Metro Studios, was able through the Palmer Training to raise himself from a small salaried position to a place of responsibility in the film world.

Gladys Gordon undertook the Palmer training in a spirit of scepticism. Now she is a staff writer in one of the large Eastern studios.

Mrs. Bernadine King, of Kansas City, whose story was recently purchased through us by the Caldwell Productions.

Francis Knowles, Eastern attorney, now on the staff of an Eastern producer.

Mrs. Katherine Cook Briggs, Washington, D. C., whose story, "The Ninth Name," was recently sold.

Kenneth M. Murray, New York, recently obtained a staff position in one of the large studios.

Phyllis Chapman, New York, has entered a large Eastern studio where her work is attracting the attention of the studio executives.

Advisory Council

- Frederick Palmer, Author and Educator
- Thos. H. Ince, Producer
- Allen Holubar, Producer and Director
- E. J. Banka, M.A., Director, Sacred Films, Inc.
- Rob Wagner, Scenarist and Director
- Rex Ingram, Director and Producer
- C. Gardner Sullivan, Scenarist
- J. L. Frothingham, Producer
- James R. Quirk, Editor, Photoplay Magazine

Educational Staff Officers

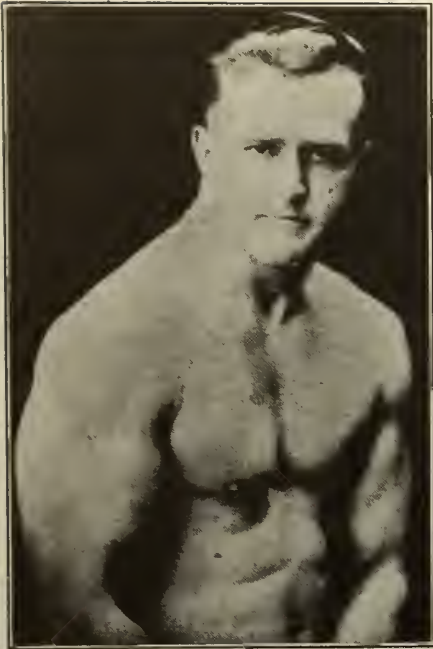
- Clayton Hamilton, M.A., Director of Education
- Douglas Z. Doty, Editor-in-Chief

Palmer Photoplay Corporation,
Department of Education, Sec. 1207
Palmer Building, 6362 Hollywood Blvd.,
Hollywood, California.

Please send me by return mail your Creative Test which I am to fill out and mail back to you for analysis. It is understood that this coupon entitles me to an intimate personal report on my ability by your Examining Board, without the slightest obligation or cost on my part. Also send me, free, Carrol B. Dotson's booklet, "How a \$10,000 Imagination Was Discovered."

NAME.....
STREET.....
CITY.....STATE.....

All correspondence strictly confidential.



Earle E. Liederman
as he is to-day

How Do You Look in a Bathing Suit?

The good old swimming days are here. Oh boy! But it's great to rip off the old shirt, into your suit and take the splash. But what a shock to some of the poor girls when they see their heroes come out with flat chests and skinny arms instead of the robust frames they expected to see.

You Can't Fool Them

Don't try to make excuses. You should have knobs on your arms like a baseball. A fine protector you would make, when you can't even fight your own battles. What are you going to do? She is going to find you out.

Look Your Best

It's not too late. I can save you yet. It means hard work and plenty of it, but think of the results. In just 30 days I am going to add one full inch to your biceps. Yes, and two inches on your chest in the same length of time. But that's only a starter. I am going to broaden out those shoulders and put real pep into your old backbone. You will have a spring to your step and a flash to your eye, showing you to be a real, live man. Before summer is past you won't recognize your former self. You will have a physique to be really proud of. This is no idle talk, fellows. I don't promise these things. I guarantee them. Come on and make me prove it.

Send for My New 64-Page Book "MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It contains forty-three full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. All I ask is 10 cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing and it is yours to keep. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off. Send today—right now, before you turn this page.

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Dept. 107, 305 Broadway, New York City

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
Dept. 107, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir—I enclose herewith 10 cents, for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

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Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

The Available Antonio

Utica, N. Y.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I think that Antonio Moreno's portrayal of *Manuel La Tassa* in "My American Wife" is without question one of the greatest pieces of acting I have ever seen. He makes the gay Latin so fascinating, so romantic. According to report Paramount has intended to have Charles de Roche play the rôles selected for Rodolph Valentino. How ridiculous when Antonio Moreno, who is so much better looking and better suited for the kind of parts played by Valentino, is available. It surely seems that with his remarkable personality, Antonio Moreno could reach great heights if only featured in the right kind of pictures.

RICHARD D. KERNAN.

The Glynned-up Gloria

Burlingame, Calif.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE:

Dear Sir: I just saw "My American Wife" with Gloria Swanson and "Tony" Moreno "Tony" is a handsome devil but, where oh where, is our old Gloria? Her big gray eyes are now made up to look like a cat's and her whole expression is "a la Elinor Glyn." We loved her as she was—a little sweet, snippy, personality, but who wants to see the "Glyn" on the screen! Her screen stories are bad enough—goodness knows—Is she under contract or why do they keep her on? We Americans are glad to give anyone a chance and pay them handsomely but it seems when one can't "deliver" they should run along home. We used to turn out "en family" to see any picture with Elinor's name to it but now we have learned to shun them, for they are pure "hokum." Even our favorite stars can't save them.

G. M. LANG.

The All-American Idol

Chapel Hill, N. C.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Stars may come and stars may go but no one will ever take the place of "Our Mary."

Many people say they were disappointed in "Tess of the Storm Country" and I wonder why. What did they want? Mary to appear as a 1923 flapper, I suppose! I believe the majority of people will take her as always, with curls and sun-bonnet. I think her plays are splendid; so different.

The children all love her, for she is their ideal and her plays are seldom criticized as others often are. Why? Because as I say they are "different."

"Bella Donna" was turned down in several cities in our state, so I did not see the picture. Let's have more of Mary.

MRS. M. M. REID.

Call for Theda Bara!

Washington, D. C.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I feel that it is necessary to write a line to protest against such pictures as I saw at one of the leading theaters recently, "Bella Donna."

If we must have vamps of the snaky type, why not remain loyal to our all-American Theda Bara, who has been relegated to the limbo of the forgotten? I am sure she was far more acceptable than Pola Negri in her first American production.

Such a plotless jumble of male victims "that passed with each night." And one of our old favorites, Conway Tearle, so badly miscast that old memories of past successes arose from their graves to wander hopelessly until he again redeems himself.

Conrad Nagel! May your tribe increase; you are one of the bright, bright stars of both the legitimate stage, and of the screen.

MRS. E. M. L.

Eugene & Norma—Their Play

Pittsburgh, Pa.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I have wanted to write to you for some time praising Norma Talmadge's work, but have never gotten up courage to do so. However, after reading "Youngstown Stenographer's" letter in the May issue of this magazine, I feel as if I must say something on the subject.

If our "Youngstown Stenographer," and in fact anyone in Youngstown, did not like Norma Talmadge's and Eugene O'Brien's work in "The Voice from the Minaret," I cannot think where their intelligent reasoning and judgment is. I think Norma Talmadge is wonderful in any picture, but when she plays with Eugene O'Brien, she reigns supreme. Eugene O'Brien is good too, but when he plays with Norma Talmadge, it is the making of him. He's wonderful. If he could only play with her always.

Our "Youngstown Stenographer" claims they tried awfully hard to can Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien. I think most everyone in Pittsburgh will have something to say to that, for I haven't heard anybody have anything to say on the subject but that Eugene and Norma are wonderful together.

We also love to see Norma Talmadge and Harrison Ford play together.

We are waiting anxiously for Norma's next picture here in Pittsburgh, "Within the Law."

"PITTSBURGH STENOGRAPHER."

Coming Close to Booth

St. Louis, Mo.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I read an article in your April magazine where a New York young lady compares Valentino with Edwin Booth—evidently she never saw Edwin Booth.

Valentino may be very good in the various parts he has played but there are a dozen or more in the picture world just as good. I am sure the late Wallace Reid surpassed him in looks, physique and acting. I could mention a great many more but don't want to take up your time. But, just let me add this much—"The Little Colonel" (Henry B. Walthall) is the only actor on the screen that comes anywhere near Edwin Booth—and I am sure there are quite a few that will agree with me.

AGNES LINDSLEY.

P. S.—One who has seen Edwin Booth!

Doesn't Like Doug's Acting

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Although a constant reader of your magazine for a period a little over two years, I have never attempted to write to you before (finding enjoyment in reading the letters of other subscribers) but now, in the new edition, May, I have read two letters that prompted me to write, as I heartily agree with both. Those letters are by Mrs. G. B. Sharp and R. L. O. The most glaring examples of literary masterpieces being murdered by screen actors (so called) are "The Three Musketeers" and "Robin Hood," both by Douglas Fairbanks. If it was Fairbanks' intention to burlesque both of those grand stories, he has succeeded admirably, as they were the worst pictures that I have seen in years. As an actor, Douglas Fairbanks is a first class acrobat or clown. At least the fans have this to be thankful for; that John Gilbert was the star in "Monte Cristo."

M. F. C.



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

ADAM AND EVA—Paramount-Cosmopolitan.—Marion Davies does some very good light comedy work as a spoiled daughter of wealth. (May.)

ADAM'S RIB—Paramount.—Cecil de Mille's latest—and worst. Started out to be an epic of the flapper and wound up as a rhinestone-set tale of the girl who sacrifices her reputation to save her mother. (May.)

ALICE ADAMS—Associated Exhibitors-Pathe.—A true celluloid counterpart of Booth Tarkington's thoroughly human account of small-town Indiana life. (April.)

ALL THE BROTHERS WERE VALIANT—Metro.—A whaling good story of the sea, though over long. (April.)

ARE YOU A FAILURE?—Preferred Pictures.—A story in seven reels that deserves three. It may amuse the old folks and children. A small town seemingly inhabited entirely by actors. (May.)

BACKBONE—Distinctive Pictures.—Anything but distinctive—just average. A far-fetched tale, ornately mounted. (May.)

BACK HOME AND BROKE—Paramount.—A great American combination—George Ade and Thomas Meighan—in a colloquial comedy of clean humor and clear characterization. (March.)

BALLOONATIC, THE—First National.—Buster Keaton below standard. But a dozen good laughs, and Phyllis Haver in a bathing suit. (March.)

BELLA DONNA—Paramount.—Pola Negri's first American-made picture does not fit her as well as those tailored in Berlin. Pola is more beautiful but less moving; a passion flower fashioned into a pointsettia. The picture is thoroughly artificial. (June.)

BELL BOY 13—Ince-First National.—Trics desperately hard to be funny. Douglas MacLean all right, but this is a two-reeler that didn't know when to stop growing. (April.)

BOHEMIAN GIRL, THE—American Releasing Corporation.—It all depends. Ivor Novello and Gladys Cooper. Creaky light opera retold in celluloid. (April.)

BOLTED DOOR, THE—Universal.—Husband and wife have a quarrel, a fortune hunter threatens to break up what little domestic happiness is left, but virtue triumphs in the end. (May.)

BRASS—Warner Brothers.—Not for those who read the novel by Norris. A story which doesn't dare anything. Harry Myers excellent in small role. (June.)

BUCKING THE BARRIER—Fox.—Dustin Farnum beating up thugs who wouldst thwart him from claiming his rightful estates. (June.)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND—Hodkinson.—Dime novel thrills with a dime-stagey hero in Carlyle Blackwell. (March.)

CAN A WOMAN LOVE TWICE?—F. B. O.—Apparently she can. Ethel Clayton, as the harassed heroine of a dull, long-drawn out drama, does. (May.)

CANYON OF THE FOOLS—F. B. O.—After seeing this picture, any audience will agree that all the fools aren't in the canyon. Some of them wrote and directed this story. (April.)

CAPTAIN-FLY-BY-NIGHT—F. B. O.—Johnnie Walker does a Valentino-Fairbanks in Spanish panics, sash and sombrero. A fairly exciting evening. (March.)

CASEY JONES, JR.—Educational.—Two reels of good fun for the whole family. A colored porter and a goat offer some amusing gags. (May.)

CHRISTIAN, THE—Goldwyn.—The dramatic combat between the physical and spiritual, with Mae Busch and Richard Dix as chief combatants. The old, old story brought back to life, strength and eloquence by Maurice Tourneur. (March.)

CHRISTMAS—F. B. O.—A tree, candles, Santa Claus and the Carter de Havens, not to mention a colored child, a goat, a burglar, policemen and more darn fun! (March.)

COVERED WAGON, THE—Paramount.—The biggest picture of the screen year. Real pioneers fighting their tortuous passage across the plains and mountains. Recommended to everyone—young and old, without reservations. Take the whole family. A Will Hays promise made good. (May.)

CRASHING THROUGH—F. B. O.—Not so bad—not so good. A Harry Carey jumble of heroics. (June.)

CRINOLINE AND ROMANCE—Metro.—A saccharine picture of an embittered colonel who tries to keep his granddaughter away from the lures of the wicked world. (April.)

DADDY—First National.—A shopworn and old fashioned story with Jackie Coogan as its redeeming feature. (May.)

DRIVEN—Universal.—A celluloid surprise, mountain folks—not cabaret hounds. Recommended to those who are interested in the best on the screen. (April.)

DRUMS OF FATE—Paramount.—"Enoch Arden" up-to-date. Mary Miles Minter. Better attend a bridge club tonight. (April.)

ENEMIES OF WOMEN—Paramount-Cosmopolitan.—An Ibanez romance filmed in Paris and Monte Carlo, decorated by Urban, dressed by Point and girded by Ziegfeld. A million dollars' worth of beauty, including Alma Rubens, and superb acting by Lionel Barrymore. (June.)

EX-KAISER IN EXILE, THE—Hodkinson.—The Ex-Kaiser striding through many acres of pleasant woodland in Holland acting like a caged lion. Wilhelm looks quite healthy—too healthy to make the film enjoyable. (May.)

FAINT HEARTS—Hodkinson.—A slap stick comedy of a young man seeking a fair one's hand in the Fairbanks manner. (March.)

FAMOUS MRS. FAIR, THE—Metro.—"Arise, Fred Niblo, Photoplay dubs you a directorial knight of the screen." A perfect motion picture and a perfect cast. You can't afford to miss this. (May.)

FIGHTING BLOOD—F. B. O.—One of the best of the serials. Whether you are a fight fan or not, you will enjoy them. (April.)

FIRST DEGREE, THE—Universal.—Frank Mayo does fine work as a misunderstood brother. Sylvia Breamer weakens the story. (April.)

FLAME OF LIFE, THE—Universal.—Little spitfire comes to happiness and love, despite a brutal, Scotch miner papa. Priscilla Dean is Little Spitfire and Wallace Beery the Brutal Papa. Both excellent. (March.)

FOUR ORPHANS, THE—Hodkinson.—A comedy. Not the funniest ever made, but almost amusing enough. Charles Murray is the real star. (May.)

FOURTH MUSKETEER, THE—F. B. O.—Johnnie Walker at his best as a young prize-fighter who gives up certain championship for the little wife. (June.)

FURY—First National-Inspiration.—A he-picture of the sea with wallops in every other scene. Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish. (April.)

GENTLEMAN FROM AMERICA, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson and an army pal adventuring in a Spanish duchy. (April.)

GHOST PATROL, THE—Universal.—Fairly good entertainment. George Nichols—new star. Does usual stunt of walking away with picture. (April.)

GIMME—Goldwyn.—Slightly over the average. Young bride who has to beg coin from husband with inevitable consequences. (April.)

GLIMPSES OF THE MOON, THE—Paramount.—Beautiful sets, beautiful gowns and oh, such beautiful ladies! In a word, an eyeful. But nothing much for the heart. (June.)

GOSSIP—Universal.—Gladys Walton ends a great strike and marries the mill owner—all because she is a sweet, innocent little girl who knows nothing of life, or the conventions. (May.)

GRUB STAKE, THE—American Releasing Corporation.—Fifty-seven varieties of woodland creatures, ranging in styles from bears to porcupines. Also Nell Shipman. A unique forest picture. (June.)

GRUMPY—Paramount.—A superb characterization by Theodore Roberts. Well worth an evening. (June.)

HEARTS AFLAME—Metro.—The old forest catches fire again. Anna Q. Nilsson beautiful and brave, and Frank Keenan impressive as the fire. (March.)

As a special service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is inaugurating its new department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments upon all photoplays of the preceding four months.

PHOTOPLAY readers will find this new department of tremendous help—for it will be an authoritative and accurate summary, told in a few words, of all current film dramas.

PHOTOPLAY has always been first and foremost in its film reviews. However, the fact that most photoplays do not reach the great majority of the country's screen theaters until months later, has been a manifest drawback. This new department overcomes this—and shows you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money.

You can now determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. The month at the end of each tabloid indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

DANGEROUS AGE, THE—First National.—One of those pictures you've been asking for—human throughout. The story of a man of forty who becomes susceptible to the silliness of spring which he thought he'd outgrown. Lewis Stone and Cleo Madison deserve medals. (March.)

DANGEROUS GAME, A—Universal.—A little girl with pretty ankles and a faith in magic, who makes friends of fairies and goblins,—that's Gladys Walton. The picture is no feat of magic, but it will do. (March.)

DARK SECRETS—Paramount.—No excuse for this in this day and age. Dorothy Dalton pursued by Egyptian gent with Couc ideas. (April.)

DOCTOR JACK—Pathe.—Not Lloyd at his best but better than most anyone else at that. A comedy with a serious mission, clean, wholesome, entertaining. (March.)

DOLLAR DEVILS—Hodkinson.—Dull and dreary. Small old town story—that's all. (April.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 13]

Do You Want A Bigger Salary?

It doesn't matter what you are Today or what you were Yesterday. Tomorrow is your bright, clear day of Opportunity. Nothing can keep you down if you really make up your mind to go up.

Maybe you've gotten a bad start. Perhaps you haven't had a decent raise in years. Or perhaps you are one of those thousands who have had their wages cut—or thrown out of a job. But you aren't going to curl up and quit, are you? Right now, when trained men are in such demand, you've the best chance you ever had to get out of the rut and do something worth while.

But you're "too old to start over," you say? Nonsense! When some of the big men of this country were your age, they weren't earning half what you are getting today. But they didn't quit! They worked! They studied! They learned to do some one thing well.

At 35, Henry Ford was working in the mechanical department of the Edison Electric Light & Power Company. At 38, John R. Patterson, who founded the National Cash Register Company, was the proprietor of a small and none too successful country store. At 25, George Eastman, president of the Eastman Kodak Company, was a bookkeeper in a savings bank. At 22, Edison was a roaming telegraph operator—out of a job, too poor, when he arrived in New York, to buy his own breakfast!

Forget what you are today and decide on what you want to be. No man has failed until he admits it to himself. And no real man ever admits it. Why, man, in just one hour a day—in the spare time you will never miss—you can fit yourself for a better job and a bigger salary.

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FRIENDLY ADVICE

From
Carolyn Van Wyck

EVERY woman wants to be charming. She wants to be admired—to be in demand socially. Each day I receive letters from young girls, from debutantes, from business women and from wives and mothers. All asking me to give them the secret of charm. All asking me how they may attain those two elusive qualities—personality and beauty.

It is the privilege of every woman to be charming. To be pretty. To taste of the sweets of life. It is the privilege of every woman to do all that she can to find popularity and social success. She should make the most of herself; she should consider carefully her best features—and her worst ones. She should build a barrier of attraction between herself and plainness. And, in doing so, she should use every aid that comes to her hand!

A few years ago the rouge box was disdained, and the powder puff was kept in a dark and secret place. Women who used facial creams and henna shampoos; who invested in manicures and massages, were considered vain and over indulgent. But that is all changed, now. And rightly. Today cosmetics are considered the logical helps that they are—when sensibly and rightly used!

If pallor is not becoming to a woman there is no reason at all why she should not indulge in a touch of artificial coloring. If her lashes and brows are characterless, undoubtedly a bit of mascara or an application of eyebrow pencil will improve her appearance. If straight hair takes away from the charm of her features a wave—permanent, or one made with patent curlers—will help. Overweight—underweight? The proper attention to massage and diet and exercise will correct an unpleasant tendency. A good soap, a complexion clay, a skin food—they are all items to be considered seriously by the woman who longs for beauty and charm.

Clothes, too, play their part. They may alter a whole personality. Care should be taken in the choice of color, the matter of line. The tilt of a hat brim has been known to bring out a profile's unexpected loveliness. The arrangement of a fragment of drapery can accentuate—or utterly hide—a marvelous line. And so it goes!

Every sensible woman—and all women who want to be pretty—are sensible—realize that charm comes from something more than surface value. They realize that true attractiveness is a combination of beauty of face, beauty of form, and beauty of thought and action. Good manners, tact, poise and intelligence are

most important. So are sweetness of nature and willingness to be both friendly and helpful. Tolerance and good humor are social assets. But sweetness of nature and tolerance cannot make a shiny nose seem charming. Friendliness and tact cannot make an unbecoming frock worth while. And good humor cannot correct stringy hair or a bad complexion!

It is the privilege of every woman to be attractive. To make the most of herself. Not only for her own sake—for the sake of her family—her fiance, her husband, and her children. Men like to be proud of their women folk. And women are glad when the men who love them boast about their good looks. That is why women should study themselves—why they should be progressive in the matter of appearance. Why, if they are not able to study themselves and judge of their requirements, they should ask questions until they are fully satisfied that they are on the right road.

It is the privilege of every woman to be attractive. And it is more than a privilege. It is a DUTY.

HELEN M., DESMOINES, IOWA.

Do not think that your husband has ceased to care for you because he stays late, very often, at his office. He has explained to you that he is a busy man and that his work is a growing and vital thing. You must understand that while his business is in a formative stage it needs his almost constant attention. You are not being pushed into the background in any way—all of the plans that he is building are for you and your future. Many women have real cause for jealousy—and, with the real cause, are more tolerant and broad minded than you have been. Be a helpmate in the true sense of the word and don't make his road any harder, by your nagging and lack of understanding, than it is.

J. W., PORTLAND, ORE.

Sixteen is not too young to use a complexion clay. But I would advise that you bathe your face, quite often, with witch hazel, to do away with the oily condition of the skin.

BERNICE, WASHINGTON, N. J.

There are a number of good schools that give dancing instruction by correspondence. And surely, while you are a student at Wellesley college, you will have splendid opportunities to study under competent instructors.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]

AGENTS!

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—The Editor

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

HERO, THE—Preferred Pictures.—A quiet, sincere picture, good scenario, diplomatic direction and one of the best casts of the season, including the season's leading charmer, Barbara La Marr. (March.)

HEROES OF THE STREET—Warner Brothers. A show for the kids run by Wesley Barry. Policemen, fights, dogs and freckles. (March.)

HOLY BIBLE IN MOTION PICTURES, THE—National Non-Theatrical.—A conscientious, praiseworthy picturization of the Old Testament of educational value, despite the lack of inspiration, and technical blemishes. (March.)

HUNTING BIG GAME IN AFRICA—A picture of hunters, by hunters, for hunters. But the hunted get the sympathy. (March.)

ISLE OF LOST SHIPS, THE—First National.—A fantastic romance of derelicts in the Sargasso Sea, screened with imagination by Tourneur. (June.)

JAVA HEAD—Paramount.—From Hergesheimer's novel. Misses much, but, even so, a screen drama well above the average. (May.)

JAZZMANIA—Metro.—Another generous helping of Mae Murray marshmallow screen fare. Over done and too long. (May.)

KEEP 'EM HOME—F. B. O.—Follow the advice of the title or else look up an old Chaplin one-reeler. (March.)

KICK IN—Paramount.—Willard Mack's stage drama transferred to the grandiose settings of Hollywood. George Fitzmaurice has left an edge to the drama, but his New York sassiest folks are queerish living in curious aquariums. (March.)

KINDLED COURAGE—Universal.—The story of the coward who becomes regenerated. Hoot Gibson is the coward-hero. (March.)

LAST HOUR, THE—Mastodon Films, Inc.—Saved at the eleventh hour from the hangman's noose—audience applauding the hangman and cursing the rescuers. (March.)

LEOPARDESS, THE—Paramount.—Montague Love tries taming Alice Brady, a wild gal of the South seas. He also tries to tame a leopardess—and getsamed most effectively. The leopardess should have ended matters in the first reel. (June.)

LION'S MOUSE, THE—Hodkinson.—Blackmail, obbery, hairbreadth escapes, the papers and the boils! But entertaining for a' that. (June.)

LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER, THE—Warner Brothers.—A situation after the manner of "The Miracle Man," with a wealthy mine owner, a mine disaster and a minister. Interesting cast. (June.)

LOST AND FOUND—Goldwyn.—Hollywood lokum dropped in the South Seas. A beautiful background and good players wasted. (June.)

LOVE LETTER, THE—Universal.—Gladys Wallon, cute and big-eyed, and flapperly satisfactory, just too sweet for anything. (April.)

MAD LOVE—Goldwyn.—Pola Negri's last picture in Germany. They have changed her many lovers or husbands in the American titles. The children should study their lessons tonight. (May.)

MAKING OF A MAN, THE—Paramount.—Jack Holt is a tight and conventional millionaire who finds himself stranded in New York. If you like Jack you won't mind being stranded with him. (March.)

MAN FROM GLENGARRY, THE—Hodkinson.—Ralph Connors' erstwhile best-seller has suffered a screening, but the logging scenes are fine and the Canadian landscapes impressive. (June.)

M. A. R. S.—Teleview.—A novel effect of depth attained by a new invention. Otherwise an uninteresting dream drama. (March.)

MASTERS OF MEN—Vitagraph.—Well done story of the Spanish-American war. Cullen Landis fine. Earle Williams, Alice Calhoun and Wanda Lawley in the cast. (June.)

MIDNIGHT GUEST, THE—Universal.—A young lady thief who reforms. Not quite for children. (May.)

MIGHTY LAK' A ROSE—First National.—It makes you cry and that is about the highest praise that can be given any picture—even if it is a little loying in its sweetness. Worth while. (April.)

MILADY—American Releasing Corporation.—Advertised as "beginning where 'The Three Musketeers' left off," this French production is nearer Dumas than Douglas Fairbanks. Worth while. (April.)

A Big Throbbing Heart Drama



HER heart pounded so that she thought it would burst—throbbing with love and with fear. Love for the man who had taken her first kiss. Fear that her new found love would be snatched from her by the posse they had just sighted riding over the crest of the distant hill.

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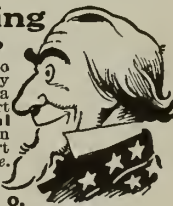
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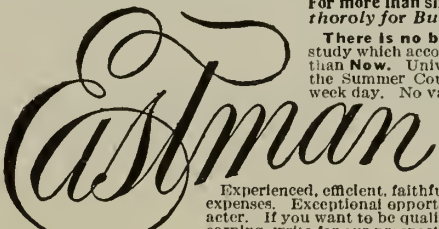
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MILLION IN JEWELS. A—American Releasing Corporation.—Our old favorite, Helen Holmes, tries to smuggle in the Russian Crown Jewels. Helen should be given a chance to smuggle herself into a good picture. She would make good. (April.)

MR. BILLINGS SPENDS HIS DIME—Paramount.—Is bullet-proof farce and one of the best things of its kind in a long time. Sprightly all the way. It will cheer up the whole family. (May.)

MODERN MARRIAGE—American Releasing Corporation.—The team of Beverly Bayne and Francis X. Bushman return in a commonplace story smoothly screened. (June.)

MY AMERICAN WIFE—Paramount.—One of those thoroughbred Kentucky girls meets one of those handsome Spanish-Americans. A weak story fizzed up by the personalities of Gloria Swanson and Antonio Moreno. (March.)

NOBODY'S BRIDE—Universal.—A runaway bride, a down-and-out suitor of other days, a bag of jewels, a band of crooks, etc., etc. (June.)

NOBODY'S MONEY—Paramount.—Light comedy, but very entertaining. Altogether an optically pleasing picture. (April.)

ONE WEEK OF LOVE—Selznick.—The society butterfly goes in search of thrills. Three bad men grab her and gamble for her. But of course she wins—in the end. She's Elaine Hammerstein, her prize is Conway Tearle. (March.)

OREGON TRAIL, THE—Universal.—A serial that has real historic value as well as drama and suspense. If the boys don't like history in school, take them to see this. (April.)

OTHELLO—Ben Blumenthal.—A German adaptation of the British bard's tragedy directed by a Russian, in which Emil Jannings is a German Moor. (May.)

OUR GANG COMEDIES—Pathe.—One hundred per cent kid stuff—for the whole family. Don't miss Little Farina, age two, colored. (June.)

PILGRIM, THE—First National.—Not Chaplin's best, but worth anybody's money. The great comedian masquerading as a minister. Imagine that. (April.)

POOR MEN'S WIVES—Preferred Pictures.—Not bad, not good. Barbara La Marr a shabby, discontented wife. (April.)

POP TUTTLE, DETEKATIVE—F. B. O.—Dan Mason and a screamingly funny set of false whiskers as the graduate of a correspondence course in detecting, furnishes great amusement. (April.)

POP TUTTLE'S POLECAT PLOT—F. B. O.—Fashioned after the Fontaine Fox-Tonerville Trolley type of cartoon humor. Manages to be fairly funny. (May.)

POWER OF A LIE, THE—Universal.—David Torrence does some fine work as the harassed liar. Complications pile up until everybody lands in the police court. (April.)

PRISONER, THE—Universal.—An extravagant plot with Herbert Rawlinson as the heavy lover who saves a little blond from an unfortunate marriage. (May.)

QUEEN OF SIN, THE—Not sinful but awful. The queen's sin is weight. (June.)

QUICKSANDS—American Releasing Corporation.—Drug smuggling across the Mexican border is stopped by Lt. Richard Dix and Helene Chadwick of the Secret Service. (June.)

RACING HEARTS—Paramount.—Unless the auto stuff has been worn threadbare with you, it may entertain you. To us the motor seems to miss. (May.)

ROBERT BRUCE WILDERNESS TALES—Educational.—Mr. Bruce has made the scenery, and even the dogs, a background for wee stories that haven't much plot or conventional punch, but are decidedly interesting. (April.)

ROD AND GUN SERIES—Hodkinson.—The wealth of detail and the excellent photography don't quite compensate for the distaste of such utter destruction of ducks, geese, quail and fish. (May.)

SAFETY LAST—Pathe.—Harold Lloyd's best—seven reels that speed like two. Prepare for laughter, shrieks and general hysteria. (June.)

SCARLET CAR, THE—Universal.—A speedy plot, with the crooked nominee for mayor getting hit where he deserves. (March.)

SCARS OF JEALOUSY—First National.—See "Poor Men's Wives." Ditto. (May.)

SECOND FIDDLE—Film Guild-Hodkinson.—Glenn Hunter playing Glenn Hunter and Mary Astor playing Mary Astor in a just too nice picture. (March.)

SINGLE HANDED—Universal.—Hoot Gibson as an eccentric musician who discovers a buried treasure. Hoot's better at handling hosses. (June.)

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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 FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES**, 6 West 48th Street, New York City.
 Richard Barthelme Productions, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
 Edwin Carewe Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 619 Pacific Finance Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.
 Allen Holubar Productions, Union League Bldg., Third and Hill Streets, Los Angeles, Calif.
 Thomas H. Ince Productions, Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.
 John M. Stahl Productions, Mayer Studio, 3500 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.
 Norma and Constance Talmadge Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
 Maurice Tourneur Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
 Laurence Trimble-Jane Murfin Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 6 West 48th Street, New York City.
 Loula Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.
 Richard Walton Tully Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
- EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORPORATION**, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
 Christie Comedies, Christie Film Co., Inc., Sunset at Gowe Street, Los Angeles, Calif.
 Hamilton Comedies, Lloyd Hamilton Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
 Mermaid Comedies, Jack White Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
- FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION (PARAMOUNT)**, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
 (s) Paramount, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.
 (s) Lasky, Hollywood, Calif.
 British Paramount (s) Poole St., Islington, N. London, England.
 Wm. S. Hart Productions, (s) 1215 Bates Street, Hollywood, Calif.
- FOX FILM CORPORATION**, (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City. (s) 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. (s) Rome, Italy.
- GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION**, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; (s) Culver City, Calif. Marshall Neilan, King Victor Productions and Hugo Ballin Productions.
 International Films, Inc. (Cosmopolitan Productions), 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (s) Second Avenue and 127th St., New York City.
- W. W. HODKINSON CORPORATION**, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
- MASTODON FILMS, INC.**, C. C. Burr, 135 West 44th Street, New York City; (s) Glendale, Long Island.
- METRO PICTURES CORPORATION**, 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) Romaine and Cahuenga Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
 Tiffany Productions, 1540 Broadway, New York City.
 Buster Keaton Productions, Keaton Studio, 1205 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Calif.
 Jackie Coogan, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
- PATHE EXCHANGE**, Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th Street, New York City; (Associated Exhibitors). Hal E. Roach Studios, Inc., Culver City, Calif.
 Ruth Roland Serials, United Studio, Hollywood, Calif.
- PREFERRED PICTURES**, 1650 Broadway, New York City; (s) Max Scherberg Studio, 3500 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif. Tom Forman, Victor Schertzinger and Louis J. Gasnier Productions.
- PRINCIPAL PICTURES CORPORATION**, 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
- R-C PICTURES CORPORATION**, 723 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (s) Corner Gower and Melrose Streets, Hollywood, Calif.
- ROTHACKER FILM MFG. COMPANY**, 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Illinois; Rothacker-Alier Laboratories, Inc., Hollywood, Calif.
- UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION**, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
 George Aries Productions, Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Avenue, New York City.
 Rex Bench Productions, United Artists Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
 Charlie Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
 D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
 Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford Studio, Hollywood, Calif.
 Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Calif.
 Charles Ray Productions, 1428 Fleming Street, Los Angeles, Calif.
 Mack Sennet Comedy Productions, Los Angeles, Calif.
- UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. COMPANY**, 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Universal City, Calif.
 Century Comedies, Circle Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
- VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA**, (s) East 15th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York; (s) 1708 Talmadge Street, Hollywood, Calif.
- WARNER BROTHERS**, 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Sunset Blvd. at Bronson, Los Angeles, Calif.
- WHITMAN BENNETT PRODUCTIONS**, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, New York.

SOLOMON IN SOCIETY—Arrow.—A weak attempt to pull a Potash and Perlmutter. All the old business of finger bowls, table manners and dressy daughters. (March.)

SOULS FOR SALE—Goldwyn.—A Cook's tour of the Hollywood studios. A false and trivial story, but it takes you behind the camera and is very entertaining. (June.)

SPEEDER, THE—Educational.—A Lloyd Hamilton comedy that will tickle your funny bone. There are some new gags—and some good old ones. (April.)

STORMSWEPT—F. B. O.—Wallace Beery trying to be a successor to Rodolph Valentino. Not for children—and we are all children to a certain extent! (May.)

SUNSHINE TRAIL, THE—First National.—The story of a nice young man who wants to spread sunshine everywhere but gets under a cloud in his own home town. (June.)

SUZANNA—Allied Producers.—Mack Sennett tries plot instead of pies without so much success, but Mabel Normand stirs in some fine humor. A story of early California, missions, peons, Spaniards—and Mabel. (June.)

THREE JUMPS AHEAD—Fox.—Tom Mix and his horse Tony leap a chasm and give you an hour of Western thrill with love interest for dessert. C'mon, Skinnay, and bring the gang! (June.)

THIRD ALARM, THE—F. B. O.—If you are one of those people who always run to fires, don't miss this. Biggest fire of the season, and Ralph Lewis the best fire-fighter. (March.)

TIGER'S CLAW—Paramount.—Jack Holt goes to India, gets bit by a tiger, married to half-caste, and mixed up in poison plots and Oriental religions. (June.)

TILLERS OF THE SOIL—Thoughtful, but gloomy. A few rays of sunlight and cheer would help it. Made in France. (April.)

TOWN SCANDAL, THE—Universal.—Gladys Walton is a chorus girl who runs out of a job and goes home to write her memoirs for the local gazette. Of course the poor girl's misunderstood. (June.)

TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE, THE—Paramount.—Mountaineers, moonshiners, Minter and Moreno. Also Ernest Torrence. The players are the thing. (June.)

TRIMMED IN SCARLET—Universal.—Characters displaying their lack of sense in a way that may earn your pity but not your sympathy. (June.)

VANITY FAIR—Goldwyn.—Hugo Ballin's workmanlike visualization of Thackeray's novel. Not brilliant, but adequate. (June.)

VOICE FROM THE MINARET, THE—First National.—A reunion of Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien. Lovely renunciation. Desert Background. Good. (April.)

WAGGIN' TALE, A—F. B. O.—Sorry to say that a clever dog actor takes all the honors away from the Carter De Havens. (May.)

WHAT A WIFE LEARNED—First National.—It was the husband who learned and it required six reels. You feel that he should have gotten wise in the second. How Milton Sills suffers. (April.)

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE COLD—Metro.—It follows the scenery and action of "Robin Hood" with some surprising results and some not so surprising. (April.)

WHERE THE PAVEMENT ENDS—Metro.—Ramon Novarro (girls, don't miss him) and Alice Terry in what seems to us Rex Ingram's best picture. Recommended. (May.)

WHILE PARIS SLEEPS—Hodkinson.—You will, too. Wouldn't have thought this of Maurice Tourneur. Better spend a quiet evening at home. (April.)

WHITE FLOWER, THE—Paramount.—Hawaii and Betty Compton are alluring. Nothing else matters if you like them. And who doesn't? (June.)

WOMAN OF BRONZE, THE—Metro.—Clara Kimball Young as the wife, who after disillusionment and anguish proves to be the ideal woman for her husband. (June.)

WORLD'S APPLAUSE, THE—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels. Story of publicity built idol who gets involved and is demolished. She's innocent, of course. (April.)

WORLD'S A STAGE, THE—Principal Pictures.—Elinor Glyn paints a picture of Hollywood that might just as well have been laid in any other small town. (April.)

YOU ARE GUILTY—Mastodon Films.—Mediocrity with a distinguished cast. (June.)

YOUR FRIEND AND MINE—Metro.—Really good, but slightly silly. The wife is too trusting, the villain is too bad, and the ruined girl is too resigned. (May.)

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LIONEL STRONGFORT
Physical and Health Specialist
Dept. 481 Newark, New Jersey

Friendly Advice

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

S. H.—RHODE ISLAND.

It is sad that you, an innocent member of a family that has made more than its share of mistakes, should have to suffer. But it is often the case that the innocent bystander must suffer. I can understand your anguish of mind because your father never felt for you the same sort of affection that he felt for your brothers—and the thought that one of them, who had no talent, received the art education that you so longed for, has made the situation particularly hard. Now that your father and mother are divorced I think that you may feel that it is time for you to consider your own life. Do not let their differences weigh down upon you any longer. Look on the bright side of the situation, and try to find some way of carving out your own destiny. You are wrong in allowing yourself to feel that their trouble is, in any way, a disgrace to you. It is not.

PAT, TACOMA, WASH.

If you have a low forehead and a straight nose you should not even consider wearing your bobbed hair in a bang. It would take away from the attractiveness of your nose, and would make your forehead seem even lower. So, also, would a side parting affect the shape of your face and the outline of your profile. It is best to wear your hair straight back—and, too, it is much more original!

"BLUE EYES," TEXAS

Do not think that you should sacrifice your character to the having of a good time. No good time is worth it! For a good time is only a passing thing—the joy of an idle moment. And a character is that upon which a whole life is built. It is better to have the real friendship and respect of men than to arouse emotions that are not worth-while and splendid. Do not worry because you have never had a real love affair. You are only twenty—and twenty is the springtime of youth. Time enough to wait for the real love to come. Do not go out of your way, and sacrifice worthy principles, in a search for an imitation of the real thing!

ANXIOUS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

With dark green eyes, medium brown hair and a good complexion you will have little difficulty in the choosing of colors to wear for afternoon and evening. For afternoon, grey, blue—either midnight or French—brown, jade green or periwinkle. For evening any of the pastel shades, bronze, gold, silver, filmy black, Nile green or flame. Use face powder in the shade "naturelle." Your weight, for five feet, five and one-half inches, should not be more than a hundred and thirty-five pounds. You should take measures, at once, to lose the surplus.

BUDDY, BOSTON, MASS.

It should not be hard to gain weight. There are so many ways. First of all, if it will agree with you, a milk diet. Drink plenty of cream, too. Perhaps two quarts of milk and one-half pint of cream a day. Massage your neck and shoulders with a good tissue building cream. Your local department stores will carry a fine variety of such creams in their toilet goods departments.

LOUISE L., CHICAGO, ILL.

Of course it is hard to see the man you love marry another girl. But you can hardly blame the man as he did not know of your love—and had, in fact, never displayed any sign of affection toward you. You are wrong to feel an intense dislike of the other girl—a dislike which you say nearly amounts to hatred. For it is not her fault, either. She merely took a love that was honestly offered, with no thought of hurting anyone else.

The really unfortunate phase of the whole affair is that you work in the same office with the man in question. Wouldn't it be better, under the circumstances, to look for a new position? Surely, in a large city, there are many openings for efficient private secretaries. Away from this man, who is a constant reminder of your unhappiness, you will gain a new outlook upon life.

C. A. SMITH, CANADA

Yes, indeed—one hundred and twenty-five pounds is a great weight for a girl who is only five feet tall. You are almost twenty pounds too heavy. Strenuous exercise, and attention to your diet, are the only methods that will help. The Wallace system—that teaches one to lose weight pleasantly, to music—is healthful and easy. Also take cold baths and walk vigorously and—as nearly as possible—eliminate sugars, starches and fats from your menu. At your age it should be easy to get rid of the surplus pounds—don't wait until you are older; for the older you are the harder it is to lose weight!

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Subscription rates are listed on page five, below Contents.

E. A. M.—MACON, GA.

As you are very tall you will look well in frilly frocks—in panniers and the modified hoop skirts that are so smart this season. You will also be charming in the dresses that are made with semi-basque waists and full skirts. With brown hair, and brown eyes you should wear rouge in the Ashes of Rose shade. But, because your skin is very fair I should advise powder in the tint naturelle instead of in the deeper brunette color.

D. M. D.—KANSAS.

I am glad, as you asked five questions, that you listed them in order. It makes my task so very much more simple. I shall give you answers, following the order in which you have asked my advice.

Because you are small and slight you should wear your hair rather high upon your head. And, as your face is round, you should never puff it over the ears. Stillman's Freckle cream will, I am sure, do much toward ridding you of freckles. Also Othine, double strength. Your arms may be reduced through exercise and localized massage.

Your fourth question is the most difficult to answer. How can I make you understand that it is not wrong, in the real sense of the word, to flirt with a boy? But that it is a dangerous and unmaidenly thing to do. Gentlemen do not flirt—girls with the right breeding and background would not stoop to such a form of amusement.

The fifth and last question is easy. Use cream powder—never flesh.

M. C., MEMPHIS, TENN.

Bandoline will make the curl stay in place on your forehead, and a good French lip stick should have lasting properties. Perhaps your lips are chapped and roughened—in which case a lip stick would not give a very attractive effect. A few applications of camphor ice will relieve this condition.

GLORIA W., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

If the man whom you think you care for has asked to call you "Pal" it may mean either nothing or a great deal. It may mean that he is letting you know—in a tactful way—that he does not care for you in any but an impersonal sense. Or it may mean that he feels a sincere fondness for you—a fondness that may ripen into true love. You, yourself, should be a better judge of his meaning than I. For you know what he says and how he says it; you know his expression when he looks at you, and his apparent interest or lack of interest! Certainly you should not throw away his friendship because you are afraid that you will grow to care deeply for him—and that the feeling may not be returned. Be your sweet, natural self, when with him, and let events take their own course. If love is built upon the firm foundation of mutual friendship, a marriage is almost bound to be happy and successful.

Millions and Movies



THROUGH the medium of slender strips of celluloid, an actor appears simultaneously on thousands of screens in as many different towns. On the same evening, he entertains great armies of film fans who eagerly pay their money to see his performance.

So the movie star commands a king's ransom for a salary, and a fortune is spent profitably to provide a proper background for his art. The movie multiplies personality—and earning power.

Advertising does the same thing for a manufacturer. It takes his message into thousands of homes—to tell folks why they should have his goods and how to get them. Advertising endows him with a thousand voices with which to tell his story.

But the value of advertising is by no means confined to the advertiser. It has a very definite value to *you*.

A glance through the advertising pages enables you to sift out the things that interest you. Sitting in your easy chair, you can compare values and prices. You can select merchandise of indisputed worth—for only *good* goods can stand the test of advertising.

Yes, advertising pays you, and pays you big.

Read the advertisements

*"Conspicuous nose pores grow
larger if neglected"*



You cannot conceal
Conspicuous nose pores—
but you can reduce them

B*Y a special treatment you can reduce conspicuous nose pores.*

On your face the pores are larger than on other parts of the body. On the nose, especially, there are more fat glands than elsewhere.

Unless your skin is in an active condition, the fat sometimes accumulates and hardens in these glands, with the result that the pores become enlarged.

Don't let your skin suffer from this very noticeable fault. Begin tonight to use the following treatment, and see what a simple thing it is to correct this trouble.

WRING a cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive.* Then finish by rubbing your nose for a few seconds with a piece of ice.

Supplement this treatment with the regular daily use of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Before long you will see how this treatment gradually reduces the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous.

There is a special Woodbury treatment for each type of skin

The treatment given above is only one of the famous skin treatments contained

in the booklet "*A Skin You Love to Touch*," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, and in the booklet wrapped around it, find the right treatment for *your* skin. Begin using it tonight! Within a week or ten days you will notice the difference it makes—the new brilliance and loveliness it gives your complexion.

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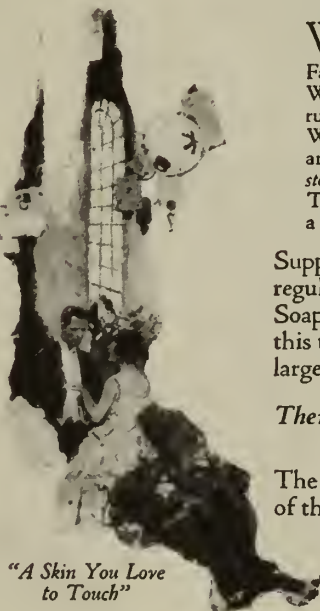
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New Pictures



EVER since his *Rupert of Hentzau* brought him into the lenslight in "The Prisoner of Zenda," Ramon Novarro has been a storm center of debate. Is he or isn't he a big find? His pagan *Motauri* in "Where the Pavement Ends" is a definite affirmative answer, it seems to us



Monroe

WE can still recall the luxurious Bebe Daniels opposite Harold Lloyd. Those were the days! Ever since Bebe became a dramatic star, after doing *Vice* in "Everywoman," we have conceded her our most decorative actress



Hesser

MADGE BELLAMY was recently selected by an authority as the ideal Watteau flapper type—*i.e.*, the Dresden china cutie de luxe. The daughter of a Texas professor of English, Miss Bellamy came to films via the stage



Richee

J. WARREN KERRIGAN has returned to the screen and the popular star of the old "Flying A" days has found he isn't forgotten. The handsome Kentuckian is still as much an idol as when he made his film debut back in 1910



Hartsook

HOUSE PETERS is one of the substantial actors of the screen. Peters is also a Kentuckian and he has been in pictures for a long time. His scrap-book of dramatic work before that time reads like a Cook's tour of the world



Freulich

PATSY RUTH MILLER is almost nineteen. Coming from St. Louis, she made her debut in Nazimova's dramatic close-up, "Camille." Miss Miller is one of the few film flappers who didn't arrive via bathing girl comedies



Hesser

GLORIA SWANSON apparently intends to follow in the emotional footsteps of Pauline Frederick. "Zaza" will be one of the first steps. Thus doth the piquant bathing girl of yesterday become the film tragedienne of today

Risk Precious Silks?

No - if you first consider this safety test

Experience is a good but often *costly* teacher.

It is not necessary actually to *imperil* a precious silk garment by washing it with a soap whose safety you doubt.

No! Here is a soap-test—simple as adding one plus one, yet equally conclusive. This test will prove a soap's safety without endangering your *most precious* garment for an instant.

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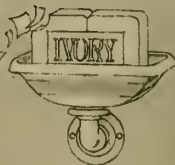
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A War-bride's Wedding Dress Washed 115 Times!

In February, 1918, a North Carolina girl was married to a soldier. She wore the charming white embroidered *crêpe de chine* dress pictured here. Since that day, she assures us that the dress has been washed at least 115 times—probably more—with Ivory Flakes.

"I did it each time myself," says the owner's letter. "I never let it get very badly soiled." It is still beautifully white—eloquent testimony to the mildness and purity of Ivory Flakes.

(Dress and owner's letter on file in the Procter & Gamble offices.)

PHOTOPLAY

July, 1923

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

PLAYERS unfettered by contracts are making hay in Hollywood this year. A leading man who starred last year at a salary of twelve hundred a week is now playing in supporting rôles at a salary of twenty-eight hundred per week. There are some instances where every member of the cast receives a higher salary than the star, because they are freelancing and the star is under contract.

The reason for this, of course, is prodigious increase in production activity without a corresponding increase in supply of reliable talent. Not many directors will take a chance on a novice in a good rôle. Only a few have the time for developing beginners. Therefore the players with names can dictate their terms, and some are in such demand that they can play in two or three or, in one case, in four pictures simultaneously.

Will this state of affairs continue? It will unless there is a marked decrease of activity. Producers must take the time to find and develop new talent, not only to keep salaries within bounds of reason but to give variety of personalities to the screen.

Will the screen world never learn its lesson?

When the depression of a year or so ago came, all celluloidia declared that there would be a complete house-cleaning. The collapse of colossal salaries meant that filmdom must get rid of its dead wood. The handwriting on the wall was obvious.

But that was over a year ago. From all indications, the salaries of players and directors are climbing back to impossible proportions. The screen world has forgotten all about the depression. The old, old stories of fortunes spent upon a single set are with us again.

WHILE we're on the subject of business reforms, what is to be said of the present method of exploiting special features?

Let us consider "The Covered Wagon" as an instance in point. The merits of this historic production are obvious. It made a tremendous hit in New York and Los Angeles. But, when it tried Chicago, the reception was lukewarm. This sort of thing is duplicated almost every week in Chicago and other cities.

The trouble is deep seated. Producers announced their features for special runs, promising that they will not be shown for a lesser admission price within a long period. Then the same features play a regular screen theater, at the usual scale of prices, a few weeks later.

You can't fool all the people, all the time. Hence good specials must suffer along with the bad ones.

WHAT are the chances of a beginner in pictures today? That question has been fired at PHOTOPLAY so much recently that we decided to answer it authoritatively. Who know better than the casting directors, the men who pass upon the merits of the actors for the different rôles of a picture? Next month we shall give their answers.

WE cannot help but wonder if the sort of thing Lon Chaney is doing in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" is necessary and if the public in general demands it.

Chaney, who, of course, plays the rôle of the *Hunchback*, takes three hours to put on the contrivances, straps and braces to contort his body to the deformity of the part. These straps are so violent and cause him such pain that it is necessary for him to be carried to the set on a litter. Once there, he can work only seven minutes at a time, and only an hour altogether. One day he fainted or collapsed several times, and large fans, water and restoratives were kept continually on hand.

After the day's work, Chaney emerges worn and lined, his face a veritable mask of pain and anguish.

Art is a wonderful thing, but, after all, illusion is all the audience desires. The illusion of a hunchback has been achieved by such artists as Jack Barrymore in "Richard the Third," by Harry Mestayer as *Louis Eleventh*, by many actors as *Pierre* in the "Two Orphans," without endangering health and enduring such tortures as Chaney puts himself to. In "The Penalty," it was necessary for him to go to such lengths as the legless beggar, but somehow we have the feeling that he is carrying his fetish for realism in make-up a bit too far in this instance and that as a public, we don't wish to be responsible for such things inflicted upon those who entertain us.

THE Illinois censorship board has a regulation which forbids a picture to use the word "sin" in a sub-title. Consequently, when some production recently flashed the quotation, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone," Illinois decreed it must be cut.

The mere fact that the Nazarene first said it, couldn't save it, of course.

THE record-breaking success of the wild animal pictures may have induced Goldwyn to purchase Hergesheimer's story, "Wild Oranges." If they like the animals wild, why not wild fruit?

THE films are recruiting from the fashionable New York younger set with catching rapidity.

Park Benjamin 2nd, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Benjamin, and Amos Tuck French, son of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Tuck French, are the latest to join up. They are playing minor rôles in "Under the Red Robe," a Cosmopolitan production.

Craig Biddle, Jr., is making rapid progress in Hollywood, and J. Borden Harriman, son of the railroad magnate, is playing under a fictitious name, wishing to make good without the aid of family name.

For the first time in the history of the industry stars are playing up to the extras. These young millionaires are democratizing the business.



The first published "still" of Mary Pickford as little Rosita, the street singer, in her new dramatic romance of Spain in the Nineteenth Century



This set, showing a street of Toledo, is a novel one. That part of the city, apparently on the hill in the distance, was built on the top of the Pickford-Fairbanks stage, exactly 300 yards from the foreground. All of which proves you can't always believe the camera

Pickford's New Picture

MARY PICKFORD fans—
and their name is legion—
are awaiting with unusual inter-
est her first production
made under the supervision of
the German director, Ernst
Lubitsch. Will it reveal a new
Mary? We shall see. The pic-
ture, which is a Spanish tale of
old Toledo, will carry the title
of "The Street Singer." This
is the production which was
substituted for "Faust."

Odd Folks of Hollywood

By Helen Carlisle

The California City of a Thousand and One Adventures has many strange people—but none stranger than those told about in this article. Each story is a veritable bit of life, for Hollywood has many quaint children



"Appetite Bill" holds his place in movieland through two accomplishments: he can eat nine pies at a sitting and he can "lean on air," thereby apparently defying the law of gravitation

As long as scenario writers put scrub women in their scripts, Mary will work in pictures. She takes her work seriously and has made scrubbing a fine art—and what more can be expected of anyone?

Kalo is the son of a Chinese mandarin. But the demand for mandarins in Hollywood is slight and Kalo is now an assistant cameraman at Lasky's. Here Kalo is pictured playing a small role with Lila Lee, James Kirkwood and Jacqueline Logan

HE eats pies. Well, you say, what of it? So do we all. Ah—but note the plural—for there's the gag, as they say in the comedy studios.

"Appetite Bill" can eat nine pies at one sitting. He won his title doing just that. Then he looked in the mirror and decided that anyone as queer as himself oughta go into the movies.

Bill has another accomplishment too. He can "lean on air." The law of gravity means nothing in his life. Feet firmly planted on the ground, Bill can do circles around any Leaning Tower you ever saw. From pies to Pisa as it were. (If that pun gets by my editor, I'll promise not to spring another in six months.)

Whenever an eating scene is to be filmed, Bill is always called, and his unique qualifications as a leaner gain him considerable work with the comedy companies.

He is just one of the odd, interesting characters drifting up and down the Boulevard, caught and held by the lure of the

cinema. Where do they come from? Where do they go? Hollywood doesn't know, nor greatly care. For a moment they are here, brisk and important if they have landed a job for a week or two—gamely courageous when the "No Casting" sign orders them from one studio and another.

CONSIDER Profulla Kumar Ghosal, a Hindu and a Brahmin. Back in Calcutta, Kumar in company with other university students dropped into the local cinema theater quite frequently. One night he saw a sight on the screen which pained him considerably.

An East Indian drama, turned out in Hollywood's niftiest style.

Within a week Kumar had packed his turbans and started for Hollywood, to teach its uncouth directors the difference between the Maharajah and the Mahabharata.

Hollywood didn't send the brass band down to meet Kumar. Studio officials seemed unimpressed with his qualifications as a



Profulla Kumar Ghosal, a Hindu and a Brahmin, who plays Orientals, Mexicans and Italians when East Indians aren't in demand

covery that the demand for full beards exceeded the demand for full dress, so he grew a mighty beard and he never shaves it off.

Wherever Rough Men of the Great Outdoors are gathered together (in front of the camera) there you will find Higgins, and with his beard and his brain working for him in this quaint manner, he makes lots more money than he ever did as a sleek juvenile extra man.

"Beach Pete," gentleman beachcomber, is a type always in demand in Hollywood. He is pictured above with Nita Naldi and Lewis Stone



© Evans

Peter the Hermit is a bareheaded, barefooted extra who comes to Hollywood now and then from some mysterious cave in the hills to play temporarily as an extra

technical director. The standard recipe for making those jolly Hindu mystery dramas called for one crystal gazing-ball, six daggers, turbans all 'round and rent as many Buddhas as you can from the House of Props down on Spring Street.

But Kumar isn't discouraged—yet. If a technical director can't tech, he can act. So when a call goes out for Chinese, Japanese, Mexican or Italian types, the young Hindu lines up for his seven-fifty check. And the Taj Mahal stands unattended on studio lots, and doubles for New York subway stations, without protest from Kumar.

AMONG the unique of the Boulevard stands V. Higgins. His is the story of an amazing sacrifice—the sacrifice of his youth to the needs of the camera.

Higgins is twenty-four years old, but one would think him forty. He came to Hollywood, determined to become an actor. When he discovered that he had nothing in common with Valentino excepting an initial, V. Higgins, though somewhat dashed, refused to be downed. He made the interesting dis-

I REALLY do feel like rising in protest against "Beach Pete" though. I've always visioned beachcombers as romantic gentlemen who roam the beaches of the South Sea Isles, with those yellow Hawaiian things around their necks and in their hearts a preference for three stars on a bottle over forty-eight on a flag.

But "Beach Pete," world's champion beachcomber, who has trod the shores of all continents and waded in the waters of all oceans, has destroyed my illusions.

He wandered into Hollywood recently to show those Bird of Paradise beachcombers of the movies just What the Well Dressed Beachcomber Will Wear This Season. And the magic pronouncement, "He's a type," opened the studio gates to "Beach Pete" and now he chums around with such celebs as Lewis Stone and Nita Naldi.

When I asked him if he knew "Aloha Oe," he said, "No, but I've met Gloria Swanson." It doesn't seem quite right, does it?

AND the ladies of the studios, bless 'em. They're not all blonde young beauties worrying their hair back to its natural color, wondering just How Much the Woman Has to Pay.

No, indeed. There's Mary, for instance, who is always so in demand for "scrub-lady" rôles. Mary has made of floor scrubbing a fine art, whether from long practice before she attached herself to George Melford's company up in San Francisco one time, or by right of inheritance, she will not say. No ingenue takes her work more seriously than does Mary, and she cheerfully wades through buckets of soapsuds in quest of that priceless boon, a close-up!

MR.S. TREBAOL. She has thirteen children, every one of them in the movies. When her husband inconveniently disappeared several years ago, this energetic lady wasted no time in tears and lamentations. She issued a challenge to the studios, "What Is Your Picture Without a Trebaol?" and with her offspring fairly oozing from the battered old family automobile, she started the rounds of the studios.



John Holmes Howell is a former footman to his grace, the Duke of Connaught. Now he is a great help to directors when filming the right thing in British society drama. Above, Mrs. Trebaol and her thirteen children, every one working in the films—when conditions are good. Any director can take his choice



Now every director in Hollywood knows that he can get a trained Trebaol of either sex and of any size or complexion desired, at an hour's notice. Who knows but that the family ranks may disclose a Jackie Coogan, a Wesley Barry or—mayhap—a Mary Pickford some day?

IN a canvass of the studios for unique types, though, I found as a rule the male of the species more interesting copy than the female. Which brings us neatly to Kalo.

Kalo is the son of a Chinese mandarin. I don't know much about mandarins. The dictionary suggests as a possible definition: "Mandarin—An Asiatic duck." Whatever his father was, Kalo decided that life in Peking cramped his style quite a bit. Like Kumar, he felt that Hollywood needed him, and he responded like a man.

When he arrived he found the cinema city tottering along reasonably well without assistance from him. The demand for mandarins' sons was really very low. But Kalo was wise enough to know that there are two sides to every camera. If he couldn't succeed before it, he would behind it. So he's now an assistant cameraman at Lasky's and yells "Hit the nigger" and "Save the baby" with Hollywood's finest.

A QUIET little gray man, John Holmes Howell, former footman to his grace, the Duke of Connaught, now first aid to Hollywood royalty. What are movie queens in his life, when he has danced with Queen Victoria and Queen Mary—at the annual servants' ball at Balmoral Castle?

Howell came to this country to make his fortune. He drifted out to Hollywood, and tried to persuade the directors that as a footman he was a fine actor. Hollywood left him on the extras' bench, to dream of the good old days with 'is grace.

Then one of those clubby old plots, all about the intimate home life of the dear British royalty, was wished on a director who didn't know whether to put the king in gilt braid or a dinner jacket. "H'I would suggest tweeds, sir," voiced Howell from the extras' bench, and he has been suggesting and advising ever since. Our Queens of Jazzmania and Prin-

V. Higgins is just twenty-four, although he looks forty. Higgins works steadily in pictures, due entirely to his superb whiskers.

When the script calls for a scene located in the Great Outdoors, where Men are Men, they send for Higgins



cesses of Graustark act out in the very best British manner now, thanks to 'isgrace's footman.

BUT reigning over all the strange drifters of the Boulevard, staff in hand, bareheaded, barefooted, stands Peter the Hermit. He lives alone up in the hills—just where no one knows. But every day he trudges down the dusty road into the studio town.

Thoughts of the world and the flesh concern Peter but little—though occasionally when pressed for funds he works in mob scenes, preaching his beliefs in a loud voice as he does so, and quite frankly elated that his audience can not arise and leave him, as one man.

I have seen him block traffic in Hollywood's busiest corner, putting his old lop-eared donkey through its tricks. But there was no impatient honking of horns, no frowns, no harsh words for Peter the Hermit.

For Hollywood has mothered many strange children, at one time and another.

The House of "Kiki"



Lenore Ulrich has closed her two year Broadway run as the piquant Parisian gamine of "Kiki" to return once more to motion pictures. At the same time she closed her New York apartment, herewith pictured. Above is Miss Ulrich's boudoir, with walls painted and glazed in an unusual dove tone. The bed canopy is draped with rose Du Barry striped taffeta curtains, trimmed with a special fringe of ivory and reseda green. The drawing room at the left is essentially English, despite its many Italian art treasures. There are two fireplaces and over one is a mirror from the Carmilitti Palace in Rome



Harold Lloyd used an ordinary motion picture camera to make "Safety Last." There was no trick photography. But he tricked his thrills by building fake building corners on the top of real buildings—and "shooting" so that the protecting roof wouldn't show. Yet real danger was involved

Here is the real twelve story building with a "human fly" doubling. Note the difference in the distance of the clock from the cornice in the real and the fake structure. Other minor differences are apparent. The real building is located on North Spring Street, in the city of Los Angeles

How Lloyd Made "Safety Last"

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

THAT'S one of the questions that keeps the show business moving. The public is obsessed with a great desire to take its illusions apart and see what makes them tick. Our latest celluloid exponent of the "How Does He Do It?" school of art is none other than Harold Lloyd.

Harold has made thrill pictures before.

But when he screened "Safety Last" he evolved the final word in cinematic convulsions.

And awoke one flood tide of demands as to how he worked it.

The audience recovers from its laughter, gets the kink out of its side, and begins to speculate. Then it writes letters asking that simple question.

You know. Hanging by his heels on a six-inch ledge with the street cavern yawning twelve stories below. Nonchalantly pulling gags on the horrific edge of a tall brick precipice. Twirling with an eyebrow caught in the hands of a clock, ten stories above the dear old Mother Earth.

All very well in its way. Nobody has time to wonder while the amazing and rib-tickling thing is going on.

But when you get out—oh, boy, how you wonder.

A lot of people have answers. Some people have answers for everything—even politics. Rumors run from double exposure, trick cameras and doubles in acting, into theories that would make a poor but honest cameraman's hair turn white.

To hear most of the tales circulated, even on Hollywood Boulevard, you can only visualize Harold going forth to photograph "Safety Last" with as much hardware as the A. E. F.—at least a fleet of aeroplanes, a battery of tanks and a regiment of chemists and chemical supplies.

Now it just happens that I was around quite a lot when they were photographing "Safety Last."

In the first place, Harold Lloyd gives you his word of honor that there is not one foot of double exposure in the thrill sequence of "Safety Last."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]



Stagg

Connie Talmadge starting for a horseback ride with her pet potted hyacinth. Our camera man caught her purchasing it on Mother's Day

On the Boulevard

THE celebrated boulevards of the world—the Champs Elysee, Boul' Raspail and the Boul' Mich. (of both Paris and Chicago)—now have a rival for fame in the Boul' Hollywood. It's the Main street of filmtown, sharing honors only with Fifth avenue as a thoroughfare for stars. Even a stranger on the Boulevard or Avenue will see a lot of familiar faces!

Photography by
Stagg and Russell Ball

Tommy Meighan passing the New York Public Library on Fifth avenue at 40th. Quiet of manner and dress, Tommy seldom attracts attention





Stagg

"She walks a goddess, moves a queen," sang the poet—as if seeing Pola Negri stepping from the pavement to her car on the Boulevard

In the distance the Flat Iron building and Madison Square, but who would look at them with the dashing Don Tony Moreno in the foreground?



Ball



Stagg

Jack Holt in front of the Boulevard bank debates as to whether he should deposit his weekly salary check or buy a new Rolls-Royce—the old one is getting shabby



Ball

Lew Cody passes up Aphrodite on the fountain as he brisks along the Avenue, Central Park and the Plaza in the background. Would you have recognized Gloria Swanson—on the right—if you had met her here on Boul' Hollywood, her famous eyes concealed by her hat? Below, Nita Naldi obligingly lifts her veil to be recognized as she shops on Fifth avenue. The siren is economical; she wears a Turkish towel for a turban and nothing at all for stockings



Ball



Thomas Meighan and Betty Compson in their famous scene from "The Miracle Man," which established them both as screen favorites

The Man who gets what he wants

By Herbert Howe

WHENEVER anyone asks if there are any "regular" guys among the cinema caliphs we always carol "Tom-mee Mee-han," with an amen unison.

I've only recently hit upon a definite reason for this.

Thomas Meighan is not an artist. He's a business man.

I have this on no less a screen authority than Mr. Meighan himself.

He didn't make this statement blushing, with self-deprecatory gesture. He delivered it as prosaically as our order for ham and eggs country-style.

"I have never considered myself an artist," he said. "I have never considered screen acting art. It's a regular business, and I'm a business man."

Being a business man, he's one of us, hence we consider him "regular."

"Acting counts for less than fifty per cent in screen success," he said. "Better be a jack of all trades than a master of one if you want to get ahead in the movic business. To achieve any degree of permanent success an actor must be something of a lawyer, financier, writer and psychologist."

Here you have a solution of that constant puzzle—why fine actors fail to achieve success. . . . They are just actors.

First of all, says Meighan, an actor must know stories, and, next, he must know how to get these stories for himself. Stories are far more important to the actor than his histrionic ability.

A star with a poor story is a merchant with shoddy goods. Certainly an actor must have personality in order to please the public, just as a merchant must be affable and accommodating to please his customers. And an actor must have acting ability, just as a merchant must have selling ability.

But neither an actor nor a merchant amounts to anything without the goods.



To get the right goods, an actor must know them. In order to know stories, he must know dramatic construction, characterization and—*life*.

"Too many actors move in little circles. They frequent their clubs, and their friends are professional associates. In the Lambs club here," his eyes glanced over the grill, where we were lunching, "an actor meets men of ideas—writers and players and managers—but, mind you, I don't say an actor must belong to this club to get ideas. I'm here today, lunching on Fifth Avenue tomorrow and the next day, perhaps, at Child's.

"The inspiration of the actor, like that of a writer, is provided with contacts with life in all its infinite variety. To know how to play characters truthfully you must know the real characters.

"My friends are my biggest assets. They are business men, lawyers, writers, managers and actors.

"When I get a story I study it, but I don't rely on my own opinion entirely." He smiled, and added—"I don't want to pull the line from Merton about my wife being my pal and critic, but it happens that

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 107]

Three New Faces



Jetta Goudal is a screen newcomer whose work as the Chinese-Peruvian half cast vampire of Richard Barthelmess' "The Bright Shawl" attracted unusual attention. Here is a distinctly different personality. Miss Goudal was born near Marseilles, France, and studied for the theater in France, Germany and Holland. She made her American footlight debut in "The Elton Case" and is just twenty-three years old



Neil Hamilton is David Wark Griffith's newest "find." He appears in a prominent rôle of the new Griffith production, "The White Rose," and has unusual promise, according to our dean of directors. Hamilton was playing in a Brooklyn stock company when Mr. Griffith found him, and before that, posed for many advertising illustrations

Constance Wilson is Lois' younger sister. She had a small rôle in "The Covered Wagon," besides acting as Miss Wilson's chaperone on location in Nevada. All of which led to her being given the post of leading woman for Walter Hiers in his new comedy, "Fair Week." Constance is just out of high school



Meet the Duchess!

She never knew
how to spell her name—
but she made it
famous just the same

By Herbert Howe

SEATED on rose silken cushions of a carved Italian bench, slim, erect, a princess from a Venetian tapestry of the *cinquecento*—

Hair like dark wings clasp a Grecian head, Italian eyes, with lids like the Gioconda's a trifle weary, jewelling an ivory oval face—

Ibanez's *Duchess de Lille*, to whom I present you, is at home the calm and sculptural Alma Rubens.

Lifting a cigarette with pale taper fingers, from which gleamed a square uncut gem the color of absinthe, the Duchess said—

"I certainly beat up that taxi driver."

The ash trembled and fell from my cigarette, but no other movement stirred the room. It retained its medieval dignity, studiously bare, with great carved oaken table, a wooden screen as intricately wrought as Spanish lace, a huge dark cabinet fit to store kings' treasures—and in one corner of the room a pile of phonograph records next a heap of photomailers.

"Flemish or Italian . . . ?" I pondered flabbily, studying the sumptuous furnishings.

"League of Nations," replied the Duchess, amused golden lights in her eyes, like sudden stars in the night.

"But you—you're Italian," I ventured. "Most everybody is this season."

The Princess from a Venetian tapestry lit a Lucky Strike.

"I'm Irish," she said; "notably the nose—and part German."

"Of course, Rubens is Flemish or German," I reflected. "The name of the famous painter . . ."

"Also the famous delicatessen man," flashed Alma dryly.

"On the boat to Europe I met a scholarly old gentleman. When we were introduced he said, 'Rubens—Rubens, ah yes, a most distinguished family.'"

The Rubens who painted fat pink *baigneuses* and Dutchy Venus over-weight hardly seemed the right relative for this slim white patrician. Better da Vinci or Giorgione.

"As a matter of fact my name is not the same as the painter's," explained the Duchess. "It's either Reubens or Ruebens—I forget which. I never could spell it. Couldn't remember where the *e* came. So I let it go Rubens."

Not wishing to dwell on the Duchess' orthographic failing, I reverted to her triumph over the taxi driver.

"You really slammed him?" I queried.



Murray

Ibanez's Duchess de Lille of "Enemies of Women" is at home the calm and sculptural Alma Rubens, a regal combination of poetry and practicality

She inclined her queenly head—the head of a Cellini medallion graven in pale moonstone.

"It was in Paris. I wasn't going to be a boob American," said her highness. "I'd been told to tip fifty centimes—that's what the French tip. But, of course, I got mixed in my change and he followed me up the steps shouting a lot of French words, none of which were of the twelve I understood. So I shoved him back—and shrieked at him. Luckily some of my friends intervened. Oh, I didn't really thrash him, but it was embarrassing—since I had to give him enough francs to remedy the injustice I'd done him."

The princess is certainly practical. While in Paris, where she went for scenes of "Enemies of Women," she engaged a reliable guide to teach her the bartering methods of the franc-avid Parisians.

"I studied French, too, until I thought I was perfect. Then I went to see *Ta Bouche*. Did you see the play? They say it was good. I don't know. They seemed determined not to use any of the words I'd learned. Constance Talmadge was there that night. Quite a party of us, in fact. We all tried to smile whimsically at the right time—but we had to watch the audience to know when the time was right—like a guest watching the hostess to know which fork to use next. I'll know better next time and stick to the Follies Bergere. You don't need to know any words to enjoy that."

I doubt very much whether the Duchess Alma bothered about the right time to smile. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]



Exactly fourteen years ago a little wistful girl with golden curls applied for a job at the old Biograph studio in Fourteenth street. She spent her last nickel to get there—but she met David Griffith and landed a small part

Chapter XVI

A LITTLE miss in a grey jacket, with curls down her back and an earnest, wistful face, stepped off a street car at Fifth avenue and went walking slowly along Fourteenth street looking up at the house numbers.

This was in early May of 1909, only fourteen years ago by the calendars, but a century ago in the affairs of the motion picture.

The little girl was on her way to see if by chance there might be a place for her in Biograph pictures. She jingled a couple of stray pennies in her pocket, to remind her that her last nickel had gone for carfare and, if she did not get the job that she hoped for, there would be a long walk back to the boarding house way uptown in Thirty-seventh street.

No one gave special notice to this rather unimportant little person of sixteen, except perhaps the passing glance of approval that youth and a pretty face always get in New York. She was just one of the crowd that is always passing in the busy forenoon in Fourteenth street. But if it were announced today that this same little girl would walk along that same path in that same street the police reserves would have to be called to keep back the crowds and business would stop as proprietors, clerks and customers rushed to the doorways. The girl was Mary Pickford, the Cinderella queen-to-be of the motion picture.

In just six years more the amazing day was to come when the little girl with the curl could smile into the face of an anxious

The True Story of

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

By Terry Ramsaye

motion picture magnate and say, in all seriousness: "No—I really can not afford to work for only ten thousand a week." That last five cent piece invested in a car ride to Fourteenth street was the beginning of a remarkable journey.

But back of that day in 1909 Mary Pickford had a life experience on the other side of the picture, worthy of recording here by way of contrast and for those who mayhap see her successes of today through the eyes of envy.

At sixteen Mary had been at work for eleven hard years. She was already old with experience of the stern realities of this workaday world. She was born into the most humble circumstances of life and lived close to the shadow of want.

Miss Pickford was Gladys Smith, an infant of four when her father died in Toronto, leaving his widow nothing, except a family of three, with Gladys the oldest.

That morning when one of the neighbors came and took Gladys away for the day the little girl knew that in the darkened "best room" her father lay dead, with candles burning about the crucifix that stood at his head. She knew, too, that things were going to be harder now for her mother. In a vague childish way she wanted to help.

There were many other tragedies after that.

The slender capital of the family was invested in a little candy shop that shared half of a fish store. The candy counter did a small business, selling gum drops at a penny each to the passing school children, but it sufficed for the time.

Then came the ill fated day when Baby Jack was left alone in the store with the family's pet dog. Jack found that the dog liked candy and fed him the entire stock of the establishment. The dog died, Jack was spanked, and—the candy store was bankrupt.

Gladys' mother went out to look for work. The little girl was old enough to go along with her mother when she went to interview the manager of the Valentine Stock Company of Toronto, and it was ambitious little Gladys herself who suggested that she might have the baby part in the production under rehearsal. The amused director tried her, found that Gladys could act and promptly engaged her for the part.

From that day on Gladys Smith was on the stage. The next season she played in "The Little Red School House," and not long thereafter appeared in the cast of that sterling melodrama entitled "The Fatal Wedding." Many other melodramas followed. Then came an engagement for the whole Smith family, mother, Lottie and Jack, with Chauncey Olcott, in "Edmund Burke." Jack, by the way, was cast as a little girl in a frilly dress, to the extreme unhappiness of the young man. In the course of this engagement the mother decided to put away the popular but unromantic name of Smith for the purposes of the stage and took for the family name Pickford, the name of her paternal grandmother. "Gladys Pickford" did not ring right to her ears and so Gladys was changed to "Mary," the most glorious name in all Ireland.

Mary Pickford's Beginning

In this absorbing chapter
are told the historic screen beginnings of

Mary Pickford
Mabel Normand Alice Joyce
James Kirkwood
Henry Walthall Mack Sennett
Norma Talmadge



Mary Pickford made her film debut as a child in a Griffith one reeler, "The Lonely Villa." Above, a portrait of our Mary in Biograph days and, in lower corner, a rare child picture



A "still" from one of Mary Pickford's early Biograph efforts, "Three Sisters." Here may be seen Marion Sunshine, Vivian Prescott and Miss Pickford

Mary shared with her mother the burdens and responsibilities of the family as best she could and developed an initiative of her own. She strived mightily in her way, trooping with the roadshows and living the often precarious life of the wandering player. She was of those itinerant folk of the roadshow melodramas, who call Broadway home, but seldom see it except in those unhappy idle days when they are "resting" while "at liberty." Mary was on her way up in the world if she could find that way. She learned to read and write on the road and between scenes backstage, under the tutorship of the "female heavy" of a melodrama company. Meanwhile Mary listened and learned of the world about her. She heard a very great deal of the chesty gossip of melo actors discussing "when I was with Belasco," and came to learn that on this wonderful Broadway Belasco was master. This established, she made her decision. She would play with Belasco.

One day when the company was called for rehearsal for a change of bill over in a little New Jersey opera house Miss Mary Pickford was missing. Over in New York Mary was storming the stage door of Belasco's theater, demanding audience with him.

"But he won't see nobody at all, he's rehearsing the company, right now." The guardian of the stage door thought that ought to be enough and final.

"I don't care if he is—I cut a rehearsal over in Jersey to come and he's



The Screen Adventure

The reception room at Biograph was presided over by a secretary whose disposition had been written off as a total loss years before. Her slender patience had been worn away by the abundant annoyances of the motion picture business. Her words were sharp and few. Mary tiptoed up.

"I want to see Mr. Griffith."

"Mr. Griffith is busy, he will not see anybody—"

Then the secretary looked up and into the wistful smile of Mary.

Griffith, with his mind bent on his work in the studio above, was passing at the moment. He stopped abruptly when he heard an amazing change of tone come into the voice of the woman behind the desk, still addressing the caller.

"—but he might take time to see you, my dear."

Griffith wheeled about. Who in thunder could this be that the reception room clerk would address so tenderly? What miracle had been wrought? Then Griffith saw Mary.

Together they went up the big staircase to the studio, the same romantic stairway that had felt the tread of many a grand dame and many a figure in the making of the nation's history back in the days when the room, where the Cooper Hewitts cast their eerie green glow, had been the grand ballroom of the Martin Van Buren mansion.



Norma Talmadge was a Brooklyn high school girl when she got her first job as an extra at Vitagraph. Miss Talmadge very nearly lost her position and was saved by the pleas of Maurice Costello



Years ago, in this tiny frame building in Toronto, Mrs. Pickford conducted a candy store, sharing the place with a fish market. Here was spent part of Mary Pickford's childhood

going to see me." Mary Pickford charged past the astonished doorman in a gust of mingled rage and determination. He followed, on tiptoe, prayerfully hoping that this slip would not bring down on him the wrath of Belasco and the loss of his job. The doorman was just in time to see Mary dash into the center of the stage, where a company was rehearsing "The Warrens of Virginia."

Belasco was in a bad humor over the play. It was going all awry, mostly because of an unsatisfactory child part.

The abrupt appearance of little Mary, projecting herself into the middle of his troubles, struck Belasco with the full force of its drama. He stopped, waved the company to silence and smiled down on his caller. She was breathless and awed, but she had yet the courage of her sensational entrance.

Ten minutes later Miss Mary Pickford was rehearsing in "The Warrens of Virginia" under the eyes of the great Belasco. She had come to Broadway and won. For three seasons, until she had outgrown her part, Mary played in this production.

With the courage of this conquest behind her it is easy to see how it came that Mary was willing to toss her last nickel for carfare on a long chance that she might get into the pictures with Biograph. That was her way. She decided what to do and forthwith did it.

When Mary came that June morning to Number 11 East Fourteenth street and turned up the steps to the Biograph studio, she was faced with even less promise than the day she applied at Belasco's stage door.

"The Lonely Villa" was in the making. It was a typical Griffith drama of the day, a Biograph feature, to be one whole reel in length, twice as long as the skits and comedies that made up the staple film output of the trade.

Marion Leonard was the leading woman in "The Lonely Villa." Robbers were trying to break into the villa, while the wife, with her children clutching at her skirts in terror, frantically tried to telephone for help. Her message of dire distress was but half told to her husband miles away.

Mary Pickford was put in to play the part of one of the children, imperilled while the robbers battered at the door.

That afternoon at quitting time Mary got a handsome blue ticket which enabled her to draw five dollars at the cashier's window, in payment for her first day's work in motion pictures. Her last nickel had been returned to her a hundredfold—and, although she did not suspect it, she had entered upon a career that was in time to make her the most famous woman in

f Many Great Stars

the world and endow her with a wealth beyond her most ambitious fancy.

Griffith had a bit of difficulty with this complicated drama of "The Lonely Villa." The robbers were expected to batter away at the door of the villa, while the rescuing husband with reinforcements was on the way, arriving at last in the well known nick o' time, winning against all obstacles, including motor trouble in a horseless carriage.

The work of the robbers at the door was just a shade unconvincing. Griffith was not satisfied and decided on a retake, which was considered rather a wasteful procedure in the motion picture practice of the day.

While the remaking of these scenes was in progress a stranger found his way as far as the studio door. It was James Kirkwood, just off the road from playing in "The Great Divide" with Henry Miller, and, by the bye, with Henry Walthall, a fellow member of the company. Kirkwood had wandered into Biograph, looking for his friend Harry Salter, an actor who had become an assistant to Griffith.

Salter introduced Kirkwood to Griffith. Griffith sized up Kirkwood at a glance.



Mabel Normand was posing for Butterick style pictures when J. Stuart Blackton engaged her for Vitagraph productions as "the prettiest girl in New York." Miss Normand soon went to Biograph



James Kirkwood, a successful stage actor, wandered into the Biograph studio in 1909 and was engaged by Griffith to play a robber in "The Lonely Villa," which also marked Miss Pickford's silversheet debut

"Here, put on a beard and get into this scene as one of the robbers." Kirkwood had heard of these motion picture things, but he had the standard and orthodox actor's suspicious contempt for them. "No, no! I can't do that."

"Yes, you can, and you'll fit the part fine."

Griffith and Salter would have their way.

"If I wear a beard nobody will know me anyway—here goes," Kirkwood decided. He went on.

Kirkwood joined the mob of robbers smashing in the villa door. He remained with Biograph the rest of the year, and presently Henry Walthall, who had been with him in "The Great Divide," came down to join the company.

"The Lonely Villa," aside from its historic service as the vehicle of the introduction to the screen of Mary Pickford and James Kirkwood, is worthy of remembrance because of the durability of the plot. It has lived in Griffith's memory ever since, and in 1922 it came to flower again as a pretentious fea-

ture drama, somewhat modernized and revamped, under the title of "One Exciting Night." The basic elements of the two stories are well near identical.

Mary's appearance in that small part in "The Lonely Villa" was enough to show Griffith something of the screen value of her winsome face. She was cast for the part of *Giannina* in "The Violin Maker of Cremona." The hero rôle was played by David Miles, an actor from the stage who had been added to the Biograph stock by Griffith.

"The Violin Maker of Cremona" was released by Biograph June 7, 1909, in 936 feet, subject No. 3575, as may be seen in the old catalogues of the period.

There was joy in the Pickford family at Mary's success and the prospect of steady employment through the summer.

Even in 1909 the peep show machines, which readers of earlier chapters will recall as the foundation of Biograph's beginnings, were still widely in service in penny arcades, and at odd moments between more pretentious subjects the Biograph studio turned out the little one-minute dramas and farces for the Mutoscopes. Lottie and Jack Pickford made their first appearances before the motion picture camera for these mutoscope subjects, through arrangements made by Mary, who let no opportunity for the family pass untried.

Griffith delegated the direction of these Mutoscope pictures as much as possible to budding directorial material in his company. Many of these reels were directed by Eddie Dillon and Harry Salter. And the little card wheel pictures of the peep shows contained casts with now famous names that no feature drama of the screen has ever brought together. Mary Pickford played bits, too, in those days, one reel dramas, split reel comedies and peep show pictures, all the [CONTINUED ON PAGE 113]



Buster Keaton's gag department at work, with—left to right—Joe Mitchell, Clyde Bruckman, Buster himself, Jean Havez and Eddie Cline. All of them are trying to move a facial muscle of the sad-faced comedian

Gag Men

By
Mary Winship

A GAG man sounds like a cross between a yegg and a second story worker.

If you overheard anybody talking about a gag man, you might imagine it was a new title for some master mind of the underworld who had invented a new method of separating people painlessly from the bank roll.

But a gag man—a good gag man—is worth a lot of money in Hollywood.

If it's getting money under false pretenses to be a gag man—he's smart enough to be within the law.

A gag man—seems so simple when you know how to do it—is a man who thinks up gags.

He works for a comedian and he gets more money than anybody but the president of the company and all he does is sit around and give birth to ideas that will be funny when you see them on the screen.

Of course, everybody knows what a gag is.

Harold Lloyd says: "If the ideas we put in a picture get laughs, they're gags. If they don't—they're mistakes."

Buster Keaton says that a gag is "a funny piece of business or a situation in



Douglas MacLean has just lured over Ray Griffith, one of the best gag men in the business as well as an interesting actor, to help him with his new picture, "Going Up"

They think out the funny stunts for the comedians and receive salaries ranging up to a thousand dollars a week

which the incongruity, the unexpected or physical humor raises the amusement of the audience to laughter. The gag is the gospel of the comedian."

The cat gag and the moth ball gag in "Grandma's Boy" are said by exhibitors to have received the biggest laughs ever laughed in their theaters.

Now it may be your impression that those things just happen. That a star trips out on the set and just automatically acts like that, or that the brilliant scenario writer puts them in the script. Or that they necessarily emerge as a part of making screen comedies.

Far, oh, very far, from such.

Gag men draw more money than leading ladies, scenario writers and trick monkeys put together. They are employed to think up gags and for nothing else. They toil not, neither do they write, spin nor act.

They watch the story and then they say, "Now, right there, I think, it'd be a good gag to—"

There is a story that a comedy director once found a lowly flivver in the place where he was accustomed to park his own Rolls Royce. He wrote a sign and tacked

Harold Lloyd pays his gag man, Sam Taylor, one thousand dollars a week. Taylor, by the way, is one of the most serious-looking individuals in all Hollywood



Lloyd Hamilton's gag man, Archie Mayo, used to be a shirt salesman. Now he's earning a small fortune doping out funny stunts



Al Christie is not only the producer of over nine hundred comedies but he is a great gag man as well, actively supervising this line of work for his entire studio. And he employs a gag staff of six to eight men

it up, saying, "I have been directing on this lot two years. I've always parked my car here and I always will. Take notice."

The next morning he found the following reply, "I have just seen your last picture and you wouldn't be here two minutes more if it wasn't for me and I like this parking place. The Gag Man."

Harold Lloyd pays Sam Taylor, his gag man and one of the two best in the business, a thousand dollars a week.

The other best gag man, Ray Griffith, is now acting for Marshall Neilan, after drawing the same salary from Sennett for several years. But Douglas MacLean paid Ray Griffith a sum almost as large as he paid for his story to come over nights and dope out gags for "Going Up," his new starring vehicle.

Charlie Chaplin is the only screen comedian who doesn't employ a regular gag man. He thinks up almost every gag himself. But then you know Charlie writes, directs and acts his own stuff without any outside assistance.

Buster Keaton keeps a gag department composed of four men—among them Jean Havez, who used to write shows for Kolb and Dill and who composed the famous ditty, "Everybody Works but Father." Havez used to prepare stage gag material for Bert Williams and, if the elegant automobile he drives is any criterion, his salary must be an awful blow to Buster.

Thomas Gray, who wrote the "Greenwich Village Follies" of 1921 and a lot of stuff for the Music Box Revues of 1921 and 1922, also is a gag man for Keaton.

Gag men are born and not made. Sam Taylor, who is probably the most serious looking individual in all Hollywood and wears spectacles in real life that look exactly like Harold's screen ones, is a graduate of Fordham University and a scenario writer of note.

But Harold, who insists that there must be at least one gag in every scene or situation, pays him a railroad president's salary to think up gags for him.

Taylor insists that a real sense of the dramatic is necessary in order to make a big gag.

"A gag is anything which lifts the reaction of the audience to a comical situation from mere amusement to spontaneous laughter," he said the other [CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]

May Allison's New Personality

WOMEN change their personalities, nowadays, as they used to change their gowns. A sleek coiffure instead of a mass of fluffy curls, a different perfume, a slow smile in place of a giggle—and the thing's done! Done completely and irrevocably. With a feminine air of subtle efficiency that amounts, almost, to magic!



Seely

May Allison, before—right—and after—above—taking a trip around the world. She learned a lot from India and the simplicity of art. Her rooms are fragrant with sandalwood, now—and she used to wear, openly and with no shame, the perfume of wood violets! Once an ingenue, always an ingenue—so critics have said. But May, with a disdainful wave of a hair brush—with looped up earrings and a rope of pearls—has proved them wrong! Her screen vehicles, once upon a time, were frothy, transparent affairs. Sub-debs and school girls and tomboys were her specialty. But her next picture—the first since her return—will feature her as a dashing and aristocratic divorcee



THE PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR

FOR THE BEST PICTURE RELEASED DURING THE YEAR 1922



Reverse side of Medal as presented for "Humoresque" (reduced)



The Photoplay Medal of Honor



Reverse side of Medal as presented for "Tol'able David" (reduced)

WHAT WAS THE BEST PICTURE OF 1922?

VOTING for the third PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Medal of Honor, for the best picture of 1922, is now open. The Medal of Honor is now recognized as the mark of supreme distinction in the world of the photoplay.

The first PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Medal of Honor, for 1920, was awarded to William Randolph Hearst, whose Cosmopolitan Production of "Humoresque" was voted the most distinguished photoplay of that year. The second PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor, for 1921, went to the Inspiration Pictures, Inc., production of "Tol'able David," starring Richard Barthelmess.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE wishes to repeat that the Medal is the first annual commemoration of distinction in the making of motion pictures and to again indicate that the award should go to the photoplay coming nearest to a perfect combination of theme, story, direction, acting, continuity, setting and photography. As before, the honor is wholly in the hands of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE readers, who,

through their letters or votes, are sole judges.

As in the previous two years, the voting is delayed six months after the closing of the year so that pictures released at the end of the year may have an opportunity to be seen in all parts of the country.

Below will be found a list of fifty pictures, carefully selected and considered. Your choice of the best picture made in 1922 will probably be there. If, however, it is not, you may vote for it, first making sure that it was released during 1922.

PHOTOPLAY takes special pride in its readers' awards for the years 1920 and 1921. Both "Humoresque" and "Tol'able David" were productions of signal merit and both had splendid thoughts behind them, one being a moving epic of mother-love and the other presenting the spiritual development of American boyhood into manhood.

The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor is a thing of distinct beauty. It is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights, and is two and a half inches in diameter. It

is being executed, as were the Medals of 1920 and 1921, by Tiffany and Company of New York.

Fill out the coupon on this page, and mail it, naming the photoplay which, after honest and careful consideration, you consider the best picture of 1922. Or you may send a brief letter voting for your favorite. This announcement, with its coupons, will appear in three successive issues, beginning with this number. All votes and voting letters should be addressed to the PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor Ballot and must be received at PHOTOPLAY's editorial offices, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, not later than October 1st, 1923.

Do your duty! You want better pictures. Here is your opportunity to honor the best in motion pictures and at the same time encourage producers to put vision, faith and organization behind their efforts.

Mail your coupon or letter NOW!

In case of a tie, decision will be made by a committee of newspaper critics to be appointed by the editor of PHOTOPLAY.

SEND YOUR VOTE AND ENCOURAGE GOOD PICTURES

Suggested List of Best Photoplays of 1922:

- | | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| <i>Beautiful and Damned</i> | <i>Human Hearts</i> | <i>Penrod</i> |
| <i>Blood and Sand</i> | <i>Hungry Hearts</i> | <i>Poor Men's Wives</i> |
| <i>Bond Boy</i> | <i>Hurricane's Gal</i> | <i>Prisoner of Zenda</i> |
| <i>Clarence</i> | <i>Lorna Doone</i> | <i>Quincy Adams Sawyer</i> |
| <i>Cradle Buster</i> | <i>Loves of Pharaoh</i> | <i>Robin Hood</i> |
| <i>Dangerous Age</i> | <i>Manslaughter</i> | <i>Sin Flood</i> |
| <i>Dictator</i> | <i>Man Who Played God</i> | <i>Slim Shoulders</i> |
| <i>Doctor Jack</i> | <i>Miss Lulu Bett</i> | <i>Smilin' Through</i> |
| <i>Doubling for Romeo</i> | <i>Monte Cristo</i> | <i>Sonny</i> |
| <i>East Is West</i> | <i>Nanook of the North</i> | <i>Storm</i> |
| <i>Eternal Flame</i> | <i>Nice People</i> | <i>Tailor Made Man</i> |
| <i>Flirt</i> | <i>Old Homestead</i> | <i>Tess of the Storm Country</i> |
| <i>Foolish Wives</i> | <i>Oliver Twist</i> | <i>Timothy's Quest</i> |
| <i>Forever</i> | <i>One Exciting Night</i> | <i>To Have and To Hold</i> |
| <i>Hero</i> | <i>One Glorious Day</i> | <i>Trifling Women</i> |
| <i>His Back Against the Wall</i> | <i>Our Leading Citizen</i> | <i>When Knighthood Was in Flower</i> |
| <i>Hottentot</i> | <i>Peg o' My Heart</i> | |

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1922.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"Well," went on Helen Kramer, "I overheard him tell her, one night, that she attracted him more than any woman he had ever met. He was holding her hands, and—" "The dirty hound!" Lloyd started to rise

Start now to read

Mr. Kummer's Great Story

That which has gone before

TO be lifted from the depths of despair to a radiant future—that is what happened to Joy Moran when the mysterious Mr. Watrous secured a position for her in a great motion picture company. The play in which she was taking a leading part had closed, suddenly, and her ne'er-do-well father was ill and blind from the effects of bad liquor. Furthermore he had raised the amount of a check given him by Mr. Watrous—which put Joy very much in that gentleman's debt. She was inclined to look favorably on his motion picture project until she learned that she was not only to act before the camera, but to ferret out a mystery in the past of Jean Romain, the nation's foremost picture star. Romain was engaged to Margot Gresham, the daughter of a millionaire client of Watrous, who wanted the engagement broken—on evidence that Joy was expected to secure. Evidence relating to a scandal that linked the star, in no pleasant way, with the death of his first wife. This work was distasteful to Joy—she was the soul of honor; and she had always secretly admired Romain. But there was no alternative, and so she started for the coast. To her surprise she found that Romain was going on the same train, and, before they reached California, the two had struck up a real

friendship. Joy felt a decided thrill while in the man's presence—she had never felt that way about Arthur Lloyd, a former suitor who had quarreled with her over her duty to her father. Once in Hollywood, Joy met the people who were to figure prominently in her life—Margot Gresham, Sam Leon, the director; Mr. Kramer, the art director of the film company; and his dark, foreign looking wife, Helen, who seemed to know something disturbing about the tangle in Romain's past. The first afternoon of her arrival Joy danced at a swimming party, knowing, as she did it, that the dance was for Jean Romain alone. That same night, at another party, she had an unexplainably ardent talk with him that left her shaken. And on the way back to her hotel Mrs. Kramer unburdened herself of some of Romain's story. The woman was warning her, Joy felt—she was dangerous and probably jealous!

The Studio Secret

Frederic Arnold
Kummer's

Fascinating Novel
of love
and mystery in
Hollywood

Illustrated by
James Montgomery
Flagg

Romain had only to carry Joy through the curtains, and thus beyond the limits of the scene, but in that brief space he found time to do two things . . . to kiss her bare shoulder . . . to whisper that she was the loveliest thing that he had ever seen in his life. But the reaction from Joy's emotional effort left her listless, still



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Chapter XIV

FOR days after her arrival in Hollywood Joy Moran found herself in a singularly confused and unhappy state of mind.

She had not supposed, when she accepted the position secured for her by Mr. Watrous in the screen world, that the things she was expected to do in return would prove so difficult. By nature unflinchingly honest, with a spirit above all petty deceit, she found herself called to spy on a man she admired; a man whose reaction to her own vivid personality had been immediate and most flattering. Many times, during those early days, she was on the point of abandoning the whole project, of resigning her new position and going back to New York. Only thoughts of her father, blind and helpless, of the money so imperatively needed to provide for his comfort and welfare, kept her at her post.

Night after night, alone in her room at the hotel, she strove to find a way of escape from the sinister web of intrigue in which she was enmeshed. Did she really *want* to break up Jean Romain's marriage to Margot Gresham and her millions? She asked herself the question over and over, and could find no answer to it. Yet she knew in her heart that if she *did* decide to carry out Mr. Gresham's wishes, earn the hundred thousand dollars he had offered, the way lay open to her, and Helen Kramer had pointed out that way. If what the art director's wife had told her was true, she was in a position to bring

Romain before the authorities on a very serious charge, and at the same time make herself a comparatively rich woman. All that Mr. Watrous, Mr. Gresham, had asked of her was to find out the truth; to many it might have seemed an alluring prospect, with her future on the screen assured as an additional bait, but to Joy the whole thing had suddenly become impossible. Was it her quick liking for the noted star that made her so unable to injure him? It was not love, certainly, she told herself, since by staying her hand she was voluntarily turning him over to the arms of another woman.

During the many days of hard work which followed her arrival, she tried unsuccessfully to forget herself and her problems in the bigger interests of the new picture. Since the night of Sam Leon's party she had not once seen either Romain or Helen Kramer alone. She met the former daily, at the studio, on the lot, but she made it a point to avoid him, without letting him see that she was doing so. Happily this avoidance was made easier by the fact that Margot Gresham was constantly at his side. The girl seemed to have sensed, in some intuitive way, her *fiance's* liking for Joy, and allowed him no opportunity to be alone with her.

As for Helen Kramer, she seldom came to the studio, but Joy learned from her husband that she was working on a play. They had met, from time to time, however, and the art director's wife had urged Joy to come and see her, but Joy had not

gone. It was not easy to spend her evenings alone, with pleasure calling in dulcet tones, but she managed it. Thoughts of her father helped her; he was much in her mind, but of Arthur Lloyd, in spite of his frequent letters, she scarcely thought at all.

The new picture, by now, was well under way and Joy had plenty to occupy her, but no work had been done, as yet, on the scenes in which she appeared with Romain. He greeted her pleasantly, but with a certain constraint, whenever they met; it seemed to Joy that he had once again raised a barrier between them, as he had done that first day on the train. Well, it was certainly the correct thing for an engaged man to do, even though it did not entirely correspond with what he had told her, during their journey west, regarding Margot Gresham's broad-mindedness. But there were no more invitations to swim in the pool. Joy concluded, without regret, that Margot must have given her attractive *fiance* a talking-to.

ONCE she met Romain in the lobby of the hotel, as she was going to dinner. He came up to her, very handsome and distinguished-looking in his evening clothes, and put out his hand.

"How goes it?" he asked. "Getting along all right?"

"Splendidly," she told him, feeling the old rush of spring in her veins as his fingers closed over hers. "How is Miss Gresham?"

"Fine. I'm waiting for her now. We're going out to the Club Royale for dinner. Been there yet?"

"No," Joy shook her head. She had heard of the popular dining and dancing place, with its brilliant orchestra, over near Culver City, but so far no one had offered to take her there. Sam Leon, the casting director, would have been willing enough, she suspected, had she been inclined to encourage his advances, but she felt that she was already paying a big enough price for the success she hoped to achieve, and preferred to be less frankly talked about than were some of the women she had met. After all, the influences back of her were more powerful than any Mr. Leon was able to wield; a fact which annoyed him, but it pleased Joy to know that her position did not in any way depend upon his favor. Romain stood smiling down at her.

"You look—bored. Why don't you go about more?"

"I might, if there were anyone I cared particularly to go about with," she flung at him.

"Then there isn't?" He was beginning to show for a moment his old eager interest in her.

"Not here," she replied, shaking her head.

"Oh. In New York then." His interest suddenly waned.

"I see." There was a look of disappointment in his eyes.

"Don't imagine yourself the only person in the world who's engaged," she laughed, thinking of Arthur Lloyd. Poor Arthur—and in her new environment she had well-nigh forgotten him.

"Margot's late," Romain said, glancing toward the door.

"Is she? So am I?" With a nod of farewell Joy went into the dining room.

The encounter left her strangely perturbed. Why, she asked herself, had she been so uncompromising in her attitude—why had she considered it necessary to raise up between them the barrier of this imaginary engagement? Were there not enough barriers between them already? She finished her dinner in a thoroughly dissatisfied frame of mind.

The first persons she saw on leaving the dining room were Steve Kramer and his wife, bearing down on her. The art director beamed at her through his glasses; Helen wore her usual sphinx-like smile.

"Hello," she said in her lazy voice. "Where have you been keeping yourself?" Before Joy could reply, Mr. Kramer grasped her arm.

"Look here, young woman," he exclaimed, his homely but intelligent face wreathed in smiles, "we've come to drag you out of your shell. Helen and I have decided that you need a little amusement."

"What sort of amusement?" Joy asked, joining in his laugh.

"Oh, perfectly honest and harmless. No dope parties or midnight bathing jamborees, in spite of the things you see in the newspapers. We're going out to the Club Royale. They've got a simply corking orchestra, and Helen thought that since I dance so badly with her, I ought to take some one along who would help me over the rough places. Meaning you. I haven't forgotten how well we got along, that time at Sam Leon's."

"He means that you're a better dancer than I am," Mrs. Kramer remarked dryly. "And he's probably right. Anyway, no man ever gets a thrill dancing with his wife."

Joy considered. She wanted to go. The orchestra in the hotel had set her pulses throbbing, her feet moving to its quick rhythm. And yet, something told her that Helen Kramer had suggested this expedition for a purpose, that some other and more mysterious reason than the one she had given—to provide her husband with a dancing partner—lay behind her basilisk eyes. Did she know that Margot Gresham and Romain were to be at the Royale that night?

"I'd have to change," she said, wavering.

"I think you look mighty attractive the way you are," Mr. Kramer said. Joy, who had not expected to go out, wore an afternoon affair of blue *charmuse*. Mrs. Kramer, however, shook her head. Perhaps it was part of her plan, whatever that plan was, to have Joy look her best.

"We'll wait, my dear, of course," she said. "I want a cigarette anyway, and I'm sure Steve would like another after-dinner cigar. He always has indigestion, poor dear, if he isn't able to snooze for half an hour, like an anaconda, after eating. Run along and put on another frock." She pushed her husband carelessly toward an easy chair.

Joy glanced into her closet. There was an evening gown of green and gold that she had not worn since her arrival in Hollywood. When she appeared in it half an hour later, Mr. Kramer rose suddenly and made a profound salaam. The little man was a genius, in his way, and the sight of Joy, her lovely shoulders and back like warm ivory in their setting of dull gold, appealed to the artist in him.

"Exquisite!" he exclaimed. "Perfect! You'll be the belle of the ball, I'll tell the world."

Helen Kramer's somnolent eyes lit up with a curious glitter.

"You're right, Steve," she said. "I hope everyone will be there to see her." Again Joy sensed that her companion knew of Romain's presence; what she did *not* know, however, was that Joy knew it as well. She determined to keep the knowledge to herself. Mr. Kramer led the way to his car.

Dinner was well over when they arrived, and everyone was dancing. Joy saw the tall form of Jean Romain the moment she entered the room, with Margot Gresham in his arms. She watched Helen Kramer out the corner of her eye, and the spasm of mingled love and hatred that momentarily rested upon the latter's face caused her to shudder. There was the look of a jealous tigress in her narrowed eyes as she watched the two swinging about the crowded room. A moment later Joy's thoughts were interrupted by a chorus of greetings.

Sam Leon, with his red-haired affinity, Florence Dane, ended a dance directly in front of them, and seizing Joy's hand, kissed it with elaborate ceremony. His little eyes rolled in pretended ecstasy.

"Heavenly—divine!" he exclaimed. "The Venus de Hollywood!" But beneath his exaggerated foolery Joy saw that he was impressed. She thought so the more because of the coolness of Miss Dane's greeting. A moment later Vesta Lorraine came up, accompanied by Mr. Davidson. The famous director eyed her with keen approval.

"You are charming, Miss Moran," he said. Then Romain and Margot Gresham joined them. Joy did not fail to observe the flicker of amusement in the former's eyes. Not two hours before she had told him she had never been to the Royale—that there was no one with whom she cared to come. Apparently she had moved quickly. He did not, however, refer to their conversation earlier in the evening.

MARGOT GRESHAM was her cool, insouciant self, and even Joy's keen eyes failed to detect the slightest suggestion of jealousy in her manner, when Romain swept her off in the next dance. Helen Kramer smiled contentedly and pushed her husband toward Margot.

"Better get even with him, Steve," she said, "for stealing your partner." Then she turned to Sam Leon.

Joy, as she whirled off, saw the little byplay, and wondered what Mrs. Kramer was up to. Women of her type moved in strange, subtle ways. Was it her purpose to break up matters between Romain and Margot by using her, Joy, as a cat's-paw, and then to cause trouble between Joy and the famous star by making use of the information she claimed to possess? She had told Joy that she would prove the truth of her statements "when the time came." Had the time come now? It all seemed very muddled, very full of trickery and deceit. Joy found herself contemplating with disgust a denouement which was, in effect, the very thing she had come to Hollywood to bring about. A similar situation, she reflected, as she saw Margot Gresham in earnest conversation with Mrs. Kramer.

Joy and Romain had been sitting among the wood and plaster when the make-believe House of the Sirens when the young actor exclaimed, "What's the use?" He jumped up and kicked savagely at a pile of plaster. "I'm engaged. So are you. And there's a lot more—things you don't know about. I guess I'm just a plain, ordinary fool"



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

The two seemed to be looking at her. She glanced up and met Romain's eyes. There was very little of the old laughter in them.

"What are you worrying about?" he asked.
 "How do you know I am worrying at all?"
 "Your face shows it. The look in your eyes. And then, you were staring at Helen Kramer as though she had hypnotized you."

"Was I? Well—I admit she has a curious fascination for me. Don't you think she is attractive?"

"I did think so, once. When I first met her."

"And now?"

"Now?" He hesitated, as though seeking his words care-

fully. "Now, I am just a little bit afraid of her."

"Why?"

"Oh—it's a long story. About things that happened over a year ago. I don't imagine you'd be interested."

"But I would. Very much. I hope you won't think me catty if I say that she seems to me the sort of woman that loves to make trouble."

Romain gave her a quick, interrogating glance. "So you've found that out? Well, you're right. She adores it."

"And," Joy went on, with a swift glance at the two women across the room, "I have an idea that she's trying to make some right now."

"You mean, I suppose, that

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 118]



LOWELL J. SHERMAN—the consummate villain of both the footlights and the Kleigs



MYRTLE STEDMAN—her return to the silversheet is that of a mother's home-coming

The Coming Mansfield

WAY back in 1905, when David Belasco produced that famous melodrama of the roaring '40s, "The Girl of the Golden West," a young chap made his Broadway debut in the tiny rôle of the rider of the pony express. The footlight newcomer was listed on the program as Lowell J. Sherman.

Sherman has since climbed to the premiere position of the most suave and sinister scoundrel on our screen. Perhaps the questionable glory of the post paled upon him. Anyway, he recently returned to the stage in New York and scored brilliantly in a new field—that of character playing. After his appearance in "The Fool" and later in "The Masked Woman," one critic referred to him as "a second Mansfield."

Be that as it may, Sherman has had a long stage training. Indeed, he has been behind the footlights since a child. Long years in traveling stock companies preceded his debut in "The Girl of the Golden West."

His progress since has been upward, step by step. Indeed, almost every engagement seems to be the record of a personal hit. Back in 1911, he scored as *James Madison* in "The First Lady of the Land;" in 1913, as *Richard Gilder* in "Within the Law;" in 1915, as *John Bellamy* in "The Eternal Magdalen;" in 1916, as *Anthony Wells* in "The Heart of Wetona;" in 1917, as *Reginald Irving* in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath;" in 1917, as the *Vagabond* in "Good Morning, Rosamond;" in 1918, as the *Chevalier de Valcos* in "A Marriage of Convenience;" in 1919, as *Frank Devereaux* in "The Sign on the Door;" and in 1921, as the *Vagabond* in "The Tavern," succeeding Arnold Daly.

Probably Sherman's best known screen performance was the villain of David Wark Griffith's "Way Down East." Sherman got the rôle only after some fifteen prominent players had been tried out and found wanting in some respect or other. And, by the way, one of the actors considered was Valentino.

Sherman is but thirty-eight and on the threshold of the great footlight fame that has come to John Barrymore and but one or two other players of the last three generations. Like Barrymore, Sherman has won his success slowly and surely. Here's welcoming this new Mansfield of 1923!

A Charming "Mother"

IT'S rather nice to have the fact that you're the mother of a twenty year old son bring you back to fame and fortune, isn't it?

That's what actually happened to Myrtle Stedman, who used to be a popular leading lady in the early days of the screen and who has returned to give one of the most delightful performances of the year as "The Famous Mrs. Fair."

Fred Niblo, who directed the production, says that he chose Miss Stedman for the part—after trying all the actresses in Hollywood—because she had a grown son and he felt that it would give her a charming naturalness and also a mental understanding of the mother of grown children.

Most everybody remembers pretty, blonde, fuzzy-headed Myrtle Stedman—one of the earliest of screen favorites. Particularly in a series with Sessue Hayakawa.

"Although in the beginning," she murmured reminiscently, "I used to play an Indian heroine every spring. I was the only woman in the old Selig Western company—when we made westerns in Chicago and they were one reel long and took less than a week to make—and I was called upon to play every female lead. Nobody had heard of types in those days."

But during the last few years, Miss Stedman dropped from sight.

There comes a period in the life of almost every actress that very often spells tragedy. The time when she is a bit too mature to play the heroine and a little too young to play mothers or big character rôles.

When it was announced that Fred Niblo had cast her to play the title rôle of "The Famous Mrs. Fair," created on the stage with such great success, everybody said, "Myrtle Stedman? My gracious, we'd almost forgotten about her."

Her success is particularly interesting, because it is one of the few big successes registered on the screen in such a rôle. A mother is usually ancient and white-haired, as in "Over the Hill"—or she is knitting little garments of "Somebody." The motion picture public has to thank Miss Stedman for a new, interesting and vitally important characterization.



LOIS WILSON—if she were even accused of the slightest peccadillo, Hollywood, like Rome, would fall



J. WARREN KERRIGAN—whose long absence from the screen was caused by the call of filial duty

Hollywood's Pride

LOIS WILSON is a symbol in Hollywood. Anytime anyone anywhere says anything against motion pictures, motion picture actresses or motion picture morals, the entire colony says in one breath, "Look at Lois Wilson. She's the nicest, cleanest, sweetest, most wholesome girl you ever saw anywhere."

It must be an awful burden to have hung around your neck. If Lois ever committed even a mild indiscretion—if she went out to dinner with a married man even if she didn't know he was married, or had a "location romance" with a handsome juvenile, or used a lipstick in public—the whole motion picture industry would collapse.

There is a lot of foolishness talked about perfume and its significance.

But if there is any fragrance about Lois except the sweet, clean fragrance of healthy youth, it is a delicate old-fashioned scent that makes me think of Bret Harte's lovely lines about "The delicate odor of mignonette, the ghost of a dead and gone bouquet."

A couple of years ago when Lois had just registered herself so splendidly in some of William de Mille's pictures, "What Every Woman Knows" and "Midsummer Madness," and later as *Miss Lulu Bett* there was talk around the Lasky lot of starrng her. But it fell through.

So the girl who started as J. Warren Kerrigan's leading woman, went on quietly and steadily building up a following of admirers—a following who appreciated her fine ability and her wholesome sweetness and her range of talent. There isn't anything sensational about Lois and her position in the screen world. But there's something mighty doggone solid and steady about it.

"The Covered Wagon," which re-united Lois and Jack Kerrigan—professionally—after years, has proved the climax of her career.

Lois has three sisters, and a sweet, plump little mother and a bald-headed daddy and a vine-covered home in Hollywood. And May McAvoy is her inseparable companion and chum.

A Welcome Return

ABOUT a year ago, J. Warren Kerrigan was standing on the corner of Hollywood Boulevard, towering above the passing throng, when another actor strolled up and said, "Well, Jack, when in the world are you coming back to the screen?"

Kerrigan laughed. "I'll come back when I can get the right part and the right salary, my boy," he said, "and not until."

That was the reason the world heard.

But that isn't the real answer to the much discussed question.

Where has Warren Kerrigan been from the time he left Universal nearly three years ago to the day when "The Covered Wagon" picked him up and brought him back to a public that had not forgotten him?

It is a very beautiful story, the story of those years. And now it can be told—now that Warren Kerrigan has again taken his place among the heroes of the silversheet.

In the Hollywood foothills, overlooking all the tinted, busy valley below, lies a wide-spreading, patioed white bungalow, whose wide verandahs give on the greenest of terraces and the brightest of flower beds and whose latticed windows open upon a picturesque stream of traffic flowing through Cahuenga pass.

Almost any day in the past three years, the passer-by might see a tall, black-haired man, in white flannels, his shirt open on a bronzed throat, digging in the garden. But every few minutes he would stop to wave an arm or call a cheery word to a slim, silent figure in a big easy chair on the porch, a figure wrapped in shawls and laces.

All Hollywood knows that Warren Kerrigan spent his three years of idleness thus—as the devoted companion and nurse of his invalid mother. Now and then the two of them would be seen driving in the closed car or even attending the theater.

Her death some months ago has left the little white house very lonely and the days in the flower garden can never be quite the same, now that there is none to watch and to commend and to smile over them.

And so Warren Kerrigan has returned to the art he always loved and to the busy, crowded, hard-working days in the big, noisy studios. To the screen in "The Covered Wagon."

To Bob or not to Bob

That is the
question that confronts
the stars today



Paramount

Pola Negri is letting her hair grow. She is going to wear it up for a time—although she admits that she doesn't believe short locks will ever be truly passé. "Bobbed hair will always be worn by some very smart women, to whom it is becoming," she says. "I'm letting mine grow for a change—but the comforts of bobbed hair will probably win me back!"



Seely

Norma Talmadge looked blank, at first. And then she wrinkled her very pretty nose and spoke. "Let my hair grow, or not? Really, it's a serious question to ask. Well, I guess that I will, although"—she paused, smiled, and—"although I can't be sure," she said. "It's lovely to have long hair—but I've always adored mine short. Perhaps I'll let it grow! And yet—"



Seely

Marie Prevost is going to leave her hair just as it is. It isn't exactly bobbed—but it is short. It reaches almost to her shoulders, and—when it's curled tightly—Marie has bobbed hair. And when it is marcelled and smoothed out it can be done up in quite the latest knot at the back of the neck



Viola Dana says that her hair will stay bobbed until the Kaiser is president of the United States. And she means it, too! You see, Viola's hair is naturally curly—and a wet comb will work miracles in the way ringlets and marcel waves appear all over her head. Bobbed hair was written for Viola's type—and she wouldn't step out of character for anything!



Blanche Sweet was one of the last stars to bob her tresses, and she asserts that she's going to be the very last one to let them grow! Lots of people think that Blanche has the loveliest hair of any picture beauty, which is saying a good deal—it's fine, and real ashe blonde, and as shimmering as silk. She had it cut to celebrate her marriage



Gloria Swanson demonstrates the latest in bobs—which is answer enough for anyone. Cut close to the head, in back—the silhouette gives the effect of a tight and rather dignified style of long hair dressing!

The Girl Producer

She's just written and directed
her first picture —
and she's only twenty-two!

By

Sydney Valentine



WE should like to begin this in the Horatio Alger manner. About this wee slip of a girl, who has seen only twenty-two summers, who, by her very own energy and ambition, has worked herself up from obscurity as a studio employee to incipient celebrity as one of the only two women producers in motion pictures. Lois Weber, you know, is the other.

Unfortunately for us, fortunately for her, Grace S. Haskins has a terrific sense of humor. She refuses to assume the manner of the little-heroine-of-the-studio. She won't pose as the Little Nell among motion picture magnates. She is very matter-of-fact, very practical, very real.

In relating her trials which attended the birth of her first celluloid child, she has ample opportunity to pull the "all the world against her" line. Instead, she snaps out the bare facts of her somewhat amazing story, and leaves the romancing to you. She hasn't done anything remarkable—she says; she's just worked pretty hard, and there were some people who didn't seem to want to see her get ahead and did all they could to stop her; but outside of that—

Miss Haskins is a small, slight, brown-haired and brown-eyed person. She was just a kid when she first stepped inside a studio; and she doesn't look much older now. She has a little mother attitude about the films. She has grown up with them; she knows their faults but she loves them anyway.

About five years ago she was employed in a Hollywood hotel. Naturally she met motion picture people. They interested her; she was, even then, a confirmed fan. When Madlaine Traverse, a star for Fox, asked her if she didn't want a job answering fan letters, she jumped at the chance. And her work did not end with answering letters and mailing autographed photographs. She managed it so that she was on the lot whenever they were shooting a big scene; she watched directors work; she tried to familiarize herself with every detail of picture-building. And soon she talked herself into a job in the cutting room.

She learned all she could about cutting a picture. Then she decided she was ready to learn to write continuity. This little girl with the clear brown

eyes was determined; and she was a darned good saleswoman. She had a way of selling people her ideas. There was very little protest when she announced her intention of becoming a scenario writer.

Continuity came easily. She was an apt pupil. And all the time she was observing. She saw much waste in production. She would say to herself, "Now if I were directing that picture, I could save a thousand dollars on that scene alone." She ached for a chance to prove it.

But she knew enough about the game to know that no producer was ever going to give her her chance. Not for a long, long time, anyway. She would have to make her dream come true herself. Having made up her mind to it, she went about it in her usual brave and business-like way.

She had an idea. That, she felt, was the principal thing. The next thing was to get financial backing. She went to several moneyed men whose acquaintances she had made, convinced them she was in earnest and obtained their promise of aid. Then she dusted off her scenario, "Just Like a Woman"—oh, yes, she'd been working on that for months—and set about getting a release for her picture-to-be.

Hodkinson was finally persuaded that it needed the Haskins picture on its program; and a substantial check was to be

mailed to California very soon. On the strength of this, Grace Haskins collected her company. Marguerite de La Motte for her heroine; Ralph Graves for her hero; George Fawcett for her—well, you know what Fawcett's presence means to a photoplay. While she was awaiting the check from Manhattan, she picked out her studio space and engaged a director. She was all ready. All she had to do was—to wait.

And that was something she wasn't accustomed to. It was while she was waiting that she saw a chance to use a set in the studio that another company had built and was about to tear down. A costly set, which with a little rearrangement of props would serve as the set for the big scene in "Just Like a Woman." She had to think quickly and act in no time at all, if she wanted to save hundreds of dollars. She would tell her company and if they would take a chance on the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]



Grace Haskins

They've found their Voices



White, N. Y.

Eugène O'Brien, "the perfect lover," has been upsetting the matinee girls with his return to the stage in "Steve," which visited Chicago late last season and comes to New York early next. "Steve" proves that 'Gene hasn't forgotten his footlight training, which was long and varied

Alice Brady is shown at the right in a scene of "Zander the Great" with Master Edwin Mills. "Zander the Great" was the hit of the last third of the Broadway stage season and Miss Brady was given enthusiastic critical notices as the waif who kidnaps a little orphan and runs away in a flivver to far-off Arizona





Murray

Olga Petrova is always interesting, whether as a writer or an actress. Her newest drama, "Hurricane," her own work, startled Chicago and seems likely to be as sensational when it reaches New York. Mme. Petrova never hesitates to call a spade a spade, and her new drama of a young woman in combat with life never minces words



White, N. Y.

Lowell Sherman is fast becoming known as the foremost young character actor on our speaking stage. Sherman has had a highly successful New York stage year, topping it off with an appearance in the melodrama, "Morphia." He is here shown in a scene with Olive Tell. Sherman has ambitious plans for the next footlight season

Chicago took a strong fancy to Frank Keenan's return-to-the-stage drama, "Peter Weston," late last season. Keenan has always held a niche all his own since his unforgettable gambler in "The Girl of the Golden West." Here he is presented in a moment of "Peter Weston" with Marie Nordstrom and Clyde North



White, N. Y.

C L O S E - U P S

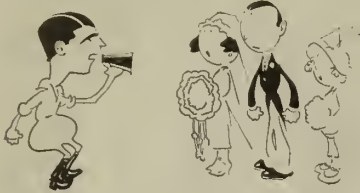
& LONG SHOTS

By Herbert Howe

Decorations by JOHN HELD, Jr.

A PLEA FOR WEDDING DIRECTORS: A special staff of cinema operators was engaged recently to shoot a fashionable London wedding. This is a wise move. Since prominent people are always photographed in the act of marrying nowadays it behooves them to think of their camera angles. I predict that it will not be long before a director will be as essential at a smart wedding as an officiating clergyman. And we will be reading in the society columns such items as:

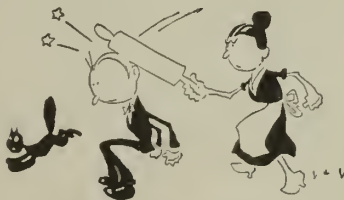
"The Fitzheimer-Guggenbilt wedding was a typical Rex Ingram affair, the bride running the gamut of emotion from innocence and terror to passion and bankruptcy in a way that caused interesting predictions as to her husband's future. Mr. Ingram, who is known as the director of 'Trifling Women,' proved an ideal director for the bride, who in her previous weddings has shown a tendency to overplay her part in such a way as to necessitate retakes. Her last wedding was particularly unfortunate because director Cecil B. de Mille, whom she engaged to film it, insisted upon flashbacks to



scenes of her previous marriages, thereby causing the bridegroom to do a Doug Fairbanks through a stained glass window. Mr. Ingram was also successful in bringing out the talents of the bridegroom, who gave a typical boob characterization that shook the church with gales of laughter. One of the surprises of the production was the clergyman, who in close-ups displayed a sex-attraction second only to Valentino, while the bride's father gave his usual 'heavy' delineation. Aside from a brisk exchange of oaths between clergyman and director, the wedding was comparatively free of temperamental skirmishes. Mr. Ingram only once hurled his megaphone at the bride. All in all, it looks as though the director of 'The Four Horsemen' had put over another million dollar spectacle in which war is suggested without harrowing detail."

The Babel of Temperaments: Herbert Brenon is to direct Pola Negri in "The Spanish Dance," with Antonio Moreno as leading man. Herbert's Irish, Pola's Polish and Tony's a wild young Spaniard. I predict the Lasky studio will be picked up in the Pacific somewhere between Catalina and Tahiti.

The Pictorial Pillory: According to the advertisements, "You Can't Fool Your Wife" is an exquisite lesson for disobedient husbands. I don't know whether it's a lesson, but it certainly is punishment.



Stars of Educational Value: We are informed that the girls of Barnard college have elected John Barrymore and Gilda Grey their favorite stars. This vote shows that the artists who are striving to give the world bigger and finer things are bound to be appreciated. Mr.

Barrymore has done much to popularize Shakespeare, particularly in the seminaries, his *Hamlet* having the best pair of legs of any *Hamlet* in forty generations. The world is indebted to Prof. Gilda Grey for her invention of the shimmy and for her indefatigable labors in arousing interest in south sea geography and anatomy at the *Rendez-vous* cabaret. The value of Prof. Grey's movement may be judged shortly by movie goers. It is to be immortalized in an Allan Dwan production. Be sure to tell your favorite theater exhibitor that Gilda is coming so he can nail his screen firmly to the wall. Gilda is subject to shakes quite as violent as those of the late San Francisco.



What Will We Do For Farm Hands? From the moment Valentino hoofed that tango in "The Four Horsemen" and set the flappers cuckooing, the movie boys haven't been the same. They're all racing around wearing spit

curls, bobbed hair and silk panties, doing costume stuff. Even Charley Ray dropped the pitchfork, quit the farm and flat-footed it for romance and a blond wig. In "The Courtship of Miles Standish" he comes spinning over in the Mayflower to make Plymouth Rock safe for prohibition. And Dick Barthelme, who has been wearing nothing but rags, borrowed John Barrymore's pants and dashed off to Cuba to lick the Spaniards for kicking Dorothy Gish under the table. There seems no end to gallantry these days—gallantry, hair and ruffles. Ramon Navarro, who wore less than Gunga Din but with more chic in "Where the Pavement Ends," is Scaramouching around Hollywood dressed up like Caesar's pet horse. This can't keep up. All the boys can't be Valentino knights—they haven't the dramatic construction. Besides, the public can stand just so many ruffles and no more. Some of the boys had better walk up one flight and get some blue serge nifties. It's a cinch if they don't change their panties some of the producers are going to lose theirs.



Dramatic Qualifications: D. W. Griffith has signed Neil Hamilton, his latest "find," for a period of three years. Following the ceremony an impressive announcement was issued to the effect that Mr. Hamilton has been posing for the advertisements of Dobbs' hats, Stetson hats, neckties, socks, cigarettes, tooth paste and "other sorts of wearing apparel for men." My, my, the boy certainly is versatile!

The Great Requisite: I gather from the foregoing that Mr. Griffith has unearthed another Koh-i-noor. Although I would like to see Mr. Hamilton posing for suspenders and ear trumpets before making any positive predictions, his repertoire is extensive enough to indicate that he's reasonably bonny. And beauty is the great screen requisite. Why evade the fact? Beauty sells motion pictures just as it sells bathroom fixtures, coughdrops and fruit salts. Yet we are continually reading that beauty is not essential to screen success. It certainly is prerequisite to stellar attraction. A gorgeous frontispiece will hypnotize the public into believing the contents gorgeous. The art of the movie player, with few exceptions, is, as Miss Pearl White once enounced, chiefly bunk. You'd have to have radio ears to catch a murmur of praise for the art of Valentino if the person of the signor suddenly became bald and fat. Even the mighty Mary Pickford did not dare show a muggy face in "Suds" without including a pretty curled-tasseled close-up. I'll believe that brains count for more than beauty when I see producers chasing Irvin S. Cobb with a contract to play sheiks.



The No-Brows: The eyebrows, as Darwin points out, are the most expressive features of the face, so, accordingly, movie queens pluck them out. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 109]

ENTER: The Star Sinister

We turn the stellar spotlight on—



MR. ERNEST TORRENCE

Because—

He has made a virtue of villainy
Put a sense of humor in sin
And set a new style in sheiks

May he keep up the bad work!

How the strange
poems from a small
Indiana town
revealed the love in
the heart of
Jimmy Mahoney,
slap-stick comedian,
for the little girl
on the threshold
of film fame

By
Roy Milton
Iliff



Illustrated by
George
van Werveke

"Between us we've got to 'make' her—got to, do you hear?" said Nancy. "She's young and pretty; full of dreams and imagination—you can do a lot with her. And I'll see that she keeps her dreams"

BACK in 1915 when Nancy Knowles found her career as a burlesque "artiste" threatened by fallen arches, cracked voice, and an illy distributed excess avoirdupois she took stock of her assets and considered the future: One hundred dollars in the bank, half a dozen shabby costumes, half a hundred shabby friends — and a wide and comprehensive knowledge of the world's cussedness. Not much of a provision for old age!

But wait! There was daughter Nita in a convent school down in New Orleans. She hadn't seen Nita for two years, but when last seen she had been full of the promise of beauty.

Youth and beauty. . . . How could they best be capitalized?

The "movies"! . . . And there was old Sam Brewer, one time manager of the Broadway Belles Burlesquers, now a director for the Beaux Arts Film Company at Los Angeles.

So far, all right. She had the goods and she had found a market—but who would pay the freight? It would take money to go to New Orleans and get Nita; it would take more money for the two of them to go to Los Angeles, and still more money after they got there. . . . There was nothing to it, she would have to make a "touch" somewhere!

"Star Stuff"

Carefully she searched her memory for some one that would serve as an "angel," but the prospects were discouraging. All of her few "friends indeed" were "friends in need"—besides she had never cast much bread on the waters of her past.

Surely, though, there must be someone; someone whose memory of her was at least half gratitude—someone she had helped unselfishly— Then she thought of Jimmy Mahoney.

A long time ago, one Mae Mahoney—doing a "sister act" with Nancy on the "three a day"—had made a "mistake" with some headache powders and left Nancy minus a partner and plus a ten year old boy who was Mae's one bit of salvage from a disastrous matrimonial adventure. Nancy had mothered the boy in her careless, affectionate way until she could locate and subdue his elusive male parent, and the boy hadn't forgotten. Each Christmas and each birthday brought some little remembrance from the boy to his "other Mommer."

A long time ago Nancy found herself minus a partner in the "three a day" but plus a ten year old boy



MAX WERVICK

And so the engagement was made, and it was well kept. As she had promised, Nancy kept the girl away from all disturbing influences and fed her constantly on dreams of success and fame; old Sam, in turn, taught her all the engaging tricks he knew, cast her in plays containing the right amount of sure-fire "hokum," saw that her appealing beauty and youthfulness were properly displayed, and left the rest to time and the film fans.

Of course, Jimmy, too, had his part in the scheme, but he was, so to speak, chiefly "Mister Props." He wasn't much help in planning and working out the girl's career, but there were lots of "little things" that he could do: Nita's salary was small, and gowns, bungalows, photographs — "front" in general — cost money. Little things like that were his specialty. So, he became "one of them," grew a little shabby, moved to a cheap boarding house, worked a little harder — even doubled for prudent stars in dangerous stunts — and saw that the "props" were never lacking. He was useful in other ways, too. Young and cheerful and absolutely faithful, he was a safe companion for Nita, and served to keep her from feeling that she was completely exiled from her world of youth and play. Nancy was always glad to have him at the bungalow; and to Jimmy, who had never known a "home" — well, it was almost too good to be true.

ALMOST from the first, the girl "got over." Even in the days of "atmosphere" and thinking parts she made her

Last Christmas he had been with a Los Angeles film company doing slap-stick comedy, and he had said that he was doing well. . . . Perhaps he was still there.

It was a shame to impose on gratitude of that kind, but Nancy couldn't afford the luxury of such fine sentiments just then, so she wrote him telling of her plans and needs.

Quite promptly he replied, enclosing a check for five hundred dollars.

"Tickled to death," he wrote. "Anything I have is at least half yours. Here's five hundred I had laid by for a Spitzer roadster, but who wants a gas buggy when they can hitch their wagon to a star? Get 'Her Littleness' out of that convent and bring her to the coast. She won't have to sleep on a depot bench and use me for a pillow like the time we went 'bust' at Des Moines; there'll be enough in the old sock for all of us. In the meantime, I'll look up old Sam Brewer and break the news to him that he's got a new star coming up from the sunny south" . . .

And—despite the press agents' fairy stories to the contrary—that's why and how Nita Knowles "broke into" the pictures.

WHEN Nancy brought her small shy daughter to Sam Brewer and browbeat him into taking her into his company, she said to him:

"While she's working, she's yours; when she's off, she's mine. Between us we've got to 'make' her—got to, do you hear? She's young and pretty; full of dreams and imagination—you can do a lot with her. And I'll see that she keeps her dreams. I'll keep her 'up-stage' from the kind of life that spoiled me until she is so sure of herself; so proud of her beauty and success that our rotten old world can't touch her. . . . *Our star*, Sam. It's up to us. What do you say?"

presence felt. She wasn't an artist, of course, in the sense the stage defines the term, but she had something that art cannot create successfully; something that many real artists would give half their technique to possess—she had "personality."

The "movie" fan of those days was not a particularly erudite or cultured customer—to the most of him art was only skin-deep—but he knew what he wanted, and when he got it he knew how to ask for more. A year after Nita first appeared in a Beaux Arts film these silent birds began talking about her with their eloquent nickels and dimes, and, like *Oliver Twist*, they all talked of "more." Of course, the Beaux Arts people weren't stampeded by that demonstration—they had seen too many beginners "flash in the pan"—but they didn't ignore it, by any means, and step by step, picture by picture, they moved her up, until at the end of her second year she was playing "leads," and other producers were making cautious inquiries about her contract with the Beaux Arts.

Nancy was overjoyed at these evidences of success, but having become practical, she saw that the girl's salary kept step with her progress. So after the fifth raise in salary she announced to Jimmy that she and Nita felt competent to go ahead on "their own."

"We can't ever thank you enough for what you've done, Jimmy," she said, "but we'll never forget it, and you'll get back every penny you let us have. You've been a good boy—just the kind of a boy I'd want for a son. I hope we can do something to help you some day."

"Pshaw," replied Jimmy, "it wasn't anything. You're all the family I've got—smartest Mommer in the world, and the sweetest little sister ever. Why, I'm almost sorry to find that you can get along without me."

"That's nice of you and I know you mean it, but sometimes

I've felt kind of ashamed of leaning on you so heavy. I never had the heart to tell Nita where the money came from."

"No?"

"No. I was afraid she wouldn't feel right about it; afraid maybe she would lose confidence in me and get discouraged. But I'll tell her now."

"No, don't do that. I don't want her to feel indebted to me in that way."

"But she won't mind, now that we know you won't lose by it. She'll feel like it was a loan from a big brother—or, if you'd rather, I'll say it was a business arrangement all the time."

"No, please. Let it go. I don't want her to think it was business; and—" he paused and smiled but there was a little white ring about his mouth, "—and I don't know about this 'big brother' business. Kids grow up, you know."

"Why, Jimmy! What do you mean?"

He hung his head guiltily: "I'm afraid something sneaked in when I wasn't looking—nor you, either. I'm sorry, on your account, but I couldn't help it—I tried, though."

"Jimmy Mahoney! What have you done?"

"Nothing, Nancy. It's all been done to me. It never touched her, I'm sure."

"Do you mean to say that you—my little girl—?"

He nodded: "I hate it, Nancy, but I couldn't help it. Didn't know in time. . . . Looks like I hadn't played the game, but I have. Never forgot that you trusted me."

"And you never said anything to her about—that—?"

"Not a word."

"And you think she doesn't know?"

"Sure of it. To her I'm just the rough kid that used to break her dolls—grown up into a slap-stick comedian who does face-falls to make the low-brows laugh. She'd probably think I was joking if I tried to talk about love, or anything like that."

Nancy patted his bowed head: "I'm sorry, honey—honest I am, but maybe it's best for her to feel that way about it. She's so young, and she's got such a wonderful future ahead of her—almost a star now. We don't count so much—you and I—but she must have her chance. We must help her and protect her—you and I—there's nobody else to do it."

Any display of emotion that couldn't be turned into a laugh went hard with those two, so they guiltily got away from the subject, but they understood each other perfectly and both knew that Jimmy had betrayed himself into exile; knew that never again would he "belong" within the guarded circle about the star-to-be.

He voiced his knowledge of that when they parted: "Of course you won't tell her anything about—what we've talked of?"

"Oh, no. Of course not."

"And maybe I'd better not come out to the house any more?"

"Just as you think best, Jimmy. I trust you, you know."

"Yes, I know. . . . Well, if she asks about me, you can tell her anything you like. You can tell by the way she asks what'll be best to tell her."

"Yes, I can tell. But I don't think I'll have any trouble explaining. I'll say we're all so busy—or something like that."

"All right, you fix it up. But some day I'd like to have you tell her how it really was—some day when it won't matter."

"I'll do that, Jimmy—some day."

Nita was mighty busy those days and she had a great many things to think of, but, somehow, it didn't take her long to note Jimmy's defection and comment on it.

"What's the matter with Jimmy, mamma? He hasn't been to see us for ages."

"I don't know. Busy, I guess. Or, maybe he's got a girl."

Nancy tried to toss it off carelessly, but she looked grim and hard. She hadn't liked the plaintive note in the girl's voice.

"I don't believe it!" said Nita indignantly. "He doesn't run after girls. He likes us better than any old girl!"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 97]

"Oh, dear," sighed the little man, "I'm sorry, but you have come too late to see Mister Stanhope. Mister Stanhope is dead, sir"





Cross section of a movie fan's first impression of a film studio

WHEN you first step into a studio you are liable to think you have stumbled by mistake into the cabinet of Dr. Caligari. Streaks and spots of blinding light, a fantastic jumble of ropes and cables, a cubistic maze of flats that are trying to give a realistic setting, an organ playing "Rock of Ages" and a violin screaming "Jazz Baby," while in one corner

a woman sobs with a breaking heart and in another a girl dances madly on a table. The nightmare following a fan's first day is as wild as a chop-suey eater's dream. Oh, if the silent drama could only be silent in the making! To spare you, we have reproduced the above impression of an artist after he had penetrated the studio mysteries.

THE SHADOW STAGE

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES

By Frederick James Smith

DOUBTLESS the most interesting event of the month was the smashing comeback of Charlie Ray. Once again he is the sensitive homespun country boy. This time it is in "The Girl I Loved," built around a poem of James Whitcomb Riley. His *Johnny Middleton* seems to us to be his best screen characterization, a fine realization of the promise he first revealed in "The Coward."

There is little to "The Girl I Loved." Just the unreturned love of a boy for his foster sister. A tragedy of adolescent love is this; undeviating, save for the odd day dreams of the lad when, in his fancy's eye, he overcomes his rival and captures the heart of *Mary*. These day dreams are told in straight-away camera fashion and, if your imagination is halting, they may disconcert you. To us they are delightful in their boyish psychology.

Most of the critical authorities have disagreed radically upon "The Girl I Loved," the main portion of this division centering around Ray's performance. Some of the critics declared that the star overacted. But, to us, the performance carried complete conviction. Here is puppy love torn upon the rack. And Ray's *Johnny* has subtlety, humor and a fine tenderness. It is as redolent of the soil as the barn dance which forms its chief interlude of action—and is as inherently American. Certainly, Ray gives a superb cross-section of the boy mind. Don't miss that gorgeous flash of thought as *Johnny* takes *Mary* upon her first canoe ride.

There are exquisite stretches of countryside lurking before the camera most of the time. And, aside from Ray's playing, you will find Patsy Ruth Miller—as the girl o' dreams—both charming and compelling.

We present "The Girl I Loved" for your consideration as a little gem of the screen well worth while. It has an elusive appeal, a directness and a sweetness rare to filmdom these days.

TRULY this is a man's year on the screen. Certainly the past month was completely masculine. There was, for instance, high interest in Richard Barthelmess' excursion into the field of romance in Joseph Hergesheimer's "The Bright Shawl."

This is a colorful tale of an American in the midst of Cuban revolution against Spanish oppression a generation ago. For motion picture purposes it has picturesqueness—but little else. The chief character is a negative one, tossed about by intrigue and circumstance. Mr. Barthelmess plays him with his usual care and intelligence.

The critics were divided upon Dorothy Gish's playing of the Spanish dancer, *La Clavel*. Some praised her highly. Certainly her characterization is not the indolent, passionate creation of Hergesheimer's fancy. Her *La Clavel* is an Andalusian hoyden. We prefer the Hergesheimer conception.

There are several minor rôles distinctly well played. William Powell's Spanish captain has poise and distinction. And Jetta Goudal's half caste Chinese vampire reveals an intriguing personality. John Robertson's direction has invested the screen adaptation with charm and an elusive atmospheric appeal. But of dramatic strength there is not overmuch.

BAYARD VEILLER'S melodrama, "Within the Law," has been done before on the screen. This story of the innocent shoppgirl, railroaded to prison, who starts out to wreak vengeance upon those who have wronged her, always keeping inside the law, was highly effective behind the footlights. We have forgotten Alice Joyce's playing of *Mary Turner* in the earlier celluloid version but Norma Talmadge's performance in this adaptation leaves us cold. Miss Talmadge, like many of our established stars, seems afraid to act. Here she seems more concerned with photographic values than with making *Mary Turner* live. Indeed, her conception borders on the saccharine. Oppressed by the police or plotting her enemies' ruin, her *Mary Turner* is just too sweet for anything. And never are you allowed to forget that she is big hearted and a perfect lady.

LIKE "Within the Law," Rex Beach's "The Ne'er-do-Well" has been done in motion picture before. The new Thomas Meighan version does not reveal this star at his best. There are several reasons why Meighan does not shine in the Beach tale of a harum-scarum boy who is shanghai'd at the instigation of his wealthy father and thrown upon his own in Panama. The adventure is badly told on the screen, moving haltingly and episodically. Meighan is not at his best as a spend-thrift college boy. The whole "Ne'er-do-Well" hints of difficulties in getting the story to the screen and of efforts to bridge them over. Most of these efforts are in the subtitles but there are curiously obvious studio "exteriors" sandwiched in among the real Panama shots.

The honor of the best performance of the month goes to Charlie Ray, for his tender and sympathetic playing of the country boy in "The Girl I Loved"



ANOTHER come-back of the month was that of Herbert Brenon, who took a frail and trite story in "The Rustle of Silk" and developed it into a thing of charm and appeal—a well-bred picture of British life.

Brenon has succeeded in telling his slight story with good taste and imagination. Under his direction Betty Compson plays the girl with a fine sympathy.

THE "Abysmal Brute" is a Jack London yarn of the prize ring. Reginald Denny, who has been doing a hero of the squared circle in a series of "Leather Pusher" short film plays, steps into this feature as the pugilistic charmer. This has swift movement, skillful direction by Hobart Henley and an interestingly vigorous personality in Reginald Denny.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures



THE RUSTLE OF SILK—Paramount

THIS Cosmo Hamilton triangle of a British statesman, his unfaithful wife and an adoring lady's maid, who loves the national idol from afar, isn't much of a drama. Yet Herbert Brenon has told it with fine taste and discretion. There are at least several instances of directorial excellence. Brenon has introduced a duplicate of the Balieff Chauve-Souris into his society entertainment. His scenes in and about the London Ritz are carefully handled. So, too, are the difficult Parliament shots. And there are many flashes revealing the mental processes of his characters. Altogether, this is a frail thing admirably done. The three central rôles are excellently played by Betty Compson, who has not been more appealing in several years, Anna Q. Nilsson and Conway Tearle.



WITHIN THE LAW—First National

THIS production of Bayard Veiller's melodrama has everything save inspiration. The production is expensive, the cast is a series of big names, the direction is adequate. And yet the melodrama lacks something vital. We put this to Norma Talmadge's playing of *Mary Turner*. Miss Talmadge seems afraid to act, not an uncommon ailment these days among our stars. There is hardly a suggestion of the emotional *Mary Turner* of the stage originator, Jane Cowl. This *Mary* gives you no doubt about her sweetness, her dignity, and her ability to look photographically smart. What the screen needs is something to upset our stellar restraint. Actually the best acting of "Within the Law" is that of Lew Cody as the crook, *Joe Garson*, and Helen Ferguson in her brief moments as a shop girl.

PHOTOPLAY'S SELECTION OF THE SIX BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

THE GIRL I LOVED
THE BRIGHT SHAWL
THE NE'ER-DO-WELL
WITHIN THE LAW
THE RUSTLE OF SILK
THE ABYSMAL BRUTE



THE BRIGHT SHAWL—First National

THIS production of Joseph Hergesheimer's highly colored tapestry of revolutionary days in Cuba a generation ago marks an interesting milestone in the career of Richard Barthelmess. It is his first stellar venture into the field of the costume drama. The result, under the careful guidance of John Robertson, is a pretty play of distinct atmospheric charm. "The Bright Shawl," as Hergesheimer wrote it, was a tale of Havana intrigue, with Cuban strugglers for liberty on one side and soldiers of Spanish oppression on the other. Into this maelstrom was dropped *Charles Abbott*, a young American who attaches himself to the Cuban cause. He is largely the pawn of circumstances (which make him a negative screen character) but he moves among a maze of interesting folk, including one of Hergesheimer's most picturesque creations, *La Clavel*, a dancer of old Andalusia. Another is *Pilar de Lima*, a pretty but sinister half caste Peruvian-Chinese spy.

Barthelmess does surprisingly well with his character of *Charles Abbott*. Into it he puts all his technique and intelligence—and no young actor has more of either. But he never can quite overcome the negative quality of the role. Dorothy Gish is *La Clavel*, but not the dancer as Hergesheimer painted her. Still, it is a surprising departure for the "little disturber" and, no doubt, will interest motion picture followers. We should have preferred Hergesheimer's *La Clavel* but Miss Gish's version will be more appealing to screen audiences, we suspect. Jetta Goudal, the *Pilar*, may or may not be a film find. Seemingly she had a distinct film personality. One of the real hits is William Powell's dashing Spanish officer.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

PHOTOPLAY'S SELECTION OF THE SIX BEST PERFORMANCES of the MONTH

CHARLES RAY in "The Girl I Loved"

RICHARD BARTHELMESS in "The Bright Shawl"

BETTY COMPSON in "The Rustle of Silk"

PATSY RUTH MILLER in "The Girl I Loved"

WILLIAM POWELL in "The Bright Shawl"

ANNA Q. NILSSON in "The Rustle of Silk"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 111



THE NE'ER-DO-WELL—Paramount

MANY photoplays have passed since Selig first produced Rex Beach's "The Ne'er-Do-Well." Now, however, Thomas Meighan has remade it into a stellar vehicle. The result is not altogether successful, nor is it altogether uninteresting. The story is told with curious confusion. The escapades of Kirk Anthony lead to his being deposited, penniless, in Panama upon orders of his wealthy father. Of course, he proves himself, despite the fact that he nearly gets involved in the matrimonial difficulties of a philandering wife. All this moves in episodes, employing a comedy black face comedian, comic opera Central-Americans and a melodramatic jealous husband. All of which spells a picture drama unreal and artificial. Moreover, "The Ne'er-Do-Well" seems distinctly old fashioned.



THE GIRL I LOVED—United

HERE is the naive, boyish Charlie Ray back again. Indeed, the star makes an amazing come-back in this celluloid version of a James Whitcomb Riley poem, "The Girl I Loved." Ray has made no effort to transpose the slender thing into terms of film melodrama. Actually, "The Girl I Loved" has no hero and no villain. It still stands, a fragile, wistful little lyric of a country boy who loves his foster sister. He never wins her heart and the end of the silversheet romance finds him alone in the church, in tears as the girl of his heart and her new husband ride away down the dusty country road. Just a little tragedy of puppy love—and yet poignant through the admirably unrestrained playing of Ray. Here is, to our way of thinking, the best performance of the screen year, superb in its humaneness and its tenderness.

For students of technique there will interest in the way two day dreams are handled. Here—in his boyish imagination alone—the lad triumphs over his rival. "The Girl I Loved" is really Ray's best vehicle since "The Old Swimmer's Hole"—and a far better effort cinematographically than that gem. Altogether it was a courageous thing to film, for Ray has dared to tell his hoosier tale of adolescence without the usual things considered necessary to the screen.

We cannot recommend "The Girl I Loved" too highly and yet we realize that there will be those who will be cold to its charm. But, if there is still a note of elusive youth in your heart, it will touch and move you. Here is a motion picture play which can be recommended without a single qualification to the entire family. It deserves your attention and support.



THE ABYSMAL BRUTE—Universal

THIS is the story of a boy who was raised, by his ex-prize fighting father, to be a champion. A woman-shy young man with a wallop in his right fist and a come-hither in his eye. When he falls in love he falls hard—though the object of his affection is the daughter of a rich man and something of a social light herself. The boy, despite his lack of polish, is both a gentleman and a real person. He proves it by winning the girl without sacrificing the career that was planned for him. The picture was taken from a yarn by Jack London—and the characters are all drawn so well that they might have stepped from the original manuscript. Reginald Denny makes a hero who is both manly and appealing. And Hobart Henley's direction is practically flawless. This is a picture for everybody.



YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE—Paramount

MUCH money wasted upon an absurd story. Again the husband on the edge of the restless forties, the neglected wife and the regulation vampire, but the indiscretions are censor proof. Laid amid the usual railroad terminal homes of the wealthy. A bootleggers' ball in the Bermudas thrown in to brace the tottering tale. Many prominent players are wasted, Leatrice Joy alone approaching sincerity.



THE GO-GETTER—Paramount

THIS Cosmopolitan story, that was responsible for a new term in the American language, has lost much of its pep during the journey between magazine page and screen. Aside from that, it is a well rounded and pleasant narrative of an ex-doughboy and that delightful character of twentieth century fiction, *Cappy Ricks*. *Cappy's* obviously crepe beard is a false note. Oh, decidedly!



PRODIGAL DAUGHTERS—Paramount

ANOTHER celluloid tirade against the jazz babies of 1923 who insist upon living as they like. This time it is adapted to the girl who leaves the old homestead, only to return for forgiveness in the heavy snowstorm at Christmas. The old farm here becomes a smart city maison. Flying machines, Greenwich Village parties, rolled stockings, cigarettes and radio jazz tossed in for good measure.



THE Nth COMMANDMENT—Paramount-Cosmopolitan

THE "Humoresque" combination of Fannie Hurst, Scenarist Frances Marion and Director Frank Borzage doesn't work out here. The result is flat. The human note is missing. Here we are given the story of the brave little girl who struggles to maintain her home when her husband falls desperately ill, with the usual bleak Yuletide which develops unexpectedly into a cheery one.



SIXTY CENTS AN HOUR—Paramount

WALTER HIERS' second starring vehicle is even better than the first. It tells the story of an ambitious soda clerk in a booming California town. This clerk plans to marry the daughter of the bank president, and go into business—all on seven-fifty a week. Part of his campaign consists of Sunday rides in a hired flivver that costs sixty cents an hour. A riot of laughter—from start to finish.



TRIFLING WITH HONOR—Universal

THIS story is about a home-run king who resembles Babe Ruth in more ways than one. This man has become the idol of the small boys of America, through a story of his life written—for a syndicate—by a clever young reporter. Intensely dramatic is the way in which the man's life is remodeled, and how he wins back to honor because of an ideal. One of the best of the month.



BAVU—Universal

THIS tale of Bolshevich Russia is not nearly so gripping as it might have been—for some of the situations are decidedly artificial, and the sets are always just sets. But Wallace Beery looks, and usually acts, like a doubled-dyed villain. And Forrest Stanley is so heroic that the sixteen-year-olds will love him—that is, if they are permitted to see this gory picture!



VENGEANCE OF THE DEEP—American Releasing Co.

UNDER SEA photography never ceases to be mysterious and thrilling. This story of pearl diving and intrigue, of love and jealousy, may be loosely constructed and weak; but it has its stupendous moments because of the life that goes on beneath the ocean. Sharks, devil crabs, sea weed and treasure chests make the scenes exciting and different. But when the actors get on dry land!



WESTBOUND LIMITED—Film Booking Offices

A HOMELY, sympathetic story built around a railroad and the men who are the soul of it. The president's family and the family of an engineer, linked together by circumstances, form the basis of a satisfactory and easy to understand plot. There are the usual railroad climaxes—but they're so well done that they don't seem too usual. There's a love interest, too—but it's hardly necessary.



A NOISE IN NEWBORO—Metro

THE story of the town Cinderella who goes to New York and with the aid of art and Wall street cleans up a fortune. She comes back to Newboro and makes a Big Noise. A weak, farcical mixture that's gingered up by Viola Dana. What an expert little charmer she is! Without her bijou personality flashing through the maze, "A Noise in Newboro" would have been little more than a groan.



THE GIRL WHO CAME BACK—Al Lichtman

SHE doesn't come back, really—except that, in the last reel, she returns to her native land—which isn't exactly what the title means. But she gets diamonds and two husbands—not at the same time, however—so everybody's happy. Except the audience—and no audience should be expected to swallow anything! Some of the prison scenes are very fine, and there's a de Milleish party.



CORDELIA THE MAGNIFICENT—Metro

BLACKMAILING in high society—and everybody doing Bit, from lawyers and butlers to beautiful young ladies. The plot revolves, not too rapidly, around a girl who loses her fortune and is forced to earn her own living. This she does by becoming the confidential agent of a scheming business man—the blackmailing that she does is unconscious, at least. Badly adapted. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 101]



WHERE THE LLOYDS LIVE—

It's a pretty big, dignified sort of a home for two such joyous and informal people as Mildred and Harold Lloyd. But, oh, isn't it white and fresh and bridey looking? Just imagine starting to keep house in the midst of such spic-and-span newness! The vase—it looks like a much magnified loving cup—was imported from Italy. The work of Cappi di Mente, and valued at \$4,000. It is considered one of the finest of its type in the world, yet it guards the rear entrance of the mansion. Harold's comedy sense at work, again!



So This is "Lawful Larceny"?

At least it's a scene from the forthcoming production, "Lawful Larceny," with Director Allan Dwan acting as first aid to Nita Nalki and Lew Cody in their vamping moment



Mary Carr as Nellie Wayne at thirty

Mary Carr in Three Generations



Mary Carr as Nellie Wayne at sixty-five

THE famous old Daly's Theater, around which clustered more theatrical history and tradition than any other playhouse, has been perpetuated. And this in spite of the fact that the theater itself is no more and that its noted manager, Augustin Daly, has long since been gathered to his fathers.

It remained for J. Searle Dawley to revive, not only memories of old Daly's, but the theater itself in his picture, "Broadway Broke." With Mary Carr, the "greatest mother of the screen," as his star, Mr. Dawley has made the screen version of Earl Derr Biggers's story of the old actress who is "Broadway broke." Into this story Mr. Biggers has written theatrical Broadway, with all its joys and sorrows, its hopes and fears, its lights and its shadows.

The old playhouse, the passing of which tore a great page from the history of the theater, was reconstructed by Mr. Dawley. The picture shows the front of the old house, with its slender pillars, broad steps and flickering gasjets. It takes the spectator inside, up to the beautiful lobby on the second floor, which was the gathering place for years of all the greatest and best in the social, political and theatrical worlds of New York. And it takes him also back stage to the Green Room, where reigned supreme the great Daly himself and his stars, with Ada Rehan at their head.

But Mr. Dawley has not stopped here. In the theater he has placed many of the noted characters of two score years ago, men and women who were known to our fathers and grandfathers, such as Phineas Taylor Barnum, the "world's greatest showman"; Gen. U. S. Grant and his wife, Julia Dent Grant; Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, hero of the "March to the Sea"; Samuel L. Clemens, better known as Mark Twain; and Augustin Daly himself.

General U. S. Grant is another vital character of "Broadway Broke." Grant was one of the great Americans of this interesting era of American history, the period following the Civil War. Just below we present Albert Phillips in his portrayal of the famous general in "Broadway Broke"

The famous P. T. Barnum, who developed that essentially American institution of amusement, the circus, to its highest point, is an important character of Mary Carr's production "Broadway Broke." Below you may observe Maelyn Arbuckle's conception of the immortal Phineas Taylor Barnum





Gossip—

A LITTLE group of nuns gathered to bid farewell to a beautiful American girl as she emerged from the quiet old convent of Hyeres, France, last month. The girl was Miss Pearl White. Her story was told last month in PHOTOPLAY. She has been a *pensionnaire* at the convent for several months, without communicating with the outer world save for a few letters to intimate friends, in which she expressed "the contentment that is greater than happiness."

When entering the convent Miss White said that she did not know how long she would remain. She emphasized the fact that she was not seeking cloisteral solitude because she loved some one who did not love her. This statement was taken as a direct reference to her romance with the dashing Duke of Vallambrosa. Some of her friends are of the belief that she will become the Duchess when the Duke's divorce has been settled. But they agreed that her purpose in entering the convent had very little, if anything, to do with the romance. If Miss White marries the duke, she will receive one of the oldest family titles in Europe, Italian in origin but now regarded as French. The duke is handsome, likable and a real war hero who won medals for his daring as an aviator.

A SEVEN minute wooing resulted in the marriage of Marjorie Daw and Edward Sutherland, with Charlie Chaplin as best man and Mary Pickford as matron of honor, making it an all-star affair. The ceremony was performed at Pickfair, the Fairbanks-Pickford home, with Rev. Neal Dodd officiating.

Eddie Sutherland is the nephew of Thomas Meighan. He has appeared in leading roles of a number of pictures, but recently became an assistant director for Charlie Chaplin.

Marjorie Daw, whose real name was Marguerite E. House, made her screen debut under the Goldwyn banner. She was heralded as Geraldine Farrar's *protege* by the publicity bureau, although Marjorie later said she had only seen Miss Farrar once or twice in her life.

According to romantic reports, Eddie espied Marjorie standing near a Chaplin "set" one morning. Love at first sight overwhelmed them both, apparently, for within seven minutes they had decided upon the date and details of their wedding.

As a matter of fact, they have been friends for several years. Only a short time ago there were rumors of an engagement between Eddie and May McAvoy, while Marjorie's name

Three of America's best known character actors are now working before the camera in California. Holbrook Blinn, center, is playing the King in Mary Pickford's "The Street Singer." Harry Mestayer, left, is the heavy in Jane Murfin's "The Sign." Emmett Corrigan, right, has a prominent rôle in Marshall Neilon's next production

was being linked with that of Dana Todd. Denials were made, and, for once, denials were honest. The bride is twenty-one, and the groom is twenty-six. Both are real favorites in Hollywood.

JAMES KIRKWOOD and Lila Lee are to be married in October.

Jim, who has been in Hollywood playing the leading rôle in Mrs. Wallace Reid's picture, spends all his spare time wandering over his hillside estate in Beverly Hills and planning the home he is to build there for Lila.

The story that Lila's mother, who had long disapproved of the match, relented after seeing Jim in "The Fool"—declaring that he must be worthy of her little Lila or he couldn't play such a part so beautifully, is denied in some quarters, but the fact remains that mother has relented.

The engagement is apparently one of the screen's real love matches. When separated, the two exchange telegrams, letters and long distance messages by the score and behave exactly like youngsters in their first courtship days.

Kirkwood has signed a long term contract with Goldwyn, and Lila will finish her Paramount contract soon, so the Beverly Hills home seems to indicate that they expect to live in the west as soon as the wedding takes place.

HERBERT SOMBORN has filed suit for divorce against his wife, Gloria Swanson.

According to Somborn, who charges desertion, the fair Gloria cared much more for her career than she did for her husband and when the paths of love and ambition divided, she followed the path of ambition without a backward glance. The case will be tried in the fall.

FANNIE WARD is returning to the American screen to play the leading rôle in Gertrude Atherton's "Black Oxen," a character for which she is peculiarly suited, that of a

East & West By Cal York

woman who at an advanced age underwent a treatment that restored her youthful beauty and vitality. Miss Ward is a woman of fifty but has the appearance of twenty. She has undergone several operations to restore the youthful beauty of her face, and recently a story was cabled from abroad to the effect that she had undergone the Steinach X-ray treatment for complete rejuvenation, similar to the one described in "Black Oxen." This may have been a press story planted to arouse interest in her prior to signing contracts for the production. Nevertheless, Miss Ward is in reality the very person for the part. She is an adroit actress, too, as you will recall if you saw her in "The Cheat" several years ago. That story, by the way, is the same one which has just been re-filmed with Pola Negri in the star rôle.

Since retiring from the screen, Miss Ward has lived abroad with her husband, Jack Dean. Through an inheritance from a former husband, an African diamond mine owner, she became a very wealthy woman, famous for her collection of jewels. She has divided her time between her house in London and her apartment at the Claridge in Paris.

THE players of the Eastern colony recognized summer socially with a ball in the Grand ballroom of the Astor hotel, at which Ethel Barrymore presided as queen. She received a tremendous ovation when she swept regally in, her iridescent train flowing in long silver ripples as she ascended the throne to review the pageant. The affair was presented by the Actors' Equity, and one of the features was a May Pole minuet. Madge Kennedy and Constance Binney were among the dancers. Gloria Swanson attracted particular attention, as she is seldom seen in the East. Mae Murray, Lila Lee, Tommy Meighan, Mildred Harris, Hedda Hopper and Ralph Ince were other filers who danced during the evening.

BERT LYTELL gave a dinner party at Montmartre as a farewell to Hollywood before starting East to star in six Cosmopolitan pictures. It was a stunning star affair. Marshall Neilan led off the dancing with wife Blanche Sweet. Mrs. Bryant Washburn, looking very smart, was with Bryant. And the Vidors appeared together for the first time since announcing that they would live under separate roof-trees—in perfect amity. Rex Ingram and Alice Terry with their new "find,"



Barbara La Marr is now Mrs. Jack Dougherty. They were married early in May at Ventura. Dougherty is a star in two reel Westerns for Universal, but he is accompanying his bride to Italy for the filming of "The Eternal City," in which she has the leading feminine rôle

hinting that he has left his affections with a sweetheart in England. When apprised of the rumor that his father would seek to enjoin him from appearing on the screen, young Doug merely shrugged and reiterated that he was bound for Hollywood to be an actor. His mother, Mrs. James Evans, who remarried shortly after her divorce from Fairbanks, would make no comment as to her son's plans, but intimated that a screen career was in order.

ALIST has been compiled by the women's clubs of the country that is supposed to include America's twelve most distinguished women. There were poets, artists, and stateswomen, more or less known. We looked for Mary Pickford's name. It wasn't there, so we threw the list into the waste basket. If Mary isn't one of our most distinguished women, who is?

DOUG and Mary have become gypsies over the week-ends. There is a nook along the Pacific beach where they hie for camping expeditions every now and then, far from the maddening movie fame. There they swim, race the beach and live the life of the road. When work keeps them in town over the week-end they go for horseback rides at five o'clock Sunday morning. Of course, the Hollywood gossips declare that this is just part of an attempt to preserve an illusion of romance, but I doubt it. They give every evidence of being pals—and one another's severest critic.

JOHNIE WALKER from henceforth will be both a producer and a star. But unlike most stars who have become producers he will not play in his own productions. Eddie Polo, Kathleen Myers and Catherine Bennett, sister of Enid Bennett, will be featured in the series of twelve five-reelers, to be known as the



Walker-Good productions. Johnnie's partner in the enterprise is John H. Good, formerly of Youngstown, O., but now living at La Jolla, California. While supervising these productions, Johnnie will continue to star in F. B. O. releases, his next "The Worm," purchased from Charles Ray, who has decided to film only such stories as permit of elaborate production.

RICHARD HEADRICK, the five year old youngster, who scored his first big film hit in John M. Stahl's "The Child Thou Gavest Me," has returned to Mr. Stahl's fold to play in "The Wanters."

UPON completion of "The Courtship of Miles Standish," Charles Ray took a trip to Illinois, with Mrs. Ray, for a vacation. He attended the motion picture convention in Chicago.

ONLY Alice Brady's Irish wit saved the night for her play "Zander the Great," when it opened in New York. For one thing, a dog which was supposed to have died insisted upon barking, in a healthy baritone.

A notable conference in Los Angeles: with Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Ernst Lubitsch. Mary's new picture, "The Street Singer," is the subject of debate



Edith Allen and her escort, came in late and took a table. Rex, spying his scenario writer, Willis Goldbeck, seated across the room, proudly held aloft a new book he had just acquired that evening. The title was "Why God Loves the Irish." He then rushed out on the dance floor and stole Mae Murray from husband, Bob Leonard, who then joined Miss Terry and toddled off in the wake of Frank Mayo and the sinuous Dagmar Godowsky-Mayo. Connie Talmadge was much in evidence shaking her bobbed curls with Sheba glee. Also Viola Dana, Teddy Sampson, Alice Lake, Corinne Griffith, Bessie Love, Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge Keaton.

THERE is considerable interest as to the outcome of Fatty Arbuckle's engagement to dance at the Marigold Gardens in Chicago this month. It will be something of a judgment as to his ability to stage a come-back. He receives \$2,500 weekly, guaranteed, against a percentage of the receipts. All over \$500 weekly must go to the government on account of a back due income tax liability for \$30,000. Fatty is practically penniless, and is seldom seen at the cafes or along the boulevards since his screen return was voted down.

RUTH ROLAND having completed her Pathe starring contract has gone into the real estate business in Los Angeles, for a time at least. She has announced that she will open a new subdivision in the Wilshire district to be known as Roland Square. The tract contains two hundred lots, with many thousands of dollars' worth of improvement. Miss Roland is one of the wealthiest women of the screen, and her real estate holdings in Los Angeles net her a big income.

MILDRED HARRIS was discharged from bankruptcy, and her creditors were singing her praises for she paid up every cent of the \$31,489.90 that she owed. Most of the debt was incurred for purchases of jewels, imported gowns, hats and shoes. Since instituting her petition for bankruptcy last October, Miss Harris has had several engagements in pictures and in vaudeville, thus enabling her to meet her obligations.

DURING Pola Negri's recent illness, following a surgical operation, no one was permitted within the gates of her palatial home except the Hon. Charles Spencer Chaplin, who stepped out of his car every day, followed by his chauffeur bearing rare flowers, fruits and sweetmeats for the adored tragedienne. No wonder the crowds lined the fence!

YOUNG DOUG FAIRBANKS, JR., age thirteen, makes it plain that he will not be a sheik in his pictures. In fact, he says he will refrain from kissing any lady in his films,



This poetic looking player is Eosta Ekman, termed the Valentino of Sweden. He has been engaged to come to America, to appear in one picture for Goldwyn. In all probability it will be a screen version of "Three Weeks," in which, by the way, Theda Bora may return to the screen

And a Ford, which was supposed to be alive, gave every indication of being dead when Miss Brady went to pull it out of the barn. Alice pulled so hard that the barn tottered and almost collapsed. The star made some droll comments which drew appreciative applause from the audience.

WHEN Chicorrito, the champion picador of Spain and the world, came to New York on his way to Mexico City and South America, one of the first people he wanted to meet was Texas Guinan, who has been the star of many Western pictures and who has been nicknamed the "Girl Bill Hart." He dropped into PHOTOPLAY and the introduction was arranged and before they had been talking half an hour they got up the idea of a great bull fighting exhibition at Madison Square Garden. All the ceremonies of the bull ring will be shown exactly as they are held in Madrid. Chichotrio has a record of being wounded seventeen times but never had a horse killed.

BARBARA LA MARR may be "too beautiful" but the fact hasn't handicapped her financially. She went to work the other day in "The Master of Woman," a Reginald Barker production. It is being made at the

Louis B. Mayer studio. Barbara worked at that studio three years ago. She received ten a day, now she is getting two thousand a week, we hear.

ANOTHER foreign invader. We no sooner shake off the German and the Latin menace than Sweden pounces on us! Eosta Ekman is the name of the Swedish sheik who arrives on the Goldwyn lot with a contract. And everyone is wondering if he can be *Ben Hur*. Hollywood will never return to normalcy until after the election of *Ben*. Ekman is famous in films and theater in Sweden. Arriving with him from Stockholm was Edith Erastoff, the wife of Victor Seastrom, the Swedish director who is now working for Goldwyn.

Miss Erastoff played opposite Mr. Ekman at the Stockholm theater.

The Swedish gentleman may bring the blonde Nordic type into popularity in the films. He is very fair, blonde hair and blue eyes. "A beautiful boy," says Director Seastrom. "Too beautiful—but he is a great actor, and never hesitates to conceal his good looks for a character part which demands make-up."

Learn the correct pronunciation of his name, ladies. It's "Yosta Akman."

ANITA STEWART has confirmed our statement, made in PHOTOPLAY last month, that she contemplates a divorce from her husband, Rudolph Cameron. As yet she is not prepared to say on what grounds she will seek it, but it is said to be incompatibility. The star has returned to New York after making "The Love Piker" for Cosmopolitan at the Goldwyn studios in Hollywood. She will go to England this summer to appear in scenes of "Vendetta," another Cosmopolitan production.

THE stars most popular last year among the high school students of the United States, according to 37,000 questionnaires submitted in May, 1922, requiring a year to tabulate, were: Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Wallace Reid, Rodolph Valentino, Douglas Fairbanks, Richard Barthelmess, Harold Lloyd, Charlie Chaplin.

The questionnaire, circulated through the efforts of First National Pictures, Inc., the Russell Sage Foundation and the National Committee for Better Films, pays the last tribute to the beloved Wally. He was the favorite actor of both the boys and the girls. Following him in order came Rodolph Valentino and Douglas Fairbanks. Douglas was first with the boys. Charlie Chaplin was the seventh on the list, leading the comedians, and was closely followed by Harold Lloyd. With the girls Richard Barthelmess followed Wally Reid and Valentino.

OF all the Hollywood players who would you guess to be the most in demand? You're wrong! Not the handsome leading men of whom you are thinking, but these villainous brutes, the Beerys. Noah and Wallace work in several pictures simultaneously.

As this is being written Wally is holding down three jobs—and three salaries.

And speaking of daylight saving, Wally Beery worked eighty-five weeks last year!

BARBARA LAMARR has bought a gorgeous new home on Whitley Heights, and she has an English butler. Barbara is a very luxurious and gorgeous young person and her home is quite the most exotic mansion we have seen so far. Mae Murray, also, has decided to settle down in Hollywood to make her future productions and has bought an acre estate in Beverly Hills. In fact, that little corner of Beverly will be quite a movie center, as Harold Lloyd, Thomas H. Ince, Frances Marion, Mae Murray and James Kirkwood have all bought adjoining land to build homes upon.

THE opening of "The Covered Wagon" in Hollywood was a brilliant event that will not soon be forgotten. Marvelous costumes and beautiful women filled the lovely Egyptian theater to overflowing, and the largest gathering of stars ever under one theatrical roof assembled.

Lois Wilson, the screen heroine of the story, appeared in a costume of orchid trimmed with ermine. Barbara LaMarr wore a gown of white satin, heavily beaded, and May McAvoy had on a frock of white chiffon, trimmed in squirrel. Ruby de Remer wore gray crepe de chine, with steel beads, and a small gray feathered hat. Jane Murfin, in a party entertained by Mrs. Thomas H. Ince, was stunning in cloth of gold, with crimson shoes and a band of crimson about her hair.

MAY MCAVOY has severed her relations with Paramount.

Her contract, which still had some time to run, has been abrogated by mutual consent.

Miss McAvoy is to head an independent company, backed by Los Angeles capital.

Paramount claims Miss McAvoy was hard to handle, that she wouldn't cooperate with them on necessary studio arrangements and that it was impossible to find suitable rôles for her, while the star declares that she was

THEIR WHOLE BEAUTY DEPENDS on *Cuticle* kept soft and smooth

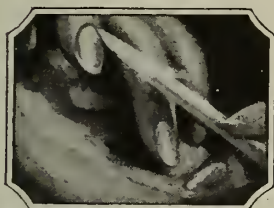
UGLY little ridges of dead skin dried tight and hard around the base of the nail. Those little stiff shreds that you could not scrape away—nor cut away.

How often you have filed the nail tips, *cleaned* them and even polished them—and yet there they were—those nails simply looked as if you had never spent a moment on them.

Do you know you could have spent less time on them and had them a thousand times lovelier!

The whole secret of lovely nails is the care of the cuticle. Keep it soft and smooth. Cuticle *will* grow hard to the nail, tighten and break. But there is one safe certain way of removing those little stiff particles of dead cuticle without injuring the soft new skin. That way is with Cutex.

With the little bottle of Cutex there comes a smooth orange stick and some fresh, clean absorbent cotton. Wrap a bit of this around the end of the orange stick, dip it into the bottle, then pass the moistened cotton carefully over the dry dead cuticle. In an instant the dead cuticle is softened and loosened. Then dip your fingers in clear water and with a soft cloth *wipe* the softened cuticle away.



In an instant the dead cuticle is softened and loosened. Rinse the fingers and it wipes away.



Photo by Nicholas Murray

Mary Nash—famous for the grace and loveliness of her hands, posed for this picture. She uses Cutex and 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."

Mary Nash

As you dry the finger-tips, push the firm unbroken new cuticle back. How lovely, even and shapely it is. How clean and smooth the nail base. And it hadn't taken a minute! You will find you do not need to do this more than once or twice a week.

But do not neglect your nails between these quick manicures. Every night gently smooth a little cream into the cuticle of each nail. Your regular cold cream will do but Cutex has a Cuticle Cream (Comfort) especially prepared for this.

For the rose-pearl lustre that fashion decrees

... .. this wonderful new Liquid Polish

Cutex has lately perfected a Liquid Polish that is without equal for quickness and brilliance. A touch of the soft brush leaves the nails glistening for a whole week. A fresh coat wiped off before it dries completely removes the old polish without the need of a bothersome remover. No wonder it is so popular that it, too, sells for only 35c.

The powder, cake, and paste polishes are equally good. They and all Cutex articles are 35c at all drug and department stores or complete manicure sets at 60c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$3.00.

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. Q-7, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

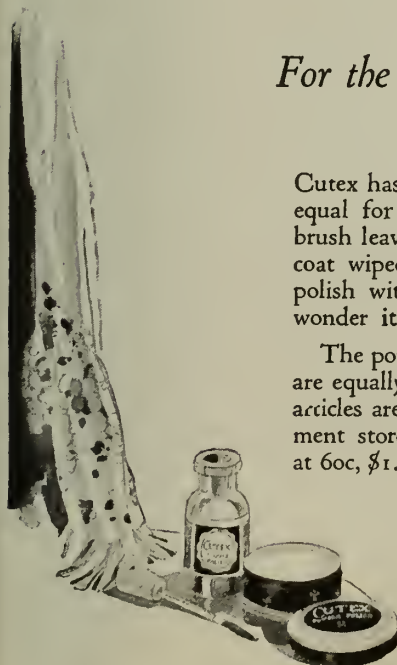
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Dept. Q-7, 114 West 17th Street, New York

I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new introductory set containing enough Cutex for six manicures.

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*Cutex Liquid and
Powder Polishes*



Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., "the millionaire reporter," dropped around to visit the Hollywood studios the other day with his wife. Herewith you can note his friendly afternoon call upon Charles Brabin, the maker of "Driven," the husband of Theda Bara and now a director at Goldwyn

miscast continually, never had a chance to work in plays that showed her particular ability and that her public standing suffered in consequence.

The truth, we believe, is that May McAvoy is one of the greatest stars on the screen if properly handled. But unless a company specialized in her stories and exploited her vigorously she is not worth a large salary, for she cannot play the average rôle of *ingenue* or leading lady, both on account of her size and her lack of what is called sex appeal.

DERELYS PERDUE entered suit against her employers, the F. B. O. productions, to prevent them from changing her name to Ann Perdue. She intimated that she would quit right in the middle of a picture unless they called her Derelys—and so they called her Derelys. She said Ann was so frightfully plain for a girl who is rumored to be engaged to Craig Biddle, Jr., the millionaire extra man, and courted by Gene Sarazen, the golf champion.

At any rate, Miss Perdue has an active press agent who is to be congratulated.

Virginia Warwick is also in the courts demanding that an extra girl be prevented from using the same name when seeking employment.

Genevieve Berté, leading lady, asked permission to have her name changed to Peggy O'Day, stating that it is more advantageous to her screen work. Gen disagrees with Derelys about plain names. She thinks they're just lovely and sweet.

But, in the meantime, the directors go right on calling them whatever names they please, I suppose. Isn't life complex?

JACKIE COOGAN has become a brother. He proudly introduced his adopted sister to me the other day.

Her name is Priscilla Dean Moran. She's the daughter of a picture exhibitor, whose wife died recently expressing the wish that Priscilla become Jackie's sister. The Coogans fulfilled the request by adopting the child, and Jackie's doing all he can to show her a good time.

"A girl's a problem," he remarked soberly. "But Priscilla can certainly drive a mean skeeter, and I think she has the making of an actress."

REX INGRAM and Papa Jack Coogan have bungalows side by side on the Metro lot.

And Rex says pathetically, "I've got a nice new bungalow all painted and shiny and Mr. Coogan has an old one made over. I drive

up in the morning with three days' growth of beard in my little flivver and my one suit of clothes and see Jack Coogan drive up in his Rolls-Royce, his spats, his cane and his white carnation and I feel terrible. I must ask him either to leave off the spats or trade bungalows, that's all."

EMERSON HOUGH died at the age of sixty-six, just a few weeks after the country had acclaimed his story of "The Covered Wagon" as a national epic and film producers were showering him every day with offers for his other stories. He attended the opening of "The Covered Wagon" in Chicago and expressed his delight to the audience at the way Director James Cruze had visualized the story.

WITH all royalty and sassiness posing for the camera it would appear that Viscount Lascelles is nothing but a Bolshevik kicking up that beastly row because a camera man caught him at hounds. He objected loud and long, we're told. . . . Doesn't like the cheap cinema publicity, don't you know. I don't want to meow, but just the same I can't help thinking the Viscount knows he's no film rival for his brother-in-law, the gallant, smiling Prince of Wales.

ENGLISH nobility is not behind American society in adopting the movies as a profession. Lord Glerawly, son and heir of the Earl of Annesley, is out to make a name for himself in Hollywood. He has been engaged by Cecil B. de Mille for "The Ten Commandments." His lordship is twenty-nine years of age,—and married. The presence of a wife makes it unfortunate for the fair publicity seekers of the studios, whose press agents might otherwise show their originality by starting engagement rumors at his expense.

WHEN Elinor Glyn saw her picture, "The World's a Stage," for the first time in London she expressed rapturous delight.

"I should like to press the point that the picture is an exact replica of the real Hollywood," she said. "Where else would one find luxuriously furnished drawing rooms, opening straight onto the streets and the black cook bustling in among the guests to state that dinner had been cooking long enough and it was time it was served?"

Vraiment, and where else would one find people falling so hard for Elinor's line of snobbish buncombe?

THEY say that some costume plays are not accurate—that they do not follow the books that they have been adapted from. But Hugo Ballin can never be accused of carelessness, or inaccuracy. In fact, in his "Vanity Fair" he goes the author—a certain novelist named Thackeray—one better!

"Mr. Thackeray," he says, "did not like the costumes of the period in which he laid his own story. So with utter poetic license and abandon, he changed them—dressing his female characters in the hoopskirts of his time, which happened to be some fifty years later than the year of his story. He did this deliberately—committing an anachronism because he wanted to. He also put whiskers on the faces of the soldiers in the book, although at that time there was a strict rule in the British army against the growth of any hair upon the face. Thackeray liked whiskers—and so his soldiers were doomed to wear them. And there were many other things—not important, but the sort that people notice." (We might add, the sort that the "Why-Do-They-Do-Its" notice.) "For that reason some parts of the picture are more correct, historically, than the book from which the picture was taken."

VIRGINIA BROWN FAIRE has just signed a contract with First National to do a series of feature pictures. Virginia has been steadily climbing since her entrance, via the Beauty Contest gate. And has been doing consistently good work.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 82]



Now I Ask a Favor of the Ladies

I have a great delight—an Olive Oil Shampoo for them

V. K. CASSADY, B.S., M.S., *Chief Chemist*

Dear Madam:

YOUR husband knows me—the chief chemist at Palmolive. I have just given him a new delight; a gentler, quicker shaving cream. Now I have as great a joy for you. A gentle shampoo—olive oil!—that does not make hair dry and brittle, that leaves it soft and gleaming. The favor I ask is that you try it. And then give me your opinion.

I Asked 1,000 Women

Recently I asked over 1,000 women what they wanted most in a shampoo. They named but one requirement. But as yet had failed to find it: A thorough cleanser that would take out all grime and foreign

matter—yet which would not take away the life and lustre that adds so much to charm.

Scores of scalp experts agreed. They said ordinary shampoos were too harsh. And advised the oil shampoo—but made a point of *olive oil*.

So the Olive Oil Shampoo

Now I offer you the olive oil shampoo—world famous—for you to use at home.

After the ordinary harsh shampoo, results will be a revelation. You will note them in your mirror. Your friends will note them.

And then you will do as thousands have done—thank me for a new delight.

PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO



Gray Hair banished in 15 minutes



Women of culture, refinement and discrimination—the type of women whose charm of youth and beauty never fades—fully appreciate and invariably insist upon the Art of Hair Tinting afforded by Inecto Rapid.

The Actual Experience of a Woman Who Dyed Her Hair and Then Discovered INECTO Rapid

“ABOUT a year ago my hair showed signs of graying and I purchased a well known hair restorer at my druggists. As I continued to use the preparation, however, I noticed my hair growing darker and darker until, in a few months it was much darker than my original shade. The color did not become me but worse than this, my hair began to get brittle and break off—besides having a dull, matted appearance. About this time I read an Inecto Rapid advertisement and went to the Inecto Rapid Salon and had my hair examined by one of their experts. This expert told me that my hair was almost ruined but that the old dye could be taken out with hot oil treatments. When this was done my head was in its natural condition.

Inecto Rapid was then applied, selecting the precise shade which suited my eyes and complexion and after the shampoo my hair was transformed and really given its original color, brilliancy and texture. Now I can have my hair permanently waved or given any of the treatments that I formerly enjoyed. In six months my hair has grown longer and thicker and is really more glossy and beautiful than ever.”

INECTO Rapid is specifically guaranteed to color naturally gray, streaked or faded hair to any desired shade in 15 minutes and to preserve all the original beauty and texture. The results are permanent and cannot be discovered under a microscope. It comes in 18 distinct shades from radiant blonde to raven black and is harmless to the hair or its growth.

INECTO Rapid never rubs off, is unaffected by perspiration, shampooing, sunshine, salt water, Turkish or Russian baths and the hair may be permanently waved immediately after an application.

The Hairdresser, the accepted authority on hair coloring, has given to INECTO Rapid an unqualified stamp of superiority. In New York, INECTO Rapid is used by such ultra-fashionable shops as The Pennsylvania, Hotel Commodore, Biltmore and Waldorf-Astoria.

Many thousands of the leading hairdressing shops from coast to coast, use and unreservedly indorse INECTO Rapid.

It is so easy to use, that thousands of women apply INECTO Rapid with perfect success in the privacy of their homes. Every woman who is not completely satisfied with the color and texture of her hair, and realizes the great importance of individual treatment, owes it to herself to know all the facts about this wonderful discovery and what it will do for her.

SEND NO MONEY— Just send us your name on the coupon and we will mail you full, interesting details and our “Beauty Analysis Chart,” enabling you to find the most becoming color for your hair—the one that suits you individually.

10

Guarantees

Inecto Rapid is sold under these guarantees:

1. To produce a color that cannot be distinguished from the natural color under the closest scrutiny.
2. Not to cause dark streaks following successive applications.
3. To maintain uniform shade over a period of years.
4. To be harmless to hair or its growth.
5. Not to make the texture of the hair coarse or brittle and not to cause breakage.
6. Never to cause too dark a color through inability to stop the process at the exact shade desired.
7. To color any head of naturally gray hair any color in fifteen minutes.
8. To be unaffected by permanent waving, salt water, sunlight, rain, shampooing, perspiration, Russian or Turkish baths.
9. Not to soil linens or hat linings.
10. To produce a delicate ash shade heretofore impossible.

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33-35 W.
46th Street
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:
Please send me, gratis, full details of INECTO RAPID and the “Beauty Analysis Chart,” Form A-14.

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Address.....
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Laboratories
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New York City



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

C. W.—Yes, indeed, Tom Moore is Irish. Can you look at his face and ask? His latest wife goes by the name of Renee Adoree and she is Irish, too—by marriage.

LATCHIE B.—Yes, of course you will see Rodolph Valentino again. In vaudeville, maybe, before you do in pictures—but the screen does not part willingly with one of its most talented young stars. As far as I know Wanda is not related to Orma Hawley—but then there are a few things I don't know. Yes, Pola is really engaged to the Chaplin.

J. G. L., HASTINGS-ON-THE-HUDSON.—Earle Fox is thirty-six years old and is divorced. We don't know how permanent this blessed state may be — you never can tell, nowadays. Malcolm is, as I have said several times before, in his early twenties. Address Earle Fox in care of Hodkinson, and Malcolm in care of Film Booking. Fox is to appear in "Vanity Fair" in support of Mabel Ballin—McGregor made his last appearance to date in "Can a Woman Love Twice?" with Ethel Clayton.

FRTIZIE S., MILWAUKEE, WIS.—You wish to know Ramon Novarro's address, his dimensions, and his state as to matrimony, Fritzie? You inquisitive girl. Here they are: Metro, Los Angeles. Five feet, ten inches. One hundred sixty pounds. Adonis could hardly have done better. Glad am I to say he is unmarried; I have had to chill the hearts of so many lovely maids by the cold, laconic response, "Yes, married." Truth is often cruel, Miss Fritzie. Well—er—when could one man ever do justice to another's personal pulchritude? Yes, since you press me, I think that looking at Novarro is an easy task. But I wouldn't use the term you do—"a doll." He wouldn't like it from me. From you he might—probably would. So much depends upon the personality of the speaker. Ralph Graves is a mere youth, only twenty-three. It is sad to have to answer that he is not married, because his wife died suddenly.

"SWEET MAMMA," DES MOINES, IOWA.—The family physician has forbidden smoking

this spring, so candy is my next in rank vice. Good of you to be interested, "Sweet Mamma." Pauline Frederick and Elsie Ferguson are both gracing the stage while I write this. Miss Frederick flitted past me in a magnificent red and gold negligee a half hour ago on the stage of the Selwyn Theater where she was playing in "The Guilty One." A gossiping little bird whispers to me that she is to have the play "Unto Caesar," written for her by the author of the play in which Julia Neilsen Terry appeared, the romantic drama "The Scarlet Pimpernel," and may appear in London. However that is, at the time I write, "on the knees of the gods." Bony knees, they must be, from so much and such general use. Miss Ferguson is on tour in the west. Do you know that her devoted husband, a New York banker, has amused her by writing a book about her Angora cat, Mittens? Mittens was one of his gifts to her in the period of their five year courtship when he dropped the wee bundle of fur on her shoulder. Mittens has developed much personality since then.

M. C. L., NEW YORK CITY.—The galaxy of your choice shines forth as follows: Claire Windsor, Goldwyn Studios; Pearl White, Pathé; Norma and Constance Talmadge, United Studios; Charles Chaplin, Charles Chaplin Studios; Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Inspiration Studios.

F. R. W., CHICAGO, ILL.—The strong down stroke evident in your signature, and your businesslike letter stir in me the suspicion that you are a male correspondent. Or you may be an efficient business girl, one of the kind who is punctual and wears tailored suits and a sailor hat held in place by a rubber band under the chin, as does the clever woman executive, Edna Williams. Be that as it may, or as the late and genuinely lamented comedian, Charles Ross, used to say "annywhay," you gave me a smile by the way you wrote your anticipatory thanks. You spelled it "Thanx," which is original. It is Glenn Hunter who plays the name rôle of "Merton of the Movies." Kenneth Harlan is with Preferred Pictures.

VIOLA KELLEY, ASHLAND, WIS.—Why the extra "e" in Kelley? Of course every girl has a right to decorate her name if she likes. "Fresh," am I? Then I'll make the ancient Adamic answer: "The woman tempted me." For you did begin your letter "Dear little man," now didn't you? You say, "I thought you were tiny so I put it down." Why do we think the things we do? No, I am not tiny. People have called me many things but never tiny. If you would indite an epistle to Rodolph Valentino you should—at the date this is written at any rate—write legibly on the envelope containing that letter, "Hotel des Artistes, 1 W. 67th St., New York City, N. Y."

M. S., SHEVILLE, N. C.—Gloria Swanson's daughter is two years old but you may be sure that the glittering Gloria still calls her "baby." It is the way of fond mothers. The shade of Miss Swanson's hair? It is brown. I am sure because a young woman who tead with her at the Ritz Palm room told me so. No, May McAvoy is not married.

BILL G., DENVER, COLO.—O Bill, you, too? Why not leave the age mania to the girls? Well, if you insist. Niles Welch has reached years of discretion. At least he is thirty-five. Johnnie Walker is twenty-seven. Niles is married. As you say out on your western plains, Dell Boone has "roped, staked and hobbled him." Johnnie Walker enjoys his freedom, I believe. Wonder if a man really does enjoy "this freedom" or that. Yes, Mr. Welch played in "From Rags to Riches" and "The Secret of the Storm Country."

NITA MARIE, EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK.—A pretty Southerner, I'll be bound. How do I know? Well, your home is in the Southwest, is it not? How you girls of the Southwest, the South and otherwheres sparkle at the name of Ramon Novarro. Again I sigh and indite information about the height, the weight, the coloring and the address of the Girls' Own. First item, five feet ten inches. Second, 166 pounds. Third, black eyes and hair to match Metro.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]



Jackie Coogan has apparently won the heart of his foster sister, Priscilla Dean Moran. Mamma Coogan has just adopted Priscilla, who is four and a half years old. The little girl's mother died some weeks ago and, when the child wanted to be Jackie's sister, the Coogans wrote her dad, Leo Moran, "All right"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

"ANNA CHRISTIE," Eugene O'Neill's prize play, has been purchased by First National, for immediate production. No announcement as to cast has been made, but the production will be interesting, beyond a doubt. As it is the first O'Neill play to be reproduced upon the silver sheet, it is being looked forward to with unusual curiosity.

THE cast for Mrs. Wallace Reid's picture, "Human Wreckage," reads like a page from the "Who's Who" of filmdom. See for yourselves! First of all, Mrs. Reid herself. Then James Kirkwood, Bessie Love, George Hackathorne, Claire McDowell, Robert McKim, Victory Bateman, Harry Northrup, Eric Mayne, Otto Hoffman, Philip Sleeman, George Clark, Lucille Rickson, and a score of others. Not content with this list of stars, Mrs. Reid has recruited to her banner these notables: George E. Cryer, Mayor of the City of Los Angeles; Dr. R. B. Von Kleinsmid, President of the University of Southern California; Benjamin Boledsoe, United States Judge; Louis D. Oaks, Chief of Police; Martha Nelson McCann, Los Angeles Park Commis-

"Jazzbo," a trick mule recently "won over to motion pictures," listening to Maurice Tourneur reading the script of "The Brass Bottle," F. Anstey's story now being filmed



sioner; and other prominent officials of the golden state.

THEY claim that David Belasco will direct Hope Hampton in the film version of "The Gold Diggers." This is startling news and we doubt it.

AND now, to cap the climax of the costume pictures that have been sweeping through the country, comes the announcement that a version of Scott's "The Lady of the Lake" is going to be made in the near future. The announcers whisper something about a "modernized" version—but we don't quite see how that's possible. Rod La Roque will have the hero rôle, and Estelle Taylor will be *The Lady*.

ALTHOUGH it's not commonly known, Richard Walton Tully and Tully Marshall are cousins. First ones, at that. And now that Richard Walton is making "Trilby" at the United Studios in Hollywood, and Tully Marshall is appearing in "The Brass Bottle" on the next set, in the same studios, they have a regular little family reunion every day.

Richard Walton Tully says that he believes in prenatal influence. "It was foreordained that I was to become a showman of some sort," he says. "Tully Marshall was playing circus in our backyard the day that I was born!"

THERE'S a certain casting director out in Hollywood who had a practical joke played upon him the other day. He's hunting, now, with blood in his eye, for the man—or men—who started it. And if he catches them—

It happened this way. Word got around—as word does—in the casting circles of Hollywood, that said director was going to shoot a scene that required a number of women with large feet. And early in the morning the director was besieged by a great number of determined females who insisted upon invading his office and removing their shoes and stockings. Now, few bare feet are pretty. And extra large bare feet are seldom anything to get excited about. The director fled from the office, but all day long—as he wandered disconsolately about from set to set—he was waylaid by women who cornered him and insisted upon taking off their seven and eight d's. Women are hard to convince that a joke's a joke. So, now, are casting directors!

What the outdoor life of girls today is teaching all women

Why their skin

does not coarsen or lose its freshness in spite of the way they treat it



When girls started on their headlong career of swimming, golfing, riding and motoring, they were warned they would eternally ruin their complexions.

But they just did not. After several years of sports and parties the modern girl still has the kind of complexion men bow to, fascinatingly fresh and smooth.

Because, as she would say, she goes in for taking care of it.

This is one thing the modern girl has proved for women once and for all time. Give it the *two indispensable things* on which a skin keeps young and smooth, and your skin will be fresh and lovely for years.

The exquisite cleansing. The delicate, yet sure protection—Women who use daily the two entirely different creams which Pond's developed for these two needs of the skin, say that no other method leaves them so free from worry about the weather, or gives them the same wonderful feeling that their complexion is *exactly right*. No wonder that women use millions of jars every year of these two creams — Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream!

TRY THIS FAMOUS METHOD

Every night. With the finger tips apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it is able to penetrate every pore. Let it stay on a minute—now wipe it off with a soft cloth. *Do this twice.* The black on the cloth shows you how carefully this cream cleanses. Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple.

Then in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly over your whole face. Now if you wish, rouge—powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels to your hand. The appearance of your skin for the whole day will prove to you how wonderful for your skin these two creams are.

Use this method regularly to counteract every day's exposure to dirt and weather. And after any special exposure, a motor or railroad trip, give your skin a special daytime cleansing and freshening. Begin tonight. The Pond's Extract Company.



Read about the method many modern girls use to keep their skin always so delightfully smooth and young

Defy the troubles that mar your skin

Give it the two things that every skin must have to be fresh and smooth

Sunburn, Windburn, Chapping

The daily repetition of weather damage does more to age your skin than any other single factor. But the process is so gradual that you do not notice it until your skin has definitely coarsened. Do not let this happen. For the insidious everyday exposure that attacks every woman, use the same method that would save your skin from the excessive damage of a long motor ride or a day on the beach. Keep your skin properly oiled by a nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Then always in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. It forms a delicate but sure protection. This method will prevent your skin from drying out, will keep it smooth and young.

Premature Wrinkles, Scaling, Peeling

These are the troubles of a dry skin. To avoid them you must protect yourself from all exposure—keep your skin soft day and night. Cleanse with plenty of Pond's Cold Cream nightly and leave some on over night. This will give your skin the oil it needs so badly and keep it from scaling and peeling. Then it will not develop little lines that grow into wrinkles.

But do not let the exposure of the day undo the results of this nightly oiling. Every morning smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream liberally to prevent your skin from drying out again. Carry a tube with you on motor trips to counteract their drying influence.

Accumulation of dirt and oil in the pores

This is the trouble of an oily skin. Oil accumulates in your glands and attracts dirt and bacteria—dust that blows into your face when motoring, or the daily soot of city streets. Your complexion is dulled, disfigured. It has an oily shine. For this condition you need specially careful cleansings. Pond's Cold Cream is so light it penetrates the glands and takes out excess oil and dirt together. Cleanse this way every night and always after any motor or railroad trip. Then every morning smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. You can use plenty of it because it has no oil. It will keep your face fresh right through the day. With these two creams you will avoid a dull muddy skin.



Photo by White Studio, N.Y.

Elizabeth Hines says: "Pond's Two Creams can be depended on to keep the skin fresh and smooth."

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON WITH 10c TODAY



*removes coarsening dirt—restores suppleness
defies exposure—finishes and holds the powder*

EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS

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.....



Bill Reid and his little adopted sister, Betty. Bill is the man of the house now and, if a burglar should break in—well, he's showing Betty, who is a willing, not to say adoring, subject just what he'd do

IT has been announced that Marion Davies and Mary Pickford are planning each one of them to make "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." That attractive tomboy of historical novel fame, *Dorothy*, will furnish a part worth the taking. And it will be more than interesting to see what two stars, of such widely different temperaments and talents, will do with the same part.

ANNA Q. NILSSON and Kathleen Clifford were discussing a new and very blonde *ingenue* who had just arrived on the Goldwyn lot.

"I wish you could see her act," said Anna, "she's awful."

"Oh, well," said Kathleen, tolerantly, "remember she's a lot younger than we are."

"I never was as young as that girl the day I was born," said Anna Q. positively.

WHO says chivalry is dead? Ramon Novarro saved two fair ladies just the other day.

It was in the village of Gavrillac, Cal.,

Glenn Hunter and his mother. Glenn, besides being an actor and an excellent pianist, has a well trained voice. Indeed, he takes his vocal training very seriously



erected by Rex Ingram for "Scaramouche." Alice Terry and Julia Swayne Gordon were in a handsome seventeenth century cabriolet drawn by four horses. The horses became frightened and started galloping down the hill into the village. The two leaders fell, and the other two started kicking the carriage. The ladies were unable to leap from the equipage because the doors opened only from the outside, so they were saying their prayers and composing themselves for death when a white charger leaped a fence and to the rescue came the gallant *Scaramouche* himself. Ramon knew the doors locked from the outside because he was locked in during lunch hour one day and nearly starved to death!

ANOTHER "extra" arrives. Katherine Key signed a long term contract the other day.

Three years ago she started as an extra at the Ince studio.

Miss Key is a lineal descendent of Francis Scott Key, who wrote "The Star Spangled Banner"—but that fact didn't help her to a nice contract. Three years' work did it.

SPEAKING of the chances of a beginner in pictures, Rex Ingram picked a strange one the other day.

The director-discoverer wanted a number of extras to appear as French nobles in "Scaramouche," the elaborate production he is now filming. He wanted men of erect carriage and dignity of mien who could convey the illusion of pomp.

"I'm just the bird for the job," croaked a seedy applicant. "I got experience. I been carrying a sandwich sign advertising Schnitz' Liverwurst."

He got the job.

IRENE CASTLE made even the judge blink when she entered the New York West side court wearing an ankle bracelet. She appeared to witness the arraignment of James R. Cooper, charged of withholding a \$9,000 pearl necklace from her. The anklet was worn with a flesh-colored stocking. Very dazzling.

LITTLE CECIL KRAUSE, age 18, saw an advertisement in a newspaper stating that for a nominal fee a girl might become a movie vamp. Cecil went to the office designated in the advertisement and was vamped of the "nominal fee," which was fifty dollars. Slowly but surely eight hundred dollars were

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 88]



KODAK

And afterwards you have it all in the album

Autographic Kodaks \$6.50 up

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City*

"THE WOMAN WITH FOUR FACES"



Many women are accused of being two faced. But Betty Compson — take it from the title of her latest picture — has raised the average. Here are shown a couple of her four characterizations. As a very old lady, and as is!



THE TIE THAT BLINDS — *As Demonstrated by Raymond Griffith*



A windsor tie with red spots. A gambler might wear it—to distract attention



This black four-in-hand embodies youth, romance and an engaging simplicity



Hopeless, insecure. Worn by some bookkeepers, inventors and nearly all minor poets

A polka dotted, ready made affair that is careless—and a little hard boiled. You know the kind!



A style affected by the graduate of the penny dance halls. A little jazzbo necktie on an elastic band!



Mardelous New Spanish Liquid Makes any hair naturally curly in 20 minutes

The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift

by Winnifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the tousled-hair twins. Our hair simply wouldn't behave.

As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and into boarding school. Then Charity's family moved to Spain and I didn't see her again until last New Year's eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair.

Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me and I felt they were all laughing—or worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and to my surprise she smiled and started toward me.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, ugly mop.

Of course you have guessed her identity—Charity Winthrop, who once had dull straight hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. But I simply couldn't wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop—tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story."

Charity tells of the beggar's gift

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza where I often strolled after my siesta.

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

"The day before I left Madrid I stopped to bid him goodby and pressed a gold coin in his palm."

"Hija mia," he said, "You have been very kind to an old man. Digamelo (tell me) *senorita*, what it is your heart most desires."

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, 'Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly.'"

"Oigame, *senorita*," he said—"Many years ago a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted *los pelos rizos* (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of *pesos* to the man who would fulfil her wish. The prize fell to Pedro, the *droguero*. Out of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls.

"Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him, go to him and tell your wish."

"I called a *coche* and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me.

"At the door of the apothecary shop, a funny old hawk-nosed Spaniard met me. I stammered out my explanation. When I finished, he bowed and vanished into his store. Presently he returned and handed me a bottle.

"Terribly excited—I could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In twenty minutes, not one second more, the transformation, which you have noted, had taken place.

"Come, Winnifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you."

Twenty minutes later as I looked into Charity's mirror I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a lustre it never had before.

You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. Never did I have such a glorious night. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy. My hair was curly and beautiful.

I asked Charity's permission to take a sample of the Spanish liquid to my cousin at the Century Laboratories. For days he worked, analyzing the liquid. Finally, he solved the problem, isolated the two Spanish herbs, the important ingredients.

They experimented on fifty women and the results were simply astounding. Now the Century Chemists are prepared to supply the wonderful Spanish Curling Liquid to women everywhere.

Take advantage of their generoustrial offer—

I told my cousin I did not want one penny for the information I had given him. I did make one stipulation, however. I insisted that he introduce the discovery by selling it for a limited time at actual laboratory cost plus postage so that as many women as possible could take advantage of it. This he agreed to do.

Don't delay another day. For the Century Chemists guarantee satisfaction or refund your money.

Free Distribution of \$3.50 Bottles (ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY)

We are offering for a limited time only, no-profit distribution of the regular \$3.50 size of our Spanish Curling Liquid.

The actual cost of preparing and compounding this Spanish Curling Fluid, including bottling, packing and shipping is \$1.87. We have decided to ship the first bottle to each new user at actual cost price.

You do not have to send one penny in advance. Merely fill out the coupon below—then pay the postman \$1.87 plus the few cents postage, when he delivers the liquid. If you are not satisfied in every way, even this low laboratory fee will be refunded promptly. This opportunity may never appear again. Miss Ralston urges that you take advantage of it at once.



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Please send me in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post a full size \$3.50 bottle of Liquid Marcelle (Spanish Curling Liquid). I will pay postman \$1.87, plus few cents postage, on delivery, with the understanding that if, after a five-day trial, I am not elated with the results from this magic curling fluid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle, and you will immediately return my money in full.

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If apt. to be out when postman calls, you may enclose \$2 with coupon, and Liquid Marcelle will be sent you postpaid.



A Matchless Marcel



Lovely Curls

What does your dinner



do to your teeth?

THE FOOD that we eat today fails to give our teeth the work they need. Worse than that, this soft and creamy food deprives the gums of the stimulation that rough, coarse food once gave them.

Does your toothbrush "show pink"?

Gums are dull and logy; they get no exercise — no stimulation. Tooth troubles, due to weak and softened gums, are on the rise — the prevalence of Pyorrhœa is one item in a long list.

Dental authorities are not insensible to this condition. Today they are preaching and practicing the care of the gums as well as the care of the teeth. Nearly three thousand dentists have written us to tell how they are combating soft and spongy gums by the use of Ipana.

In stubborn cases, they prescribe a gum-massage with Ipana *after* the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana Tooth Paste, because of the presence of Ziratol, has a decided tendency to strengthen soft gums and to keep them firm and healthy.

Ipana is a tooth paste that's good for your gums as well as your teeth. Its cleaning power is remarkable and its taste is unforgettably good. Send for a sample today.

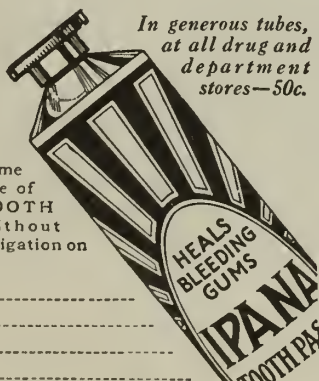
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Herewith we present a visitor from Spain—Chicorrito, upon whose shoulders rests the distinction of being the champion picador of the world. He is about to ride forth to see New York under the tutelage of Texas Guinan, the famous star of western pictures

Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

extracted from her in return for "stock" in the company. But Cecil never saw her name in lights, nor even a camera. So she went to the district attorney with her story and found that several embryo Baras and Valentinos had preceded her.

The moral of this drama is: Beware of Schools of Acting. Beware of everything except—Work.

COLLEEN MOORE has arrived as a star. And everybody is celebrating, for Colleen has been a favorite child of Hollywood, particularly with the press boys. Colleen might be held up as an example of the power of off-screen personality. Shy, lacking in self-confidence and yet persistent, she has gone steadily on. She has unusual judgment and sanity and, like Tommy Meighan, she makes friends through sincerity and keeps them by loyal appreciation.

She has signed a long-term contract with First National. Her first picture will be "The Huntress," a comedy drama, and her second "Flaming Youth" by Warner Fabian.

Cal congratulates Colleen!

MARION DAVIES took a party of fifty guests aboard William Randolph Hearst's steam yacht, Oneida, and sped down the Hudson to welcome her director, Robert G. Vignola, when he arrived at the quarantine station aboard the Aquitania. Arrangements had been made to transfer Mr. Vignola to the yacht without the formula of passing through

the custom house, and an elaborate luncheon had been prepared in his honor. But upon reaching the Aquitania it was learned that he and his sister, who accompanied him, were in mourning for their father, who died just before the ship embarked. Rather than sadden the festivities with his presence, Mr. Vignola refrained from boarding the yacht, although he came alongside in a steam launch to greet his friends.

MET Norma Talmadge on the boulevard the other morning and she said, "Well, I think they're playing some sort of a joke on me. They've been shooting three weeks on my new picture already and I'm not in it yet. I guess they're planning to leave me out altogether."

REX INGRAM never knew Lloyd Ingraham was Irish until the other day. Lloyd is playing *Kercadien* in Ingram's "Scaramouche." The scene was the music room of the chateau with a 'cello and a harp in the foreground. Lloyd was seated by the fire upstage. In surveying the composition of the "set" Rex decided that the harp was too large. "Put that harp off the set," he yelled. Lloyd jumped up, "Is he talking to me?" he asked the assistant.

CONSTANCE BINNEY is retiring from stage and screen to become the wife of a Pittsburgh millionaire, I hear. Her last film appearance was for an English company, and since then she has been playing in a Broadway theater.

VIRGINIA PEARSON is returning to the screen after ages of rest. She used to be with William Fox, you know, one of the merrie vampires of long ago. Maybe some of our oldest subscribers will remember the rumors of merrie jousts between her and sister vampire Bara. By the way, Theda is in Los Angeles with her husband, Charles Brabin, who has been directing Corinne Griffith in "Six Days." Another report that Theda contemplates return to the screen is current—in fact, it's quite continuous. I wonder that it is not substantiated. It would be interesting to see the siren again.

HAROLD LLOYD has started married life right.

He and Mildred agreed upon a system whereby Harold has two nights out every week. Generally he spends them on his favorite sport, bowling, and Mildred goes to the theater. Or admires her new home, or plans more pretty new clothes.

They're taking a honeymoon trip to New York this month.

MABEL BALLIN slipped into a Los Angeles theater the other day and sat in the gallery to see her picture, "Vanity Fair."

Sitting next to her were a couple of gum-chewing young ladies and as the picture progressed, one said loudly, "Gosh, don't that Mabel Ballin look old, I'll bet she's all of twenty-six."

And the other replied, "Yep, and she's got awful fat, too."

Thereupon Mabel, who had just lost ten pounds from hard work, got up and went disconsolately out.



HAROLD LLOYD

You might imagine that this nervy young man who has his audiences holding onto the seat, squirming and shrieking while he plays "human fly" in his latest picture, *Safety Last*, would be indifferent to traffic dangers. But not so.

Harold Lloyd is a 100% safety first motorist—Biflex Bumpers, both front and rear, on his car. "I can take care of myself, even to climbing a tall building," reasons Mr. Lloyd, "but I can't depend on the other fellow."

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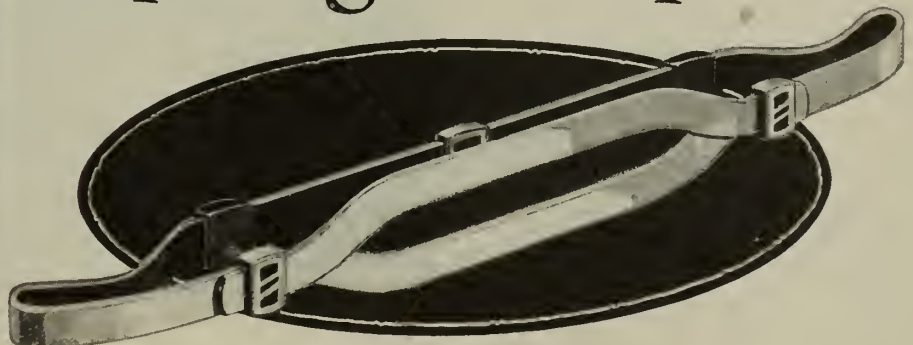
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TWO of Hollywood's leading lights were residents of the Los Angeles county jail this month.

Gladys Walton, a Universal star (just why no one seems to know), and Joe Jackson, publicity director for Goldwyn, both caught the attention of the speed cops by driving their cars some fifty or sixty miles an hour and in consequence were given three day jail sentences.

Both are out now and doing well.

But here is the real joke. Gladys attended a dinner party the day she was handed her summons. At the party were a number of well known picture executives. She appealed to Watterson R. Rothacker, the youngster who made an art of printing and developing film, and incidentally a fortune, for advice.

"You're a business man, Mr. Rothacker," she said. "What shall I say when I face the judge? Shall I deny I was speeding? I hate the idea of a jail sentence."

"No," said the shrewd business man. "Tell the truth. The judge will be so shocked he'll faint, and when he comes to he will give you a light fine."

She did, but the judge didn't lose consciousness until he said, "Three days in jail."

PHYLLIS HAVER, who began production of "The Extra Girl," has left the cast and Mabel Normand has taken her place.

The part was originally intended for Mabel, but when she delayed her return from the east so long, Phyllis was substituted, but the part was wholly unsuited to her type of work.

LEATRICE JOY and Jack Gilbert do have such a time denying that they are separated or divorced or something like that.

With tears in her eyes, Leatrice says that never a day goes by that someone doesn't report somewhere that she and Jack have become estranged.

The truth of the matter is that these two young stars are a bit temperamental and

occasionally they have a tiff—or even a little spat—and Letty moves out or Jack disappears for a few hours.

But, they are devoted and their own opinion is that they'll celebrate their golden wedding together if people will just let them.

FRED THOMPSON, who has three claims to distinction in that he was for ten years the world's champion athlete, a chaplain decorated for bravery in the war, and is now married to Frances Marion, has become a Universal serial star.

On his first picture he had a narrow escape from death when he jumped from the window of a ten story building onto a ledge one story below and sprained his ankle in the jump. Unable to move, he hung by his fingers for several minutes until a net could be placed below him.

COSMOPOLITAN productions have closed their western organization and in the future will make all their pictures in New York.

Frances Marion, director-general of the west coast companies, will not go to New York with the rest of the organization, but will write scenarios in Hollywood for Cosmopolitan.

"THAT guy carries his audience around with him all right," said someone to Hobart Henley, as a well known actor went by with a train of friends and hangers on.

"That's nothing," said Henley, "I've known actors who actually married theirs."

JIMMY CRUZE, who directed "The Covered Wagon," couldn't attend the opening night in Hollywood, because he hasn't any dress clothes.

As a matter of fact, until his great success with this picture forced him into public gaze, his friends declare that Jimmy hadn't had on anything but golf pants and a Mackinaw in four years. Now, he's bought a tweed golf suit and a dinner jacket.



Nita Naldi's famous ankles. Nita positively refuses to wear stockings, in or out of the studio. She has put her foot—indeed, both of them—firmly down. You just know she doesn't wear 'em. Don't overlook the exotic touch given by the scarab in the center of the jeweled buckles, the newest feminine novelty

SOMEBODY'S always being hurt in pictures. They will go in for such realism in wrecks and stampedes and floods and fires. Now it's Cliff Bowes, of the Cameo comedies! Imagine being sent to the hospital because of a house-wrecking scene in a comedy! But that's what happened to Cliff.

SOMEBODY was discussing art on William Worsley's set.

"Who is this fellow, 'Art,' I hear you all talking so much about," asked Worsley. "I don't know him."

"No," said Patsy Ruth Miller, "most of you directors haven't met him yet."

GLORIA SWANSON had a birthday party for herself the other evening in her beautiful Beverly Hills home. Everything was gorgeously decorated and Gloria served menus to her guests.

Charlie Chaplin and Pola were there, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Marshall Neilan and a number of other guests. Gloria wore a gown of orchid crepe, trimmed with beads.

Gloria is evidently trying to be as original as her friend, Elinor Glyn. We wonder if the smart set of New York and Newport will take to the idea. Probably not. It savors too much of an Elks' banquet for a private dinner.

MONTHLY BULLETIN:

Constance Talmadge and Irving Thalberg, the boy manager of Universal, have been seen together so frequently of late that engagement rumors are flying thick and fast. It's so unusual to see Connie with the same devoted suitor more than a couple of times in succession.

Certainly Irving's intentions are serious, for he ordered six new suits from his tailor the other day and insisted they had to be finished immediately—and very springy and bridal looking they all are, too.

However, just between us, we think it will be a long time before the youngest Talmadge assumes the bonds of matrimony again. Being single is too much fun.

Connie, by the way, is especially devoted to her young nephew, Joseph Talmadge Keaton, and is his favorite playfellow. When Connie arrives in the nursery, all discipline disappears and the two frolic about on the floor until small "Buster" is in roars of laughter.

WE really think the toastmaster at a recent motion picture banquet who referred to Mrs. Coogan as "the goose that laid the golden egg" was a bit indelicate. It may be true, but why speak of it?

FLORENCE REED was arrested the other day, and taken to court and fined. Really! A hard-hearted and cold blooded officer of the law arrested her for walking in the park with her two dogs, Coffee and Muffins. The charge was that the dogs were not wearing muzzles—which, under a new ruling, is a finable offense. Florence explained to the judge that her dogs were of the breed that hasn't much nose—and that she couldn't make a muzzle stay on either of them. So the judge laughed, and only fined her one dollar. But as she was leaving the court room he told her that she'd better have a couple of muzzles made to order.

NOW that Tom Mix is a visitor in the big city, mothers are chaining their small boys at home, to the bed post. For the spring fever, in itself, is hard enough for mothers to combat—without Tom Mix, in person, to add to the lure of adventure. "In spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." But in spring a little boy's fancy is absorbed with plans for running away, and being a cowboy and fighting Indians. And the presence of Tom—even though he is stopping at a hotel instead of camping out in the wildest section of Central Park—cannot help but add largely to the cosmic urge.



You'll be glad to know this

THAT Listerine, the well known antiseptic, is also a very capable and safe deodorant. And that it cannot injure the most delicate skin, or the daintiest garment.



When you're wishing for the old tub way back home



When it's miles between tubs

Simply douse it on when you have been perspiring. See how sweet and refreshed and clean it leaves you—evaporating quickly and removing all trace of embarrassing odor.



If you're hot and sticky after an afternoon's shopping

So often you don't have time—or access to—a tub or shower. Yet you want to be fresh and immaculate. Every fastidious person *must* be. Call on Listerine—your old friend. It will do the work. You will be delighted.

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One of the big social events of the Hollywood colony was the ball given by the Wampas—an association of West coast publicity men—at which the "stars of tomorrow" were elected by the organization. The stellar nominees as pictured above are: Top row, Derelys Perdue, Betty Francisco, Virginia Brown Faire. Second row: Evelyn Brent, Elean Boardman, Helen Lynch. Third row: Jobyna Ralston, Dorothy Devore, Kathleen Key. Fourth: Laura La Plante
Seated: Ethel Shannon, Pauline Goron, Margaret Leahy

ERNEST TORRENCE, who played the guide in "The Covered Wagon," has been signed by Paramount. There is a wise move for both of them.

SOME pictures are called "Extra" pictures. Why? Because there are so many extras in 'em, of course. "Under the Red Robe"—now in process of construction by Cosmopolitan—comes in this class. The extra bill alone, for one working day, comes to about fifteen thousand dollars. The picture, or that part of it that requires mob scenes, is being filmed in a large New York armory—for the Cosmopolitan studio was almost demolished, not so long ago, by fire. Aside from the extras, the cast is to include Alma Rubens, Robert Mantell, and John Charles Thomas—the w. k. tenor.

IT was in a large theater in Macon, Georgia, and they were showing Mary Pickford's "Tess of the Storm Country." The scene was that affecting one where Tess comes into the great church, with its rich congregation, to baptize her baby. As she enters the church, and pauses under the stained glass window, and approaches the door, there is a chance for some real pathos—and Mary takes advantage of the chance! And the theater orchestra,

also taking advantage of the chance, began to play, softly, that good old revival hymn "Rescue the perishing, save the dying." And, quite suddenly, and with no warning, the audience of one thousand men and women started to sing the words of the song. To sing with a spirit and fervor that is seldom heard in the general singing of a church service! And when the hymn was over, there were few dry eyes in the house. And yet some folks say that the movies exert a bad influence.

"THE COVERED WAGON," which is selling out weeks in advance in New York, is not doing so very well in Chicago. Students of psychology explain this by saying that stories and pictures and plays of the great West, or of the crossing, never go so well in the middle west and the far west as they do in the eastern part of the country. And perhaps that is so—at least it seems a logical explanation. People want to see something that is different, and the days of '49 are not very far, even yet, from Chicago and points beyond! Pictures of Paris and pretty clothes are apt to draw a larger crowd than the epoch-making drama of a drab wagon train, winding across a drab stretch of prairie.

MARION DAVIES' father, Judge Bernard J. Douras, has been reappointed as a magistrate by Mayor Hylan of New York for a period of ten years. He received the congratulations of his four proud daughters, Marion, Rose, Ethel and Reine.

I JUST happened to stroll through the two sets.

On one, Pola Negri was making her great scene—the courtroom scene—for "The Cheat."

On the other, Leatrice Joy was doing the big scene for her new picture, "The Silent Partner."

Pola spent most of her time with her make-up. She powdered, lip-sticked, patted her hair and adjusted her clothes every time the camera stopped grinding. Watching her proved cold and uninteresting in the extreme and Director Fitzmaurice was literally sweating in his effort to get something convincing out of her.

On the other hand, Charles Maigne, standing back with simple stage directions for Leatrice and Owen Moore, was producing something exactly as fascinating as the third act of a very good stage play. Leatrice's work was as effective, in every way, as that of a first class stage star. She was literally sunk in her rôle, torn with feeling, wouldn't get out of her part long enough to speak to me, or to so much as glance in a mirror. I stood fascinated for an entire afternoon, enjoying every moment of her tremendous, emotional and convincing work.

We don't wish to say anything about Miss Negri's great art—but let's not neglect nor forget to applaud such home talent as Miss Joy's in our appreciation of foreign greatness.

THEY say that it takes Arthur Edmund Carew, the *Svengali* of Richard Walton Tully's production of "Trilby," four whole hours to adjust the various whiskers that he wears in the part. As work starts promptly every morning, at nine, little Arthur is forced to start making up in the cold and chilly dawn—round about five o'clock. Or so his press agent says. Really, we should think it would pay Mr. Carew to grow his own!



Another camera study of that redoubtable director, Marshall Neilan. At this period of his career, eighteen months, to be exact, Micky didn't think so much of photography. Yet, had the motion picture developed at that time, Micky might have been the Jackie Coogan of his day



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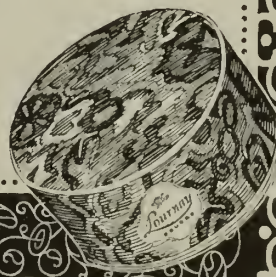
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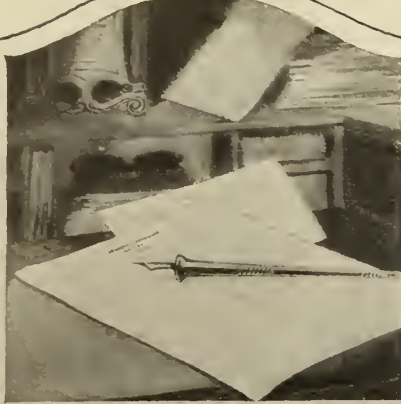
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Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., husband of Billie Burke, is probably the best known authority on beauty in America. His famous Follies, which have been devoted to glorifying the w. k. American girl for years, have established Ziegfeld as the 1923 Paris of pulchritude. Note the bored expression on his face—and wonder!

AND now they say that Max Linder, having recovered from a fall from an Alp and a smash-up in an automobile wreck, has disappeared utterly, and efficiently, and completely. But nobody's very much worried, for they say, in Parisian circles, that the little French comedian has eloped. With the daughter of a millionaire who, like the heavy father in "The Studio Secret," doesn't approve of motion picture idols for sons-in-law. The last few months for Max have been something of a scenario. With the usual affectionate fadeout.

OUR intimation last month that all was not well with that ideal married couple, the Vidors, has been substantiated by a frank statement from Mrs. Vidor, who has returned from Honolulu with little Suzanne. Mr. Vidor is not living at the home on Fairfax avenue in Hollywood, but the couple are sometimes seen together in the cafes. Florence declares that no divorce is contemplated.

"Mr. Vidor and I are the best of friends," she says, which reminds us of the saying that the best of friends must part. She adds that there is no other man or other woman concerned.

"We are two definite, forceful personalities," Mrs. Vidor remarked, "and it is our purpose to work out our individual destinies, so that neither will be called upon to relinquish certain

concepts, certain beliefs and certain ideals which we hold.

"This is something which concerns only the two of us. Through no fault of our own, Mr. Vidor and myself have been pictured as one of the happiest married couples in pictures. We have been happy. We are yet, and still, with the passing of the years, the question of individual growth and development has come to be the overshadowing one.

"We hope yet to find some middle ground upon which we may stand and together attain the maximum amount of happiness."

During their marital "vacation" the Vidors have agreed upon individual independence. But there seems to be nothing in the report that King is particularly interested in Eleanor Boardman, the young Goldwyn actress, although they have been seen together at a number of affairs.

THE Eastern colony is predicting that Alice Brady will become the bride of Kenneth MacKenna very shortly. He is the juvenile leading man in the Broadway stage play "You and I." Last year he appeared in "The Nest," produced by William A. Brady, Alice's papa. Alice, herself, has scored a personal hit in "Zander the Great," a stage drama that rivals any film for hokum. You will recall that Miss Brady was divorced some time ago from James Crane, the actor and son of Dr. Frank Crane.

THE screen is giving new words to the American language. The terms close-up, fadeout and long-shot have become of common usage, while the younger set chats airily of sheiks and shebas,—synonyms for the archaic words *beaux* and *dames*. And just the other day we heard a young sheba refer to a young sheik as "a slow-motion guy!"

YOU should have been with us—it was such a party that Barbara La Marr gave at the Ambassador Hotel shortly before her marriage to Jack Dougherty. In addition to the hostess, such beauties as Enid Bennett, Theda Bara and Dagmar Godowsky dazzled the orbs. The gentlemen of the party were Frank Mayo, Charles Brabin, Fred Niblo, Benjamin B. Hampton and Jack Dougherty.

"THE STREET SINGER" is the title chosen for Mary Pickford's next picture—the story of medieval Spain, directed by Ernst Lubitsch, in which Mary departs radically from her old style of characterization. Doug's next picture will be "The Thief of Bagdad," with the city of Bagdad now in the process of building in Hollywood.

Mary staged a title contest within the organization before naming her picture. The prize consisted of a wrist watch or a sum of money, and was won by husband Doug and Mary's attorney, Dennis O'Brien, both hitting upon "The Street Singer." Since a wrist watch can't be divided, I suppose they'll have to split the purse. Anyhow, it is nice to know Dougie has some spending money.

IT'S a poor star who hasn't an oil well to his credit. There's a Jackie Coogan gusher, yielding barrels and barrels. The Buster Keaton well is bringing in 3,000 barrels a day. And the Claire Windsor well is not disappointing.

SYDNEY CHAPLIN, Charlie's brother, will come back as a star in "Her Temporary Husband," a farce comedy being produced for First National.



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THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, that was stupid, unlike like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.



THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT

IN "Java Head," when *Taou Yuen* leaves the ship with *Gerrit*, her finger nails are long and crooked in real Chinese fashion; five minutes later, while being introduced to *Gerrit's* folks, her nails are seen to be short and well manicured. Some change! Also, after *Gerrit* surprises his family by returning home married, he calmly turns to his sister and says, "Show my wife to her room." Rather thoughtful of them to have provided a room for her beforehand, wasn't it?

JOPIES, Oak Lane, Penna.

CONSIDER THE TITLE

PLEASE tell me who, in "Broken Chains," let the wolf hound loose when the hero was fighting with the villain? There was no one in the room.

MRS. FRANK SMITH, Alliance, Neb.

LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE

IN George Melford's production, "Ebb Tide," the poor shipwrecked sailors are stranded on a deserted corner of Tahiti. During the storm they seek shelter in the remains of a deserted hut. In the morning as the tropical sun lights a blue sky, lo and behold, there, within ten feet of their shelter, stands a firstclass lamp-post in *AI* condition. Now it seems queer to me that on such a dark and stormy night that lamp was not lit, but the poor mariners seemed not to notice the carelessness of the street department.

W. E. WEBER, Aberdeen, Wn.

RURAL TOUCH—OR BURLESQUE?

LAST night I saw "Quincy Adams Sawyer." Elmo Lincoln as the blacksmith was not "human." He took the iron from the fire, white from the heat. But that isn't all! While he was pounding it he actually touched the white part and didn't even show a sign of being burned. For another thing in the same picture I noticed *Betsy Ann Ross* in an evening gown, while *Quincy Adams Sawyer* had just come in from the sunlight of the afternoon. He was wearing white flannels and a heavy white sweater.

JUST ONE OF THOSE "FANS,"
Glenns Falls, N. Y.

QUICK WORK ON A RACING CAR

IN "Racing Hearts," with *Agnes Ayres*, the mechanics are working on the framework of the car, which is yet a mere skeleton, when the girl gets a cable from her father that he is leaving Europe on a fast steamer. He arrives in a few days, but lo! the car is assembled and ready for a gruelling race in such a short time that it would allow for no tests or tryout whatever. I wouldn't care to drive that car in a race and the realism of the play was completely spoiled.

CLIFFORD E. HICKS, Stittville, N. Y.

A MOVING MESSAGE

IN Charles Ray's picture, "The Girl I Loved," *Mary* slips a note under her lover's napkin, which is at the head of the table. When she leaves the room, *John* goes over to the table, picks up the napkin to the right of the one under which *Mary* had just put the note, and evidently her little message had moved, for there it was!

ALICE BUNDLE, Grand Forks, N. D.

CAPPING THE CLIMAX

IN "The Ninety and Nine" *Tom Silverton* is struck in the back of the head with a brick thrown by *Bud Bryson*, he falls and his cap falls from his head. *Ruth Blake* runs across the stepping stones in a little brook, helps him up and leads him away—the cap still lying on the ground. He is taken to her home and his wound dressed. When he starts to leave he picks up his cap from the table, puts it on and goes out.

E. T. A., Newark, N. J.

MAYBE HE WASN'T SELF-RESPECTING

IN "The Voice From The Minaret," showing the ceremony at which *Eugene O'Brien* is to be inducted as rector of a London church, the Bishop is gowned as I have never yet seen a Bishop gowned in any English church. The Episcopal ring is very much in evidence, but where are the voluminous "bishop sleeves" drawn into a small cuff at the wrist and where is the sleeveless sort of cloak they also wear? No self-respecting Anglican Bishop would appear in any church in a plain ordinary surplice such as any lowly curate might wear. For all I know, they may do so in the U. S. A., but not in London where the scene is laid. Don't for pity's sake, take the very sleeves off our Bishops!

M. F., Hamilton, Canada.

BUT HE WALKED WITH A LIMP

IN Douglas Fairbanks' latest picture, "Robin Hood," he was hit on the head with an iron hook which must have weighed about fifteen to twenty pounds. Immediately after he rises and acts as though nothing unusual had happened.

FRED DITTRICH, Clifton, N. J.

SHE DIDN'T KNOW THE SECRET

IN "When Knighthood Was in Flower," there is, you remember, a scene in which *Mary Tudor* is kept a prisoner in her own apartment for two days. She was always looking for means of escape but why didn't she try going through the secret door though which *Brandon* always came?

BERVE M. HOSLEY, Rochester, N. Y.

WHY DRAG IN GEOGRAPHY?

I THINK anyone who has reached fourth-grade geography will realize that there are no mountains in the Mississippi Valley. Yet in "The Sin Flood" the Mississippi was shown tearing down a deep valley between giant hills. It was a good flood picture, but it seems to me it looked more like the breaking of a dam than the breaking of levees along the flat Mississippi country.

MOLLY BROWN, Wayne, Penna.

ANOTHER PICTURE SCANDAL!

IN "Has the World Gone Mad?" they tell us that *Hedda Hopper*, the mother, has had her face "lifted," etc., etc., "the symbol of twenty-one years of motherhood." Later, her husband is seen reading one of their old sweetheart letters. The contents of this letter show that they were not married at the time. The letter is dated August, 1903! Was not married twenty years ago, but has a son twenty-one years old!

E. V. S., Johnson City, Tenn.

“Star Stuff”

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

“All right, have it your own way. I was just telling you.”

“What girl is it, then?”

“Oh, I don't know exactly. But I've seen him with one of those little blonde 'bathing girls' from his company. Probably that's the one.”

“Is she pretty—and nice?”

“Pretty; yes. Don't know about the rest.”

“Well, she's nice if Jimmy likes her—really likes her.”

“Oh, no doubt. But you mustn't ever ask Jimmy about her. He's got his own life to live.”

“Yes, I know, but he might have told me about her, and he needn't stay away all the time just because of her. I'm lonesome. He was all I had.”

“All you had! What are you talking about?”

“Well—he was the only one that thought of me as—*just me*. It would have been all the same to Jimmy if I had been a shabby little extra girl on the 'lot.'”

“But you are not a shabby little extra girl on the 'lot.' You are somebody. You're going to be a star. Don't forget that. And you've got to make some sacrifices. Look at Sam and me; how hard we are working for you. We don't have many friends nor much pleasure.”

“But you're both old—and don't care.”

“Yes, we're old, so we can look back and see how we made our mistakes when we were young. Be patient a little longer, honey, and leave everything to mamma. Someday you can have everything you want; all the good times; all the friends—everything.”

“You always say that. I think you've forgotten all about being young—except the mistakes!”

“And by remembering them I can keep you from having any to remember when you are old like me.”

“And I suppose liking Jimmy would be a mistake?”

“It might be. He'll never be anything but a slap-stick comedian who does face-falls to make the low-brows laugh—he says so himself—but you are going to be something very different.”

“But you never did anything but small-time and burlesque.”

“Yes—you can't help having a mother of that kind, but you can keep from having that kind of friends.”

Nita sniffed dolefully: “Now you start abusing yourself to make me feel ashamed of what I said. Darn it! Jimmy's gone; my canary's dead, and you are always cross—everything's wrong!”

SOME kisses, a few tears, and a little petting closed that episode, but it worried Nancy, nevertheless. The knowledge that she had been compelled to resort to unfair tactics to keep the girl under complete control shook her confidence. She confessed as much to Sam the next day when he was outlining some big plans.

“Looks easy to you, doesn't it, Sam?”

“Sure. Why not? We've got the right girl and the right system. The whole thing's working fine. All the big producers are watching her. A couple more pictures like 'Faith' and they'll be flocking in here with contracts.”

“But suppose something happens to her; goes stale; loses interest—or anything like that?”

Old Sam's face grew long at the thought. “We'd have to begin all over again—and with second-hand material. If she lets down they'll see it in a minute, and not a one of them will take a chance on starring her—all of the 'I told you so' boys will be out with their hammers. But what made you ask that? She isn't letting down, is she? I hadn't noticed it in her work.”

“No, she isn't letting down in her work—”

“What are you worried about then?”

“She's getting restless—feels her wings. Frets because she is cooped up all the time.”

“Take her out a little more, then. Let her



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mingle with the mob; let 'em make a fuss over her."

"I don't dare. I was that way myself once and I know what the 'mob' did to me. And from the way letters and telephone calls are coming in it looks like the whole world was after her. Worse than it ever was in my day. If I let 'em get hold of her they'll give her a thousand exciting things to think about—men, love, society, pleasure—everything but her work!"

"I see . . . Well, that's your job, and you'll have to handle it. I've got all I can do at the studio."

"Oh, I'll do my best; don't worry. I'll lie and fight and scheme; but I get so tired sometimes. I'm going day and night: manager, mother, maid, press agent—some job, Sam!"

AND indeed it was *some* job. For, as Nancy had said, the world was after the girl. They loved her, but in their mass affection they would have mauled her to death. The girl didn't appreciate that, however, and her resentment at being shut off from the world she had won grew greater. Finally, as a small concession, Nancy swung open for her one small window onto the world—she turned over to her the mass of mail that poured in from the adoring film fans; let her have them unopened and uncensored to do with as she liked.

Nita was delighted. The letters were wonderful "close-ups" of the intriguing outside world whose many phases of life had always been presented to her in the "long shots" or "soft focus" of carefully selected books and plays. She treasured them; read and re-read them, and labored conscientiously over her replies. Some time, some one of them would more than repay her for all of her trouble. She was sure of that.

Nancy, noting her absorption in her correspondence, felt somewhat easier. The novelty would wear off of that adventure in time, but for the present it would keep her occupied during her idle moments, and certainly no harm could come of it. Nancy, not being of a "literary" turn of mind, did not realize, you see, just how disturbing the written word may be; how completely it may annihilate distance; how intimate and warming it may become.

Thus it came about that Stanhope, poet, raconteur, soldier and adventurer, loitered unchallenged beneath Nita's window and smote his trembling lyre.

His first letter came to her at the studio: a thin, typed envelope that didn't look in the least interesting. She opened it indifferently . . . probably a "knock" from some would-be critic; or a disguised "ad" . . .

Greenwood, Indiana,

January 2, 1917.

My Dear Miss Knowles:

May a lonely invalid in a strange land thank you—and your little play "Faith"—for one perfect hour in an atmosphere of peace and beauty and love; and may he further thank you for a vision of the most beautiful young woman he has ever seen on a cinema screen?

In a bit of poetry written while at the front in Flanders I tried to tell how our troubled hearts turned back to scenes of beauty and peace and love. I enclose a clipping of that poem, trusting that it may serve to vouch for the very sincere sentiments of,

Yours truly,

Franklin Stanhope.

P.S.—You will pardon me for writing a letter of this character on the typewriter, won't you? You see, my right arm is "somewhere in France." F. S.

When Nita finished the letter, she gazed with ecstasy; sat for a moment in dreamy thought, then picked up the clipping with reverent fingers. It was, she found, from a magazine that was not in the habit of publishing anything of doubtful literary merit, and duly credited to one Franklin Stanhope. Nita wasn't exactly a connoisseur of poetry, but that

little poem "registered." In fact, I don't think Ann Hathaway ever responded to any of Will Shakespeare's efforts as Nita responded to Stanhope's sad little song of longing and loneliness. He sang straight into her heart—for, wasn't she lonely, too?

Of course, Nita never told her mother about that letter, nor about any of the others that followed. It wasn't the kind of a secret you could entrust to a person like Nancy. She wouldn't *understand*. She probably had never known anyone like Stanhope, for her world had been hard and coarse; besides she lacked sentiment and imagination as all older people do.

Sometimes, though, the wonderful joy of the adventure was almost too much for one small girl to keep all alone. Such perfect understanding! Such beautiful sentiment and thought! Little by little he grew in her imagination and heart until each letter summoned up a shadowy presence of someone tall and brave and handsome—sad and suffering, perhaps, but gentle and kind always. And why not? The great war in Europe had called the high hearts and poet souls from every land. There was Seeger and Brookes and Kilmer—oh, so many of them! Why might not this be one of them, too?

* * * * *

ALONG in March the end of the Beaux Arts contract drew in sight, and Nita had one more picture to do—a "big" picture. Into it old Sam proposed to put everything at his command, and of the girl he expected to demand more than he had ever dared demand before. It was to be the grand finale of her career with the Beaux Arts and her bid for stellar honors with greater companies. Everything depended on the success of that last picture, and the success of the picture depended on the girl. Sam and Nancy spent a great deal of time and thought over the undertaking, for with it they rose or fell. Nita, they agreed, must be at very best.

"For God's sake," Sam adjured, "keep her up on her toes from start to finish, and don't let her get sick. Knock wood; pray—do anything!"

Nancy, who had been well satisfied with the girl's dreamy content the past few weeks, felt very confident.

"Leave it to me. She'll eat, drink, dream and sleep that picture from the first rehearsal to the last 'cut'!"

"No parties; no foolishness—no nothing. Just her part in the picture."

"The picture, and nothing but the picture!—then my girl a star! Think of it, Sam. Why, I couldn't—*just couldn't*—let her fail now!"

"All right, it's all in your hands. If she's right, everything's right."

"All in my hands, Sam—and if she fails I'll take all the blame. You've done your part."

And it was on that propitious day that Nancy discovered the enemy within her guard!

Digging in the girl's wardrobe, inventorying costumes for the forthcoming picture, she found the cherished package of letters from Stanhope, and with a fine disregard for the ethics of the thing, read them through.

There was nothing soft or sentimental about Nancy, but she had been young once and hadn't forgotten it; therefore she didn't need any psychologist to tell her just how destructive those letters would be to a girl like Nita. For awhile she was "floored." What could she do? Have it "out" with Nita? Never! The girl wouldn't recover from the battle for weeks. Tell Sam and ask his help? No; he would blow up and "spill the beans"—besides he would bawl her out unmercifully. What then? *Something* had to be done.

Hours were precious, but it took her a whole day to "dope out" an acceptable plan and find a suitable ally. Then she reverted to habit and called Jimmy in.

"Jimmy," she blurted out, "Nita's in trouble, and I want your help!"

It had been her intention to spring it on him in a way that would enlist his whole sympathy, but when she saw how white he got, she felt ashamed.

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"Or, that is," she amended, "she's done something foolish; something that may interfere with her work, and I want you to help me fix it up without her knowing anything about it."

The color came back in his face at that, but he didn't look very happy:

"Suppose you tell me about it—just as it is," he suggested.

Nancy had her story well rehearsed and she got it over in good style, but when she produced the letters to prove how serious the affair was and how far it had progressed, he refused to touch them.

"I'll take your word for what's in them, but I don't want to read them. They're her letters and she didn't want anybody to see them. That's enough for me."

"Why, Jimmy!" she exclaimed, "you're not sore at me for reading them, are you?"

"Oh, no. That's your privilege, I suppose—but go on; what is it that you want me to do?"

"Just this: go back to Greenwood where this four-flusher stays and get the 'goods' on him. When you've done that I'll finish the job."

"But suppose there are no 'goods' on him—like you mean?"

"Don't worry about that. No man that's what he claims to be—an Englishman, a poet, a soldier, a gentleman—would be buried away in a tank town in Indiana. You know that."

"And—"

"And if he'll lie about that much of it, he'll lie about all of it, won't he?"

"Possibly."

"I know he will—and has! Nita's just a kid, with her head full of romantic dreams, and this fellow has fooled her completely. We can't let her go on with this thing, but we've got to be mighty careful how we put a stop to it."

"Do you think she loves this man?"

"Not in the way you mean. But she probably thinks she does. If we fight him she'll fight for him, and it's easy to really love something you've fought for . . . Oh, Jimmy! If I can only hold her—all of her—for a little while longer! I'll put her so far up in the world that her pride will never let her come down; never let her make the mistakes I made! You'll help me do that, won't you—for her sake?"

"And the higher she goes, the farther she will get away from you and me—"

"Yes. But we won't care. We love her, don't we? And it's all for her."

"Yes, that's it—we love her. But it's lucky there's nobody else to love her the way we do. If there were she wouldn't have much chance for happiness—but never mind that," he broke off, "I broke the rules of the game once; I won't do it again. I'll start east tonight."

GREENWOOD, Indiana, proved to be just the kind of Corn Belt town that Jimmy had expected it to be, but he was somewhat shocked to see what an unprepossessing place Stanhope's lodgings were: a shabby, unpainted old wooden house, bearing an illy-lettered sign. "Board and Rooms," it was an offense to Jimmy's California cultured senses.

"I say," he demanded of the "taxi" driver who had taken him there, "are you sure this is the place?"

"Look at the number over the door," suggested the driver, "figgers don't lie."

There was logic in that, so Jimmy plowed across the muddy "lawn," and inspected the weather-beaten numbers over the door. Finding that the driver had been right, he twisted the old-fashioned door bell vigorously. After a little interval the door opened slowly, and a shabby, frowsy little man of late middle-age peered out at him.

"Does Mister Franklin Stanhope live here?" asked Jimmy.

The little man looked him over suspiciously and glanced out at the waiting "taxi."

"Er—yes."

"May I speak to him a moment?"

The little man seemed undecided: "Fusiness?" he asked.

"Not exactly. A personal matter, rather."

"You knew Mister Stanhope?"



Under the Arm!

—the one spot which soap and water cannot keep immaculate

THERE is one quality which men expect, *always*, in a woman—personal daintiness! And yet, so often women are unconsciously lax about a very important phase of the toilette.

For there is one spot which even daily bathing cannot keep immaculate—under the arm! Because of perspiration odor and moisture, the underarm must have regular, special care, just as the teeth and finger nails. Millions of dainty women are finding their best safeguard in the *underarm toilette*—now available in two delightful ways.

ODO-RO-NO

The liquid corrective for excessive perspiration

For those afflicted with an excessive degree of perspiration moisture and odor, Oodorono was formulated by a physician as a safe, scientific corrective. A harmless, antiseptic toilet water, its regular use *twice a week* will keep the underarms always dry and odorless and protect clothing from all stain and odor. At all toilet counters, 35c, 60c, \$1.



Creme ODO-RO-NO

The new vanishing cream deodorant

If you are troubled with a milder degree of perspiration, Creme Oodorono, a dainty new cream, will give you *immediate, effective* protection for the entire day. Because it *vanishes at once and is non-greasy*, it may be used when dressing. Smooth and soft, it will not harden or dry up. Men, too, like its convenience for everyday dependence or quick, special use. Large tube, 25c.

Send for Samples

Send 6c for sample Creme Oodorono; for 10c samples Liquid Oodorono and Oodorono Depilatory will be included. Ruth Miller, The Oodorono Company, 907 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

"No, but I've heard a great deal about him—through a friend in Los Angeles."

"In Los Angeles?" exclaimed the other.

"What did you say your name was?"

"I didn't say, but it's Mahoney—James Mahoney?"

"And Mister Stanhope didn't know you?"

"No, but if you'll tell him that a friend of Miss Knowles—Nita Knowles—is here, I think he will be glad to see me."

The little man gulped and looked frightened. "Well, how about it?" asked Jimmy, somewhat annoyed by the other's peculiar actions.

"Oh, dear," sighed the other with a woe-begone expression, "I'm sorry but you have come too late to see Mister Stanhope."

"Too late! What do you mean?"

"Mister Stanhope is dead, sir."

"Dead! Good Heavens! When did that happen?"

"Er—a week ago; a week ago yesterday. He was an invalid you know." And the little man's eyes showed traces of tears.

"Gee!" said Jimmy, "that's too darned bad, isn't it? I'm awfully sorry." And he really was, somehow.

"Yes, it is sad. But as our French friends say: 'C'est la guerre!'"

"Yes, that's the way of war. Sorry I didn't come sooner. There's nothing I can do, is there—that is; he had friends, and all that?"

"Oh, yes. Everything has been taken care of quite as he would have wished."

"Well, then, guess I'll be going back. Sorry to have troubled you."

"Oh, that is quite all right. I only regret that you couldn't have seen Mister Stanhope. Goodbye." And with a meek little bow, he closed the door, and Jimmy heard him shuffling off down the hall.

"Hi, there!" called a young man who was hurrying across the yard, "Why didn't you hold him a minute longer?"

"Hold him?" asked Jimmy as the youth came up, "what do you mean?"

"Why, hold old 'Prof' Stanhope. I've got a bill here that I've been trying to collect and he hides every time he sees me coming."

"'Prof' Stanhope?" exclaimed Jimmy, "Who is 'Prof' Stanhope?"

"The old geezer you were talking to. Professor Stanhope, professor of language and literature in Greenwood's famous college."

"Oh. That's who it was, eh?"

"Yep. That's him. Worst old liar and deadbeat in town. Kinda 'cracked,' I guess. Writes poetry—and all such foolishness."

"Say! Did he have a brother—or any relative—that died a week ago?"

"Now, he ain't got any folks but an old maid daughter."

"You're sure that no one staying here—an Englishman, maybe—died recently?"

"Absotively. What's the old geezer been doing—stringing you?"

"It sure looks like it. It sure does—!"

WHEN Jimmy got back to Los Angeles he immediately set out for Hollywood to make his remarkable report.

Nancy wasn't in, but Nita was there.

"I'll come back later," said Jimmy. "Got a little business matter to talk over with your mother."

"All right," said Nita frostily, "but you needn't hurry away. There's a little matter I'd like to talk over with you."

There was something threatening in her tone and manner and Jimmy began to make excuses.

"Never mind that," she said. "I know you have been back east and just got in, but you can spare a few minutes."

"All right, then," said Jimmy with assumed carelessness, "fire away."

"How did you like your trip?"

"Oh, so-so. Rotten weather back east."

"What did you find out at Greenwood?"

"What's that?" yelped Jimmy.

"I said 'What did you find out at Greenwood?'"

"Why—what—how—?"

"Oh, mamma 'spilled the beans,' as she says. I know all about it. Fine, gentlemanly thing you did!"

"But, Nita!—you don't understand—"

"Oh, yes, I do. I got it all from her. Now I suppose you are going to sit there and tell me what a fool I've been; tell me how I've been deceived?"

Jimmy squirmed in his chair: "Er—no; not exactly. Fact is, I didn't see him."

"Didn't see him? Why, how was that?"

"Well—er—I hate to tell you, Nita, but—er—he's dead."

"Dead? Oh, no! When did he die?"

"A week before I got there."

"A week before you got there—! What day were you there?"

"Let's see—Tuesday, the 17th."

"Tuesday, the 17th?"

"Yes; only one day."

SHE regarded him a moment quite thoughtfully, then fished in her bodice and drew out a letter.

"Here, Jimmy," she said, "is the last letter I got from him. It's dated and postmarked the 16th."

Jimmy made no reply, but he looked sweaty and miserable.

"Somebody has lied, don't you think, Jimmy?"

"Looks like it," he agreed.

"And who should I believe?"

"I—er—I don't know."

"Suppose I believe that both of you have lied—about a number of things?"

"That might be nearer it," he admitted hesitatingly.

"And why did you lie about it?"

"I—I'd rather not say."

"Want me to guess?"

"If you think you know."

"Well—it's just a guess, but I think you found out something back there that wouldn't be nice to tell me; something you thought would hurt me, maybe. Was that it?"

She waited.

"Something like that."

Both were silent for a moment.

"That was a beautiful 'white lie,' Jimmy," she said softly,—"beautiful."

He made no reply to this, but sat with bowed head.

"Jimmy!" she exclaimed suddenly, tears shining in her eyes, "You've come back to me—just as good and clean as you always were, and much finer than I knew you could be. Why, Jimmy!—*he* never could have done a finer thing than you have done—with one little 'white lie'!"

"I didn't do it because I'm fine," he said slowly, "I did it because—because you're fine and I want you to stay that way—and you can't if all your dreams are spoiled."

"You weren't afraid then that something like this might spoil my work?"

"No. I don't care about your work—any more. I wish you were just like you were when you came up from New Orleans."

"Honest, Jimmy?"

"Honest!"

"Jimmy, we all have blind spots in our eyes, but we don't need to have them in our hearts, need we?"

"I don't know. Maybe we have to pretend we have."

"And you have been pretending, Jimmy?"

"Kinda."

"Jimmy!"

"Yes?"

"Do you remember when I came here from New Orleans and you met us at the station? Remember how you bent down for a 'little sister' kiss on your cheek?"

"Yes. I remember."

"And how mamma laughed at us for being so awkward and bashful?"

"Yes."

"Well, Jimmy. Watch me *now*—see what I've learned in the movies! Oh, Jimmy! You don't care if I cry, do you?"

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

THE AFFAIRS OF LADY HAMILTON —Hodkinson

THE German producer takes a mean delight in the portrayal of historical English indiscretions. This time the victim is Lady Hamilton, who had as many affairs as she had gowns. The poor lady comes to a bad finish—but her road of life is not a monotonous one, and that's something! The German idea of an intrigue is slightly heavy—as are the German heroines. Not for children.

DEAD GAME—Universal

HOOT GIBSON does some hard riding and some quick thinking, in this picture. For there are two husky villains and a whole flock of confederates to be foiled—and all in six reels, too. But Hoot outguesses the outlaws, and gets the girl and even manages to escape from a trackless, and waterless, desert. Not an unusual western, but a good one!

THE PRODIGAL SON—Stoll Film Corp

THIS picture is so steeped in gloom that, after a few reels of it, the sunlight seems green and the birds don't sing pretty. Churchyards, and death-beds; lost loves and debts and bitterness chase each other through the heavy shadows. Hall Caine may have written it, and all that—but it needs something to make it bearable. There are some splendid flashes of acting—but they are only flashes.

SOUL OF THE BEAST—Metro

A LITTLE abused Cinderella of the circus runs away with an elephant. They romp off, together, into the depths of the Canadian forest, and have ever so many adventures! Finally they become separated, and the girl is again reduced to the estate of a little drudge in a cheap tavern. But love enters the scene and all ends well. Even the elephant is in the final happy fade-out.

WHAT WIVES WANT—Universal

ANY director, with sense, would murmur "Who knows?"—and let it go at that! But this must needs follow the beaten track of elaborate parties, and another man, and what-not until the brain reels! With a final, not very original realization, by the husband in the case, that all business and no love will wreck any marriage. There's a self-sacrificing sister, too.

TRAILING AFRICAN WILD ANIMALS —Metro

THIS picture, made by the Martin Johnsons, is the best of its kind. Probably because fewer animals are slaughtered to make a movie holiday. In fact, the only animals killed are the ones that run amuck—and were quite obviously put out of the way in self defense. The best animal close-ups ever made, and some tremendous thrills. Terry Ramsaye's titles are a feature of the picture.

THE CRITICAL AGE—Hodkinson

ANOTHER of Ralph Connor's Glengarry stories—and slightly better than the last one that was picturized. The story is well told, but the force of the book is entirely lost, as is the spiritual element that was such a feature of all Connor's work. The characterization is overdrawn, in spots, but the little mad-cap heroine is charming.

TEMPTATION—C. B. C. Film Sales

DEALING with the hard-to-believe fact that the possessors of great wealth are seldom happy—and that the gift of gold is a hard one to bear. The picture is original in that the young couple, struggling to be contented despite the weight of their several millions, do not lose the bankroll and retire to love in a cottage in the last reel.



Your Hidden Beauty

Remove the film and see it

Millions have revealed a hidden beauty through a new way of teeth cleaning. They have gained a new charm in whiter teeth—often a supreme charm.

The method is at your command. The test is free. For beauty's sake and safety's sake, see what such teeth mean to you.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. Those two great film combatants were embodied in it.

The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent. It is now advised by leading dentists the world over. In some fifty nations careful people use it.

Teeth are coated

Teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Food stains, etc., discolor it. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Old brushing methods left much of that film intact. So beautiful teeth were seen less often than now. Tooth troubles became almost universal, for film is the cause of most.

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Dentists alarmed

The increase in tooth troubles became alarming. So dental science searched for ways to fight that film. Two ways were found. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Five new effects

Pepsodent brings five results which old ways never brought. One is to multiply the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

One is to multiply the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus every use gives manifold power to these great natural tooth-protecting agents.

Learn what this new way means to you and yours. 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.

You will be amazed and delighted, and will want those results to continue. Cut out the coupon now.

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REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

10-Day Tube Free ¹¹⁴⁶

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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Only one tube to a family.



Your Facial Habits

When you laugh or cry, or express any emotion, your facial muscles draw the skin tense. As the underskin becomes dry, these habits fix lines in your face. What are you doing to prevent time from leaving its record?

WRINKLES

The Tragedy of Youth!

Just between yourself and your frankest hand-mirror, haven't you wrinkles? Distressingly deep ones or mere threadlike traceries, they mock at youth and mere youth.

It is only now with the discovery of a marvelous treatment—Ego Wrinkle Remover—that women are able to defend themselves from these merciless foes.

Ego Wrinkle Remover removes wrinkles by softening the skin, feeding the starved cells and giving the fibrous tissue the necessary strength to resist the forming of other wrinkles. You will remove the lines and prevent the formation of new wrinkles, if you use Ego Wrinkle Remover. This is the simple way in which Ego Wrinkle Remover succeeds always where other methods have failed. Sold at liner department stores for \$5 a tube or direct by mail. Its results are priceless!

If you have any questions on beauty, write

Grace M. Anderson, V. Vivaudou, Inc.
Dept. 107 469 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK



The Exclusive Beauty Treatments

- Ego Wrinkle Remover... \$5.00
- Ego Bust Beautifier..... 5.00
- Ego Deodorant Creme..... 1.00
- Ego Perspiration Regulator. 1.50
- Ego Dandruff Remover and Hair Beautifier..... 5.00
- Ego Nail Polish \$.35
- Ego Sunburn Preventive... 3.00
- Ego Ankle Cream..... 5.00
- Ego Freckle Cream..... 7.50
- Ego Skin and Pore Cleanser 5.00
- Ego Hair Curling Cream..... 3.00
- Ego Depilatory 5.00

Just as creases run sh when a handkerchief is dipped in water, wrinkles disappear under the effect of Ego Wrinkle Remover.



Ego Wrinkle Remover does to the skin permanently what the window pane does to the handkerchief.



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Dept. 107 469 Fifth Avenue, New York

ENCLOSED find \$5.00—for which please send me tube of Ego Wrinkle Remover. I am privileged to return the Ego Wrinkle Remover and have money refunded should I not be entirely satisfied. (Use separate sheet if ordering other products.)

Name.....

Address.....

FOOLS AND RICHES—Universal

THE handsome hero of this picture proves the old adage that a fool and his money are soon parted. When his father dies and leaves him practically penniless, he finds that his rich friends have deserted him—and he is forced to shift for himself. This he does with such efficiency that, in the last reel, he has a new fortune, and a grand job and a girl.

DOUBLE DEALING—Universal

A VERY stupid young man is persuaded, by a professional confidence man, to buy an apparently worthless bit of property. Suddenly, however, the property assumes great value—and then the complications set in. Though the story is badly told, some good work is done by the Universal stock company. And, in the end—though there's an almost murder—everything ends happily.

MADNESS OF YOUTH—Fox

A DRAMA about an engaging crook. Posing as a "holy man" he enters the home of a rich man and tries to rob him of the millions he keeps in a safe on the premises. His victim's daughter discovers him at the safe but wins her father's forgiveness and consent to their marriage. John Gilbert's sincere portrayal and Billie Dove make the story nearly plausible.

CROSSED WIRES—Universal

A GAY little Cinderella story with a dark border of melodrama. Of an operator of a switchboard who longed "to go into society just once" and contrived it. The cauldron of difficulties in which Gladys Walton is immersed stir some sympathy and considerable laughter.

HER FATAL MILLIONS—Metro

A SWIFTLY moving comedy built upon a girl's fibs to a suitor whom she believes faithless. When he returns to town she shows him a millionaire's home and says she has married the millionaire. Out of this fabrication grows an inferno of amusing complications. Viola Dana in a man's ill-fitting suit supplies much of the humor.

THE REMITTANCE WOMAN—Film Booking Co.

ETHEL CLAYTON'S loveliness and Achmed Abdullah's knowledge of the dim and mystic East combine in a tale of adventure. The heroine's father sent her to China to cure her of extravagance. There she gains a sacred vase and nearly loses her life. Rockliffe Fellowes is the hero. Tom Wilson, as a gigantic sailor, stands out.

AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE—Metro

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY'S poem has been screened with considerable charm and numerous touches of melodrama. The "old sweetheart" begins her long and unwavering course of constancy while the hero is kept after school and she waits for him on the doorstep. She stands by him even when an attractive worldling woos and nearly wins him. Elliott Dexter is the boy grown up and Helen Jerome Eddy is his wife.

STEPPING FAST—Fox

TOM MIX and his cowboy hat play a rushing part. Tom "Mixes up" with a gang of desperadoes while saving a gentle archaeologist's life. The same gang, having later accomplished the murder of the archaeologist, and frightened Tom's screen mother to death, becomes the object of the hero's vendetta. He follows the leaders to China and rescues the murdered man's daughter from death in a cellar. There is another "Mix up" of tenderer nature.

LOVEBOUND—Fox

A WELL knit, consistent story, built cumulatively to strong climaxes. A district attorney falls in love with his secretary. The girl's father is a jewel thief. The conflict between her loyalty to her father and her love for the man whose duty it is to prosecute criminals, is well developed by George Scarborough, the author, who was once a Secret Service man. Shirley Mason draws sympathetically the character of the heroine.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

L. D., HAVANA, ILL.—Pleased, I'm sure. I will follow your example in brevity. But first let me tell you a little story. In one of the quiet spots of New York—yes, there are a few—there is a well-clipped, green square. It is fenced with a neat iron railing, too high to climb over and too closely wrought to climb through, and a gate keeper tells you it is private property, that is, open only to residents in the square. Though a magic quarter caused the key to be turned in the lock on one of the visits I made to it. Near the middle of the block is a life size statue in gray granite. The gray stone figure wears the graceful garb and the melancholy air of Hamlet. It is a statue to Edwin Booth. Were the statue endowed with living eyes it could look across the intervening green space to a stately four story gray stone house, at 16 Gramercy Square. The statue is that of Edwin Booth. The stately gray stone house is The Players Club. The house was the great actor's home. He gave it to his fellow actors, reserving a few rooms in it for his own home. In a small, high room at the front from which he could look out upon the green, wooded, fenced-in square with the demure children of the neighborhood playing there under the watchful eyes of becaped nurses or careful governesses, Booth spent his last days. With a book lying open at the verses which he was reading he drew his last, gentle, melancholy breath. That was thirty years ago. Hundreds of actors, particularly those of scholarly tastes, are members of the club. Francis Byrne,

going there from the Comedy Theater, where he had been playing an important rôle in Jitta's Atonement, with Bertha Kalich, collapsed upon one of the big velvet divans, placed his hand on his heart and died. Three years ago the actors who enjoyed membership in The Players erected the statue in Gramercy Park to the leader of the American stage. Eugene O'Brien goes to the Players Club, 16 Gramercy Square, New York City, for his relaxation and his mail. Now for the promised brevity. Ramon Novarro, Metro. Rodolph Valentino, Hotel des Artistes. Ivor Novello, Care D. W. Griffith. Kenneth Harlan, Preferred Pictures.

WESTERN PEP, DENVER, COLO.—How nice of you to say you think "Questions and Answers" is the pep of the whole book. And to add that you "believe I understand the ways of the world and its people and furthermore believe you are a jolly good fellow." So are you, Western Pep, even though you wear skirts instead of trousers. Good fellowship is in the soul and heart and, like brains, is sexless. But my name? Nay. Nay. Publication rules and my own native modesty—the violet has nothing on me in that respect— forbid. You will send me a snap shot of yourself, you say. Kind of you but isn't there a "sweetie" or "best young man," who would protest against such graciousness to an unknown? He may be much handsomer and worthier than I. What if I were a world war veteran with an empty sleeve or a wooden

Soft fluffy hair

WHAT joy to know your hair is clean—yet soft and silky. Wildroot Coconut Oil Shampoo leaves your hair dainty and with a delicate fragrance that breathes refinement. And it is always so easy to arrange.

—these virtues come only from the blending of the purest ingredients that money can buy.

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in a 6 oz bottle almost three times this size for 50¢



leg; or a famous hero minus a feature; one who dances no more and swings his way through the world on crutches? You have a large heart for you write in the next paragraphs that you think "Ramon Novarro's acting is simply wonderful and you just adore him and his pictures." I give you his address with pleasure. Write him care Metro Studios. He might send his picture. Why not try? I am unable to tell you whether he has a secretary and if he has whether she is "heartless." Is't possible, as some of my friends suspect, that one of your tender sex is without a heart? That is, outside of a "picture"? I like to think not. You finish your interesting letter by saying that you are "nothing but a western girl." Don't say that again, little girl. Be proud that you are of "The vast, quiet spaces of the west." That isn't mine. I got it from Douglas MacLean's last picture, "The Sunshine Trail."

H. L., NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.—O maid of the overhanging mists and of the rainbow that arches so often the great falls! It affords me pleasure to tell you who was the screen lover of Lillian Gish in "The Two Orphans of the Storm." He is the young man who has been characterized by radical admirers of his as "the handsomest man in the world." He is Joseph Schildkraut, an actor born in Europe, educated in this country and who has played in principal European capitals. He has won stage success too in this country, in "Liliom" and in "Peer Gynt." He has been called "The John Barrymore of Europe" because across the Atlantic he played the same rôles which Barrymore played here, "Hamlet" and the principal rôles in "The Jest" and "Redemption." I will forestall your question. He is married. His bride is a lovely Southerner, foster sister of Tom Powers, the actor. Her stage name, which is likewise her maiden name, is Elise Bartlett.

JERRY OF SHERMAN, TEXAS.—Men as I before, and sapiently, have observed are but human. Rodolph Valentino is a man, therefore human. Hence he will be glad to know that you, who write backhandedly under the soubriquet of Jerry, "worship at his shrine as ardently as any flapper. He's so disgustingly handsome." Suspicion stirs deep in my being, Jerry. Maybe you are a man and envious of the darkeyed one's reign over the hearts of the women in his audiences. I am not sure. If you are Mr. Jerry instead of Miss Jerry you would not be likely to say, "His eyes intrigue me, exceedingly, oh where, oh where, can I obtain a photograph of 'The Young Rajah?'" Write him care of his headquarters, 50 West 67th Street, New York, N. Y.

"LASSES," LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—What does that name mean. Miss "Lasses"? Is it an abbreviation of Molasses or do you mean that there are two of you. Perhaps twins? Not that it matters so much that I actually will refuse to answer questions until you answer mine. I am perfectly willing to tell you now that Constance Talmadge has brown eyes and golden hair, and that her hobby in this season, at least, is ice cream—she prefers fruit sundaes. All their friends know of their fondness for the frozen dainties. Lillian Gish told me that the Gish girls started the Talmadge sisters on the road of the three sundaes a day habit. Connie's latest picture is "East is West." Betty Compson's birthplace is that interesting town walled in by the Wasatch Mountains, Salt Lake City, the Zion of the Mormons. She is a truly golden blonde. Her hobbies are swimming, dancing and playing the violin. From which you may deduce that she is a healthy girl of joyous disposition.

A "BELLE FROM PHILLY."—You have been misinformed, Miss Belle, George Waggener did not appear in "The Sheik" or "The Gilded Age," at least the casts do not reveal his name.



Hair like spun gold

THEY had been in bathing for hours. Yet, as she took off her bathing cap, her hair was like spun gold.

Every girl knows how difficult it is to make her hair attractive after she has been in the water.

But there are thousands of women who have learned the way to lovely hair at all times. They have found that Wildroot Hair Tonic keeps hair soft, fluffy and attractively wavy. No matter if your hair is dull, lifeless or even full of dandruff, you can use this secret, too.

After your Wildroot shampoo, massage Wildroot Hair Tonic into the scalp. Then notice the immediate results. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT HAIR TONIC

Sold everywhere





BEFORE

These photographs show hand of Mildred McKay, La Grange, Ills., before, and after wearing Dr. Egan's magic night gloves.

AFTER



NOTE!
The whitening action of these gloves is due to their specially impregnated fabric. Avoid imitations which are merely scented.

Magic Gloves Whiten Hands

GLOVES of amazing power! Worn at night, while you sleep, they work a miraculous transformation in the hands. They turn the hands white—as white as a lily, and as soft and smooth. Your hands may be a raw red or an "old-age" yellow; they may be dark with tan or blotched with freckles or liver spots; they may be deeply lined, rough and coarse—yet they become hands of the whiteness of snow and the softness of velvet under the magic of these gloves.

Results In One Night

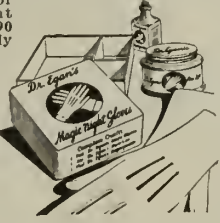
The gloves are medicated with a wonderful solution perfected by the famous Dr. S. J. Egan. The medicated fabric (not rubber) when activated by the warmth of the hands has a peculiarly potent whitening and softening effect upon the hands. The hands actually turn white—a charming natural white. They become soft and smooth, exquisitely so. Even hands that look hopelessly old and worn take on a youthful freshness. Just one night's wear will prove a revelation.

Do Your Hands Spoil Your Charm?

What does it profit a woman to have beauty of face or figure or the clothes of a queen if her hands are uncouth? By your hands, more than anything else, does the world estimate you. No need now to put up with hands that you have to hide. Dr. Egan's Magic Gloves give you hands of a beauty to be proud of. Send today for the complete outfit for free trial. Note that the gloves fit comfortably—no binding. Note, too, that a jar of Dr. Egan's Pore-Lax accompanies the gloves, all in a neat, attractive container. The Pore-Lax is a special cream to apply before donning the gloves, to open the pores for the purpose of quickening the action of the impregnated gloves.

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Please send me (in plain package) for free trial, a pair of Dr. Egan's Magic Gloves for whitening and softening the hands. I will pay postman \$2.90 (plus postage) on delivery of the gloves. (If you prefer, send \$3 now in full payment.) If I am not perfectly delighted with the change in my hands, in 5 days, I may return gloves and get my money back in full.

Name.....
Address.....
My Glove Size is.....

REINE L., MONETT, Mo.—Sweet of you to set me right, Miss L. Poor human nature is prone to mistakes. I was quite sure that Mabel Julienne Scott is single. But you say you "beg to differ and that she married Mr. Browning, a nonprofessional, and has been here to visit her husband's mother in this same town." Thank you. Malcolm McGregor, Metro. Ramon Novarro, Metro. Another fair one wanting to know where she may write Ivor Novello? Happy Ivor! Once again my typist rattles off the many times repeated direction "Care David Wark Griffith." Richard the Popular's name is pronounced Bar-thel-mess.

L. S., ROCKFORD, ILL.—You, too, admire Mae Murray's loveliness? In that you have much company. The Answer Man buys a front seat for a Mae Murray picture. Alas! for the poor bachelors and widowers who admire her she is married with every appearance of permanence. She married Robert Leonard, her director and partner. A love match made in the Hollywood studios while they were working on pictures together. When East she lives in a studio apartment near Central Park West. You can get a photograph of her by writing the Metro Studio. Yes, Richard Barthelmess is a benedict. He has been married for more than two years to Mary Hay. Since February he has been a proud and fond papa. He once told me that his ambition is to keep his family together and happy. Must you really know the ages of these picture idols of yours? Very well. I'll give you a start. A little figuring is good for the brain, dear Lenore. Miss Murray was born in 1886. Mr. Barthelmess first opened his eyes upon this world in 1895.

M. L. C., TIDDINGS, TEX.—Yes, Marjorie, I should say Valentino the Superb would send you a photograph. Why not ask him yourself, prettily? Send your letter to him at the Hotel des Artistes, 1 West Sixty-seventh Street. The Hotel des Artistes is what its name indicates, the home of many artists. Mme. Yorska had a studio therein. I have called on and smoked with Robert Edson within its portals. Robert Vignola gave me there a good dinner. Quite natural that Rodolph should gravitate to the artistic hostelry. That popular bridegroom, Harold Lloyd, should be addressed at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal. Lila Lee and her photographs may be traced through the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal. Katherine MacDonald has a studio of her own. To let your wants reach her luminous eye or dainty ear you should write her care the Katherine MacDonald Studio, 904 Girard St., Los Angeles, Cal. The bride and bridegroom, Marilyn Miller and Jack Pickford, should be communicated with by way of the United Artists, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

DICKSIE, HOLLYWOOD, CAL.—You will be a good wife, Dicksie. You say little and make it to the point. You do not ramble. You write me across continent to tell me that Mary Pickford and Agnes Ayres are your favorite actresses. I'm sure they will be glad to know it. Nothing you wanted to know? Just wanted to tell me that. It's interesting. How old are you, Dicksie? School girl age, I'll wager.

CLAIRE, AN UPTOWN ADDRESS, IN THE BIGGEST TOWN IN AMERICA.—Sorry it was a long and tedious process to screw up your nerve to ask for information. Knowest thou not that the Good Book saith "Ask and ye shall receive"? I am not formidable. The birth records say that a small red, yowling infant was born in 1895. The church records reveal that subsequently and without his written or spoken consent he was named Kenneth Harlan. Rodolph Valentino is on tour. His address—temporarily permanent—is Hotel des Artistes, a hostelry on which I before have enlarged.

BARBARA OF THE CITY OF ROSES—Delighted to add to the fund of information of one who writes over such an engaging name. The handsome African explorer who won your admiration in "The Drums of Fate" in which he played opposite Mary Miles Minter is Maurice ("Lefty") Flynn. You want to write him? O Barbara of the Roses—"Babbie!" Well if you must you must. Why can't all that part of the human family that wears trousers be motion picture actors? We might not all be proof against the admiration of such lovely girls as I am sure Barbara of the Roses is. "Lefty's" wife is not an actress because he hasn't any. The letter, if it starts, must go to the Lasky Studios. You "are enjoying reading Rodolph's Life History" and are "glad that he and Winifred are happily married." You "wish them all the happiness in the world." Very generous of you, Babbie, but I hope enough will be left lavishly to supply you.

E. L. K., DARIEN, CONN.—Um, New England reserve! Certainly we will publish only the initials if you prefer. Wonder if you are an architect. Why? Because you desire the "ground plan"—that's what architects call it if one is considering a building—of Pauline Garon and Malcolm McGregor. Miss Garon is five feet one inch tall and weighs 100 pounds. She is about nineteen years old. Her hair is blonde. Her eyes are hazel. "A French blonde," in common parlance. Her address is care Arthur H. Jacob Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Malcolm McGregor is six feet tall and weighs 170 pounds. Carries them well, you've noticed. They are not wont to run to one or two conspicuous spots as in the case of paunchy men we sometimes see wistfully admiring his figure from the audience. He has dark brown hair and eyes. He was graduated from Yale. He is married to a nonprofessional. His address is Metro. There, E. L. K., I threw in the hair and eyes and marriages and the stuff about Yale for good measure or as they say down New Orleans way, *lagniaappe*. Aren't I nice even though, not, as one of my sweet correspondents says, a "little man"?

M. P., ATLANTA, GA.—Another seeking information about the fascinating Norma Talmadge. She was born in 1895. Her height is five feet two inches. Her weight is 110 pounds. A "friend of the family" tells me that it is of Spanish origin. Her leading man in "Within the Law" is Jack Mulhall.

G. I., DERBY, CONN.—You write humorously of the uneven distribution of life's gifts. A "twin" you know is "as pretty as a picture" and the other is cross-eyed, bow-legged and knock-kneed. "Can I imagine her before a camera?" I can. She might make her fortune as a comic. For the rest of your missive, Ramon Novarro, happily for the peace of mind of many maids, is unmarried. Chat with him by way of pink paper, a fountain pen and the Metro studios.

A. W. A., WESTPORT, CONN.—What a charming name for a home. Recalls the trees in the environs of Paris where one dines upstairs, as it were, on tables spread among the branches. The pronunciation of Bert Lytell's name puzzles you? Pleased to end the confusion. No ambiguity in the first name. Short. Blunt. Honest. Lytell is pronounced with the accent on the last syllable. The "y" in the first syllable is short.

JUIN, ST. LOUIS, Mo.—All you want to know all I know save about the pictures in which he appears. You say you have seen and admired them. Good. How is this for the other essentials? Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, February 6, 1890. He is five feet ten inches tall. That is socks, not boot, height, I believe. He weighs 160 pounds. He is a dancer. Unmarried. His newest picture is "Scaramouche," made from the novel by Sabatini.

E. E. L., CARTHAGE, TEXAS.—“Real mad when you read of Harold Lloyd’s marriage,” were you? Come, come, Edna, there’s a good, and too little read, book that warns us not to covet our neighbor’s wife. That includes husbands. You wouldn’t have the comic Harold spend his life in alleged single blessedness, and become a fussy, peculiar, neighborhood grouch, would you? That’s better. I knew that at heart you are an unselfish girl. No. Thomas Meighan and Leatrice Joy are not relatives. I hadn’t noted the resemblance. I wonder which of them will be most pleased by your discovery. “Tommy” will make the lower bow, of course, and Leatrice will make a becoming little curtsy. Harrison Ford’s age is thirty-one years. Married? Y—Y—yes. But—ray of hope—that good looking and affable director, now traveling and forgetting the cares of directorship, Robert Vignola, is single. No, Bebe Daniels is not married. In so far as she has confided to the Answer Man she is not engaged.

PAUL BRIGHT, SWEETWATER, TENN.—Your letter is short, direct, scant of words. Way we fellows all write. Slap you on the back, old top. Call me Rupert if you must. I don’t care. I believe *Rupert of Hentzau* was something of a fellow. No curiosity about any of the lovely girl stars. You’re a strange fellow I must say, Paul. Slap you on the back again. Beg pardon. Nearly made you bite the dust, didn’t I. You want to know Tom Mix’s address and the cost of one of his photographs. Charmed to be of service. Address him care Fox Films. Tom Mix photographs are going rapidly at a quarter per.

OLD FASHIONED GIRL, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Have heard Brooklyn answered to roll call of cities as Baby Town, Perambulatorville and The City of Churches. I had never heard it alluded to as “the town of old fashioned girls.” Being of Brooklyn and an alleged old fashioned girl you are naturally interested in that delectable boy baby, Jackie Coogan. Of course we all join you in your admiration of Jackie. Mirjam Battista, who is an experienced actress of about ten, says she would like to marry Jackie. Jackie hasn’t been consulted. Had he been he would probably say he prefers dogs to girls. Masculine tastes vary widely according to age. You inquire about Jackie’s age. The million dollar kid measures his age by eight full years. More of experience and achievement are crowded into them than most persons have had at six times his age. You can express your sentiments to Jackie in a letter sent care Metro. His latest picture is “Daddy.” Madge Evans is his elder by six years. Your arithmetic is perfect. She is fourteen. Her next picture will be “On the Banks of the Wabash,” Associated Exhibitors. Guess your age? Blinking at you across the bridge I should say seventeen. Am I right?

BEE LEE, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Your characterization is good. The “boyish boy,” as you call him, of “Tess of the Storm Country,” is Lloyd Hughes. Ramon Navarro’s age? Summon your mathematics, my child. He was born February sixth, 1899. Just turned the corner of twenty-four. How bright you are! You’ve “oodles of questions” to ask me but want to get on intimate terms before you do. Alas! Powerless is poor man in the grasp of powerful woman, mighty in charm!

P. W., PETERSBURGH, VA.—Writing to me during the study period at school and the teacher “is already glancing at you with suspicion” you say. She would do more than that if she knew that you were writing me your impressions of Miss Logan of “Ebb Tide” and of Monte Blue. Miss Logan, who played the part of the brown skinned maiden, is certainly beautiful and you would like to see much more of her. Back to your books, boy! Do they use corporal punishment in your public schools? [CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]



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THE BEAUTY CLAY

PARIS VIVAUDOU NEW YORK
Distributor



Meet the Duchess!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

Pretense is not one of her gifts. She has the frankness of the true aristocrat.

John Masfield is her literary favorite. She reads him constantly because he interests her. But so do boxoffice reports, Poetry and practicality.

Her taste in pictures is positive and critical. She considers "Driven" the finest work thus far executed—not a grain of hokum in it.

"But it didn't pay," she deplored, proving that she knows boxoffice reports as well as artistic values. "Neither did 'Sentimental Tommy,' another masterpiece."

I ventured the optimistic thought that the public might in time be educated to an appreciation of such art.

She shook her head. "Is Tolstoy popular? Does the public at large crave Barrie?"

When I arose to go I noted some of her photographs on the table.

"Do you like them?" she asked.

I didn't. There was a nun-like severity about them. "Too virginal," I said.

Her brows puckered slightly. "Oh dear," she murmured plaintively, "that will never do. Photographers don't seem to get me."

They don't. Neither do directors, as yet. She's a slim flambeau of alabaster, waiting the touch of flame. I recalled my first impression of her. It was the opening night of Von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives." She was in ermine, an imperial wreath of gold leaves about her head, a diadem suiting her patrician features and queenly impassivity. I thought of Josephine at the coronation in Notre Dame. *Mais non.* Rather the pagan Zenobia in the emperor's Roman triumph, moving in purple, gems and amaranth amid the swirling incense.

When she finishes "Under the Red Robe" she says she is going to wait until she finds the right rôle. Then perhaps the flame will melt that frigidty of feature, burst through that majestic marble calm, and we will behold, as the Parisian taxi driver did, a flaming Borgial!

Gag Men

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

day, while he watched Harold carrying out one of his ideas. "A situation is the meat and a gag is the dressing. A gag must always depend upon true characterization or logical development of a situation. It takes a serious minded guy to think up gags.

"I do a lot of them—but Harold is a marvelous gag man himself. He works right with me on everything."

Lloyd Hamilton has a gag man named Archie Mayo, who used to be a shirt salesman, but had so many funny ideas when he was selling Hamilton shirts the comedian invited him to become a gag man. Which he did.

Al Christie, who has made over nine hundred comedies, is a great gag man, and works supervising this line of work for the entire studio. He also employs a gag department of six or eight men.

Oh, it's a lucrative, respectable, and laudable profession in Hollywood—gagging.

STIMULATED by the success of "Robin Hood" and "The Covered Wagon," virtually every producer is hastening to film costume pictures. The public will be swamped by costume pictures this fall, with enough to extend over the entire next year. As usual, many producers see only the external. The success of such pictures as "The Covered Wagon" and "Robin Hood" is not due to costumes. Clothes do not make a picture. Nor do time and place matter so long as the story is great. There is this to be said, however, for dramas of other times and of other places, they give to the screen a long-desired variety.



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I Was a Pencil-Pusher at \$13⁵⁰ a Week

Other fellows my age were earning twice as much, but I could never figure out the reason. It was Jim, the new man over at the Town Garage, who told me the secret. "Become an expert in some one thing," said Jim, "and you'll never have to worry about a high-paying job."



Before I went to bed that night, I had written to the Michigan State Automobile School for their Free Book, which told me how I could become an expert automobile man by studying during my spare time. Inside of a week I had enrolled for the complete course. And almost before I realized it, I had finished it and had jumped from a \$13.50 pencil-pushing job into a real job at \$42.50 a week to start.

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The Man Who Gets What He Wants

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

Mrs. Meighan—Frances Ring, you know—has had great stage experience from which she has gained an excellent understanding of play construction and stories. My lawyer, Nathan Burkan, is another whom I often consult. He knows people and their reactions. I sometimes ask him to pass on a story. Or my friend, David Warfield, with whom I played for three years—no one knows play values any more thoroughly."

After finding the right story, the next move on the part of a star is to get it. This often requires argument with company officials. A star may have a contract which gives him a right to pass on his stories but the privilege is nothing unless he can offer constructive criticism.

Rodolph Valentino once said that Meighan was the only star on the lot who always gets what he wants.

"Because, for one thing," says Meighan, "I never say no—without a reason. And it must be a business reason, for I'm talking to business men."

"Therefore I must know the box office angle. I must know what the public expects of me. And I must present proofs—the proofs are fan letters and reports from exhibitors."

Meighan does not find in his fan letters the stimulus of applause which so many stars find. He doesn't care about that. He reads them from an entirely different motive.

"I study my fan letters just as I would study market reports. I don't get one mash letter in a thousand. But I do get some excellent criticisms and estimations."

Producers have the maxim that actors are children, but the maxim doesn't hold with Meighan. They recognize in him an exception—perhaps a proving exception.

HE speaks with the impressive manner of a man who knows his business, a man of sincerity, methodical mentation and applied scholarship. There's none of the table-thumping, look-em-in-the-eye impressiveness that you get in twenty lessons from a correspondence school. On the contrary, there are no gestures whatsoever. Meighan speaks in low, definite personal tones, almost confidential. An interview with him has the illusion of being strictly *entres-nous*. It's man to man. No footlights, no bouquets.

To show me how he goes into every detail of story and production before commencing work he brought out a script. Only about half of it was story, the rest consisted of notes—explanations and reasons for every detail, even to the title. He had intended to make "White Heat," but upon considering his production schedule he found that it would have to be released in July. He postponed it. His reason was that "White Heat" was no title to get business during the white heat of July.

It is he, personally, who negotiates with Rex Beach, George Ade and Booth Tarkington and obtains their stories, because they present the robust, sturdy American phases of life and character for which he is suited.

Did it ever occur to you that Meighan is virtually the only star playing *men*? All the others devote themselves almost exclusively to juvenile rôles, the idea being that the public demands youth of its heroes.

Meighan has found a place for the middle-aged man. And his success has been as steady and substantial as that character.

He is the screen symbol of the American man. In him Mr. Babbitt beholds an image of himself—or what he thinks he is, a regular, normal, practical business man, a family man and a progressive citizen, the type held up as a national example of success.

Everyone in the business knows how Meighan secured an option on the publisher's rights of "The Miracle Man" from his friend, Bob Davis, editor of *Munsey's*, how he went to his friend, George M. Cohan, and secured the dramatic rights, how he peddled the story from producer to producer and finally sold it to George Loane Tucker.

"What do you want for your commission?" asked Tucker.

"The rôle of *Tom Burke*," said Meighan tersely.

He knew the play and the part would make him. It did. Meighan achieved stardom and a contract with Paramount which led to a salary of \$5,000 a week.

"I knew the part in 'The Miracle Man' was more valuable to me than any amount of money. I've always sacrificed cash for class. My motto is, Where Do We Go from Here?"

"The man who sits down in the movie business is like the man who tries to sit on a moving stairs. He goes over the side into the machinery."

"The beginner in pictures should plan his career exactly as he would in any business. I did. If I'd taken up medicine, as I once planned, I would have expected to spend six or eight years in a university before I even started to practice. It's a little easier in the movies, because you can make a few dollars from the outset, but you have to study. There aren't any text books or professors, so you must plan your own course. Learn from experience—yours and the other fellow's."

"If I started out today to be a movie actor I'd hit right for Hollywood and make the rounds of the studios for an extra job. But I wouldn't be content to work aimlessly as an extra. I'd choose an objective—some director like Ingram or de Mille who is interested in new talent and is willing to take the time to develop it. I'd get into their pictures somehow. It can be done by using the head. Sometimes I think the movie business is the easiest in the world to break into. What chance would a fellow have getting into, say, the banking business here in New York without any experience whatsoever?"

Employing the principles of a sound business man Meighan has amassed a fortune, and at middle-age he is making more than he did in the juvenile period.

BUT what impressed me most about him is the quality which has earned him his biggest assets—his friends.

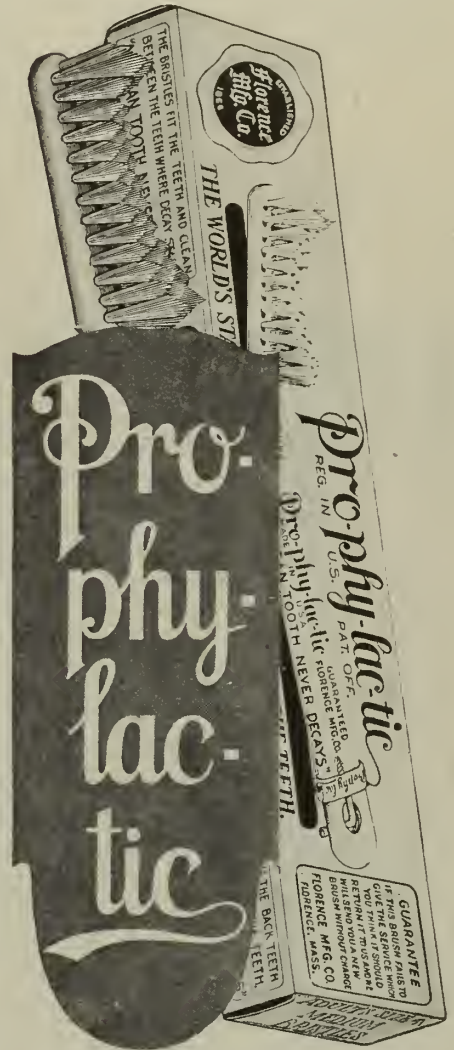
As we passed out of the club and down the street there was a steady barrage of "Hello, Tommy!" and in exchange, "Hello, Bill!"—"Hello, George!"—"How are you, Dave!"—and even to a stranger who saluted him as a screen friend there was the same natural ring to his "How are you!"

The success of Meighan is as substantial and enduring as the sentiment which he inspires. All the world loves a lover, but every human being individually desires, above all else, a real and loyal friend. And to thousands of people Meighan, the Regular, personifies the ideal of the great friend.

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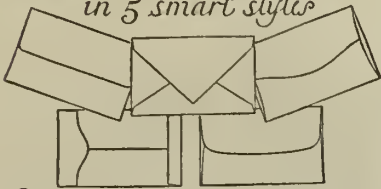
This question, asked in hundreds of letters to PHOTOPLAY, is answered in the August issue by the heads of the casting departments of some of the leading companies and by some of the most famous directors.

Monopoly in Pictures

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THE Federal Trade Commission has been taking testimony to determine whether the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is a trust and acting in restraint of trade. In their efforts to learn the intricacies of this very complex business, they called scores of witnesses and have delved into the whole motion picture business from the buying of stories to the leasing of theaters and the formation of regional organizations to sell films.

Whatever the outcome of this investigation it has been clearly demonstrated that the chief reason for the success of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has been that Mr. Adolph Zukor and Mr. Jesse Lasky were able to organize and direct production for their companies better than anyone else could—that their product from the beginning has been more consistent than that of any other large company. They have made some bad pictures, scores of them, but in a business in which the product can never be standardized, they have succeeded in convincing the people of the country and the exhibitors of the country that their product on the whole has been very well balanced.

The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has in some cases used forceful methods, originating generally in the keen mind of Adolph Zukor, who has been the dominant

figure in the organization. His competitor would have adopted the same measures had they been able to originate them and put them over as he did. When Famous Players started to get Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin and the other recognized stars of the motion picture world under contract, they were not without competition. But they are accused of designing a monopoly. They bought and leased theaters in so-called "key cities" to show and exploit their pictures, but so did everyone else who could afford it.

There has never been more intense competition in any American business than in the motion picture business. And if the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is the dominant one today, it is because of the brains of the men at the head of it. Looking back over the history of the railroad business, and the steel industry and the oil business, the progress and development of the motion picture industry has been in comparison a family affair.

The Trade Commission may find that it is necessary to break up a few regional organizations, which practically amount to a monopoly, and which control the distribution of nearly all the big pictures made. But in the last analysis the real monopolistic activity of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has been to corral the best available brains.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105]

M. M., CHICAGO, ILL.—"The stunning chap," who played Lieutenant Pinkerton in "Madame Butterfly"? Marshall Neilan. I like the color of the stationery you use. It is distinctive, I have seen none other of that shade. It isn't purple and it isn't pink, nor blue, but it holds a soft suggestion of all.

M. L. K., Buffalo, Wyoming.—This magazine does not publish "unfilmed photoplays," thank you.

E. M. C., DETROIT, MICH.—You want Wanda Lyon to bant. Tell her yourself, please. I want to live a little longer.

C. M. C., NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.—Write to the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation for a photograph of the late Wallace Reid.

A. B. TARENTUM, PENN.—You want to be assured "beyond peradventure of a doubt" whether Richard Barthelmess's offspring is a boy or girl. The name is Mary Hay Barthelmess. Draw your own conclusions.

A. C. S., ONCE OF HARTFORD, CONN.—Yes, Niles Welch was born in Hartford, Conn. The date of the important event was July 29th, 1888. He married Dell Boone. His weight is 160 pounds. Height 5 feet 11 inches. His coloring is blonde as to hair and complexion and blue as to eyes. Nice of you to paste the cute little snapshot of yourself on the side of your letter. I am wise beyond my years. At least wise enough never to venture a guess of a young woman's age. So excuse me. It requires no guessing to conclude that you have good features and a sense of humor. That ghost of a smile on the lips you are trying to make behave tells the story. You don't call that a "dose of sarcasm," do you, Sweet Alice?

KITTY, PHILADELPHIA.—You want us to know that Philadelphia is "still on the map and has as many fans and flappers" as any other city. No doubt. With true civic pride you seek further to enlighten us. You say "Valentino has created quite a stir among Philadelphians, as well as the dwellers in

every other place on the map," but they don't seem very anxious to let the fact be known. At all events one of them has a sense of humor. You must have. By your own testimony that you "laughed at the dictator till your sides ached."

E. S., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—To remain the same age for a long time is characteristic of some women and a few men. There is a good reason for this. A governor of New York said in an address to the National Federation of Women's Clubs "Club life has turned the calendar back fifteen years for women." Perhaps the young woman to whom you allude belongs to clubs. Or perhaps she is an up-to-date girl who knows what to eat, how much sleep and exercise to take, and remembers the adage that comes to us from England "Two hours out of doors and ten glasses of water every day will keep you well." Helen Jerome Eddy's address is care of Universal, Universal City, California.

JEAN WIN, NEW YORK CITY.—I am not at all sure that Sessue Hayakawa will be pleased to learn that "Sessue does not mean anything to you so you call him George." We are apt to feel a strong partiality for the names we have inherited or have made famous. But if your first remark leaves a sting your next will leave sweetness. Any actor would be flattered to know that his love making seems "magnificently, thrillingly real" and yet that it "is not carnal love but that kind of which most women dream and long for." Why not write him directly for a photograph and repeat your inquiry as to why he never kisses any of the women to whom he makes screen love? He might be more willing to tell you than he would me. Men when approached on such a subject by another man are apt to say "Quit kidding, Gotta match?" His pictures are "Five Days to Live," "The Swamp," "The Vermillion Pencil," "The First Born," "When Lights Are Low," "Black Roses," and "The Street of the Flying Dragon." Tsuru Oaki has been seen in "The Beckoning Flame," "Five Days to Live," "The Street of the Flying Dragon."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 125]

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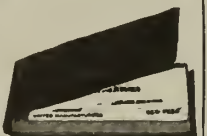
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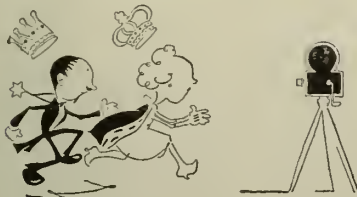
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Close-ups and Long Shots

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

The Menace of Aristocracy: Royalty and society are now vying with cabdrivers and cuspidor cleaners for places on the screen. Dukes, debutantes and ladies have thrown their crowns in the ring and bounded off for Hollywood. But so far, judging by the tests we've seen in news reels and elsewhere, the screen is not attracting the right element in society and nobility. Why doesn't someone sign up the Prince of Wales? He's smiled and smiled for the camera and all it's got him is crowsfeet. But the real royal discovery in my opinion is the Princess Mafalda of Italy, who appeared in a brief "bit" on the palace balcony after the wedding of her sister, Yolanda. It is reported that she will marry the heir to the throne of Belgium. But what girl would become Queen of Belgium if she had a chance of becoming Mary Pickford's successor? If thrones don't start paying as good salaries as Goldwyn, something drastic will have to be done to save Hollywood from the clutch of aristocracy.



The Sailor's Holiday: "Do you know what sailors do for a good time when they land in New York?" Dorothy Gish asked. "They rush as fast as they can to Central Park, hire a boat and row madly around the pond until time to go back to their ships."

The other day I saw a sailor admiring a picture of Dorothy outside the Strand theater, where "The Bright Shawl" was playing.

"Do you know what that girl does for a good time when she gets a holiday?" I asked him. "She doesn't do a thing but chase up and down Broadway going to the movies."

"Gawd!" roared the sailor, "ain't that the goldfish's galoshes?" Bursting with laughter he boarded a street car for Central Park.

Dedications: When Pearl White used to dance between acts of a cheap stock company shows she wore a red, white and blue costume, because, as she sagely observed, people won't throw things at the flag. Recently we have had two films which opened with patriotic appeals. "The Covered Wagon" was dedicated to Roosevelt, and "The Bright Shawl" to McKinley. "The Covered Wagon" was dedicated to Roosevelt not because he drove one but because he had been president and a sort of Bill Hart of his day. I've forgotten why "The Bright Shawl" was dedicated to McKinley, but probably it was because "The Covered Wagon" was dedicated to Roosevelt. Maybe McKinley smoked Havanas. The subtitle said he was a martyred president. But so was Lincoln. Why show partiality? And, besides, I never saw McKinley wearing a bright shawl whereas I've seen pictures of Lincoln with one. It's all very puzzling except for motive, which plainly is to arouse the yahoos to applause. Such was the technique of lurlesque shows twenty years ago, when no performance was complete without a fat lady in dirty pink tights, a flag wrapped firmly around her central region.

Gen's Day on the Screen: The female of the species may be deadlier than the male but she doesn't get the movie contracts—at least not this year. Universal announces a change of policy based on the theory that the male star is in greater demand than the female. The company has five men, Hoot Gibson, Herbert



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Rawlinson, William Desmond, Roy Stewart and Jack Hoxie as against one woman, Gladys Walton. Fox has an equally leafy menu, consisting of Bill Russell, Tom Mix, Dustin Farnum, John Gilbert and Charles Jones, with only Shirley Mason for dessert. Paramount's most recent acquisitions are Glenn Hunter, Antonio Moreno and Richard Dix. Rex Ingram has the chief agitator of the hour in Ramon Novarro. D. W. Griffith has made two male discoveries, Ivor Novello and Neil Hamilton, but no female. Reginald Denny is delivering a good wallop, and Malcolm McGregor is knocking 'em dead. Even the old-timers, such as Kerrigan, Bushman and Costello, are staging comebacks. Producers say it is impossible to find enough leading men in Hollywood. And salaries are shooting upward. Of the *creme de la creme* Pola Negri is the only feminine star who can smash records as violently as Chaplin, Lloyd and Fairbanks. It's a gloomy outlook, but while we have Pola and Mabel there's still a little sunshine in the world of us male shut-ins.

The Girl Producer

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

check she would, too. It would come by the end of the week. Meanwhile she would start work. She had to use that set!

Perhaps no one will ever learn just what that week meant to the young producer. Almost everything happened that could happen. People who had assured her that she couldn't, possibly, hope for success, began to take an unwelcome interest in the proceedings. It looked to Grace as if they might want to share in the profits of what looked like a pretty good picture. So she wasn't surprised when she heard various stories about herself: that she was a crook, that she was a "nut," that she ought to be put under observation. She encountered trouble in the person of the director—and fired him. Which made her Grace S. Haskins—author, producer, director. The check came; the picture progressed; came to a smooth finish. All that remained for her to do was to cut, edit, and title it!

Then she dashed east to talk over her next production with her releasing company. She intends to keep right on producing, not always filming her own stories, but always as the director. When you see that "G. S. Haskins Presents!" on the screen, you may visualize one hundred and twenty-five sprightly pounds of energy and ambition. A little girl who put up a valiant fight—and won. Incidentally, she didn't want anyone to know, at first, that the "G" stood for Grace instead of George. It's a fact, she says, that people are less likely to put confidence in a Grace than a George. But she couldn't hide her identity very long; and now she has earned a right to the Grace. You ask her, "And after all that hard work, that fight, would you do it all over again?" And she answers, "Why, of course. It was fun."

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

A NEWCOMER

to Photoplay's Service

Departments

will be found on page 11

Dull Hair

Noted actresses all abhor dull hair—they can't afford to have it. They have no more choice in the color of their hair than you have. Their hair is more beautiful, because their profession—their very environment—soon teaches them how to make the best of what nature has given them.

Practically every woman has reasonably good hair—satisfactory in quantity, texture and color. So-called dull hair is the result of improper care. Ordinary shampooing is not enough; just washing cannot sufficiently improve dull, drab hair. Only a shampoo that adds "that little something" dull hair lacks can really improve it.

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 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 that little something which distinguishes really pretty hair from that which is dull and ordinary.

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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"THE RUSTLE OF SILK"—PARAMOUNT—From the novel by Cosmo Hamilton. Adapted by Sada Cowan and Ouida Bergere. Director, Herbert Brenon. Photography by James Van Trees. The cast: *Lola de Breze*, Betty Compson; *Arthur Fallaroy*, Conway Tearle; *Blythe*, Frederick Esmelton; *Henry de Breze*, Charles Stevenson; *Lady Fco*, Anna Q. Nilsson; *Paul Chalfont*, Cyril Chadwick.

"PRODIGAL DAUGHTERS"—PARAMOUNT—From the novel by Joseph Hocking. Scenario by Monte M. Katterjohn. Director, Sam Wood. Photography by Alfred Gilks. The cast: *"Swiftie"*, Forbes, Gloria Swanson; *Roger Corbin*, Ralph Graves; *Marjory Forbes*, Vera Reynolds; *J. D. Forbes*, Theodore Roberts; *Mrs. Forbes*, Louise Dresser; *Stanley Garside*, Charles Clary; *Lester Hodges*, Robert Agnew; *Connie*, Maude Wayne; *Juda Botanya*, Jiquel Lance; *Dr. Marco Strong*, Eric Mayne.

"THE NE'ER-DO-WELL"—PARAMOUNT—From the novel of the same name by Rex Beach. Adapted by Louis Stevens. Director, Alfred E. Green. Photography by Ernest Haller. The cast: *Kirk Anthony*, Thomas Meighan; *Chiquita*, Lila Lee; *Edith Cortlandt*, Gertrude Astor; *Stephen Cortlandt*, John Miltern; *Andres Garavel*, Gus Weinberg; *Ramon Alvarez*, Sid Smith; *Clifford*, George O'Brien; *Allen Allan*, Jules Cowles; *Runnels*, Laurance Wheat.

"YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE"—PARAMOUNT—Story and scenario by Waldemar Young. Director, George Melford. Photography by Bert Glennon. The cast: *Edith McBride*, Leatrice Joy; *Ardrita Saneck*, Nita Naldi; *Garth McBride*, Lewis Stone; *Vera Redell*, Pauline Garon; *Dr. Konrad Saneck*, Paul McAllister; *Jackson Redell*, John Daly Murphy; *Lillian Redell*, Julia Swayne Gordon; *Russell Fenton*, Tom Carrigan; *John Yates*, Dan Pennell.

"THE GO-GETTER"—PARAMOUNT-COSMOPOLITAN—Story by Peter B. Kyne. Scenario by John Lynch. Director, E. H. Griffith. Photography by Harold Wenstrom. The cast: *Bill Peck*, T. Roy Barnes; *Mary Skinner*, Seena Owen; *Cappy Richs*, William Norris; *Charles Skinner*, Tom Lewis; *Jack Morgan*, Fred Santley; *Samuel Silver*, Louis Wolheim; *Joe Ryan*, John Carr; *Felix Heinz*, Ed. Rosoman; *Bridget McPhee*, Dorothy Walters; *Tillie Waite*, Dorothy Allen; *Hugh McNair*, Frank Currier.

"THE NTH COMMANDMENT"—PARAMOUNT-COSMOPOLITAN—By Fannie Hurst. Scenario by Frances Marion. Director, Frank Borzage. Photography by Chester Lyons. The cast: *Sarah Juke*, Colleen Moore; *Harry Smith*, James Morrison; *Jimmie Fitzgibbons*, Eddie Phillips; *Angine Sprunt*, Charlotte Merriam; *Max Plute*, George Cooper.

"THE GIRL I LOVED"—UNITED ARTISTS CORP.—From the poem of the same name by James Whitcomb Riley. Adapted by Albert Ray. Director, Joseph De Grasse. Photography by George Rizard. The cast: *John Middleton*, Charles Ray; *Mary*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Willie Brown*, Ramsey Wallace; *Mother Middleton*, Edyth Chapman; *Neighbor Silas Gregg*, William Courtwright; *Betty Short*, Charlotte Woods; *Neighbor Perkins*, Gus Leonard; *Hired Man*, F. B. Phillips; *Minister (Circuit Rider)*, Lon Poff; *Hiram Lang*, Jess Herring; *Ruth Lang*, Ruth Bolgiano; *The Judge*, Edward Moncrief; *The Organist*, George Marion; *A Spinster*, Billie Latimer.

"WITHIN THE LAW"—FIRST NATIONAL—Adapted by Frances Marion. From the stage play by Bayard Veiller. Personally directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: *Mary Turner*, Norma Talmadge; *Joe Garson*, Lew Cody; *Dick Gilder*, Jack Mulhall; *Aggie Lynch*, Eileen Percy; *Edward Gilder*, Joseph Kilgour; *Demarest*, Arthur S. Hull; *Helen Morris*, Helen Ferguson; *Cassidy*, Lincoln Plummer; *General Hastings*, Thomas Ricketts; *English Eddie*, Ward Crane; *Gilder's Secretary*, Catherine Murphy; *Burke*, Dewitte Jennings.

"THE BRIGHT SHAWL"—FIRST NATIONAL - INSPIRATION—By Joseph Hergesheimer. Scenario by Edmund Goulding. Director, John S. Robertson. The cast: *Charles Abbott*, an American, Richard Barthelmess; *Andres Escobar*, a young Cuban patriot, Andre de Beranger; *Domingo Escobar*, his father, also a patriot, E. G. Robinson; *Carmencita Escobar*, his wife, *Andres' mother*, Margaret Seddon; *Narcisca Escobar*, their daughter, *Andres' sister*, Mary Astor; *Vincente Escobar*, *Andres' elder brother*, Luis Alberni; *Cesar Y Santacilla*, a Spanish Captain, Anders Randolph; *Caspar De Vaca*, also a Spanish Captain, William Powell; *La Clavel*, an Andalusian dancer, Dorothy Gish; *La Pilar*, a spy, Jetta Goudal; *Jaime Quintara*, a friend of the Escobars, George Humbert.

"THE AFFAIRS OF LADY HAMILTON"—W. W. HODKINSON—Produced by Richard Oswald. From "Life and Loves of Lady Hamilton" and "Lord Nelson's Last Love." The cast: *Lady Hamilton*, Liane Haid; *Horatio Nelson*, Conrad Veidt; *Sir William Hamilton*, Werner Kraus; *Queen Maria Carolina*, Else Heims; *King Ferdinand of Naples*, Reinhold Schunzel; *Arabella Kelly*, Gertrude Welcker; *George Romney*, Theodor Loos; *Charles Francis Greville*, Anton Pointner; *Josiah Nesbit*, Hanac Heinz v. Twardowski; *Jane Halling*, Kate Waldeck; *Dr. Graham*, Hugo Doblin; *Captain Hart (Tug)*, Friedrich Kuhne; *Capt. Sir John Willet Payne*, Heinrich George; *Tom Kid*, Louis Ralph.

"TEMPTATION"—C. B. C. FILM SALES CORP.—Story by Lenore Coffee. Director, Ed. J. Le Saint. The cast: *Jack Baldwin*, Bryant Washburn; *Marjorie*, his wife, Eva Novak; *Mrs. Martin*, a widow, June Elvidge; *Frederick Arnold*, a broker, Phillips Smalley; *John Hope*, his friend, Vernon Steele.

"WEST BOUND LIMITED"—FILM BOOKING OFFICES—An Emory Johnson Production. Story and Scenario by Mrs. Emilie Johnson. Photography by Ross Fisher. The cast: *Bill Buckley*, Ralph Lewis; *Mrs. Buckley*, Claire McDowell; *Esther Miller*, Ella Hall; *Johnny Buckley*, Johnny Harron; *Henry*, Taylor Graves; *Raymond McKim*, Wedgewood Nowell; *Jack Smith*, David Kirby; *Bernard Miller*, Richard Morris; *Mrs. Miller*, Jane Morgan.

"THE REMITTANCE WOMAN"—FILM BOOKING OFFICES—From the story by Achmed Abdullah. Scenario by Carol Warren. Director, Wesley Ruggles. Photography by Joseph Du Bray. The cast: *Marie Campbell*, Ethel Clayton; *George Holl*, Rockcliffe Fellows; *Moses D'Acosta*, Mario Carillo; *Tsang Tse*, Frank Lanning; *Higginson*, Tom Wilson; *Liu Po-Yat*, Etta Lee; *Chuen-To-Yat*, James B. Leong; *Anthony Campbell*, Edward Kimball; *Sun-Yu-Wen*, Toyo Fugita.

"HER FATAL MILLIONS"—METRO—Story by William Dudley Pelley. Adapted by Arthur Statter. Director, William Beau-



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dine. Photography by John Arnold. The cast: *Mary Bishop, Viola Dana; Fred Garrison, Huntly Gordon; Lew Carmody, Allan Forrest; Louise Carmody, Peggy Brown; Amos Bishop, Edward Connelly; Mary Applewin, Kate Price; Landlady, Joy Winthrop.*

"AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE"—METRO—Produced by Harry Garson. From James Whitcomb Riley's poem. Screen adaptation by Louis Duryea Lighton; Photography by L. William Collins. The cast: *John Craig, as a boy, Pat Moore; John Craig, as a man, Elliott Dexter; Mary Ellen Anderson, as a girl, Mary Jane Irving; Mary Ellen Anderson, grown up, Helen Jerome Eddy; Stuffy Shade, as a boy, Turner Savage; Stuffy Shade, grown up, Lloyd Whitlock; Irene Ryan, Stuffy's cousin, Barbara Worth; Frederick McCann, Arthur Hoyt; William Norton, Jean Cameron.*

"TRAILING AFRICAN WILD ANIMALS"—METRO—Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson's picture.

"SOUL OF THE BEAST"—METRO—By C. Gardner Sullivan. Directed by John Griffith Wray. Under the personal supervision of Thomas H. Ince. The cast: *Ruth Lorrimore, Madge Bellamy; Paul Nadeau, Cullen Landis; Caesare, Noah Beery; Jacqueline, Volva Vale; Pere Boussut, Harry Rattenbury; Mrs. Boussut, Carrie Clark Ward; Silas Hamm, Bert Sproutte; Henri, Lincoln Stedman; Policeman, Larrie Steers; "Oscar," the elephant, By Himself; The Boob, Vernon Dent.*

"A NOISE IN NEWBRO"—METRO—From the story by Edgar Franklin. Adapted by Rex Taylor. Director, Harry Beaumont. Photography by John Arnold. The cast: *Martha Mason, Viola Dana; Ben Colwell, David Butler; Anne Paisley, Eva Novak; Buddy Wayne, Allan Forrest; Leila Wayne, Betty Francisco; Eben Paisley, Alfred Allen; Harry Dixon, Malcolm McGregor; Dorothy Mason, Joan Standing; "Dad" Mason, Bert Woodruff.*

"CORDELIA THE MAGNIFICENT"—METRO—From the novel by Leroy Scott. Adapted by Frank S. Beresford. Director, George Archainbaud. Photography by Charles Richardson. The cast: *Cordelia Marlowe, Clara Kimball Young; D. K. Franklin, Huntly Gordon; Esther Norworth, Carol Halloway; Jerry Plimpton, Lloyd Whitlock; Gladys Northworth, Jacqueline Gadsdon; James Mitchell Grayson, Lewis Dayton; Francois, Mary Jane Irving; "Jackie" Thorndyke, Katherine Murphy; Mrs. Marlowe, Elinor Hancock.*

"THE GIRL WHO CAME BACK"—PREFERRED—A Tom Forman Production. By Charles E. Blaney and Samuel Ruskin Golding. Adapted by Evelyn Campbell. Photography by Harry Perry. The cast: *Sheila, Miriam Cooper; Ray Underhill, Gaston Glass; Norries, Kenneth Harlan; Convict 565, Joseph Dowling; Valdays, Fred Malatesta; Belle Bryant, Ethel Shannon; Anastasia Muldoon, Za Su Pitts.*

"VENGEANCE OF THE DEEP"—AMERICAN RELEASING CORP.—Story by A. B. Barringer. Scenario by J. L. Lamothe and Agnes Parsons. Director, A. B. Barringer. Photography by Paul Ivan, William McGann and Homer Scott. The cast: *Captain Musgrove, Ralph Lewis; Ethel Musgrove, Virginia Brown Faire; Jean, Van Mattimore; Frederico, Harmon McGregor; Tagu, William Anderson; Native Chief, "Smoke" Turner; Kiliki, Maida Vale.*

"BAVU"—UNIVERSAL—From the stage play of the same name by Earl Carroll. Scenario by Raymond L. Schrock and Albert G. Kenyon. Director, Stuart Paton. Photography by Allen Davey. The cast: *Felix Bavu, Wallace Beery; Princess Annia, Estelle Taylor; Mischa Vleck, Forrest Stanley; Olga*

Stropik, Sylvia Breamer; Prince Markoff, Josef Swickard; Kuraff, Nick De Ruiz; Piplette, Martha Mattox; Shadow, Harry Carter; Michael Reeno, Jack Rollens.

"FOOLS AND RICHES"—UNIVERSAL—By Frederick Jackson. Scenario by Charles Kenyon and George C. Hull. Director, Herbert Blache. The cast: *Jimmy Dorgan, Herbert Rawlinson; Nellie Blye, Katherine Perry; John Dorgan, Tully Marshall; Bernice Lorraine, Doris Pawn; Dick McCann, Arthur S. Hull; Frasconi, Nickolai De Ruiz*

"WHAT WIVES WANT"—UNIVERSAL—By Edward T. Lowe, Jr. and Perry N. Vekroff. Scenario by Edward T. Lowe, Jr. Director, Jack Conway. The cast: *Claire Howard, Ethel Grey Terry; Austin Howard, Vernon Steele; John Reeves, Ramsey Wallace; David Loring, Niles Welch; Alice Loring, Margaret Landis; Mrs. Van Dusen, Lila Leslie; Newhart, Harry A. Burrows.*

"TRIFLING WITH HONOR"—UNIVERSAL—By William Slavin McNutt. Scenario by Frank Beresford and Raymon L. Schrock. Director, Harry Pollard. The cast: *Gas-Pipe Kid—Bat Shugrue, Rockliffe Fellows; Ida Hunt, Fritzi Ridgeway; Jimmy Hunt, Buddy Messinger; Kelsey Lewis, Hayden Stevenson; Judge Drury, Emmett King; Warden, William Welsh; Lute Clutz, Frederick Stanton; The Kid's Father, William Robert Daly; Murray Jessop, Jim Farley; Dud Adams, Sydney De Grey; Jimmy, at eight years, John Hatton.*

"THE ABYSMAL BRUTE"—UNIVERSAL—By Jack London. Scenario by A. P. Younger. Directed by Hobart Henley. Photography by Charles Stumar. The cast: *Pat Glendon, Jr., Reginald Denny; Marion Sangster, Mabel Julienne Scott; Pat. Glendon, Sr., Charles French; Sam Stubener, Hayden Stevenson; Mortimer Sangster, David Torrence; Wilfred Sangster, George Stewart; Buddy Sangster, Buddy Messinger; Deane Warner, Crauford Kent; Gwendolyn, Irene Haisman; Mrs. MacTavish, Dorothea Wolbert; Violet MacTavish, Julia Brown; Daisy Emerson, Nell Craig; Farrell, Will R. Walling; Tommy Moran, Tom McGuire; Abe Levinsky, Harry Mann.*

"DEAD GAME"—UNIVERSAL—Story, scenario and direction by Edward Sedgwick. Photography by Charles Kaufman. The cast: *"Katy" Didd, Edward (Hoot) Gibson; Tellow, Robert McKim; Jenks, Harry Carter; Alice, Laura La Plante.*

"CROSSED WIRES"—UNIVERSAL—Story by King Baggott. Scenario by Hugh Hoffman. Director, King Baggott. Photography by Ben Kline. The cast: *Marcel Murphy, Gladys Walton; Ralph Benson, George Stewart; Bellany Benson, Tom S. Guise; Mrs. Benson, Lillian Langdon; Pat Murphy, William Robert Daly; Nora Murphy, Kate Price; Tim Flanagan, Eddie Gribbon; Madalyn Van Ronston Kent, Marie Crisp; Annie, Eloise Nesbit.*

"LOVEBOUND"—FOX—Story by George Scarborough. Director, Henry Otto. The cast: *Bess Belwyn, Shirley Mason; John Mobley, Albert Roscoe; Paul Meredith, Richard Tucker; David Belwyn, Joseph Girard; Stephen Barker, Edward Martindale; Detective Hahn, Fred Kelsey*

"THE MADNESS OF YOUTH"—FOX—Story by George F. Worts. Scenario by Joseph Franklin Poland. Director, Jerome Storm. The cast: *Jaca Javale, John Gilbert; Nanette Banning, Billie Dove; Peter Reynolds, Donald Hatswell; Ted Banning, George K. Arthur; Theodore P. Banning, Wilton Taylor; Mme. Jeanne Banning, Ruth Boyd; Mason (Butler), Luke Lucas; Louise, Dorothy Manners.*

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 125]

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

grist of the Biograph mill.

Mary was soon an established member of the Biograph family. They gathered at lunch about a rough table in the basement of the old mansion at 11 East Fourteenth street to eat sandwiches rustled from an adjacent saloon lunch counter by Bobby Harron, custodian of properties, general utility person and errand-boy-at-large.

A considerable part of the art of the motion picture was evolved in the lunch table discussion between the actors, cameramen and Griffith, the experimenting director. The talk was pictures, pictures, everlastingly pictures. Everything was new then and many, many things had yet to be tried. There were debates about close-ups and cut backs and all of those bits of camera technique that had been evolved by the pioneers and that Griffith was now making a part of the art of telling a dramatic story on the screen.

Griffith's pictures were conspicuous for the way in which he brought the action up close to the camera, frequently cutting off the actor's feet at the bottom of the pictures. This was considered by many of his critics as a terrible piece of barbarity. No doubt some of the more conservative producers felt that it was waste of good money to hire an actor and then not photograph all of him in the picture.

The very simplest elements of motion picture story telling and the evolution of the use of the camera as an instrument of expression rather than of mere record all had to be tediously established. And some of the old fetishes of early day motion picture superstition still survive. As late as 1922 one of the leading English producers informed the writer that he held it a serious mistake to have any character appear on the screen without entering the scene full length, feet and all.

IN these early experimental days Mack Sennett was an untiring student of picture technique, following every step that Griffith took. When no better provocation offered he carried the camera to be among those present.

When the supply of scenarios to his liking failed Griffith often called for suggestions from the company.

"Fifteen dollars for the best split reel comedy idea!" was a welcome announcement.

With pencils and paper, twisting their tongues and scratching their heads like school-boys laboring over a slate, the Biograph actors could be found in all corners of the studio trying to erupt with screen ideas.

Just one thing was inevitable in these sessions—Mack Sennett would come forward with a policeman scenario. It is not on record that Sennett ever sold one to Griffith, but he persisted with a patience that made Sennett's policeman comedy scenario the best standing joke of the studio.

"Laugh at my comedy if you want to, but I'm going to make the policemen famous," Sennett insisted.

And all who remember the Keystone cops that eventually came forth under Sennett's direction some years later will admit that Mack made good his threat. It would seem probable that the extreme violence of Sennett's Keystone cop comedy resulted from his early repressions and discouragements at Biograph.

But Mary Pickford was a rather more successful contributor of scenarios. She was the author of a surprising number of the early Griffith Biograph pictures. Among Mary's scenarios were several which will perhaps linger in the memory of some of the old followers of the screen, including "The Awakening," featuring Arthur Johnson, "Getting Even," with James Kirkwood, "Caught in the Act," "Lena and the Geese," "The Alien," "Granny," in which Lottie Pickford played, "Fate's Decree" and "The Girl of Yesterday."




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Doubtless the rich eventfulness of Mary Pickford's experience in road show melodrama gave her a fund of that special sort of material which Griffith desired.

In this wonderful school of the motion picture Mary grew up with the art of picture making itself, learning it as fast as it evolved, and herself contributing to its evolution.

The world prefers to think of Miss Pickford as the pretty little girl with the curl, pursuing a dramatic pictorial destiny through a pollyanna world of just-so arrangements. But in point of truth she is as diligent a student of her business as any office-prisoned executive, dour with the weight of his responsibilities.

No doubt the world prefers to believe that Mary Pickford's success has been a resultant of luck, curls and cunning sweet girl ways. But half a hundred girls with more beauty, just as much luck and equally cunning ways, have striven in vain for a share in Mary's niche of fame. There must be something to credit to that famous old formula of some brains and a lot of hard work.

THE coming of Mary Pickford with the halo of "a Belasco actor" about her, and James Kirkwood and Henry Walthall, as players of note in "the legitimate," gave Biograph's stock company a sensation of a new dignity for the art of the motion picture. It began to be felt about the studio that the day would come before long when they might admit to their efforts that they were working for the screen.

This same season of '09 added other names of subsequent renown to the growing roster of picture players. Over at the busy Vitagraph plant in Flatbush a photographer suggested to J. Stuart Blackton that he knew "the prettiest girl in New York."

"She is posing for style pictures for the Butterick people. They use them in The Delineator," the photographer confided.

"Bring her over."
And that was Mabel Normand's introduction to the motion picture stage. She was not an exciting success at Vitagraph, however, and before long came back to Manhattan to join the Biograph stock company and make the acquaintance of Mack Sennett, the young man who wanted to make comedies with policemen in them.

An almost identical agency brought Alice Joyce, also a photographers' model, employed by Davis and Sanford, to the service of Kalem. Kalem was making "westerns" in the authentic badlands of New Jersey at Coytsville.

"Can you ride? It would be worth ten dollars a day if you could," the director suggested.

"I couldn't do it if mother didn't need the money," Miss Joyce responded. She was a practical sort. She began her working life at thirteen as a telephone operator.

Obscurely and with no vision of the brilliant future ahead, Norma Talmadge, a high school girl, attracted by the gossip of the "movies" went to the "yard" at the Vitagraph plant in Flatbush and was chosen from out of the throng for an extra bit in some unknown picture.

One of her earliest appearances was a trifling comedy drama of one reel entitled "The Household Pest" and built around the then less hackneyed humor of a camera fiend. Throughout the entire picture Norma's face did not appear. She was always to be discovered on the scene with her head under a focusing cloth.

Maurice Costello, now the dean and veteran of the Vitagraph stock company, pleaded Norma's cause the day it was decided she would never be an actress.

Perhaps because he wanted to humor "Cos," or maybe because he felt the force of argument, Van Dyke Brooke, the director, cast her for a part opposite Costello in "The First Violin," an ambitious two reel subject, one of the few that were made in that period.

Not long thereafter Norma Talmadge appeared with marked success in Vitagraph's "Tale of Two Cities," riding the tumbril to the guillotine with Maurice Costello in the rôle of

Sidney Carton, under the direction of J. Stuart Blackton. This picture because of its forceful character is most often but erroneously recalled as Miss Talmadge's first screen appearance. Stars and their directors often tend to forget their more obscure and minor beginnings.

With the success of this picture Miss Talmadge's period of probation came to an end. Costello was vindicated and it was admitted that after all she was an actress.

Over in Philadelphia the Lubin studio acquired Harry Myers and Rosemary Theby, as additions to the roster of stars-to-be.

Down in Florida the Kalem company, moving south to escape the New York winter, pioneered the motion picture history of Jacksonville, which continued for some years to overshadow Los Angeles as the studio capital. Kalem was still running strongly to outdoor action dramas, inspired by the low cost and high profits of the Coytsville wild west subjects.

In the making of one of these pictures Sid Olcott encountered John P. McGowan, an adventuring person of parts who had seen service as a dispatch rider in the Boer-British war. McGowan became a picture actor because he could shoot a rabbit on the run from the back of a galloping horse—a highly essential piece of business in the making of Kalem's "Seth's Temptation."

And, while Kalem was experimenting with the sunshine of Florida, J. Searle Dawley of the Edison company, enthused with the eloquences of J. Parker Reed, a free lance who had offered countless scenarios with a West Indian setting, took a company to Cuba, seeking winter sunshine.

The motion picture world was widening its horizons. It had outgrown the little rooftop studios of Manhattan, and now was fairly started toward making in reality "all the world a stage." As a measure of progress we can look back from this the first year of Mary Pickford to that distant beginning in 1894 when Annabelle and Carmencita danced for the peep show kineoscope at Edison's tarpaper studio, the old Black Maria.

IT was just fifteen years from the beginning and Carmencita to Mary Pickford. It is just fourteen years now from Mary Pickford's beginning to today, 1923. In the first fifteen years the motion picture grew from a fifty-foot novelty of pictures that moved to a one thousand foot story in motion pictures. In the fourteen years that have followed the one reel story has grown to a full evening's entertainment of perhaps eight thousand feet and relatively a vast deal of perfection in the telling. There is a thought for the impatient critics of the screen.

The era marked in the public and lay mind by the coming of Mary Pickford and the first faint twinklings of star dust in the motion picture sky also included an equally romantic but much more complicated business development. Here as in every successive forward step of the screen we find the art of the motion picture and the business of the motion picture proceeding in parallel and often entangling steps.

It was in part the sustaining force of a better product from the studios with the coming of Griffith that enabled Kennedy and Marvin to force their peace upon Edison and cause the formation of the Motion Picture Patents Company, and in turn it was the better condition of the business under the peace of the Patents Company that enabled Griffith to spend Biograph money for his experimental efforts toward the betterment of the art.

But after all the peace that ended the patents war on December 18, 1908, was a brief one.

There were many mutterings and rumblings in the motion picture trade about the secret sessions and negotiations which we have seen in the approach to the patents combine. It seems to be true in all history that the spark that kindles the lamp of authority always also fires the fagots of rebellion.

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On January 9, 1909, the Motion Picture Patents Company issued to the motion picture trade a circular letter of announcement, in which it set forth the fact that it controlled and owned all of the patents under which motion pictures could be made and sold and shown, and proposed forthwith to issue licenses to the various agencies of the trade, the film exchanges and the theaters.

This announcement set rather modest fees on licenses for projection machines, at the rate of two dollars a week per machine, and relatively small sums for the exchanges. Thereafter all film was to be leased, not sold, and to be returned to the makers after a given period. It was announced that all existing exchanges except a few flagrant "dupers," pirates, and violators of trade law, would be licensed, that all theaters then in operation would be licensed, and that thereafter the Patents Company would control the business for its own good and refuse licenses where further competition in any location was deemed destructive.

The announcement confirmed the rumbling rumors of the "trust."
A roar arose from New York bay to the Golden Gate.

The motion picture, then as now, contained a large number of persons constitutionally opposed to discipline. It was a popular notion that all "trusts" were evil, and that this motion picture trust was more especially evil.

The fact that the best interests of the motion picture and the public cried to high heaven for some such hand of discipline did not appeal to the protestors. They could see nothing but the selfishness of the "trust." They could see none of the purposes of common decency in the men who had organized the motion picture business to save it.

But those who cried out against the trust were not pleading the righteous cause of a new art, they were screaming for the privilege of making money in free competition with the men who brought the motion picture into being.

Perhaps it takes a certain amount of fool-hardy courage for a writer to reverse the United States Supreme Court, but it is in the opinion of the writer rather obvious that the motion picture properly belonged to Edison, Latham, the Biograph group, Armat and such persons or concerns as they desired to license. If this is denied there are no property rights in patents, and the inventor is the servant of an industrial communism.

And to those critics of this opinion who may suspect the personal affiliations of the writer it may be stated that he was employed by and aligned with the independents who fought "the trust," through a number of years.

It is to be admitted that the competition of trust and independents doubtless itself did much to advance the cause of the motion picture ultimately, but that merely indicates the general futility of law.

FROM the opening weeks of 1909 the conflicts of the Motion Picture Patents Company and the resultant "independents" began to make film history. We must trace for a way the story of some of these men and concerns which were soon to become the leaders in the war against the Patents Company—and at the same time the chieftains in a whole series of little but bloody civil wars among themselves. It was out of these wars that the star system evolved, and because of commercial rivalry and expedients of film selling that the names of Pickford, Griffith, Ince, Sennett and many another were to get before the public on the screen

It must be realized that when the spring of 1909 arrived screen credits, or the advertising of players, scenario writers and directors had not yet been even so much as considered. Amazing as it may seem to the motion picture patrons of today, the personalities of the screen were absolutely nameless to their followers then. *The motion picture had not discovered publicity.*

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It will be recalled from the last chapter how the anti-racetrack gambling legislation of 1908 so discouraged Adam Kessel, a book maker at Sheepshead Bay, that he went out to collect an old debt and took over an embryo film exchange in payment. This obscure and seemingly irrelevant fact had a vast deal to do with the subsequent affairs of the screen and the history of stars.

Early in his exchange operations Kessel became a member of the Film Service Association, an organization of exchangemen formed for the purpose of eliminating destructive competitive practices, price cutting and the like. But the price cutting did not end. Some way and somehow Kessel found his best accounts with theaters were constantly being undermined. Investigation developed that the highly ethical exchanges of the Association were operating secret and ostensibly unconnected "sub-exchanges" which carried on the very nefarious practices that they had formed the association to prevent.

"If that's the game I'll play it," Kessel decided. And this brought in yet another name of note in screen history.

Kessel went out to look up his erstwhile friend and sheet-writer of the bookmaking days, Charles Bauman. He found Bauman operating a racing tip service and doing well selling "best bets" and "selections for today" to the racing fans.

"Say, Charlie, this is the bunk—these moving pictures are the new graft, come on in."

Bauman looked his old friend in the eye skeptically and shook his head. "Addy" Kessel was all right but slightly off his base in Bauman's opinion.

But, despite Bauman's protest, Kessel proceeded to move a box of films into a side room off Bauman's racing tip establishment.

"There, you're in the film business, now—I'll send over a man to do the work." And with that Kessel left. Now he had a sub-exchange and a partner, Charles Bauman.

THE sub-exchange did a remarkable business, and very shortly Bauman and Kessel were dividing profits close to a thousand dollars a week. The racing tip service shut down. The new game was better.

Then came war in the Film Service Association. The vigorous sales efforts of that hidden sub-exchange of Bauman and Kessel was doing too well. Private detectives employed by the Film Service Association found Charlie Kessel, a brother of Adam's, driving a delivery wagon laden with the sub-exchange's price cutting films.

Kessel's Empire Film Exchange was immediately cut off from its supply of film from the manufacturers of the licensed group, which for the moment meant practically all of the makers of film in the United States.

Ruin looked the Bauman and Kessel film business right in the face. They looked it right back again. If they could not buy pictures, then they would make them. It was a simple answer to a simple condition. The fact that they knew nothing at all of the making of motion pictures did not make them pause more than a minute.

Over in Brooklyn they found Fred Balshofer in possession of a motion picture camera and not much to do. They signed him at once as their technical expert with a twenty-five per cent interest in their profits.

On the side streets of Brooklyn and no studio facilities whatever they made a picture, building the story as they went along. The

principal members of the cast were Charles Bauman and Adam Kessel, in their first motion picture appearance. When the picture was done they decided it was not as bad as they had expected. They called it "Disinherited Son's Loyalty."

It was eight hundred feet in length and cost them a total of \$200. It went into their film service and appeared to be acceptable to the theaters.

This was encouraging. With the same cast and the addition of a wolfskin rug borrowed at a taxidermist's shop they made a second and more sensational drama entitled "Davy Crocket in Hearts United." Adam Kessel as Davy Crocket shot the wolfskin rug with great effect at the climax. This picture is solemnly called to the attention of the reader as marking the beginning of wild animals in the screen drama.

If prints of these two first Bauman and Kessel releases are in existence they deserve a place in the museum of the motion picture—if there ever is one.

With two such sterling box office successes to their credit Bauman and Kessel decided it was time to organize a corporation—which has come to be a favorite habit in the motion picture industry.

AT Mouquin's restaurant in Seventh Avenue, Kessel, Bauman, Balshofer and Louis Burston, an attorney, gathered about a table at dinner and came to an agreement on the formation of the company.

All was settled. Nothing was left to decide but the name.

Just at this juncture Kessel got outfumbled with the dinner check and found that he was the host of the function.

In the change tray the waiter brought a new ten dollar bill bearing the figure of the charging bison.

"That's a good trademark—anything that Uncle Sam will put on his money is good enough for us," Kessel decided.

So the new concern was christened "Bison Life Motion Pictures" and duly incorporated.

Now with a company and a camera all they needed was a dramatic expert. Adam Kessel found Charles Ainsley, an extra man working at Biograph for five dollars a day, was willing to transfer his allegiance for ten dollars a day. Ainsley became the master producer of "Bison Life Motion Pictures."

Then Bison pictures went to Coytsville and made "A True Indian's Heart," taking on as their first actor Charles French, a player in stock on the stage.

While it was the original plan of Kessel and Bauman to make the pictures only for their own exchanges, it occurred to them that others might be in the same plight. So the three subjects were offered for sale at a hundred dollars a print.

They all sold. Even the first subject, "Disinherited Son's Loyalty," sold a total of seventeen prints—a gross income of \$1,700 from a production that cost \$200.

"Never mind the expense," the plungers announced to Ainsley. "Let 'er go. We will stand up to \$350 a picture if you have to spend that much to make them good."

The movement out of which stars were born had begun.

In the next chapter we will visit the battle-fields of the screen where the great names of the motion picture of today emerged from obscurity. [TO BE CONTINUED]

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Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Get your share of the prize money in Photoplay's great \$5,000 contest

Rules for entrants will be found on page 59 of this issue. Anyone who goes to the movies has a chance to win

How Lloyd Made "Safety Last"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

Not one foot of the picture was shot with a trick camera of any sort. It was shot entirely with a regulation motion picture camera, the same kind they use for pictures like "Bella Donna," though it doesn't seem possible.

If you watch closely you will see that Harold's face is right in the camera in almost every scene. So common sense proves the utter falsity of the theory that a double was used to any extent. As a matter of fact, a double was used twice—once when he swung clear of the building by a rope. A circus acrobat did that.

There was never a time when Harold wasn't working at least one and sometimes four stories above anything solid. And while he doesn't like to have it mentioned, there was hardly a moment when a slip or a fumble wouldn't have given him a mighty tough fall.

Here's how they did it.

First, they selected a building on North Spring Street in Los Angeles. It is a brick building, twelve stories high, and constructed in such a way that it has easy footholds on which to climb.

The entire climb of that twelve-story building was made—during the sequence. And in part of it, the long shots, Harold used a double.

Then they found three other buildings, of differing heights, all shorter than the main building. On the tops of these, they built sets exactly producing and paralleling the real building. Thus, the set where Harold was working corresponded exactly in height and position to the story where he was supposed to be on the real building.

But these sets were built several feet in from the edge of the roof, thus making it possible for him to work only two or three or four stories above the roof, instead of six, eight or twelve stories above the street.

They were built in just far enough so that the fall could be broken and so that a platform could be erected for the camera. Yet they were close enough to the edge so that by shooting with the camera at a proper angle the drop to the street looked absolutely straight down.

I HAVE been up on one of those sets with Harold and it gave me the willies. You can look straight down to the pavement below and that little ledge of roof didn't mean a thing in my life. Not a thing.

A big insurance company sent a man down to watch Harold work one day and then refused him life insurance.

As a matter of fact, there is only one secret, or trick, about the whole picture.

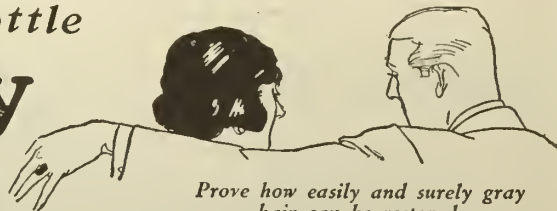
Harold and his cameraman have worked out certain angles for the camera that give the desired effect of height and of sheer drop. These cannot be explained on paper and besides Harold refuses to part with the exact details. They are, however, technical and entirely legitimate. Simply the angle at which the camera is placed from the scene.

A replica of the bottom of the building was also erected on the studio lot, to avoid working in crowded streets.

The most interesting part of the answer to that question about how does he do it, is that it's so simple. All theatrical effects are illusions, all we desire is the perfect illusion. And this sequence gives an illusion that is complete and perfect and satisfying.

"There's just one thing I'd like to tell them," said Harold. "I went to a fortune teller down at the beach just after I finished making the picture. She felt the calluses on my hands and said I earned my living by hard manual labor. I'll say I did. At first, I was just scared to death. But after I'd worked up there a few days, I got just as goofy as anybody. And I'll add this—no more thrill air pictures. My wife won't let me."

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The Studio Secret

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

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she's trying to make Margot jealous." "Yes." Joy's cheeks flamed. "I mean just that. It may be tremendously conceited for me to say so, but I—well—I can't help feeling it. And I wish you'd tell me why."

"All right, I will." Romain's careless laugh held no mirth. "A year or more ago, before I had met Margot, Helen Kramer and I were thrown together a good deal. She was doing the continuity of a picture I was in. I found her very attractive—very. I still find her so. But—I'm Steve Kramer's friend, first, last and always, and when I discovered I was, more or less unintentionally, carrying on a flirtation with his wife, I—well—I stopped it. That's the whole story. I suppose it hurt her vanity. Of course all this sounds terribly egotistical, but I'm trying to tell you the truth. I don't say that she was in love with me. But—well—you're a woman, and you know how women are. A good deal like the dog in the manger, at times. She couldn't have me—granting of course that she wanted me, which I don't say she did—so she made up her mind, I guess, that nobody else should. She's absurdly jealous of Margot. We both know it. But after all, what can she do?"

For a moment there flashed into Joy's mind certain things that Romain had said to her at Sam Leon's party—things that she felt morally certain Helen Kramer had overheard. Such a story, skillfully instilled in Margot Gresham's mind, might precipitate a very great deal of trouble.

"She may be able to do more harm than you think," Joy said cryptically. "She brought me here tonight for some purpose. I don't know just what it was, but I'm sure it had something to do with Miss Gresham and yourself."

The music suddenly stopped, leaving them at one end of the room. As though in answer to Joy's words, Miss Gresham came swiftly toward them. Her usual calm assurance was gone; in her eyes was red, flaming jealousy. She took no notice of Joy at all.

"Jean," she said sharply, "I'm going home. Do you want to come with me, or do you prefer to stay?" Her look, her words, were a challenge. Several persons about them stared curiously; there was a hum of comment. Romain flushed, aware that he must make a quick decision, aware, too, of a certain hurt to his pride. Margot had accused him of nothing—had in fact said nothing, except that she was going home, and yet, she had challenged Joy, or any other woman, for the possession of the man she loved, publicly, openly, as though determined to show the world that Romain was her property—that about his neck he wore a golden chain. Would it prove strong enough to hold him, or would he snap it, once and for all? The whole room seemed to hang on his decision. Joy's cheeks paled with anger, with shame, that she had been the cause of this unfortunate situation, unconsciously, it is true, but the cause, nevertheless. She, too, awaited Romain's decision, hoping devoutly that he would leave her. She knew, as did the others about her, that if he did not, his engagement to Margot Gresham was at an end. Then Romain put out his hand, a calm smile upon his face.

"Good night, Miss Moran," he said. "Thanks for the dance. I enjoyed it immensely." He turned to Margot, touched her arm. "Of course, I'm coming with you, dear," he whispered. "Let's go." To Joy it seemed that a sigh of relief swept over the group about her. The expression on Helen Kramer's face, however, was not good to look at.

CHAPTER XV

JOY came home from the Club Royale with the Kramers, but it was not an easy thing for her to do, and had it not been for Steve Kramer's gay chatter, she could never have endured it. She felt perfectly sure that Mrs. Kramer had in some way precipitated Margot

Gresham's attack upon her, had filled the girl's mind with jealousy, but, lacking any proof of it, she was forced to remain silent, to pretend that she suspected nothing. And Mrs. Kramer, sure of her position, elected to treat the whole matter as a joke.

"Margot must have gotten hold of some bad hootch," she laughed, "to make her do an idiotic thing like that. I never was more surprised in my life."

"Do you think so?" Joy replied, meeting her companion's deception with calm eyes. "I don't see that she did anything so idiotic. She wanted to go home and asked the man she's engaged to to take her. Nothing unusual about that." Her manner was very demure, but she was on guard. With a woman like Helen Kramer matching wits was a dangerous game, like crossing rapiers.

"Oh, but it was the way she did it," Mrs. Kramer insisted, "making a fool of him before everybody. I wonder he didn't assert himself."

"Nonsense!" Steve Kramer laughed. "You've done the same thing to me dozens of times."

"Probably. But then, you're only my husband."

"Meaning, I suppose, that husbands, being hog-tied, and fitted with a ball and chain, have got to do as they are told."

"Something like that." There was a purring note in Mrs. Kramer's voice. "Margot was a big fool to take the chances she did. She'll lose him, if she doesn't look out."

"Why do you suppose she did it?" Joy asked with pretended carelessness. "What happened, to make her so angry?"

"Why, my dear, don't you know? He was dancing with you."

"Nonsense. Can't a man dance with whom-ever he pleases?"

"Not when the woman in question is as good-looking as you. And not when he lets everyone see that he realizes it. Why—the way he looked at you—"

"Absurd!" Joy retorted angrily. "It wasn't that. Somebody must have been telling her things—"

"What things?" Mrs. Kramer's voice was smooth as clipped velvet. "Are there really things to tell? This grows interesting."

JOY was glad of the darkness that hid her blushes. She knew very well that there were things to tell, knew, too, that Mrs. Kramer was aware of them. In the battle of wits, she had been worsted. She thought of Romain's words that night, of the passionate way in which he grasped her hands, spoken of the effect she had on him. Helen Kramer had undoubtedly seen, overheard. And there was also the kiss upon her shoulder, that day she had danced. In the hands of a person like Mrs. Kramer these things could have been used in a way to infuriate any woman. And morally certain as she was that they had been used, Joy could say nothing.

"I don't know of anything," she remarked quietly, "but gossips are usually not content to stick to the truth."

Mrs. Kramer started to speak, but her husband waved her aside. Simple, honest, direct, he had a man's wholesome detestation of scandal.

"For heaven's sake, girls," he exclaimed, "don't try to make mountains out of molehills. Let Jean and Margot alone. I'll bet they kissed and made up ten minutes after they left the place. Whose business is it, anyway? I, for one, think Margot showed very good sense in prying her fiancé away from any such dangerous woman as Miss Moran. If you don't keep a close watch on me, my dear, I'll be making love to her myself, in spite of my ball and chain."

"Then you would be showing better taste than you usually do," his wife retorted. "Your

last affair, with that Dennison girl, was a public disgrace."

"Nonsense. I never even kissed her."

"I'd have minded it less if you had, if she'd been good-looking. But when a man who pretends to be an artist picks out a scrawny, sallow-faced, synthetic blonde—"

Mr. Kramer roared with laughter.

"It was her mind that attracted me, my dear," he said—"her superior mind—"

"Fiddlesticks! I'll bet you never told her that. Try and get it through your ivory dome that a wife sometimes resents her husband making love to an ugly woman infinitely more than she would his running away with a beautiful one. Especially if she happens to be not unattractive herself. It hurts her vanity, to think that he could prefer anyone more homely. Now if you were to start an affair with Miss Moran, I might be angry, but at least I wouldn't be humiliated. Why not try it?"

"Look here," Joy laughed. "It's all very well for you people to be arranging my affairs for me, but I think I should at least be consulted. It takes two to make a bargain, you know."

Mr. Kramer reached back his hand and squeezed one of hers.

"Don't pay any attention to her, sweetheart," he said. "We understand each other. By the way, what are you doing tomorrow night?"

Mrs. Kramer yawned.

"Sometimes, Steve," she said, "I wish you would fall in love with another woman. Married life is a dreadful bore. Well—here we are at the hotel."

JOY slept badly that night, and the letters which greeted her in the morning did not add to her cheerfulness. There was a note from her father, dictated to his nurse at the hospital, complaining of her absence, his enforced inactivity, the long and very lonely days in his darkened room. Evidently the confinement was telling on him. And the improvement in his eyesight, for which the doctors had hoped, was not in evidence. He was, in fact, terribly blue, and while he tried to hide it, Joy had no difficulty in reading between the lines. There was a hint that a little later on he would like to join her in Hollywood. There was the question of money to be considered. His debt to Philip Watrous now ran into the thousands, since the latter has assumed, for the time being, the hospital charges, the heavy fees of the eye specialists. All that money, Joy knew, would have to be paid back. It would take a long time to repay it from her salary, although she was setting aside a certain sum each week for that purpose. But living expenses at the hotel, dressing as she knew a woman in her position must dress, made her weekly savings smaller than she had hoped. Of course there was the hundred thousand dollars that had been promised her by Mr. Gresham, should she succeed in preventing Romain's marriage to his daughter, but—she did not want even to try to earn that.

The letter from Mr. Watrous was friendly enough, wishing her success in her new work, telling of a visit he had made to her father, referring briefly to the latter's financial affairs; but between the lines Joy sensed an eager interest in the mission which had brought her to the Coast. Did she see much of Romain? How did she like him? How did others like him? Had the old stories about him died down? Innocent enough inquiries, veiled by a pretended interest in the popular star, but—there remained the fact that Joy had met him on the trip west, was associated with him in the Royal's new picture, and she understood what the lawyer's questions meant; they hurt her, like prods from a white-hot iron.

The third letter was from Arthur Lloyd—a long, affectionate lover-like scrawl, telling her that he had been to see her father several times, that Mr. Moran, while in excellent general health, showed not the slightest improvement, so far as his eyesight was concerned.

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THE LANDON SCHOOL
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The wood alcohol, it appeared, had done its work thoroughly, although the doctors still held out hope. He, Arthur, had decided not to take the stock engagement which had been offered him for the summer. The Robertson-Black people were after him, he said, to do a series of two-reel comedies; he thought he might close with them, if they offered a large enough salary, and come out to Hollywood so as to be near Joy during the summer. It was the very thing she did not want him to do, and yet there was no adequate reason she could advance against it. The real reason, of course, was that his presence would infinitely complicate the task which lay ahead for her, but this she could not tell him, since that part of her agreement with Mr. Watrous he, of course, knew nothing. And he would be certain to be jealous of Romain; Arthur was always jealous, without any right to be, of everyone who came near her. She hoped he would not come, preferring to work out her affairs alone, but something told her that he would. She tossed the letter into a bureau drawer and went over to the studio.

ON the lot she met Romain, for a wonder alone. He was staring at the imposing mass of wood and plaster which represented the entrance to the House of the Sirens, in Memphis.

"Here's where you do that dance for me," he said, with his old infectious laugh. "Although the interior's in the studio, of course. Davidson tells me he expects to shoot that scene next week."

Joy stared at him in astonishment. Nothing in his manner indicated that the happenings of the night before had caused him any embarrassment. And yet, they should have. She laughed uneasily.

"Aren't you afraid to be seen speaking to me?" she asked. "I hope that isn't a very unkind remark."

His manner changed at once. Joy's words, her expression, showed how deeply she had been hurt.

"Sit down," he said, pointing to the huge plinth that formed the base of an unfinished column. "I want to talk to you."

"You'd better not, as I said before. Miss Gresham was furious with me, last night."

"I know. She was very unjust, and I told her so, after we left. I didn't want to say anything at the time, on your account, with all those people standing around waiting for a scene. I made her tell me what it was all about, too. That Kramer woman was at the bottom of it, of course. She insinuated to Margot that you and I had been carrying on a violent affair—in secret. Said she had seen things—heard things. I denied it, of course. Told her we had never been anything more than friends. She's going to apologize to you, when she gets back."

"When she gets back? Has she gone away?"

"Yes. Her father's in Frisco, on some business or other, and sent word he wanted to see her. You know, I suppose, that he's violently opposed to our marriage. Would do anything in his power to stop it, I guess. I've wondered at times, if he's managed in any way to reach Helen Kramer. If he'd offer her enough money, I don't doubt she'd try to smash things up. She's that sort of a woman."

Joy shuddered. By what trick of the imagination had Romain hit upon the very thing Margot's father was trying to do—not through Mrs. Kramer, but through herself. "That sort of a woman!" It was unsupportable, yet she could say nothing.

"I don't think it's that." She shook her head. "If Helen Kramer is trying to make trouble between Miss Gresham and yourself, it's because of entirely different reasons. I suppose you know she loves you—"

"Nonsense!" He made a grimace. "She doesn't know what love means."

"Oh yes, she does. One sort. You admitted it yourself, last night."

He stared moodily at the ground, left ragged by the workmen.

"It's all a nasty tangle. But Margot loves me. I know that. And as long as she does, nobody can make any trouble between us."

"Except yourself."

"What do you mean?"

"Why—it ought to be clear. You can make trouble between you, if you do things you shouldn't."

"Yes." He stirred uneasily. "That's true enough."

"And you have done some things—"

"What?"

"You know well enough. That time you—well—kissed me. And the other time—at Mr. Leon's house, when you said things—took my hands. Why did you do it? I'm terribly afraid Mrs. Kramer overheard."

Romain turned and faced her, a queer, almost hunted look in his eyes.

"I'm afraid she did. In fact, she hinted as much to Margot, last night."

"Then why do such things? I didn't invite them, did I? It only makes a lot of trouble, and—"

With a quick movement Romain placed his hand on Joy's as it lay between them on the seat. She could feel that he was trembling.

"I couldn't help doing them. I've told you that before. I—there's something about you—some bond between us—I can't explain just what it is, but—whenever I'm with you, I feel as though I couldn't help sweeping you into my arms and keeping you there—forever."

"Please." Joy drew away her hand almost roughly.

"I know. What's the use?" He got up and kicked savagely at a pile of plaster. "I'm engaged. So are you. And there's a lot more—things you don't know about. Oh—hell! I guess I'm just a plain, ordinary damned fool. But I wish"—he darted an eager look into Joy's eyes—"I wish I were back a year and a half, and could change a lot of things that can't be changed now. Well—here comes that new assistant of Davidson's. I guess they're ready for me. You'll forget what I've said, won't you? When things have happened, they've happened, that's all, and there's no use trying to alter them. See you later." He strode off, leaving Joy more confused than ever.

Was Romain really marrying Margot Gresham for her money, without loving her? Or was the story told by Helen Kramer about the death of his wife true? In either case, Joy reflected, the part she was playing in the matter was a foolish one. With lifted chin she went to her dressing room, determined that so far as she was concerned, that folly should cease. Romain's love-making, if such it could be called, was too devious in its nature to be pleasing. And yet, when she thought of his burning words, a great tenderness filled her.

CHAPTER XVI

ARTHUR LLOYD arrived in Hollywood almost as soon as his letter. The negotiation with the Robertson-Black people had gone through with a rush, Lloyd having been assisted in arriving at a decision by certain rumors that reached him through a friend in Hollywood. This friend, an assistant director of the Inter-Ocean, wrote him, among other things, that Marty Moran's daughter, Joy, was making a dead set for Jean Romain, over at the Royal, and that Romain's fiancée, Margot Gresham, had bawled the two of them out in public, at the Club Royale. On learning this, Lloyd promptly ceased to demand the additional hundred a week he had been holding out for, and closed the same day on the Robertson-Black's own terms.

Joy was unable to meet him at the station in Los Angeles, although she knew he would expect it, because they were shooting a number of scenes that day in which she took part. As a result, she first saw him in the lobby of the hotel, where she found him waiting impatiently for her about half past five. He was in an ill temper, due in part to Joy's failure to meet him at the train, and in part to the jealousy he had been nursing ever since he left



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New York. He led her to a chair and faced her accusingly.

"What's all this I hear about you and Jean Romain?" he demanded.

Joy resented his manner, his constant assumption that he had a right to question her conduct, her affairs.

"I don't know what you mean," she retorted. "Well—I hear he's been running about with you, and Margot Gresham thinks—"

Joy cut him short, her eyes blazing.

"I'm not responsible for what Miss Gresham thinks. And in any case, I don't see that you have any right to take such a tone with me. Mr. Romain is a friend—nothing more."

Arthur promptly retreated, as always.

"You know how it hurts me, Joy," he whispered, "to have people say such things about you. When a fellow cares for a girl the way I care for you, it isn't very pleasant, to hear her gossiped about."

"Where have you heard any gossip?"

"Didn't you and Miss Gresham have a row, at the Club Royale?"

"No. Some enemy of Mr. Romain's had filled her up with a lot of stuff that made her jealous, but there wasn't any row. All she did was ask him to take her home, and they went. So that's that."

"Oh." Arthur appeared mollified. "How about having dinner with me?"

"I'd be glad to. I want to hear all about father and everything. Are you going to stay here, at the hotel?"

"Yes. For the present, at least. I may bunk in with Benny Hoffman, over at the Inter-Ocean, later on, if his wife goes east."

"I see." The thought of Arthur, living at the same hotel with her, acting, as she knew he would, as a sort of moral censor of her actions, did not please Joy at all. "I'll have to go up and change," she said. "Meet me in say three-quarters of an hour."

WHILE dressing she reviewed the situation which Arthur's arrival had created. He would be certain to look on Romain as a rival, to be insanely jealous of him. There had been ample evidence of such jealousy in the first words with which he had greeted her. It was a blessed thing, she reflected, that he did not know anything about her arrangements with Mr. Watrous, the hundred thousand dollars she could earn, if she cared to. Had he known anything of this, he would have urged her to do all in her power to ruin Romain, would have insisted on helping her; both his jealousy of the man, and his cupidity, would have impelled him to take such a course. Well, she had told him nothing—she wondered if by any chance Mr. Watrous had given him an inkling of the real situation. It seemed out of the question, and yet—it was a possibility. She determined to be on her guard.

Their dinner together passed off agreeably enough; they were just finishing their coffee when Joy received word that Mrs. Kramer was outside, and wanted to see her for a moment. Not at all pleased, Joy went out to the car, escorted by Lloyd. Why did this woman, like an evil genius, insist on pursuing her! She presented Arthur as a friend from New York.

Mrs. Kramer explained the purpose of her visit in a few words. She and her husband were giving a little party in honor of a noted English novelist who had just arrived to assist in the filming of one of his stories. They very much wanted Joy to come. Mr. Lloyd was included in the invitation of course. She seemed to understand instinctively who Arthur was, although Joy did not remember ever having mentioned him. He was keen to go, and Joy could not well refuse without seeming rude. As a result, they drove over in a taxi about nine.

On the way Joy explained in a few words who Mrs. Kramer was. Arthur, it seemed, knew of her work as a writer.

"You don't like her, do you?" he remarked.

"Why do you say that?"

"Oh—I just got it, from your manner."



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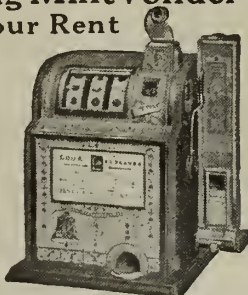
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Bright woman. I'm glad we're going. That train ride from New York was a nightmare."

The party was a quiet one, and to Joy's surprise, Romain was not here. Perhaps, now that Margot was away, he had decided to go into seclusion. It was just as well, she reflected. After the English novelist had been duly presented, Joy found herself appropriated by Steve Kramer, and his gay good humor caused her to forget for the moment the things which had been troubling her. She would have felt less light-hearted, had she overheard a conversation which took place during the evening between Arthur and Helen Kramer.

The latter, once her guests were agreeably paired off, sought Lloyd out, sat with him for a while at one end of the broad porch. Devious, sinister, she had learned of his coming from one of the assistant directors, to whom Joy had spoken concerning the possibility of getting away so as to meet the train at Los Angeles. And, having learned of it, she had arranged the party largely in order to meet him. She felt certain that she could count on him as an ally, in the plans she was working out.

"You've known Miss Moran for quite a long time, haven't you?" she asked, after some preliminary fencing.

"Why, yes, Mrs. Kramer. Several years." "Delightful girl. You're engaged to her, I understand." This was not entirely a shot in the dark. Joy had permitted Romain to believe her engaged, and he had mentioned the fact quite casually to some of the others in the cast.

ARTHUR hesitated. He was not engaged to Joy, but he had always hoped, expected to be.

"Just why do you say that?" he asked. "I don't know. Someone said you were—I don't remember just who."

"Well—we aren't engaged—not formally, that is. But a—a sort of understanding. Why?"

"Oh—no reason in particular, except that you are to be congratulated. Joy is a charming girl. Everybody likes her. Even the great and only Jean Romain is quite open in his admiration."

"So I've heard." Lloyd's eyes darkened. "But—he's engaged himself."

"Yes. And Margot Gresham isn't any too pleased. But I fancy Romain isn't going to give up the Gresham millions, so he's being careful."

"Careful? Do you mean to say—" "I don't mean to say anything, Mr. Lloyd. But you know how people gossip. Have you ever met him?"

"No. And I don't want to. In fact, I've never had any use for the fellow since that scandal over the death of his wife."

"Oh—so you've heard that too, have you?"

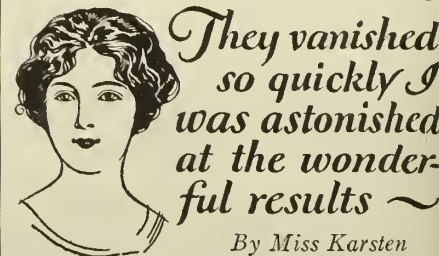
"Yes. Something mighty queer about it, they tell me."

"Who tells you?" "Friends of mine, who were living here in Hollywood at the time."

Helen Kramer's opalescent eyes glowed. Here, as she had hoped, was the very tool she was looking for—a man whose dislike for Romain, on account of Joy, would cause him to stop at nothing to injure him. If only she could use him to further her ends—to break up the match between Romain and Margot Gresham. Unfortunately, Lloyd would have no interest in breaking it up, *per se*. No doubt he would far rather see the two married, if thus Romain would be removed as a possible rival. But Mrs. Kramer's plans went deeper. She wanted information, evidence against the famous star, not to expose him publicly, but to make use of herself, to force him to give up Margot and turn to her, under threat of ruin. And in spite of what she had told Joy, she did not possess that evidence, although she believed she knew how to get it.

"There was something queer about the affair," she admitted. "A good many people believe that Romain was present when his wife

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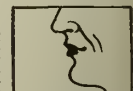
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was shot, but no one seems able to prove it." "No," Lloyd growled. "He managed to cover up his tracks, didn't he?"

"It seem so. Of course I don't really know anything about the matter myself, and I have no reason to wish Jean any harm. We all think too much of him for that. But he has been going it a bit strong with Joy, and I thought, as a friend, I'd tell you."

"But—what's he done—how far has the thing gone?" Arthur demanded savagely. "That's twice you've hinted—"

"It really wasn't anything very terrible. If I tell you, will you promise, on your honor, never to repeat it?"

"Yes." "Well—I overheard him tell her, one night, that she attracted him more than any woman he had ever met. He was holding her hands, and—"

"The dirty hound!" Lloyd started to rise, but Mrs. Kramer stopped him.

"Dear me," she laughed. "If you're going to carry on like that, I won't tell you another thing. It was perfectly harmless."

"Harmless! I'd like to break his neck!"

"But—you say you're not engaged to Joy." "I love her. Isn't that enough?"

"Then listen to me. I'm going to be very frank with you, because I like you—and I like Joy. I don't want to see her fall for the sort of bunk Jean Romain hands out to women. So I'm going to help you. But you must see that to do or say anything openly would only result in harm. Joy would resent it, Romain might, in a spirit of anger, break his engagement, or Miss Gresham might, and then where would you be? You'd lose out all around. You see that, don't you?"

"Yes," he muttered. "I suppose so." "It's true. But in another way, it may be possible to save Joy from doing anything foolish, and still not let the public at large know anything about it."

"What way?" "I'll tell you. But—remember your promise. If you mention this to anyone—anyone at all—you will get us all in a peck of trouble." "I won't say anything. I've told you that."

"VERY well. Now here's my plan. I want you to follow out a certain line of investigations I'm not in a position to follow out myself, and see if you can't learn the truth about that night when Mrs. Romain was shot. Then, if you do, bring the results to me. With Romain in my power, I'll guarantee to prevent any possibility of an affair between him and Joy Moran. Will you do exactly as I say?"

"Yes." "Good! Now I am going to tell you something no one else in Hollywood knows—something I should have told the police at the time, but, for reasons of my own, didn't. You may remember that at the inquest it was brought out that Mrs. Romain was shot several hours before her husband returned to the house. Margot Gresham's chauffeur, who drove him home, testified to that. The shooting, it was agreed, must have taken place about ten o'clock or half past, at which time, according to Miss Gresham and her maid, Romain was with her, at her bungalow."

"Now here is the peculiar thing I am going to tell you. I was restless that evening—didn't know what to do with myself. Steve—that's my husband—had gone to a poker party. After I'd attempted to read a magazine, and gotten thoroughly bored, I decided to go out for a walk. It was a thick, foggy night. I walked for half an hour or more, and finding myself in the neighborhood of the Romains' house, decided to go in and call on them. Just as I was approaching the entrance gate, I saw a man going up the walk to the house, about fifty feet away from me."

"Romain?" Lloyd asked eagerly. "No. It wasn't Romain. It was a smaller man, shorter, slighter. His back was toward me—I couldn't see his face. He went into the house, and it was Mrs. Romain who admitted him. I know, because as the door opened I

saw her, silhouetted against the light from the inside, and wearing the same negligee she had on when she was killed. That was about nine o'clock."

Lloyd's face fell. "I don't see what that proves," he said. "At least, nothing that could harm Romain. It might have been a tramp, as the papers suggested."

"No. It couldn't have been a tramp—not even a stranger—for then you see, Mrs. Romain wouldn't have let him in. She closed the door after him, for I saw her, so it must have been someone she was expecting. A few moments later the lights in the living room went on, but the shades were down, so of course I couldn't see anything. And, having no suspicion of the tragedy that was about to happen, I gave the matter no further thought. You see, for all I knew at the time, Romain was in the house as well, and the visitor might have been some friend of the family."

"But when the investigation showed that Romain wasn't there, that he had gone right out after dinner, to meet Miss Gresham at her studio, I came to the conclusion that the man I had seen was more than a friend, that he was, in fact, Mrs. Romain's lover."

"Now, let us suppose that he was. Mrs. Romain was a gay, pleasure-loving woman who used to be on the stage, and I guess she'd always been accustomed to having men in love with her. Now suppose this man was discovered there, later on, by Romain. And suppose Romain shot his wife because she had been unfaithful to him. What then?"

"It sounds plausible enough, but why wasn't it all brought out at the inquiry?"

"Because no one knew of the visit of this man but myself, and I didn't say anything. The man must have driven up in a car, but, if he did, he left it further down the block, and walked to the house. Apparently no one saw him but myself. You remember, it was a foggy night. How he got away, we don't know, but, if we could find that man, we could find out the truth."

"If he would tell it." "He would tell it, I'm sure, if he knew that refusal to tell it, for our private use, would result in my taking my story to the police. And that, of course, we don't any of us want to do. I have not the slightest desire to injure Romain publicly. But don't you see that if we could get a confession from this man—a statement of what actually happened—we would never have to make it public? Romain would be helpless."

"You don't like him either, do you?" Lloyd asked suddenly.

MRS. KRAMER'S long, oblique eyes became like narrow slits of jade.

"Oh yes, I do," she said carelessly. "Very much. And I really don't want to hurt him. That's why I've asked you to promise not to repeat what I've told you."

"I can't see that it makes much difference," Lloyd replied grimly. "You saw a man enter the house, but what does that amount to? Unless you know who the man was, you're no further ahead than you were before, and to look for him would be like looking for a needle in a haystack."

"Do you think so? Well, you're mistaken. I knew Mrs. Romain fairly well—knew the names of the men she was carrying on with. And at that particular time there were two. And I was able to find out that on the night in question one of them was in New York."

"Ah!" Lloyd's eyes glittered. "Then you do know who the man was?"

"Yes." "Tel' me his name?"

Helen Kramer lazily spread out her huge ostrich-plume fan.

"Not yet," she replied. "But if you find out that there really is anything in this talk about Romain and Joy—if you reach the point where you are ready to act, come to me, and I will tell you." She rose. "We'd better join the others, don't you think. They'll be wondering what has become of us."



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CHAPTER XVII

DURING the week which followed the arrival of Arthur Lloyd in Hollywood, Joy saw little of Jean Romain. While maintaining an outward show of friendship, the two in reality tried to avoid each other. Joy knew that Romain supposed her to be engaged to Arthur Lloyd, and made no effort to deceive him. It was better, she argued, for him to think that, and, to lend color to the idea, spent most of her evenings with Lloyd. Both of them were busy, during the day; the Royal's big picture was progressing rapidly, under the driving force of Mr. Davidson and his assistants, and Joy had few moments to herself. Most of the love scenes between Romain and herself, however, still remained to be shot, as well as the dance in the House of the Sirens which preceded them.

Joy looked forward to this part of the picture with inward trepidation. She insensibly feared Romain—feared herself, too, in such close association with him. The exotic dance which was to divert the love-thoughts of the Persian conqueror from his Egyptian princess to herself was likely, she felt, to stir up emotions in both of them which had better be left quiescent, but she was in for it now, and determined to go through with the thing to the best of her ability. Meanwhile, she played about lightly enough with Arthur Lloyd, listened patiently but without encouragement to his continual love-making, thought of Philip Watrous and what he expected of her, and—did nothing. Margot Gresham was still with her father in San Francisco. A lull, it seemed, before the coming storm.

At last the day for shooting the dance scene arrived. The various scenes which preceded it, showing the entrance of the Persian prince and his followers into the House of the Sirens had been taken, their reception by the women of the place, with its drinking and carousing had all been rehearsed, shot, but Joy's dance as Hermione, the Greek courtesan, had not been rehearsed in public, with the exception of her entrance and exit, and these not in costume. She had arranged the dance, at Mr. Davidson's suggestion, with a specialist in Oriental dancing, Madame Soule, in private, and they had been working on it for over a week. The part of Hermione was not merely that of a dancer; had this been the case, a dancing woman might have been engaged, but the young Greek slave who caught the fancy of the conquering Persian held an important rôle in the play, and her subsequent scenes with Romain, with the Egyptian princess who loved him, made it necessary for her to be an actress as well. Mr. Davidson particularly wished her to make this dance passionately appealing and beautiful; he expected it to be one of the high spots in the film.

When Joy suddenly emerged through the heavy silk curtains which hung between two columns at one end of the hall, and confronted the cameras, the crowd, a murmur of admiration greeted her. A circular space had been left clear, directly before the seat occupied by the young Persian, and in this space she and Mrs. Soule had worked, day after day, until every step and posture of the dance had been timed, perfected. When the curtains parted, and Joy's slender figure appeared, Romain fixed her with an eager glance which thereafter never left her.

She wore a startling costume which Mrs. Soule, assisted by Steve Kramer, had adapted from one of the figures in a picture of the Feast of Belshazzar, by a noted French artist. It consisted largely of a filmy, diaphanous shawl or veil of the sheerest silver cloth, embroidered with pearls and tiny brilliants, like sparks of fire. And Joy herself was like fire, as she swung from the first measured steps of the dance into the passionate and sinuous movements which were to turn the heart of the Persian warrior. Again she danced to him, as she had danced that day beside the pool; with her eyes, her lips, with every fibre of her beautiful, pulsing body, her flaming spirit; danced with wild,

tempestuous grace, the camera men, the directors, the extra people were forgotten, everything forgotten, in fact, save one emotion that swept over her as she first met Romain's blazing eyes—the sure knowledge that she loved him with every quick beat of her heart, every passionate breath of her body.

The few moments occupied by the dance seemed to her ages. As the silver shawl unbound itself, leaving her figure more and more exposed, she experienced a feeling of embarrassment, of shame, but it was momentary. To Joy, dancing was an art; she loved it, as the Greeks loved it, felt in it a perfect expression of the emotions. And those emotions had at last become clear to her. She knew, now, why she had been unable to take the first step in carrying out Mr. Watrous's plans. Something of what she felt must have been sensed by those about her. No one spoke. Mr. Davidson, standing beside Mrs. Soule, contented himself with a single whispered word, "Magnificent!" but there were many in that little group who realized that a new and vivid star had swept across the screen firmament. They understood the difference between dancing a dance, and acting it, and Joy had made the scene between Romain and herself a love scene, without words. In both her appeal, and his response to it, there was something electrical. When, as called for by the action, the Persian chieftain rose from his seat at the conclusion of the dance, and taking the Greek girl in his arms strode from the hall, a little rustle of applause went up. The onlookers felt that they had witnessed something real, as indeed they had, so far as Joy was concerned, although they put it down, for the most part, to superb acting.

Romain had only to carry Joy through the curtains, and thus beyond the limits of the scene, but in that brief space he found time to do two things. The first was to kiss her bare shoulder, burningly, passionately, as he had kissed it once before. The second was to whisper that she was the loveliest thing that he had ever seen in his life. His voice was harsh with feeling. Joy said nothing. The reaction from her emotional effort left her listless, still.

She received the congratulations of Mr. Davidson, of Mrs. Soule in silence, and throwing a kimona about her, slipped to her dressing room. Her work for the afternoon was over.

ONCE in her room, she threw herself on the wicker day bed and lay very still. What folly, she asked herself, to imagine that she loved Romain! A man who was engaged to another woman—who, it was rumored, had been guilty of the death of his own wife—and above all, whose exposure had been the prime reason for her coming to Hollywood. A fierce desire to protect, to help him rose in her breast. Even if it resulted in his marriage to another woman.

The tumult of her thoughts, the physical effort she had just made, during her dance, left her worn out. Even the noise made by the extra people, dressing in the big concrete room below, failed to disturb her. Very tired, she closed her eyes, and a moment later was fast asleep.

A knock at the door of her room only partially aroused her. Mrs. Soule perhaps, coming to renew her congratulations, she thought, as she got drowsily to her feet and crossed the room.

It was almost dark, in there, in spite of the dim light which filtered through the single dusty window.

As she opened the door someone stepped into the room, caught her in a fierce embrace. Blindly, instinctively she struggled to free herself, tried to fight the intruder off. Then she heard a voice, low, very tender, speaking to her.

"Joy!" it said huskily—"my sweet little Joy!"

It was the voice of Jean Romain.

[END OF FOURTH INSTALLMENT]



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Casts of Current Photoplays

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112]

"STEPPING FAST"—Fox—Story and scenario by Bernard McConville. Director, Joseph Franz. Photography by Dan Clark. The cast: *Grant Malvern*, Tom Mix; *Helen Durant*, Claire Adams; *Jerome Fabian*, Donald McDonald; *Martinez*, Hector Sarno; *Sun Yat*, Edward Peil, "*Red*" Pollock, George Seigmann; *Quentin Durant*, Tom S. Guise; *Commandore Simpson*, Edward Jobson; *Miss Higgins*, Ethel Wales; *Mrs. Malvern*, Minna Ferry Redman.

"THE CRITICAL AGE"—W. W. HODKINSON—A picturization of "Glengarry School-days." By Ralph Connor. Director, Henry McRae. Photography by Barney McGill. The cast: *Tom Findlay*, James Harrison; *Ma Findlay*, Alice May; *Peter Gerrach*, Harlan Knight; *Margaret Baird*, Pauline Garon; *Mr. Baird*, member of Parliament, Wm. Colvin; *Mrs. Baird*, Marion Colvin; *Bob Kerr*, Wallace Ray; *Mr. Kerr*, member of Parliament, Raymond Peck.

"SIXTY CENTS AN HOUR"—PARAMOUNT—Story by Frank Condon. Adapted by Grant Carpenter. Director, Joseph Henabery. Photography by Faxon M. Dean. The cast: *Jimmy Kirk*, a soda-jerker, Walter Hiers; *Mamie Smith*, his sweetheart, Jacqueline Logan; *William Davis*, Jimmy's rival, Ricardo Cortez; *James Smith*, a banker, Charles Ogle; *Mrs. Smith*, Mamie's mother, Lucille Ward; *Storekeeper*, Robert Dudley; *Three Crooks*: Clarence Burton, Guy Oliver, Cullen Tate.

"DOUBLE DEALING"—Universal—Story by Henry Lehrman. Scenario by George C. Hull. Director, Henry Lehrman. Photography by Dwight Warren. The cast: *Ben Slowbell*, Hoot Gibson; *The Slavey*, Helen Ferguson; *Stella Fern*, Betty Francisco; *Alonzo B. Keene*, Eddie Gribbon; *Mother Slowbell*, Gertrude Claire; *Uriah Jobson*, Otto Hoffman; *The Sheriff*, Frank Hayes; *Jobson's Assistant*, Jack Dillon.

"THE PRODIGAL SON"—Stoll Film Co., Ltd.—No cast available.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108]

E. G., WHEELING, VA.—With the sage little premise that you "are not a man hunter because you are only sixteen" you seek information about Jack Hoxie and "Hoot" Gibson. I quite understand, and I hope that Jack and "Hoot" will, that your interest in them is platonic and artistic. Jack Hoxie is married. His wife's name is, or was, Marian Sais. His address is the Arrow Film Corporation, 220 West 42nd Street, New York City. Yes, there is a Mrs. "Hoot" Gibson. The ages of the clever little Lees are, Catherine 13, and Jane 10 years.

"ALEX OF TEXAS."—Delighted to oblige. Pity you do not give me permission to publish your real name. It has the beauty of rhythm. I am ninety-nine percent sure, too, that it was the title of one of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's longest poems. Mayhap your mother admired the late poet and named you in memory of the poem. But 'twas of Ramon Novarro you wrote. Pardon me. The popular young man appeared in "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Trifling Women" and "Where the Pavement Ends." While I write this he goes to the studio every day to get into the skin of the name character in his next photodrama, a picturization of "Scaramouche," the novel by Sabatini. Sidney Blackmer will be seen in the spoken version of the novel next season.

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MARGARET DE LANCEY, WATERBURY, CONN.—Settle a bet? My dear Margaret, how thrilling. Reminds me of the wave of excitement that swept over me when I stood before a roulette wheel at Monte Carlo and heard the croupier say, "You've won." He said it in French. I might have thought he was calling me a short and ugly name. But no. The heap of golden coins on the table was unmistakable. I gathered it in my hands and tottered to a velvet covered settee to count them. My knees did a shimmy. My teeth did the castanet accompaniment for a Spanish dance. Ah, yes, I know the gambling symptoms. That's why I sympathize with you, Miss De Lancey, and answer your letter "immediately on receipt," as the business man—which I am not—would say. You wouldn't call a remittance man a business man, now would you, Margaret? However, enough of me. You say that in the April issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine you read the third installment of Rodolph Valentino's Life Story. You refer to a photograph of a young man with a cute little moustache and that "beside it is written 'Valentino once grew a moustache in order to look like Norman Kerry.'" You want to know whether the photograph is that of Rodolph Valentino before the barber committed a surgical operation upon his moustache or whether the picture is that of Norman Kerry. Mr. Kerry must plead guilty.

ROSE McLAUGHLIN, MANSFIELD, OHIO.—Sweet Rose! Could George M. Cohan know thy splendid Americanism he would engage thee for a rôle in his next production. Yea, verily. "Hoot" Gibson will be pleased to know how you admire him. Men admit to being a hundred per cent human. 'Tis human to glow under appreciation. His age? Fie, fie, Rose! Well, he's thirty-one. After all a popular age for a man. Yes, he's married. His admirers address him "Care Universal."

Yes, Rose, I agree with you. Walter McGrail gives evidence of being a real sport. Must you know how old he is? Rose, Rose! When you are thirty-four what will you say of folk who ask you such personal questions? But never mind. Men can't have everything their own way. This is woman's era. He's four and thirty. Make the best of it. Yes. Married. A letter addressed to him at the Lasky Studios will meet his eye. Perhaps that of his wife. Safety first!

MITTY AND MILLY, DETROIT, MINNESOTA.—Little human interrogation points are you. Ever think of going into journalism, where you can earn a living by asking questions? Glad to oblige. Ivor Novello can be reached, figuratively speaking, of course, at David Wark Griffith's Studio. Glenn Hunter is swinging gaily along in the name rôle of "Merton of the Movies" at the Cort Theater on West Forty-eighth Street in New York. Harrison Ford's mail is addressed Care Menifee Johnson, 206 West Harvard Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. Kenneth Harlan goes to Preferred Pictures. Malcolm McGregor's to Metro; Lila Lee's to the Famous Players; Niles Welsh's to the Universal; Claire Windsor's to the Famous; Agnes Ayres to the Famous. Probably photographs of the late and deeply lamented Wallie Reid could be secured by writing his wife.

MRS. M. L. BALLARD, CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Yes, we agree with you. Programmes of screen plays, as those of the stage, may be as confusing as a railroad time table read on the run. In the instance of Racing Hearts, with Agnes Ayres as star, it was Jerry Wonderlick, the autoracer, who taught Agnes Ayres to drive for the race. Not at all. You may direct me to Euclid Avenue should I visit Cleveland.

G. B., NEW YORK.—Was Mrs. Rodolph Valentino a dancer when she was young? Begging your pardon, she is young and is a dancer. As Winifred Hudnut (Natacha Rambova) she was a dancer and art director before she became Mrs. Valentino.

P. O'C., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—So you would add to your gallery of cinema celebrities, Miss O'C.? Why not? To acquire a photograph of Natacha Rambova write a pretty letter to 50 West Sixty-seventh Street. A picturesque studio apartment house that, where Kitty Gordon lived before she opened a beauty *atelier* and where Emily Stevens resided while she was recovering from banting forty pounds off her fair person in eight weeks. It is two minutes' walk from Central Park and they do say that Natacha Rambova, who lives just around the corner, passes a blacksmith shop on the way so that she may find lucky horse shoes. But you were asking how you might secure a photograph of Ramon Novarro. Write Metro. Ivor Novello? Isn't that dark eyed young man becoming popular? He's pressing several stars for popularity. Changing the subject slightly, have you noticed how much he resembles Joseph Schildkraut, whom some rhapsodist said is "the handsomest man in the world"? Forgive my wanderings, P. O'C. Mr. Novello can be found if you address him care David Wark Griffith. Mr. Griffith sends out hurry calls for him to rise at dawn and be at the studio to begin a picture with the smell of the dew in his nostrils and the rays of the rising sun in his eyes. No trouble, dear Miss P. O'C. Well, if you insist, I will accept an invitation to tea if I am in Bridgeport.

MARIE LORENE, WINAMAC, INDIANA.—Spare my blushes, dear girl. No, I'm not married but I might be some day. Wives finding old letters in a man's desk do make such a fuss. My married friends tell me amazing stories, when they are not telling other amazing stories to their wives. So let me hide behind my screen of anonymity. When a man has modesty encourage him to retain it. It's a jewel so rare, don't you know?

The rest of your budget of queries I answer with a bow and my hand on my heart. Raymond Bloomer was the actor who played with Mary Pickford in "Love Light." How do I spell the hero's name? Correctly, *made-moiselle*. Ha, ha! Yes, it is something of a poser. Sessue Hayakawa is the hero of "Five Days to Live." Yes, he is sentenced. I mean married. Antonio Moreno, too, is married. The newspapers printed that, to you movie maids, melancholy fact a month or two ago. He wedded Mrs. Daisy Danziger. He has reached the fascinating age of thirty-five. Fascinating because it is not old, to any woman, nor too young for any. Remember that Lillian Bell wrote her contempt for a man under thirty-five and then married one? But she was consistent, for she divorced him. Yes, Marie Lorene, Rodolph Valentino abides with his wife. Why not, pray? They maintained different apartments only until his matrimonial title was cleared beyond question.

CARMELITA, OXFORD, PA.—One of the handsomest men in America, you say? All right, Carmelita. Yes, that was an attractive picture of him that was printed in PHOTOPLAY Magazine. He has made appearances recently in "The Girl Who Came Back," "The Beautiful and Damned," "The Little Church Around the Corner," "April Showers," and "The Broken Wing." His plans and specifications are—height, five feet eleven inches; weight, 165 pounds. He was married. There—that's over. The truth, like murder, will out. He was on the stage in the "legitimate" and acquainted with vaudeville circuits before he adopted the screen. That adoption occurred in 1917. Dorothy Davenport Reid is at work on the photo drama, "The Sinning Dead."

D. C., MONDOIR, Wis.—Pola Negri and Charlie Chaplin must be engaged. One may not doubt a lady's word on such a subject. Miss Negri says they are engaged. Betty Compton's address is Famous Players Studio, 1620 Vine St., Hollywood, California. Carmel Meyers' address is care of Louis B. Mayer Studios, 38 Mission Road, Los Angeles, California.

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Edison on Pictures

"WHOEVER controls the motion picture industry controls the most powerful medium of influence over people in the world." Such was the declaration of Thomas A. Edison, appearing before the Federal Trade Commission as that body took testimony to determine whether the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and other defendants have been acting in restraint of trade.

Corroborating Mr. Edison's estimate of the educational influence of the motion picture came the statement of Dr. J. J. Tigert, U. S. Commissioner of Education, asserting that the average human being receives more information through the eye than all the other senses combined, and that in the future history will be taught by pictures on the screen. He declared that the educational value of pictures is just beginning to be felt.

It was way back in 1887 that Thomas Edison started to make possible this powerful medium. A kindly old gentleman with bright blue eyes under bushy brows, he took the stand and read from a paper the questions put to him because he is too deaf to hear an interrogator.

"It is my opinion that in twenty years children will be taught through pictures and not through books," said Mr. Edison—an impressive statement coming from one whose power of foresight has proved little short of occult. "I think motion pictures have just started. There is nothing so powerful as motion pictures in influencing people. The power will increase year to year.

"I have made numbers of investigations along the line of teaching children by other methods than books. I made an experiment teaching children chemistry with a lot of pictures. I got twelve children to write down what they had learned from the pictures they had seen. It was amazing to me that such a complicated subject as chemistry was readily grasped by them to a large extent through pictures. The parts of the pictures that they did not understand I did over and over again, until they finally understood the entire pictures."

Mr. Edison started his experiments which led to the invention of the motion picture because he wanted to do for the eye what he had done for the ear in disseminating knowledge. He believes that eighty-five per cent of knowledge is obtained through the eye. He elaborated on a device which produced minute sound waves, representing pictures. He developed this device until it could produce forty pictures in a second and named it the kinetograph. He had to make a machine which was not a projector but an endless tape. You looked through an aperture at the revolving tape and saw the picture. Afterwards he enlarged and projected the pictures, but not for financial reasons. To make pictures more cheaply the motion picture industry has reduced the speed to fifteen pictures per second.

"At one time I had a vision of remaking the public schools of the country, to teach everything with motion pictures, but I ran into the schoolbook publishers and saw that I would be beaten. I summoned educators from New York to see my test. They were delighted but they went back to New York and never did anything."

When asked what he thought of the future growth of the motion picture industry, the great genius said:

"The motion picture is just barely started. It has been developed only as an amusement feature. Its greatest field is education. When that is developed all the children will want to go to school. We will have lots of highbrows. But just in its present state it is already the most powerful agency in existence for influencing opinion and thought. It far exceeds the radio or anything the radio may achieve."

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The National Guide to Motion Pictures

N.S.E.

PHOTOPLAY

August 25c



*Marion
Davies*

What Are the Chances of a Beginner Today

The beach at Deauville—summer rendezvous
of les élégantes from all the world.



© 1923, A. H. S. Co.

From DEAUVILLE News of the Day's "Mode de Toilette"

Deauville! That French seaside village which becomes for a few short weeks the rendezvous of *les élégantes* from all the world. Deauville! There one naturally looks for the day's mode in the intimate affairs of the *toilette*. What, then, is that mode?

Ah! *Madame*, it is so simple! In the very words of France, it is this: "*On ne mélange jamais les parfums*," (one should never mingle varying scents). Rather should one choose a subtle French *odeur* which will lend its fragrance to each article of the toilet table.

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Outp 59-62

Five New Writers Sell Photoplays

or win studio staff positions—Send for Free Test which tells if you have like ability



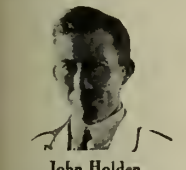
Jane Hurlie,
portrait painter, sold her story, "Robes of Redemption," to Allen Holubar.



Waldo G. Twitchell,
graduate engineer, now assistant production manager at Fairbanks-Pickford Studios.



Eophrasie Molle,
a school teacher at Oakland, California, recently sold her story, "The Violets of Yesterday," to Hobart Bosworth.



John Holden
Now in a studio staff position with one of the large producing companies.



Ethel Styles Middleton,
Pittsburgh, wrote the first Palmerplay. She receives royalties on the profits of the picture for five years, having already received an advance payment of \$1000.

HERE are five men and women, trained by this Corporation, who have, through this training, recently sold stories or accepted studio staff positions with prominent producing companies.

Picked at random from many, they prove that the ability to write belongs to no one class. One is a housewife, one a school teacher, another a graduate engineer, a portrait painter and the other has written fiction.

All have been amply repaid for the time, effort and money they invested in this work.

Not one of these men and women realized a short time ago what latent screen writing ability he or she possessed.

But each took advantage of the opportunity that you have at this moment. They tested and proved themselves by the novel method we have developed.

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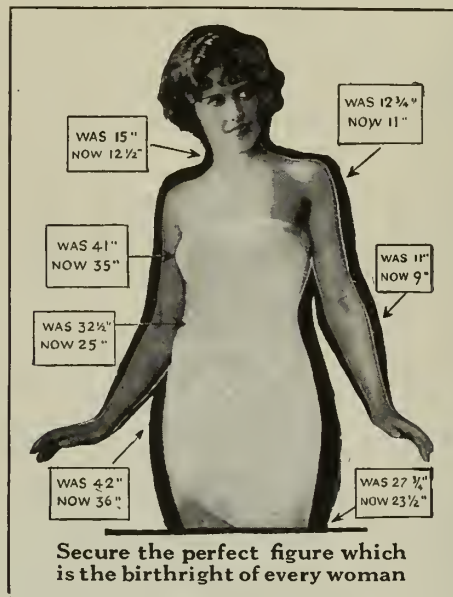
Those who reduce rapidly are usually so enthusiastic that they cannot refrain from mentioning this method to their friends. This will be the best kind of advertisement for us. So we are willing to lose money in order to secure a great number of users in the shortest possible time.

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your money will be refunded instantly. (If more convenient, you may remit 97 cents with the coupon, but this is not necessary.)

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXIV

No. 3

Contents

August, 1923

Cover Design	Marion Davies	
From a Pastel Portrait by J. Knowles Hare		
Brickbats and Bouquets		10
Letters from Readers		
Friendly Advice	Carolyn Van Wyck	12
The Department of Personal Service		
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures		15
In Tabloid Form for Ready Reference		
Rotogravure:		19
New Pictures: Evelyn Brent, Lew Cody, Norma Talmadge, Dorothy Knapp, Corinne Griffith, Eleanor Boardman, Bessie Love		
Speaking of Pictures (Editorials)	James R. Quirk	27
Why Did the Vidors Separate?	Adela Rogers St. Johns	28
That Is the Question All Hollywood Is Asking		
How Twelve Famous Women Scenario Writers Succeeded (Photos)		31
They Have Proved That the Typewriter Is Nearly as Mighty as the Klieglight		
What Are the Chances of a Beginner		34
The Most Famous Directors Here Tell You		
The Lady of the Vase	Adela Rogers St. Johns	38
Norma Talmadge's Personality Reflects the Vital Spirit of an Old Legend		

(Contents continued on next page)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine — refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

Page 64

The Exciters..... Paramount
Only 38..... Paramount
The White Rose..... United Artists

Page 65

Penrod and Sam..... First National
The Spoilers..... Goldwyn
Main Street..... Warner Brothers

Page 66

The Girl of the Golden West
First National
The Man Next Door..... Vitagraph
The Mark of the Beast..... Dixon
The Heart Raider..... Paramount
Garrison's Finish..... United Artists
Children of Dust..... First National

Page 67

The Shock..... Universal
Mary of the Movies..... F. B. O.
Fog Bound..... Paramount
A Man of Action..... First National
Slander the Woman..... First National
Snowdrift..... Fox

Page 91

The Ragged Edge..... Goldwyn
The Snow Bride..... Paramount
Michael O'Halloran..... Hodkinson
Don Quickshot of the Rio Grande

Universal
Boston Blackie..... Fox
Rice and Old Shoes..... F. B. O.
Railroaded..... Universal

Page 92

Divorce..... F. B. O.
Burning Words..... Universal

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Contents—Continued

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture	Terry Ramsaye 40
In This, Chapter XXVII, We See the First Glimmers of Stardom	
The Countess Dombski—Pola Negri (Photograph)	44
Close-Ups and Long Shots	Herbert Howe 45
Comment on the Activities of Screen Personalities	
“Celluloid Boulevard” (Fiction)	Frank R. Adams 47
A Brilliantly Written Story with an Unexpected Twist	
<i>Illustrated by Kenneth F. Camp</i>	
A Parisian Chinese Lily	Herbert Howe 50
Jetta Goudal, Daughter of France, Is Reminiscent of the Orient	
A Cockney Beauty	Jameson Sewell 51
Dorothy Mackaill Brings Her English Loveliness to Our Movies	
The Press Agent Who Is Paid \$1,000 a Week	Glendon Allvine 52
If You Have Anything Worth Advertising, Harry Reichenbach Will Make It Nationally Famous	
Off for a Roman Honeymoon! (Photograph)	53
The Eternal City Is Chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dougherty (Barbara La Marr)	
The Studio Secret (Fiction)	Frederic Arnold Kummer 54
The Most Remarkable Story of Hollywood Life Ever Penned	
<i>Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg</i>	
The South Sea Siren—Gilda Grey (Photograph)	58
Rotogravure:	59
\$5,000 in Fifty Cash Prizes!	
Rules of PHOTOPLAY Magazine's Great Screen Contest with Eight Puzzle Pictures Awaiting Your Solution	
Rodolph Valentino (Photograph)	
The Shadow Stage	Frederick James Smith 63
The Department of Practical Screen Criticism	
Gossip—East and West	Cal York 68
The Latest News of the Film Folk	
The Man Who Came Back	Bettina Bedwell 70
A Light on the Real Nature of Adolph Zukor, President of Famous Players-Lasky	
The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor	72
You Are Invited to Cast Your Ballot for What You Consider to Be the Best Picture of 1922	
“Will Mae Marsh Come Back?” (Photograph)	74
Her Performance in “The White Rose” Seems to Answer the Question	
Questions and Answers	The Answer Man 81
Why Do They Do It?	82
Screen “Breaks” Caught by Readers of PHOTOPLAY	
“The Face on the Cutting Room Floor”	Peter Milne 96
Casts of Current Photoplays	108
Complete for Every Picture Reviewed in This Issue	

*Addresses of the leading motion picture studios
will be found on page 11*

Does the Camera Lie? of course it does

It lies beautifully, artistically and convincingly.

It lies to create and maintain illusion. It lies because, in very many instances, a lie is infinitely better than the truth.

If the camera never lied you would not have half the enjoyment in pictures that you do have. You would not see on the screen the marvelous castles, the miles of forest, the thrilling train disasters and shipwrecks that lift you out of your seats in so many big pictures.

How does it lie?

That is what PHOTOPLAY will tell you in the September number. It will explain the latest and greatest secret of the motion picture trade. It will place before you, very simply and with self-explanatory illustrations, the truth about “glass work,” double exposures, double printing and miniature sets.

This is not an expose. It is an explanation. It not only will not lessen your enjoyment of the pictures, but it will increase your wonder at the marvelous strides that the industry is making in art and efficiency.

Don't miss
Photoplay
for September
Out August 15th



*We all enjoy play, and
play brings thirst.*

**Enjoy thirst ~ wherever
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this beverage ~ not
from one vine or one
tree, but a blend of
pure products from
nature's storehouse
with a flavor all its
own**

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Save the list
& ask for the dates

Pictures

The cream of America's screen entertainment is presented
in 14 special Paramount Pictures for the patrons of the finest
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A James Cruze Production
"THE COVERED WAGON"

Adapted by Jack Cunningham.
Novel by Emerson Hough.

Kenma Corporation Presents
"THE PURPLE HIGHWAY"
With Madge Kennedy

Monte Blue, Pedro deCordoba, Vincent Coleman, Dore Davidson. Adapted by Rufus Steele from the play "Dear Me." By Luther Reed and Hale Hamilton. Directed by Henry Kolker.

The Cosmopolitan Corporation Presents
"THE LOVE PIKER"
with ANITA STEWART

and an all-star cast including Wm. Norris, Robt. Frazer, Frederick Truesdell and Arthur Hoyt. By Frank R. Adams. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. Scenario by Frances Marion.

A William deMille Production
"SPRING MAGIC"
with Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt

supported by Charles deRoche, Bobby Agnew, and Mary Astor. Screen play by Clara Beranger, from the play "The Faun" by Edward Knoblock.

A James Cruze Production
"HOLLYWOOD"

By Frank Condon. Adapted by Tom Geraghty. Twenty real stars, forty screen celebrities.

A Zane Grey Production
"TO THE LAST MAN"

With Richard Dix and Lois Wilson. Supported by Frank Campeau and Noah Beery. Directed by Victor Fleming. Adapted by Doris Schroeder.

An Allan Dwan Production
"LAWFUL LARCENY"

With Hope Hampton, Nita Naldi, Conrad Nagel and Lew Cody. From the play by Samuel Shipman. Adapted by John Lynch.

A Charles Maigne Production
"THE SILENT PARTNER"

with Leatrice Joy

Owen Moore and Robert Edeson. From the story by Maximilian Foster. Screen play by Sada Cowan.

A George Fitzmaurice Production
POLA NEGRI in "The Cheat"

With Jack Holt. Supported by Charles deRoche. Adapted by Ouida Bergere—from the story by Hector Turnbull.

GLORIA SWANSON in

A Sam Wood Production
"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"

Screen version by Sada Cowan. From Charlton Andrews' adaptation of Alfred Savoir's play.

A George Melford Production
"SALOMY JANE"

With Jacqueline Logan, George Fawcett, Maurice Flynn. Book by Bret Harte. Play by Paul Armstrong. Adapted by Waldemar Young.

A James-Cruze Production
of Harry Leon Wilson's novel
"RUGGLES OF RED GAP"

With a special cast. Adapted by Tom Geraghty.

An Allan Dwan Production
GLORIA SWANSON in "Zaza"

Play by Pierre Berton. Screen play by A. S. LeVino.

THOMAS MEIGHAN in

"All Must Marry"

by George Ade. Directed by Alfred E. Green. Adapted by Tom Geraghty.

Re "In Search of Her Soul"

P. O. Box 523, Kansas City, Mo.
EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: In that article entitled "A Star in Search of Her Soul," which was published in the June issue of PHOTOPLAY, Mr. Herbert Howe writes of Pearl White's decision to enter a convent. Among other interesting things he tells of the star's childhood in Greenridge, Missouri; he quotes her concerning "the hideous house 'that was going to rack and ruin,'" telling incidentally of how she saved up pennies—which were hoarded under a jug in the corner of the cellar—in order to buy a doll that she had seen in a drugstore window.

I doubt whether any other reader of PHOTOPLAY will be able to grasp that particular part of the narrative in the exact way that I do. For I, as a youthful tramp—just then weak from sickness and lack of food—slept in that same cellar of the "hideous house" where Pearl White shortly afterward hid her pennies under the jug. And I knew well the storekeeper, Mr. Redmond (his name is Fordyce, rather than "Fortis"), who, seeing the light die out of Pearl's eyes upon finding that she did not have enough pennies to pay for it, gave her the beautiful large doll—thus begetting in her a feeling of undying gratitude.

Perhaps it is conducive to a clearer understanding of the feelings on my part if I say that I am the author of the fact-story serial, "Up From the Death Cell," now running in various newspapers throughout the United States and Canada. But it is not solely because I have gone through all imaginable hells of adversity with their sweat, blood and tears that I harbor a special sympathy for Pearl White and accept as genuine her declaration that she is now going to look after the welfare of her soul; it is because she, like unto Faust, is far from being an ordinary individual.

When I think of the sordidness and actual filth of the earlier surroundings of Pearl White, I stand in amazement at the heights of success she has attained. Her own life drama is in some measure as unusual and great as that one greatest written by the master pen of Goethe. She, the same as Faust, represents the human race. Like unto millions of others she has struggled and attained, and she has known the stream of earthly pleasure and what it is to be drowned therein. And now after all the striving and successes—after a resurrection from the death incident to being hurled into that stream that flows so near to worldly hope and attainment—she realizes that the greater Good is yet to be found.

Truly, the declaration of Pearl White that she has heretofore neglected her soul but will now begin to care for it is a grand confession, equal to that of the author of "Faust." Skeptics may smile and look wise. Materialists and those who have not been through the purging fire may dismiss her announcement as a publicity play. But irrespective of what cause or various contributing causes that led up to her decision, I for one hear that announcement as the cry of a lonely soul seeking the way of a nobler path. And whether her stay in the convent may be of long or short duration, I sincerely hope that Pearl White may find that peace and joy "more precious than the rubies of the kings."

JOHN W. KANE.

Business of Bowing

Corry, Pa.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: With each succeeding issue PHOTOPLAY shows improvement. Last evening I was reading the October 1919 issue. Then we wrote to the Answer Man for the cast of a favorite picture. Now we have the selection of the six best photoplays monthly and the cast of every picture reviewed appears also.

Brickbats & Bouquets

LETTERS FROM READERS

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. 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 full name and address.

And it is with a great deal of pleasure that we look forward to the Annual Medal of Honor Contest. I like the editorials too, because they hit the mark.

F. H. PATRICK.

Concerning Faulty Features

Boston, Mass.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I have just seen "Adam's Rib" and was, with hundreds of others, greatly disappointed. The story was unreal—what mother would ever let her daughter know that she intended sacrificing her husband for the sake of romance? And the much talked of "cave-man" scene was just sensuous.

Rex Ingram is certainly capable of doing greater things than "Where the Pavement Ends."

It didn't "get" you at all.

For me, "Brass" was spoiled by a hazy, uncertain ending.

How much better are pictures like "Robin Hood," "The Flirt," "Clarence," "Java Head," "The Pilgrim," "The Ghost Patrol," "Back Home and Broke," "Kick In" and "Down to the Sea in Ships."

HARRIET KNOWLTON.

Inside Lighting Effects

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: In the February "Why Do They Do It" column, J. B. H. of Reno, Nevada, complains about the lack of outside wiring in "Wild Honey" while the house was lighted by electricity. I did not see the picture he refers to, but would like to advise him that I own a country estate remotely situated here in

Illinois, and that it is electrified without outside wiring of any sort, above or under the ground, and needing no outside wiring as the electricity is supplied by a small plant situated in the basement. If J. H. B. will look into it he will find thousands of these plants in the United States and will not need to worry about "mistakes" made by the director of "Wild Honey."

I wish to thank you for your history of the motion picture industry, and would be further indebted to you, were you to convince Florence Turner, Florence Lawrence, Mary Fuller, and more of the old stars and pioneers to come back. Don't you think they could succeed now, when they did so well in the old days?

It was rather a shock to find no mention of Wallace Reid's death in the February Magazine until I realized that the magazine was printed too early to cover that subject, but I am looking forward to some memorial in the March issue. Wally probably made mistakes, but he occupied a unique place and can never be replaced, and I am glad to note that the general public is feeling its great loss and not condemning

A. H. WADDINGTON.

Some Thumb-Nail Impressions

Milwaukee, Wis.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: May a college girl venture a few opinions? First of all, Bebe Daniels. She is beautiful, and to my mind, one of the screen's most capable players. She is a wonderful clothes model and enacts her society characters perfectly. Some say Miss Daniels appeals only to the young, but my mother and her friends, who are far from young, think Bebe is "just right." So that's that. The following are some of my thumb-nail impressions of stars:

Rodolph Valentino—A sincere, capable actor, who is handicapped by excessive good looks and a distinctly foreign air.

Lila Lee—A beauty who hasn't the slightest idea of what it is to act.

Thomas Meighan—Runs neck and neck with Jackie Coogan for title of "the best actor on the screen today."

Norma Talmadge—She has ability as well as beauty, dignity as well as charm, and a personal magnetism.

May McAvoy—Day by day, in every way she is getting better and better.

Conrad Nagel—Knows he can act without being conceited.

Leatrice Joy—A second Norma Talmadge.

Malcolm McGregor—Continued exertion leads to success.

Marion Davies—A flash in the pan.

Pauline Garon—Practice makes perfect.

BETTY REID.

The Talents They Possess

Chicago, Illinois.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Why are the fans so quick to throw brickbats at stars simply because they do not suit them in one way or the other? We should admire Mae Murray because she is a wonderful dancer and not scorn her because she is not a wonderful actress.

Let us respect Agnes Ayres because she is beautiful and wears gorgeous clothes and not say she is worthless because she is not as perfect as Norma Talmadge. Norma is not perfect. Pola Negri is a far superior actress than she.

Mae Murray is a dancer and Norma is not. Agnes Ayres has a sweet expression and is a fair actress. So let's applaud the stars for what they can do and not scorn them for what they cannot.

ALLAN Q. SMITH.

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 FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES, 6 West 48th Street, New York City.
 Richard Barthelmess Productions, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
 Edwin Carewe Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 619 Pacific Finance Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.
 Allen Holubar Productions, Union League Bldg., Third and Hill Streets, Los Angeles, Calif.
 Thomas H. Ince Productions, Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.
 John M. Stahl Productions, Mayer Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.
 Norma and Costance Talmadge Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
 Maurice Tourneur Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
 Laurence Trimble-Jane Murfin Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 6 West 48th Street, New York City.
 Louis Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.
 Richard Walton Tully Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
- EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORPORATION, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
 Christie Comedies, Christie Film Co., Inc., Sunset at Gowanus St., Los Angeles, Calif.
 Hamilton Comedies, Lloyd Hamilton Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
 Mermaid Comedies, Jack White Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
- FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION (PARAMOUNT), 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
 (s) Paramount, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.
 (s) Lasky, Hollywood, Calif.
 British Paramount, (s) Poole St., Islington, N. London, England.
 Wm. S. Hart Productions, (s) 1215 Bates Street, Hollywood, Calif.
- FOX FILM CORPORATION, (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City; (s) 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. (s) Rome, Italy.
- GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; (s) Culver City, Calif. Marshall Neilan, King Vidor Productions and Hugo Ballin Productions.
 International Films, Inc. (Cosmopolitan Productions), 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (s) Second Avenue and 127th St., New York City.
- W. W. HODKINSON CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
- MASTODON FILMS, INC., C. C. Burr, 135 West 44th Street, New York City; (s) Glendale, Long Island.
- METRO PICTURES CORPORATION, 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) Romaine and Cahuenga Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
 Tiffany Productions, 1540 Broadway, New York City.
 Buster Keaton Productions, Keaton Studio, 1205 Lily Way, Hollywood, Calif.
 Jackie Coogan, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
- PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif., Producing at Thos. H. Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.
- PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th Street, New York City; (Associated Exhibitors). Hal E. Roach Studios, Inc., Culver City, Calif.
 Ruth Roland Serials, United Studio, Hollywood, Calif.
- PREFERRED PICTURES, 1650 Broadway, New York City; (s) Mayer-Schulberg Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif. Tom Forman, Victor Schertzinger and Louis J. Gasnier Productions.
- PRINCIPAL PICTURES CORPORATION, 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
- R-C PICTURES CORPORATION, 723 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (s) Corner Gower and Melrose Streets, Hollywood, Calif.
- ROTHACKER FILM MFG. COMPANY, 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Illinois; Rothacker-Aller Laboratories, Inc., Hollywood, Calif.
- UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
 George Arliss Productions, Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Avenue, New York City.
 Rex Beach Productions, United Artists Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
 Charlie Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
 D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
 Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford Studio, Hollywood, Calif.
 Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Calif.
 Charles Ray Productions, 1428 Fleming Street, Los Angeles, Calif.
 Mack Sennet Comedy Productions, Los Angeles, Calif.
- UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. COMPANY, 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Universal City, Calif.
 Century Comedies, Circle Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
- VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, (s) East 15th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York; (s) 1708 Talmadge Street, Hollywood, Calif.
 Whitman Bennett Productions, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, New York.
- WARNER BROTHERS, 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Sunset Blvd. at Bronson, Los Angeles, Calif.

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Wait! Don't say it is impossible. Men and women everywhere, who didn't think they could write, now make big money in their spare time. It may be just as easy for YOU. It won't cost a penny to find out, anyway. "The Short-Cut to Successful Writing" will tell if you can write. This wonderful book is ABSOLUTELY FREE. Read about it below.

WHEN you talk to most people about writing stories and photoplays, they laugh at the idea. They think it impossible. They doubt that one can be successful without being a "genius" or having "pull." And these mistaken ideas rob them of fame and fortune.

A short time ago a poor lad was following the plow in Minnesota. From early dawn until late sunset he toiled in the withering sun—for a few dollars. But he had dreams. He longed to write for the movies. His friends laughed at the idea. "That's foolish," they told him. "You've got to be a *Genius* to write." But the farm lad was not discouraged. He knew there was nothing to lose if he failed, but a great deal to gain if he succeeded. So he resolved to try. Late one night—after a hard day in the fields—he wrote his first photoplay. And he succeeded! To-day he is said to receive a salary of \$2,000.00 a week—\$104,000.00 a year—more than the President of the United States!

A busy housewife, who didn't *dream* she could write, followed our suggestions and sold her first photoplay for \$500.00. Janett Burrows, a Cleveland, Ohio, stenographer, earned over \$4,500.00 in six months. Peggy Reidell, a clerk in Chicago, sold her first story for \$250.00. One young man quickly sold three stories to Canadian magazines. The wife of an Ohio farmer sold an article to *Woman's Home Companion* and a story to *The Farmer's Wife*. A Massachusetts housewife sold forty manuscripts in two years. Just imagine how much she earned!

YOUR story or photoplay has as much chance as that of any other person. Why not? It has happened before—time and time again. Often the unknown author springs to fame overnight. Out of the crowd—out of the unknown—come our famous authors and playwrights.

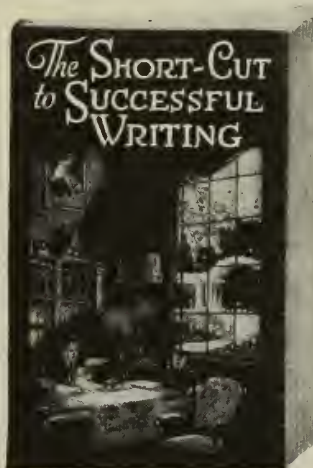
Editors will welcome a good story or photoplay from you just as quickly as from any well-known writer. They will pay you well for your ideas, too—a good deal bigger money than is paid in salaries.

Don't think you can't write because you have an ordinary education—that may be a HELP instead of a hindrance. Many brilliant people have really done less than the plainer, persistent ones who had common sense and determination. Thousands of people of ordinary education, who didn't think they *could* write, now produce stories and photoplays in their spare time! Why not YOU?

How to Prove That You CAN Write

If you want to prove to yourself that you *can* write, if you want to make big money in your spare time, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it to The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y. They will send you "*The Short-Cut to Successful Writing*" ABSOLUTELY FREE. This wonderful book 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 your 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 your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of failure. How to WIN!

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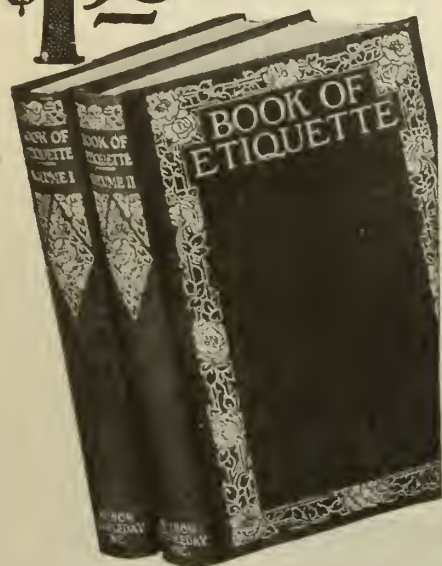
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\$500 CONTEST

We want a fourth verse for our song, "Empty Arms." \$500 will be paid to the writer of the best one submitted. Send us your name and we shall send you the words of the song and the rules of this contest. Address Contest Editor, World M. P. Corp., 245 W. 47th St., Dept. 752A, New York, N. Y.



FRIENDLY ADVICE

From
Carolyn Van Wyck

EVERY woman wants to be attractive. She wants to be admired—to be popular. Each day I receive letters from young girls, from debutantes, from business women and from wives and mothers. All asking me to give them the secret of charm. All asking me how they may attain those two desirable, but elusive, qualities—personality and beauty.

It is the privilege of every woman to be charming. To taste of the sweets of life. That is my answer to each query! A woman should make the most of herself. She should carefully consider her best features—and her worst ones! She should build a barrier of attraction between herself and plainness.

Clothes—both in shade and style—must be considered carefully. Hair dressing. Cosmetics. A woman should study her type, and dress accordingly, if she would have charm. If she is slim and demure her clothes and, yes, her make-up, should match her natural gifts. If she is vivid, dark, alluring—then her gowns and her coloring and her touches of jewelry should be exotic and bizarre.

Charm, however, does not entirely depend upon external things. Good manners, poise, tact and intelligence play their part in the scheme of things. Sweetness of nature and unselfishness make themselves felt.

To have charm a girl or woman must first of all be a gentlewoman. (This is a matter of training and cleverness and good taste, rather than that of social background.) And then she should work out her personal problem in regard to good looks, just as a school child does an example in arithmetic, and as a business man figures over a prospective deal.

Every sensible woman—and all women who want to be pretty and attractive are sensible—realize that charm is the thing that goes to make popularity. They should, knowing this, judge of their requirements or, if they are unable to judge, they should ask questions of someone whose advice they can trust.

H. M. O., IRVINGTON, N. Y.

Do not be self-conscious about your height. The day of the flapper is passing—with longer skirts and hair in vogue, taller women will be the fashion. And, anyway, five feet seven inches is not too tall!

Do not, because of your height, allow your carriage to become slouchy. Walk well, with chest out and head proudly erect. Wear, for every day, two piece dresses that follow the Bramley pattern, and loose swinging capes and

coats. For afternoon and party frocks you may adopt the very full skirt, the panniers, and the slightly wired hoops. Do not wear draped or one-piece gowns—they will make you seem taller. Your dresses should have a definite waist line.

HELEN S., NORWALK, CONN.

A good astringent would help to model your cheeks and also occasionally an alcohol massage. There are certain flesh reducing creams which might do you some good, too. If you will send me a stamped, addressed envelope, I will give you some information regarding freckle creams that are safe and sane to use.

NELL, EAST GREENWOOD, R. I.

A bad complexion does not always come from the outside—are you sure that your digestive apparatus is in order, and that your system is unclogged and healthy? If you are certain that your physical condition is all that it should be, there are many ways that you can improve your complexion—from the outside. The Woodbury treatment is a fine one, and many of the complexion clays bring about really splendid results. So do the skin foods and facial creams that are on the market. And, last but not least, a good stimulating facial massage is always beneficial to clogged pores.

JANET M. K., NEW YORK CITY.

You say that Nestle's Lanoil wave has been recommended to you, and ask me what I think of it. I am glad to answer that I have found it perfectly satisfactory. A permanent wave, when done skilfully, is a joy—especially in the warm summer months when even the prettiest straight hair is apt to have a hopeless appearance. Contrary to many reports a good permanent wave does not do any harm. But one unskilfully given can damage the hair very much indeed.

M. E. T., CHICAGO, ILL.

If you think that the man you are engaged to cares more for another girl than he does for you, I think that you are unwise to want to hold him to his promise. A promise unwillingly kept ceases to mean anything. Marrying a man who does not want to be your husband will be torture for him and, incidentally, for you. Make sure of the situation before you stumble blindly ahead—and, if you are not in complete possession of your fiance's love, break the engagement before it is too late.

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—The Editor

DOROTHY A., MOBILE, ALA.

It is certainly too bad that your profile is not pretty—especially when your full face is so charming. Are you quite sure that you aren't overestimating the trouble. Turnup noses are often piquant rather than objectionable, and the shape of your mouth can be altered slightly by the careful use of a lip stick. Do not use too-white powder on your nose—it will accentuate the outline. And wear hats with irregular brims, they will help, greatly. In fact a style of hair dressing, and careful attention to hats and make-up often seem to change features.

L. S. R., UTICA, N. Y.

When a young man loses interest in a girl there is little that she can do. Going more than half way is usually useless, as well as humiliating. Broken appointments, promises that are never kept, evasive excuses—they are all danger signals! It is better to keep a fragment of your dignity, and to pretend at least that you are not being hurt, than to do the pursuing! Always remember—for it is truth that many women have had to accept—that there is nothing colder than the burned out ash of a dead love!

MARGARET H., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A girl with light brown hair, blue-gray eyes and fair skin with a hint of yellow in it, must be very particular in the choice of color. She should wear blues and greens and violet tints, but she should avoid browns, yellows, and shades of red. Black is always good, and pale grey—never taupe! She should not wear "odd" colors, such as olive drab, sulphur, tangerine, or cerise.

A girl with dark brown hair, brown-grey eyes and a dark skin is a simpler type to choose shadings for. The warm colors, always. Brown, red, tangerine, flame, yellow, old gold, bronze and orange will be her best choice. But she can also wear blues, and pinks, and some greens.

B. S., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Five feet, six inches, is not a great height. Not more than an inch above the average, I should say. And tall girls are the vogue, this year. You are underweight, though—you could do nicely with an added ten pounds. Don't bob your hair this year—especially since your mother objects to bobbed hair. Long hair is becoming smarter every day, and girls are wishing for their discarded tresses.

You will look well in a cape, and in the loose type of coat that is worn for sports. Light colors will be especially becoming to you, for they will make you seem less slender—and, for that reason, less tall. And so I am sure that the camel's hair suit will be quite charming. A tight hip line is always good, I think.

M. S. W., INDEPENDENCE, IOWA

I should not like to advise the use of a curling iron—electric or otherwise. For a curling iron, unless it is in super-skilful hands, is likely to do more damage than good. Even splendid hair-dressers are apt to burn hair, without in the least meaning to. I feel sure that the unheated appliance is by far the best, and certainly the safest. The hair is often more healthy when left straight—if it is naturally straight. But I know how hard it is to see others with curly locks, and not have them. Then, too, the hat problem is more easily solved if one wears waved hair.

"VANITY," SEATTLE, WASH.

A too fleshy face is a drawback. Massage will help, undoubtedly, and so will diet—that is if your body is also too fleshy. Fashion experts say that the very slim figure is a thing of the past—that the new gowns demand more flesh. Curves, rather than straight lines. If this is so you have less to worry about! It is wrong to say that all men dislike women who are inclined to be plump. Some really stout women are very popular. After all, disposition and charm are more important than mere surface good looks.

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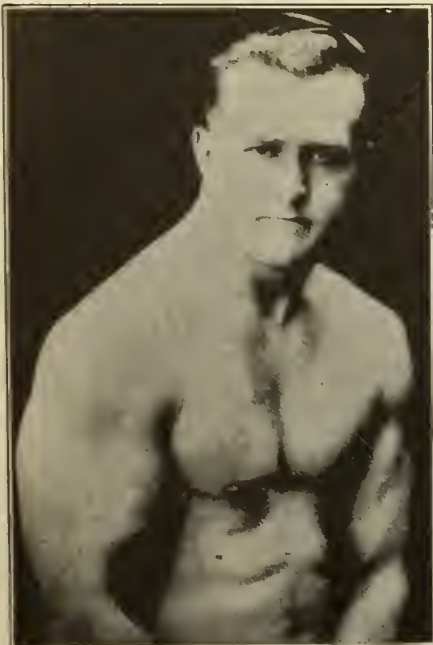
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Earle E. Liederman
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Pity the Weaking

Don't you feel sorry for those poor fellows dragging along through life with a neglected body? They are up and around a full half hour in the morning before they are half awake. They taste a bite of food and call it a breakfast. Shuffle off to work and drag through the day. It's no wonder so few of them ever succeed. Nobody wants a dead one hanging around. It's the live ones that count.

Strength Is Yours

Wake up fellows and look the facts in the face. It's up to you right now. What do you plan to be—a live one or a dead one? Health and strength are yours if you'll work for them, so why choose a life of auffering and failure?

Exercise will do it. By that I mean the right kind of exercise. Yes, your body needs it just as much as it does food. If you don't get it you soon develop into a flat-chested, narrow-shouldered weakling with a brain that needs all kinds of stimulants and foolish treatments to make it act. I know what I am talking about. I haven't devoted all these years for nothing. Come to me and give me the facts and I'll transform that body of yours so you won't know it. I will broaden your shoulders, fill out your chest, and give you the arms and legs of a real man. Meanwhile, I work on the muscles in and around your vital organs, making your heart pump rich, pure blood and putting real pep in your old backbone. This is no idle talk. I don't promise these things—I guarantee them. If you doubt me, come on and make me prove it. That's what I like.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

ABYSMAL BRUTE, THE—Universal.—A woman-shy young man with a wallop in his right fist and a come-hither in his eye, played by Reginald Denny in a way both manly and appealing. Jack London characters faithfully reproduced. This is a picture for everybody. (July.)

ADAM AND EVA—Paramount-Cosmopolitan.—Marion Davies does some very good light comedy work as a spoiled daughter of wealth. (May.)

ADAM'S RIB—Paramount.—Cecil de Mille's latest—and worst. Started out to be an epic of the flapper and wound up as a rhinestone-set tale of the girl who sacrifices her reputation to save her mother. (May.)

AFFAIRS OF LADY HAMILTON, THE—Hodkinson.—Lady Hamilton comes to a bad finish, but her road of life is not tedious by any means. Rather heavy German production. Not for children. (July.)

ALICE ADAMS—Associated Exhibitors-Pathé.—A true celluloid counterpart of Booth Tarkington's thoroughly human account of small-town Indiana life. (April.)

ALL THE BROTHERS WERE VALIANT—Metro.—A whaling good story of the sea, though over long. (April.)

ARE YOU A FAILURE?—Preferred Pictures.—A story in seven reels that deserves three. It may amuse the old folks and children. A small town seemingly inhabited entirely by actors. (May.)

BACKBONE—Distinctive Pictures.—Anything but distinctive—just average. A far-fetched tale, ornately mounted. (May.)

BAVU—Universal.—A gory tale of Bolshevich Russia, decidedly artificial. Th's doesn't apply to Wallace Beery, however, the double-dyed villain. Flappers may like the ultra-heroic Forrest Stanley. (July.)

BELLA DONNA—Paramount.—Pola Negri's first American-made picture does not fit her as well as those tailored in Berlin. Pola is more beautiful but less moving; a passion flower fashioned into a poinsettia. The picture is thoroughly artificial. (June.)

BELL BOY 13—Ince-First National.—Tries desperately hard to be funny. Douglas MacLean all right, but this is a two-reeler that didn't know when to stop growing. (April.)

BOHEMIAN GIRL, THE—American Releasing Corporation.—It all depends. Ivor Novello and Gladys Cooper. Creaky light opera retold in celluloid. (April.)

BOLTED DOOR, THE—Universal.—Husband and wife have a quarrel, a fortune hunter threatens to break up what little domestic happiness is left, but virtue triumphs in the end. (May.)

BRASS—Warner Brothers.—Not for those who read the novel by Norris. A story which doesn't dare anything. Harry Myers excellent in small role. (June.)

BRIGHT SHAWL, THE—First National.—A pretty play of distinct atmospheric charm, a tale of Havana intrigue with Cuban strugglers for liberty on one side and soldiers of Spanish oppression on the other. Well acted by Richard Barthelmess, Dorothy Gish, Jetta Goudal and William Powell. (July.)

BUCKING THE BARRIER—Fox.—Dustin Farnum beating up thugs who wouldst thwart him from claiming his rightful estates. (June.)

CAN A WOMAN LOVE TWICE?—F. B. O.—Apparently she can. Ethel Clayton, as the harassed heroine of a dull, long-drawn out drama, does. (May.)

CANYON OF THE FOOLS—F. B. O.—After seeing this picture, any audience will agree that all the fools aren't in the canyon. Some of them wrote and directed this story. (April.)

CASEY JONES, JR.—Educational.—Two reels of good fun for the whole family. A colored porter and a goat offer some amusing gags. (May.)

CORDELIA THE MAGNIFICENT—Metro.—High society with everybody blackmailing everybody, even the heroine, who does it unconsciously, of course. Badly adapted story. (July.)

COVERED WAGON, THE—Paramount.—The biggest picture of the screen year. Real pioneers fighting their tortuous passage across the plains and mountains. Recommended to everyone, without reservations. A Will Hays promise made good. (May.)

CRASHING THROUGH—F. B. O.—Not so bad—not so good. A Harry Carey jumble of heroics. (June.)

CRINOLINE AND ROMANCE—Metro.—A saccharine picture of an embittered colonel who tries to keep his granddaughter away from the lures of the wicked world. (April.)

CRITICAL AGE, THE—Hodkinson.—Another Ralph Connor Glengarry story, well told. Lacking in the original force and spiritual element. (July.)

CROSSED WIRES—Universal.—And yet another little Cinderella. She prefers sassily to the switchboard, and she achieves her heart's desire, not without some heart-throbs and much laughter. (July.)

As a special service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments upon all photoplays of the preceding four months.

PHOTOPLAY readers find this department of tremendous help—for it is an authoritative and accurate summary, told in a few words, of all current film dramas.

PHOTOPLAY has always been first and foremost in its film reviews. However, the fact that most photoplays do not reach the great majority of the country's screen theaters until months later, has been a manifest drawback. This department overcomes this—and shows you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money.

You can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. The month at the end of each tabloid indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

DADDY—First National.—A shopworn and old fashioned story with Jackie Coogan as its redeeming feature. (May.)

DARK SECRETS—Paramount.—No excuse for this in this day and age. Dorothy Dalton pursued by an Egyptian gent with Cooie ideas. (April.)

DEAD GAME—Universal.—Hoot Gibson does some hard riding and fast thinking. (July.)

DOLLAR DEVILS—Hodkinson.—Dull and dreary. Small oil town story—that's all. (April.)

DOUBLE DEALING—Universal.—A stupid young man buys property of a confidence man, and of course the property assumes a great value. Otherwise how could it all end so happily? (July.)

DRIVEN—Universal.—A celluloid surprise, mountain folks—not cabaret hounds. For those who are interested in the best on the screen. (April.)

DRUMS OF FATE—Paramount.—"Enoch Arden" up-to-date. Mary Miles Minter. Better attend a bridge club tonight. (April.)

ENEMIES OF WOMEN—Paramount-Cosmopolitan.—An Ibanez romance filmed in Paris and Monte Carlo, decorated by Urban, dressed by Poiret and gilded by Ziegfeld. A million dollars' worth of beauty, including Alma Rubens, and superb acting by Lionel Barrymore. (June.)

EX-KAISER IN EXILE, THE—Hodkinson.—The Ex-Kaiser striding through many acres of pleasant woodland in Holland acting like a caged lion. Wilhelm looks quite healthy—too healthy to make the film enjoyable. (May.)

FAMOUS MRS. FAIR, THE—Metro.—"Arise, Fred Niblo, Photoplay dubs you a directorial knight of the screen." A perfect motion picture and a perfect cast. You can't afford to miss this. (May.)

FIGHTING BLOOD—F. B. O.—One of the best of the serials. Whether you are a fight fan or not, you will enjoy them. (April.)

FIRST DEGREE, THE—Universal.—Frank Mayo does fine work as a misunderstood brother. Sylvia Breamer weakens the story. (April.)

FOOLS AND RICHES—Universal.—The handsome hero and his money are soon parted, but being a hero he wins another fortune, and being handsome wins the girl. (July.)

FOUR ORPHANS, THE—Hodkinson.—A comedy. Not the funniest ever made, but almost amusing enough. Charles Murray is the real star. (May.)

FOURTH MUSKETEER, THE—F. B. O.—Johnnie Walker at his best as a young prize-fighter who gives up certain championship for the little wife. (June.)

FURY—First National-Inspiration.—A he-picture of the sea with wallops in every other scene. Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish. (April.)

GENTLEMAN FROM AMERICA, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson and an army pal adventuring in a Spanish duchy. (April.)

GHOST PATROL, THE—Universal.—Fairly good entertainment. George Nichols—new star. Does usual stunt of walking away with picture. (April.)

GIMME—Goldwyn.—Slightly over the average. Young bride who has to beg coin from husband with inevitable consequences. (April.)

GIRL I LOVED, THE—United Artists.—We recommend this without a single qualification to the entire family. It deserves your attention. A fragile wistful little lyric inspired by J. Whitcomb Riley's poem of a country boy who loves his foster sister. Ray gives one of the best performances of the screen year, superb in its humanness and tenderness. We cannot recommend it too highly. (July.)

GIRL WHO CAME BACK, THE—Preferred.—The dear girl doesn't come back, really, but she does get diamonds and two husbands. So everybody's happy, unless possibly the audience. (July.)

GLIMPSES OF THE MOON, THE—Paramount.—Beautiful sets, beautiful gowns and oh, such beautiful ladies! In a word, an eye-ful. But nothing much for the heart. (June.)

GO-GETTER, THE—Paramount-Cosmopolitan.—The Go-Getter has lost much of his pep passing from magazine to screen, but it is a pleasant, well-round narrative for a' that. (July.)

GOSSIP—Universal.—Gladys Walton ends a great strike and marries the mill owner—all because she is a sweet, innocent little girl who knows nothing of life, or the conventions. (May.)

GRUB STAKE, THE—American Releasing Corporation.—Fifty-seven varieties of woodland creatures, ranging in styles from bears to porcupines. Also Nell Shipman. A unique forest picture. (June.)

SUNSHINE TRAIL, THE—First National.—The story of a nice young man who wants to spread sunshine everywhere but gets under a cloud in his own home town. (June.)

SUZANNA—Allied Producers.—Mack Sennett tries plot instead of pies without so much success, but Mabel Normand stirs in some fine humor. Early California, missions, Spaniards—and Mabel. (June.)

TEMPTATION—C. B. C. Film Sales Corp.—Original in that the couple who are struggling unhappily under the weight of their millions do not lose the bankroll and live forever in a cottage. (July.)

THREE JUMPS AHEAD—Fox.—Tom Mix and his horse Tony leap a chasm and give you an hour of Western thrill with love interest. (June.)

TIGER'S CLAW—Paramount.—Jack Holt goes to India, gets bit by a tiger, married to half-caste, and mixed up in poison plots. (June.)

TILLERS OF THE SOIL—Thoughtful, but gloomy. A few rays of sunlight and cheer would help it. Made in France. (April.)

TOWN SCANDAL, THE—Universal.—Gladys Walton is a chorus girl who runs out of a job and goes home to write her memoirs for the local gazette. Of course the poor girl's misunderstood. (June.)

TRAILING AFRICAN WILD ANIMALS—Metro.—This Martin Johnson picture is the best of its kind. The best animal close-ups ever made, and some tremendous thrills. (July.)

TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE, THE—Paramount.—Mountaineers, moonshiners, Minter and Moreno. Also Ernest Torrence. The players are the thing. (June.)

TRIFLING WITH HONOR—Universal.—The story of a home-run king, resembling Babe Ruth, who is the idol of the small boys. Intensely dramatic and worthy. (July.)

TRIMMED IN SCARLET—Universal.—Characters displaying their lack of sense in a way that may earn your pity but not your sympathy. (June.)

VANITY FAIR—Goldwyn.—Hugo Ballin's workmanlike visualization of Thackeray's novel. Not brilliant, but adequate. (June.)

VENGEANCE OF THE DEEP—American Releasing Corp.—Sharks, devil crabs, sea weed and treasure chests make the under-sea pictures interesting and thrilling. But the actors on dry land are not so interesting. (July.)

VOICE FROM THE MINARET, THE—First National.—A reunion of Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien. Good. (April.)

WAGGIN' TALE, A—F. B. O.—Sorry to say that a clever dog actor takes all the honors away from the Carter De Havens. (May.)

WESTBOUND LIMITED—F. B. O.—A homely, sympathetic tale built about the railroad and its men. A love interest, too—though hardly necessary. (July.)

WHAT A WIFE LEARNED—First National.—It was the husband who learned and it required six reels. You feel that he should have gotten wise in the second. How Milton Sills suffers. (April.)

WHAT WIVES WANT—Universal.—After many reels the husband realizes that all business and no love will wreck any marriage. You probably will realize it from the first. (July.)

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE COLD—Metro.—It follows the scenery and action of "Robin Hood" with some surprising results and some not so surprising. (April.)

WHERE THE PAVEMENT ENDS—Metro.—Ramon Novarro (girls, don't miss him) and Alice Terry in what seems to us Rex Ingram's best picture. Recommended. (May.)

WHILE PARIS SLEEPS—Hodkinson.—You will, too. Wouldn't have thought this of Maurice Tourneur. Better stay at home. (April.)

WHITE FLOWER, THE—Paramount.—Hawaii and Betty Compson are alluring. Nothing else matters if you like them. And who doesn't? (June.)

WITHIN THE LAW—First National.—An expensive production with big names, but lacking inspiration and vitality. Norma Talmadge seems afraid to act. The best work is that of Lew Cody as the crook. (July.)

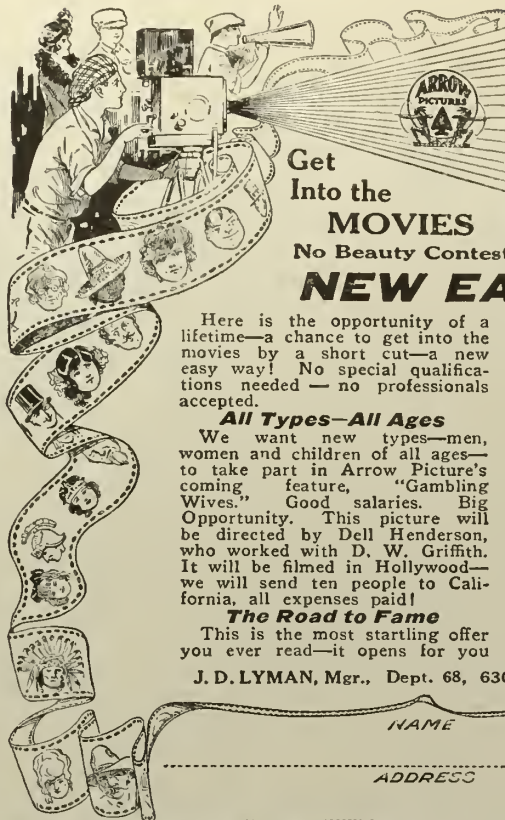
WOMAN OF BRONZE, THE—Metro.—Clara Kimball Young as the wife, who after disillusionment and anguish proves to be the ideal woman for her husband. (June.)

WORLD'S APPLAUSE, THE—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels. Story of publicity built idol who gets involved and demolished. She's innocent. (April.)

WORLD'S A STAGE, THE—Principal Pictures.—Elinor Glyn's Hollywood might just as well have been laid in any other small town. (April.)

YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE—Paramount.—Good money and players wasted upon an absurd story. Again the husband on the edge of the restless forties, the neglected wife and the regulation vampire. (July.)

YOUR FRIEND AND MINE—Metro.—Really good, but slightly silly. The wife is too trusting, the villain too bad, the ruined girl too resigned. (May.)



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New Pictures

EVELYN BRENT recently gave up her role of leading woman for Douglas Fairbanks, feeling that the period between productions was too long. The lure of appearing in his new spectacle, "The Thief of Bagdad," apparently held nothing for her



Eglinton

LEW CODY came mighty near hanging out a sign reading, Dr. Lewis Joseph Cote. He packed up his medical diploma and sought work on the stage. Despite his early success as a "male vampire," he refused to continue in that type of role



Spurr

THIS unusual study presents an interesting phase of the many sided Norma Talmadge. Hers is an ever changing and broadening personality. Miss Norma Talmadge is one of the most distinguished graduates of old Vitagraph



Johnston |

DOROTHY KNAPP has come to films after winning a prize at the Atlantic City beauty show of 1922. Last Winter she topped it all by winning New York City's Venus contest. PHOTOPLAY predicts a brilliant future



Hesser

CORINNE GRIFFITH is one of the pulchritudinous dozen of filmdom—the beauties of celluloidia. She was born in Texas, educated in New Orleans, came to the films after winning the first prize for beauty at a Mardi Gras ball



Heiser

ELEANOR BOARDMAN is one of those screen rarities: the winner of a film contest who seems likely to justify herself. She comes from Philadelphia and found photoplay opportunity after losing her voice behind the footlights



Bull

D W. GRIFFITH once said that Bessie Love was the most promising young actress he had ever directed. Somehow, after her rare first days at old Triangle, something blocked her progress. Now, she is returning to her own

To eliminate washing-risks— Apply this simple soap-test before you choose soap for precious garments

There is a way to test soap for delicate fabrics, like silk, wool and lace—a simple, yet conclusive, test which can be made merely by asking yourself this question:

*Would I use this
soap on my face?*

This is the test. If your answer is "no," think twice before you risk your precious garments.

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Many women, knowing Ivory's purity, used to shave the Ivory cake to make their own flakes. Now Ivory Flakes—thinner than rose petals—may be bought, ready for instant suds, in the convenient blue and white package shown below.

Besides having a unique margin of safety for your most delicate things, Ivory Flakes has the additional advantage of economy—you can use it for all the heavier garments that require careful washing.

Simple directions for using Ivory Flakes will be found on the package; but we should like to have the privilege of sending you our illustrated booklet,

"The Care of Lovely Garments," containing many additional suggestions which we believe will be of value to you.

At the same time, we shall send you a sample package of Ivory Flakes, without charge. You will find directions for ordering in the lower right-hand corner of this page.

Remember—Ivory Flakes has a margin of safety beyond other soaps for the most precious things you own.

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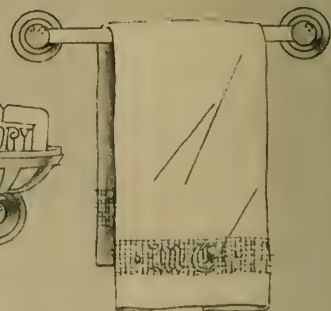
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PHOTOPLAY

August, 1923

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

AS this issue of PHOTOPLAY goes off to the presses the news comes of a striking new recognition of the functions of the motion picture in the greater affairs of the world and its service of the causes of civilization. On the desk of David Wark Griffith at Times Square, on Broadway, there is pending a picture proposal that reaches down into the diplomatic secrets and world policies of far-away Downing Street in London.

A proposal from patriotic and influential British subjects—which merely means the government operating through one of its many unofficial but none-the-less effective channels—has come to Griffith to make a great spectacular production in India which shall carry a propaganda message to the world.

The British Empire wants peace in India. The effective answer to Ghandi, and the effective appeal to the potential colonists of the white world, can, these British leaders feel, be more forcefully phrased in the motion picture than in any of the other media of modern propaganda. It is something of a testimonial to the screen.

There is, too, something which perhaps pleases our patriotic pride in having this commission laid before an American master of the art that is so peculiarly American. Regardless of what the ultimate fate of the tentative project may be, all of the elements of the recognition are real.

SOMETHING of the immortality of good work even in the fragile, fleeting medium of the films is indicated in the announcement from the offices of D. W. Griffith that "Judith of Bethulia" is reissued, available to the independent state's right exchanges. "Judith of Bethulia" is the oldest American masterpiece of the screen, the greatest picture which Griffith made at the culmination of "the golden age of Biograph," now a decade in the past. It antedates "The Birth of a Nation." In the cast are Blanche Sweet, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Henry Walthall, Mae Marsh, Elmo Lincoln and many another now enshrined in screen fame.

Five years ago "Judith of Bethulia" was reissued by other interests under the banal title of "Her Condoned Sin" and failed for lack of adequate presentation. Now that it has come again to the hand of its maker, perhaps the justice of a fuller appreciation may be expected.

WELL, the authors and the producers got right down to cases at the first international congress on motion picture arts held under the auspices of the Authors League of America, in New York City recently. It was just a happy family, and what a grand time they had telling each other how much the other didn't know about pictures. Of course the story is always the thing, but what seems difficult for the author to understand is that the motion picture has its own art form and that it is impossible to follow a book literally from the first paragraph to the last.

THE best answer to the author who insists on a literal adaptation of his novel is given by an author, who is now one of our rising young directors, Rupert Hughes. He screened his own story, "Souls for Sale," and the plot of the book can be found in the screen version only with a high powered microscope.

Yet it is a picture that will entertain millions. It has in it everything that the literary technicians say it should not have. Yet it can be rated as very worth while and worth anyone's quarter or fifty cents.

WE motion picture devotees are getting mighty hard to please. Did you ever stop to realize how the motion picture is developing the critical sense of the American people? The average motion picture goer is familiar not only with the personnel of the profession, but with the technical terms of the business. Everyone thinks he would make a good scenario writer or director, and it has become part of the pleasure of attending the theater to dissect the picture and tell how it can be improved.

AFTER all, what is the test of a good motion picture? From what viewpoint should we review pictures and guide PHOTOPLAY readers in the expenditure of their motion picture time and money?

Should the professional critic or reviewer approach them as art subjects, submitting them to the hypercritical standards of a profound intimacy with painting, sculpture, literature and music?

Or as an average human being seeking a few hours of entertainment, of vicarious adventure and romance, or as a mental anesthesia that will blot out for a few hours the sometimes stern and bitter realities of life?

FOR its part PHOTOPLAY will continue to "report" pictures for its readers. It will tell them if the picture is worth while entertainment. It will warn them against the shoddy, unclean, and absurd ones, and direct their pennies toward the theater when it can conscientiously recommend them.

WHENEVER they want to show some uncouth characters in the Hollywood studios they send out for some of the old coots whose motion picture asset is a rough, shaggy beard and straggling hair that hits their coat collar. The barbers are their deadly enemies.

Eddie Dillon, the director, wanted about twenty of these professional extras to play Kentucky mountaineers—you know the sort that gather around the illicit still and throw off a jug of moonshine in one swallow.

"Hey, Frank," he yelled at his assistant, "get me twenty airdales for tomorrow."



Why Did The Vidors Separate?

Childhood sweethearts
who achieved everything that
young lovers dream of
—only to part

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

They stood on the peak of dreams fulfilled—King Vidor a recognized great director, Florence a film idol and famed beauty, and, with them, little Suzanne with her father's eyes in her mother's lovely face. And then—separation

IT began when he carried her books home from school. . .
And it ended—shattered to shreds—just a little while ago,
at the very mountain peak of success and achievement and
fulfilled desire.

The story of King and Florence Vidor, as the world outside
knows it, is a tremendous story of modern marriage that cannot
be ignored, because it is a mystery story without an answer.

Nothing has ever happened in Hollywood which has caused
greater surprise—or regret.

For most things, Hollywood can understand. Most things,
Hollywood foresees. But for years it has watched the Vidors as
its favorite children, has loved and enjoyed their wedded bliss,
has pointed with pride to their happy home life.

Whenever the discussion of Hollywood and its matrimonial
and moral difficulties arose, we said: "But look at the Vidors."

And now the matrimonial bark of the Vidors has been
wrecked upon some hidden reef in the pitching sea of life—some
deeply buried and uncharted rock that in itself is a tragedy.

There is no more delightful love story in modern literature
than the true story I can sketch for you concerning King Vidor
and pretty Florence Arto of Texas. There is no more pathetic
climax.

Neither ever had any other sweetheart. Because, even in
grammar school days, red apple-pigtail-and-marble days, they
were so openly devoted that the rest of the world passed them by.

And as Florence grew lovelier and became the acknowledged
belle and beauty of the southern town where they lived, that
same devotion discouraged the swarm of ardent swains that
gathered about her doorstep.

There never was any other boy for Florence. There never
was any other girl for King.

I imagine that even in the party games of post-office, none
but King ever won a letter from the town beauty.

And then, one night, in a southern garden, with the night-
blooming jasmine scattering its magic perfume all about them,
they looked into each other's eyes and knew the greatest secret
in all the world—the secret of young love.

They were very young—oh, very, very young. But they
knew. And she put her hand in his, and they stood shoulder to
shoulder and looked out courageously and happily along the
road of life.

So they were married, just as they had intended to be in the
days of her gingham frocks and his short pants.

Dreamers, both of them. Ambitious, filled with great
romantic desires and longings. Ahead of them, hidden in the
clouds of the unguessable future, they saw the high mountain
peaks of success and fine accomplishment and fame they meant
to climb.

The way was pretty rough and rugged to start with.
But it was the kind of a journey that binds two hearts forever

in a thousand shared memories, a thousand deeper understandings, a thousand appreciations of courage and helpful hands and laughter.

They started out from the little town in Texas in a Ford. It wasn't easy going, that long hard drive, the camps at night, the endless mountains in the day time.

It took longer than they had figured and they hit San Francisco without money enough for their next meal. But King had a shotgun. So they pawned it, and spent the little money with reckless good fellowship, sitting on high stools in cheap restaurants, planning the dinners they



Florence Vidor, screen colony's favorite beauty — almost their idol—one woman about whom all other women agree as to her beauty, charm and sweetness of disposition



There was an air of southern hospitality within their home—the home they built together—where Florence now lives alone with little Suzanne

would order when their ship came in. The first years in Hollywood were lean enough. For King Vidor was a young crusader in pictures in those days. He saw with a vision clearer, and perhaps nearer to a higher intelligence. For he believed in a great many things that most picture producers did not believe in.

He had a creed, and an aim, and a clean driving young mind and soul behind it. Somehow, after working at odd jobs here and there and eating none too regularly, he sold himself to enough people to make his first picture, "The Turn in the Road."

And Florence's beauty could not be hidden. She played a part in "The Tale of Two Cities" with William Farnum. The editor of PHOTOPLAY saw her, and, in the next issue, a page appeared with Florence's picture and the words, "Here is a star!"—the first recognition of her great gifts.

The worst was over then. It was just a case of a steady, uphill climb. Until, not so long ago, they stood upon that very mountain peak they had dimly seen so far ahead.

Success was theirs, tremendous success for two youngsters still in their twenties. Their names were known around the world. Florence stood among the famous beauties of the twentieth century. King's name was recognized in the list of the ten great motion picture directors. They had fulfilled their dreams. And with them, on the mountain peak, stood a small person with her father's eyes in her mother's lovely face. A



Young dreamers together, King and Florence, sharing in work, in play and in the loveliest, friendliest home of all Hollywood. . . . Now, each alone, living and working apart, yet hoping that somehow the broken romance will mend



small person whose name is Suzanne Vidor and who loved them both very much.

It is difficult to make you understand just all the Vidors had and all they stood for.

There was no more gracious, more delightful home in all

Hollywood than Florence Vidor's. It had, somehow, that air of southern hospitality, of serene personality and cheer that belonged to Florence herself. There were little touches—everywhere that spoke of happiness. The bright fire blazing. The scattered music upon the piano. The shaded lights.

Their names stood for the respect and the admiration of a community of people who loved them—really loved them.

Florence Vidor is the screen colony's favorite beauty. She is almost their idol. She is the one woman about whom all other women agree as to her beauty and her irresistible charm and sweetness of disposition.

They believed in the same religion. They were doing the same work. Their interests and their careers were identical. They had money enough to buy the very stuff that dreams are made of—the things you've always wanted and never had.

When Florence gave a party, you found the most delightful and intellectual and worthwhile people gathered under her roof. And you found that circle, that gathered only in a few other homes, expressing a sincere and complete friendship for the young host and hostess.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks entertained them.

Laurette Taylor and Hartley Manners found them the most congenial people in Hollywood during their stay there.

Fred Niblo and Enid Bennett and the Charlie Rays were devoted to them.

Then, suddenly, came the rumor of a separation.

Florence sailed for Honolulu. Came back to admit that, for the time at least, she and King had agreed to disagree—that the future was indefinite—that she might sue for divorce or she might not—that she and King were still friends.

And Hollywood, stunned, said: "Well, if *they* can't make a success of marriage, who can? What separated them? What's

the matter with them?"

But as yet there is no answer.

There is one thing certain. The Vidor separation proves conclusively that the thing that makes for happy marriages is deeper, infinitely deeper than outward compatibility, than professional communion, than success and money and friends and a home.

For all these things belonged to King and Florence Vidor. But behind, behind it all must have been some creeping serpent of doubt, or jealousy, or ego, or lack of understanding in the really important things.

In the relation of marriage there are many things that the public can never see. Perhaps, since the starlit night in the jasmine garden, King and Florence Vidor have actually become other persons altogether. And those persons may look even more charming to the outside world—but they may not be at all the persons King and Florence Vidor want to live with.

Success hasn't turned their heads, that's certain. Anyone who knows them knows that they realize too much what is still to be done even to be semi-satisfied with what has been done.

But success has undoubtedly changed them. Perhaps King wanted the girl in the jasmine garden to be a delicious, adoring housewife and not a celebrated beauty and a successful actress. Perhaps Florence Vidor expected different things from the boy who sold the shotgun in San Francisco. Perhaps they married too young, before either of them had actually had a chance to find out much about life, and about sex, and about what they really wanted from marriage. Perhaps they were too young to know love in its real meanings at all. And in these years of the long upward struggle, perhaps they have never had time, nor opportunity to see this. And to say so to each other.

Perhaps Hollywood, the Hollywood of hard play and hard work, has suddenly inspired young King Vidor to sow his crop of wild oats that, in his youth, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 103]



How Twelve Famous Women Scenario Writers Succeeded

in this profession of unlimited opportunity and reward



Anita Loos was born in California of French Huguenot ancestry. At sixteen she sold her first script to D. W. Griffith. She wrote some of Doug Fairbanks' best known early comedies. She met John Emerson, then directing Doug, and married him. Read the story of her start in pictures in "The Romantic History of the Motion Picture" in this issue

Frances Marion began her career as a newspaper reporter in San Francisco, her home city, and became an illustrator and special writer. Attracted to pictures, she became an extra in Mary Pickford's company in order to learn film technique. She wrote a script for Mary, took up the work seriously, came to New York and hit high success

ALL of them normal, regular women. Not temperamental "artistes," not short haired advanced feminists, not fadists. Just regular women of good education and adaptability who have caught the trick of writing and understand the picture mind. These twelve women are essentially the feminine brains of the motion picture business, making good equally with men. The field of scenario writing is unique in its possibilities for women. Several of the twelve writers here pictured have earned as high as a half million a year, and most of them earn from five hundred to a thousand a week.



Ouida Bergere came to the screen via the footlights. Born in Spain, she went on the stage when quite young. She wrote her first script for Pathe as an experiment. She kept writing through the various stages of her career as players' representative, play agent and manager. She is married to George Fitzmaurice, the director. June Mathis was born in Leadville, Col., and educated in San Francisco and Salt Lake City. She went on the stage as a child and, as an actress, began writing for the screen. Miss Mathis is one of the foremost scenarists and much of the credit for the discovery of Rodolph Valentino and the production of "The Four Horsemen" goes to her

Where do the Successful Screen Writers Come



Olga Printzlau is the daughter of a Danish mother and a Russian writer, although she was born in Philadelphia. She began writing for newspapers, studied portrait painting, but gave it up to try writing scenarios. Like Anita Loos, she sold her first script to D. W. Griffith. She wrote eighteen before she had another accepted. Olga Printzlau is distinctly a home person. She has a daughter



Margaret Turnbull was born in Scotland and came to the screen after considerable success as a writer of plays and novels. She has been devoting herself to scenarios for a long time and has some sixty scripts, both originals and adaptations, to her credit. Her brother, Hector Turnbull, formerly a dramatic critic, is also a well known scenarist. With her brother, she is the author of several dramas



Clara Beranger was born in Baltimore and educated at Goucher College. She became a newspaper writer and then began to contribute to magazines. She made the step to motion pictures in the early pioneer screen days and wrote her first stories for Pathe and Fox. For a long time she wrote exclusively for Baby Marie Osborne. She is married



Jane Murfin was the wife of a Detroit lawyer when she became interested in the stage. She took up playwrighting and then scenario writing—becoming very successful. This she attributes to her extensive reading. She has a fine education. It was but a step to the active production of pictures. Miss Murfin owns Strongheart, the dog star, and has made much money with her productions

From? The Answer is—EVERY PLACE



Beulah Marie Dix was born in the Pilgrim town, Plymouth, Mass., and educated at Radcliffe College. She began writing children's stories, tried short stories and then wrote three or four highly successful romantic novels. Miss Dix turned to the stage and contributed several successful dramas. Then she became an active screen worker and has many successful scripts to her credit -



Marion Fairfax was born in Richmond, Va., and educated at Emerson College in Boston. Miss Fairfax wrote a number of successful dramas and incidentally became the wife of Tully Marshall, the actor. It was quite natural that both should turn to Los Angeles, the center of screendom, for their united efforts. She has directed several pictures



Eve Unsell hails from Kansas. She laid her plans carefully for a career as a playwright. She was graduated from a Missouri college, took a special course at the Missouri State University and matriculated at Emerson College in Boston with a two year literary and dramatic course. She went on the stage to get a working knowledge of the drama and there wrote her first scripts



Sada Cowan was educated on the continent and began writing in Paris. Successful as a short story writer, she turned to one act vaudeville playlets with equal success. She took up scenario writing by chance, first adapting one of her own plays to the films. She became a regular script worker with Famous five years ago and has a long line of celluloid dramas to her credit

What are

There never has been a better year for the beginner in pictures, say the men who know—but they make emphatic qualifications

Casting director Robert B. McIntyre of Goldwyn consulting his files in quest of the right types for a picture. These files, common to all studios, contain photographs of registered applicants, together with index cards giving their descriptions, qualifications, addresses and telephone numbers



These men ought to know—

The chances of a beginner in pictures—The most vital and interesting question of the studios is answered by the greatest authorities:

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH	REX INGRAM
CECIL B. DE MILLE	ALLAN DWAN
MARSHALL NEILAN	JOHN M. STAHL
HOBART HENLEY	CHARLES MAIGNE
L. M. GOODSTADT, Casting Director for Lasky.	
HARRY KERR, Casting Director for Metro.	
CLARENCE JAY ELMER, Casting Director of Cosmopolitan Productions.	
ROBERT B. MCINTYRE, Goldwyn Casting Director.	
WILLIAM COHILL, Eastern Paramount Casting Director.	
JAMES RYAN, Casting Director for Eastern Fox studios.	



Clarence Jay Elmer, casting director of the Cosmopolitan Productions, has a soft spot in his heart for beginners because he has been there himself, starting his career as Little Lord Fauntleroy

the Chances of a Beginner



The "Little Green Window" of the Fox studio, where casting director Ryan passes on profiles and deals in destinies. Many a celebrity of today started on the road to fame at this window—Alice Lake, Wanda Hawley, Peggy Sharp, and others

THERE never was a time in the history of the motion picture when there was a greater demand for trained players. Those of established reputations are being offered more engagements than they can accept, with the result that some of them are working in three productions at the same time. The demand for stars is greater than the supply because of the tremendous increase in productions.

Believing that the opportunities for beginners are greater than ever before, PHOTOPLAY has conducted a comprehensive research, getting plain, practical statistics and opinions from the directors to whom the beginner must go for employment. In a word, we are presenting the best market reports from the most authoritative sources. There are conflicting views, as is always the case in an honest campaign of this sort.

S. R. Kent, general manager of the great Famous Players-Lasky corporation, declares that now is the time for the person with ability to try for the cinema. There is no limit as to types, in his opinion. He refers particularly to the Hollywood studios where the tremendous production activity has caused keen rivalry among producers for the services of first-rate players.

On the other hand, E. J. Ludwigh, secretary for the same corporation, says there are practically twenty-five thousand experienced actors and actresses out of work in New York today. "What chance has the untrained little home girl or nice young stenographer with such competition?" he asks.

D. W. Griffith says there is always a chance for the right sort of beginner. And Rex Ingram coincides in this view, declaring that he believes the motion picture offers greater opportunities for young people than any other business because it is new and not rigidly organized, and by its very nature requires new faces. Marshall Neilan is not so optimistic. "Despite the fact that production has reached its highest point in years, I would not encourage outsiders to attempt entering the field at this time. While there is a shortage of players now this shortage applies to people established as actors and actresses."

But all authorities agree on one point, that the problem is up to the individual, and from their special statements for PHOTOPLAY the individual may gain the best possible insight into the problem.

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH—Director

THERE is always a good chance for the right sort of beginner. That applies to every field of human activity. Indeed, in making motion picture dramas I am inclined to favor beginners.

"They come untrammelled by so-called technique, by theories and by preconceived ideas.

"If you were to ask me what sort of beginner I liked best, I would say in brief: I prefer the young woman who has to support herself and possibly her mother. Of necessity, she will work



The beginner's first step—registering for extra work at the casting director's office. Lorrie Larsen is filling out the questionnaire here under the eye of Neal Harper, assistant casting director at the Lasky studio. Miss Larsen is one of the best-known extras in Hollywood

hard. Again, I prefer the nervous type. I never engage a newcomer who applies for work without showing at least a sign or two of nervousness. If she is calm, she has no imagination. The imaginative type can picture the glamorous future with its possible great success—and is always nervous. Imagination—and nerves—are highly essential.

"To me, the ideal type for feminine stardom has nothing of the flesh, nothing of the note of sensuousness. My pictures reveal the type I mean. Commenters have called it the spirituelle type. But there is a method in my madness, as it were. The voluptuous type, blooming into the full blown rose, cannot endure. The years show their stamp too clearly. The other type—ah, that is different!



"When I consider a young woman as a stellar possibility I always ask myself: Does she come near suggesting the idealized heroine of life? Every living man has an ideal heroine of his dreams. Thus the girl, to have the real germ of stardom, must suggest—at least in a sketchy way—the vaguely formulated ideals of every man. Again, she must suggest—and this is equally important—the attributes most women desire. If she is lucky enough to have all these things, she may well look forward to popularity and success—if she has great determination."

REX INGRAM—Director

"THE beginner must get the right attitude toward the motion picture as a career. It's not a game; it's a business.

"A beginner has one chance in five thousand," says James Ryan, casting director for the Fox studios in New York, interviewing an applicant who is willing to take the chance



"A beginner in most any profession expects to spend several years at a university, during which he must have enough money to pay his way. He earns nothing.

"If the beginner in motion pictures would take a similar attitude there would be fewer hard luck stories. Extras do not get work every day, by any means. It takes time to learn a business, and during that time you cannot expect to earn a great deal.

L. M. Goodstadt, casting director for the Lasky Hollywood studio, smiles optimistically—even though he turns them away. "There never was a more opportune time for the right type of girl," says he "but, on the other hand, only one in a thousand has the stuff of which stars are made"

"There are hordes of extras in Hollywood; there are hordes of beginners in every business. But we haven't enough intelligent, educated, well-bred young people with imagination.

"I believe the motion picture offers greater opportunities for young people than any other business, because it is new and not rigidly organized. By its very nature it requires new faces. Its stock is personalities and that stock must be continually replenished in order to offer novelty.

"Directors now realize more fully the value of discovering new talent than they did a few years ago. Every company is eager for new personalities of distinction who may be developed as star material.

"Not only is the industry in an expansive mood right now but it is more open for experimentation. Producers realize that the only way to reduce high salaries is by developing more talent for competition."

CECIL B. DE MILLE—
Director

NEVER were chances better for the beginner. After a player has been in pictures five or more years, the public seems to tire of him, to a more or less degree, and to cry out for new faces. This is perhaps more true right at this time than it has ever been, because we have reached a period when the first generation of players, the pioneers of 1910 and thereabouts, are slowly passing out.

"All producers and directors hope to get a new face which will please the public and most particularly a new feminine face. We have found that the public's pleasure is so lucrative in this connection that we can afford to experiment. Every studio is giving new people more chances than ever to show their ability.

And I would say that the road to the top is quicker than ever. If a new player shows that rare quality which is 'box office appeal,' lack of training is not a detriment. We can quickly supply sufficient dramatic training if the personality seems strong enough to attract and hold the attention of the theater-going public.

"But the personality today needs to be stronger, more forceful.

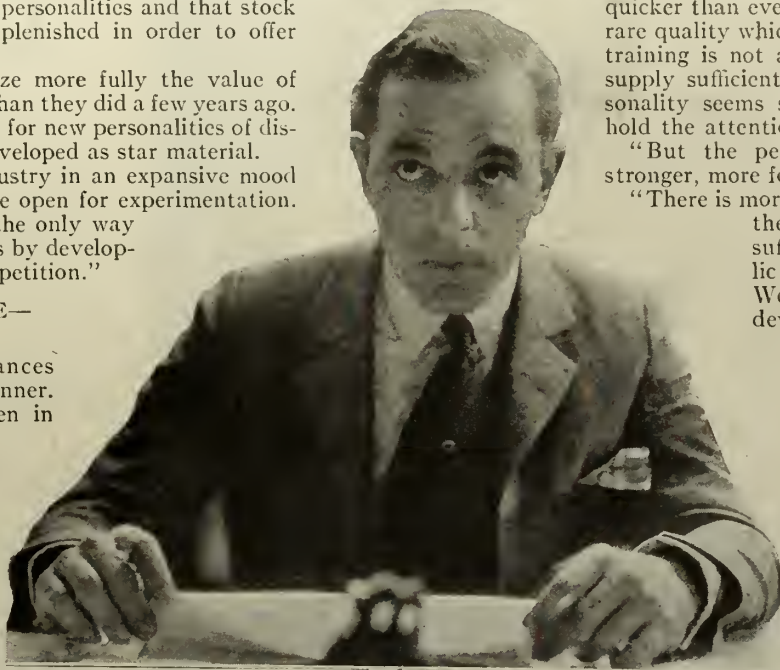
"There is more work in motion pictures than there is supply of people who are sufficiently popular with the public to justify their employment. We must therefore be ever keen to develop new people."

ALLAN DWAN—
Producer and Director

"**T**HE race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; but time and chance happeneth to them all.' Ecclesiastes 9:11.

"If a beginner in motion pictures is financially able to bide his time and wait for his chance there may be great opportunities for him in screen work, provided the spark is there. But one should not hope, at the beginning, to

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]



A test for the beginner—the appraising eye of William Cahill, casting director for Eastern Paramount. If an applicant can pass this look without fainting dead away he can face the camera with considerable assurance



Applicants in the waiting room of the Cosmopolitan studio sit from early morning until closing time at night, hoping for the glance of a director in quest of types. Each beginner must adopt this policy of watchful waiting, just as Merton did



Norma Talmadge embodies the rare perfection and polish and beauty of a vase—the vase of the Chinese legend which was so adored by the young Prince that it was miraculously changed into a lovely, living woman

The Lady of the Vase

By
Adela Rogers St. Johns

But if he's right, I don't see how Norma Talmadge has risen to such artistic heights.

In all my life I have never met a person with so little ego.

There is no method in the world by which you can force Norma Talmadge into the center of any gathering. No amount of scheming will make her occupy the spotlight. There is no way in which you can make her assume that she is the important person in any conversation.

Just can't be done, that's all.

Not that she is shy and retiring. Far, oh very far, from it. But she's just "one of us"—whether there are fifty people in the room or two. And the idea of "The Great Norma Talmadge" elevated on a pedestal and delivering opinions tickles her sense of humor so that it's impossible for her, splendid actress as she is, to get away with it.

There is no question of Norma's position upon the screen. She holds her place as one of the leading dramatic actresses of the silversheet against foreign invasion, new discoveries and every effort to unseat her.

Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge. The great development of the motion picture, the millions of dollars thrown into its market, the spread of its appeal, have no effect upon these favorites.

And it is doubly remarkable in that I have never known two women so utterly, completely different in every way.

Mary awakens your love.

Norma awakens your admiration.

THE moment you start to write about Norma Talmadge you are affected by her own viewpoint about herself.

A "nothing-to-get-excited-about-be-yourself-we're-all-human" sort of viewpoint that forces you into a position of telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Charlie Chaplin has an interesting theory that the development of an ego is necessary to the development of an artistic career—both as a protective measure (like a porcupine's quills) and a mental cocktail.

Maybe so.

Mary makes you long to be of service to her.

Norma makes you long to have her friendship.

Mary shrinks from life—from its ugliness, its crowds, its joys and sorrows and depths. The staring throngs make her unhappy and shy. She loves the life of a recluse, devoted to her work, surrounded by a few very close, beloved friends.

Norma loves life—down to the last drop in the cup. Her hands reach out for more of it without fear or favor. She is vitally interested in people. The staring throngs bother her not at all—either she doesn't see them, or she stares back. She

adores parties and lights and gaiety and excitement and people—oh, lots of people, with new ideas and new emotions and new faces.

Mary Pickford is a sort of divine child, who always seems far away from you, glowing in a soft light, filled with a genius she herself hardly understands. Norma Talmadge is an intelligent, brilliant woman of the world, with every faculty keyed to the highest pitch, constantly animated by a keen sense of humor and a restless eagerness.

Mary's work is her life.

Norma's work is her profession.

I like to call Norma "The Lady of the Vase."

There is an old Chinese legend, which I discovered in a dust-encrusted volume while I was poking about an old book store one day, which tells a tale concerning a young Prince who owned a beautiful vase, the most perfect vase in all China.

Now, says the story, the handsome young Prince loved this vase more than all his possessions. None of the other priceless treasures which filled his palace won from him more than a passing glance.

And because he was a wise and good Prince, who had served his people faithfully, the gods rewarded him. One day, as he sat gazing at his vase, its form changed and, behold, there stepped down from the pedestal a living, breathing woman, who embodied all the rare perfection and polish and beauty of his vase.

The Lady of the Vase had come to life, as Galatea came to life for Pygmalion, and she and the Prince were married and lived happily ever after.

Whenever I think of the Lady of the Vase, I always think of Norma Talmadge. Often, when I see a cloisonne vase that is particularly lovely, it reminds me of Norma. I can think of no other way to describe to you that colorful, aloof, polished charm of hers.

I have met but three absolutely natural women in my life.

One was a Duchess with whom I happened to cross the North Sea in a very rough gale on a very small steamer which seemed determined, between them, to land us all in a watery grave.

One was a lady in jail for shooting a couple of her husbands.

The other is Norma Talmadge.

Marie Antoinette in the gardens of petite Trianon.

(By the way, I should like to see her play Marie Antoinette, sometime—and Portia.)

And there is something in Norma's character that makes me perfectly sure that she would walk up the steps of the guillotine as daintily and as indifferently as any 18th century marquise.

It never makes any difference where you find Norma—at the Sixty Club, in the swimming pool, on location, on the set. Her manner never varies a fraction.

I saw her the other morning shopping on Hollywood Boulevard, her hair flying, her nose powderless, her slenderness accentuated by a straight pink and white apron.

She was having the best time and she had forgotten everybody and everything—most of all Norma Talmadge.

She never admits her identity if she can help it. One day in a theater lobby a group of girls dashed up and said, "Oh, you are Norma Talmadge, aren't you?" Norma opened surprised eyes, pulled her hat over her ears and said, "My gracious, no! Is she around here?"



©Spurr

Above, the star who at home is Mrs. Joseph Schenck. At the left, her husband, one of the wealthiest and shrewdest of producers, who relieves her of every detail of worry and strife about her pictures. Theirs is one of the happiest marriages in all film records

It isn't upstage. It's a form of bashfulness. She will not be gushed over and she finds it hard to accept her fame and the adulation that goes with it.

Norma originated "cat parties" in Hollywood. Of course you know what cat parties are. Soirees for ladies only. Female smokers.

And the most entertained—and very often the most silent—person in the room is usually Norma Talmadge. She gets a tremendous vicarious kick out of other women's experiences. Her eyes are eager, interested, and her active, alert brain absorbs everything like a sponge. The whys and the wherefores of what women do intrigue her intensely.

I suppose, later, we reap the benefit of that on the screen.

She is the best listener—the most inspiring listener—I have ever encountered. It doesn't [CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

By Terry Ramsaye



Mary Pickford's first screen appearance, in the background of "The Lonely Villa." The actress at the phone is Marion Leonard, then a leading woman in Griffith's Biograph Stock



And here is Mary Pickford's first real part, playing opposite David Miles in "The Violin Maker of Cremona," another old Biograph classic of the primitive days of 1909

Chapter XVII

WHEN the members of the Film Service Association filed into their assembly room at the Imperial Hotel in New York for the opening of their convention in January, 1909, they found an announcement from the newly formed Patents Company neatly laid in each chair.

The Film Service Association was made up of the exchange men who bought films from the makers and rented them out to the theaters. This new combination of the film makers in the Patents Company meant some kind of a new deal.

Last month we told of the formation of the Patents Company as the end of the long battle between Edison and Biograph over the basic inventions of the motion picture, a development that came just as the Film Service Association was evolved out of the common interests of the exchanges. When the week of January 9, 1909, came, the motion picture industry for the first time in its existence was fully organized.

It was a tense and vital moment. These exchange men were now on the high road to millions. Haberdashers, cloth spongers, book makers, cowpunchers, loan sharks and carnival followers were taking their first glimpse of a real prosperity and more money than they had expected to see in all the world. Things might have been a bit complicated and speculative under the old catch-as-catch-can regime but they were prospering anyway. Now came a new order. They feared it.

For the first few minutes of the convention there was only

In this chapter read how—

ANITA LOOS sold her first scenario to Biograph and it became one of the first pictures in which Lionel Barrymore appeared.

MARION LEONARD upset all filmland precedent by asking Griffith for a salary of a hundred dollars a week and compromised at the record figure of seventy-five.

COLONEL SELIG, with an actor made up as Theodore Roosevelt, made "Hunting Big Game in Africa" in a Chicago studio and started the animal picture vogue.

PAT POWERS, a talking machine magnate, broke into the business with an "Independent" studio and took a hand in the fight on the Patents Company.

BILL SWANSON declared himself in on a party so that he could overhear secrets of the "Trust," and stayed until they put him to bed at a club.

THE "IMP" COMPANY started with Gladys Hulette playing in "Hiawatha" under the direction of William V. Ranous—the beginning of Universal today.

MARK DINTENFASS hid his infringing independent picture making operations by secretly working in one of the Patents Company's own studios.

ANNETTE KELLERMAN made her first screen appearance in a Vitagraph feature over half a reel long.

CECILE SPOONER, a star of stock company fame, got her name mentioned in the advertising of a picture, breaking all Edison precedents.

Battles that Made the Stars

THIS chapter sets forth for the first time the beginning of the struggles of the "independents" in their battles against the dominance of the Motion Picture Patents Company, the war out of which the star era of today was born. In 1909 players were nameless puppets of the screen. Under Patents Company rule the public would have never heard of Mary Pickford or her director, D. W. Griffith. Here we read of the origin of the unrecognized forces that made them world famous.

Here, too, are many of the secrets of those embattled days of fourteen years ago, revealed now for the first time. Obscure facts that have exerted a controlling influence on the making of the motion picture as it is now are brought to light in their real relation to the complicated affairs and astonishing romances of the rise of the screen. There can be no understanding of the institution of the motion picture of 1923 without a knowledge of these remote beginnings and the always interesting and sometimes whimsically peculiar personalities who made the history of 1909.

Last month we told the story of Mary Pickford's beginnings on the screen. Next month's installment will tell of the fast moving affairs of the "independents," Imp's flight to Cuba, and the birth of natural color pictures.

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor.*



Lionel Barrymore when he came home from art school in Paris in 1909 and Griffith cast him for a part in "The New York Hat," a scenario from Anita Loos, a California school girl



When Roosevelt went on his African hunt, Colonel Selig staged the Colonel's adventures in his Chicago studio, with Otis Turner directing and Tom Persons at the camera

the rustling of papers as the exchange men read the portentous document from the Patents Company, and reading was a tediously slow art with many of them.

Observers for the Patents Company were judiciously spread about to gather the comment that might arise. Jeremiah J. Kennedy of Biograph and the Patents Company started his espionage system with the beginning. Keeping informed of what the other fellow said and thought was the basis of Kennedy's strategy.

Frank N. Dyer of the Edison Company addressed the gathering and explained in more detail the plans of the Patents Company, placing emphasis on the vast benefits that would accrue from the elimination of litigation over patents, and

saying much less about the iron handed control that the new concern would exercise over the business in general and the exchanges in particular. Stenographic records of the session do not seem to have included any parentheticals enclosing (laughter) or (applause).

In brief the Patents Company proposed to license exchanges to deal in the film to be made by the licensed studios, which film was to be rented only to theaters using licensed projection machines. Various rules and fees were provided, including a charge of two dollars a week for each projection machine. No unlicensed film could be handled and no licensed film could be served to any but licensed theaters. It was all a neat package from studio to exchange to theater. Everybody had to have a

license but the patron and he paid at the box office.

The Film Service Association solemnly acknowledged the arrangement. Meanwhile there were a good many whispered conferences about the Imperial and in secluded corners of the busy bars of Broadway.

The majority were sure that the Patents Company had the best of the situation and that they would have to let it go at that. If Bill Swanson and Carl Laemmle had been so minded the rest of this story would be considerably different.

Swanson was on the warpath. It was near midnight when George Kleine, George K. Spoor and Colonel W. N. Selig strolled into Jack's restaurant in Sixth avenue for a snack of supper.

When the Greatest Raised to

The insurrection had begun.

March 20, 1909, Swanson announced to the trade that he had gone "independent," scorning the products and work of the trust.

April 12 Carl Laemmle burst forth with an announcement, "I have quit the Patents Company," in bold face type, and followed it up the next week with the announcement, "I am as happy as a Sunflower." Laemmle started a war of ridicule and cartoons against the Patents Company. His advertisement of May 1 opened with, "Good Morrow—have you paid \$2 license to pick your teeth?" This was a jibe at the two dollars a week per projection machine license. Laemmle under the guiding hand of Cochrane was placing

the most effective and striking advertising that graced the trade journals. It had a wallop. Every time one of these advertisements hit the eye of J. J. Kennedy down at the Pat-

ents Company at 85 Fifth avenue, he grinned and then bit the end off his cigar. There was going to be a merry battle with this fresh Laemmle person.

Meanwhile the Patents Company looked about for the opportunity to make a few fine examples of the new discipline. Obviously the best way to hammer these upstart exchange-men into subjection was to make it impossible for them to get any film.

Over at Eleventh Avenue and 53rd street the Actophone Company, an independent motion picture concern, had started into business in an awkward, uncertain sort of way.

Such an invasion of the field that the Patents Company had just fenced off for itself was not to be tolerated an instant. The presumptuousness of this concern starting right up in the face of their newly declared authority was an exasperation and a challenge to the heads of the combine. This must be crushed out at once. Investigators were assigned forthwith to get information upon which an injunction would be sought to shut the Actophone Company down. It was to be spectacular and sudden, an example to the trade.

Gumshoe McCoy, the Edison investigator, went on the trail.

The first thing that was discovered was that William Rising, who had been trained in the making of motion pictures at the



Dorothy Bernard and Edwin August as they appeared in "The Failure," a one reel classic from old Biograph's album of memories of the golden days of the Patents Company period

At a table not far away sat Swanson and a group of secretly dissenting exchangemen. Swanson arose and sauntered over to the table occupied by the three Chicago producers—a Patents Company trio. Swanson's manner was ultra jovial and carefree, but the conversation did not flow so well after he arrived. There was a notion that he came in with long ears.

Presently the three film makers arose and started out. Swanson followed with them and he was still with them when they tried to excuse themselves for the night and turned into the Republican Club in Fortieth Street.

Swanson insisted on conversation and entertainment. In despair the Chicago group sat down and chatted. There were drink orders now and then, with George Kleine insisting on plain Apollinaris. It was three o'clock in the morning when they gently put Swanson to bed in a room down the hall. They were reasonably satisfied that when Swanson awoke the next day he would have nothing but a headache for his pains and nothing to remember.

It was about three thirty when Swanson tiptoed most soberly down the hall with a steady step and a determined air. He had made up his mind about what to expect of the Patents Company. By noon he had collected a list of twenty-eight exchange men who pledged themselves to oppose the combine's terms and licenses.

Four years later the story of Swanson's spying came out on the witness stand in the case of the United States vs. The Motion Picture Patents Company. The accounts given by Swanson testifying for the government and Spoor testifying for the defense differed markedly as to what was said across the table at Jack's and up in the room at the Republican club. The only point of agreement was that George Kleine would drink nothing but Apollinaris water because a friend of his was the agent. A considerable point was made of the statement that Swanson did not confine himself to water.



Edwin August Phillip von der Butz, who was world famous under half a dozen names in the days before the picture producers had learned the value of playing up screen personalities

Star in Pictures was \$75 a Week

Edison studios by Edwin S. Porter, was the Actophone's director.

So this daring "independent" had had the consummate nerve to raid the studios of the very inventor of motion pictures himself!

This did call for action.

Behind the Actophone Company's beginning was a typically adventurous business career. Back in 1903 Mark M. Dintenfass, a blithe young salesman of salt herring, fell out with his father, a Philadelphia importer and jobber of fish, and quit the business. Young Dintenfass had been a deal of a traveler, with his trips to Europe and the ports of the North Sea buying fish, and his journeys over the United States selling them again. He was of a fitful disposition, too earnestly fond of change and excitement to spend his life in the salt herring business. Two years later found him the proprietor of "Fairyland," the second motion picture house in Philadelphia, an imposing institution of one hundred and thirty seats.

Dintenfass was just doing well with his "Fairyland" when Harry Davis of Pittsburgh, the father of the nickel-odeon theater in the east, came in next door with the "Family Bijou" and gave competition with two changes of film a week. Seeking a novelty to meet this competition Dintenfass went to New York to look into Camera-phone pictures, the new talking picture device that presented Blanche Ring and Eva Tanguay on the screen in dances to accompany phonographic records of their acts. The Cameraphone ran a short life as a novelty, with a career of trouble due mostly to the difficulty of synchronizing the phonograph and the film, and in the end Dintenfass found himself in possession of the remains of the company. Then by the transmutation of names so common to the motion picture, when he gathered up the fragments and reorganized to make ordinary motion pictures, he substituted Actophone for Cameraphone, despite the fact that the "phone" end of the enterprise had been abandoned.

The Actophone studios became the germinating nest of the independent picture enterprises in the rise of the exchangemen against the Patents Company control.

Dintenfass became doubly obnoxious in the eyes of the Patents Company, which laid siege to his studio, seeking the incriminating fact that would prove him an infringer.



Marion Leonard and James Kirkwood in a scene on location in wildest Westchester county where Griffith directed them in "Comanche, the Sioux," a thriller of fourteen years ago



Belligerent P. A. Powers, the phonograph magnate, who entered the film field with the rise of the "Independents" to take a hand in their entertaining war against the "Trust"

The studio doors were under lock and no one was admitted except as he passed peep hole examination by the watchman. Within, a great sheet iron safe was built and within this the camera stood. This camera was an imported Pathe, purchased abroad and secretly brought into the country with great caution. The camera was operated through a port-hole in the iron box and no one was permitted to see it except the photographer, Harry Ferrini, a technical expert hired away from the Edison plant.

When it was necessary to move the camera closer to the stage the whole iron safe, mounted on a truck, was wheeled forward. It was cumbersome and awkward, but an essential precaution against the prying eyes of investigators. Night and day the studio was under guard, lest Patents Company detectives should break in in the dark hours and examine the infringing camera.

Then came the ill-fated day when Ferrini took the camera out on location to make an exterior scene. Just at the corner where the cameraman set up was a genial stranger, loafing about. He was precisely in the way of the scene to be made.

"If you'll just stand over at one side, please," the cameraman suggested.

"Sure," replied the by-stander, "what are you doing with that contraption?"

"Moving pictures."

"Awful interesting, never saw one before," the stranger murmured. "Can I stay here and watch you?"

"Oh sure!" Ferrini opened up his camera and threaded the film through the mechanism getting ready to shoot the scene.

The stranger hung over him, asking foolish questions about gear wheels and things.

But this stranger was Mr. Gum-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 98]



THE Countess Dombksi of Poland has become an ordinary citizeness of Hollywood. With plucked brows and a pet dog, Pola is now the *Bella Donna*—the pretty lady. Will we ever see again the bedeviling *Du Barry* or the vivid, seductive *Carmen*?

C L O S E - U P S

& LONG SHOTS

By Herbert Howe

SHADES OF HUMPTY! Mr. Griffith advertises his "The White Rose" as "the story of a fallen man." The only fallen man I'd ever heard of was Humpty Dumpty. But Ivor Novello is no such egg. He looks like the guy that posed for the Apollo Belvedere. And he has a profile that pays and pays and pays—photographically. There isn't a stretch of scenery south of the Mason-Dixon line that it wasn't plastered against. Acting with the profile is no easy feat. About the only way to express emotion is by turning up the nose. And there didn't seem to be any reason for that. Everything was sweet. When Mr. Novello got a chance to face the congregation from the pulpit of the church he was quite effective. I cannot predict what his future will be because when the advertisements appeared about the fallen man, Ivor fled to England. It probably will take all the king's horses and all the king's men to drag him back again.



Our Wandering Gal Returns: Mae Marsh is back! She came stumbling back through the rain and the night without a wedding ring, or even an umbrella, but in her arms a bouncing Mellins Food product. We were so glad to see her we didn't care if she never wore a ring, though we did wish she'd remember her rubbers because we never want to lose our Mae again. Compared with her most other stars are merely sing-song girls with sing-song faces. Mae's plainness is one reason for her greatness. You couldn't help but feel sorry for a face like hers. It's just a little piece of twisted rag when she cries. Unhampered by a consciousness of beauty, Mae can give her entire mind to acting, whereas the stellar shebas are occupied with thoughts of camera angles and graceful postures. They would not dare to act if given the ability, for emotions are not pretty and tears mess up the makeup. Though histrionically punk, such stars are financially sound. Thus Katherine MacDonald retires with a fortune, and Mary Miles Minter rates as a millionaire. Both were non-acting stars. Mae Marsh will never be a great star financially. She hasn't the face of an angel food cake—nor the icing.

Also the Wandering Boy: Charles Ray also comes back after erring sadly for some time. In "The Girl I Loved" he gives the most graphic performance I ever saw from a starring star. Only once, previously, have I been so moved by a screen actor—that was by Charles Ray in "The Coward." I doubt whether women can appreciate him as men do. He is the echo of male youth before it takes flight from the world behind the sophistication of maturity. When the girl he loves tells him she loves Willie Brown you behold the most terrible spectacle on earth—the slow breaking of a man's heart. Only a moment before you were convulsed by his social attempts at a party. In addition to being my favorite actor, Ray is also my favorite dancer. I'd rather see him step out at a barn dance than see the Sheik do his coochiest tango.

Bill Goes Sheiking: Bidding farewell to the follies, Will Rogers packed up his lariat, took a fresh stick of chewing gum and set out for Hollywood to star in comedies for Hal Roach. He said in parting: "I'm going out to the coast to make pictures again. The last time I went out there I went to take Charlie Chaplin's place. This time I'm going out for Valentino."

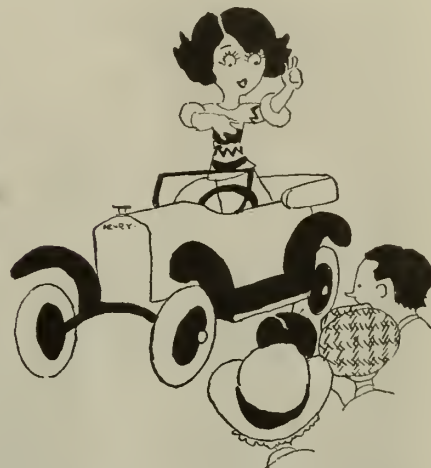
Do Your Own Casting! There ought to be lively bidding for the screen rights to F. Scott Fitzgerald's "The Vegetable." Judging by the title it is admirably suited to any one of a number of stars. If titled "Vegetables" it might be produced with an all-star cast as a picture of Hollywood life, like "Souls for Sale." A more appropriate title for that Hughes picture would have been "When Cabbages Are Kings."

Honesty the Best Policy: Though I have never met her, I must confess a secret admiration for an actress who bears the name of Lotta Cheek.

Our Most Popular Star: An unusual thing happened at the Capitol theater in New York when "The Girl I Loved" was shown. The spectators applauded Ray's picture as it flashed on the screen at the introduction of the

film. True, they had just applauded the King of England in the news reel. But such is not unusual. The King of England is just about the most popular man of the day with the American public, particularly with those who get their stuff from Canada. I haven't attended a single party recently at which a toast was not offered in his honor, after derogatory reference to our own Mr. Volstead.

A Vote for Viola: Henry Ford is accused of becoming a movie magnate in order to further his campaign for presidency. When Viola Dana heard about Henry going into the movie business she came right back at him by going into the flivver business, buying a garage in Hollywood. Now we'll see who's going to be president!



Film Tests for Presidents: All candidates for public office should be compelled to take film tests, because most of an official's work nowadays is posing for news reels. Will Rogers endorses my stand. He writes that he will pick out a couple of good presidential types to run on the republican and democratic tickets. "I'm bound to find 'em," says Will; "there are all sorts of types in Hollywood."

Blame the Movies: The Chinese bandits, who captured a bunch of foreign tourists, say they got their idea of derailing the train from a serial motion picture.

A sheik out in the Sahara seized Mrs. Ernest Thompson Seton, wife of the explorer, and passionately embraced her. He doubtlessly had been seeing Valentino.

Sudden Fame: Margaret Leahy, a little English girl, was lifted out of the unknown into sudden fame as winner of a London beauty contest, presided over by Norma and Constance Talmadge. The Talmadges brought her to this country in a veritable triumph, heralding her as a "find," who was to play a big part in "Within the Law." Last month little Margaret crept back to England, unnoticed. She played in one picture with Buster Keaton. Such is the tragedy of sudden fame.

Hot Tamale Day in Hollywood: Rex Ingram happened to mention that he wished a few Spanish types for "Scaramouche." The next morning Ramon Novarro burst into the office beaming. "I've got them," he said. "Got what?" asked Ingram, and the next minute was nearly bowled over by the onslaught of several hundred healthy young Mexicans. Ramon had visited the Mexican section of Los Angeles and rounded up all his countrymen he could find. For a time it looked as though the French revolution of "Scaramouche" might be turned into the war of the Spanish succession.

Our Astral Discovery of the Month

The New Charmer Exotic—



MME. JETTA GOUDAL

She comes from Versailles, France, the home of queens and sirens.

In "The Bright Shawl" she is a seductive Chinese Lily, and in person an equally seductive *fleur de lis*.

VIVE LA FRANCE!



"Dick," said Arline seriously, "would you mind marrying me right now? It will cancel all questions"

Celluloid Boulevard

A story that gives you a new slant on heart affairs in Hollywood

By Frank R. Adams



Illustrated by
Kenneth F. Camp

Arline was smiling as she left Dick Carver. It was nice to be thought worthy of a man's nonsense

JUST as Broadway is the Highway of Hope on the east coast so is Hollywood Boulevard on the west. One thoroughfare cuts through the center of the greatest theatrical activity in the world and the other bisects practically the entire film industry.

Both streets are excellently paved. So is the Avenue to Avernus, we are told. Both are lined with splendid buildings, many of them air castles. Sometimes in Hollywood there is a real castle, as, for instance, Douglas Fairbanks' set for Robin Hood, still standing, which looms up like the Singer Building on the landscape and irks the California realtors much because Doug won't allow them to try to sell it for a winter home to some sucker tourist from Iowa or even farther east. (They come a long way now to be trimmed by the Los Angeles terra firma vendors. And the native sons are skillful at it, too; you have to give 'em credit—every real estate salesman knows how to handle the calf's papa.)

The opening up of Celluloid Boulevard as a Mecca for temperament and self discovered genius took a tremendous strain off from New York. Before that Broadway had to absorb and tame everybody who had ambition and railroad fare. Now a large portion of the inflamed egos do a Horace Greeley in the other direction. There must be a great continental divide for talent and beauty somewhere about Wellville, Kansas—Wellville, where they still use out-of-door plumbless plumbing and enjoy many other rural inconveniences. From that interoceanic ridge genius must flow nowadays in two equal torrents, some flows east and some flows west and some, unquestionably—flows "over the cuckoo's nest."

So much of it flows west that Los Angeles has more pretty waitresses than any other city in the world. Handling "ham

and," hash and hamburger is the ultimate destination of many an ambition that was originally pointed westward in the general direction of twinkling stardom. When all the leading parts are taken, when the casting director doesn't need any more stars or ingenues or character women or bits or even atmosphere, what are you going to do? One must live somehow.

Celluloid Boulevard, like its older and wickeder sister, Broadway, runs up-hill all the way no matter which direction you are headed. It's hard enough going for those who have superlative talents, for the others it's a grade that knocks out many an engine even on low gear.

Quite naturally in a struggle that is so intense few of the competitors have much time to pity those who fall by the wayside. If they slacken speed they may be out of the race themselves.

Up to a certain point the story of Arline De Vino was practically the same as that of all the other mid-western winners of beauty contests who pack up their belongings and the family bank-roll and make Cinderella tracks toward the land of the setting sun.

About the time she arrived on the coast the censors began getting tough about the one-piece bathing drapery and makers of comedies cut out the pulchritude display or else Arline would have gone through the Christie-Sennett school of applied art. She was pretty enough and as shapely as one of those tall slender glasses we used to drink rare wines out of in the days before Mr. Whatshisname popularized the jug and the coffee cup.

Yes, Arline was pretty and sweet enough but there wasn't sufficient kick in her to cause her to have any enemies. None of the other aspirants feared her. There wasn't a chance that

she would ever be mentioned in anybody's divorce bill or that Mr. Hays would have to do anything to her when he started to clean up the movies.

Why Arline, in spite of the prop name, was just as sweet as your sister.

If she hadn't been ambitious she could have been the belle of North Platte, Nebraska, for as many seasons as she chose to remain unmarried.

But she got the bug, came to Cinemaville, learned how to make-up from having it done for her when she was an extra on the Richfield lot during a society sequence, and then hung around while one dull season after another blighted the motion picture industry.

There were two reasons why she did not go home. One of them was that all of her family, save her father who had staked her, considered her just the same as eternally damned for having chosen what was to them practically a life of shame and the other was that the father, above mentioned, had died since she went away. There was no welcome awaiting her from her aunts and cousins—she could be certain of that.

Arline's pride became a negligible thing. She was quite willing to work at anything. But she was a little too good looking for a housemaid. At least that's what one of her employers told her as she let her go after a regrettable incident with the head of the house. And she had no commercial education that would avail her in a stenographic position. Besides Arline lacked business enterprise; she couldn't force herself in and make a place for her talents to shine. She was born to be the other half of a dominant masculine personality; nothing else; her nature was all sweet yielding and generous submergence of self; she wasn't modern at all. You can imagine how far she would ever get on her own power even during good times when conditions were ideal. There is no accounting for how she came to follow the star to the Wood of Holly except that apparently no one is immune from the contagion.

Arline's finish had been in sight before she started. She finally arrived at that conclusion herself as she stood on the pier at Venice listening to the music of the orchestra in the ballroom and wondering how deep the water was and if it would be as cold as it looked and wishing that she had the nerve to try starvation a little longer.

II

THE electricians and one of the assistant directors of the Donald Kilbane Productions were getting ready to take a Coney Island sequence that was to include a scene or two on the Ferris Wheel, a flash at the scenic railway and a comedy episode with the man who guesses your weight. They never build Coney Island sets at the studios; it's too easy to take the company to the Venice pier where they have all the amusement park apparatus going full blast, set up a few portable electric generators and shoot it from life, with a crowd of non-salaried extras made up of the regular patrons.

While the staff was attending to the preliminaries Donald Kilbane himself, who was to be in the sequence, and his "heavy," who was also his best friend, walked out on the pier arm in arm chatting amiably, although in half an hour or so Donald would, according to the script, be obliged to punch Dick Carver forcibly in the jaw and throw him out of a car on the Ferris Wheel.

"You ought to have a double do that fall," Donald was arguing. "It isn't too late yet to get a 'stunt man' about your size and—"

Carver interrupted him with a laugh. "You don't get anybody to do your trick stuff, Don."

"No, but I'm used to it."

"So am I and I'm several years younger than you are, Don, although I'll admit I don't look it. So tie a can to the idea.



If I get hurt it's my own fault. The picture is all done except this sequence and if I should sprain my little finger or something it won't interfere with art in the least. Thanks just the same for being so considerate."

Dick Carver was not a man of as fine fibre as his friend Donald Kilbane. Don was perhaps the highest type that the stage and the movies have yet produced, a man born to the traditions of Booth and Barrett, trained in the old school of fine acting and then swept over, ideals and all, to the new art of which he became one of the most conspicuous ornaments.

Don was a gentleman, a living refutation of the gossip to the effect that motion picture actors are impossible people. An ignoble course of action never suggested itself to Don Kilbane and it never occurred to him to evade his responsibilities. No wonder his friends, and they included everybody in the business whether they knew him or not, idolized him, and the public, which got the idea some way without its ever being mentioned in the newspapers, always excepted him from its



Finally Don decided to abandon the car and take to snowshoes. "You can come along, or stay with the car, if you like," he told Larry. "I'll come with you," Larry decided. His boss was already several hundred feet ahead

sweeping charges against the characters of cinema people.

No, Dick was not so fine as Don. He was more masculine, stocky where Don was lithe, powerful while Don's strength was swift lightning, his face even was serious, heavy, and Don's was a semi-humorous sketch of a man who was afraid he might think well of himself. But Dick was a handsome dog, a dark, dangerous man such as fortune tellers use as a bugaboo. He was a villain to make ladies shudder while they secretly wished that they were in his clutches themselves. That's the sort of part he almost always played on the screen. On the street he was a golf-dub and a tongue-tied conversationalist, except with men. And Don Kilbane liked him better than anyone he knew, which was all the recommendation Dick should need from anybody.

"We'd better turn back, I suppose," Don decided. "They must be nearly ready."

Dick was not paying attention. He was watching something and Don looked in the same direction to see what it was.

It was only a girl standing by the pier railing. "What's the idea?" Don demanded. "Business before pleasure, you know, young fellow."

"Hush! This dame started to climb over the railing and then didn't when she saw that couple just walking by her now. I think we ought to watch her a minute. We're in the shadow, here, where she can't see us."

Don acquiesced. The interrupting couple passed on, heedlessly, toward the dance pavilion. The girl at the railing watched them out of sight and then, with almost incredible speed, flopped over the rail and down to the water below before Don and Dick could utter the exclamations of protest which were on their lips as they ran up [CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]

A Parisian Chinese Lily

By
Herbert Howe

accent. "It was during the war. . . ."

Her voice paused on the note of tragedy—personal tragedy doubtlessly—and did not continue. There is about her a curious remoteness, an inscrutable charm. Her revelations are as the lifting of delicate veils behind which there are many other veils.

She is a perfect visualization of Hergesheimer's *Pilar*—that water lily bloom, so densely pale, whose lips of artificial carmine were like the applied petals of a geranium.

Yet she is not a Chinese lily, but a *fleur de lis*, born near the palace of those most exquisite charmers, Du Barry, Maintenon and Pompadour, at Versailles in France.

With the candor and charm of the French she has a strange beauty of Oriental cast. She might be Slavic. There is a marked resemblance to Nazimova in her smile and the inflections of her voice. She speaks with delicate gestures of her hands. Her fingers are long and slim with polished pointed nails.

It would seem that anyone with a personality of such fascination and talents so thoroughly schooled would find easy access to the screen, and yet she says, "You must put your pride

in the safety deposit when you go for work at the studios."

When she saw herself in "The Bright Shawl"—in her first screen part—she was disheartened.

"So many scenes were missing—I was all cut away," she said plaintively. When the critics acclaimed her, she was astonished.

"I went to see the picture again, thinking perhaps they had put back my scenes. *Mais non.*" She shook her head mystified. "I still do not understand—there was so little of me!"

Jetta Goudal unquestionably will take her place on the peacock dais along with Sirens Naldi, Swanson and La Marr. She is distinctly a charmer of men, though she does fly from them to the protecting arms of "the so dear Martha."

She likes American men. *Ah, oui.* "But I like better them among men," she smiles subtly. "Yet they must not be judged by their attitude toward a French actress—a so wicked French actress."

And, I might add, a French enigma—one who looks like a siren and lives like a nun.



White

Jetta Goudal is a personification of Hergesheimer's Chinese Water Lily and yet she was born near Versailles, France, and she has a strange beauty of Oriental, well nigh Slavic, cast

A FRENCH actress of luring accent, carmined lips flashing from a face of saffron pallor, oblique eyes that reflect the amber light of pendant earrings, a slim silhouette of fluid grace about whom hovers a secret perfume compounded by herself—Jetta Goudal is the Chinese Lily of "The Bright Shawl" with Parisian modifications. A siren fashioned delicately for rooms of peacock silks and fretted alabaster. And yet—

She lives at the Martha Washington hotel, from which men are barred, believes devoutly in the spirit of prohibition, and looks with cold disdain upon the flirtations of this promiscuous flapper age.

Nothing whatever was known of her when she triumphed over the screen in her first part—that of *Pilar de Lima* in "The Bright Shawl."

She is in fact what our other sirens are in fiction—a lady of mystery.

"I came to America because I thought I might as well be miserable here as any place," she said with her slow, coloring

And A Cockney Beauty

By
Jameson Sewell

DISCOVERED by Marshall Neilan and given her first real opportunity by Edwin Carewe. This, after appearing in motion pictures in England and France.

At ten a teacher of dancing in her father's academy in Hull, England. At sixteen dancing in Paris and London. At seventeen leading two numbers in the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic.

Something of a record — and actually an outline of Dorothy Mackaill's career.

Miss Mackaill is a curious mingling of Cockney and Americanism. She was born in Hull. How she made the leap to one of the pulchritudinous chosen few of the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic forms an interesting tale.

Her father maintained a dance academy in Hull and there the daughter studied until she herself had a class. Even as a youngster her personality stood out and visitors suggested that she try London and the stage.

So she went to London and for a time appeared at the Hippodrome in "Joybelles." Then she ventured to Paris and danced there in a revue. Before this last adventure, however, she had tried a single English motion picture. "I went to see it afterwards and, when I couldn't find myself, I thought something had been left out. So I sat through it again—but I was still missing. That nearly broke my heart." In Paris Miss Mackaill appeared in a few Pathe comedies. "This was lots of fun," she explains, "for they never understood me and I never knew quite what they wanted me to do.

"Some of the girls from my revue were coming to America—and so I decided to try my luck, too. Over here, I was in a maze. I picked up a newspaper, read Flo Ziegfeld's name and guilelessly went around to see him. Then I didn't realize how difficult it is to see a manager in America. At his outer office I announced myself as Dorothy Mackaill of London and pushed by the astonished office-boy. Mr. Ziegfeld looked up as I burst in. 'You don't know me,' I announced, 'but I want to work in your midnight show. Will I do?' Mr. Ziegfeld laughed. 'You'll do,' he chuckled and gave me a note to the manager. I didn't realize my luck for weeks.

"It was Marshall Neilan who 'discovered' me over here. While I was dancing with the Frolic he gave me the rôle of the deaf barber's faithless wife in 'Bits of Life.' Remember that?"

After which came some Torchy comedies, Charles Giblyn's "A Woman's Woman," "The Isle of Doubt," "The Streets of



Dorothy Mackaill is a curious mingling of Cockney and Americanism. She was born in Hull, England, and yet she stepped to motion pictures via Flo Ziegfeld's famous Midnight Frolic

New York," and Edwin Carewe's "Mighty Lak' a Rose." Then John Robertson selected her for the chief feminine rôle of Dick Barthelmess' new vehicle, "The Fighting Blade."

Robertson says she's the most promising young actress he's observed in several years. "She has a fine sensitiveness and a superb sense of humor," he says. "What more could you ask?"

Oh yes, and she has beauty, too. Better still, distinction. She's slim, blonde and of a witching boyishness. In "The Fighting Blade" she wears boy's disguise in most of her scenes and handles a sword like a cavalier.

But it's her vividness and verve that count. That connoisseur of beauty, Flo Ziegfeld, said to her: "A girl who can think as fast as you do ought to be a good leader. If your feet work as fast as your brain you should be nimble."

Nimble is *le mot juste* for Dorothy. She moves swiftly and surely. Already she has appeared on the stage of three countries—France, England and America—and it will not be long, I predict, before she will be featured on every screen.

Following her appearance in "Mighty Lak' A Rose," her salary skipped up several hundred, and now offers are arriving from everywhere.

So Dorothy has little to worry about in her apartment overlooking Central Park, which she shares with Mama Mackaill.



The Press Agent

who is paid
\$1000
a week

By Glendon Allvine



While handling D. W. Griffith's production, Reichenbach succeeded in having the names of Michigan Boulevard in Chicago and 43rd Street in New York changed to "Dream Street"

A PRESS agent who makes a star's salary—that's the way Harry Reichenbach is denominated.

He's the star of publicity men. His salary is \$1,000.00 a week. He isn't hired—he is retained like a crack corporation lawyer.

He is great in his profession because he specializes in imagination, because to him nothing is impossible of accomplishment, because he believes in himself.

Big film magnates give him contracts reading, "for exploiting, publicizing, and attracting attention, and for creating sensational manifestations" for their pictures. They find that it pays.

One of the most "sensational manifestations" was in connection with the exploitation of "Tarzan," the jungle picture. Reichenbach installed a lion in a hotel room engaged by a man registered as "T. R. Zann." The guest had represented himself to be a musician, and had asked that his piano, boxed, be hoisted through the window to his room. The next morning after the installation of the piano box, the hotel clerk was astounded by a breakfast order for ten pounds of raw steak.

"Ten pounds of raw steak!" gasped the clerk, suspecting the gentleman of lunacy.

"Yes," came the reply over the telephone. "My lion is very hungry."

A house detective and a policeman investigated, and discovered a lion leaping playfully from bed to dresser in the room. Although the city editors regarded the affair with suspicion, they couldn't ignore it. It was too good a story. The stunt



Harry Reichenbach specializes in imagination—and receives a star's salary in return

While exploiting "Tarzan," Reichenbach's assistant registered at a hotel in New York as "T. R. Zann," and smuggled in a lion in a piano box. Thus landed a big newspaper story

earned thousands of columns of space in American newspapers.

Perhaps you recall the sensation caused by the arrival of a royal Turkish delegation in quest of a lady escaped from the sultan's harem. Eight stalwart Turks registered at a New York hotel and explained through an interpreter that the Sultan had sent them to comb America for the prize of his harem. Detectives were engaged to assist in the search. It was a colorful story, and editors printed hundreds of columns about it. Eventually the fair one was found washing dishes in an East Side restaurant, and the Turks announced that the virgin of Stamboul had been recovered. Simultaneously Carl Laemmle announced the showing of "The Virgin of Stamboul," his motion picture starring Priscilla Dean!

The Turk story would have attracted even wider attention but for the skepticism of *The New*

Tribune. One of its reporters observed a Turk stopping to adjust a Paris garter. This didn't look right to the gentleman of the press, so he telephoned to Mr. Morgenthau, our former ambassador to Turkey, with whom the delegation was scheduled to lunch. The ambassador knew nothing of the party or its mission, and so *The Tribune* kidded the story. Despite this exposure, the stunt awakened great curiosity.

Universal re-engaged Reichenbach for a campaign to advertise "Shipwrecked Among Cannibals," agreeing to pay him \$1,000.00 a week, with the contract stipulation that "no concrete plan of exploitation can be given here for this is largely a matter of inspiration and opportunity, but it is understood that Universal is engaging me upon the belief that unusual ideas and startling, sensational manifestations will be exercised to put the film over."

Reichenbach exploited William Fox's "Over The Hill" and "The Connecticut Yankee" on [CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]



Off for a Roman Honeymoon!

MR. and Mrs. Jack Dougherty photographed on the Universal lot as they hurried back to work after the wedding.

Barbara La Marr thought all romance was over for her—then she met the big, two-fisted, red-haired Irishman, Jack Dougherty, who stars in two-reel comedies for Universal. Now

she's Mrs. Jack, honeymooning in Rome, where she and her husband are playing in "The Eternal City" under the direction of Fitzmaurice. Upon their return they will both work on the Universal lot, Mr. Dougherty in his comedy series and Miss La Marr in a film adaptation of the novel, "Damned."



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Joy struck out blindly, savagely, pressing her bare arms against his throat, forcing herself backward, away from him, until she felt his embrace relax, found herself suddenly free

The greatest mystery story of the screen is approaching its climax

The Triangle



Arthur Lloyd, the young actor who loves Joy Moran—loves her with all his selfish, vain and jealous heart. Joy has been thrown with Lloyd in the world of the theater but she can not bring herself to care for him. And yet he holds the key to the fate of the man she loves, Jean Romain, screen star on the same lot with Joy



Jean Romain, the motion picture star, is under suspicion following the mysterious death of his wife. Handsome and dashing, Romain is the personification of Joy Moran's ideal. And yet she is paid to spy upon him—and wreck his brilliant career if needs be. Joy has come to love him deeply—but what shall she do?

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

Illustrated by
James Montgomery Flagg

The Studio Secret

That which has gone before:

WHEN Joy Moran was almost magically transported to Hollywood—to take a leading part in a great picture and, incidentally, to spy upon the star, Jean Romain—it seemed as if her difficulties were over. For with a large salary at her command she no longer needed to worry about taking care of her father—who was ill and blind, due to the drinking of bad liquor—or about paying the mysterious Mr. Watrous, whose check her father had raised in a moment of intoxication. Joy had been at the end of her rope, for the play in which she was ingenue had closed, and she had quarreled with Arthur Lloyd—a suitor as ardent as he was selfish. She did not like the idea of prying into Romain's past, but it was an unwritten condition of her contract; for Jean was engaged to Margot Gresham, whose millionaire father was anxious to break off the match. The tragic and unexplained death of Romain's first wife was the point upon which the whole situation pivoted, but Joy—who felt a decided attraction toward the man—was loath to believe him guilty. The wife of an art director, Sam Kramer, a curiously sinister woman—evidently knew a great deal about the matter. Joy recognized her as a menace, and felt that jealousy prompted her every move. As her work with Romain progressed she discovered that Margot was jealous, also. And to complicate matters, Arthur Lloyd, hearing rumors of an infatuation, accepted a motion picture contract and started west—so that he might watch Joy. Mrs. Kramer took him, immediately, into her confidence—and they planned Jean Romain's downfall, together. Joy, unknowing, went through the big scene of her film play—in which, as a Greek slave, she danced before Romain. Her dance stirred him so deeply that, hours later, he went to her dressing room and, as she answered his knock, seized her in his arms.

Chapter XVIII

WHEN Joy Moran opened the door of her dressing room to find herself so suddenly and unexpectedly clasped in Jean Romain's arms, two different and in fact entirely opposite emotions swept over her.

The first had to do with her newly-admitted love for Romain. In springing up from the couch on which she had been lying, the embroidered kimono she wore drifted back from her bare shoulders, leaving her, in her dancing costume, almost nude. Even as she felt Romain's arms close about her, felt the sting of his flesh against her own, she gave silent thanks for the darkness of the room.

She had supposed [her visitor] to be Mrs. Soule. Yet to lie thus in his arms, his lips pressed against hers, pressed so fiercely that it hurt her—was the madness of a dream she had pictured to herself many times, with thrills of delight.

On the other hand, a bitter anger gripped her. What sort of love did Romain, already engaged to Margot Gresham, propose to offer her? Certainly nothing honorable. In all their many talks he had invariably spoken of the vivid attraction she held for him—had let her see plainly enough that he desired her, in a physical sense, but never once had he suggested any such thing as marriage. She knew, indeed, that he was in no position to make any such suggestion. He could not break his engagement to Miss Gresham. Only she could do that, and Joy had very grave doubts that he wanted her to break it. Whether he was marrying Margot for her money, or through

"Suppose I refuse?" Porter asked sullenly. "If you do, you'll go to jail before night," answered Lloyd. Porter wilted



gratitude because of the service which, according to Mrs. Kramer's story, the girl had rendered him at the time of his wife's death, Joy did not know. But whatever the reason, he seemed quite prepared to go ahead, to hold to his engagement, and hence, Joy argued, any advances on his part could have but one purpose—a dishonorable purpose, as she looked at it—a cheap and vicious love-affair, of the body, and not of the heart.

For a moment the wave of passion which swept over her proved the stronger emotion of the two—stronger than her will power, her good sense. Her brain whirled in golden circles. The touch of his lips set her blood afire. She trembled in his arms as though a chill had seized her, yet felt no sensation of cold. Instead, there grew in her a strange lassitude, a lack of desire to resist, a sensation such as might have been produced by some powerful, deadening drug.

Then came reaction, swift, bitter—the more bitter, perhaps, because of her momentary weakness. She struck out blindly, savagely, pressing her bare arms against his throat, forcing herself backward, away from him, until she felt his embrace relax, found herself suddenly free. Then she clutched the kimono fiercely about her, and throwing herself on the couch burst into tears.

Romain, a look of deep surprise on his face, crossed the room in a stride and dropping on his knees attempted once more to sweep her in his arms, comfort her. But Joy was beyond comforting. Something within her had been cruelly, ruthlessly hurt. It was the first time in her life that she had known love, and it seemed to her that Romain had prostituted it to mean and tawdry ends. Why had he crept to her dressing room at this hour, when everyone else had gone? Why, save for one reason? Was that all he wanted of her, then—to fold her young body in his arms, make her a momentary plaything, drag all the fresh sweetness of love in the mud of a momentary passion? God—how easy it would be to yield! The bare flesh under her kimono fairly tingled at the thought of it. But her heart was as cold as a stone.

"Go away, please," she said, in a dull, toneless voice.

"But, Joy—my dear girl—listen to me"—

"Please go. I—I'm very tired. I want to be alone."

He rose suddenly, standing slim and erect beside the couch. "I—I had no idea when I came that you wouldn't be dressed," he whispered. "I wanted to take you home."

The pleading note in his voice, the repentance, failed to move her. Even yet he had not spoken a word of love. Well, why should he, she thought bitterly, except as men so often misused the word, covering a grosser meaning. Why should he speak to her of love, loving someone else?

She sat up, shook her head. Her face was pale as moonlight. The fingers which clutched the kimono about her trembled with weakness.

"Go away—please," she whispered. "Someone may come, and I"—she began to sob again, wretchedly. It all seemed so hopeless, so hard.

"I'm not going before I tell you that I love you," he flashed out.

Joy rose. She was angry, now. All the weakness in her had fled.

"How many other women have you said that to," she sneered, "besides myself, and Margot Gresham?"

Before her furious eyes Romain's own dropped. The contempt in her voice bit deep.

"Is that fair?" he asked.

"Why not? You're engaged to her, aren't you? Then what sort of a proposition do you want to make to me?"

"Have I said I wanted to make any proposition?"

"Not in words, perhaps. But if you *did* love me, which I am perfectly sure you do not—you would never have humiliated me like this."

"But—I—don't understand—"

"Oh, yes, you do. You say you love me. Well—what then?"

He hesitated for a moment, realizing the full import of her words. What then? Suddenly he seized her hand, held it in spite of her attempts to draw it away.

"Joy," he said, "I *do* love you. And if I were free"—

She flamed up again at this.

"Don't you think, then, that you had better wait until you

arc, before trying to make love to another woman?" Her voice was like white hot steel. "Wouldn't it be more—honorable?"

He dropped her hand at once and went over to the window, stood there gazing out into the darkness. Presently he turned.

"There are some things I can't explain—can't tell you about," he said.

"I don't want to hear them."

"I know. Why should you? And yet, no matter what you say—what anybody says—I love you."

For a moment Joy was thrilled by the vibrance of his voice, the intensity of his manner. Then she once more grew cold.

"I think we had better end this conversation right now," she said. "It isn't getting us anywhere, and the things you are saying are not only disloyal to the woman you have promised to marry but at the same time rather insulting to me. I'm no saint. I feel, just as other women feel. And I admire you—have admired you—tremendously. You know that. And I suppose I'm quite capable of giving myself to a man I loved, if he loved me, and we couldn't have each other in any other way. But when a man, proposing to marry one woman, goes out of his way to make love to another, he can have only one purpose in mind, and that purpose is an insult to anything like love. Margot Gresham is away, so I suppose a little thing like an engagement wouldn't prevent you from making a conquest of me for a few days—adding another scalp to your belt—"

"God, Joy! Don't say things like that. You know they're not true."

"Then if they're not, and you do love me as you say, I think quite as little of you, for I know that, in spite of your so-called love for me, you are going ahead to marry someone else—someone you don't love—for her money. Between a seducer and a fortune hunter there isn't really very much to choose."

She spoke, intending to hurt him—to drive the iron deep into his soul. She had been hurt herself, and her own wounds made her savage. But when she saw the look of protest, of pain which crossed his face, she felt sorry, for the moment, that she had struck so hard.

Romain bent down and picked up his hat. It had fallen to the floor in that first mad embrace. He stood silent for several moments, beside the door, gazing down at the hat, creasing its soft felt between his fingers. When at last he looked up there was sadness, rather than anger, in his eyes.

"You might be right in what you say. And yet, I wasn't trying to 'seduce' you, and I'm not a fortune hunter. You've done me an injustice, that's all. I might have explained how, some day, but I can't now. And I don't see much use in it, after what's happened. As I've told you, I came here to take you home. They said you hadn't gone. I thought of course you'd be dressed—ready to leave. When I saw you some impulse made me take you in my arms. I'm not ashamed of it. Not a bit. I had no idea, when I came here, of telling you that I loved you. I've had to keep myself from telling you, ever since we met. It hasn't been easy, either, but I did it because I wanted to be loyal to Margot. I owe her more than you can ever guess. But when you said the things you did—when you implied that from the first moment I entered this room I had but one purpose, to—well—as they say in the melo-

dramas, to 'ruin' you—I had to speak, so that you would know it was really love, and not the calculated passion of a moment that made me take you in my arms. Not that I don't want you. God knows I do, and have, ever since the first moment I saw you. I always shall. You appeal to me as no other woman ever appealed to me. But just the same, that wasn't why I came. You can believe me or not, as you please. After all, I guess it doesn't make much difference, now. Good-bye." Joy watched him in silence as he left the room, closing the door carefully after him.

Slowly, mechanically, like one in a daze, she switched on the lights. Again her thoughts became confused, uncertain. Had she done him an injustice? Were the things he had said true? Even an honorable man might, while engaged to one woman, fall in love with another. But, in that event, was it not his duty to all concerned to go to the first woman, ask to be released from his engagement? And Romain had not done this—had made no suggestion of doing it. On the contrary, he had hinted at mysterious reasons why he could not do it, had spoken, guardedly but none the less intentionally, of some debt to Margot Gresham—some obligations he felt bound to discharge. What could such reasons be, Joy wondered, if indeed there were any at all—if the whole story had not been an excuse, a graceful way of withdrawing from an extremely awkward situation.

There was the gratitude toward Margot Gresham of which Mrs. Kramer had spoken, but somehow it scarcely seemed to

Pale as marble Joy turned to Lloyd. "Give me the statement," she said. "I'll go up to my room and read it"



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLACC

Joy a sufficient reason for marrying a woman one did not love, especially when one claimed to be in love with another. It seemed unreal, fantastic, unless—and here more sinister thoughts crept into Joy's brain—unless Romain really had been guilty of a crime, and Margot had saved him. In that event, of course, the girl would hold him in her power, if she cared to make use of it. At the first suggestion of leaving her, she could threaten him, command him, through fear of exposure. Was Margot Gresham such a woman? Joy did not know. Women, in love, were strange creatures. But what terrified her most was the sure knowledge that no man could be held thus in the power of a woman unless he were guilty. If Romain were innocent, exposure could have no terrors for him. But if he were not—Joy shuddered; the course of her reasoning brought her no consolation; it sickened her to think that Romain was the sort of man who would hide behind the skirts of a woman, and yet, if her reasoning were correct, this was exactly what he had done.

One other possibility occurred to her. Romain and Margot might be already married. Or be living together as man and wife pending an open marriage later on. She could see excellent reasons for this. Some of the gossips had held that Romain made away with his wife in order to marry Margot. To have married her without the expiration of a decent interval, would have added fresh fuel to the fires of scandal which otherwise might slowly have died out. It was a queer tangle, Joy decided, as she left her room and went down the corridor.

Much to her surprise, she found Arthur Lloyd waiting for her outside the studio door. He seemed greatly excited; his manner was quick, nervous, almost accusing. He suggested that they walk back to the hotel together, and Joy, glad of the fresh air, at once consented. After the scene she had just been through, she felt the need of it. And she sensed, too, that Arthur had something unpleasant to say, which would be

better not said at the hotel. "Is anything the matter, Arthur?" she asked, after a few moments of sinister silence between them.

"Yes. What was Jean Romain doing in your dressing room?"

The question came like a thunderbolt. How had Arthur known?

"Who says he was in my dressing room?" Joy countered.

"Never mind about that. I don't have to tell you. Perhaps someone I know saw him. The rotter waited until he thought everyone else had gone, but maybe they hadn't. I passed him when he left the studio—just a few minutes ago. Too foxy to be seen coming out with you, of course. What was he doing in your room? And why did you let him in?"

Joy was too tired even to attempt to lie.

"He was talking to me," she said. "That answers your first question. As for my having let him in, to tell you the truth, Arthur, I was so tired, after that dance, I'd fallen asleep, and when I opened the door he came right in before I knew it."

"And took you in his arms, I suppose," Arthur snarled, with uncanny correctness. His voice was harsh, his eyes gleamed hot with anger.

Joy felt that the time for frankness had passed. There was no telling what Arthur in his jealous rage might do.

"You shouldn't assume such things, Arthur," she said quietly. "You've known me for a long time. I had hoped you knew me well enough to realize that I'm a decent woman. Mr. Romain came in there to talk to me about something. He shouldn't have come, and I told him so. But there was certainly nothing wrong about it—in the sense you mean. I sha'n't tell you that more than once. I refuse to defend myself on such a point. You are at liberty to think what you please, but if you have any

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 118]

"When a man, proposing to marry one woman, goes out of his way to make love to another, he can have only one purpose, and that purpose is an insult to anything like love"—says Joy Moran, the heroine of this story.



The South Sea Siren now dances to the click of the camera

Gilda Grey shook the shoulders of the world with her shimmy a few years ago. Then she started the South Sea movement on Broadway, starring in the Follies and at the Rendezvous cabaret. Now Allan Dwan has lured her into "Lawful Larceny." You behold her here in her own poignant and personal little drama entitled "The Rustle of Raffia"

THE SHADOW STAGE

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES

By Frederick James Smith

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH'S "The White Rose" was at once the most interesting and the most disappointing photodrama of the early Summer. We have come to expect so much of the dean of the silver sheet—and "The White Rose" realizes so little.

Actually, "The White Rose" is a variation of "Way Down East" with Louisiana trimmings. It is the old, old story of the innocent girl who loves not wisely but too well. Griffith has tricked it out in beautiful photography and two tenderly moving moments but, stacked against these lyric qualities, are reels of hokum black face comedy, atrocious valentine sub-titles and a thousand and one inconsequential. The theme itself becomes terribly cluttered up with these inessentials and continually wanders into blind alleys.

Whatever else one may say of "The White Rose," it at least brings back Mae Marsh to the screen—and restores her to us with a smash. Miss Marsh plays the girl of the Griffith story, a wistful little waitress with a pitiful longing for life. Her performance throughout is a joy, replete with the subtleties of adroitly placed lights and shades. Twice she strikes a splendid height, as the flapper surrendering to love under the Dixie moon and, again, as the broken mother, face to face with death.

There are several newcomers in "The White Rose." Ivor Novello is the young minister who almost brings death to the girl. From a photographic viewpoint he is superb. Dramatically he is superficially skilful, but his performance left us cold. Another newcomer, Neil Hamilton, reveals some possibilities. The fourth principal, Carol Dempster, does not rise to the opportunities of her rôle. She is the weakest link in the picture.

"The White Rose" leaves us rather puzzled as to the problem of Griffith. Somehow, he seems to us to be a great man living within a circle of isolation, surrounded by minor advisors. Genius out of touch with the world, as it were.

WE found Booth Tarkington's "Penrod and Sam" to possess a gentle charm and, in moments, a genuine poignancy. This adaptation, very well done, relates simply the episodic boyhood adventures of the younger son of the house of Schofield and centers largely around the shack on the adjoining vacant lot, where meet, in sworn secrecy, the In-and-Ins, Penrod's gang. There is no big punch, none of the usual cinema trimmings. And yet the scene where Penrod is moved to tears by memories of his dead pal, a little dog, is one of the most compelling moments of months. Ben Alexander is the Penrod and his performance is guilelessly excellent. Yet there is a pang to observe the child of "Hearts

of the World" grown to freckled boyhood. The whole cast is well chosen and there is an interesting novelty in its making. Not a bit of make-up was used through its whole length, by either the children or the grown-ups.

THE Goldwyn revival of Rex Beach's "The Spoilers" held our interest pretty consistently. This melodrama of the gold rush era in Alaska was once a milestone in the photoplay's onward march, as it was done by Selig with the film's first great fight between Thomas Santschi and William Farnum.

There is little novelty in "The Spoilers" these days. Stories of honest prospectors, vivid dance hall belles and unscrupulous mining camp villains have been done time and again. And yet this Beach novel seems to stand the test of time fairly well. Milton Sills and Noah Beery are adequate enough as the fighters, and they do their best to make their combat a vivid one in the face of all the silversheet fights of the past. Anna Q. Nilsson doesn't equal the *Cherry Melotte* of Kathlyn Williams.

EVERY now and then William de Mille reveals a fine piece of editorial craftsmanship—and thereby restores our tottering faith in him. His adaptation of A. E. Thomas' play, "Only 38," is a case in point. This feminine "Conrad in Quest of His Youth" is a gem of filmdom.

At the age of thirty-eight, the mother of 18-year-old twins finds herself a widow. Hungry for the things denied her for twenty years, she starts in quest of her lost youth. How she finds a belated romance and wins over the well-meaning, adolescent resentment of her children forms the quiet little story. It is all very unpretentious—and yet it goes direct to the heart. Largely through Mr. de Mille's sympathetic and restrained direction. And, in a great measure, because of Lois Wilson, who realizes superbly the slumbering tragedy of the woman who is "only 38." Here is acting. The whole cast is admirable, one of the best of the year. May McAvoy gives a remarkably able portrayal of the straight-laced little daughter, her best work since her unforgettable *Grizel*.

Robert Agnew is likeable as the son and Elliott Dexter ingratiating as the professor who holds the key to the belated romance.

Mae Marsh, shown here with Ivor Novello, makes a smashing return to the screen in "The White Rose"



"MAIN Street" is neither true to Sinclair Lewis nor to small town life. But it is entertaining in its way. The adaptation fairly shrieks for King Vidor. Florence Vidor's performance of Carol is splendid, however.

"THE EXCITERS" lands among the six best upon its speed and sheer melodramatic entertainment. It is as diverting as a fiction thriller.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures



THE EXCITERS—Paramount

THIS jazzy little melodrama has speed and it will hold your interest, if you do not question its probabilities too closely. The heroine is a typical super-jazz baby of 1923, a thrill-hunter who marries a burglar in her search for surprises. And, lo, the second-story man turns out to be—but we won't spoil your fun. Anyway, the fair thrill devotee gets all the excitement she craves—and a handsome husband in the person of Tony Moreno. And, since the jazzite is Bebe Daniels, you can imagine the suspense. "The Exciters," which, by the way, was a stage play by Martin Brown, isn't real art and yet, maybe, it is—for it is good entertainment. Which makes it one of our chosen six. We refer you to the comments on page sixty-three for additional details.



ONLY 38—Paramount

SOME time ago Walter Prichard Eaton wrote a little magazine story of a widow, on the edge of forty, and her quest for her lost youth. In time it became a stage play and, finally, it reached the screen. Luckily it made the last step in the hands of William de Mille. For, in his sympathetic handling, it developed into one of the human little dramas that go direct to the heart. "Only 38" is unpretentious. But tragedy lurks just beneath the surface all the way. We want to compliment Mr. de Mille. Here he has revealed that rarest of directorial qualities—restraint. And not the least admirable is his selection of the cast, which is the best of many, many months. Lois Wilson gives a matchless performance of the widow, and May McAvoy and Robert Agnew are delights as her adolescent children.

PHOTOPLAY'S SELECTION OF THE SIX BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

THE WHITE ROSE
PENROD AND SAM

ONLY 38

THE SPOILERS
THE EXCITERS
MAIN STREET



THE WHITE ROSE—United Artists

EVERY new production coming from the David Wark Griffith studios has unusual significance. One can never tell when Griffith may cast aside hokum and become the celluloid adventurer of old. The usual suspense preceded this new production, "The White Rose," but disappointment was manifest. There is the usual wronged girl, moving through a maze of beautiful photography, awful comedy and absurd sub-titles. This time the wronged girl is superbly played by Mae Marsh—and here alone the production reaches its height. Miss Marsh has several moments when she comes close to silver screen greatness. We are not sure but that she touches it.

Say what one may about "The White Rose," it is not possibly honestly to suppress one's conviction that this sort of stuff is a complete waste of the genius of the man who could make "The Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance" and "Broken Blossoms." Most of all, Griffith seems to us to need a sane perspective just now.

"The White Rose" will be remembered chiefly as marking the triumphant return of Mae Marsh after an absence of several years. She gives a superb performance of the little waitress who comes to grief through love.

As it was presented in New York, in eleven reels, "The White Rose" was entirely too long. It wandered into countless inessentials. It was full of inconsequential details. It introduced characters and then dropped them instanter. It lumbered and creaked. It paused dozens of times for hokum black-face comedy. Griffith apparently threw in everything he could think of to make a success. But successes aren't made that way.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

PHOTOPLAY'S SELECTION OF THE SIX BEST PERFORMANCES of the MONTH

MAE MARSH in "The White Rose"

FLORENCE VIDOR in "Main Street"

LOIS WILSON in "Only 38"

MAY McAVOY in "Only 38"

MONTE BLUE in "Main Street"

CHARLES RUGGLES in "The Heart Raider"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 108



THE SPOILERS—Goldwyn

LONG ago—in the pioneer screen days—the old Selig company turned out a melodrama based upon Rex Beach's "The Spoilers." The melodrama made film history, for it had the first great film fight. And the fight in turn made William Farnum and Thomas Santschi. Years have passed and many a tale of the Alaskan gold rush days has appeared. But this new version of the Beach romance still has its measure of vitality. Certainly the best cast available was assembled to revitalize it into celluloid form. The fight—and a good one it is—is in the hands of Milton Sills and Noah Beery; that superb dance hall girl of Beach fiction, *Cherry Melotte*, is nicely done by Anna Nilsson; and the heroine is neatly presented by Barbara Bedford. Scores of "big names" are in minor rôles.



PENROD AND SAM—First National

SYMPATHETICALLY developed into screen form, this version of Booth Tarkington's delightful boyhood stories becomes something of a screen classic. It is delightful in its on-screen qualities, a fresh and diverting study of the small boy rampant. It wasn't easy to develop a series of episodic adventures into a well knit scenario, but the present adapters seem to have overcome most of the difficulties. The action moves divertingly around the club-house of the In-and-Ins, *Penrod Schofield's* "secret lodge." In other words, around a shack on the vacant lot adjoining the house of *Schofield, Sr.*

No attempt is made towards punches—and yet "Penrod and Sam" achieves a highly moving moment in the death of the boy's pet dog. Here is tragedy unadulterated. Director William Baudine has told all these boyish episodes with a gentle and understanding adroitness, and he has been aided by a very satisfying cast, ranging from young Ben Alexander's *Penrod* and Joe Butterworth's *Sam* to the grown-ups, nicely played by Rockcliffe Fellows, Gladys Brockwell and others. It is interesting to note that, along with the other moves toward naturalism, all make-up was discarded. There are no beaded eye lashes and cupid-bow lips.

If you have loved these stories of Tarkington—and who hasn't?—you will love this screen adaptation. For here you will find all the characters, from *Penrod* and *Sam* to fat *Rodney Bills*, the good boy—*Georgie Bassett*, and the two dark neighbors, *Herman* and *Verman*. Not to mention the fair *Marjorie Jones*. And you will find that *Pa* and *Ma Schofield* are pretty much as you imagined them, along with the nearly grown-up *Margaret Schofield* and her admirer, *Robert Williams*. They're all here.



MAIN STREET—Warner Brothers

WE anticipated failure in the transfer of Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street" to the screen. Only a great director could transfer either the physical or the mental side of the Lewis study in small townism. Only he could capture the microscopic detail of Lewis' word-painting or catch the mental clash of the characters. Yet for two reels, this film "Main Street" is good. It gets the first collision of *Carol Kennicott* with *Gopher Prairie* in fine fashion. On one hand, there is the idealistic little snob, *Carol*; on the other, the drab, slow-thinking, satisfied middle class of all Main Streets rolled into one. Then the film version slips—and collapses. We are shown how *Carol* comes to realize the "craziness" of her ideas and to see that *Gopher Prairie* is "such a fine place to raise children." But you'll like *Florence Vidor*, anyway.



THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST—First National

DAVID BELASCO'S melodrama of the mining days, "The Girl of the Golden West" is playing a return engagement on the screen—but the return is disappointing. Sylvia Breamer certainly is not the self-reliant girl of the Polka saloon. Warren Kerrigan lacks force as the heroic road agent. Evidently the difficulties of casting this revival seriously handicapped the director.



THE HEART RAIDER—Paramount

THE father of a destructive little tom-boy takes out insurance to protect him against damage suits caused by his daughter's recklessness. The policy is void upon her marriage, and the insurance company, facing ruin because of her exploits, sends an agent to Palm Beach to marry her. He doesn't—but he succeeds in arousing her reluctant suitor's jealousy. Agnes Ayres' new personality goes fine!



THE MAN NEXT DOOR—Vitagraph

AN unsatisfactory picture—badly acted, badly directed and illogical. It seems impossible that the original manuscript was written by Emerson Hough. The story of two old ranchers and the pretty daughter of one of them—all three trying madly to burst into society. They finally manage it—via matrimony. The character work almost gets over, but the acting honors go to the clever bull terrier.



GARRISON'S FINISH—United Artists

THIS is the old, old racetrack story, with the honest jockey, the daughter of the old Southern colonel and the villains with the bottle of dope. No amount of expenditure can make it anything but what it is. Not that there is any particular inspiration in the acting of Jack Pickford or in Arthur Rosson's direction. Rather dull and lengthy, and yet the scenes of the Kentucky Derby may hold some punch.



THE MARK OF THE BEAST—Dixon

THOMAS DIXON, the author, wrote "The Mark of the Beast," prepared the continuity, did the casting and directed the production—"without interference," according to the program and Mr. Dixon. It is an author's challenge to "machine-made" pictures. The "machine" wins. A lot of pretentious bunk about psycho-analysis. Poor story, poor continuity, poor casting, poor direction—Poor public!



CHILDREN OF DUST—First National

A ROMANCE of Gramercy Park, with little of that old square's pleasant atmosphere, and entirely too much about childish love affairs that last through the years. They don't, often. The major part of this picture is given over to cunning by-play between the kiddies; and then they drag in the war to finish things off. They do! Nothing offensive in this—and nothing breath-taking!



THE SHOCK—Universal

LON CHANEY gives another of his hideously distorted, and uncannily clever, characterizations. As a cripple of the underworld, who gets salvation through his love for an innocent young country girl. The miracle idea—which has never been allowed to rest since Chaney's first success—is brought in, linked up to the great San Francisco earthquake. Blackmail, crime of all sorts, and unshakable faith.



A MAN OF ACTION—First National

IF Douglas MacLean ever gets a good story he'll step to the head of the class in light comedy. But there seems to be a conspiracy against him for, since "Twenty-three and a Half Hours Leave," he hasn't had a chance. In this, as a young society man impersonating a crook, he saves the diamonds and the girl. A family picture, but the family is likely to find it full of incongruities.



MARY OF THE MOVIES—F. B. O.

A WEAK plot that gets by because of the stars and near stars that have been made a part of the scenery. The action is laid, for most of the time, in Hollywood. And there's no telling who'll walk by, any minute, on the Boulevard. Just wondering is supposed to keep the audience all keyed up. Some may like it because of this. The story of a stage struck girl who becomes a star.



SLANDER THE WOMAN—First National

A GAIN the innocent must suffer, and all because men will pursue and women will draw conclusions! The conclusions, this time, lead to a murder, and the heroine is named—by the wife, who did the killing—as the other woman, and the real cause of the crime. And so said heroine, broken hearted, goes to the frozen north, where anything may happen. It does! Splendid snow photography.



FOG BOUND—Paramount

A NOTHER innocent man accused of murder, and another lovely lady appearing just in the nick o' time to save his honor and his life! It's always happening on the screen—but so seldom off! This is melodrama, pure and simple, with a good cast, splendid photography, and a satisfactory—though conventional—finish. Some elaborate scenes, for the ones who like pictures of Palm Beach.



SNOWDRIFT—Fox

A SERIES of impossible episodes touching upon the life of a little white waif of the north, who has been brought up partly by Indians and partly by missionaries. The result is so satisfactory that every man for miles around falls in love with her. She finally, after many adventures and escapes, marries a reformed gambler, and all is as well as could be expected!

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 91]

Gossip— East & West

By Cal York



Erich von Stroheim, with bracelet, wrist watch, basilisk stare 'n everything, greeting ZaSu Pitts and Gibson Gowland, members of the cast of "Greed," on their arrival at San Francisco. Miss Pitts is the osculatee and, looking on and learning how, are Fanny Midgley, Dale Fuller, and Sylvia Ashton

CAN a business man live with temperament? The answer was "yes," and the proof was the marriage of Elsie Ferguson and Thomas B. Clarke, Jr., millionaire vice-president of the Harriman National Bank of New York. For seven years their love craft has sailed quietly over the matrimonial seas. Now, suddenly, and without public warning, it has struck a rock. The rock is stellar temperament or "career" or whatever you choose to call the artistic urge. Neither Miss Ferguson nor her husband wishes to discuss their separation, but the star made a brief statement at her luxurious apartment on Park Avenue.

"**W**E had an amicable understanding to separate," she said. "Of course, I shall go on with my screen work. I am going away for the summer to rest.

"My work and the demands it made on my time and energies pulled us apart. We had drifted so far from each other already that I knew I would have to choose one and give up the other."

Thus career again appears as the enemy of marriage.

MISS FERGUSON has the temperament of the artist, exceedingly sensitive and nervous. At various times she has gone on long trips in quest of recreation. In 1921 she went to Europe with her husband, describing the trip as a second honeymoon. Some time later she went to the Orient by herself.

Some of the papers stated that Miss Ferguson was born in 1883 and that she is the mother of three children.

"I have no children, nor have I ever had any," she said, correcting the statements. "And the date of my birth was wrong. I was born in 1886."

Miss Ferguson's first stage appearance was as a chorus girl in "The Belle of New York." Later she played in dramatic parts and then varied her stage work with pictures.

Her first husband was Fred Hoey, of Long Branch, son of the late John Hoey, president of the Adams Express Company. They were married in 1907, and were divorced in 1911.

BUT—in spite of the example set by Miss Ferguson, Katherine MacDonald is now Mrs. Charles Schoen Johnson of Philadelphia. Mr. Johnson is a millionaire, the grandson of the late Charles T. Schoen, who invented the pressed steel railroad car. The wedding was a surprise to the star's friends in Hollywood. It had been steadily reported that she would

marry a wealthy Chicago club man, although Miss MacDonald denied this only recently, saying she would remain an old maid. Of course, that was out of the question since she already had had one husband, Malcolm Strauss of New York, from whom she was divorced some time ago.

During her career in pictures Miss MacDonald amassed a fortune estimated at a half million dollars. Although her career was short compared to that of other stars of her standing, she proved to be an exceedingly shrewd business woman, true to her Scotch heritage. And she never indulged in the luxurious extravagances common to the Hollywood set.

AND now the first Mrs. Rodolph Valentino—in other words, Jean Acker—is about to acquire a title. She is going to marry a Spanish admirer, the Marquis Luis de Bazany

Sandoval, of Madrid. (The name sounds like a character that her famous one-time husband might portray!) By marrying the Marquis, Jean becomes a Marquesa and a subject of Spain.

RUDIE VALENTINO, flying from two thousand enraptured damsels, burst through a door marked "ladies' room" and finally found refuge in his manager's office. The scene was the Arena in Vancouver, B. C., where Rudie danced with his wife before eight thousand people. After his tango and the beauty contest he repaired to his dressing tent. Two thousand admirers pursued, clamoring for "just one more look." One lady tore a rent in the dressing tent to get a peek. Others followed until the canvas was well-nigh ribbons, and Rudie with Natacha took flight through an opening. They ran down a corridor, flung

A whole city block for a movie set. The economical Erich von Stroheim is utilizing this in making "Greed," the Goldwyn adaptation of Frank Norris' "McTeague"



themselves through the door into the ladies' room and finally arrived at the inner office of the manager of the Arena, the crowd barred by the timely arrival of some policemen.

"Well, anyhow," sighed a flushed flapper of nineteen, "we were near enough to touch his coat!"

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., has arrived in Hollywood to begin making pictures for the Famous-Players-Lasky corporation. Young Fairbanks, who is Doug's only child by his marriage to Beth Tully, is thirteen years old, and is to be given a series of kid-starring vehicles, including probably that classic, "Tom Sawyer."

There can be no question that Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., resents the boy's entrance into pictures at this time.

"He's too young," said Doug, when the news was brought to him, "much too young. I hoped that he would finish his education, have a splendid schooling and the joys and opportunities of a college career, before selecting his future work. Then, if he wanted to be an actor, I'd have been tickled to death to do my best to help him. But he's too young now to know what he wants—and I feel greatly disappointed."

JESSE LASKY is enthusiastic over the possibilities of young Fairbanks.

"I believe that obtaining this contract is the most important thing I have done since I entered the motion picture industry," said Mr. Lasky. "Young Doug is the American boy at his best. He is the sort of boy I hope my boy will grow to be. I fell in love with him the minute I met him, and so will every American father and mother and daughter and son when they see him on the screen."

ERIC VON STROHEIM is all broken up.

All the time and money spent to make his production of "McTeague" the greatest realistic screen drama of the century, all the endeavors and patience necessary to find the original house in San Francisco described by Norris in his great novel, all the search for the actual properties—all have gone for naught.

His leading man won't let him throw bowie knives at him.

The English actor brought over by von Stroheim to play the rôle of "McTeague" (which, by the way, Holbrook Blinn did on the screen many years ago) simply wouldn't stand up against a wall and allow a vaudeville expert to outline his manly form with bowie knives. Von Stroheim did it himself. He pleaded. He wept. He used all the powerful eloquence for which he is famous. To no avail. They will be obliged to register it in some other way.

But von Stroheim's day is utterly ruined. For he was to make every touch of his picture real—real—real. And now, a mere actor who is afraid of a trifle like having a bowie knife stuck through him or having his face marred for life, has destroyed the hopes of Eric von Stroheim. Such is the irony of life.

SPEAKING of expensive productions, the following yarn is going the rounds of the Boulevard. We don't vouch for its absolute authenticity, but it's pretty close to the truth and it illustrates the spirit of the times in Hollywood.

Charles Brabin, who made "Driven" with his own money and managed to produce a great picture at an amazingly low cost, was signed by Goldwyn. He was allowed to select his own story. Then he was asked to figure it all out—any actors he wanted, any sets, any locations, the best cameramen, the best continuity writers—everything he could dream of to make the best possible picture.

Happily, Brabin set to work. He finally went to Abe Lehr, vice-president, and said: "It'll cost \$70,000 to make this picture."

Whereupon the powers that be threw up their hands in horror and exclaimed in chorus: "My dear man, we can't let you make a picture that costs only \$70,000. This is



Rumor has it that Lionel Barrymore and Irene Fenwick—pronounced Fennick, please—are to be married in Rome. They seem loving enough on the deck of the Paris, just before sailing from New York

going to be a great, big Goldwyn special—and you've got to spend at least a quarter of a million on it."

So poor Brabin is frantically and unhappily trying to spend his allotted portion.

PORTER STRONG, for seven years a member of D. W. Griffith's company, was found dead in his room in the Hotel America in New York on June 11th, the victim of heart failure. Strong made his last screen appearance in the leading blackface rôle of "The White Rose," and he appeared prominently in "One Exciting Night." He was forty-four years old and was born in St. Joseph, Mo. Strong came to pictures from minstrelsy.

OF all the enthusiastic bridegrooms, Tony Moreno is the prize winner. "My wife," said Tony the other day, "is the most wonderful woman in the whole world. She's the finest, the most considerate, the kindest woman that ever lived. And she's such a

companion. She's got the most wonderful mind of any woman I ever talked with. Everybody adores her. I tell you, I never knew there could be such a woman. And the way she wears her clothes and the way she plays hostess—well, there just never was anybody like her before."

You can't beat that, can you?

SEENA OWEN, in her latest picture, "Snow Blind"—which, by the way, has been renamed—did more dangerous flying than perhaps any other actress has ever attempted. For the flying was done in the Canadian Rockies, in midwinter, with gales blowing all the time. Sometimes, when an especially sharp pointed peak had to be crossed, aviator Casey Jones would solemnly stop the plane in mid air and ask Miss Owen if she was afraid. When she'd answer no—not too truthfully, however—he would reach over and shake hands and then start up the plane.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 76]

The Man who Came Back

By
Bettina Bedwell

A few months ago the Famous Players-Lasky Company produced "The Man Who Came Back," a story which George Ade wrote for Thomas Meighan. Adolph Zukor had just returned from Europe. He saw it in his private projection room, and without a word entered his own office. There he shut himself up and sat for a long time looking out of the window over Fifth Avenue. No one in his own office knew why, and probably will not know until this story, written by one of PHOTOPLAY'S European correspondents, appears. And that same day he was being denounced before the Federal Trade Commission as the head of a motion picture monopoly. The charge was right, but the monopoly was one of brains and vision and energy.

JAMES R. QUIRK.

MANY have gone out from the little village of Riese, under the shadow of Budapest, and some have come back. They went out with chains on their feet, as old David, who sits on the sunny side of the white-washed wall with his solitary friends, the dogs. And they came back after years, as David did, white and broken, with only a vague memory of what lay before the long Siberian winters.

They went out with youth in their faces and packs on their backs; westward, steerage tickets in their pockets and hope in their hearts, to the golden land. These never came back. Riese saw them no more, and the little white village, huddled against the soil, forgot these wanderers. Perhaps some white haired shoemaker, bent over his toil, kept vigil for his son, but that was all.

Then, one morning in April, a strange thing happened in Riese. There was to be no train that day. Everybody knew that. The trains came seldom, and were great events. But today, although there was to be no train, a train came to the little thatched station. The powerful engine, unlike the usual little wheezing locomotives, startled the people. And there was a grand car. One could see velvet and lace inside.

A man swung down from the platform of the car and walked toward the little circle of natives. He was also a stranger, wearing strange clothing. He must be very rich. Perhaps it was a president, or a king.

He called old David by name. He clasped Fedor by the hand and spoke his name also. They stood dumbly bewildered and then a great light dawned. One had come back! From



the golden land over the sea, one had come back. They knew him now.

He walked to his father's cottage, which he had left many years before as a poor furrier's apprentice. They all followed him and stood in a respectful fringe outside as he entered. There was no question of going to their tasks, for the great thing had happened, and they watched the miracle.

Presently he came out. He spoke to them, and asked them all to assemble in the registrar's office the following morning. They arrived at the appointed hour. Every man, woman and child of the village crowded into the registrar's office—even old David who never came into the house.

They could not believe their ears when the man spoke. They were to say what they wanted, and it would be given to them. Of course that was a dream, but presently Yzor, who was a bold fellow anyhow, spoke. He would like five dollars. They stared at him in horror. Now the man would give them nothing because of Yzor's greed. The man smiled, he reached out his hand and placed a bill in the hand of Yzor.

They pushed forward. It was really true. Someone else asked for a suit of

clothes, eagerly, timidly and the man nodded assent. Now there was one who wanted a cow. And sickly old Michael asked for a free railroad ticket to Budapest so that he might be made well in the free hospital there. The man looked stern for a moment, and perhaps there was a bit of moisture in his eyes. That fare was the price of a subway ticket in New York.

Now others spoke their wishes. A father wanted to have money so he might send his son to grammar school. Ivana would like a present for her unborn child.

Presently, when all had spoken, the man put his hand on David's shoulder. "And you, David?" he asked. David blinked. He would like food for his only friends—the dogs. He explained to the man that before the Siberian days he had had other friends, people, but now he could not remember who or where they were, and only the dogs loved him.

And perhaps, if the man would be so kind, chains for himself. Again he explained, "when the winter is here, and the grey sky comes down on me, I must have chains, for then I think of Siberia. That is all, mister." The stranger made an odd gesture toward his face, and said something in a low voice to David, who looked happy. Then the man boarded the train and went away as suddenly as he had come, leaving the happiest village in Europe behind him. And that man was Adolph Zukor, president of the Famous Players-Lasky Co.

Only a moment's notice

— yet she was proud to show her nails

The one thing you can depend on to remove that stubborn dry cuticle quickly

AN unexpected party—barely time to hurry into another dress before it was time to start. Did you have to hide your hands with their ugly, ragged cuticle, in painful embarrassment while you marveled at some other woman's bewitching nails?

Or did you, too, know the secret of the wonderful Cutex manicure? With Cutex in only five minutes you can transform the most neglected nails into gleaming things of loveliness that add so much charm to the whole appearance.

No matter how you file, clean and polish your nails they will not look attractive if you have hard ridges of cuticle drawn tight on the nails or splitting off in shreds.

With Cutex you will have in the briefest possible time a soft even nail rim and no surplus cuticle, without any dangerous cutting at all. Just dip the end of a Cutex orange stick wrapped in cotton into the Cutex Remover and then press back the cuticle around each nail. Work the orange stick, still wet with Cutex, underneath the nail tips to clean and bleach them. Rinse the fingers and like magic all the surplus cuticle will wipe away, leaving a soft and unbroken rim framing the nail evenly. Your nail tips too, are infinitely improved, white and stainless.

Then to have a lasting brilliance instantly

Of course, a jewel-like polish is the necessary finishing touch for lovely nails. With Cutex you can have even this at a moment's notice. For they have recently developed two marvelous new polishes.

The new Cutex Liquid Polish spreads smooth and thin on the nails. It dries instantly, leaving a lovely even brilliance that lasts a whole week. When you are ready for a fresh polish, no separate remover is necessary. Just



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

Famous for her lovely hands—Mary Nash says: "I don't see how I ever tolerated having my cuticle cut. Cutex is so easy to use, and my nails look so much better."

spread a drop of the polish itself on the nail, and wipe it off. And if you prefer a Cake, Powder or Paste Polish you will find it, too, in Cutex.

Cutex manicure sets containing everything for the nicest manicure come in four sizes for 60c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$3.00. Or each article separately is 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England.

Introductory offer—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 (Cuticle Comfort), Cutex emery board and orange stick. Address, Northam Warren, Dept. Q-8, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. Q-8, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12C TODAY

Northam Warren, Dept. Q-8, 114 West 17th St., New York

I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new introductory set containing enough Cutex for six manicures.

Name.....

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Delightful Cutex Introductory Set for your dressing table

THE PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR

FOR THE BEST PICTURE RELEASED DURING THE YEAR 1922



Reverse side of Medal as presented for "Humoresque" (reduced)



The Photoplay Medal of Honor



Reverse side of Medal as presented for "Tol'able David" (reduced)

WHAT WAS THE BEST PICTURE OF 1922?

VOTING for the third PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Medal of Honor, for the best picture of 1922, is now open. The Medal of Honor is now recognized as the mark of supreme distinction in the world of the photoplay.

The first PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Medal of Honor, for 1920, was awarded to William Randolph Hearst, whose Cosmopolitan Production of "Humoresque" was voted the most distinguished photoplay of that year. The second PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor, for 1921, went to the Inspiration Pictures, Inc., production of "Tol'able David," starring Richard Barthelmess.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE wishes to repeat that the Medal is the first annual commemoration of distinction in the making of motion pictures and to again indicate that the award should go to the photoplay coming nearest to a perfect combination of theme, story, direction, acting, continuity, setting and photography. As before, the honor is wholly in the hands of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE readers, who,

through their letters or votes, are sole judges.

As in the previous two years, the voting is delayed six months after the closing of the year so that pictures released at the end of the year may have an opportunity to be seen in all parts of the country.

Below will be found a list of fifty pictures, carefully selected and considered. Your choice of the best picture made in 1922 will probably be there. If, however, it is not, you may vote for it, first making sure that it was released during 1922.

PHOTOPLAY takes special pride in its readers' awards for the years 1920 and 1921. Both "Humoresque" and "Tol'able David" were productions of signal merit and both had splendid thoughts behind them, one being a moving epic of mother-love and the other presenting the spiritual development of American boyhood into manhood.

The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor is a thing of distinct beauty. It is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights, and is two and a half inches in diameter. It

is being executed, as were the Medals of 1920 and 1921, by Tiffany and Company of New York.

Fill out the coupon on this page, and mail it, naming the photoplay which, after honest and careful consideration, you consider the best picture of 1922. Or you may send a brief letter voting for your favorite. This announcement, with its coupons, will appear in one more issue, having started with the July number. All votes and voting letters should be addressed to the PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor Ballot and must be received at PHOTOPLAY's editorial offices, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, not later than October 1st, 1923.

Do your duty! You want better pictures. Here is your opportunity to honor the best in motion pictures and at the same time encourage producers to put vision, faith and organization behind their efforts.

Mail your letter or suggestion NOW, or until next coupon below.

In case of a tie, equal awards will be made to each one of the winners.

SEND YOUR VOTE AND ENCOURAGE GOOD PICTURES

Suggested List of Best Photoplays of 1922:

- | | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| <i>Beautiful and Damned</i> | <i>Human Hearts</i> | <i>Penrod</i> |
| <i>Blood and Sand</i> | <i>Hungry Hearts</i> | <i>Poor Men's Wives</i> |
| <i>Bond Boy</i> | <i>Hurricane's Gal</i> | <i>Prisoner of Zenda</i> |
| <i>Clarence</i> | <i>Lorna Doone</i> | <i>Quincy Adams Sawyer</i> |
| <i>Cradle Buster</i> | <i>Loves of Pharaoh</i> | <i>Robin Hood</i> |
| <i>Dangerous Age</i> | <i>Manslaughter</i> | <i>Sin Flood</i> |
| <i>Dietator</i> | <i>Man Who Played God</i> | <i>Slim Shoulders</i> |
| <i>Doctor Jack</i> | <i>Miss Lulu Bett</i> | <i>Smilin' Through</i> |
| <i>Doubling for Romeo</i> | <i>Monte Cristo</i> | <i>Sonny</i> |
| <i>East Is West</i> | <i>Nanook of the North</i> | <i>Storm</i> |
| <i>Eternal Flame</i> | <i>Nice People</i> | <i>Tailor Made Man</i> |
| <i>Flirt</i> | <i>Old Homestead</i> | <i>Tess of the Storm Country</i> |
| <i>Foolish Wives</i> | <i>Oliver Twist</i> | <i>Timothy's Quest</i> |
| <i>Forever</i> | <i>One Exciting Night</i> | <i>To Have and To Hold</i> |
| <i>Hero</i> | <i>One Glorious Day</i> | <i>Trifling Women</i> |
| <i>His Back Against the Wall</i> | <i>Our Leading Citizen</i> | <i>When Knighthood Was in Flower</i> |
| <i>Hottentot</i> | <i>Peg o' My Heart</i> | |

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1922.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____



They need not fade or yellow—*washed this way your pretty blouses keep their color*

They were the very last word in chic—your jacket blouse of demure printed crepe, that breezy slip-on model that went with you round the golf course, to say nothing of your costume blouse so rich in color!

And then—they had their very first laundering. Out they came a sorry, bedraggled sight. Colors streaked and faded, yellowed beyond all hope of salvaging.

Just one careless laundering can make any blouse lose its nice new look.

Don't let your pretty new blouses turn into old ones. Wash them with Lux. Follow the directions on this page—directions recommended by the maker of more than a million blouses.

Cut out this page and keep it. You will find you want to refer to it all the time.

No color too brilliant—no weave too frail

Colors that used to seem too difficult to launder, brilliant all-over patterns, even these are safe in Lux suds.

Lovely weaves—not to be resisted—come from these feathery suds with never a fragile thread fuzzed up or broken.

Not once but any number of times you can wash your pretty blouses with Lux without fear of harm to their freshness and color. Lux won't fade or streak them; it won't destroy the luster of beautiful silken fabrics or harm the soft finish of fine cottons. If your blouse is safe in water alone it is just as safe in Lux.

How to keep blouses from fading

Make sure that pure water alone will not harm your blouse.

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a washbowl of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Press suds repeatedly through garment. Use fresh suds for each color. Wash very quickly. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters. Squeeze water 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.

For their own protection—they recommend Lux

Belding Bros. & Co. Silks
Mallinson Silks
Roessel Silks
Skinner Satins
Forsythe Blouses
Vanity Fair Silk Underwear
Dove Undergarments
Model Brassieres

McCallum Hosiery
"Onyx" Hosiery
McCutcheon Linens
D.&J. Anderson Gingham
Betty Wales Dresses
Mildred Louise Dresses
Pacific Mills Printed Cottons
North Star Blankets

Ascher's Knit Goods
Carter's Knit Underwear
Jaeger Woolens
The Fleisher Yarns
Orinoka Guaranteed Sunfast Draperies
Hilton Mills Draperies



The new way to wash dishes Won't roughen hands

Lux for washing dishes! *At last* you can wash them without coarsening your hands. Even though they are in the dishpan an hour and a half every day, Lux won't harm them. It is as easy on your hands as fine toilet soap.

Just one teaspoonful to a pan is all you need! A single package does at least 54 dish-washings. Try it.

Send today for free booklet of expert laundering advice, "How to Launder Silks, Woolens, Fine Cottons and Linens." Lever Bros. Co., Dept. 98, Cambridge, Mass.



"WILL Mae Marsh Come Back?" PHOTOPLAY asked some months ago, when she returned to work under the direction of David W. Griffith. Mae answered the question with one of the greatest come-backs of picture history in "The White Rose," in which she does the greatest work of her screen career. Here is her latest photograph, taken in a "One Hour Dress," made by herself in less than sixty minutes from a design by Mary Brooks Picken.

“I am sorry for that rose”

THEY had been walking in the garden—a riot of color—in the lazy hush of a summer day. Suddenly the man bent over a bush of roses, exquisite in their hue of delicate pink. At each in turn he looked, turning upward the little blushing faces, till at last he found the most perfect of them all.

The girl stood watching him, wondering at his careful scrutiny. The man cut the rose and gave it to her. She took it laughing and pinned it in her hair, close to her glowing cheek. He caught his breath as he looked at her, then at the rose and back again to the softly flushing beauty of her face.

“Do you know,” he said, “I am sorry for that rose—it must be so unhappy.”

“But why?” she asked, not understanding what he meant. He smiled at her with loving tenderness.

“Because it suffers by comparison.”



Laughingly she pinned it in her hair

“Don’t Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian”

To obtain Instant Beauty use the three preparations of the Pompeian Beauty Trio together. For greatest care has been used in harmonizing all the Pompeian preparations, that they may give the most natural effect.

Day Cream is a vanishing cream that is absorbed by the skin and will not reappear in an unpleasant gloss. It makes a foundation for powder and rouge on which they will stay unusually long; softens the skin and protects it against sun, wind, and dust.

The Beauty Powder is so soft and fine that it goes on smoothly and evenly. It adheres so well that frequent repowdering is unnecessary.

Pompeian Bloom, a rouge which is absolutely harmless, comes in all the required shades—light, medium, dark and orange tint. It will not crumble, yet comes off easily on the puff.

Remember: first, Day Cream, next the Beauty Powder, then a touch of Bloom, and over all another light coating of the Powder.

Pompeian Lip Stick adds another little touch to the toilette, that is both

effective and beneficial. It deepens the natural color of the lips and prevents their chapping.

POMPEIAN DAY CREAM (*vanishing*) 60c per jar
 POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER 60c per box
 POMPEIAN BLOOM (*the rouge*) 60c per box

POMPEIAN LIP STICK 25c each
 POMPEIAN FRAGRANCE 30c a can
 POMPEIAN NIGHT CREAM 60c per jar
 (New style jar)

The MARY PICKFORD Panel and four Pompeian samples sent to you for 10 cents

Mary Pickford, the world’s most adored woman, has again honored Pompeian Beauty Preparations by granting the exclusive use of her portrait for the new 1923 Pompeian Beauty Panel. The beauty and charm of Miss Pickford are faithfully portrayed in the dainty colors of this panel. Size 28 x 7½ inches.

For 10 cents we will send you all of these:

1. The 1923 Mary Pickford Pompeian Beauty Panel as described above. (Would cost from 50c to 75c in an art store.)
2. Sample of Pompeian Day Cream (*vanishing*).
3. Sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder.
4. Sample of Pompeian Bloom (*non-breaking rouge*).
5. Sample of Pompeian Night Cream.



Are You Looking Forward to Social Activities This Fall?

By MME. JEANNETTE

If your summer, out-of-doors, has made your skin too hard, or too dry, or too rough, then your skin is in an unnatural condition and must be treated. The science of dermatology has never produced a more satisfying product for these conditions than Pompeian Night Cream. It is absolutely pure, and supplies an oily substance to the skin that is adequate till your care brings back the activity of the natural oil secretion. I say “your” care advisedly, for even a professional dermatologist can treat you only when you visit his office, and to bring the skin back to normal requires constant attention at your own dressing table.

A Dry Skin Soon Wrinkles

Just as healthy hair must have a certain amount of oil in it, so healthy and youthful-looking skins must have their quota of oil. And if your skin hasn’t sufficient oil, then you must supply it; for, like flower petals, a dry skin wrinkles quickly. The skin requires extra cream at the end of summer. The wind and the sun and the very outdoor air itself absorb a certain supply of oil from the skin. This must be replenished before the skin functions naturally again, and the complexion is restored to the appearance of health and beauty.

If your skin is exceptionally dry, you will like the efficiency of this cream at other times than before retiring, always being careful to remove the superfluous cream before applying any other creams or powder. But its truest value comes when it is applied at night with a gentle rotary massage to stimulate circulation, and when enough is left on the skin for all the hours of night to nourish the drying under-skin.

Powder and Rouge for Tanned Skins

Remember to use a darker shade of Powder and of Rouge when your skin is darkened by exposure of any kind. These darker shades tone in with your tan or burn and enable you to make a charming appearance even if you are two or three shades darker than normal.

Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté

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 Also Made in Canada

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Day Cream Beauty Powder Bloom

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TEAR OFF, SIGN AND SEND

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 2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
 Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1923 Art Panel of Mary Pickford, and the four samples named in offer.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____

Flesh shade powder sent unless you write another below



Here is the latest marital combination of career and fiancée—Katherine MacDonald, the screen star, and her new husband, Charles F. Johnson, Philadelphia millionaire. They are either trying to hypnotize each other or are gazing soulfully while on their honeymoon at Atlantic City

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

"Was I scared?" she answered, when questioned. "I should say I was. It was my mittens that worried me most! I had a special pair of mittens that I had to draw on over my gloves in certain scenes. I kept the mittens tucked in my belt, when we were flying. And whenever we'd strike a bit of wind I'd get panic stricken for fear my mittens would blow out of my belt and get caught in the propeller and wreck the plane. I never want to go up in a plane again!"

Florence Eldridge, who has been a positive joy on the speaking stage for several seasons, has heard the call of the camera, and will be seen in "Six Cylinder Love." She is getting a few pointers on some phases of her new career from director Elmer Clifton



Edward Griffith, director, tells that the stars of the picture—Miss Owen and Lionel Barrymore—wore instructions strapped to their knees, while in the aeroplane, outlining the action. The camera, fastened to one of the wings, was worked by a motor. And the plane, itself, was on skis, as the landings had to be made on a frozen lake.

YOU can't keep a good wife down. Two male screen stars have had the peculiar experience this month of seeing their quiet and retiring little wives suddenly emerge and grab off a lot of screen honors. Mabel Washburn—who in private life is Mrs. Bryant Washburn and mother of Sonny and Buddy Washburn—has been signed to a long-term contract by a new concern which is also to star her husband and Elliott Dexter. She has just completed a picture with her husband, and also played opposite him in a vaudeville sketch. The other successful wife is Mrs. Tom Moore, whose stage name is Rene Adoree. This little French girl has been signed for five years by Louis B. Mayer, and is to be featured in dramatic productions.

GHOST stories are rare these days, but a real ghost story has caused a lot of inconvenience to Douglas MacLean and his charming young wife. In fact, 'tis said, this ghost story caused them to rush their plans for building and leave their Los Angeles home for the unhaunted precincts of Beverly Hills.

Mr. and Mrs. MacLean occupied an adjoining court-bungalow to that of William D. Taylor, who was mysteriously murdered. Recently, Mrs. MacLean began losing her colored servants. First one and then another would leave, without apparent cause. Finally, it was discovered that all of them claimed that at exactly the hour of Taylor's death every evening, they saw a ghost hovering—a white and appealing ghost,—about the Taylor bungalow, and that finally it would drift in the direction of the MacLean household. Douglas did his best to locate the spook, but without success, so the MacLeans moved.

YOU hear more foreign languages spoken in Hollywood these days than in Port Said or Constantinople. Society is taking on a real international tone. Every country is represented.

From Sweden we have director Victor Seastrom, making "The Master of Man." Also Sigrid Holmquist and the Swedish matinee idol, Eosta Ekman.



Take a Kodak with you

Autographic Kodaks \$6.50 up

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City*

Mexico has provided the sensation of the hour in Ramon Novarro playing the title rôle in Rex Ingram's "Scaramouche."

Charles de Roche plays Rameses II of Egypt with a French accent in de Mille's "The Ten Commandments."

"The Spanish Dance" has the Polish Pola, the Spanish Moreno, and that Irish director, Herbert Brenon.

On Mary Pickford's set you hear Ernst Lubitsch bursting into German; Svende Gade, the art director, using Swedish; and Edward Knoblauch, the author, intoning in real London English.

The dashing Viennese, Joseph Schildkraut, has arrived to play in "The Master of Man."

The Russian Alla is with us again, planning production of "The White Moth," and her countryman, Theodore Kosloff, is to be starred shortly by Lasky, I hear.

Anna May Wong continues to represent China effectively.

And there are also several Americans.

NORMA TALMADGE christened her new swimming pool the other evening. The party included May Allison, Fred Thomson and Frances Marion, Ethel Gray Terry and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Niles Welch, William Rhinelandier Stewart, sister Constance Talmadge, and Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton, (Natalie Talmadge).

And, by the way, it really looks as though there might be something in this latest tale of Connie's engagement to young Stewart. Of course, Constance declares airily that the young New York sportsman and millionaire is only out here "on business." But her friends seem to think that Stewart has a good chance of winning the beautiful youngest Talmadge.

MONEY is certainly no object in Hollywood these days. If it's true that the more money spent on a picture the better the picture is, we are due for some great pictures.

Here we have Rex Ingram's "Scaramouche"—already past the half million mark; Norma Talmadge's great costume spectacle, "Purple Pride," which touched \$700,000; "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," for which one set alone cost \$100,000 and the total cost of which will hit the half million mark easily; Eric von Stroheim, setting a pace as usual, has gone many hundreds of thousands deep for "McTeague"; Warner Brothers will spend three-quarters of a million on "Tiger Rose"; Mary Pickford's "The Street Singer" is one of the most expensive productions ever filmed; and Douglas promises to spend more on "The Thief of Bagdad" than he did on "Robin Hood."

I HAPPENED the other evening to sit next to Lubitsch, the great European director, at a performance of the all-negro revue, "Shuffle Along," at the Mason Opera House in Los Angeles. It's easy to understand now why this dark, plain little man can make such films as "Passion," and "The Street Singer." It was a new sensation to him and he was enjoying it to the full. There was never a flash of boredom on his face. He was as eager, as interested, as pleased as a child in the theater for the first time. He responded instantly and completely to the humor, much of which he couldn't understand in words. His eyes snapped with excitement over the dancing and he quite openly had the time of his life with the jazz music.

DRASTIC changes in the year's schedule of Famous-Players-Lasky have resulted from the recent sales-production conference in Hollywood. Instead of eighty pictures, the company will make fifty-two—to release once a week. No reduction is to be made in the working forces of the studio, however, Mr. Lasky's idea being to put more time, work and money into the individual productions. Only three stars are to be retained by the company—Pola Negri, Gloria Swanson and Thomas Meighan. All other contract players, in-

cluding Bebe Daniels, Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Richard Dix, Walter Hiers, Antonio Moreno, and Leatrice Joy, are to be featured or used in all-star casts.

FRANCES MARION is to direct Norma Talmadge in her next picture. This ought to be a great combination. Miss Marion is the highest-priced and best-known scenario-writer in the motion picture industry, and she has written the scripts for several of Norma's last stories. She has directed Mary Pickford and wrote the stories for most of her first big successes. A woman director is always an experiment, but Norma and Frances have a lot of ideas about what they can do and Norma believes it will bring out a lot of big things in her work.

FRANK LLOYD was busily directing Norma Talmadge in a big scene from "Purple Pride," when a visitor said to him: "Isn't it wonderful to make costume pictures, Mr. Lloyd? They're so different."

"They certainly are," said Mr. Lloyd, "if there had been a telephone in this picture it'd be all over in the first reel."

And, incidentally, that was the day that the stately Norma, very gorgeous in her French court costume, had the embarrassing experience on the set that, they say, happens to every woman at least once in her life. She lost her petticoat. And as the frock was of chiffon and fur, and there was but one petticoat, Norma had to grab a cloak from an extra man and rush for her dressing room.

FRED NIBLO and Enid Bennett do give the grandest parties! (They're married to each other you know.) Of course they have that wonderful billiard and dance room on the third floor of their Beverly Hills house, but, anyway, they are the most charming host and hostess in the film colony.

The other evening they gave a supper dance

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 84]



Bill Hart Vindicated



BILL HART has been vindicated and is coming back to motion pictures!

Some months ago sensational charges were made against the Western star by Miss Elizabeth MacCaulley, alleging that Hart was the father of her child. Late in May Miss MacCaulley admitted that the charge was false, making a signed statement to that effect.

Hart was to have returned to motion pictures this spring, but, upon the appearance of the charge, he refused to consider a film contract. This, too, in spite of the fact that Jesse Lasky, who had made the offer, was firm in his belief of the star's complete innocence.

Now, however, the sky has cleared—and the first return-to-the-screen production of William

S. Hart may be expected at any moment. Mr. Lasky made an interesting statement in explaining his overtures with Mr. Hart in the face of the MacCaulley charges.

"I knew no one believed the charges against him and I strove to convince him this was so. But Mr. Hart, splendid man that he is, and supersensitive, refused to return to the screen until there remained no shadow of doubt as to his innocence in the mind of a single person in the whole world. He possesses strong convictions upon the necessity of keeping faith with the public. He resolutely refused to return unless he could share his old time sense of comradeship with those he worked so hard to entertain. Mr. Hart said to me, 'I will never

accept a dollar of the public's money until I have convinced them that I am worthy to receive it. I want to be able to look out from the screen and meet every man, woman and child eye to eye. Until then I shall remain outside the profession I love and to which I might have returned if it had not been for this terrible accusation.'"

And Mr. Lasky continued, "Those who knew him well have believed him guiltless. My personal happiness that the charges have been proven groundless will be shared by hundreds of thousands."

The legion of Hart followers doubtless will echo Mr. Lasky's statement.

Bill Hart is coming back—vindicated!

*Palm and Olive Oils
—nothing else—give
nature's green color
to Palmolive Soap*



Beauty That Lures

Often you meet a woman with vivid beauty that exerts an irresistible charm. It doesn't depend upon regularity of features, or the color of eyes and hair. A smooth, fresh, flawless skin—a complexion glowing with the radiance of health and free from imperfections—this is the secret of alluring attraction.

Cleopatra had it, and her name will always be the symbol of all-conquering beauty. She perfected this beauty, and kept it in this perfection in a simple, natural way which history has handed down for modern women.

How She Did It

By thorough, gentle, daily cleansing which kept the texture of her skin firm, fine-grained and smooth. Dirt, oil and perspiration were never allowed to collect, to enlarge and irritate the tiny skin pores. The lavish use of cosmetics practiced by all ancient women did her no harm, because every day she carefully washed them away.

Her secret—palm and olive oils, valued as both cleansers and cosmetics in the days of ancient Egypt. The crude combination which served the great queen so well was the inspiration for our modern Palmolive.

Bedtime is Best

Your daily cleansing is best done

at night, so your complexion may be revived and refreshed during sleep. The remains of rouge and powder, the accumulations of dirt and natural skin oil, the traces of cold cream should always be removed.

So, just before retiring, wash your face in the smooth, mild Palmolive lather. Massage it gently into the skin. Rinse thoroughly and dry with a soft towel.

In the morning refresh yourself with a dash of cold water and then let your mirror tell the story. Charming freshness and natural roses will smile back at you.

Once Costly Luxuries

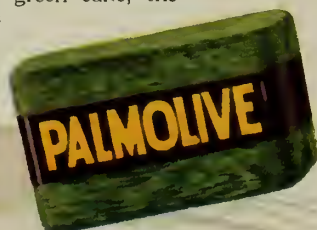
When Cleopatra kept her loveliness fresh and radiant by using Palm and Olive oils, they were expensive. Today these rare and costly oils are offered in a perfected blend at modest cost. Palmolive factories work day and night. Palm and olive oils are imported from overseas in vast quantities.

The result is soap for which users would willingly pay 25c, but which costs only 10c, the price of ordinary soap.

The firm, fragrant, green cake, the natural color of the oils, is for sale the world over.

*Volume
and
efficiency
produce
25c quality
for*

10c





"Every man and woman should use Mineralava. I would not be without it."

Rudolph Valentino

Mr. Rudolph Valentino is one of the hundreds of men and women of the Stage and Screen who endorse Mineralava. He was induced to use it through the example of his wife, the beautiful Winifred Hudnut, who boasts a flawless complexion which she attributes to the use of Mineralava.

Mineralava, with twenty-four years of successful reputation back of it is the one preparation for the positive correction of skin-malnutrition which Sir Erasmus Wilson, M. D., F. R. S. declares is the prime cause of ills that affect the complexion.

The application of Mineralava is simple and the results amazing. It draws out all impurities from the pores; it builds up the

facial muscles and underlying tissues by creating a perfect circulation of the blood; it keeps the muscles firm and healthy, thereby resisting lines, wrinkles and flabby flesh; it keeps the skin in the normal healthy condition of childhood.

Mineralava Face Finish is an ideal skin food and tonic which should always be used after a Mineralava treatment. Women find it an ideal base for powder; men find it most beneficial after shaving.

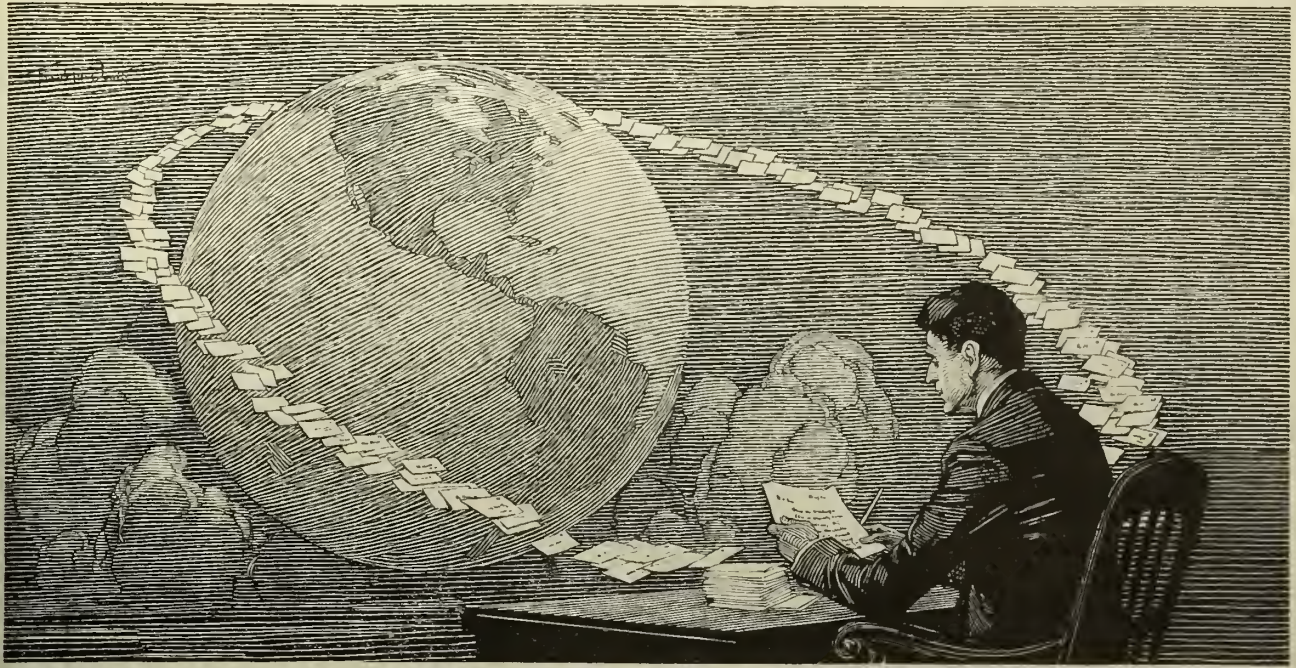
Mineralava is on sale at all drug and department stores at \$2.00 a bottle and the Face Finish at \$1.50. There is also a trial tube at 50c which contains enough Mineralava for three treatments.



Mineralava

"Makes Faces Younger"

PARIS VIVAUDOU NEW YORK
Distributor



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

CONNIE, PEKING, NORTH CHINA.—Indeed I do like the snapshots of scenes in and about Peking. A chummy, across-the-Pacific act, Connie, I kiss your gracious finger tips. With the pictures before me I agree that it is a lovely old city. Your letter causes me to believe that girls reared there are also lovely, and amiable, and fond of the movies. That spells romance. Romance is the very fragrance of life. Your admiration of Kenneth Harlan and of Malcolm MacGregor proves that you are a discriminating young person. They are good actors both. I am interested in the fact that of the four pictures you mention you most liked "The Prisoner of Zenda." So did I. We like the persons who like what we like. Therefore, Miss Connie, I like you.

E. P., SAN FRANCISCO.—Thanks for your confidence, E. P. You admire—more than admire—a popular screen star but you "will never run away to find him." Right. Give the heart enough exercise to keep it healthy, my child. But keep the mind at work too, for it is the beacon that sends light across the sometimes dark, and often troubled, waters of life. Ramon Novarro, Malcolm McGregor and Edward Burns, are all with the Metro. Pola Negri is with the Famous Players at Hollywood. Dorothy Dalton is with the Paramount Company. Its studio is at Long Island City. Miss Dalton is now in Europe. You admire all the actors and actresses, you say, and ask me whether I do. All actresses (business of a low, heart-on-hand bow) and some actors.

ANN OF TACOMA.—"Disguise my personality." "A baffling fellow." Not at all, my Dear Ann. Only a man. A man who knows his place in these days of woman's world rule. The returns are not all in as to James Kirkwood's age. Those that have arrived favor thirty-eight. Pola Negri's is said to be thirty.

MEIGHAN BLUES, BATON ROUGE, LA.—You think you have a mental picture of me and it "is too good looking to sit in a stuffy office answering questions." What would you, Miss

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, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

or Mr. or Master Blues? That I play polo and risk my neck or toy daintily with a croquet mallet in my mamma's back yard? I want to please you, "Blues." Eddie and Mauveline Polo are relatives, indeed, for they are father and daughter. Wallie Reid's hair was brown. Mrs. Thomas Meighan (Frances Ring) has not acted for several years. Jean Acker is no longer in California. She is playing in Keith vaudeville.

FLORENCE E. G., SAN PEDRO, CAL.—Every girl wants to be an actress because actresses are richly endowed with charm and every girl wants to be charming. The desire to charm poor weak man is born with the first breath and departs only with the last breath of woman. The impression you refer to about sailors may be due to the belief that they "have a sweetheart in every port." Women are playing a new game. They call it "Find the one woman man." They are trying to make male constancy fashionable. I hope they will succeed. It will take some work, Florence.

HIGH SCHOOL VAMP, MICHIGAN CITY.—The ambition of your life is to see Hollywood? Our ambitions are movable. One day yours may be to keep your daughter off the screen. Johnnie Walker is twenty-seven years old. His height is five feet, eleven inches. His eyes are

brown. His hair is black. His latest features are "Red Lights" and "Children of the Dust." His address is Arthur Jacobs, United Studios, Los Angeles. He soon will make productions to be called the Walker-Good Productions. They will be twelve to five reels, featuring Eddie Polo, Katherine Bennett and Kathleen Meyers.

PIERETTE, DETROIT.—"I just can't keep still after seeing Ramon Novarro in 'Where the Pavement Ends,'" you write me. I'm sure Ramon will be delighted to know what an enthusiastic admirer he has in Michigan's metropolis. He was born in Mexico in 1899. He is five feet, ten inches tall. His address is the Metro Studio, Hollywood.

JEAN, PATERSON, N. J.—Another of the age curious. You, too, Jean. Glad to oblige. But I wonder if you and the other age-curious girls will turn cruel when the gold or black of your matinee idol's hair turns to silver. O woman, woman. "Inconstant as the moon." Forrest Stanley's calendar rating is twenty-seven years. He is wedded. It might have been of Jack Pickford the poet fellow wrote, "Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith." And as though that were not enough fate or his mother prefixed that other commonplace in names, John. The age of that same John Smith (alias Jack Pickford) is twenty-seven years. Leatrice Joy pairs him in years. Constance Talmadge was born April 4, 1899. Richard Dix's age is twenty-nine and he is wifeless.

MARIE OF LOS ANGELES, CAL.—At his first home, at Tekamah, Neb., when he was the spankable age, they called Hoot Gibson "Eddie." Or, if the paternal disapprobation was great, "Ed." He signs on the dotted line of his contracts "Edward." His age—why must you know how many times twelve months we males have eaten and slept, and worked a little, sworn a great deal?—is thirty-one. Address him care Universal, Universal Film Co., Universal City, Cal.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]

Food that pampers your gums



and ruins your teeth

DENTAL SCIENCE has demonstrated how direct is the relation between healthy gums and sound teeth. It has been conclusively proved that this soft, delicious food we eat today cannot give the stimulation to our gums that rough, coarse food once gave.

Does your toothbrush "show pink"?

It is one of the penalties of civilized existence that teeth and gums are less robust. Tooth trouble, due to weak and softened gums, is on the rise. The prevalence of pyorrhea is one item in a long list.

Dental authorities are not insensible to this condition. Today they are preaching and practicing the care of the gums as well as the care of the teeth. Thousands of dentists have written us to tell how they combat soft and spongy gums by the use of Ipana Tooth Paste.

In stubborn cases, they prescribe a gum-massage with Ipana after the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana Tooth Paste, because of the presence of ziratol, has a decided tendency to strengthen soft gums and keep them firm and healthy.

Ipana is a tooth paste that's good for your gums as well as your teeth. Its cleaning power is remarkable and its taste is unforgetably good. Send for a trial tube today.

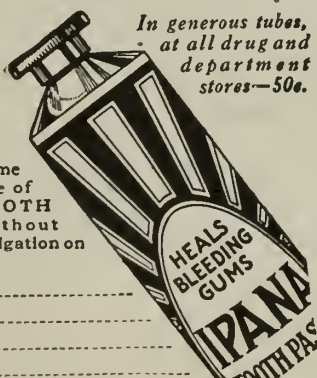
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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

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In generous tubes,
at all drug and
department
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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, unlike like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.



HE WAS LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE

IN "Java Head" when Gerrit Ammidon is standing down at the wharves leaning against an anchor, I was surprised to see in the distance a swift moving tug which was neither propelled by steam or sail. Evidently it was a motor driven tug but—the subtitle tells us the picture is an 1849 story. Now you know as well as I that in the year 1849 no such thing as motor driven tugs existed.

FERDINAND FOGAS, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

OR KILLED THE FATTED CALF

ITHOUGHT "The Hero" a good picture and the performance of John Sainpolis the best work I've seen in months. However, the picture afforded me several good laughs. We see great preparations being made for the return of the soldier boy and when he reaches home he expresses to his mother how hungry he is, and she and her daughter-in-law hurry up the serving of the meal. Then, when they all sit down to dinner, several long close-ups are shown and the contents of the table can be clearly seen. The meal consisted entirely of bread, celery, crackers and water. They might have opened a can of beans in honor of the hero's return!

M. L. DRISCOLL, Dayton, Ohio.

DEEP STUFF

IN "The Isle of Lost Ships" with Milton Sills, a submarine is caught beneath the sea and everyone in it is warm and almost suffocating from lack of air. Milton Sills is shown in his shirt sleeves and fifteen minutes later he has a sweater on and they are still under sea.

MACY ESTERMAN, Paterson, N. J.

SELF-CONSCIOUS—NOT UNCONSCIOUS

IN "The White Flower" when John Belden and his rival go surf board riding, Belden, not being a good rider, falls from the board and almost drowns. Seeing Belden unconscious Konia (Betty Compton) reaches him and places him on his surf board. Although supposed to be nearly lifeless, Belden grips both sides of the surf board with the greatest care, enabling Konia to land him safely upon the shore.

CHESTER D. BRIGMAN, Raleigh, N. C.

IT CHANGED AUTOMATICALLY

IN Hope Hampton's "The Light in the Dark," the butler informed E. K. Lincoln that a rough looking person (Lon Chaney) wanted to speak to him. Before going down to meet him he put an automatic pistol in the pocket of his bath robe. After Lon Chaney knocked him out he went through his pockets and pulled out a regular police revolver.

L. MILLER, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

HE DYED FOR ART'S SAKE

I ADMIT anyone's hair might turn gray, after witnessing Adolphe Menjou, the artist in the "World's Applause," meet his tragic death. But I'm inclined to believe Lewis Stone also dyed. At least his hair and moustache are quite white in a large picture appearing on the front page of a newspaper. Throughout the play, however, he appears to be an ardent young lover, without the slightest trace of silver threads among the—I forget the original color.

W. A. RILEY, St. Thomas, Ontario.

VISITING POLICEMEN, NO DOUBT.

IN Harry Carey's picture, "Good Men and True," we are led to believe that the story takes place in a small western town and to substantiate this the results of the election show about 700 voters. Yet, in answer to Harry's call for help come five or six policemen in regular "big city" uniforms.

C. L. B., Winfield, Kansas.

"KICKED THE BUCKET" PERHAPS

ALTHOUGH we enjoyed "The Nth Commandment" immensely we couldn't help but notice the following: Colleen Moore as Mrs. Harry Smith is scrubbing the floor with a pail of water and rag. A knock at the door brings her to her feet, she wipes her hands on her house apron, and lo! when they show 'em next, the pail, the brush and rag are no more. Probably she did take them out but we didn't see it happen.

FLORENCE RITONER, Ashtabula, Ohio.

BUT A COUNTY IS ONLY A COUNTY

A FEW days ago I saw the very lovely picture "Peg O' My Heart." Having been born in Ireland and having lived there for twenty years, I naturally know whereof I speak. You will remember the first printing on the screen says—"This is County Athlone in Ireland." There is no such county, but there is the town of Athlone in County Westmeath, important because of its celebrated Horse Fair and some fine old buildings.

R. M. S., Pittsburg, Penna.

THE TRANSPARENT DOOR!

WANDA HAWLEY is really interesting and I surely admire her ability to go right through a locked door as she did in "A Truthful Liar." When she went to Potts' office to buy the letter from him, he was shown locking the door. But in her mad race from his office she apparently forgot to unlock the door and ran right through it.

CORNELIA MITCHELL, Audhiam, Calif.

KIDDING THE STENO!

HERE is something I noticed in the play "Outcast," starring Elsie Ferguson. The scene showed the room on an ocean liner where telegrams were received and sent. In the foreground was a typist industriously pounding the old ivories, only he didn't pound them like he meant business—his fingers danced lightly over them like butterflies on the daisies. I feared for his copy. Then to add insult to injury, he left his machine at the announcement of the telegraph operator that the instrument wouldn't work and it showed the typewriter from the front, and horrors! there was no paper in it. He must have been practicing for his health but it didn't look very business-like. He evidently got by the director but he can't kid any little stenog. with that.

LOIS FIELDS, Rochester, Indiana.

DOWN IN BLACK AND WHITE

IN Tom Mix's picture, "Romance Land," why is it that before Barbara Bedford changes clothes with the maid, the latter is wearing a black dress, but when the change has been effected, Barbara is wearing a white dress?

J. A. MACP., Brooklyn, New York.

You wouldn't appear at breakfast with your hair in curlers

DECIDEDLY not. Emphatically not. You wouldn't dream of such a thing.

Why? Because it isn't proper? Not at all—that's not the point. You wouldn't, because curlers are unbecoming.

You'd look a fright.

It's your pride. You want your friends to see you at your best, and you're right.

But how about appearing at your best in the letters you write? What impression of you does your stationery carry to your friends? Are you sure your letters do not picture you as unbecomingly as you think curlers would?

Girls who know the value of looking fresh, dainty, chic, often hastily scrawl an acceptance note on showy, cheap paper, ask a favor on a sheet torn from a scratch pad, use an envelope that doesn't match or shapes and shades of paper that fashion doesn't recognize.



And these things "place" a girl just as surely as bad dressing.

They lay her open to misjudgment just as unfairly. They sometimes cost her the acquaintance of people she would like to know.

Begin now to form the habit of using letter paper that is as smart, correct and dainty as yourself. Such a paper is Eaton's Highland Linen. It is pretty, inexpensive, made in all the correct shades and shapes.

If there is anything you would like to know about such things as invitations, acceptances, regrets, bread-and-butter letters, visiting cards, etc., write me. Or, send me *fifty cents* and I will mail you my book, "Correct Social Correspondence," which answers every such question, together with usable samples of Eaton's Highland Linen.

Caroline De Lancy

Address me in care of
EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY
225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Eaton's Highland Linen in five smart envelope styles and all the fashionable shades may be bought wherever stationery is sold.

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No, children, this is not a Dutch Jack Dempsey. It is Else Djerlup, one of the prides of Holland, who recently won a beauty contest at Amsterdam. She is a native of Volendam, but Hollywood is probably her ultimate goal

Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

in honor of Miss Bennett's sister, Marjorie Bennett, who has arrived from Australia for a visit. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brabin (Theda Bara)—who looked more gorgeous than ever in a gown of red velvet, with a brilliant coronet comb of glittering red stones in her black hair; May Allison, in a white chiffon dancing frock with green slippers and jade necklace and earrings; Florence Vidor, also in white with red roses at her belt and in her hair; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray—and of course Mrs. Ray wore one of those adorable tight-fitting, full skirted frocks of hers, in brocade over cloth of silver; Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler Oakman (Priscilla Dean); Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd—Mildred in the daintiest hand-embroidered Paris frock, covered with frills of real lace; and Rosa Ponselle, the opera singer.

JUDGING by the latest report of casualties along the Hollywood front, Rupert Hughes was justified in stressing the occupational hazards of actors in his "Souls For Sale." Ernest Torrence had three stitches taken in his hand at the Universal hospital after one of the extras accidentally struck him with a prop battle-ax. Mr. Torrence was leading 1,500 extras in a big mob scene of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Picture Jim Kirkwood in a corset! He wore a thick one under his shirt for a scene in "The Eagle's Feather"

when Lester Cuneo was called upon to horse-whip him on the Metro lot. Lester, in his excitement, aimed too high with the whip and caught Jim under the arms. Blood streamed and Jim howled, and two doctors were summoned to stop the flow of blood and language.

HAS the world's greatest vampire been tamed? It would seem so, for Theda Bara has turned down three screen offers, choosing to stay by the fireside and look after home affairs for her husband, Charles Brabin. The Brabins are in Hollywood now, where Mr. Brabin has just finished making "Six Days." Theda has given several parties and is a popular figure in the colony, but she only smiles the famous sphinxian smile when people ask if she will ever return to the public.

THEODORE ROBERTS says he will not buy another cigar for a year. The man who made the weed famous on the screen, as famous as Uncle Joe Cannon made it in congress, is not swearing off. Not at all. While he was on a vaudeville tour the fans welcomed him with big bunches of cigars, instead of the usual flowers that are given a star. As a result his humidior is stocked. Now he's playing *Moses in de Mille's* "The Ten Commandments"—and can't smoke before the camera as usual. "No joy in life for a prophet," grumbles Theodore.

AND now Andree Lafayette, recently imported from France, has done it. In other words, committed matrimony. Her husband is a compatriot—a comedian who was brought over from Paris to play a part in "Trilby." Some say it's an old romance coming to flower in a new land. Some say that the two never met until they came together in the same cast. And some unkind souls say that it's mutual loneliness.

A LEADING woman refuses to play with Douglas Fairbanks!

No wonder Hollywood was astonished when Evelyn Brent, a newcomer, gave up voluntarily her chance to play with Fairbanks in his new production, "The Thief of Bagdad." She gave as her reason that she could not afford to remain off the screen for the length of time the production would require! Rather new and astounding logic.

So Fairbanks has selected Julianne Johnston for his leading woman. Julianne is a girl whom everybody likes and, during her appearance as a star dancer in the prologue to "Robin Hood," she won a large following in the colony. By the way, we do hear she's engaged—or about to be engaged—to one of our leading press agents.

CURIOSLY enough, it really happened! But the event is so fantastic that it would do credit to the fertile brain of a press agent! It was during the filming of "Human Wreckage," Mrs. Wallace Reid's anti-narcotic film. The camera men were doing a street scene, and several policemen had been stationed at a busy corner to clear traffic as a wild taxicab dashed down the thoroughfare. As the whistles blew and the cameras began to grind a Chinaman started across the street, evidently quite unconscious of what was happening around him. Two policemen started toward him, anxious to get him out of the path of the taxi. But the Chinaman misunderstood. With a terrified glance at the two officers, he dropped



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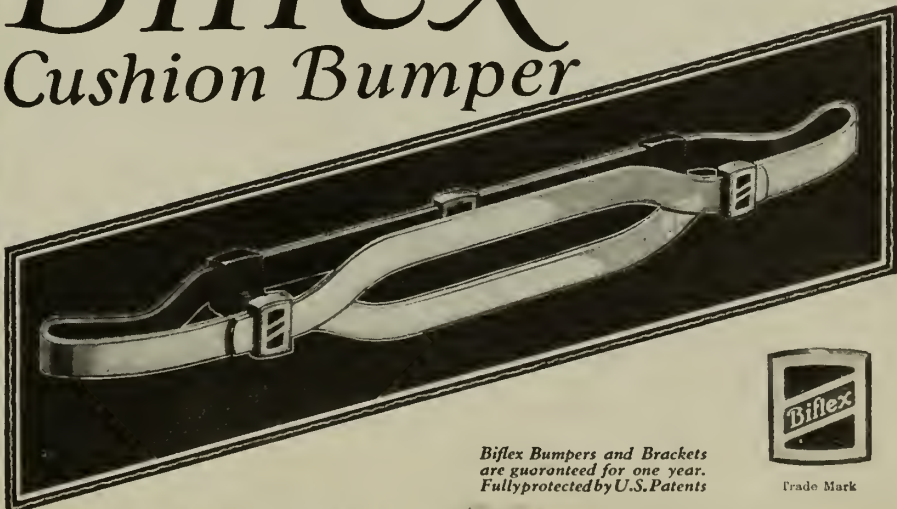
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Elsie Ferguson and her husband, Thomas B. Clarke, Jr., a snapshot taken on board ship shortly after their marriage, which seems to have hit upon the rocks of domestic discord

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Corinne Griffith as a "Summer girl" in "Six Days." Here's a little hot weather advice from her. "Sit in front of an electric fan. Sip a cold drink (soft, of course). Wear as little as possible"—or as little as she does

something from the sleeve of his jacket and, slipping into the crowd of bystanders, disappeared. The scene was shot before one of the policemen noticed the little package that the Chinaman had dropped. Picking it up, he found that it was filled with little "bindles" of cocaine. The Chinaman evidently thought that he was being trailed, and dropped his package of "dope."

DID you ever notice that Nazimova always turned her left cheek to the camera? But now she will turn the other cheek, because she has undergone an operation to remove a scar from the right side of her face. The scar was the result of an automobile accident in which she was catapulted through the wind shield. Alla spent eighteen painful days having her face made over. Now there isn't a line or crinkle in the velvet of her cheek, and the photographer doesn't have to retouch her photographs at all.

ANOTHER chapter might be added to "The Tragedies of Pauline Frederick," which PHOTOPLAY published a few months ago. Miss Frederick has sold her beautiful home, between Hollywood and Beverly Hills, which she loved so much, and she is about to divorce her third husband, Dr. Rutherford. She returned to the New York stage, over which she once held sway, in "The Guilty One" last winter, but neither the public nor the critics felt her appeal as of yore. Now Miss Frederick is planning to go to Europe in the fall. Will the screen reflect her again?

NOW that "The Bird of Paradise" will be put upon the screen a lot of people are wondering who will create the part of the heroine, that unfortunate Hawaiian princess, *Luana*. Will it be a newcomer to the screen, or will it be one of that group of stars who first saw fame while playing that part upon the stage? The part has been played by Laurette Taylor, Lenore Ulric, Carlotta Monterey, Bessie Barriscale, Florence Rockwell and Muriel Starr. And, in small companies, a number of other fair and well known ladies. Curiously, three male favorites also created parts in this play. Guy Bates Post played the part of the *Beachcomber* for three years, Lewis Stone was the first *Paul Wilson*, *Luana's*

lover, and *Hatch*, the quick tempered planter, was made famous by none other than our own Theodore Roberts!

A GROUP of Pasadena society women has recently begun an investigation of alleged cruelty to animals in motion pictures. While it is true that occasionally a horse or wild animal is subjected to harsh treatment in order to get realism into a film, the instances are very rare. Certainly the humane treatment accorded his dogs and wolves by Larry Trimble, director of Strongheart productions, should be specially brought out. Mr. Trimble is one of the greatest handlers of dogs in the country and his method is many laps in advance of most dog men and is kindness itself.

GOLDWYN, Cosmopolitan and Distinctive pictures have merged their distributing activities in a \$70,000,000 deal. Each will produce independently, but will share in the distribution costs and in the profits, according to their holdings in the Goldwyn distributing organization.

HAROLD LLOYD has purchased the Benedict estate in Beverly Hills, one of the finest pieces of residence property in California. The purchase price ran well into six figures and Harold figures that eventually he will build a beautiful home on this tract. Mildred, we understand, doesn't think so highly of it—the estate is in the heart of the hills and is some distance from Beverly Hills and Hollywood.

THE first theater has been named after a motion picture star. The beautiful new picture house just opened in Oakland is called The Norma Talmadge Theater. New York, of course, has many famous playhouses named for stage celebrities, but this is the first time a movie palace has been given such a title.

WASN'T that a perfectly thrilling story about Betty Blythe vamping a real sheik of Algiers and receiving the gift of a pony from him? We were getting a terrific kick out of it until we received a card from Betty. She was in London, hadn't been to Algiers and wasn't going there. "Chu Chin Chow" is to be

filmed in Berlin because there are too many fleas in Algiers. Now what we'd like to know is why the press agent picked on a poor little pony as a mount for our tallest actress! Fancy Sheba on a Shetland!

AFTER hearing so much about how this star takes his exercise by means of a brisk morning canter, and how that one gets his fresh air via the Rolls-Royce route, it's something of a relief to hear that Ralph Lewis, who can bring tears to any eyes with his able and pathetic middle-aged characterizations, gets his recreation through the good American game of baseball. He keeps himself as hard as nails without either a trainer, or a bag of golf clubs or a horse. "Give me a ball and a bat and four bases to run around," says Ralph, "and I'm all set!"

GERTRUDE ROBINSON KIRKWOOD has withdrawn her suit for divorce from James Kirkwood. A brief announcement, but it has caused a lot of speculation in the Hollywood motion picture colony. After a separation of a number of years, Mrs. Kirkwood's divorce action caused no surprise. But her dismissal of the suit has.

"FILM stars have ten children." That's the way Los Angeles newspapers announced the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Strongheart are the proud parents of ten little Stronghearts. The heirs and heiresses of film dogdom were born aboard the H. F. Alexander, the fastest steamer on the Pacific coast, while the famous dog star, his family, and his director, Laurence Trimble, were returning from Canada where they have been making the new Strongheart production, "The Phantom Pack." Mrs. Strongheart, you know, was Lady Jule von Helmettal, prize winning beauty, who was imported to play opposite Strongheart in his pictures. The ten puppies are valued at \$50,000.

RAYMOND MCKEE and his charming bride, Marguerite Courtot, have gone to housekeeping in an apartment on Fifth Avenue, a stone's throw from Greenwich



Borden Harriman, son of the railroad magnate, Oliver Harriman, will appear as a barkeeper in the leading rôle of F. Scott Fitzgerald's "Grit," produced by the Film Guild, with which Glenn Hunter made his start



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The "One Hour Dress" can be made in one hour and the only expense, of course, is for materials. In silk, it makes a charming afternoon or street dress at a total cost of \$6 or \$7—value at least \$15. In gingham, it makes a dainty home dress at a cost of \$1.50—value \$3 or \$4. And in print or lawn, it can be made for as little as 60 cents—a splendid \$2 value.

The "One Hour Dress" was designed by the Woman's Institute as proof that with proper instructions you really can make pretty, becoming dresses at wonderful savings, right in your own home. It is just one example of the amazingly simple methods in the Woman's Institute New Course in Dressmaking and Designing.

This New Course presents an entirely new way of learning to make your own clothes, based on the Institute's successful experience in teaching 170,000 women and girls. It is a new method by which you start at once to make actual garments. A new plan that covers every phase of dressmaking thoroughly, and yet makes it so fascinating that you will want to spend every spare moment in planning and fashioning and making the pretty clothes you have always wanted, but never felt you could afford to buy.

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Prove to yourself, without obligation or expense, how easy it is to make your own clothes. Let us send you—*free*—the booklet containing complete, detailed illustrated instructions for making the "One Hour Dress," and also the full story of the New Course in Dressmaking and Designing. Simply send this coupon or a letter or postal to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 17-V, Scranton, Penna., and full particulars will come to you by return mail.

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Village. Ray is filling a contract to make comedies in the East, and Marguerite is also working in the vicinity of New York.

IT looks as though Italy would share honors with Hollywood and New York in the field of film activities. Lillian Gish has completed "The White Sister" in Rome, and will co-star with her sister Dorothy in George Eliot's "Romola" to be filmed in Florence, the actual locale of the story. Lucy Fox has been working in "The Usurpers" over there and now Sam Goldwyn has sent George Fitzmaurice and his wife, Oudia Bergere, to film "The Eternal City" in Rome, with a cast that includes Barbara La Marr, Bert Lytell, Lionel Barrymore, Montagu Love and Richard Bennet.

HOPE HAMPTON has arrived in Hollywood. She and her sister and her pet Pekinese and her manager, Jules Brulatour, made a triumphal tour of the continent, although Mr. Brulatour objected to having to find distilled water, at a high price, on the trains, only to learn that it was for Miss Hampton's poodle.

JOHNIE WALKER—how we love to write that name!—has purchased his next starring vehicle from Charles Ray. The name of the

story is "The Worm" and Charles meant to do it himself, before the lure of the costume picture got to him.

AND now the annual pilgrimage to Europe has started, George Fitzmaurice, Barbara La Marr, Al Christie, Dorothy Dalton and Irene Castle are all on their way. And a whole flock of others are packing their wardrobe trunks, in preparation.

RAMON NOVARRO is the favorite of Minneapolis, according to a popularity contest conducted by the Garrick theater. Novarro won over Valentino by two thousand votes.

MARY CARR is now starring in a drama that is built around the life stories of the unsung heroes (business of quoting) of the government postal department. In other words, the mail carriers. Somehow we suspect the fine Italian hand of Will Hays in this noble effort. Mary Carr is a fine actress and a splendid woman and we give her credit. And Brandon Tynan—who plays the big male part—is also a regular person and a head-liner. But we'd be a lot more enthusiastic about the theme if it hadn't taken a certain special delivery letter of ours three days to travel the distance of twenty city blocks!



Sadakichi Hartman, the German-Japanese author poet, has dedicated his latest book, "The Last Thirty Days of Christ," to Aileen Pringle, the charming Goldwyn star. Miss Pringle helped the brilliant writer gather the material for this work, and the camera caught them talking over royalty terms



Betty Blythe, in a new oriental turban, starts for Berlin, where "Chu Chin Chow" will be filmed at the Famous Players studio. Betty will play the gorgeous heroine, and it is whispered that her costumes will rival the epoch-making ones that she wore in "The Queen of Sheba"

EDDIE PHILLIPS, who played the heavy in "The Nth Commandment" with such success that all the girls in the theater wanted him to get the girl instead of the hero, is a real radio expert. On his Laurel Canyon bungalow he has constructed one of the finest radio sets in Hollywood. And, in spite of his dashing and naughty characterizations on the screen, Eddie spends most of his evenings by his fire, with his dog and pipe, listening in on the world in general.

LOIS WILSON is going to be an outdoor girl whether she wants to or not. After spending months on location for "The Covered Wagon," she is now making another picture three days from a railroad in the heart of Arizona.

MARILYN MILLER is in Hollywood, spending her vacation from the stage in a beautiful Spanish bungalow with her husband, Jack Pickford. Jack followed his custom of meeting his wife at San Bernardino and motoring her down to Los Angeles. Mrs. Pickford is to be in Hollywood for three months. But she has signed a new contract with Flo Ziegfeld, so the plans for picture production which were announced some time ago have been abandoned.

JACKIE COOGAN is to go to Washington, it is announced, to speak before the Congressional committee considering the McCormick Amendment on child labor. This will be the first time that a stage or movie star has ever been accorded such an honor. Jackie ought to speak very feelingly on the subject.

BEBE DANIELS' grandmother just couldn't stand it another minute, so she hopped aboard a train the other day, bound for New York, to pay a visit to her darling grandchild. Bebe has been in New York some months and it is the longest time she and her grandmother have ever been separated. So grandma decided to brave the terrors of a cross-the-continent trip from Hollywood to break the lonesomeness.

HOBART BOSWORTH got a blister on his hip, the other day. No, don't get excited! It was from wearing a heavy sword



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and a *real* preventive also. **HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM** is so refreshingly fragrant, so refined, so soothing and cooling, that you'll enjoy it thoroughly. It will quickly relieve all irritation and soreness, prevent blistering or peeling, and usually heal the skin over night. If used daily as directed it will keep the complexion in perfect condition all summer.

The POWDER BASE—Perfection

HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM is not only valuable for protecting the skin from climatic conditions, but also is giving most gratifying results when used as a base for face powder. The process is extremely simple. Just moisten the skin with the cream and allow it to nearly dry, then dust on the powder. It will adhere wonderfully and remain in perfect condition longer than with any other base we know of. The cream and powder will prevent the skin from becoming rough or chapped.

MANICURING—Without Soreness

This same **HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM** for years has been recommended as an aid in manicuring because it so agreeably softens the cuticle for removal and prevents soreness; also because it adds to the lustre of the nails. Altogether, it is a gratifying success for the *entire* manicuring process.

HINDS Cre-mis FACE POWDER

Surpassing in quality and refinement. Is impalpably fine and soft. Its delicate tints blend to produce the coveted effect and, with its subtle and distinctive fragrance, enhance the charm of every woman who uses it. White, flesh, pink, brunette. Large box, 60c. Trial box, 15c. Sample, 2c.

HINDS COLD CREAM

Gaining steadily in popular favor because it is perfect for massage, for cleaning the skin and improving the complexion. Valuable for baby's skin troubles because of its potent healing qualities. Contains the essential ingredients of the liquid cream; is semi-greaseless.

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is greaseless, and never shows on the surface of the skin. It adds rare charm to the complexion by its softening, delicately refining influence. Makes rough, catchy fingers soft and velvety smooth. Prevents dryness and that objectionable oily condition. Cannot soil any fabric. A base for face powder that many prefer.

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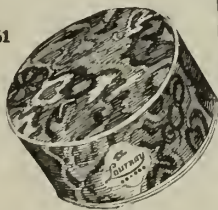
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One of the motion picture reviewers recently commented on the small number of real fights shown on the screen. Here is one of the few. It will be seen in the revival of Rex Beach's "The Spoilers," and the fighters are Noah Beery and Milton Sills. The original version of this fight was made by William Farnum and Tom Santschi

that is a part of his costume as Philip the Second of Spain, in "In the Palace of the King."

AND now there's a man out in California who says that he's able to photograph thoughts. His name is Vincent Jones, and he's president of his home state's Psychical Research Society. All we ask is that Mr. Jones be kept out of the movies, for if he begins to photograph some of the thoughts of our favorite stars, while in action, there's no telling what may happen.

A COUPLE of our best known blondes returned to Hollywood this month and brightened up the atmosphere a lot. Claire Windsor arrived, having, it is reported, caused considerable commotion in the eastern smart set, and Agnes Ayres left Palm Beach flat to begin her new Paramount picture in Hollywood. Claire is to have the heavy emotional lead in "The Acquittal."

MARJORIE RAMBEAU while in Paris announced that she will obtain a divorce from her current husband, Hugh Dillman, an actor. Mr. Dillman succeeded Willard Mack, who was Miss Rambeau's husband before he was Pauline Frederick's.

LARRY SEMON has signed a three-year contract with Truett productions. He will make three productions a year, the first to be "The Girl in the Limousine." Lucille Carlisle probably will play the *Girl*, so that leaves the *Limousine* to Larry's interpretation.

A QUESTIONNAIRE sent out by the California schools to parents recently to form the background for an educational judgment of the children under consideration contained the question: "Please state the names of the child's favorite motion picture actress and actor and how many films a month the child goes to see." Evidently the public schools are regarding pictures as an important factor in the development of the American child. During the run of "Robin Hood" at Grauman's Hollywood Theater most of the suburban high schools within motoring dis-

tance came en masse, by bus and truck, to see the film, chaperoned by teachers and principals.

HELENE CHADWICK must fulfill her Goldwyn contract. The film star recently attempted to break her agreement with the Goldwyn concern, but the Los Angeles courts held that she must live up to all its terms. So she is back on the Culver City lot and ready to go to work.

A RUMOR which crept about Hollywood to the effect that a very expensive Paramount production was so bad that it was to be shelved, without release, brought an odd little reminiscence from one of the company's officials. After denying the rumor, he said, "Famous has only shelved two pictures in its whole career; one made by Caruso and one by Cavalieri. I guess it was a good thing they could sing."

ANNA Q. NILSSON will do a modern Rosalind in the James Young production of Cynthia Stockley's "Ponjola," which has been running in the *Cosmopolitan* magazine. She maintains the disguise of a man practically throughout the picture. James Kirkwood has the leading male rôle, and Tully Marshall and Joseph Kilgour are in the cast.

HOLLYWOOD has more kings and queens than Europe. The latest arrivals are Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. You will recall Isabella as the lady who gave Columbus the jewels. She is the leading figure in a film that Fred Niblo is making, tentatively called, "Man, Woman and the Devil."

IF you want your car repaired, try Viola Dana's garage. Vi has purchased a garage in Hollywood and is doing a big business, according to her report. However, she will continue to play in Metro pictures, at least for a time. Viola bought the garage because she wanted the property on which it stood. She found that the repair and storage business paid, and so, being a sagacious business woman, she hired a good manager to take charge of it.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

THE RAGGED EDGE—Goldwyn

THERE are several points of interest in this adaptation of a typical Harold McGrath romance. Principally it is the amount of new blood in the cast. It is Alfred Lunt's second screen appearance and it is a distinct improvement over his debut. And it marks the first film appearance of a former photographic model, Mimi Palmeri, who reveals unusual sensitiveness for a film debut. The story itself is smoothly told, moving speedily from China to the South Seas, and it has considerable color and speed. We suspect you'll like it.

THE SNOW BRIDE—Paramount

EVEN Alice Brady fails to register in this forced and artificial tale of life in a Canadian fur trading village. There is plot and counter-plot, jealousy, villainy and murder. All the elements that go to make absorbing melodrama—except the vital element, which is sadly lacking. Of course everything ends happily, and there are some good snow scenes, but at that we can't even recommend it for the children.

MICHAEL O'HALLORAN—Hodkinson

IF you want your child to be a perfect little Chesterfield, die young—leaving him a complete orphan—and let him bring himself up in a dingy alley. This helpful hint seems to be the only excuse for this screen adaptation of Gene Stratton-Porter's story. Of course there's a little crippled girl and an unhappy rich couple. The whole family may see this, in safety.

DON QUICKSHOT OF THE RIO GRANDE—Universal

THIS might, with minor changes, develop into a fair comedy. But as a straight western it's not so good! The hero leaps, far too lightly, into danger. And he's too adroit at breaking jail and completely demoralizing bands of desperadoes. His air of ease and courage gets annoying, after a time, and when finally he gets the girl and the money the audience sighs with real relief. Small boys will love this.

BOSTON BLACKIE—Fox

AFTER once seeing Lionel Barrymore as *Boston*, William Russell's interpretation falls pretty flat. Not that it's entirely William's fault—neither the scenario writer nor the director helped much. A grim tale of prison life, made grimmer by the punishments meted out by a wolf in warden's clothing. Of course right triumphs in the end, with *Boston* coming out on top, and the warden defeated.

RICE AND OLD SHOES—F. B. O.

A CARTER DE HAVEN comedy of the honeymoon—when so many things are funny for the last time. There are some laughable moments; but mostly the humorous situations have been done before, and just as well. The Carters are looking tired and older—just a trifle beyond the bride and groom stage. But then making comedies is hard work—for some folks.

RAILROADED—Universal

A STERN old judge tries to bring up his son on discipline—leaving love out of the equation. And so the son becomes a criminal, and gets put in jail, and breaks jail and gets married an' everything! All because he didn't have any affection as a child. This should be seen by all parents who don't believe in sparing the rod. Unfortunately it's only program stuff.



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If you fight the film

While you leave teeth coated with a dingy film, their luster cannot show.

Look about you. Note how many teeth now glisten. And mark what they add to good looks.

The reason lies largely in a new method of teeth cleaning. Millions now use it daily. Accept this ten-day test we offer, and learn what it does for you.

Why teeth lose beauty

A viscous film clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. The tooth brush alone does not end it. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it.

So much film remains. Food stains, etc., discolor it, then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. Those cloudy coats hide the teeth's luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. That's why so few escaped tooth troubles.

Germes breed by millions in film. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. And that became alarmingly common.

Better methods now

Dental science studied long to correct this situation. It found two film combatants. One of them acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

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DIVORCE—F. B. O.

JANE NOVAK is so really beautiful in this, her latest starring vehicle, that one is apt to forget the discrepancies in the plot. One almost forgets, too, that real people don't act and re-act as these screen subjects do. The story moves merrily along from the point where the young wife's mother and father find the parting of the ways to the crisis in her own married life.

BURNING WORDS—Universal

A BRAVE and chesty member of the Canadian Mounted, a weakling younger brother, and a whole flock of assorted cringes. With the threadbare climax of one brother hunting down the other and bringing him back to justice. We might mention, in passing, that there is also an old father, and an old mother and a blond sweetheart. A plot so old that it creaks and rattles.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

F. E. R., EVANSTON, ILL.—Frances! Frances! Truly your tastes proclaim you an unusual girl. Almost unique. You "don't want to like actors that everybody else likes." Ah! You remind me of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the poet. When someone praised her blue eyes she answered: "They're not blue. They're yellow. I want to be different." Eugene O'Neill, too, wrote a play about a woman who wanted to be "different." I will endeavor to slake your burning thirst for information with the following: Kenneth Harlan was born in New York City in 1895. His height is five feet, eleven inches. His weight is 165 pounds. Substantial but well distributed. As a darkey cook once said to me, "Laws, child. It ain't the size but the shape that counts." Hair and complexion dark. Eyes black. He was a student in the College of New York. He has had stage experience in stock companies and in vaudeville. Wallace MacDonald was born at Mulgrave and educated at Sydney, Australia. He had had a stage career before going into pictures. He is five feet, ten inches tall, weighs 142 pounds and has dark brown eyes and hair which the short sighted and the color defectives classify as black. Vincent Coleman is a hefty boy. Consider his height, six feet, one inch, and his weight, 178 pounds. He is in the brunette class. His eyes and hair are brown. He went on the stage when he was twelve. A stage child, though, contrary to the old fashioned proverb, he did not "grow up to be a no account actor."

GREEN EYES, CAMBRIDGE, IOWA.—You write me that you had "made up your mind not to like Rodolph Valentino." Then you saw him act and you "leaned far forward to watch him and did like him." You pay an unconscious tribute to the power of acting, my friend of Iowa. The appeal of the screen, as of the stage, is to the emotions. You prove your breadth of mind by saying that you "don't know how anyone can have only one favorite." You like Richard Dix, Wally Reid, who will long be mourned, Thomas Meighan, Richard Barthelmess. A wide and good assortment of favorites. "Barthelmess" is pronounced with the accent on the first syllable. Your sister's compliment to Ivor Novello is much too good to keep secret. The sister "who doesn't think much of the movies" told you that in one picture he has the expression of the Christ. And your mother who "thinks actresses are a silly looking bunch," grants that Priscilla Dean has "a very intelligent look." Your mother is right. You, too, are right. Her smile is one of her best points. Yes, your screen heroes autograph their own pictures. As tormented witnesses swear upon the stand of torture in a courtroom that is true "to the best of my knowledge and belief."

C. B., ALBANY, OREGON.—You and your cronies have hot disputes about Leatrice Joy's height? Some think she is five feet, six and a half inches tall. The guesses vary from that downward to five feet three inches. You are with the five feet three faction because she "seems so tiny and appealing on the screen." You are right. The five feet threes have it. You may be interested to know that her weight is the right one to establish symmetry with that height. It is one hundred twenty-five

pounds. You are right again for her hair is not bobbed. The birth years of Thomas Meighan and Priscilla Dean are respectively 1879 and 1896.

B. A. B., BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.—So manly Thomas Meighan is your favorite actor? And you are saddened by the rumor that he will leave the screen for the stage? I am happy to calm your fears. I understand there is no prospect of his retiring from the films. He may make an excursion upon the stage, and in George Ade's adaptation of "Back Home and Broke."

E. JOARDO, TOLEDO, OHIO.—The cast of "A Fool There Was" is as follows: *Gilda Fontaine*, Estelle Taylor; *John Schuyler*, Lewis Stone; *Mrs. Schuyler*, Irene Rich; *Muriel Schuyler*, Muriel Dana; *Nell Winthrop*, Marjorie Daw; *Tom Morgan*, Mahlon Hamilton; *Avery Parmelee*, Wallace MacDonald; *Boggs*, William V. Mong; *Parks*, Harry Lonsdale.

PETITE, MEADSVILLE, PENN.—Do I ever get bored? Not by such clever letters as yours. Am I really a man? Dear Petite, any rumors to the contrary are as Mark Twain said of the premature reports of his death, "grossly exaggerated." The man whose acting in "Sonny" made you weep is now in his twenty-seventh year. He is what Booth Tarkington declares does not exist, a genuine New Yorker. If he met anyone who was born on Manhattan Island he said he would give him a medal. Mr. Richard Barthelmess has won the medal. Page Mr. Tarkington.

MAY BEE, POMEROY, IOWA.—You know all that can be known of Rodolph Valentino through reading and seeing his pictures? Then we may classify you as a near graduate Valentino student. Back numbers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE can be secured from the PHOTOPLAY Publishing Company of 750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago. Ralph Graves played opposite Miriam Cooper in "Kindred of the Dust." Lila Lee is twenty-one years old, measures skyward five feet, three inches, and her weight is one hundred ten pounds. Gaston Glass is twenty-eight years old. Cullen Landis matches him in age.

MIKE CONGAR, ROCHESTER, N. Y.—No, I was not offended, as you fear, by your calling me an "old man" in a previous letter. Something must have happened to the previous letter. Perhaps that was the missive which I saw a mail carrier drop in a gutter on a blizzard day, look at with disgust, and walk on. No, I won't report him. The letter was soiled by its mud bath beyond reading. Yes, I will be pleased to answer your questions. I'm just a little pleased, in fact, that you should think I am old. It carried with it a suggestion of the wisdom of Solomon. Yes, Mildred Davis, who recently became Mrs. Harold Lloyd, will continue to adorn the screen. She will appear in "The Meanest Man in the World," with Principal Pictures. Assuredly, my dear Mike, Ramon Novarro is a star. Have you not seen him in the pictures, "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Trifling Women," "Where the Pavement Ends," and "Scaramouche"? Yes, again—envious though I be—I must agree with a fair correspondent masquerading as "Mike," that Ramon Novarro is handsome.

ODD AND EVEN, BLACKWELL, OKLAHOMA.—Your choice of a nom de plume reminds me of the title which *Mark Sabre* gave to his tall and short servants. In the late and little lamented play, "If Winter Comes," he called them "High Jinks and Low Jinks," to his wife's annoyance. She thought the nickname undignified. But that was across seas. They care more for dignity and we care more for fun. Your whimsical choice gives me what everyone needs once a day, for his mental health, a smile. Well, girls, here go the outlines of Dick Dix. How the girls do like him! He has no ball and chain—beg pardon, I mean no wife. His age is nine and twenty. He is one of the good things that came out of St. Paul, Minn. Glad you liked the photograph that PHOTOPLAY reproduced of him. Wonder if he'd like your calling him "Dickie." Depends, of course. Nearly everything depends, alack. And all you call me is "The Answer Man." Cheerio. One kind-hearted girl began her letter with "Dear" and a dash. She told me to fill in the blank space. Yes, like a check.

ANNA C., SAN FRANCISCO.—You think I know how to answer love letters? My dear Anna, you flatter me. Turn your ear, so pink and like unto a shell, this way and I will whisper a secret. The Solomons of today do not answer love letters. The fear of breach of promise cases, with those answers being read in court, is a mighty deterrent. Yes, it is pleasant to meet many charming men and handsome women, as you say. You go on record solemnly as believing that Rodolph Valentino "committed a crime against his ambition" by marrying. That your heart and that of many another girl has been broken by his marriage. That you "can't write as you feel because his wife might read his letters." Too bad! Too bad! But there's a game of hearts we all enter, my dear. "The Sheik" is no superman, nor yet a demigod. Just a human being who is extraordinarily handsome and whose heart normally functions. He is called "The Sheik" because he played the rôle more than commonly well. Your assertion that a sheik should marry only at the age of forty-five is submitted to all sheiks or wouldbe sheiks for their consideration. The real article begins the contemplation of matrimony at fourteen. No, I do not think that the dark-eyed one whom all men envy, and some men hate, will make an early trip to Italy.

G. A. B., WESTFIELD, N. J.—Have you heard that he or she, whose initials spell a word, is destined to health, happiness, and all good things in this mundane life? My compliments to you upon your possession of word-spelling initials, my dear Mr. or Miss Gab. No, I haven't red hair. Nor is it black. Nor white. I give you two more guesses. The leading man who played opposite Mary Pickford in "Tess" was Lloyd Hughes. His physical plans and specifications are as follows, to wit, namely: Six feet tall, weight 150 pounds. Ramon Novarro's address is Metro, Hollywood, Cal. Heard of the city of pictures more than several times, haven't you? Thought so. In California. Southern part. Near the city of Los Angeles. The early Spanish settlers named it Los Angeles. It is the abode of angels, of differing degrees.

FANNIE JACK, OLNEY, ILL.—Glad to be the recipient of your tender confidences. Wouldn't it turn their heads, owl-like, round and round, if they knew what you think of them? No, I won't tell their wives. I believe in keeping marriages intact when possible. I am not from Colorado where every other marriage crashes into the divorce courts and comes out broken. However, there is a limit to a woman's forbearance—and to a man's. Harold Lloyd is a bridegroom. The matrimonial sentence was passed upon him and Mildred Davis, February 10, this year. Ruth Roland's address is care Ruth Roland Serials, United Studios, Los Angeles.

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Diagram showing how the voice currents weaken in the long distance transmission and are restored by "repeaters."

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overcome them. Each step in extending the range of speech has come only after years of study. Each important piece of telephone apparatus has had to be created for the need. Each working day this pioneering goes on. Nature is harnessed to a new duty and mechanical ingenuity improves the tools of service, as fast as science finds the way.

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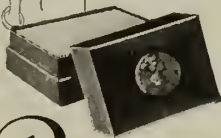
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BILLY OF ELIZABETH, N. J.—Please, are you such a Billy as Billie Dove or such a Billy as Billy Van? "Anyway," as the late comedian Charles Ross used to begin his sentences, Agnes Ayres and Gloria Swanson should be addressed in care of the Paramount Studios, Long Island City, N. Y. Edward Burns has reached the estate of matrimony. Gloria Swanson is of the attractive age of "sweet and six and twenty." Marion Davies has a wealth of golden hair in her own right. When she plays senoritas of old Spain she hides it beneath a black wig.

MILDRED, OAKLAND, CAL.—Of a certainty, shy Mildred, I will give you Robert Agnew's address. Why do you refrain from asking his age? Has your interest no boundary of years? Someone in Hollywood may soon write an unpopular song entitled "Darling, I Dare Not Grow Old" to be sung by a chorus of male stars over twenty-five. Mr. Agnew is accessible by mail, and female correspondents, at the Famous Players-Lasky Studios, Hollywood.

C. G., JR., SALEM, OHIO.—Yea, my son, Dorothy Gish is married. And "they say"—"they" includes her mother and sister—right happily. To James Rennie, who, the girl who goes to the theater with me, my sister, says, is one of the handsomest men on stage or screen. Rennie leads a double life professionally, for he gives half of his year to the stage and half to the screen. He was Frances Starr's leading man in her last play, "Shore Leave." Mrs. Rennie, more generally known as Miss Gish, has an artistic apartment in East Nineteenth Street, New York, where she and her husband give pleasant, informal teas on Sunday afternoons. On March 11 she celebrated her twenty-fourth birthday.

TEDDY, PLEASANT HILL, OHIO.—As you like. Bebe Daniels has not bowed her head to the marriage yoke. Rodolph Valentino's last picture was "The Young Rajah." Mary Pickford has been married twice. Her first husband was Owen Moore. Her second, as you doubtless know, is Douglas Fairbanks.

ELSIE OF SIOUX CITY, IOWA.—Richard Barthelmess is twenty-eight. He is living at New Rochelle this summer, and is a commuter. He travels to New York, crosses the big town and goes to Fort Lee Studio, to make the pictures in which, David Wark Griffith says, he looks like a "young god," to Fort Lee, N. J. That town is situated on the Palisades, the chalk-like cliffs that frame the Hudson River. I am

not sure whether his wife, professionally known as Mary Hay, will appear again in pictures. She has signed a contract to appear in a musical comedy this autumn. She is said to have written a musical comedy. If true this indicates that she is not only young and lovely but extraordinarily gifted. You girls think she has a sufficient gift in having Richard Barthelmess' love, don't you? Broadway, that "knowledgeable" old street, calls her "The girl who has everything." We must not forget among her gifts the heiress to the Barthelmess fortunes and character, who arrived in February. The city of Betty Compson's nativity is that of Maude Adams—Salt Lake City.

G. W., INDIANAPOLIS.—Jolly boy, George. Same initials as George Washington. Hope you share one of his famous characteristics. No, I won't tell you. Look up your United States history. It had to do with a celebrated hatchet. You're not trying to marry any of the movie stars. Just want to know about 'em? Just curious! You certainly won't marry Alice Joyce. Her husband, James Regan, won't let you. Her address is Distinctive Pictures Corporation, 366 Madison Ave., New York. She lives in a picturesque house of red brick and stone near the Hudson River. Has a terrifying butler. Photographs of stars can be secured by writing their management and enclosing twenty-five cents in stamps, postal orders or check.

DUD OF MAINE.—About to be graduated and still you steal time to write an eight-page letter to the Answer Man. My surmise is that Alice Terry would send you a photograph. I would if I were Alice. A pleasant summer to you, "Dud," and a life of pleasant summers, and not too severe winters, even though they say you Maine folk like them so. And enough movies to keep the flavor of romance in the feast of life.

ARCHIE MCC. OF VICTORIA, B. C.—Do you wear kilts and play a bagpipe, Archie? Your brief, manly letter, a model of directness, suggests that you do. I'm muckle sure that Gloria Swanson would be the donor of a photograph of her glorious self if you wrote her care Famous Players, Paramount Studio, Long Island City, N. Y. Nor would Pauline Garon turn a cold shoulder on your plea, unless she be of sterner stuff than her lovely pictures. She has finished "Children of the Dust" at the Arthur N. Jacobs Productions, United Studios, Los Angeles, and is dividing her vacation time among New York, her native Canada, and Europe.

HUSBANDS—By Their Wives

Strange as it may seem to readers of the yellow press, there are still many married couples connected with the motion pictures who live under the same roof and are happy and contented. Stories about such couples are seldom if ever published because, so far as the "yellows" are concerned, there is no interest without scandal. PHOTOPLAY has gathered the views of some of the contented wives about the husbands whom they love and appreciate.

IN SEPTEMBER PHOTOPLAY

JACK, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.—Of course the charming young woman who prefers to hide behind the mask of "Jack" writes graciously and enthusiastically from the Garden City of the Southwest. "Too bad that Harold Lloyd got married?" You think "all the girls in Texas were disappointed?" But my dear Jack, beg pardon, Miss Jack, there is a stringent law in every state against bigamy, also polygamy. He couldn't marry all of his petticoated admirers. It's well that he remembered this. "The boys down here are wild about Bebe Daniels," you say. The boys display good taste. I am glad you are interested in Rodolph Valentino's Life Story. Mae Murray's recent picture is Jazzmania. Address her care Metro. Gloria Swanson's address is care Famous Players.

L. C., SHEFFIELD, FLORIDA.—So you have brown eyes and hair and are built on the plan of Betty Blythe? "Of course," you add, with rare and sweet modesty, "I am not as pretty as she is." Doubtless the young man who hopes to change the initial of your last name thinks you are prettier. He should. That's the way of true hearts when you find them. And I hope you will find one, Miss L. C. No, I haven't red hair. I haven't much of any shade. What there is is of several shades. That is why those who are such good friends as to be rudely familiar dare to call me "The Zebra." But enough of the Answer Man. Let us talk of Bebe Daniels. In answer to your query—no, she is not married. 'Twas rumored while Jack Dempsey was in Europe that she might become Mrs. Dempsey. But Bebe said it was an indolent rumor. She knows.

WE 13, RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA.—How interesting! Thirteen of you, as you say, "A big baker's dozen, ranging in age from sixteen to eighteen, want a few questions answered." My deepest bow, my thirteen deepest bows. You are "very much in love with Thomas Meighan and Forrest Stanley." Then with delightful, feminine inconsequentiality you ask as an afterthought, "How old are they?" What does it matter if you are "in love with them?" O woman! woman! Forrest Stanley's age I have not been able to ascertain for you. But Thomas Meighan's secret I fling forth to the world of womanhood. It isn't often that an ordinary man can score off on these matinee idols. He is thirty-eight. A delightful age, you say. Again, I repeat, groaningly repeat, Oh woman! Woman! At all events I can shake the skeletons in their closets. On second thought I wonder whether Mrs. Meighan and Mrs. Stanley would like being called skeletons. On third thought I'll let it stand. It is smart to be thin. Dearest friends meet, kiss each other on both cheeks and coo, "My dear, how beautifully thin you are!" Mrs. Thomas Meighan is Frances Ring, a sister of the famous Blanche Ring, and a pleasing actress in her own right. Mr. Stanley married Miss Marion Hutchins.

I. K., WILMINGTON, DEL.—You are a girl of definite habits and strong individuality. How on earth do I know? By the note paper you use. Blue of the sky at dawn of a clear August day. Rose garlands festooned at the corners. The edges picked out prettily with what my sister would call, if the note paper were a gown, hemstitching. I judge a girl as much by the note paper she uses as by her handwriting. For handwriting may be an accident but note paper is a choice. You think I am married, I. K. What evidence have my poor words given of a crushed spirit? The French actor to whom you refer, who plays opposite Dorothy Dalton, is Count Arthur de Rochefort. For brevity's sake he uses the name Charles de Roche. He supports Miss Dalton in "Leah Kleschna" and Pola Negri in "The Cheat." Write Marion Davies as prettily as you wrote me and I am sure she will not refuse you a photograph. Address her Cosmopolitan Studios, Second Ave. and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh St.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 97]



It wasn't easy to tell him

BARTON faced an unpleasant job that morning. As sales manager it became his duty to speak to one of his men—an ambitious man, yet unsuccessful—on a subject almost universally avoided by everyone.

There was something about this man that was holding him back—some invisible something that became a silent indictment against him and seemed to offset every other admirable quality he had in his favor.

Repeatedly it stood between him and an excellent order. And the pity of it all was that the man himself was utterly unaware of what his handicap was.

Of course, it wasn't an easy thing for Barton to tell him. But the sales manager had studied and observed his man, had found the cause and then, fortunately, had the courage to tell him.

Almost immediately the results showed. Within sixty days this salesman's orders doubled—then tripled!

It had been a hard jolt at the time but it did him a lot of good.

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That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle.

It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these peculiar properties as a breath

deodorant. It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily routine.

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Each packed in attractive sanitary dust-proof container. Your hands are the first to touch them.

Prices: 10 cents to 75 cents

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"The Face on the Cutting Room Floor"

By Peter Milne

THE most tragic thing in the world, from the viewpoint of the ambitious actor cast to support some star, is "The Face on the Cutting Room Floor."

He gives a performance full of feeling and fire and life. "When the public sees this," he muses to himself, "I'll be recognized as an artist." Confidently he goes to the completed picture and watches for his great work to appear on the screen. Climax after climax passes and the final fadeout moves inevitably nearer. And when at last the theater lights go up the actor leaves stunned; wondering, if he be new at the business, where his great performance has gone. It has been erased as surely as though there were such a thing as a film eraser.

The performance lies on the cutting room floor perhaps by order of the star or because "footage" had to be sacrificed to bring the picture down to the prescribed length. The cutting room floor of any studio is, as the subtitles would say, a place of shattered hopes and blasted ambitions.

The real tragedy of the situation lies in the fact that more often an actor's face reaches the cutting room floor because the star so wills it than for the legitimate reason of getting the footage down. The star system, or the system of director favoritism, revolves around the principle of subordinating everything in the picture to a single individual. Thus, if a supporting actor is so good in his part that he distracts attention from the star, the cutter's shears are wielded—with the result that a good performance is transformed into a negative piece of work.

AGLARING instance of this practice was furnished in the production of a mystery play. Marie Shotwell, a highly capable actress, was cast for the rôle of the medium, the logical important part. A certain young actress was awarded the ingenue rôle, a comparatively unimportant part.

But the ingenue was to be starred and the scenario was so constructed that her rôle assumed proportions equal to that of the medium. When the picture was first viewed it was discovered that Miss Shotwell, by reason of her opportunities and ability, had dominated the picture. The ingenue was decorative, but merely that. By the director's order and despite the frantic objections of others interested in the picture, much of Miss Shotwell's excellent performance ultimately decorated the cutting room floor. The production was reduced materially in worth. Close-ups of the ingenue replaced the fine acting of Miss Shotwell.

Charles Gerrard, whose villainies have been recorded on the screen for many years, is a heavy contributor to the cutting room floor. It is literally strewn with his false faces. One of his experiences is amusing in the telling. In

"The World and His Wife," made several years ago, he was called upon to die gracefully at the point of a rapier. Mr. Gerrard obliged with a noble death scene. But it never reached the public, this time because Montagu Love who played a more prominent rôle also had to die a matter of a few hundred feet later on! Doubtless the executive who ordered the cut figured that too many deaths spoiled the picture.

According to all authentic reports, Mme. Petrova, during her time on the screen, caused the cutting room floor to be littered with many a fine and promising face. There was room for little of a supporting performance when all justice, from Madame's viewpoint, was given her profile.

Mary Astor, now playing leads, made her bow in features in "Sentimental Tommy," or rather she was supposed to. She appeared in one short sequence with Gareth Hughes and did a very nice piece of work. But when it came to the cutting of the picture it was found that much that was meritorious in action and acting had to be removed.

In Miss Astor's case it was merely a matter of fame delayed for a short time. Others are not so fortunate. We recall an extra girl, new at the game, who was given some atmospheric close-ups in "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge." She thought that as long as a scene was taken it would be used. And she wrote home to her friends about it. But the close-ups never got beyond the cutting room floor. The extra girl was just a member of the mass in the background. Possibly she felt as tragic as a deposed monarch. She had dreamed of glory; she awoke to drab actuality with a rude thud. Not all extras have the fortune of Merton Gill.

The discarding of good performances because of the fears and jealousies of stars is nothing for motion pictures to be proud of. The idea of such subordination is ridiculous. Norma Talmadge doesn't do it and Miss Talmadge is one of the most popular stars of the screen. Eugene O'Brien became a star because of the opportunities he received in rôles opposite her. He might still be one today if his managers had followed the Talmadge policy and given his leading women full opportunity.

Charlie Chaplin's greatest picture is "The Kid." It precipitated Jackie Coogan to stardom. Suppose Chaplin had discarded Jackie's good scenes because of professional jealousy? He would have deprived the screen of its freshest star and himself of much of the fame that is his today.

It is very simple to remove the highlights of good supporting performances. Important action is usually taken in close-ups as well as from longer angles. If the supporting actor is behaving too well in close-ups they may be removed at the star's order and the same expressions are then shown in the longer shots, but with less stimulating effect.

Does the Camera Lie? Certainly!

It lies for the infinitely greater enjoyment of motion picture patrons. It shows on the screen scenes that would be impossible of depiction if the camera told only the exact truth. It creates illusions at the cost of a few cents which, if they were truthfully done, would cost thousands of dollars. And it creates and maintains these illusions artistically and convincingly.

In the September number of PHOTOPLAY

the art of lying as exemplified by the camera will be told in detail. The article will not expose, but will explain "glass work," double exposure, double printing, miniature sets and others of the latest and most effective tricks of the trade. **DON'T MISS IT!** It will tell you many things you don't know and will increase your enjoyment of the pictures.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95]

E. K., SAN FRANCISCO.—Charles Ray, as soon as he had finished the picture founded on James Whitcomb Riley's poem, "The Girl I Loved," plunged at once into the complexities of "The Courtship of Miles Standish." Remember Miles, don't you? The bluff Puritan captain who hadn't the nerve to ask a girl to marry him? Sent his friend to ask her. You've guessed it. She married the friend. Girls don't like the "fresh" young man. But they can't stand one who has no nerve. Lots of truth in that "Faint heart never won" stuff.

G. A. L. C., COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.—Pleased to meet, even though only through the medium of scented pink note paper, a "faithful reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE." As you say, the young man who played opposite Irene Castle in "Slim Shoulders" is especially good looking. And your memory serves you well in recording that his hair is dark. The actor who is the subject of your pleasant recollections is Rod La Roque. He will appear in "The French Doll" with Mae Murray.

G. L. S., KANSAS CITY, MO.—No. Send the aspirant to the nearest motion picture studio. A personal visit is more effectual than a photograph. Tell him to offer, if need be, to work as an extra. Many stars began that way.

WILHELMINA OF TEXAS.—Lottie Pickford is closely related to Mary Pickford. In short, her sister. Douglas Fairbanks may be characterized as a wag described his wife to the census taker, "Sweet forty."

MISS MOVIE MAD, BEVERLY, MASS.—August, moonlight and movie madness are a romantic combination pointing toward a sentimental complex. Constance Talmadge's leading man is Edward Burns. Born thirty-one years ago in Philadelphia. He is married. I suggest that you write him of your admiration of his art and personality care Metro Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Ave., New York. Let me know the result. If he does not personally answer the missive of so charming a "movie maniac" I will decline rudely his next invitation to play pinochle. This is a rushing age. Business is the common denominator of life. But we must not stunt our chivalrous instinct through lack of its exercise. I will tell Edward of your girlish admiration, when I see him.

BABY BLUE EYES, ALTOONA, PA.—Since you are choosing a nom de plume why not reverse it? Call yourself a Blue Eyed Baby? The girl guessed right the very first time. *De Vaca*, whose performance engaged your interest, was William Powell. He played *Duke Francis* in "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

GEORGE SEITZ FAN.—Mr. Seitz is fulfilling his wish to become a director. He is directing for Pathe "The Way of a Man." That is the story purchased by Pathe from Emerson Hough a short time before Mr. Hough's death. Mr. Hough was a writer of tales of adventure, that took place usually in the West. "The Covered Wagon" is a picturization of his story. Mr. Hough died a week after the play had been greeted as a masterpiece. His death at sixty, after a life of assiduous labor with pen and imagination, leaving an estate of \$20,000, was another proof of the precariousness of the writing profession. Yet everyone wants to write as everyone wants to act.

MAID OF MARYLAND.—Assuredly your desire to know more about your fellow townsman, whom you have never met, but of whom, to quote your kindly phrase "everyone speaks most highly" is a legitimate one. Ralph Bushman has returned to Hollywood. He is about twenty-one.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]

For Summer Days - and Every Day

THERE is nothing like the cooling, soothing touch of Resinol Soap to give to the skin that smoothness, softness and delightful freshness which everyone admires.

What is more disheartening than a skin that is rough, coarse, red and spotted with clogging impurities? Yet frequently the excessive perspiration of summer, combined with dust, powder and the natural oil, produces just this condition.

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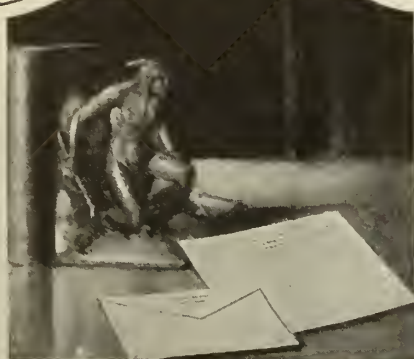
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The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]



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shoe McCoy, the Edison agent.

The next day Mark M. Dintenfass of the Actophone was served with the papers in an injunction suit. The papers included the name and serial number of the infringing camera.

From then on raged a legal battle. Dintenfass fought to the last ditch, continuing the while to use the camera.

Three times he had been brought into court on injunction suits and twice he had been up for contempt. He was violently and flagrantly in contempt of United States Court. Patents Company lawyers were pushing him hard. To put this daring arrogant independent behind the bars would have a vast salutary effect on the whole troublesome independent movement. It would put fears in the hearts of the insurrectionists and shut down the flow of unlicensed film.

Dintenfass paced the floor at the Actophone studio and swore salty oaths to himself. There seemed to be no way out. The finish was at hand. He wished he had stayed in the herring business with his father. He pictured himself languishing in jail, with the lawyers for the Patents Company derisively grinning at him through the bars. The next day he was to be called for sentence.

All these reflections and reviews with jail just ahead brought up many a memory and out of the maze of them a name that seemed like a flash of deliverance.

"Hans Von Brisen!"

IT was his thoughts of his European travels in the salt herring days that brought this name back to mind after many years. Way back in 1902, when Dintenfass was merrily touring the fishing ports, he had struck up an acquaintance and friendship with young Hans Von Brisen, son of one of New York's most celebrated international patent lawyers.

In Glasgow, Scotland, they parted.

"Look me up sometime when you get back to New York," Von Brisen said with his good-bye.

Seven years had passed and now, thought Dintenfass, surely the "sometime" had come. Dintenfass was sorely in need of both a friend and some high powered legal advice.

Dintenfass hurried downtown and presented himself at Von Brisen's offices. There was a handshake and a brief chat about the old days and Europe.

"What are you doing now?"

"I am on my way to jail—unless you can do something."

Then the whole tangled story came out.

Von Brisen went to a telephone. He argued long and hard for Dintenfass. There was a suggestion that Dintenfass be taken in and licensed by the Patents company.

"That pirate, never!"

Presently Von Brisen laid down the situation to Dintenfass.

"There is only one way out, you have got to quit, get out of this picture business and stay out. If you will agree to that and stay by it you will not have to go to jail."

Dintenfass promised and departed. That was the end of his court troubles.

But a few weeks of repentance healed his fears and presently Dintenfass was set up again making pictures in a tiny shack hidden in the deep woods that crown the Palisades of New Jersey near Coystville.

Soon the detectives of the Patents Company were on the trail again, suspicious but not certain. Dintenfass was filled with alarm. If he was found now this time there would be no chance of clemency.

But he would not quit the motion pictures. Money was there to be had, easy money and lots of it. An inspiration came to him. The one safe place for him to work would be in one of the Patents Company's own studios. They would never find him there. Over at Philadelphia on a roof in Arch street Sigmund Lubin

had a studio that was no longer in use. Lubin's rapid prosperity in the film business with the rise of the Patents Company group had now outgrown the little roof plant. Dintenfass slipped away to Philadelphia and rented the studio from Lubin. It was just a little personal deal, one that Mr. Lubin did not feel obligated to report to the Patents Company. On the Arch street roof Dintenfass proceeded with his picture making undisturbed. And from that day until this there has been a mystery about his movements and the trail that vanished into thin air in the woods of Coystville.

"Pop" Lubin was eminently practical in his point of view in this curious transaction. Perhaps too he had a certain sympathy with the plight of Dintenfass. Lubin had himself been considerably pursued by Edison agents and violently litigated against in the early days before the Patents Company peace. Anyway, that Arch street roof was idle and it might just as well be earning a rental.

In that safe hiding place Dintenfass pursued his film activities undisturbed, his whereabouts for that period remaining a mystery to the Patents Company from that day onward to the publication of this chapter. Later when the war between the Independents and the Patents group had really joined issue in a big test case, Dintenfass, no longer in personal peril, emerged to play an erratic and spectacular part in film history. He will be recalled by the motion picture patrons of today as the producer of one of the big screen successes of the war, the picturization of Ambassador Gerard's "My Four Years in Germany."

"Pop" Lubin's sub-rosa share in this phase of the rise of the independents recalls an incident of the same period in which is illustrated something of his humor, and which as well indicates how much the motion picture through successive stages had tended to inherit its ancient outlawries. One of the early official acts of the Patents Company was a piece of internal discipline, involving Lubin.

The charge was gravely made that one of the licensed Melies pictures had been "duped" or copied in the Lubin plant. A meeting was held at the company offices at 80 Fifth avenue.

Lubin listened in silence.

"The fine will be one thousand dollars."

This stirred "Pop" to protest.

"I didn't dupe it," Lubin exclaimed. "I don't dupe pictures—I make them. Besides, you all do it. Besides I didn't make any money on it and I won't pay any fine."

And he did not.

THE Patents Company became rapidly exceedingly busy in the pursuit of infringing independents. Among those most vigorously attacked in the courts was William Steiner, an exchange man mentioned in earlier chapters in connection with Paley & Steiner's "Crescent Star Films" and again as a figure in the New York exhibitor's fight against Mayor McClellan's closing order.

Steiner brought down the wrath of the Patents Company by starting a producing concern under the patriotic brand name of Yankee, with Herbert Miles as a partner. The head of Yankee films was promptly served with the papers and haled into United States court on injunction proceedings. A remarkable defense ensued, one of the mysteries and jokes of the film industry ever afterward.

Steiner insisted that he was entitled to make pictures because he had discovered an absolutely new and non-infringing camera which did not embody any of the features of the Patents Company cameras. He was ordered to produce the camera in court. Thereupon came forward a black box containing an amazing mess of gears, clock work belts, bands, lenses, springs and whatnot. It made a noise like a mowing machine gnawing its way through heavy clover.

"That is a hoax, your honor,—that device

will not make a picture," the lawyers for the plaintiff informed Judge Lacombe.

"But it will make pictures—it makes mine," Steiner insisted.

The court decided on a test. He appointed two professors from the faculty of Columbia University to supervise the tests, which were to be made by Steiner's cameraman.

Up at the Yankee studio some secret preparations for the test were made. A set was erected and actors in make-up performed for a scene, which was duly photographed with the infringing imported Warwick camera with which Yankee did all its work. The floor was chalk marked so the set could be restored, precisely as it had been. Then the film was developed and fixed in the regular manner. The last process in film making is the final rinse in deep washing tanks, in the dark rooms. This film was left in the wash tank, submerged and pinned to the side where it could be readily located in the dark.

When that afternoon the experts from Columbia appeared the hoax "camera" was brought out and solemnly charged with film. The set was erected and the actors came forth and repeated the scene as before. The professors watched the process with the most conscientious care. When the camera was taken into the dark room for the removal and development of the film they stood on either side of the operator, each with a hand on his arm, to be sure no substitution could be made. The film was put through a series of chemical baths. Then holding the wet strip in his hands the cameraman, the professors clinging to his arms, moved over to the wash tank.

"One more dip in here and it'll be done," he said, as he leaned over the black water, the experts clinging to him. Down under the water he dropped the film of the test and leaving it in the tank came up with the excellent Warwick made specimen that had been pinned there awaiting him.

THE hoax camera was vindicated, in the eyes of the experts. They reported to Judge Lacombe that the Yankee special camera did indeed make pictures. They had seen it done, and attached a specimen to the report.

Amid the reverberating roars of Patents Company lawyers Judge Lacombe threw the case out of court and William Steiner with his partner, Herbert Miles, of Yankee films went marching on.

There is an occasion for pause here to reflect on the significance of these foreign made cameras, the Pathes and Warwicks, with which the independents were equipping their guarded studios. Readers who have followed this history through its seventeen chapters will recall that day, seventeen years before the day of the Patents Company, when Thomas A. Edison refused to spend a hundred and fifty dollars to get foreign patents on the kinetoscope, his peep show picture machine. "It isn't worth it," he said then. Now in 1909 the kinetoscope was back from overseas, full grown and a thorn in the motion picture side of its inventor. Through the Edison and Biograph American patents the Patents Company could absolutely control American made cameras, but the failure to patent the kinetoscope abroad opened the way for foreign makers of both cameras and film.

While these court clashes were in progress the Edison Company made a move that had an unexpected effect of far-reaching consequences in subsequent film affairs. It will be recalled from an earlier chapter that Frank N. Dyer, who had been Edison's personal attorney for some years, succeeded William E. Gilmore as general manager of Edison enterprises. Dyer was now in executive charge of Edison's picture affairs and also was president of the Patents Company. Over at Montclair, New Jersey, where Dyer golfed, he struck up a friendship on the links with a neighbor, Horace Plimpton, a carpet dealer. Plimpton desired a change and discussed motion pictures, the new and coming business. Presently Edwin S. Porter, the director in charge of Edison pictures, was



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For there is one small stubborn spot which, thoughtlessly neglected, can utterly destroy daintiness. Because of perspiration moisture and odor, the underarm requires more than soap and water; it must have *special* care. Millions of dainty women are giving it this care through the two perfect ways now offered by the underarm toilette.

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The excessive moisture of perspiration causes many people great distress. For those so troubled, Odorono was formulated by a physician as a safe, scientific corrective. A harmless, antiseptic toilet water, its regular use *twice a week* will keep the underarms always dry and odorless and protect clothing from all stain and odor. Millions of men and women now depend on Odorono as their one complete safeguard. At all toilet counters, 35c, 60c and \$1.



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notified that Plimpton would be in charge. Porter objected and was over-ruled and resigned, departing in some considerable annoyance. But Porter had foreseen at least dimly the coming of the day when he would be out for himself and he carried with him an experience and technique worth more than the job he left behind. This was in October, 1909, twelve years since the day when he went touring the West Indies with the first motion pictures as "Thomas Edison, Jr."

Over at the Actophone studios where Dintenfuss was making his stand Porter directed a picture. Then he joined with William Swanson, his old friend of the carnival days, and formed the Rex Motion Picture Company. Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley were engaged for the first cast, and a new line of independent, unlicensed production was begun.

All of the licensed studios were prospering under the control of the business established by the Patents Company, and the demand for film was increasing weekly. With the growing assurance of their position the licensed studios went forward with large betterments and a great display of prosperity. The independents were only nibbling at the edges of the motion picture bonanza.

J. Searle Dawley, who had come from the Spooner Stock Company to be Edwin S. Porter's assistant at the Edison studio, remained under Plimpton's administration and the stock company of Edison actors expanded.

Among the best known players introduced to the screen in this period was Edwin August Phillip von der Butz, who came with some stage repute and an experience that began with the rôle of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* at the age of eight. To the world of the motion picture he is known as Edwin August. He played for a few weeks with the Edison stock company and then went to Biograph, where he appeared in many a famous production, along with Mary Pickford, Kirkwood, Walthall and the rest.

THE conservative minded chiefs of the Patents Company group were distinctly opposed to publicity for players. They had observed the costly salaries that theatrical managers had to pay for stars who caught the public's favor, and they did not want a parallel experience for the motion picture.

But across the Atlantic the public wanted stars and personalities. The foreign selling agents of American film met the demand by inventing names for the favorite players, playing a bit upon patriotic preferences in their fabrications. The foreign screen names for Edwin August afford an excellent example. In England he was billed in the pictures as Montague Lawrence, in Australia as Wilkes Williams, in Ireland as John Wilkes, in Germany as Karl von Bussing, and in the Orient as David Courtlandt.

The foreign literature of the films came back to the United States and reached the studios. Actors and directors on occasion ventured to suggest screen credits. They were frowned upon and dismissed abruptly.

But the value of the familiar faces and the selling force of familiar names was dimly recognized and slowly the motion picture yielded to pressure. August 28, 1909, the Edison Company broke all precedent and mentioned the name of Cecile Spooner, famous stage star, in the advertising of their picture version of "The Prince and the Pauper." Miss Spooner played both the rôle of *Tom Canty*, the poor boy, and the part of the *Princess of Wales*. Miss Spooner's name was used in the advertising for the value that it might have in impressing the trade, but there was no thought of using it on the screen in behalf of the public to which she was well known.

Vitagraph was next to creep over the line with a faint suggestion of star policy. November 2, 1909, Vitagraph announced a feature of 539 feet in length entitled, "Annette Kellerman." It was a topical film of Miss Kellerman's diving and swimming performances. The title really had no direct relation to today's

star dominance of screen credits.

May 20, 1909, Theodore Roosevelt sailed away to Africa for his now historic big game hunting expedition. Colonel Selig out in Chicago had his eye on a big pictorial opportunity. He proposed to scoop the world on that African hunt. From a circus the Colonel purchased an old second hand lion, slightly moth eaten, for six hundred dollars. He then instructed Otis Turner, a director at the Selig Polyscope plant in Irving Park boulevard, on the technique of lion hunting. An actor, whose name has been lost to history, was made up as Theodore Roosevelt and from the black belt of Chicago's south side a large array of genuine ebony porters and gunbearers was selected. They were not informed as to the exact character of the picture or the real live lion which was to play opposite. A jungle set was built and the whole enclosed in a cage before the recording eye of the camera.

The actor cast as Roosevelt was more familiar with a pick than a big game rifle so it was deemed best to have his picture weapon loaded with a blank cartridge, while the real shooting would be done by a naval reserve man with a big government rifle. They rehearsed everybody but the lion, which seemed to be in a bad humor.

AT the appointed time the lion was released while Tom Persons turned the camera. The actor fired his blank bravely as the lion approached in the big scene. At the same instant the navy man's rifle cracked, and merely annoyed the lion with a wound in the jaw. The actor took to the top of the cage while the lion dived into the depths of the property jungle. The black gunbearers in their grass skirts disappeared in the tall grass in the general direction of the Chicago Drainage Canal and haven't been heard from for the last fourteen years.

A half hour of beating of pans and coaxing led the lion into another charge and he was at last handsomely slain in the presence of the camera, after which there was a close up of the actor who tried to look like Roosevelt standing majestically posed over his kill.

When the newspaper cables brought word that Roosevelt had shot a lion the picture went out entitled, "Hunting Big Game in Africa." There was no mention of Roosevelt's name and the audience was permitted to make its own deductions. If the public wanted to believe that this was indeed Colonel Roosevelt shooting lions in Africa it was all right with Colonel Selig.

The picture was such a marked success that Selig determined to follow it with others. This was the beginning of a long series of jungle and animal pictures.

At Biograph, Griffith was steadily leading the motion picture forward to a new and more effective technique, evolving methods for telling a dramatic story, and training the stock company that was growing up with the art.

Historically considered one of the most important pictures of the year was "The Little Teacher," in which the title rôle fell to Mary Pickford. This picture was Mary's first real hit. It established her possibilities rather clearly in the mind of Griffith. He began, probably unconsciously, to build a screen repute for her by designating her in the subtitles of Biograph's subjects as "Mary." It was no clear intent, because Biograph steadfastly refused to give any screen credits at anytime anywhere.

Mary Pickford was, however, just a promising member of the stock company then. She held no position of special attention. Marion Leonard, who had come from the stage with a deal of melodrama experience behind her, was perhaps the most highly regarded Biograph player of the day. Miss Leonard, it is interesting to note, had played in a number of productions with Hal Reid, father of the late Wallace Reid. It is worth remembering, too, that she appeared in the original rôle of *Eunice* in "Quo Vadis." In "Billy the Kid," a western play, she was a member of the same

cast with Joseph Santley, Sidney Olcott and Robert Vignola, all names familiar now to the motion picture public.

Miss Leonard's first picture appearance was with Kalem in one of their New Jersey-Wild West subjects made on the Palisades. Griffith had come but newly into his directorship at Biograph in 1908 when Miss Leonard applied there.

"Too blonde—blondes don't photograph well," the studio manager was explaining, when Griffith came along to overhear the conversation. He disagreed. Griffith had an idea that perhaps blondes might do well on the screen. He wanted to try the experiment. Miss Leonard worked some weeks, alternating leads with Florence Lawrence, who was coming into attention. Miss Lawrence had come to Biograph from Vitagraph with her husband Harry Salter, who had been on the stage with Griffith in the pre-picture days. Miss Lawrence was becoming known to the public and the theater trade, despite the anonymous character of Biograph casts, as "The Biograph Girl." There was trade-mark value in the name, as presently developed.

Miss Leonard left Biograph for the road again, then presently returned to New York to seek a new engagement. She was sitting in a vaudeville show at the American theater in Forty-second street when some one tapped her on the shoulder.

"I've come to kidnap you."

The actress turned about and found D. W. Griffith smiling at her. Outside in the street she found James Kirkwood awaiting Griffith with a taxicab. They whirled away to Biograph in Fourteenth street.

This approach gave Miss Leonard a sudden access of courage. She dared to ask for a hundred dollars a week, a salary the like of which had never been even whispered in the film business in 1909. Griffith held two or three front office conferences and they compromised at seventy-five dollars. The motion picture was getting reckless with its money. The secret of the payroll leaked.

"Seventy-five a week—say this business is going crazy!" Mack Sennett commented in an awed whisper.

In the course of this summer Florence LaBadie, an artist's model, following in the footsteps of Mabel Normand, the fashion plate model, came to Biograph to play a bit and began a screen career which made her one of the great stars of the screen a few years later.

THE demand for screen stories was growing with the industry and rumors of easy money "writing for the pictures" went through the gossip channels of the actor tribes, reaching picture patrons as well. The beginning of the scenario writing craze was in sight. And through this the motion picture added some notable figures to its personnel.

Out in San Diego Anita Loos, a sixteen year old high school girl, thought she had an idea for a picture and wrote an outline entitled, "The New York Hat." She addressed it to "Manager Biograph Studio, New York" and dropped it in the mail.

Little Miss Loos of course had something of an inkling of dramatic technique. Her father was R. Beers Loos, a newspaper man and the proprietor of a traveling repertoire show devoted to blood curdling melodrama. He belonged to that California school of the stage known as "The Coast Defenders" because of their travels up and down the Pacific shores west of the mountains. It was in its way a famous dramatic region, too, out of which came such well known names as Laurette Taylor, Marjorie Rambeau, Blanche Bates, Frances Starr, and David Belasco.

Anita Loos was not permitted to play in her father's wild and woolly dramas, but she had had a share of stage experience playing the part of a little boy with Nance O'Neil in "The Jewess" some three years and again appearing in that ancient classic, "East Lynne."

At San Diego the R. Beers Loos company had so improved its status that little Anita was



Athletic—yet with the peach-bloom complexion that is Beauty

BATHING, tennis, golf, motoring, sailing—all the summer sports that a girl *must* indulge to be a social success—what havoc they wreak with her skin! And yet if she cares she can ward off the bad effects of excessive sun, wind and dust; she can be an "outdoor girl" and yet retain the satiny skin texture which is her greatest charm in other seasons.

This simple, easy, inexpensive treatment requires little time

No long hours spent in beauty parlors—no expensive special appliances. Just a few minutes in the privacy of your own home—and *ALCORUB*.

ALCORUB is a remarkably effective treatment for the skin. Its correctness is shown in the fact that *it treats the skin as a whole*—not just the face. It has been developed by one of America's greatest manufacturers.

Used faithfully *ALCORUB* minimizes the bad after-effects of sunburn on shoulders and arms; and corrects excessive perspiration, too-oily skin, blackheads, sallowness and clogged pores. It is a source of physical vigor as well as beauty.

How to use Alcorub

ALCORUB exerts a tonic effect upon the nerves and blood-vessels of the skin. It is applied externally, as follows:

Take a hot bath every other night before going to bed. Dry the body as usual. Then pour a little *ALCORUB* into your hand and rub the entire surface of the body until you feel a gentle glow.

After the *ALCORUB* is all rubbed in, dash a second application of *ALCORUB* quickly over the skin and let this evaporate—it takes only a few seconds. *Do not rub in this second application of ALCORUB.*



Sound sleep—full vigor

After each *ALCORUB* treatment you will sleep with a refreshing soundness that restores your physical vigor. And in a few weeks you will find new beauty in your skin.

Be careful to use *ALCORUB* exactly according to the directions here given. Only by this method will it give the benefit you need.

Begin the treatment tonight. Ask any druggist or department store for *ALCORUB*. If they haven't it they will get it for you if you insist.

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NEW YORK

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For the Beauty and Health of the Skin



\$15.00
an
ounce

\$8.00
a half
ounce

The Most Precious Perfume in the World

RIEGER'S FLOWER DROPS are unlike anything you have ever seen before. The very essence of the flowers themselves, made without alcohol. For years the favorite of women of taste in society and on the stage.

The regular price is \$15.00 an ounce, but for 20c you can obtain a miniature bottle of this perfume, the most precious in the world. When the sample comes you will be delighted to find that you can use it without extravagance. It is so highly concentrated that the delicate odor from a single drop will last a week.

Sample 20¢

Send 20c (stamps or silver) with the coupon below and we will send you a sample vial of Rieger's Flower Drops, the most alluring and most costly perfume ever made.

Your choice of odors, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Romanza, Lilac or Crabapple. Twenty cents for the world's most precious perfume!

Other Offers
Bottle of Flower Drops with long glass stopper, containing 30 drops, a supply for 80 weeks:
Lilac, Crabapple. \$1.50
Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet..... \$2.00
Romanza..... \$2.50
Above odors, 1 oz. \$15
Mon Amour Perfume, sample offer, 1 oz. \$1.50
Souvenir Box
Extra special box of five 2oz bottles of five different perfumes..... \$1.00

If any perfume does not exactly suit your taste, do not hesitate to return and money will be refunded cheerfully.

Rieger's PERFUME & TOILET WATER Flower Drops

Send The Coupon Now!

Paul Rieger & Co., (Since 1872)
150 First Street, San Francisco

Enclosed find 20c for which please send me sample bottle of Rieger's Flower Drops in the odor which I have checked.

- Lily of the Valley Rose Violet
 Romanza Lilac Crabapple

Name.....

Address.....

Souvenir Box—\$1.00 enclosed.

..... \$..... enclosed.

Remember, if not pleased your money will be returned.

permitted to take a part. She attended school days and worked on stage at nights.

She had almost forgotten "The New York Hat" when a check for \$15 came through from Biograph in New York, along with a request for more scenarios.

Between scenes down in her dressing room in the San Diego theater little Miss Loos worked on her picture ideas, making notes for scenarios, on scraps of old lithographs, with the ardent ruby red of the lipstick from her make-up box.

In New York "The New York Hat" had come to the attention of Griffith, who found in it a part that interested him. It seemed to rather fit the possibilities of a young actor he had met a few days before at luncheon, Lionel Barrymore.

Young Barrymore had just returned from a sojourn in Paris, where he had for a season been studying painting. Now he was ready to work.

So Barrymore and Mary Pickford appeared in "The New York Hat," Anita Loos' first scenario.

The fall of '09 found the independents gathering force.

Up at Mount Vernon, New York, P. A. Powers, a dealer and jobber in talking machines, who had made his contact with the motion picture as an Edison invention along with the phonograph, opened the studio of the Powers Picture Plays, with Joseph Golden as his director, Ludwig Erb the cameraman and technical expert, and Irving Cummings the leading man and head of the casts. The Powers company introduced to the screen many a famous name, among them Mildred Holland from the stage fame of "The Power Behind the Throne."

This P. A. Powers was about to become a dominant figure in the wars of the independents which followed. He was and continues today one of the most aggressive, belligerently active men of the industry. All this was predicated from the beginning. Way back in his boyhood up at Buffalo, Pat Powers, with his husky Irish shoulders, labored over the anvil in a forging shop and hammered out an idea for himself. He was receiving three dollars a day. There was no more in sight no matter how hard he worked. Therefore forthwith he organized a labor union to get his wages increased. That was Powers' way. He could always see a way. The same spirit and daring made him glad to take a chance with the independents against the Patents Company machine that claimed the screen for its exclusive own. When Powers came into the field a grand fight was assured. In the Patents Company corner, Fighting Jeremiah J. Kennedy; for the independents, Patrick A. Powers—"both members of this club."

For a time those exchanges, which, led by Carl Laemmle and William Swanson, had refused to enter the Patents Company license agreement, struggled along with old film and such foreign subjects as they could acquire. J. J. Murdock, now known to the amusement world as one of the heads of the United Booking Office, the vaudeville combine, and Hector J. Streyckmans of the "Show World," a Chicago publication, organized the International Projecting & Producing Company, for the importation of foreign films. They saw the opportunity presented by the independent market that would arise against the Patents Company group. J. J. Murdock went abroad and returned with practically all of the world's film output outside of America tied up. This concern did a thriving business at the outset, selling about 300,000 feet of pictures a week to the exchanges which could not get the licensed subjects of the Patents group.

But foreign film did not well satisfy American audiences. It was the discontent of the public reflected back through the exchange men that gave courage to the early independent producers, Actophone, Rex, Powers, Yankee, and others. The outstanding quality of Biograph's output under Griffith was an important and well recognized factor in this discontent with foreign pictures and the demand for the best of the American pictures. This subjected Biograph to constant raids by the independents as they entered the producing business. Griffith was often approached, but he was not ready to leave Biograph yet.

Carl Laemmle with his big system of independent exchanges was among those to feel the pressure of the demand and by mid-summer of '09 he was thinking of producing. In the fall Tom Cochrane, one of the Cochrane brothers of the advertising agency, which had served Laemmle with syndicate advertising when he was selling clothing back in Oshkosh, came to New York to establish the Laemmle producing concern, to be known as The Independent Motion Picture Company, soon abbreviated to the famous "Imp." Studio space was rented at Dintenfass' Actophone studio and production started with William V. Ranous, employed away from Vitagraph, as director. The first subject was "Hiawatha," a one reel version, with Ranous playing opposite Gladys Hulette.

Success encouraged Laemmle's efforts and soon he had his eye on the better players of the Patents Company studios. A big raid on Biograph was forming in his mind.

And the Patents Company had its eye on Laemmle. Here was an upstart to be wiped out under the steam roller of the law.

The big fight was coming—and with it the birth of the star system—the subject of the next chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97]

BEBE, (NOT DANIELS), NEW YORK, N. Y.—Glad that Navarro's portrayals, in "The Prisoner of Zenda" and with the other picture, "Trifling Women," were so agreeable to you. He is a native of Mexico. Navarro is the name he has adopted for professional purposes. It is simpler, more easily pronounced and remembered, than his own name which is Samaniegos.

D. R. B., NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.—I am sure Harold Lloyd will be gratified to know how much you admire him. Doubtless his bride, too, will approve your taste.

CAROLYN, PORTLAND, OREGON.—You address me as The Masked Marvel and say you are "Deeply offended" with me. Carolyn, know you not that it is woman's province to forgive? Her mission in a world largely peopled with faulty men? At all events if you had served an apprenticeship in a publication

office you would know that it requires, as a rule, three months or more to "get" a writer's thoughts upon a printed page. Often he does not "get" them there but into the waste basket. It is not uncommon experience for a writer to see in the July issue of a periodical something he wrote in July the previous year. Besides, letters are like husbands, some of them have the wandering habit. With hand on my heart I swear that to the best of my knowledge and belief this is the first time I have had the pleasure of a letter from you. I am glad to make amends for the defects of the mail service by giving you Virginia Valli's and Pauline Garon's addresses. Miss Valli's is Universal City, California. Miss Garon's is Paramount, 152 Vine St., Hollywood, California. Lillian Gish is in Italy at the time I am writing this. She has been working on pictures there for most of the winter months. Her permanent address is care of Inspiration, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.

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now in tubes 35¢

For Style in Hair Dress
—Stars of the Screen Use Stacomb

"THE SHEIK," SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—Hands across the seas, my far away correspondent. If your friends "think you have Rodolph features" you are fortunate. They are pleasing features. Ask any movie maid. It is an interesting angle upon the taste in amusements that Australians rank Rodolph Valentino pictures as their favorites and that this expresses the tastes of both men and women in Australian audiences. Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge and Charlie Chaplin are also very popular. Evidently the taste of Australians and Americans in amusement are akin. I am glad you think that was a striking picture of Mr. Valentino on the cover of the magazine. Your possession of fifty photographs of Mr. Valentino proves that he is not merely a woman's favorite. You saw "The Sheik" seventeen times! You are a good patron of the cinema. I think your table of favorites a discriminating one. I publish it so that other readers may compare your rating with theirs.

- Juvenile parts..... Mary Pickford
- Heroes..... Rodolph Valentino
- Villains..... Bertram Grassly
- Dramatic..... Norma Talmadge
- Comedy (men)..... Charles Chaplin
- Comedy (women)..... Constance Talmadge
- Character..... Theodore Roberts
- Vampires..... Theda Bara

Yes, "Sheik," I agree with you that Justina Johnson is "wonderfully alluring." Whisper a secret. Walter Wanger thinks so too. He is her husband. She is in London. Her husband is directing a cinema house in that city. Justine, beset by the common fear of smart women today of being too plump, has recently taken drastic measures to lose flesh. She has succeeded, I am told, to the extent of twenty pounds. Other pictures in which Rodolph Valentino has appeared beside "Beyond the Rocks," "Blood and Sand" and "The Young Rajah" are "The Big Little Person," "The Delicious Little Devil," "Society Sensation," "All Night," "Out of Luck," "Eyes of Youth," "Ambition," "Passion's Playground," "Uncharted Seas," "The Wonderful Chance" and "The Conquering Power."

RUTH MOORE, SIOUX CITY, IOWA.—I am glad you enjoy reading THE PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. "We strive to please." You say Bebe Daniels and Alice Terry "are two of our most accomplished actresses, with talent and beauty." I underscore your opinion, Ruth.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]

Why Did the Vidors Separate?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

devotion to Florence always kept him from sowing.

I only know this. The tangible something that holds marriages together through poverty and pain and sorrow is that intangible something called love. Oh, not the sugar-coated emotion of a jasmine garden. Nor the skyrocket flame of a midsummer madness.

And the tangible something without which you can't hold marriage together in the midst of success and fame and riches is that inexplicable something called love.

If it exists between King and Florence Vidor, no amount of temporary misunderstanding, no working out of any problem of disposition or change or even evil, can separate them.

And if it doesn't, no amount of compatibility, or friendship, or mutual achievement can keep them together. Not, at least, in a case where the wife is financially independent.

Oh, the Vidor separation is a strange problem, and a very modern problem. But I believe, when you analyze it all, it comes back that very oldest of all solutions—love.

If you think it over, and await the results, you'll find I'm right.

TO keep unruly hair always in place, just as it's combed and to have that soft, pliable, lustrous effect—stars of stage and screen have used STACOMB for years.

STACOMB controls all kinds of unruly hair—soft, fluffy hair—dry, brittle hair—stiff, wiry hair—short, stubborn hair—all can be made to stay exactly as combed with a soft, lustrous sheen.

You will be amazed at the ease with which you can comb your hair after using STACOMB. For after

washing the hair STACOMB is indispensable.

Women find it useful in keeping curl in and to keep vexing short locks and flying strands in place.

Young boys' hair kept always neat with STACOMB—easily trained, any style, too. (Not a liquid.)

Comes in jars and tubes. For sale at all druggists or wherever toilet goods are sold.

STACOMB comes in tubes now, as well as jars. This handy tube sells for 35c and is an exceedingly convenient package.

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Cleans a Toilet as Nothing Else Will

Thoroughly, swiftly, easily—Sani-Flush cleans toilet bowls. All stains, discolorations, incrustations disappear. The bowl shines.

No scrubbing. No scouring. Just sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl. Follow directions on the can. Flush!

The hidden trap is unhealthful if unclean. Sani-Flush reaches it—cleans it—purifies it. Nothing else will do this! Sani-Flush destroys all foul odors. It will not harm plumbing connections.

Always keep Sani-Flush handy in the bathroom.

Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot get it at your regular store, send 25c in coin or stamps for a full-sized can, postpaid. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

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33 Farringdon Road, London, E. C. 1, England
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Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

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"Lady Lorraine"
Large solitaire, perfect cut blue white diamond. 14 kt. solid gold ring. Special \$47.75

Why wait longer when a few cents a day places this fiery brilliant, genuine blue white, perfect cut diamond on your finger. No risk, no delay. Satisfaction guaranteed. Regular \$60.00 value, our price, \$47.75.

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Klein smashes prices on great million-dollar stock of diamonds, watches and jewelry—saves you one-third and trusts you for what you want.

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It tells the whole story—beautifully illustrates sensational bargains and explains credit plan that places them within easy reach. Why wait longer? Write for the catalog today—sure!

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STOP FORGETTING

Systemize Your Mind

Good memory is absolutely essential to success. I will send you Free my Copyrighted Memory and Concentration Test, illustrated book, How to Remember names, faces, studies—develop Will, Self-Confidence. Write today.

Prof Henry Dickson, Dept. 741, Evanston, Ill.



England as well as America acknowledges Norma as queen. When she visited London the reception at Victoria station was equal to any accorded royalty

The Lady of the Vase

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

matter whether the subject is psychic phenomena or poached eggs. But she can be gorgeously, aristocratically rude when you try to make her the subject of conversation. It isn't because she's unwilling for you to know about her, it's just that it bores her horribly.

It's one of the most bewhiskered of adages that a man is known by his friends.

Norma's are particularly interesting as a criterion of her character.

The much loved wife of a producer—a woman with three children and a deep and beautiful outlook on life—a woman of tremendous efficiency. A brilliant woman critic, whose house on a hilltop is a gathering place of intellectuals. A famous scenario writer, almost as well known for her wit and frankness as for her ability. The widow of a famous screen star, who stands in Hollywood for everything that is fine and worth while in womanhood. A girl who has had a rotten bad break from life, but who manages to smile anyway.

There is one characteristic that is common to every woman with whom I have ever seen Norma friendly—a characteristic, too, that isn't common to the feminine sex—a sense of humor.

Her home is extremely beautiful and it expresses more of her personality than the homes of most stars. One thing, too, I remarked about it. Most women screen stars fill their homes. If there happens to be a husband, he does the best he can. It is *her* boudoir, *her* dressing room, *her* sleeping porch, *her* breakfast nook, *her* this and *her* that. In Norma's home, everything seems to be arranged chiefly for her husband and his comfort.

And it is plain that this is her desire.

Norma's marriage to Joe Schenck is one of the happiest in the film industry.

In fact, Norma seems to have been born under a lucky star.

I don't suppose there is a woman in the world today upon whom gifts have been so profusely showered. Her gowns, her jewels, her furs, her art treasures, her cars—literally, she has everything. She doesn't know what it is to desire anything. She has never had a business worry in her career. Her husband is one of the richest and shrewdest producers in the game, and every smallest detail of worry or

strife about her pictures is taken off her shoulders.

I think that she has come to have a great indifference for all the things that money buys. She is surfeited with material luxury. I can imagine her mislaying a fifty thousand dollar string of pearls.

Her indifference—almost insolence—concerning the loveliness that surrounds her is only the stuffed appetite of a child who has had too many sweets. *And she has not allowed it to dominate her*—she has shrugged it aside, instead of allowing it to bury her and stifle her development. It seems to have created a great desire for intellectual things, for human things, things that money cannot buy.

And she loves to remember the days when she ran all the way home from the Vitagraph studio, weeping with joy, and dragging behind her a sixteen-pound Christmas turkey that had been presented to her at the studio. She likes to tell you about the days when she started in pictures—at thirteen—and earned \$35 a week and could help her mother bear the burden of supporting the family of three small daughters. And her eyes grow dreamy when she recalls a certain flat in New York that they wanted very much, but it was \$65 a month, and she and Connie only earned \$60 between them, and their mother had told them they must never pay more a month for rent than they earned in a week. Her climb up the ladder—to Griffith—then to stardom with Selznick—then to her own company with her husband backing her—she gets a great thrill out of remembering it all.

She has one point in common with Mary Pickford.

Her worship of her mother. Her eyes fill with tears of love and gratitude when she speaks of her. "When I think," she said to me the other day, "of all my mother did for us! How she managed to keep things nice and cook good dinners out of nothing on a one-burner gas stove—and never let us know we were poor. She's the most wonderful woman in the world."

She has, too, a strong sense of family devotion—to her sister Connie, and Natalie Talmadge Keaton—and young Joseph Talmadge Keaton.

Altogether, Norma Talmadge is an extremely real, extremely human and unspoiled girl, and I like her and so would you.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103]

MARGUERITE OF GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y.—Allow me to commend your business-like directness. When you are married, dear Marguerite, there will be no circumlocution in your speech. You will greet your husband with "Where you been?" Probably accompanying your question with the rapid descent of a well aimed rolling pin. That's the way to manage a man. You believe in the discipline of a man, don't you? So do I. These are the addresses you request: Viola Dana, Metro, Norma Talmadge, United Studios, Los Angeles; Bebe Daniels, Famous Players-Lasky Studio, Hollywood; Gladys Walton, Universal, Universal City; Richard Barthelmess, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York.

CORINNE, SAN FRANCISCO.—Calm your fears, anxious one. Thomas Meighan does not contemplate an early retirement from the screen. The tall, heroic actor of your admiration has attained the age of forty-four years. But what matters it since he looks and feels as though thirty-six? You know the French adage. If he feels as though he were thirty-six he is thirty-six. Marion Morgan, one time the teacher of physical culture in the Los Angeles High School, is pardonably proud of her discovery, Ramon Novarro. It was she who first engaged him for the view of the public. With a chaplet resting on his brow, and arrayed in the diaphanous tunic of the Greeks, he danced with Mrs. Morgan's High School girls in Keith vaudeville tours. For three years he was the male dancer in that pulchritudinous aggregation. Buango, Mexico, is the city of his birth. The year was 1899. His dimensions? Certainly. Five feet, ten inches. Black hair and black eyes. Unmarried and, again, "to the best of my knowledge and belief" without a mortgage on his heart.

NEW ORLEANS GIRL.—Ramon Novarro is not loath to give his photographs by the usual method. Write him care Metro Studios.

DOTTY, PADUCAH, KY.—There seems no doubt that Margaret Irving was born in the town of your abode. She has told me that she withholds her family name because the relatives protested against her appearing in public, either on the screen or stage. She received her education in Philadelphia and New York. Her first appearance was in a musical comedy with Fred Stone. She was in "The Follies" and for two seasons with the Music Box Revue. While playing in The Music Box Revue she married, last winter, her dancing partner, William Seabury.

C. W. D., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Use only your initials? Certainly. We understand each other, old man. Pauline Garon is twenty-three years old. She has been in motion picture work for three years. Her address is Arthur Jacobs Productions, United Studios, Los Angeles. Mary Miles Minter's age is twenty-one. She has been on the screen for five years. Her address is 701 New Hampshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, Cal.

N. E., PIERCE, FLORIDA.—Ah! Another favored darling of fortune. At least so saith the ancient superstition. Your initials spell a word, therefore the gods and goddesses, according to the legend, will bend a kindly gaze upon you. Since the initials are of such a camouflaging nature you and I will keep the secret of whether their owner is really "He" or "She." Nobody's affair save ours, is it? The Answer Man answers questions, but, too, he keeps secrets. Yea, verily, I believe that a photograph of Theodore Kosloff will be forthcoming from the Famous Players-Lasky Studios, Hollywood. Particularly if you write him all you told me of your admiration for him. No man so manly but his resolution weakens before superlatives.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]



Posed by Virginia Lee in "If Women Only Knew," an R-C Pictures Corporation motion picture. Miss Lee is one of many attractive women of the screen who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for promoting beauty of complexion.

Does the burning sun of summer redden and coarsen your skin?

SWIMMING — motoring — golf or tennis, under a scorching sun. What happens to your complexion? Is it marred by redness and roughness? Do sunburn, tan or freckles rob your complexion of charm? There is no need of it.

You can *protect* your skin from the burning rays of the summer sun. You can *guard* it against sunburn, tan and freckles if you adopt the regular use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find, is *more* than a face cream. Not only does it *protect* the skin—it *keeps the complexion fresh and clear*, for Ingram's Milkweed Cream has an exclusive therapeutic property that actually "tones-up," *revitalizes* the sluggish tissues of the skin.

If you have not yet tried Ingram's Milkweed Cream, begin its use at once. It will soon soothe away old traces of redness and roughness, banish slight imperfections. Its continued use will

preserve your fair complexion through a long summer of out-door activities.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the 50c package or the standard \$1.00 size. (The dollar jar contains three times the quantity.) Use it faithfully, according to directions in the Health Hint booklet enclosed in the carton—keep the charm of a fresh, fair complexion through the hot vacation days.

Ingram's Rouge—"Just to show the proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. Offered in thin artistic metal vanity-box, with large mirror and pad—does not bulge the purse. Five perfect shades, subtly perfumed—Light, Rose, Medium, Dark or the newest popular tint, American Blush—50c.

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There is Beauty in Every Jar



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Send ten cents for Ingram's Beauty Purse—An attractive souvenir packet of the exquisite Ingram Toilet-Aids. Mail the coupon below with stamps or coin and receive this dainty Beauty Purse for your hand bag.

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GENTLEMEN: Enclosed please find ten cents. Kindly send me Ingram's Beauty Purse containing an eiderdown powder pad, samples of Ingram's Face Powder, Ingram's Rouge, Ingram's Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....



What Are the Chances of a Beginner

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]



Wrinkles Shatter Dreams

Wrinkles have a habit of stamping themselves upon feminine faces.

There are "laughing wrinkles" that crinkle the skin around the eyes and corners of the mouth—"student wrinkles"—coming from the scowl that means deep thought and "sunshine wrinkles"—those perpendicular ones between the brows—

All stamp age across your face—for all to see.



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MARSHALL NEILAN—Director

"Despite the fact that production has reached its highest point in years, I would not encourage outsiders to attempt entering the field at this time.

"There is a shortage of players now but this shortage applies only to people established as actors or actresses. There still remains a vast army of beginners available to producers in and around Los Angeles, and while this supply of unestablished talent is being drawn upon to a greater extent than has been evident in years, there still remains a greater supply of acting material in Hollywood than the demand calls for."

HOBART HENLEY—Director

"Opportunities in the films today for beginners, particularly girls, are better than ever before in the history of the screen—but for fewer and different girls. The directors of today are being forced to look for intrinsic art. A girl with nothing but beauty to recommend her wins hardly a passing glance. The girl with brains and dramatic imagination succeeds. Beauty, of course, is her powerful ally.

"The director still has the opportunity to find undiscovered genius. Take Mary Philbin—an unknown youngster not long ago. Today one of our discoveries. She did not know the extent of her own ability. Modern directors did."

L. M. GOODSTADT—Paramount Casting Director

"I believe that there never was a more opportune time for the right type of girl to get into motion pictures and rise to stardom.

"The motion picture industry has made rapid strides in the past year, but the supply of talent has not kept pace with this development. The shortage of really gifted players accounts for the high salaries of today.

"But because there is a shortage, that does not mean that any girl who happens along will get a job. On the other hand it means that only one in a thousand has the stuff from which stars are made. That's why there is a shortage.

"Five years ago, the public were less discriminating. Today motion picture players must have both good looks and charm, to be successful. Without both qualifications, they haven't a ghost of a show. I turn away hundreds of girls who come to see me every week. They are beautiful, but they don't possess screen personality, the all important thing in motion pictures."

HARRY KERR—Metro Casting Director

"The quantity of production in motion pictures today is unprecedented.

"And I believe that the opportunity for everyone, especially the extra girl or beginner, is greater than it has ever been for this reason.

"We must have new people. There aren't enough old ones to go around. The extra girl today, who is constantly before all the directors, if she has personality and perseverance and will work and study, is sure to get her chance. But she will need more to make good than ever before."

CLARENCE JAY ELMER—Casting Director of Cosmopolitan Productions

"I have a soft spot in my heart for beginners. Perhaps it's because I've been there myself. I started acting when I was a child, and had to play *Little Lord Fauntleroy* and *Little Eva*. I've been an actor out of a job, too—when I came

back from France, after the armistice. And so I understand! Anyway, a beginner has a pretty fair chance, with us. We're always willing to give a newcomer, who has looks and personality, work as an extra. And, if that extra shows any promise, we're always glad to move her up to a small part. Every month I select the fifty most promising applicants for work—and from that fifty Mr. Hearst usually selects twelve. I'd call that a good average! Miss Davies is always watching the extras, too—she was one herself, you know. Of course it's usually safer to use some one who has had stage experience; but who wants to play safe, all the time?"

ROBERT B. McINTYRE—Goldwyn Casting Director

"It is just as hard as ever for a girl to get into pictures. In fact, it's a little harder. I make that my opening statement, because I know from long experience that any optimistic statement from a casting office may be made the excuse for the invasion of Los Angeles by a horde of inexperienced girls, who will insist that I owe them a job. And I shall have their difficulties on my conscience.

"However, I must admit that it is easier today than ever for the girl or boy who has already gotten a little start in pictures to win high place and recognition. I believe the opportunities for success in pictures for those with the proper qualifications are bigger than ever. But they certainly demand more for their fulfillment than of yore.

"We are always on the lookout for promising young people to add to the Goldwyn stock company. That is—to put them where we can develop them through hard work.

"If you have talent, nothing can keep you from success on the screen today, for producers need you. But talent, screen talent, includes screen personality, beauty, ability, strength for very hard work, patience and, most of all, latent dramatic ability to be developed."

WILLIAM COHILL—Eastern Paramount Casting Director

"The novice has but a thousand to one chance to make a success in motion pictures. If the beginner—one who comes into the picture game from outside the theatrical profession with no technical training whatever—makes good, it is only after traveling a long, hard road of work as an extra. Of the thousands of extra people working today in pictures only a few ever attain stardom and I assume that no man or woman would consider his success complete unless he reached stellar parts before the camera.

"When a promising person comes to our attention—usually some one from the theater—a test must be made to show how the person will photograph. These tests take time and cost money and they are given only in rare cases, so it would be impossible for the novice, no matter how beautiful she looked to her friends, to hope to have a test made until she proved her ability with extra work at least.

"My advice to young girls, and men, too, who want to get into motion pictures would be: Don't try."

JAMES RYAN—Eastern Fox Casting Director

"There isn't a great deal of chance for a beginner in this business. Not that many beginners—if given the opportunity—wouldn't make good. For, every day, I see new faces—with possibility stamped all over them! But the overhead of a picture, the cost of production, is so great that few directors care to risk the loss that using a beginner—with no experience at all—might mean. You could carry a beginner along for a month, working hard with her, and then in the midst of a big emotional scene she might fall down. Go all to pieces. *I've seen it happen!* And that, of course, would

mean making over the whole picture. In mob scenes—or atmosphere? Well, that's different. Although, even then, we prefer someone with dramatic or stage experience. And, for the reasons I've mentioned, an unknown extra seldom rises above the mob. Unless she happens to be a certain hard-to-find type. But, ordinarily, a beginner has—I should say—about one chance in five thousand!"

JOHN M. STAHL—Director

"This is the age of characterization in pictures and consequently the age of experience. The beauty star and the matinee idol are on the wane and now the rising individual favorites on the screen are those players who possess unusual talent and who have the ability to mold themselves into perfect harmony with the rôle they portray. Whether or not they are good looking is a secondary matter.

"The girl just starting in pictures faces overwhelming odds, with proven ability and experience holding the balance against her.

"How many girls who enter pictures, or who think of entering pictures, wish to study and learn to be real actresses and work toward the top? I venture to say that ninety-nine out of a hundred expect to get star rôles any day. That Mary Pickford, Lon Chaney, Norma Talmadge, Lewis Stone and others of like caliber worked years acquiring their priceless experience never seems to occur to beginners.

"This is a great time to learn the acting profession, because the demands of the public are more exacting and the training will be more thorough. But the girl who contemplates going into pictures to take a hop, skip and jump to money and popularity will do better to try some other line of endeavor. Those days are over in motion pictures."

CHARLES MAIGNE—Director

"Motion picture production has touched its highest flood, but the chances of the beginner today are slimmer than ever before. That is, if, by chance, the beginner means the rapid rise to fame and fortune that have been the lucky portion of some beginners in the past.

"The art of acting on the screen is developing rapidly. The taste of the public is being educated beyond mere physical beauty and youth. Such successes as that scored by Ernest Torrence in 'The Covered Wagon,' by Myrtle Stedman in 'The Famous Mrs. Fair,' prove that people want acting.

"And acting is a great art learned by concentration, hard work and sacrifice.

"But for the beginner who wants to start at the foot of the ladder, who is willing to take extra work and stick to it, and study, and figure on several years of labor before even the first fruits begin to fall into his or her lap—for that beginner, the game was never so wide open before in its history. We need new faces and fresh talent, but we need them to develop, to train and to make ready for future use, not to fling into an undeserved and unsatisfactory blaze of prominence and success."

WE learned something the other day, and from a motion picture actress, too. Miss Vera Gordon, whom everybody remembers as the mother in "Humoresque," is now playing her original rôle in the screen version of "Potash and Perlmutter." We spent the day over at the studio in Fort Lee, and during the afternoon lemonade was passed around. Several people were served, but we had, for some reason or another, been overlooked. Miss Gordon sat contemplating her glass.

"Don't you want some lemonade?" she asked.

"Yes," we responded timidly, "if nobody else wants it."

"You'll have to get over that," said Miss Gordon. "If anybody else wants it—what do you mean? I was like that once, but I got over it, and now I get good parts!"

We have taken Miss Gordon's advice, and are at present awaiting results.—*Morning Telegraph.*



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removes all dirt, dust and dandruff, cleanses the scalp and brings out the natural beauty of the hair. After its use you will find that the hair dries quickly and evenly, is never streaked in appearance, and is always bright, soft and fluffy—so fluffy, in fact, that it looks more abundant than it is, for each strand is left so clean and silk-like. To arrange and dress such hair is a pleasure.

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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"SLANDER THE WOMAN"—FIRST NATIONAL—An Allen Holubar Production. Adapted from "The White Frontier" by Jeffrey Deprend. The cast: *Vivonne Desmarest*, Dorothy Phillips; *M. Duroacher*, Lewis Dayton; *Dr. Emile Molleur*, Robert Anderson; *Nanette*, Mayme Kelso; *Scarborough*, George Siegmann; *Indian Girl*, Ynez Seabury; *Father Mabelle*, Herbert Fortier; *Teteau, the Guide*, Geno Corrado; *The Stranger*, William Orlamond; *M. Redoux*, Robert Schable; *Mmc. Redoux*, Rosemary Theby; *Marie Desplains*, Irene Haisman; *M. Lemond*, Cyril Chadwick.

"MAIN STREET"—WARNER BROTHERS—From the novel by Sinclair Lewis. Adapted by Julien Josephson. Director, Harry Beaumont. Photography by Homer Scott and E. B. DuPar. The cast: *Carol Milford*, Florence Vidor; *Dr. Will Kennicott*, Monte Blue; *Dave Dyer*, Harry Myers; *Erik Valborg*, Robert Gordon; *Adolph Valborg*, Noah Beery; *Miles Bjornstam*, Alan Hale; *Bea Sorenson*, Louise Fazenda; *Mrs. Valborg*, Ann Shaefer; *Widow Bogart*, Josephine Crowell; *Extra Stowbody*, Otis Harlan; *Cy Bogart*, Gordon Griffith; *Chet Dashaway*, Lon Poff; *Luke Dawson*, J. P. Lockney; *Sam Clark*, Gilbert Clayton; *Nat Hicks*, Jack MacDonald; *Guy Pollock*, Michael Dark; *Mrs. Dashaway*, Estelle Short; *Harry Haydock*, Glen Cavender; *Mrs. Dave Dyer*, Kathryn Perry; *Mrs. Stowbody*, Aileen Manning; *Mrs. Haydock*, Mrs. Hayward Mack; *Mr. Volstead*, Louis King; *Mrs. Sam Clark*, Josephine Kirkwood; *Mrs. Donovan*, Louise Carver; *Del Snafkin*, Hal Wilson.

"PENROD AND SAM"—FIRST NATIONAL—Story by Booth Tarkington. Scenario by Hope Loring and Lewis Leighton. Director, William Beaudine. Presented by J. K. McDonald. The cast: *Penrod Schofield*, Ben Alexander; *Sam Williams*, Joe Butterworth; *Rodney Bilts*, Buddy Messinger; *Georgie Bassett*, Newton Hall; *Marjorie Jones (Penrod's sweetheart)*, Gertrude Messinger; *Herman*, Joe McCray; *Vernan*, Gene Jackson; *Father Schofield*, Rockliffe Fellows; *Mother Schofield*, Gladys Brockwell; *Margaret Schofield*, Mary Philbin; *Robert Williams (Margaret's sweetheart)*, Gareth Hughes; *Deacon Bilts*, Wm. V. Mong; *Maurice Levy*, Bobbie Gordon; *Duke (Penrod's dog)*, Cameo.

"THE SNOW BRIDE"—PARAMOUNT—Story by Julie Herne and Sonya Levien. Scenario by Sonya Levien. Director, Henry Kolker. Photography by George Webber. The cast: *Annette Leroux*, Alice Brady; *Andre Porel*, Maurice B. Flynn; *Gaston Leroux*, Mario Majeroni; *Indian Charlie*, Nick Thompson; *Paul Gerard*, Jack Baston; *Padre*, Stephen Gratton; *Pierre*, W. M. Cavanaugh; *Leonia*, Margaret Morgan.

"A MAN OF ACTION"—FIRST NATIONAL—A Thomas H. Ince production. An original story by Bradley King. Director, James W. Horne. The cast: *Bruce MacAllister*, Douglas MacLean; *Dr. Summer*, Arthur Millett; *Helen Summer*, Marguerite de la Motte; *Spike McNab*, Wade Boteler; *Andy*, Kingsley Benedict; *Eugene Preston*, Arthur Steward Hull; *The "Deacon"*, William Courtwright; *"Frisk-O"*, Rose, Katherine Lewis; *Harry Hopwood*, Raymond Hatton.

"THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST"—FIRST NATIONAL—Story by David Belasco. Adapted to the screen by Adelaide Heilbron. Director, Edwin Carewe. Photography by Sol Polito and Thomas Storey. The cast: *Ramerez*, J. Warren Kerrigan; *The Girl*, Sylvia Breamer; *Jack Rance*, Russell Simpson; *Nina Michellorena*, Rosemary Theby; *Ashby*,

Wilfred Lucas; *Sonora Slim*, Nelson McDowell; *Trinidad Joe*, Charles McHugh; *Castro*, Hector V. Sarno; *Nick*, Jed Prouty; *Antonio*, Cecil Holland; *Handsome Harry*, Thomas Delmar; *Old Jed Hawkins*, Fred Warren; *Pedro Michellorena*, Sam Appel; *The Squaw*, Minnie Prevost.

"CHILDREN OF DUST"—FIRST NATIONAL—Story by Tristram Tupper. Scenario by Agnes Christine Johnston. Director, Frank Borzage. Photography by Chester Lyons. The cast: *Terwilliger*, Johnnie Walker; *As the Child*, Frankie Lee; *Helen Livermore*, Pauline Garon; *As the Child*, Josephine Adair; *Harvey Raymond*, Lloyd Hughes; *As the Child*, Newton Hall; *Old Archer*, Bert Woodruff; *Terwilliger's Stepfather*, George Nichols.

"RAILROADED"—UNIVERSAL—Story by Margaret Bryant. Scenario by Charles Kenyon. Director, Edmund Mortimer. Photography by Allen Davey. The cast: *Richard Ragland*, Herbert Rawlinson; *Joan Duster*, Esther Ralston; *Hugh Dunster*, Alfred Fisher; *Judge Garbin*, David Torrence; *Foster*, Lionel Belmore; *Corton*, Mike Donlin; *Bishop Selby*, Herbert Fortier.

"BURNING WORDS"—UNIVERSAL—Story by Stuart Paton. Scenario by Harrison Warren Jacobs. Director, Stuart Paton. Photography by William Thornley. The cast: *David Darby*, Roy Stewart; *Mary Malcolm*, Laura La Plante; *Ross Darby*, Harold Goodwin; *Mother Darby*, Edith Yorke; *Father Darby*, Alfred Fisher; *John Malcolm*, William Welsh; *Bad Pierre*, Noble Johnson; *Nan Bishop*, Eve Southern; *"Ship" Martin*, Harry Carter; *Sgt. Chase*, George McDaniel.

"THE SHOCK"—UNIVERSAL—Story by William Dudley Pelley. Scenario by Charles Kenyon. Director, Lambert Hillyer. Photography by D. W. Warren. The cast: *Wise Dilling*, Lon Chaney; *Gertrude Hadley*, Virginia Valli; *Jack Cooper*, Jack Mower; *Mischa Hadley*, William Welsh; *John Cooper, Sr.*, Henry Barrows; *Anne Vincent*, Christine Mayo; *Olaf Wismer*, Harry Devere; *Bill*, John Beck; *The Captain*, Walter Long.

"DON QUICKSHOT OF THE RIO GRANDE"—UNIVERSAL—Story by Stephen Chalmers. Scenario by George Hively. Director, George E. Marshall. Photography by Charles Kaufman. The cast: *"Pepp" Pepper*, Jack Hoxie; *Big Jim Hellier*, Emmett King; *Tulip Hellier*, Elinor Field; *Vivian*, Fred C. Jones; *Bill Barton*, William A. Steele; *Sheriff Littlejohn*, Bob McKenzie.

"BOSTON BLACKIE"—FOX—Story by Jack Boyle. Scenario by Paul Schofield. Director, Scott Dunlap. Photography by George Schneiderman. The cast: *Boston Blackie*, William Russell; *Mary Carter*, Eva Novak; *Warden Benton*, Frank Brownlee; *Danny Carter*, Otto Matieson; *Shorty McNutt*, Spike Robinson; *John Gilmore*, Frederick Esmelton.

"SNOWDRIFT"—FOX—Story by James B. Hendryx. Scenario by Jack Strumwasser. Director, Scott Dunlap. The cast (in prologue): *Jean McLaire*, Bert Sprotte; *Margot McFarlane*, Gertrude Ryan; *Murdo McFarlane*, Colin Chase; *Wanambish*, Evelyn Selbie; *Little Margot*, Annette Jean; (in story): *Carter Brent*, Charles Jones; *Kitty*, Irene Rich; *Johnnie Claw*, G. Raymond Nye; *Snowdrift*, Dorothy Manners; *Joe Pete*, Lolo Encinos; *John Reeves*, Lee Shumway.

“DIVORCE”—F. B. O.—Story by Andrew Bennison. Director, Chester Bennett. Photography by Jack MacKenzie. The cast: *Jane Parker, Jane Novak; Jim Parker, John Bowers; George Reed, James Corrigan; Mrs. George Reed, Edythe Chapman; Gloria Gayne, Margaret Livingston; Townsend Perry, Freeman Wood; Tom Tucker, George McGuira; Winthrop Avery, George Fisher; “Dicky” Parker, Philippe de Lacy.*

“RICE AND OLD SHOES”—F. B. O.—Story by Carter DeHaven. Scenario by Beatrice Van. Director, Malcolm St. Clair. The cast: Starring Mr. and Mrs. Carter DeHaven.

“MARY OF THE MOVIES”—F. B. O.—Conceived and supervised by Louis Lewyn and Jack Cohn. Director, John MacDermott. Photography by George Meehan and Vernon Walker. The cast: *Mary, Marion Mack; “Lait” Mayle, Harry Cornelli; Reel S. Tate, John Geough; Oswald Tate, Raymond Cannon; Jane, Rosemary Cooper; Crichton Hale, by himself; James Seiler, Francis MacDonald; John MacDermott, by himself; Jack, Jack Perrin.*

“THE SPOILERS”—GOLDWYN—Author, Rex Beach. Adaptation, Fred Myton, Elliott Clawson and Hope Loring. Director, Lambert Hillyer. Photography by John S. Stumar and Dwight Warren. The cast: *Roy Glennister, Milton Sills; Cherry Malotte, Anna Q. Nilsson; Helen Chester, Barbara Bedford; Joe Dextery, Robert Edeson; Slapjack Simms, Ford Sterling; Bronco Kid, Wallace MacDonald; Alex. McNamara, Noah Beery; Marshall Voorhees, Mitchell Lewis; Bill Wheaton, John Elliott; Struve, Robert McKim; Captain, Tom McGuire; Landlady, Kate Price; Matthews, Rockliffe Fellows; Burke, Gordon Russell; Tilly Nelson, Louise Fazenda; Judge Stillman, Sam De Grasse; Mexico Mullins, Albert Roscoe; Bill Nolan, Jack Curtis.*

“THE RAGGED EDGE”—DISTINCTIVE PICTURES—From the novel by Harold McGrath. Adapted by Forrest Halsey. Director, Harmon Weight. Photography by Harry Fishback. The cast: *Howard Spurlock, Alfred Lunt; Ruth Endicott, Mimi Palmeri; McClintock, George MacQuarrie; The Piano Player, Christian Frank; O’Higgins, Charles Slattery; Ah Cum, Charles Fang; Prudence Jedson, Grace Griswold; Angelica Jedson, Alice May; Hotel Manager, Percy Con; Mrs. Dalby, Hattie Delaro; Rev. Dalby, Sydney Dean; The Aunt, Marie Day.*

“THE WHITE ROSE”—UNITED ARTISTS—A D. W. Griffith production. Director, D. W. Griffith. Photography by W. J. Bitzer, Hendrik Sartov and H. Sintzinich. The cast: *Bessie Williams, otherwise known as “Teazie,” Mae Marsh; Marie Carrington, Carol Dempster; Joseph Beaugarde, Ivor Novello; John White, Neil Hamilton; “Auntie” Easter, Lucille La Verne; “Apollo,” a Servant, Porter Strong; Cigar Stand Girl, Jane Thomas; An Aunt, Kate Bruce; A Man of the World, Erville Alderson; The Bishop, Herbert Sutch; The Landlord, Joseph Burke; The Landlady, Mary Foy; Guest at Inn, Charles Mack.*

“GARRISON’S FINISH”—UNITED ARTISTS—Based on the novel of the same name by W. B. M. Ferguson. Screen version and supervision by Elmer Harris. Director, Arthur Rosson. Photography by Harold Rosson. The cast: *Billy Garrison, Jack Pickford; Sue Desha, Madge Bellamy; Colonel Desha, Charles A. Stevenson; Major Desha, Tom Guise; Mr. Waterbury, Frank Elliott; Crimmins, Clarence Burton; Sue’s Friends, Audrey Chapman, Dorothy Manners; Lilly Allen, Ethel Grey Terry; Judge of Race Course, Herbert Prior; Col. Desha’s Trainer, Charles Ogle; Billy’s Mother, Lydia Knott.*

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]



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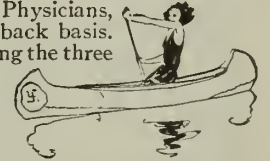
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"Celluloid Boulevard"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

to the place from which she had jumped.

"There ought to be a buoy life preserver around here somewhere," said Don, as he shucked his coat and shoes. "See if you can dig that up while I locate her."

"Let me do this, Don," protested Dick, a little slower than his boss but nevertheless nearly ready for the water also.

Don laughed as he climbed over. "This is a cinch. Don't you bother to get wet."

It was quite right. For him it was easier than any one of a dozen things that he did every day just to keep in physical condition. He had Arline by the hair and was towing her to shallow water before Dick had found the buoy and had thrown it futilely after them.

He noticed how light she was as he carried her ashore, how light and how bony, and suspected the cause.

"Where to, lady?" he asked. "What's the address?"

Arline regarded him with dull resentment. "Put me down right here. I can walk."

"But where are you going?"

"Let's see, which from your experience would you recommend, The Ambassador or The Alexandria?"

Arline had not recognized him and was judging him by his clothes which were cheap and ill fitting, never guessing that he was in costume.

"You mean you have no home?" Don interpreted.

"Not for the moment."

By that time Dick, also coatless and hatless, had arrived trailed by some of the mechanics and Don's chauffeur whom he had collected as he went through the crowd.

To his chauffeur Don turned over his bit of sea salvage.

"Take her to the Ambassador. Tell the clerk that she is one of the company who fell in accidentally while we were shooting this pier stuff and that she's to have a room with bath and, wait a minute, a good square meal and charge the works to me. Tell him I'll be over just as soon as we get through shooting this scene."

Arline protested feebly but no one seemed to be listening to her so she gave in and was carried away by the burly chauffeur who transported her in his arms until he arrived at the place where he had parked his car.

Well, after long months of fending for one's self it was rather nice to be overruled. She reveled in submission.

Not until they had arrived at the hotel and she had been escorted, still dripping, by a back elevator, up to a warm comfortable room, did she find out who her rescuer was.

She asked the chauffeur.

"Him?" he replied startled. "I thought everybody in the world knew. That was Donald Kilbane."

He spoke the name almost with reverence. Donald Kilbane was his chauffeur's god.

So also was he Arline De Vino's from that moment on.

III

SHE had heard rumors of his gentleness and generosity as such things filter down from the top to the darkest, lowest stratum at the bottom, but actual contact with his kindness and thoughtfulness, instead of making him seem more real, only served to intensify her impression of him as a mythical prince.

No real man could be so tactfully generous as Donald Kilbane seemed to her.

For instance there was the way he offered her a position that would pay her enough to live on. He did not do it himself. Instead, his casting director sent for her and said there was a bit in the big production they were making for which they had long been hunting for a girl of just her type and, if she would consider working for the small salary they were

able to offer, why, he wouldn't have to seek any further.

Arline had no illusions about her ability or about her exact fitness for the part. She knew that any one of the hundreds of jobless hunters of Hollywood would do as well as herself. But Donald Kilbane had taken her on as one of his whimsical responsibilities and she accepted with the firm understanding with her conscience that she would some day repay the kindness if it took everything she had.

At that time she did not have much—not even self-respect.

Later she had a good deal, including all her old beauty and sweetness which she won back from the swamp of worry and despondency into which she had fallen. For she stayed with the Donald Kilbane Productions in one minor capacity or another for the balance of the ensuing season.

During all that time she had scarcely any personal contact with the star himself. It was seldom that she even worked on the set at the same time that he did. But she worshipped respectfully from a distance none the less and got a lot of kick out of the smile he gave her when he met her casually on the lot.

Donald Kilbane was married to Irene Kemble, a star in her own name under the Goldmount banner, and, according to rumor and also according to visual fact, they were devoted to each other. They did not work in the same pictures because their combined salaries would have been an overload for the productions but they spent all their time together off the set and when one or the other did not happen to be busy he or she helped with the production of the other. Sometimes Irene would walk on in a ballroom or a wedding scene on her husband's lot and often Donald would be in the mob of angry strikers; or riding with the rescuing cowboys or doing something similarly foolish in the big scenes of Irene's feature releases.

Anyone could tell by seeing them together that Donald Kilbane had no doubts as to where his sun rose and set. It is a question whether Irene returned his devotion absolutely in kind but love affairs have to be that way; one does the adoring and the other is adored.

Irene was a creature to evoke masculine worship. She was all fire and color, tiny but dynamic, full of impulsive femininity that craved constant action as an outlet. It took a man of alert and vivid personality such as Don to keep up with her, to come anywhere near satisfying the many diversified sides of her nature.

Arline admired Irene tremendously, admired and envied her. The star had everything that the extra girl lacked, positive charm instead of just sweetness, assertiveness instead of submission, and last but not least Donald Kilbane instead of no one. The thought of that last possession was one that Arline never allowed herself to dwell upon.

Heavens, no. She didn't even know that she was in love with him herself. Maybe she wasn't. The feeling she had for him rather transcended mere mortal affection. It combined mother love, religious worship, everything. She just wanted to be of use to him in some way, not to ask anything of him. Had he but realized it Arline's unworshiped devotion was one of the brightest jewels in Donald Kilbane's crown.

As for Irene Kemble, she did not know that Arline De Vino existed.

IV

"HELLO, dove," yelled someone behind her. Has Arline cleared the watchman at the gate and walked out from the studio one evening in spring—the next spring.

She turned and waited. "Hello, Richard," she replied primly. It was a pose. She was on the friendliest of terms with Dick Carver

and she was not afraid of him in the least, although he often pretended to be very rough with her, a cave-villain off the lot even.

When he wasn't doing that he made love to her, in extravagant terms and preferably before people. Because it teased her so.

"I'm going to give you one last chance, oh rose of desire, to yield to my passionate pleading."

"Why last?"

"Because I am going hence off from this set. I hence tomorrow, honeybunch, and I shall work no more evil for Kilbane Productions for many a moon to come."

"Fired?" Arline was genuinely surprised. Don and Dick were inseparables, Damon and Pythias.

"Not exactly. I calls it promotion, little one, promotion. I are about to become a leading gen."

"In comedies?"

"Ouch. Not so that you could notice it. Gad, that last crack stings yet. You've got a new lash on your whip today, haven't you? Inciter of Men's Baser Nature that you are. No, darling one, I'm to be head camel driver for Irene Kemble's next knock-out. I'm going to languish for love of her for seven reels instead of thwarting her husband as of yore. Don's going to get a new bad boy and let me act my own sweet self for a change. You're not jealous are you?" he asked anxiously. "Because I'll really be thinking of you all the time I'm whispering passionate nonsense in Mrs. Kilbane's ear."

She assured him gravely that she would not be jealous.

"That's what I was afraid of. Curse that handsome dog for jumping off the pier first. He beat me by one shoe lace or I would have been the one to bear your lovely fainting form from the maw of the briny deep. Ever since then I've worn Congress gaiters when I've gone to the beach but I haven't had any luck. There's nothing in the ocean but fish any more."

ARLINE blushed at the implication that she was in love with Donald Kilbane. That's why he had mentioned it. Blushing added the vividness to Arline's beauty which was what she lacked habitually. She was very lovely so and Dick paused in his speech to admire the effect he had produced. It was his habit to do so.

She was genuinely sorry to see him go, for she liked Dick Carver tremendously. Next to Donald Kilbane he had more charm than any man she knew. She expressed her regrets but congratulated him on the step upward in the ladder.

"But don't fall in love with your leading lady," she warned.

"How can you suggest such a thing, Moon of My Desire? When I have you do you think I could look at a mortal born female?"

"But you haven't got me."

"Just the same as. I know you're only waiting for the crooking of my finger to run to me with draperies flying. Here's my street. Adios, fair one, until I summon thee. The signal will be when I clap my hands three times, thus. Then you enter bowing low and sink submissively on the cushions at my feet."

He probably would have said more but Arline walked on leaving him still talking.

She was smiling, though, as she left him. It was nice to be thought worthy of a man's nonsense.

Besides she never could quite tell but what he meant a little of it. Richard Carver had rather inscrutable brown eyes that often seemed to contradict ever, thing that his lips were saying.

The one person in all the world who should never have engaged Irene Kemble's passingest fancy was Richard Carver. That was probably the principal reason why she conceived for him the one grand infatuation of her life.

Before she had finished working with him in that one picture she was his abject slave. She was restless, unhappy away from him and in

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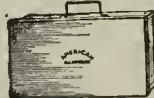
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his society she found only a teasing solace. Something about him intrigued her. Perhaps it was because he was so very different from Don. Dick was a man of concealed moods, he was a mocker and a jester at conventions while Don was more orthodox than a Methodist deacon.

At first Dick did not realize what was happening and then he stood back aghast at what he had done. At that he could not figure out exactly how it had occurred. Certainly he had had no intention of being disloyal, of abusing the privileges which had been granted him.

He could not help being secretly flattered withal. Irene Kemble's homage was rather like that of a queen. Besides he had no intention of taking advantage of it. When the picture was finished he would go away, would even slow down his friendship for Don himself so that there would be no opportunity for a tragedy.

V

BUT celluloid burns faster than asbestos, passion breaks speed records under the forcing of Cooper-Hewitts and Kliegs and rumor races in Hollywood like prairie fire.

There began to be talk. Even Arline De Vino heard it and it made her desperately unhappy.

She didn't know what could be done about it. No one realized better than herself that love does not always go where it is directed.

But her woman heart bled for the boyish idealism of Donald Kilbane if he should ever find out that his world was out of time and it seemed impossible that he should remain in darkness much longer. It was only because everyone, like herself, adored and shielded him that he had not yet been disillusioned. Everyone, like herself, too, was hoping that something would turn things for the better before a crash came.

Because, singularly enough, nearly everyone also cared for Dick Carver and trusted him to keep the ship out of absolutely desperate waters as long as it was humanly possible.

The Irene Kemble unit was on location at Arrowhead taking snow-stuff. They were getting plenty of atmosphere because a big storm had penned them in. Their schedule called for two days in the mountains and they had already been gone five. Telephone lines were down and communication was completely cut off. A messenger on snowshoes came through to a place where he could call Los Angeles and reported that it looked as if it would be impracticable to move the outfit for a week but that they were comfortable and had enough supplies.

Donald Kilbane would not have fussed about it so much if he had not been fearfully lonesome. He was a gregarious creature and depended upon the companionship of his wife and his friends, especially Dick, who rated as Number One in the front rank. Not having anything to do when not actually working, he fretted and imagined things—not the truth, other things not so bad but plenty bad. He was boyish enough to picture physical dangers instead of psychological ones; he thought of Irene as assailed perhaps by wolves and bears and never as the victim of the ravenous monsters Propinquity and Idleness.

But no one else shared Donald Kilbane's guileless concern. There was more conjecture as to the outcome of the "Arrowhead sequence," as it was called, than about the probable cost and footage of Von Stroheim's next picture.

Arline did not happen to be working in the scenes they were shooting at the studio that week and she never hung around when she was not called, but she sensed the approaching climax and heard plenty about it besides.

Her most direct source of information was Larry, Mr. Kilbane's chauffeur. He was one of the ones who had guessed Arline's secret and he knew that she was as loyal to the boss as he was himself. Secure in this knowledge he came to her when he just "had to" talk.

"He's thinking about going up there himself. Only this morning he says, 'Will the big car

or the roadster buck snow drifts the best? What do you think, Larry?' If he should ever start, 'Good-night.' There's no way of getting word to 'em with the telephone down."

"I wonder," mused Arline, "if maybe it wouldn't be better for him to go and get it over with this trip."

Larry laid a hand on her arm. "You're thinking young, lass. I'm older and I've been married myself a long time. I don't even condemn Mrs. Kilbane. About every so often married folks get a crazy fit and feel as if they'd bust something if they didn't stretch. Usually it comes to nothing because the harness holds most of us so tight. But sometimes it happens when we're loose in the pasture and then 'Blooie!' we kick out a section of fence and raise Ned generally."

"The boss doesn't get that way."

"No, he never has. But he's a little more than a human being, he's better than that, if you get what I mean. He's like a kid that won't grow up. Why, he almost believes in Santa Claus yet. That's why he can act those pictures about the chivalrous gents of olden times so well. The poor boob thinks they're real. And I'm afraid that if this thing we're fearing hits him, part of him, maybe the best part, will die. I'd give this right hand to prevent it."

"And I'd give all of me."

IT was because she promised that so reverently that Larry came back to her the next morning—early before she had eaten her breakfast. She made him sit down and share a cup of coffee with her while he told her the latest developments.

"Did you see this?"

He spread out the newspaper which he had been carrying in his pocket and handed it across to her with a forefinger pointing to a paragraph.

It was in the society column—an unusual place for an item about screen people but then, the Kilbanes were unusual exponents of the silent art.

It read:

"One of our rather more than ordinarily prominent film stars is doubtless enjoying greatly her enforced vacation in the mountains. Being snowed in is not so bad after all, especially if one's husband is snowed out and another interesting man happens to be in the marooned party."

"That was a dirty thing to do, wasn't it?" demanded Larry. "Of course the paper doesn't mention any names but everybody knows who it means. If it had been in the regular screen department our publicity man would have caught it. But who would have expected this among the society notes?"

"Has he seen it?" Arline asked practically.

Larry nodded. "That's why I am here to talk to you. I don't know what to do. He's going to start for Arrowhead in an hour. I am to drive him, or try to. The worst of it is we can get through if we want to. He's taking snowshoes and climbing togs. How in the name of heaven are we going to get word to her ahead of him?"

Arline sat clenching her hands. There had to be some way, there just had to be, that's all. She forgot her coffee and it grew cold while she cudgeled her brain. Larry apparently thought well of her ingenuity because he paid her the tribute of respectful silence.

She snapped her fingers. "Larry," she said, "can you have an accident along the line that will delay you several hours? Something that would happen quite far from a repair shop where you would have to walk either forward or back for several miles?"

"I could pretend to strip a driving pinion," suggested Larry.

"Pretends won't do," Arline criticized. "The boss knows too much about cars himself. You have actually got to break something that neither one of you can fix and give me at least two or three hours start."

"You! What are you going to do?"

"I am going to get to Arrowhead first. After

that, I don't know. I'll have plenty of time to think while I'm on the way."

"Why not send a man?" Larry suggested.

"Can you think of anyone we would want to trust with the errand? You can't go yourself. That leaves me. Besides I think maybe I can square things where a man could not."

"But can you get through?"

"I've got to get through."

"Don't forget the snow."

"Larry, I was brought up in the country where winter was invented and I was born with snowshoes on my feet."

VI

DONALD KILBANE'S roadster was stalled in the foothills. He helped his chauffeur look for the trouble.

The gasoline tank was empty.

Kilbane swore at Larry, something unprecedented. "How in hell could you forget to fill it?"

"I did fill it last night." Larry was examining the tank. "There's a hole in it right here underneath. We must have struck a sharp rock somewhere a ways back."

Don examined it himself. "It looks to me more as if we had hit a sharp cold chisel or a steel punch." He got up. "Find some wood and make a plug."

"You can't get any gas here."

"Make the plug." Don seldom spoke so sharply to anyone.

Larry was about right in his remark about the scarcity of gasoline thereabouts. The spot could not have been better chosen if he had been able to calculate deliberately in advance just where the last drop would give out.

But Larry was not a man of much resource or very imaginative. If he had been he would have broken something else or short-circuited the wiring while his employer went up the road to see what he could see. Instead he merely made the plug as ordered and drove it into the hole he had carefully punched just before they started.

Don was back in fifteen minutes driving an old rattletrap of a car that had been painted last just before the war. Beside him sat a man twice his size with a black eye evidently recently acquired.

Neither made any explanations. Larry needed none. He had seen his employer box,—always in fun, though.

"Loosen the bolts that hold the tank straps," he ordered and Larry obeyed.

Don helped him. They had the stranger's gasoline tank off in three minutes and were feeding his supply into their own car in five.

"You can put the tank back on, yourself," said Don to the mad but subdued autoist. "Here's ten dollars for your gasoline and your lost time. I've left you about a quart. You ought to be able to get somewhere on that. I'm sorry you wouldn't sell me your gasoline in the first place."

To Larry: "I'll drive the rest of the way myself. You seem to have developed a sudden bump of caution that would be worthy of a maiden lady of eighty."

Larry had to hang onto his hat for the next hour. Don missed a few of the bumps but only accidentally.

The deposed chauffeur, having no other occupation, tried to think of anything he might do besides pray, but his mind refused to give up a single idea.

When they reached the snow they found the tracks of another car and later they actually met it returning.

"You can't get through," the driver yelled at them, but Don paid no attention.

Larry was glad that he did not. He hoped that was the car Arline had come up in and that she had at least that much start.

They came to the place where the other driver had given up but Don went on. His powerful roadster proved to be a wonderful snow plow. Drifts delayed them, but they managed to buck through a great many with the white rampart in front of the radiator pil-



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ing up higher and higher at each buck.

Finally Don decided to abandon the car and take to snowshoes. "You can come along, or stay with the car if you like," he told Larry. "Perhaps you can turn it around and get back to gasoline somewhere."

"I'll come with you," Larry decided.

He drained the radiator and put on snowshoes. His boss was already several hundred yards ahead.

Larry got very tired trying to keep up. Devotion, however, drove him on to exertion that he would never have put forth on his own account. Ascending a grade on snowshoes is no child's play. Donald Kilbane was in perfect physical condition. But Larry was not. His wind was not what it had been before the government gave him the little button to wear on his coat lapel. It took the heart right out of Larry to keep his employer in sight.

With half a mile to go Larry saw a dark figure ahead of them floundering along with the peculiar ungraceful stride of a person on snowshoes. He knew who it was.

She was not taking exactly the same route as themselves. That was why they had not run across her tracks.

Larry had reached the last ounce of his strength. He had his teeth clenched and his breath, what there was of it, was whistling through them like steam through a leaky valve. His heart, too, was pumping painfully. He just couldn't go any further. He felt that he had failed egregiously. Arline didn't have a long enough start. She could scarcely get there ahead of Don because he, with his superior man strength, was going at a rate of speed that was faster than any woman could maintain.

Perhaps it was merely fatigue and desperation but maybe it was a last minute flash of strategic genius that made Larry halt on the edge of a rocky drop where the road was built up against the side of a hill. He stopped, hesitated a moment and then yelling, "Help!" he stepped over the edge.

Donald Kilbane turned back.

VII

ARLINE DE VINO found them together just as she had expected.

"Mr. Kilbane will be here in fifteen minutes," she said breathlessly.

"Who are you?" demanded Irene Kilbane.

"Does that matter?"

"Never mind the questions," interrupted Dick, who sensed the tenseness of the situation.

"This is Miss De Vino, who is—"

"Mr. Carver's fiancée," Arline supplied rapidly.

"You told me—"

"Men lie," Arline interrupted impatiently.

Dick didn't quite understand, but he was evidently anxious to follow the girl's lead.

"There's one way to save a great deal of unhappiness," Arline planned out loud.

"Yes?" Irene Kilbane was inclined still to be a little supercilious with this young woman whom she did not know.

"Dick," said Arline seriously, "would you mind marrying me right now? It will cancel all questions."

Irene started to protest. "Why, Dick, you wouldn't, you couldn't—"

But Dick had a mind of his own, too, and he saw that Arline's plan would extricate them all from a devilish position.

"Yes," he agreed and he showed that he, too, realized the necessity of haste. "Come on. There may not be a minister available but if necessary we will fake it and have a second ceremony later."

VIII

DONALD KILBANE walked in carrying Larry who had a broken leg, half an hour later. The ceremony had just been completed and he, in wondering amazement, was the first one to congratulate the groom and kiss the bride.

"Two of the finest people in the world," he

told his wife, who, in a dazed acceptance of the situation stood at his side within the circle of his arm. "My sincerest hope for them both is that they will be as happy as we have been but that, dear heart, is impossible."

There were tears in his eyes, foolish boyish tears, as he kissed her hand.

Irene looked across his bowed head at the two who had saved his idealism, worthless perhaps in this cynical age. She smiled at them, a wry smile at first and then her lip trembled and a tear came to her eye, too, disappointment perhaps, relief maybe, rediscovered happiness perchance.

Anyway she bent her head, too, and brushed with her lips the boyishly ruffled hair of her lord.

The extra who had been chosen to be the minister because Donald Kilbane did not know him, put away the Bible which he had been using as a prop and left the room on tip-toes. He felt that he was a false note.

He was.

IX

RICHARD CARVER came to call on his wife one sunny morning. He had been doing that about every so often for a year, oftener during the last two or three months.

"Don wants me to come back and play the heavy in his next picture. What shall I do?" He always asked Arline's advice.

Of late he had been conspicuously absent from the Kilbane casts—both of them.

"Do you want to do it?" Arline asked. She was very sweet in her cross-barred apron.

"I've missed not being with him this year very much. He says he has missed me, too."

"Can you conceal your feelings enough to appear indifferent to Irene?"

Dick regarded her quizzically for a moment. He grinned and took up his old manner of speaking. "Ain't got no feelings, sentiments, yearnings, nothing any more, Oh Passionate Pomegranate Blossom. I'm a married man, I am, and desperately in love with my wife."

Arline looked up at him questioningly. It was the first time he had said anything like that even in jest.

"Oh, yes, I mean it," he answered her optical inquiry. "No man who really knew you could help loving you, wistful woman that you are, and I am certainly no exception when it comes to masculine susceptibility. I'd give all my life if I had been the one who carried you ashore that night and had won your love."

"You have, Dick." Seriously.

He looked up incredulous. "You haven't quit caring for Don?"

"No. I don't think I ever shall. But I've never felt toward him the way a girl should feel toward her husband."

"How is that?"

"Oh, a sort of pity for his foolishness all mixed up with an admiration for his few good qualities and a forgetfulness of both of them when he is around."

"Do you, by any chance feel that way toward me on this bright spring day of the year of our Lord, 1923?"

She nodded.

"Then I'll bring in my suitcase?"

Arline laughed. "Do you mean to say that you've got it outside?"

"Sure. I've brought it over in my car every time I've called—oh, ever since last Christmas."

"The nerve of you—why, Dick, you need a shave."

"Why, oh Ravisher of Men's Hearts," Dick asked later, rather wistfully and like a child who wishes to be reassured, "why do you care for me when you know me as I am?"

"Why?"

"Yes."

Arline laughed, the throaty laugh of a contented woman. "For the same reason that every woman loves her husband."

Mystified. "Why is that?"

"Because he happens to be hers. She doesn't need any other reason"

"Thank heaven!"

Casts of Current Photoplays

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109]

"THE MARK OF THE BEAST"—W. W. HODKINSON—Story, play and photoplay by Thomas Dixon. Director, the author. Photography by Harry Fishback. The cast: *Dr. David Hale*, Robert Ellis; *Ann Page*, Madelyn Clare; *Donald Duncan*, Warner Richmond; *John Hunter*, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; *Jane Hunter*, Helen Ware.

"THE MAN NEXT DOOR"—VITAGRAPH—Story by Emerson Hough. Scenario by C. Graham Baker. Director, Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Bonnie Bell*, Alice Calhoun; *Colonel Wright*, David Torrence; *Curly*, Frank Sheridan; *Jimmy*, James Morrison; *David Wisner*, John Steppling; *Mrs. Wisner*, Adele Farrington; *Katherine Kimberly*, Mary Culver; *Tom Kimberly*, Bruce Boteler.

"THE EXCITERS"—PARAMOUNT—Based on the play of the same name by Martin Brown. Scenario by John Colton and Sonya Levien. Director, Maurice Campbell. Photography by George Webber. The cast: *Ronnie Rand*, Bebe Daniels; *Pierre Martel*, Antonio Moreno; *Rackham, the Lawyer*, Burr McIntosh; *Ermintrude*, Diana Allen; *Roger Patton*, Cyril Ring; *Hilary Rand*, Bigelow Cooper; *Mrs. Rand*, Ida Darling; *Della Vaughn*, Jane Thomas; *Mechanician*, Allan Simpson; *Minister*, George Backus; *"Gentleman Eddie"*, Henry Sedley; *"Chloroform Charlie"*, Irvil Alderson; *"Flash"*, Tom Blake.

"THE HEART RAIDER"—PARAMOUNT—Story by Harry Durant and Julie Herne. Scenario by Jack Cunningham. Director, Wesley H. Ruggles. Photography by Charles E. Schoenbaum. The cast: *Muriel Gray*, a speed girl, Agnes Ayres; *John Dennis*, a bachelor, Mahlon Hamilton; *Gaspard McMahon*, an insurance clerk, Charles Ruggles; *Reginald Gray*, *Muriel's father*, Frazer Coulter; *Mrs. Dennis*, *John's mother*, Marie Burke; *Jeremiah Wiggins*, *captain of yacht*, Charles Riegal.

"FOG BOUND"—PARAMOUNT—Story by Jack Bechdolt. Scenario by Paul Dickey. Director, Irvin Willat. Photography by Henry Cronjager. The cast: *Gale Brenon*, Dorothy Dalton; *Roger Wainwright*, David Powell; *Mildred Van Buren*, Martha Mansfield; *Deputy Brown*, Maurice Costello; *Sheriff Holmes*, Jack Richardson; *Mammy*, Mrs. Ella Miller; *Deputy Kane*, Willard Cooley; *Gordon Phillips*, William David; *Revenue Officer Brenon*, Warren Cook.

"MICHAEL O'HALLORAN"—W. W. HODKINSON—From the novel of the same name by Gene Stratton-Porter. Director, James Leo Meehan. Photography by Floyd Jackson. The cast: *Michael O'Halloran*, True Boardman; *Peaches*, Ethelyn Irving; *Nellie Minturn*, Irene Rich; *James Minturn*, Charles Clary; *Nancy Harding*, Claire McDowell; *Peter Harding*, Charles Hill Mailes; *Leslie Winton*, Josie Sedgwick; *Douglas Bruce*, William Boyd.

"ONLY 38"—PARAMOUNT—From the play of the same name by A. E. Thomas. Based on an original story by Walter Prichard Eaton. Scenario by Clara Beranger; Director, William de Mille. Photography by Guy Wilky. The cast: *Lucy Stanley*, a college girl, May McAvoy; *Mrs. Stanley*, her mother, Lois Wilson; *Professor Charles Giddings*, Elliott Dexter; *Hiram Sanborn*, *Mrs. Stanley's father*, George Fawcett; *Bob Stanley*, *Lucy's twin brother*, Robert Agnew; *Mrs. Newcomb*, Jane Keckley; *Mrs. Peters*, Lillian Leighton; *Sydney Johnson*, a college student, Taylor Graves; *Mary Hedley*, Ann Cornwall.

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Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105]

K. S., BEARDSTOWN, ILL.—You have a fad for learning the height of people? An interesting subject, Miss S. Have you, while pursuing the fad, heard the theory that persons of short stature live longer than tall persons? Some scientists have seriously made the claim. They allege that the short person receives the electrical currents of the earth with greater force. In other words the force of these currents is more concentrated in the short person. "They say" that the force is more diffused,—scattered through the extra inches of the person of high stature. In the light of this theory you will be especially interested in the height of photoplayers about whom you inquire. Leatrice Joy's height is five feet three inches. Was it Shakespeare who wanted his love to be "as high as his heart"? Miss Joy would conform to this whimsical demand on the part of some of our tallest actors. Agnes Ayres is five feet six inches tall. Elsie Ferguson's height is five feet six inches. That of Constance Talmadge is five feet five inches. Lois Wilson tops Miss Talmadge by the slight matter of half an inch. Thomas Meighan measures six feet. In his socks? I believe this to be the "socking" truth.

FLORENCE DARE, 1222 KING ST., MILWAUKEE, WISC.—No, Florence, I will not "pull the ancient stuff about the wet and dry question," since you wish that I would not. I suppose, as you say, these aged jests do fatigue you. To quote you, "getting down to business," Gloria Swanson's child is two years old. Thomas Meighan has no children.

PEGGY H., TORONTO, ONTARIO.—Others do not answer your queries? Shame upon them! I will if only because your name and address engage my interest. "Peggy H. of Toronto" summons a vision of a large eyed Canadian miss with clear white skin, and cheeks that hold the red of June apples. There are names that attract and names that repel. Yours attracts. So here's your answer. Nita Naldi's usual address is in New York City. Last winter there was much agitation in the hearts of New York movie maids. For Nita Naldi's beautiful apartments had been entered by a burglar. He was a big, mysterious, good looking chap whom the press hailed as "The Matinee Burglar" because he operated at the hours when the owners of the luxurious apartments were presumed to be attending matinees or at least shopping. The burglar had a short day. He began work at two o'clock and finished at five. He is paying the penalty of his thefts at Elmira Reformatory. The apartment was a transient address. Her permanent one is care of Famous Players, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Yes, I think Miss Naldi would oblige with her photograph by the arrangement you suggest.

E. L., ELIZABETH, OHIO.—You think Thomas Meighan is "the nicest man you could ever lay eyes on and that his wife must be very proud of him." No doubt she is. No, Mrs. Meighan, whose professional name is the same as her maiden one, Frances Ring, did not appear in "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow." You wonder whether he will reward your admiration for him by sending you his photograph. Write him as prettily as you did me. He is thirty-six years old. The pair have no children.

BABE MCC., CINCINNATI, OHIO.—Yes, Miss Babe, Richard Barthelmess, to whom you elect to make affectionate allusion as "Dick," is married. Much married, I should say, for the stories of his devotion to his lovely young wife are touching and beautiful. He married Miss Mary Hay, a musical comedy actress, and next season to be a comedy star. Mr. Barthelmess's height is five feet seven inches.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]



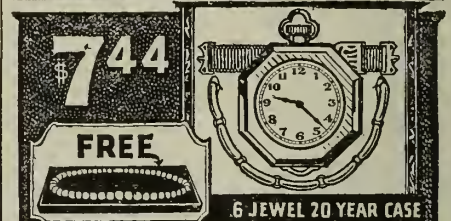
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

Broadway at a salary of \$1,000.00 a week. Fourteen years before he had worked for Mr. Fox as publicity man at a salary of fifty dollars per week. His success with these pictures caused D. W. Griffith to engage for special exploitation work in connection with the showing of "Dream Street" in Chicago and New York.

During the run of the picture he succeeded in having the names of Michigan Boulevard in Chicago, Forty-third Street in New York and Fulton Street in Brooklyn temporarily changed to "Dream Street."

The star publicist has not confined his exploitation skill to motion pictures. He was engaged by the publishers of "Three Weeks" to stimulate the sale of the Elinor Glyn book. He did this by sending 10,000 letters of protest to the postmaster general, with the result that the book was barred from the mails—making it a best-seller.

Hired years ago at twenty-five dollars a week to promote the sale of reproductions of a painting, he had the original placed on display in a Fifth Avenue window and hired young girls to stand staring at it until the police and indignant reformers drove them away.

He escorted the late Anthony Comstock, leader of the reformers, around to view the painting and to have it condemned. And that's the way "September Morn" became one of the most famous pictures in the world. The publishers sold 9,000,000 prints of it.

Retained by the producers of a film version of "Trilby," he planted a woman in a theater where the picture was showing. When the watchman opened the doors the next morning he found the woman apparently in a trance, as if hypnotized.

Instantly various journals raised the question as to whether or not a person can be hypnotized by a hypnotist working on the screen, and as a result "Trilby" came in for a wide share of publicity.

SO famous has Reichenbach become for his feats that the police are liable to summon him whenever any stunt is scented. The district attorney of New York not long ago summoned him to explain what he knew about a woman who *hadn't* committed suicide in a lake in Central Park. Various pieces of wearing apparel had been left on the water's edge and there was other evidence of the lady's intention to immerse herself. Reichenbach was not guilty of the publicity stunt in this case, explaining in court that it was not done in his style. He referred to his plan for having Clara Kimball Young kidnapped by Mexicans and held for heavy ransom until rescued by eight blond cavalymen.

"Now that," said the accused, "was a real stunt!"

He declared that he had received assurance of President Wilson's sanction, and displayed a letter on White House stationery signed by J. P. Tumulty stating that the matter would be taken up.

Miss Young knew nothing about the plans, and never did know, since the border episode, for some reason, was never enacted.

During the war Reichenbach went abroad for the Creel Publicity Bureau, established by the government, and he press-agented President Wilson throughout Italy until the Italians were ready to accept him as the greatest living statesman.

As successful with presidents as with fat reducers, books, magician or motion pictures, Reichenbach is recognized everywhere as a man of peculiar talent who has made publicity a practical art.

"Why shouldn't he be worth a star's salary?" say the film magnates, "if he can bring in as much money as a star?"

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The Studio Secret

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

doubts about what I have told you, you had better leave me right now." She turned and faced him, cool-eyed, disdainful.

Lloyd, always the weaker of the two, gave in at once, or at least made a show of giving in.

"People are bound to talk about a thing like that," he grumbled, "no matter how innocent you are."

"You won't, I'm sure. And if, as you hinted, anyone *did* see Mr. Romain go into my room, I consider it your duty, as a friend, to go to them at once—now—and tell them to keep quiet. You say you care for me. If you do, I shouldn't think you'd want to have people saying nasty things about me. So please find a taxicab as quickly as you can, drop me at the hotel, and then hunt up this person you speak of and tell him—or her, whichever it may be—not to do any talking. I think you owe that to me."

"Very well," Arthur said sullenly, and stepping to the curb signalled a passing taxi.

CHAPTER XIX

ARTHUR LLOYD, after dropping Joy at the hotel, did not hunt up any hypothetical employee of the Royal company. Instead, he went straight to the source of his information, Helen Kramer.

By what devious methods that astonishing woman had learned of Romain's visit to Joy's dressing room he did not know; he had reached the hotel about half-past five that afternoon, and, learning that Joy had not come in, had gone at once to his room.

While dressing he had received a telephone message from Mrs. Kramer, saying that Romain and Joy were together in the latter's dressing room at the studio, and suggested that he, Arthur, hurry over to the Royal lot and investigate. He had gone at once.

Helen Kramer, while pretending a great desire to protect Joy, in reality felt no such desire at all. But neither did she propose to allow the girl to carry on an affair with the man she secretly loved. There had been a double purpose in her message to Arthur. The first was to put a stop to whatever might be going on between Joy and Romain. The second was to inflame Arthur's jealousy to such a point that he would be eager to undertake the task she had laid out for him. If she did not succeed in the first purpose, she certainly did in the second. Arthur had dashed off to the Royal lot the moment he finished dressing. As his cab drew up, he saw Romain just leaving the building. This made verification of Mrs. Kramer's story impossible. When, a little later, Joy appeared, he had bluffed, had assumed the story to be true, with the result that he had received the confirmation he desired from her own lips.

Now he felt it was necessary to talk the whole matter over with Mrs. Kramer. Arthur was one of those persons who are forever wanting to talk things over. He found the Kramers just sitting down to dinner, and impatient for an interview with Helen as he was, he could not refuse an invitation to join them.

Luckily the dinner was rather hurried, owing to an engagement Mr. Kramer had with Mr. Davidson for a conference over some sets. At least, that was the reason he gave; his wife eyed him humorously and said she hoped his new flame did not use perfume. It was a dig—an allusion to a previous evening, when Mr. Kramer, supposedly at a poker party, had come home very late, reeking with Mary Garden perfume. He winked at Lloyd, and laughingly explained for the tenth time that the wife of the man at whose house the poker party was held had poured the perfume on him as a joke. The explanation happened to be true, but Mrs. Kramer was too devious herself to believe anything so obvious. It pleased her, with her own plans in mind, to picture poor Steve as a veritable devil with the ladies.

Possibly it served to soothe an uneasy conscience.

Steve Kramer rose from the table, lit a cigar. "You'll excuse my running away, Lloyd, won't you," he said. "Talk to the wife. She's nervous. And, my boy, don't ever get married. It's just the same old face and a different pair of eggs at breakfast every morning. Keep off the grass." He dashed out.

When Lloyd and Helen Kramer were at last alone, he explained what had happened at once.

"I got to the Royal fifteen minutes after you called me up," he said nervously. "Romain was just coming out. He couldn't have been in the room long. Joy came along a little later. Alone. I accused her and she admitted it, but said there was nothing wrong. How did you know he was in there with her?"

Mrs. Kramer smiled her lazy, enigmatical smile.

"I have ways of finding things out," she said. "As a matter of fact, I was at the studio myself, this afternoon. I wanted to see Joy do that dance. She certainly made a hit—especially with Romain. He couldn't take his eyes off her. And she played to him, too. Purposely. Shamelessly. I don't mean to say anything unkind, Mr. Lloyd, but it looks to me that if you ever expect to marry Joy Moran, the sooner you take steps to break up this affair with Romain the better."

"I'm ready!" Arthur exclaimed savagely. "I'd like to knock his damned block off."

"That wouldn't do you any good. Harm, more likely. The only result would be a lot of unpleasant talk, and Joy would go to him through sympathy. You know that. But the other way I spoke of is certain."

"Then why don't you tell me about it? Let me know the name of this fellow you saw going into Romain's house that night. You said you'd tell me, whenever I was ready to act. Well—I'm ready now!"

"Good. I will tell you. His name is Ray Porter."

"In pictures?"

"NO. He lives in Los Angeles. I'll give you his address before you go. His father is a wealthy real estate operator. Has made a lot of money, which he foolishly allows his son to spend. He's one of those worthless fellows—college graduate—good spender—you know the type—about twenty-five, plays at being a stock broker but in reality concentrates on women, whiskey, and, I hear, dope. Now what I want you to do is to see him. Tell him he was seen going into Romain's house that night. Threaten that if he doesn't confess what really happened, when Mrs. Romain was killed, I will take my story to the police. Don't use my name, of course. I have an idea that suggestion about the police will bring him to time. As an alternative, promise him that if he will tell the truth, you guarantee not to make any public use of it. It won't be brought up in court. All we want to do is to get the goods on Romain—privately. That ought to make a hit with him. He will be afraid of publicity, because his father would probably cut off his allowance—make him go to work. A generous old duffer, I hear, but religious. Thinks alcohol has something to do with the Bible. So I feel pretty sure you can get the truth out of him, if you convince him that we have no intention of making it public, letting it get into the newspapers. Why not see him tonight? The sooner the better. You can drive up in my car if you like. It's right out front, and I sha'n't be using it until tomorrow. When you get the truth from him, bring it back to me. Make him write out a confession, and have it sworn to before a notary."

"He'd never do it."

"Why not? The notary doesn't have to know what's in the confession. All Porter will have to do is to swear that it is true. If it isn't sworn to, he might repudiate it. Once

we get his name, duly attested, at the bottom of the thing, we've got Romain. And we haven't any time to lose, Mr. Arthur Lloyd. Don't forget that. Now I think you had better go." She scribbled an address on a card.

"I'm ready," Lloyd said, rising.

"Good. It's after nine. You can be in Los Angeles in half an hour. Look him up. Inquire at his hotel—his club—they'll know where to locate him, I guess. Force him to tell you the truth. I'm depending on you."

Lloyd followed her into the hall. A bitter hatred blazed in his eyes.

"I'll find him," he said. "Don't worry."

"Fine," Mrs. Kramer said. "I like a man who *does* things, instead of just talking about them. Bring me Porter's confession tomorrow, and we'll have Mr. Romain where we want him. By the way, have you got any liquor?"

"No," Arthur said. "But I think I know where I can get some."

"Wait a moment." She disappeared for awhile, and presently returned with two pint bottles. "Some of Steve's private stock. I hope he doesn't miss it. Anybody with a pint or two can make friends with Ray Porter. You couldn't have a better recommendation."

Arthur thrust the bottles of whiskey into his hip pockets. The bulges they made were hidden by his light overcoat.

"I'll let you hear from me later," he said, jamming on his hat.

"That's my car," Mrs. Kramer called after him as he went down the walk. "The brown roadster. Bring it back in the morning."

Lloyd scarcely heard her, in his eagerness to get away.

CHAPTER XX

THE finding of Mr. Ray Porter did not prove so difficult a task as Arthur had thought it might be. The trail led from the address Mrs. Kramer had given him—a downtown bachelor hotel—to a club, the name of which he secured from the hotel clerk by the simple device of representing himself as one of Porter's oldest friends, just arrived from New York and anxious to see him.

The clerk thought he might possibly be at the club, but suggested that, if he were not, the doorman might give him some information in exchange for a five dollar bill.

The results were eminently satisfactory. Mr. Porter, so the man said, was at the theater. He had secured the ticket for him, himself, and gave Arthur the name of the show, a musical review, to which he had gone, alone. It was half-past ten; there was no time to be lost. Arthur figured it out to his own satisfaction that Porter was in all probability running after one of the women in the show. He had a *pendant*, it seemed, for actresses, and this particular play depended for its success on two things, the tunefulness of its music and the physical charms of its girls. And, as luck would have it, Arthur was very well acquainted with Ned Forrest, the leading comedian in the piece. Leaving his car at the stage entrance he hurried behind the scenes.

It was the work of but a moment to locate his friend's dressing room. The second act, which was also the last, was nearing its climax. Forrest, preparing for the finale, was making a quick change. He gave Arthur a nod.

"What the devil are you doing here?" he laughed.

"Say, Ned—I've got a favor to ask of you. There's a fellow here in town named Porter. Ray Porter. I'm trying to locate him. I've never met the chap—never even seen him—but I have an idea he may be playing around with one of the girls in the show. Know him?"

"Rather. Not a bad scout, either, although a good deal of a dumbbell. Face like a vacant lot. But he's got some really good Scotch, which helps out a bit. Nuts about one of our show girls—Elsie Devonne. She's a rotten little gold-digger, if there ever was one, but smooth—Oh boy! Hooked him for a diamond bracelet yesterday, I hear, that couldn't have cost less than five hundred smackers, and she's only just begun."



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"No. Just got a little business with him."

"Fine. Anything on the hip?"

Lloyd turned back his coat.

"Quart of rye. Old private stock."

"Good boy! When Elsie lamps that, she'll kiss you. There's my cue. See you later." He dashed out as the orchestra began the opening bars of the finale.

Arthur lit a cigarette and sat thinking of the task before him until the rush of feet in the corridor told him the curtain was down. Forrest came in, panting from his vocal and acrobatic exertions.

"A drink—a drink—me kingdom for a drink!" he declaimed with mock heroics, and taking a tumbler from the wash stand poured two inches of liquor into it. "First today. Here's how."

Lloyd followed him, but his drink was a very small one. Then they set off down the corridor.

"Devonne's in nine, with Dulcey Harrington. I'm rather keen on Dulcey. We might make up a little party." He knocked on the dressing room door.

"Who's there?" came a shrill voice.

"It's me—Ned."

"Oh." The door opened, disclosing three girls, two of them in various stages of undress. All three had slimly beautiful legs and bodies, and were pertly and somewhat commonly beautiful.

"Hello, girls," Forrest said. "Meet my friend, Arthur Lloyd."

THE sirens looked Arthur over. Their expressions did not brighten. With unerring instinct they knew that he was one of the profession, and therefore not likely to prove profitable game.

"He's got something on the hip—both hips," Forrest went on.

The girls manifested a keener interest.

"That'll help some," Miss Devonne announced. "What's on your mind, Ned?"

"Why—I thought we might all go somewhere and drink it."

Miss Devonne shook her head.

"I've got a date," she said.

"That's all right, if May and Dulcey haven't. How about it, Miss Burke?" He turned to the third girl, a tall and striking brunette. She glanced lazily at her wrist watch.

"Oh—I'll trail along for awhile. Got to meet the meal-ticket at one. He's coming in from 'Frisco."

"That's all right," Arthur said. "A quart won't last that long." The arrangement suited him exactly. "See you all later." He went back with Forrest to his dressing room.

When, twenty minutes later, the chattering group passed through the stage entrance, Miss Devonne was greeted by a young fellow in a Tuxedo whom Arthur at once decided to be Porter. He studied the man as he stood talking to Elsie, discussing the details of the proposed party. Red-faced with haggard, tired eyes and a heavy, drooping under lip, he was clearly a man who loved the coarser, more garish side of life. Finer things would bore him. Women he looked on as playthings, creatures of his amusement. The price he paid them did not bother him, so long as his father's purse remained open.

Miss Devonne turned.

"Meet Mr. Lloyd, Ray," she said. "He's a friend of Ned's. You know all the others."

"He's got a quart of wood alcohol he wants us to try," Forrest said. "How about going over to the hotel?"

"Nothing doing." Mr. Porter shook his head. "Too many people around who'd be only too glad to get me in Dutch with the old man. This isn't New York, you know. Why



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not go over to my apartment. I've got 'em fixed, there. The night clerk's a good guy. I keep him supplied with hootch, and he keeps his mouth shut. Anything goes, up to murder. And in case Mr. Lloyd's supply runs out, as it's likely to do in about ten minutes, why—I've got a case of Scotch, and any amount of gin, to keep us going."

Forrest turned to look for a taxi but Arthur stopped him.

"I've got a car here will take two, besides myself, if you don't mind crowding," he announced.

"The rest can ride with me," Porter said. "Let's go."

They piled in with much laughter, Forrest in Arthur's roadster with Dulcey Harrington on his lap. Mr. Porter led the way; in fifteen minutes they were entering his suite.

It consisted of a good-sized living room, with bedroom, bath and tiny kitchenette adjoining, the latter being used entirely as a place in which to store and serve drinks. Before the girls had taken off their wraps, glasses were being passed around, and a few moments later the first of Arthur's bottles was tossed into the wastebasket, empty.

LOYD, with knowledge of what lay ahead of him, drank sparingly, pouring out microscopic drinks. For some time he managed to conceal the fact, but Miss Burke finally detected it, and turned up her charming nose.

"What's the idea?" she jibed. "Trying to reduce?"

"I never like to pass out," Arthur returned. "before the party gets good."

"Well, don't let that worry you, dearie. I'm due to pass out, myself, in about twenty minutes, so if you want to play with me make it snappy." She poured out two large drinks from a bottle of Scotch Mr. Porter had opened. "Try some of this. It's good for what ails you."

Lloyd tossed off the drink, vowing it should be his last. The others were already beginning to get hilarious. Forrest, at the piano, was singing some extravagantly indecent variations of one of his songs in the show which sent the rest of the party into shrieks of laughter. Elsie Devonne, her hat tossed into a corner, reclined on the couch with her arm about Porter's neck, a long ivory cigarette holder clutched in her fingers. Miss Harrington hung over Forrest's shoulder as he sang, and occasionally thrust upon him a fierce, alcoholic kiss. It was quite apparent that the two understood each other thoroughly.

At half past twelve Miss Burke put on her hat, grasped her gold mesh bag, dripping with sables, announced her intention to go.

"Don't bother about me," she told Arthur. "Stick around. I'll just jump a taxi."

He went down to the street with her, put her in a cab, bade her a brief good-night. They had not liked each other, and made no pretense of doing so. When Arthur got back to the apartment, Forrest and Miss Harrington were demanding food.

"What sort of a dump is this?" the comedian grumbled. "Grill closed at midnight. I've got to eat."

"Same here," the fair Dulcey announced. "It's the best little thing I do."

"We can send out," Porter said, ringing for a boy. His guests, with the exception of Arthur, made up for the lack of food by opening another bottle of Scotch.

By three o'clock the room was a wreck. Food, empty bottles, half-filled dishes and plates occupied every available space. The floor was covered with fragments of lobster shell, cigarette stumps, ashes, spots of mayonnaise, chicken bones and fragments of celery. Miss Harrington and Forrest, who had adjourned to the kitchenette to be nearer the source of supply, stood locked in what seemed a permanent embrace. But Miss Devonne's ardor had greatly diminished. A gold-digger who had practised on experts, it was no part of her plan to give Porter the payment he expected for his favors of the past few days.

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When Forrest and Miss Harrington declared themselves ready to go, she insisted on leaving with them, although Arthur, rather half-heartedly, offered to go himself, and leave her and their host alone. In spite of Porter's protests, however, she was adamant.

"I'm all in," she said. "You people can do as you please. I'm going along with Ned and Dulcey. See you tomorrow, Ray, dear." She gave him a light kiss and joined the others at the door.

Porter was too drunk to protest very strongly. When Arthur offered, with some hesitation, to remain behind for a nightcap, he accepted the suggestion at once.

"After a party like this," he said thickly, "I—hic—get the willies, if I'm alone. Stick around, old sport."

"All right," Arthur said, throwing down his hat and coat. "I've got nothing to do till morning."

"Have a drink." Porter took up a bottle. "Snap you out of it, you know. Don't—hic—ask me to wait on you, old chap. Just help yourself." He collapsed into a chair, spilling half the contents of his glass over his shirt front.

Arthur poured out a spoonful, drank it off with his back turned.

"Great stuff," he said, smacking his lips. "Say, old fellow, any objection to parking myself here on the couch for the rest of the night. Don't think I can make the grade, to the hotel."

"Not a bit. Help yourself. Guess I'll turn in, too. Got to be at the—hic—office early—big deal on." He went to the telephone and instructed the night clerk to call him at nine o'clock. Then he lurched into the bedroom.

Arthur, entirely satisfied with the way things had gone, took off his coat and shoes and made himself comfortable on the couch. There would have been no use, he realized, in broaching the purpose of his visit tonight. Porter was too far gone to deal with any subject, coherently. But in the morning, when the inevitable depression had asserted itself, when his will power would be at its lowest, his mind a prey to unknown fears—then would be the time to strike. Within half an hour Lloyd was fast asleep.

THE insistent ringing of the telephone bell aroused him. He heard a clock striking nine. Answering the call from the office, he went into his host's bedroom and woke him up, in spite of the latter's violent protests.

"You told me to call you," Arthur insisted. "Said you had to get to the office. And besides, I want to talk to you."

Porter sat on the edge of the bed, a melancholy figure. His eyes were bloodshot, his face swollen and haggard, he coughed incessantly from the effects of countless cigarettes.

"Say," he announced stupidly, "let's have a drink."

"Not yet," Arthur replied—"not till you've answered me a few questions."

Porter grumbled an angry protest but Lloyd paid no attention to him.

"There are some things I want you to tell me," he said, "about the death of Mrs. Jean Romain!"

The blood drained from Porter's face, leaving it the color of putty. A look of fear crept into his eyes. He attempted, unsuccessfully, to rise.

"Who in hell are you, anyway?" he blustered. "A damned detective?"

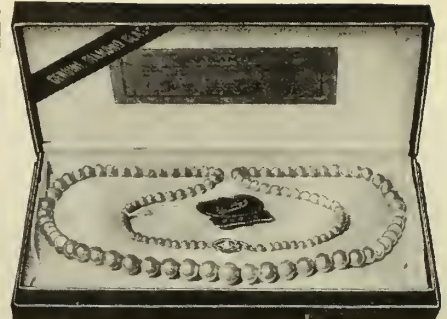
"No. I'm not a detective. I'm an actor. And I want you to understand, first and foremost, Mr. Porter, that I'm not trying to hurt you in any way. Romain's the man I'm after."

"Romain!" A faint color returned to Porter's cheeks. "That damned rotter!"

Arthur put out his hand.

"So you've got it in for him too, have you? Shake." This was better than he had expected. The suspicion in Porter's eyes, however, remained. He was wary, on the defensive.

"What's the big idea?" he asked. "How



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SEE PAGE 59

should I know anything about Mrs. Romain's death?"

"There's a woman down in Hollywood who saw you, that night, when you entered the house."

"It's a lie. If she saw me, why didn't she say something to the police, at the time?"

"I don't know. She's a queer person. But she saw you, all right."

"That's what she says. What have you got to do with it?"

"I'll tell you. I'm in love with a girl who's doing a picture with Romain. He's engaged, you know—to Margot Gresham. After her money, I guess. But just the same he's making a play for my girl, and I want to stop it. So does this woman who saw you go into the house that night. Now there are two ways to handle the matter, and it's up to you to choose which of the two we use. One is for you to give me a complete statement of what happened that night—in writing. The other is for this woman to give her story to the police. Which do you prefer?"

"I DON'T see any choice—granting for the sake of argument that I know anything about it, which I refuse to admit."

"There is a choice, just the same. If you give me a statement of what happened, I'll promise, on my word of honor, not to make it public. All we've got to do is wave that paper under Romain's nose and he'll do anything we say."

"Well?"

"Well—on the other hand, if this woman down in Hollywood takes her story to the police, you'll be in jail before night. Get me?"

Porter shivered, snatched up a cigarette.

"The hell you say!" he muttered.

"That's about the size of it," Arthur went on. "I'm not trying to blackmail Romain, or anything like that. All I want to do is make him let my girl alone. You know very well he can't afford to have this thing made public, any more than you can. It would kill him, in the film game, and probably break up his marriage to Miss Gresham. Her old man's only waiting for an excuse."

Ray Porter rubbed his weak chin.

"Sounds all right," he admitted.

"It is all right. Now suppose you refuse to tell me what you know. This woman in Hollywood will go to the police with her story at once. Then where will you be?" He took out his watch. "Look here, Porter—I'm in a hurry. Got to get back at once. You sit down and write out that confession now—and make it snappy. Because if you don't, this woman I told you about will have you arrested before night, as sure as your name's Porter!" He went into the living room, cleared the bottles, dishes and other debris from the desk, arranged paper and pen. Porter, who had tottered into the room after him, watched with terrified eyes.

"For God's sake," he whimpered, "gimme a drink! I'm dying."

Arthur poured some Scotch into a glass.

"Just one," he said. "Then you sit down here and write."

For half an hour Lloyd smoked in silence, while his companion, with many groans, curses, demands for whiskey, scrawled feebly over sheet after sheet of paper. When the task was finally done, he threw down his pen and rose.

"Now, damn you!" he said, "give me that bottle!"

"Just a moment," Lloyd said, snatching up the paper. "I've got to read it, first."

When he had finished, his eyes were sparkling.

"One thing more," he said. "Is there a notary in the building?"

"A notary? What for?"

"You've got to swear to this thing. The notary doesn't have to read it. You know that."

"Suppose I refuse?" Porter asked sullenly.

"If you do, you'll be in jail before night."

Porter wilted.

"Call up the office," he said, weakly. "They've got one."

Lloyd did as he was directed. A few moments later a spruce young man appeared, took Porter's acknowledgment and withdrew. Arthur thrust the document into his pocket.

"Thanks, old man," he said. "I give you my word of honor not to allow a word of this to become public. Good day." He left the room.

As he went out he saw Porter, beside the cluttered table, pour half a tumbler-full of Scotch.

CHAPTER XXI

ARTHUR LLOYD was so pleased with himself, and with the clever way in which he had handled an extremely delicate situation, that he began to question, on his way home, the advisability of turning the damning document in his pocket over to Helen Kramer.

Why leave it with her, to settle matters with Romain? What, after all, were her real motives in the matter? Her pretended interest in Joy and her welfare he decided were probably assumed. What other reason, then, could she have? Why—to blackmail Romain, of course. It was a game not by any means unknown in Hollywood; Arthur had heard of at least two prominent stars who had been made to pay through the nose to the tune of many thousands, for momentary indiscretions. It would be a pretty piece of business if he had gone to all this trouble merely to further Mrs. Kramer's schemes. Why not go to Romain himself? Or—better still—why not go direct to Joy? To approach the famous star for the purpose of forcing him to let his, Arthur's, sweetheart alone would be humiliating beyond words. But he could quite properly say to Joy, "Cut this fellow out entirely, or I will ruin him." If Joy cared nothing about Romain, she would agree at once. There would be no reason for her to do otherwise. And if she had become temporarily fascinated by him, she would be equally certain to agree, in order to save him from exposure. So either way, Arthur argued, he could not lose. He drove up to the hotel, went to his room, changed his clothes and swallowed a cup of coffee. The forenoon was well advanced, he would be obliged to make awkward explanations, for holding up the picture he was doing for several hours, but the thing could be managed. He dashed off to the Robertson-Black lot, and arranged with one of the boys about the studio to drive Mrs. Kramer's car back to her house at once. He would see her, he sent word, sometime during the evening, and thought he probably would, but not until he had first had a talk with Joy.

He found her at the hotel just before dinner. His absence during the morning had made him late in getting back from the studio. In the breast pocket of his coat he could feel the crinkling sheets of hotel paper on which Ray Porter had scrawled his confession. These few sheets, he believed, would gain for him his heart's desire.

Joy accepted his invitation to dinner, but during the meal he said nothing of his quest of the night before. They talked of trivial things—the daily gossip of the studios—the work of the day to come. But each felt that the moment held tremendous possibilities—Joy, because she sensed in her companion's manner something new—Arthur, because he knew he held a trump card which he was not yet ready to play.

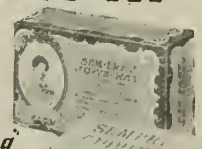
When dinner was over, and the evening yawned before them, Lloyd suggested a drive. They might run over to Santa Monica, he thought, or just—drive. It was a gorgeous night, silver and black beneath the rising moon, and Joy assented, glad to get away from the jazzy atmosphere of the hotel.

The taxi went very rapidly, and for many moments Arthur was silent. Presently he began to talk—to tell Joy of Mrs. Kramer's interest in her—of her suggestion about Romain—of the manner in which he, Arthur, had carried it out.



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"I went to Los Angeles," he said, "last night, and had a talk with this fellow Porter. He gave me the dope, all right."

"What do you mean?" Joy asked, trembling.

"Why—I was informed that he knew something about Mrs. Romain's death, so I went after him—made him confess."

"Confess what?"

Arthur fingered the papers in his pocket. "I got a statement that he was there, that night, when Romain's wife was shot. He told me the truth about what happened."

"What did happen?" Joy's hands were like ice. She knew that she must fight, for time. If any danger threatened Jean Romain, she was determined, at any cost, to avert it.

Arthur yawned, lit a cigarette.

"I don't think I'll tell you, now. You can read all about it, in Porter's statement. But I don't mind saying it will prove that Romain's alibi was a fake."

Joy paled. This was serious indeed. "Arthur," she asked suddenly, "what purpose did you have in going to this man Porter? What have you against Mr. Romain?"

"I? Nothing. Only I don't like the way in which he's been making love to you, and I propose to stop it."

"But—what makes you think he has been making love to me?"

"I know he has, the dirty hound, in spite of being engaged to another woman."

FOR a moment Joy feared to speak, lest her voice betray her. In some way, she knew, she would have to get that confession from Arthur. But how? He seemed tremendously sure of himself. She placed her hand over his; it was one of the few times she had ever shown Lloyd any affection; she regretted that it had to be assumed.

"Arthur," she whispered in a low, eager voice, "give me that confession."

"Why should I?" He seemed uncertain, now. "I—I'll let you read it, when we get back, but why should I give it to you? After you've read it, seen what a rotter this fellow is, I expect you to do two things."

"What?"

"First, to chuck him, absolutely."

Joy remained silent. She could hear the quick beating of her heart.

"Second," Arthur went on, "to marry me. I'm not trying to threaten you, Joy, but—well—those are my terms. On the day we are married you can have this paper to do what you please with. Tear it up. Burn it. Let Romain go ahead and marry Miss Gresham. After all," he added bitterly, "what difference does it make to you?"

Joy sat crouched in one corner of the taxicab, thinking—thinking. Would she have to marry Arthur, in order to save Romain? It was too big a price. She did not love Arthur—had never loved him. The man she *did* love she must save, even though he could never be anything more to her than a friend. It was a desolate prospect, this future of loneliness and regret, yet she faced it. Anything—anything—to save Jean.

And then, quite suddenly, a new thought came into her mind. Why not tell the truth? She turned to her companion almost eagerly.

"Arthur," she said, her voice trembling with feeling, "have you any idea how I got this position with the Royal—why I came to Hollywood?"

"No. I thought at one time you were struck on old Watrous, but I guess that was a mistake."

"Yes. It was. Mr. Watrous is nothing to me. But he didn't get me this position with Royal Films for nothing, just the same. There was a price to be paid—"

"Huh!" Lloyd sat up, regarded her keenly.

"What price? I don't understand."

"Don't you remember, Arthur, that before I left New York you were very jealous of Mr. Watrous—thought he and I were carrying on an affair? And I told you, then, that there was a reason for my coming to Hollywood—a

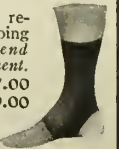
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reason I couldn't explain?"
 "Yes—I remember that."
 "Well—I'm going to tell you what that reason was. I haven't any right to. It's a breach of confidence, but—as matters stand, I think it is justified. But you've got to promise me never to say a word—"

Arthur tossed his half-smoked cigarette through the window.

"Everybody's asking me to keep my mouth shut, nowadays," he laughed. "All right. Go ahead. I promise."

"On your word of honor?"
 "Yes."

"Very well. Mr. Watrous got me this position with the Royal because he is attorney for Mr. Gresham—Margot's father. You may not know it, but Mr. Gresham has powerful friends in the picture business. That's how I got this chance."

"Well—what of it? What's Mr. Gresham got to do with it?"

"Don't you see? Mr. Gresham is determined to break off this marriage between Romain and his daughter. He believed that Romain's past had something in it that was—well—discreditable. He thought that if the facts could be brought out, he could make use of them to break off the match—to have Romain arrested, put in jail, on a charge of causing the death of his wife. That he could, in fact, ruin his career on the screen. That's what I was sent west for—to find out the truth."

Lloyd gave a low whistle.
 "You mean to say that—that you were sent out here to spy on him?"

"Yes. That's the truth."

"What were you supposed to get out of it?"

"First, my job with the Royal. A chance to make good."

"Is that all?"

"No. That isn't all. If I prevent Romain from marrying Margot Gresham, Mr. Gresham has agreed to pay me a hundred thousand dollars."

"What?" The magnitude of the sum almost took Lloyd's breath away.

"A HUNDRED thousand dollars. Mr. Gresham, you know, is a very rich man. He would pay any amount to save his daughter from what he thinks would be an unhappy marriage."

"Well, what do you think of that?" Arthur whispered softly to himself. This changed matters completely. "So that's why you've been playing around with him?" he exclaimed. "I see. But you weren't expected to break up this marriage by making love to him yourself, were you?"

"No. They thought I might be able to get some information about his past—something that would discredit him. And I have failed."

"Well—I haven't! I've got the goods on him. A hundred thousand iron men. What do you think of that?"

"It isn't worth a hundred thousand dollars to you," Joy said. "In fact, if you make this confession public in any way, Romain will be arrested, and Mr. Gresham won't have to pay anything at all. The result he is after will all ready have been accomplished. But if you are willing to give that paper to me—"

Arthur leaned forward, spoke sharply to the chauffeur.

"Go back to the hotel," he said. Then he turned to Joy. "I've done you a great injustice, I'm afraid. I thought you were trying to vamp this fellow Romain—or that he was trying to vamp you. Now I understand. And I see why Mrs. Kramer wanted this paper, too. I guess she must have got wind in some way of the situation, and figured that Mr. Gresham was ready to come across big, in order to have the marriage stopped. Look here, Joy—you're playing square with me, aren't you?"

Joy hesitated. The situation was a difficult one.

"I've told you the truth," she said.

"Yes—I believe you have. In spite of your talent, I always thought there was something

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Learn to play Saxophone! The easiest instrument to learn. It is also the most popular! Pick out tunes in an hour, as quickly as with one finger on the piano. And there's no faster way to make extra money than playing Saxophone at dance or church or theatre. Makes you a social favorite, always welcome everywhere!

10 MONTHS TO PAY! The Standard "C Melody" Saxophone is the supreme grade, "made in Elkhart." Choice of famous artists and teachers. The 1923 model with "bevelled sockets" makes all other Saxophones "out of date." Sent to you for 6 days' trial, to prove to you its ease of blowing, simplified fingering and golden tone can't be equalled at any price. Complete 12 piece outfit direct to you from factory at only \$1 down and \$8.00 a month. Small first payment. Sensational cut in price. No interest, no tax, not one cent extra. Saxophone, \$10 case, self-instruction system, book of music, reed, strap, pearl keys, etc., everything you need. Quality that enables you to buy ones for a life-time.

Tells you how you can secure the greatest of Saxophones on easy terms at less than cash prices! Write today for this free book and complete information of our sensational offer!

CATALOG FREE!

Standard Music Co., Dept. 633 P. O. Box 503, Chicago

The Smarting Pain and Disfigurement of Sunburn Soothed gently by applying Mentholatum

Write for free sample

Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N. Y., Wichita, Kans.

Is This a Miracle?

Beauty Scientists Call It That

By Marion Frances



The Same Girl



Before This Girl's skin was sallow, dark, muddy. Blackheads helped make it ugly. Freckles, too, were noted.

5 Minutes After The same girl from actual photograph. Skin lightened at least five shades. Blackheads gone, freckles reduced. A miracle," say world's beauty experts.

The thrill of seeing your skin transformed before your own eyes in 5 minutes. How mysterious blending of certain plants and flowers, without "beauty mud" or artificial bleach, purges face pores and presto!—a skin like a baby's instantly.

Can you imagine a sallow skin, one even marred by blackheads and freckles, cleared up and left soft and white and lovely as a baby's in 5 minutes? It sounds like magic. And beauty scientists call it that.

The inventor is an internationally noted beauty specialist. His miraculous transformations have gained for him the title of "The Man Who Works Miracles on Women's Faces." So many thousands are adopting his method that it is said a woman with anything short of a flawless complexion soon will be a rarity.

PURGES THE PORES

The Poralax method is unlike any other ever perfected. Dermatological authorities say it has no parallel in the annals of beauty culture. It is a simple cream-poultice, compounded of plants and flowers, that affects the pores like a laxative does the bowels—cleans out the poisonous accumulations.

Containing no bleach, no harsh chemicals, no Clay, it purges every pore in your face within 5 minutes. You apply it like cold cream and results are unbelievable until you see them with your own eyes.

At the recent Beauty Congress, dark-skinned women and girls, women with mottled, ugly skins were brought in for the Poralax treatment.

In one application their skins were lightened from four to seven shades. Blackheads were removed—every one. Freckles and fine lines disappeared as if by magic. Beauty experts from all the world stood awed before what was done, for instant beauty, an unattractive woman transformed, had become a reality.

FOR HOME USE

The secret preparation—Poralax—used in working these amazing skin transformations is now obtainable, for home use. Your dealer will supply you or we will send direct for a limited time a regular \$2.50 jar if you mail the coupon below, together with \$1.00 to cover mailing cost.

Mail Today for Test Jar

International Beauty Institute
Dept. 1823, St. Louis, Mo.

Send regular \$2.50 Jar Poralax with personal directions for using. 1 enclose \$1.00 to cover mailing cost.

Name.....
Address.....
City (or R. F. D.) and State.....

Sent for \$1.00

7-Diamond Solitaire Cluster set in Platinum, resembles one large single stone. Shank of Green Gold, artistically hand-carved and engraved. Only \$57.50. Only \$1.00 down and 17 cents a day! On these amazingly easy terms you can buy this beautiful Diamond Ring. Shipment is made the moment your dollar reaches us—then if you're satisfied, pay the balance in ten months. Otherwise, return. No risk—no delay—transactions strictly confidential.

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~ KANSAS CITY, MO. ~

queer about your getting this engagement with the Royal so easily. It isn't being done, you know—that sort of thing. Now I understand. When we get back to the hotel I'm going to give you this confession of Porter's to read. But I can't let you send it to Watrous, as I suppose you figure to do. I've given my word not to allow the thing to be made public. And there's no need of it. All that's necessary is to go to Romain with this document—tell him where he gets off—

"I couldn't do that."
"No—of course not. I wouldn't want you to. But I can do it myself."
"That wouldn't be wise either, Arthur. You're not concerned in the matter. Mr. Romain would probably refuse to listen to you."
"Oh, no, he wouldn't. Not with the paper in my hands."

"But he naturally wouldn't see what interest you had in his marriage. And how would you get the hundred thousand dollars? I'm the only one who could do that."

"Well, then, who do you think is the proper person to see him?"
"Mr. Watrous, of course—with this paper. He's Mr. Gresham's lawyer."

"Of course," Arthur slapped his knee sharply. "You'll have to wire him to come out here. And make him pay up, when we deliver him the paper."
"That's what I thought."

"No question about it. Send him a wire tonight. Here we are at the hotel. And I say, Joy, if I give you this paper to read, you'll take good care of it?"

"Of course I will, Arthur."
"Naturally, if anything happened, I could go to Porter and get another confession, but I don't want to do that. He might think it queer, and refuse me. I had him at a disadvantage this morning." As he spoke, the taxicab stopped before the entrance to the hotel. He helped Joy out, followed her into the lobby. Pale as marble she turned to Lloyd.

"GIVE me the statement," she said. "I'll go up to my room and read it." Arthur took the folded sheets from his pocket.

"Here you are," he said, thrusting the document into Joy's hands. "Take good care of it. A hundred thousand is real money. We can be married at once. See you in the morning."

"Yes, Arthur." Joy spoke calmly, but her heart was on fire. She placed the sheets of paper in her handbag. "You won't mind if I go right up. It's half past ten, and I'm tired out. Suppose we have breakfast together, at eight."

"Fine. I'm tired, too. Only about five hours' sleep last night, fooling with that dumb-bell." He extended his hand. "But I don't mind that, now. Looks as though it was the best night's work I ever did. A hundred thousand frogskins! Oh boy! We'll buy a Rolls-Royce." Joy was on the verge of tears.

"Good night, Arthur," she whispered, and turning, went to her room, feeling that she had been a traitor to herself, to Arthur, to Watrous, and even to Jean Romain.

She threw herself into a chair and glanced through the confession. Her cheeks paled as she realized its significance. Then, with a look of fierce determination in her grey-blue eyes, she went down to the lobby.

Arthur was nowhere about. No doubt he had gone to his room. With a sudden lifting of her chin Joy went out to the street. A taxicab stood before the door, its chauffeur a young fellow who had often driven her to the studio. She went up to him, a brave smile about her lips.

"You—you know where Mr. Jean Romain's house is, don't you?" she asked.

"Certainly, miss."
"Drive me there—at once." With a feeling that she had reached the final crisis of her life, Joy got into the cab. As it drove off, she thought she saw the figure of Arthur Lloyd dash hurriedly through the lobby.

[END OF FIFTH INSTALLMENT]



She Found A Pleasant Way To Reduce Her Fat

She did not have to go to the trouble of diet or exercise. She found a better way, which aids the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone and sinew instead of fat.

She used *Marmola Prescription Tablets*, which are made from the famous *Marmola* prescription. They aid the digestive system to obtain the full nutriment of food. They will allow you to eat many kinds of food without the necessity of dieting or exercising.

Thousands have found that *Marmola Prescription Tablets* give complete relief from obesity. And when the accumulation of fat is checked, reduction to normal, healthy weight soon follows.

All good drug stores the world over sell *Marmola Prescription Tablets* at one dollar a box. Ask your druggist for them, or order direct and they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid.

MARMOLA COMPANY

234 Garfield Bldg., Detroit, Mich.



Neet

Removes Hair Harmlessly

Off comes all your superfluous hair. Just spread on Neet the wonderful new cream, let it stay a little while, then rinse off all the hair with clear water. Used by physicians. Money back if it fails to please you. 50c at drug and Dept. stores. Liberal trial size 10c by mail.
Hannibal Pharmacal Co., 659 Locust, St. Louis
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Reduce Your Bust during the Day

No longer need you have a large bust. You can easily make your figure slim, beautiful and attractive. Put on an Annette Bust Reducer when you get up in the morning. Before retiring you will be amazed at the remarkable change. You can actually measure the difference. No pain—no rubbing or massage. Used by society women and actresses everywhere.

Send No Money Just send me the measurement of your Bust and I will send you in plain wrapper one of these remarkable bust reducers. Pay the postman only \$3.60 plus a few cents postage. Or send \$3.60 and I will send the reducer prepaid. Money back if you are not satisfied.
Write Now! ANNETTE, Dept. C172 Evanston, Ill.



You Are Welcome Everywhere

Everyone should possess the ability to play some musical instrument. It will greatly increase your popularity and personal satisfaction. You are welcome everywhere with a sweet-toned



Saxophone

It is the one instrument anyone can learn to play—easiest of all musical instruments to master. With the aid of the first 3 lessons, which are sent without charge, the scale can be mastered in an hour; in a few weeks you can be playing popular music.

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Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116]

G. A. DANBURY, CONN.—With sweet unconsciousness of it you have paid a tribute to Lon Chaney as an actor, my dear Grace. You write concerning a picture in which you saw him about two years ago, and in which you say, he had no legs but just stumps. He wore an arrangement of leather over his own legs. When the scenes were finished the leather contrivance was removed and lo! Mr. Chaney stood once more on his own legs.

M. M., DENVER, COLO.—The offer of a lump of real coal to the person who correctly pronounces the names of the characters in "The Passion Flower" has attracted you. It still holds. When you wrote, "Just because I'm in this burg is no sign that I'm one of 'em. I'm a native daughter of the Golden West and proud of it," I was sure you would win the baby diamonds. Particularly if you are from San Jose or further south, where Spanish is known. No, I'm not rash. No more so than usual. For you know, don't you, M. M., that coal is one of the first stages of the diamond, as the caterpillar is of the butterfly? So don't tell your fiance that a rude writer who lives in wicked Gotham has offered you diamonds. It's true, but it isn't. You say you would like to see "The Passion Flower" and ask when it was produced. About April 10th, 1921. Norma Talmadge was the star. You want to record your protest against Stan Laurel's "burlesque of Rudie's wonderful actuality." You refer to "Mud and Sand"? Everything has been parodied or burlesqued. Don't mind, my dear. Even life is a bit of burlesque, now and then.

C. L. H., HERKIMER, N. Y.—For the photographs of the Fox Film stars write care Fox Film Company, New York City. These are the names of plays and the release dates you request. "Yellow Men and Gold," May, 1922; "The Man from Beyond," Sept. 15th, 1922; "I Am the Law," June, 1922; "For Big Stakes," June 8th, 1922; "The Man from Beyond" was one of the Houdini Pictures. "I Am the Law" was released by the Affiliated "God's Country and the Law," by the Arrow

E. C. C., SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—Ah! At last we have an admitted bride. Bachelor blushes mount my leather colored cheeks when I have to write sweet nothings, or something to ingenuities and debutantes. Here are you E. C. C., warning me off the grass of flirtation by saying: "I am a New York girl myself but have settled down and married in the last few years in Schenectady, which is not such a bad place as some think it." Like Brooklyn, isn't it? I confess I like the city of many jests, reached by one of four bridges and any number of ferry boats. A woman of the blonde type, reddish blonde, played the mother in "Tol'able David." She is Marion Abbot, an experienced actress of stage and screen. You ask for "as many particulars as possible" about Margery Wilson, who played the rôle of Mercedes, who marries Captain Thorn in "Desert Gold". She was born in Kentucky. She is a cousin of Dorothy Dix, who writes advice to women for a syndicate of newspapers. Dorothy Dix is the pen name of Mrs. E. M. Gilmer. Her home address is 1225 General Pershing Ave., New Orleans, La. She is such a charmingly good-humored woman that I am sure if you wrote her for still further particulars about her cousin she would send them or ask her cousin to write you. My dear E. C. C., "how to secure a list of the chorus girls in New York shows" I stagger. I stumble. Almost do I fall, but I recover. Ned Wayburn, the famous stage director, told me that he has kept the addresses of chorus girls for twenty years. He's your man. Address him care of 229 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Ned's a gallant gentleman. He will reply, or his secretary will.



One's Eyes Never Have a Vacation

Vacation-time brings needed rest and relaxation—except to your EYES. Not only does travel expose them to cinders, smoke and coal gas, but days spent in the open result in irritation by sun, wind and dust.

Protect and rest your EYES this summer with *Murine*. This time-tested lotion instantly soothes and refreshes irritated EYES.

EYES cleansed daily with *Murine* are always clear, bright and beautiful. It's perfectly harmless—contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

Our attractively illustrated book, "Beauty Lies Within the Eyes," tells how to properly care for your Eyes, Brows and Lashes and thus enhance their beauty. Send for a copy of this helpful book. It's FREE.

Murine Eye Remedy Co.
Dept. 27, Chicago

MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES

FRECKLES


Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—from any druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

FREE TEST BOTTLE



of the FAMOUS YOUTH-AMI SKIN PEEL PREPARATION. Removes all surface blemishes, Pimples, Blackheads, Eczema, Discolorations, etc. Wonderful results proven. Guaranteed absolutely Painless and Harmless. Produces healthy new skin as Nature intended you to have. SEND ONLY 10c to cover cost of mailing and packing of FREE TEST BOTTLE and booklet, "THE MAGIC OF A NEW SKIN."

YOUTH-AMI CO., 1658 Broadway, Dept. 10, New York

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Deafness is caused by Catarrh or by Perforated, Partially or Wholly Destroyed Natural Drums. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing.

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Not a Penny for the Pearls



1/2 Price for the Watch!

If you can buy as fine a watch in the best 'tonneau shape' for less than \$20, send it back! Importer's sale price only \$7.85 and \$10 Pearl necklace FREE!

6 Jewels, 14k. Gold Filled. Gorgeous all-over hand engraved watch with sapphire crown, fine silk bracelet, case and buckle 14 karat gold filled, 25 year guaranteed. 6 Jewel movement, adjusted, tried, tested, accurate!

\$10 Pearls Free! 24 inches long, 14K solid gold clasp, graduated size French indestructible pearls, guaranteed for 10 years, guaranteed equal to \$10 quality. Free with watch during this sale only!

SEND NO MONEY! Deposit bargain price \$7.85 and few pennies postage when watch and pearls are delivered. Not one cent for the pearls now or later. Deposit refunded if you are not delighted. Be sure to order today

\$7.85

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Clear-Tone FOR PIMPLES

Your skin can be quickly cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body—Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. CLEAR-TONE has been Tried, Tested and Proven its merits in over 100,000 test cases.

FREE WRITE TODAY for my Free Booklet—"A CLEAR-TONE SKIN"—telling how I cured myself after being afflicted fifteen years.

E. S. GIVENS, 139 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Making Money Go a Long Way



GEORGE WASHINGTON, it is related, threw a silver dollar across the Potomac River. At the spot where the feat is said to have been performed, the stream is approximately a mile in width. But, admittedly, a dollar went farther then than now.

You can make your dollar go farther than it otherwise would by reading the advertisements.

Guided by advertising, you buy merchandise of established reputation. If it's clothing, you know how well it should wear and what the style should be. If it's a musical instrument, you know what to expect in tone and workmanship. If it's a vacuum cleaner, you know what kind of service it should give.

It pays to read advertising. It will save you time, money and effort. It will help you dress better, eat better, sleep better and live better.

*Make every dollar travel far
Read the advertisements*

Y

It does for you what you will not do!



YOU might get your teeth clean with an ordinary brush, if you would also clean between your teeth with dental floss, clean the backs of your back teeth with cloth wrapped on your finger, and massage your gums with your finger tips.

You will not take the time to do all this when you brush your teeth. The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush does it, with the least of effort, for you.

The curved shape of your Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush permits the widely set, serrated (or saw-tooth style) bristles to reach and clean the crevices between the teeth. Ordinary brushes merely bridge over these crevices. The large end tuft of your Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush reaches and cleans the back

of your back teeth. The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives mild and stimulating massage to the gums, if you will remember to brush away from your gums.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush has these distinctive and essential features—curved brush shape and large end tuft. The curve, size, and shape of the Pro-phy-lac-tic brush handle, entirely different from that of any other tooth brush, make it easy for the widely spaced bristles, set serrated or saw-tooth style, to reach and clean the danger points in teeth that are often overlooked.

Make sure of tooth cleanliness. Remember, a clean tooth never decays. See that your tooth brush comes in the sanitary yellow box marked *Prophy-lac-tic*.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world in the sanitary yellow box. Three sizes—adults', youths', and children's; made in three different textures of bristles—hard, medium, and soft.

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Florence, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

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Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



Always Sold in the Yellow Box

What happens when you brush your teeth

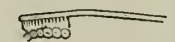
Brush your upper teeth downward.



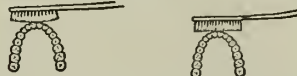
Brush your lower teeth upward.



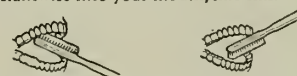
The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is curved to fit the jaw like this:



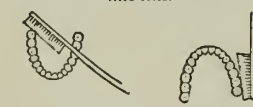
Instead of touching the teeth at a few points only, like this:



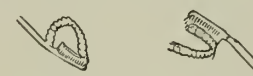
With the ordinary tooth brush, you cannot brush the backs of the teeth the same way that you clean the front, because the brush goes slantwise into your mouth, like this:



Non-tufted types of brushes cannot clean the backs of the back teeth, because the bristles cannot reach them. The bristles over-reach, like this:



The large end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush does reach and clean the backs of the back teeth, like this:



The Pro-phy-lac-tic handle is curved the proper way to reach the back teeth, like this:



Wrong Way

Right Way



A Clean Tooth Never Decays

The secret of having beautiful hair

*How to keep your hair soft
and silky, full of life and lus-
tre, bright and fresh-looking*

NO one can be really attractive, without beautiful well kept hair. Stop and think of all the good looking, attractive women you know. You will find their hair plays a mighty important part in 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.

In caring for the hair, proper shampooing is the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

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.

When oily, dry or dull

If your hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch; or if it is full of dandruff, it is all due to improper shampooing. You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo.

The quick, easy way

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in



a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

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 really is.

It keeps the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

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*Splendid for Children
—Fine for Men*

Mulsified

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Cocoanut Oil Shampoo







PHOTOPLAY

September 25c

923



Eleanor
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A KNOWLES TRADE

What Their Wives Say About Them!



WOMEN who first are attracted to Holeproof Hosiery by its lustrous, sheer appearance, are pleasantly surprised—wearing it—to find that its charming beauty is matched by unusually long service. It is this combination of style and durability that has made Holeproof the preferred hosiery of millions. Buy Holeproof and both your hosiery and money will go farther.

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Holeproof Silk Hosiery for women is offered in Full-Fashioned, High-point Heel, Broadseam Back, Extra-Stretch Ribbed Top, and other popular styles. Holeproof is also made for men and children in all wanted styles and materials. If your dealer cannot supply you, write for price list and illustrated booklet.

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Holeproof Hosiery



This Picture
Begins a New
Deal for Writers

We Pay \$1,000 Cash and Five-Year Royalties

to men and women of imagination, anywhere,
who can learn to write original screen plays
suitable for Palmer Photoplay Productions.

The production, release and exhibition of this first of a series of Palmerplays blazes a new trail in motion picture progress.

It is the first visual expression of an ideal for which this picture producing organization has waged a five-year campaign in and out of the industry—an ideal to which the industry first definitely committed itself at the International Congress of Motion Picture Arts in New York, last June.

What is that ideal?

Just this: That picture drama deserves, and if it ever becomes a serious art must have, its own distinctive literature; and that its authors must write directly for the screen, and in the screen technique.

An easily attainable and logical ideal! And a practical demonstration of it will be given in the nation's theatres this fall.

Writer Shares the Profits

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation has for five years been urging the policy approved by the Motion Picture Congress; and while the delegates representing both producer and author were agreeing upon this policy, the finishing touches were being given the Palmerplay, "Judgment of the Storm," a photoplay built on that principle.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation goes further: We pay royalties for five years to the author—advancing \$1,000 cash before the picture has even begun to earn its way.

But we do not claim to be alone in encouraging the author:

\$10,000 Annual Photoplay Prize

Adolph Zukor, representing the largest producing organization in the world, announced to the Congress the foundation of an annual prize of \$10,000 for the best photoplay of the year.

And producers and directors everywhere continue to call for screen drama, created by men and women who have imagination and who understand screen technique.

The epochal *new deal* for writers, now exclusively Palmer policy, is the profit-sharing royalty basis of compensation. We predict that the whole industry will eventually be forced to adopt this plan.

And the Educational, Productions and Photoplay Sales Divisions of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation provide new writers a fully accredited channel of direct contact with the industry.

We train writers in the screen technique, which does not require literary skill; we produce pictures from writers thus trained, and we sell their scenarios to other producers.

Try this Free Test

But we accept for training only those applicants whose minds are instinctively creative. To the lifeless imagination this training is no more useful than instruction in painting would be to the color blind.

You who read this page doubtless have long since known of the Palmer Creative Test. It is a highly perfected psychological divining rod with which we detect the presence or absence of Creative Imagination. Feel free to ask us for it, using the coupon below, if you have ever felt the urge of self-expression and wish to determine whether or not the screen is the

LLOYD HUGHES AND MYRTLE STEDMAN IN

"Judgment of the Storm"

From a story written directly for the screen by MRS. E. S. MIDDLETON, of Pittsburgh, a housewife whose creative talent was discovered by the Palmer Creative Test; who was trained in the photoplay technique by the Palmer Course and Service; and whose photoplay was produced by the Productions Division of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

Directed by DEL ANDREWS

Please see this picture.
Ask your theatre when it is coming.

right medium for you. With the test will come a fascinating 36-page booklet, "Finding Your Place in Pictures." No cost nor obligation, of course—it costs nothing to know. And it is too important to decide by guess.

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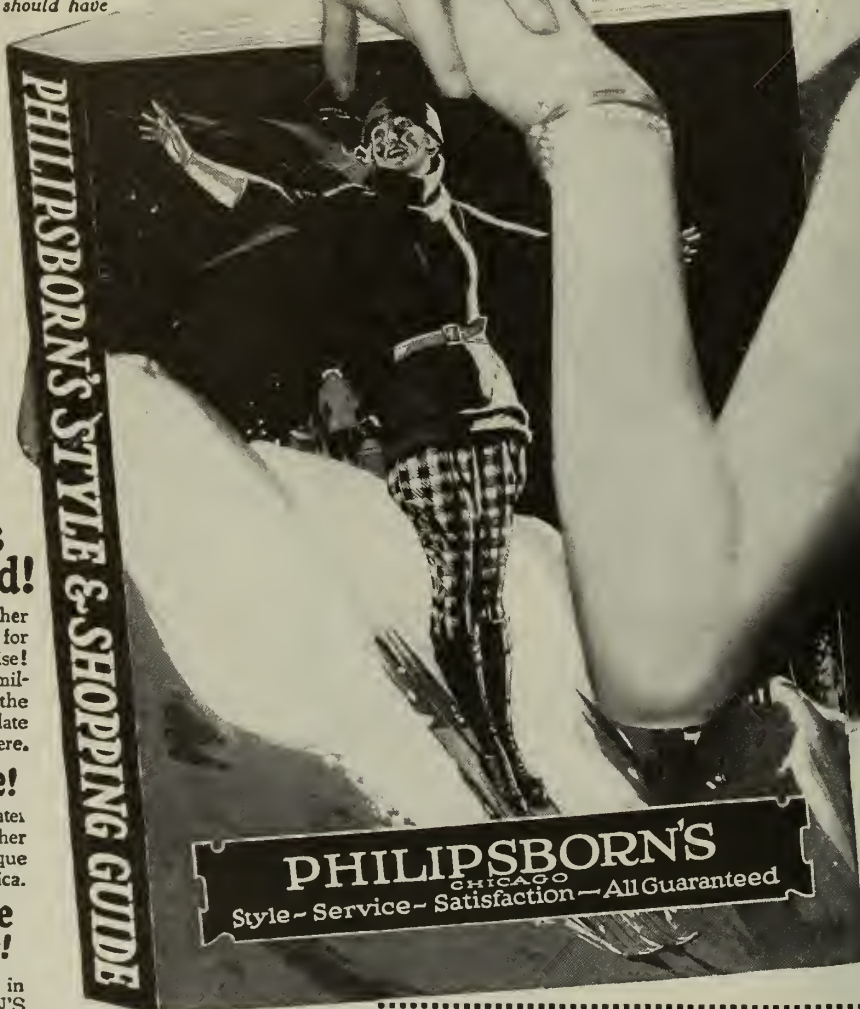
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The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

FRANK T. POPE
MANAGING EDITOR

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

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No. 4

Contents

September, 1923

Cover Design	Eleanor Boardman	
From a Pastel Portrait by J. Knowles Hare		
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures		10
In Tabloid Form for Ready Reference		
Brickbats and Bouquets		15
Letters from Readers		
Friendly Advice	Carolyn Van Wyck	16
The Department of Personal Service		
Rotogravure:		19
Andree Lafayette, Leatrice Joy, Ernest Torrence, Conrad Nagel, Pauline Starke, Peggy Shaw and Alice Joyce		
Speaking of Pictures (Editorials)	James R. Quirk	27
Gloria! An Impression	Adela Rogers St. Johns	28
It Is Hard to Believe That This Swan Was Once an Ugly Duckling		
Does the Camera Lie?		30
It Does, and Thereby Adds Greatly to Your Enjoyment of the Screen		
The Most Popular Triumvirate in All Filmdom (Photograph)		34
Lillian and Dorothy Gish and James Rennie		
"Hot Dog!" Says Farina	Herbert Howe	35
The Pickaninny Pola of Kid Comedies Has Great Individuality		
Jackie Coogan's Business Partners Hold a Meeting		36
Cartoon by Wynn Holcomb		

(Contents continued on next page)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine — refer to
the criticisms before you pick out
your evening's entertainment.
Make this your reference list.

Page 64	
Three Wise Fools	Goldwyn
Rupert of Hentzau	Selznick
Merry-Go-Round	Universal
Page 65	
Peter the Great	Paramount
Human Wreckage	F. B. O.
Circus Days	First National
Page 66	
Success	Metro
The Law of the Lawless	Paramount
The Fog	Metro
The Self-Made Wife	Universal
The Mysterious Witness	F. B. O.
McGuire of the Mounted	Universal
Page 67	
Sawdust	Universal
Wandering Daughters	First National
Desert Driven	F. B. O.
Shootin' for Love	Universal
The Rapids	Hodkinson
Children of Jazz	Paramount
Page 95	
Woman with Four Faces	Paramount
Short Subjects	Educational
The Broken Wing	Preferred
The Love Piker	
	Cosmopolitan-Goldwyn
Page 96	
Youthful Cheaters	Hodkinson
Where Is My Wandering Boy This Evening?	United Artists
Daughters of the Rich	Preferred
The Days of Daniel Boone	Universal
The Cuckoo's Secret	Bray
Red Russia Revealed	Fox
Itching Palms	F. B. O.

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Contents—Continued

The Girl on the Cover Eleanor Boardman Has a Definite Purpose in Life	Mary Winship	37
Making the De Mille Version of the Ten Commandments (Photographs) It's an Enterprise Calling for Architectural Magnitude		38
Love and Let Love (Fiction) Sheik Clothes Do Not Always Make Sheik Manners <i>Illustrated by C. F. Church</i>	Octavus Roy Cohen	40
What Do They Earn Today? A Peep at the Pay Roll of Some of the Leading Stars		44
Mrs. Reid's "Human Wreckage" (Photographs) It Is Hailed Where It Is Shown as a Big Success		45
Authors!—Burn Up Your Alibis! If Your Story Is Mutilated on the Screen You Have Only Yourself to Blame	George Ade	46
When They Were Bathing Girls (Photographs) Gloria Swanson, Phyllis Haver, Mary Thurman and Bebe Daniels of Yesterday		47
The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor Your Final Opportunity to Vote for What You Think Was the Best Picture of 1922		48
The Costello Family (Photographs) Maurice, the Mrs. and Dolores		49
The Romantic History of the Motion Picture Chapter XVIII: The Great Battle Between the "Trust" and the Independents	Terry Ramsaye	50
The Sweetest Flower in the King's Palace (Photographs) Blanche Sweet Has a Triumphant Film Come-Back		53
The Studio Secret (Fiction) This Great Mystery Story of Hollywood Life Is Concluded in This Issue <i>Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg</i>	Frederic Arnold Kummer	54
Close-Ups and Long Shots Comment on the Activities of Screen Personalities	Herbert Howe	58
Rotogravure: \$5,000 in Fifty Cash Prizes! Here Are the Last of the Cut Puzzle Pictures—Your Solution of the Entire Series of Twenty-Four Pictures Must Be in the Judges' Hands by Midnight, September 20 Julia Faye as Pharaoh's Daughter (Photograph)		59
Temperament? Pshaw! Says Allan Dwan	Frank T. Pope	63
The Shadow Stage The Department of Practical Screen Criticism		64
Gossip—East and West	Cal York	68
Husbands—by Their Wives Is Marriage a Failure? Well, Just Read What They Say!		74
Marilynn and Jack Pickford (Photographs)		78
Questions and Answers	The Answer Man	81
Why Do They Do It? Screen "Breaks" Caught by Readers of PHOTOPLAY		94
Casts of Current Photoplays Complete for Every Picture Reviewed in This Issue		120

Addresses of the leading motion picture studios will be found on page 126

A Screen Star Is Seeking Her Ideal Husband

She has been reported engaged more times than any woman in America.

Within the past few months her name has been coupled with the names of no less than five different men, each of whom, Dame Rumor said, she would marry.

But she seeks an ideal. When she finds the man who equals her idea of what a husband should be, she will marry. Not until then. Who she is, what her ideal is, and how she seeks him will be told in PHOTOPLAY for October.

BROTHERS IN NAME

are two noted men of the screen world, but in habits and tastes they are as opposed as the poles. One is interested only in wonderful screen spectacles; the other in simple, homely photoplays.

One needs miles of territory for his sets; the other requires only one room or a corner of a stage.

One fills the eye; the other touches the heart.

Their story also will appear in the October number of PHOTOPLAY, with other striking features.

Don't miss
Photoplay
for October
Out September 15th

"Why Mrs. Blakely —How Do You Do!"

He had met her only once before. Some one had presented him at a reception both had attended. He had conversed with her a little, danced with her once. And now, two weeks later, he sees her approaching with a young lady whom he surmises is her daughter.

"Why, Mrs. Blakely, how do you do!" he exclaims, rushing forward impulsively. But, Mrs. Blakely, accustomed to the highest degree of courtesy at all times, returns his greeting coldly.

And, nodding briefly, she passes on—leaving the young man angry with her, but angrier at himself for blundering at the very moment he wanted most to create a favorable impression.

DO you know what to say to a woman when meeting her for the first time after an introduction? Do you know what to say to a woman when leaving her after an introduction? Would you say "Good-bye, I am very glad to have met you"? Or, if she said that to you, how would you answer? It is just such little unexpected situations like these that take us off our guard and expose us to sudden embarrassments. None of us like to do the wrong thing, the incorrect thing. It condemns us as ill-bred. It makes us ill at ease when we should be well poised. It makes us self-conscious and uncomfortable when we should be calm, self-possessed, confident of ourselves.

The knowledge of what to do and say on all occasions is the greatest personal asset any man or woman can have. It protects against the humiliation of conspicuous blunders. It acts as an armor against the rudeness of others. It gives an ease of manner, a certain calm dignity and self-possession that people recognize and respect.

Do You Ever Feel That You Don't "Belong"?

Perhaps you have been to a party lately, or a dinner, or a reception of some kind. Were you entirely at ease, sure of yourself, confident that you would not do or say anything that others would not recognize as ill-bred?

Or were you self-conscious, afraid of doing or saying the wrong thing, constantly on the alert—never wholly comfortable for a minute?

Many people feel "alone" in a crowd, out of place. They do not know how to make strangers like them—how to create a good first impression. When they are introduced they do not know how to start conversation flowing smoothly and naturally. At the dinner table they feel



constrained, embarrassed. Somehow they always feel that they don't "belong."

Little Blunders That Take Us Off Our Guard

There are so many problems of conduct constantly arising. How should asparagus

be eaten? How should the finger-bowl be used, the napkin, the fork and knife? Whose name should be mentioned first when making an introduction? How should invitations be worded? How should the home be decorated for a wedding? What clothes should be taken on a trip to the South?

In public, at the theatre, at the dance, on the train—wherever we go and with whom-ever we happen to be, we encounter problems that make it necessary for us to hold ourselves well in hand, to be prepared, to know exactly what to do and say.

Let the Book of Etiquette Be Your Social Guide

For your own happiness, for your own peace of mind and your own ease, it is important that

you know definitely the accepted rules of conduct in all public places.

It is not expensive dress that counts most in social circles—but correct manner, knowledge of social form. Nor is it particularly clever speech that wins the largest audiences. If one knows the little secrets of *entertaining conversation*, if one is able to say always the right thing at the right time, one cannot help being a pleasing and ever-welcome guest.

The Book of Etiquette, social secretary to thousands of men and women, makes it possible for every one to do, say, write and wear always that which is absolutely correct and in good form—gives to every one a new ease and poise of manner, a new self-confidence and assurance. It smooths away the little crudities—does amazing things in the matter of *self-cultivation*.

Send No Money

Take advantage of the important special-edition, low-price offer made elsewhere on this page. Send today for your set of the famous Book of Etiquette. These two valuable volumes will protect you from embarrassments, give you new ease and poise of manner, tell you exactly what to do, say, write and wear on every occasion.

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Adolph Zukor presents
An ALLAN DWAN production

"Lawful Larceny"

with Hope Hampton, Nita Naldi
Conrad Nagel, & Lew Cody

From the play by Samuel Shipman. Adapted by John Lynch

The lesson of "Lawful Larceny" is a lesson for every married couple.

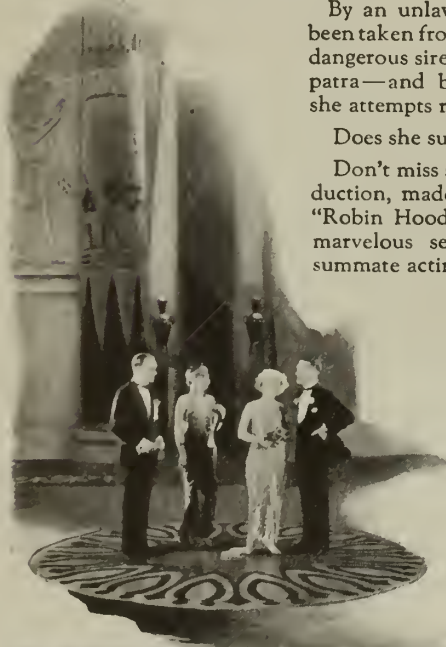
Hope Hampton is the charming young wife who returns from Europe to find her husband, Conrad Nagel, snared by another.

To fly into a temper will avail nothing. To get him back by love-inspired guile and diplomacy! that is the way and that is the excitement of the photoplay.

By an unlawful larceny had he been taken from her by Nita Naldi, dangerous siren and modern Cleopatra—and by "lawful larceny" she attempts recovery.

Does she succeed?

Don't miss seeing this great production, made by the director of "Robin Hood," the last word in marvelous settings, gowns, consummate acting and thrilling plot.



6th Annual

A Nation-wide Celebration
of Great Artistic Advance
in Screen Entertainment
Paramount Week Sept. 2—8

With Paramount Week the greatest motion picture season the world ever saw gets well under way.

After years of experimentation the art of the screen is coming to perfection.

The year just past has been one of extraordinary development. A single incident has been the advance showing by Paramount of the greatest photoplay ever made, "The Covered Wagon."

And now in Paramount Week you have the opportunity for a grand review of 1923's achievements and a pre-view of the great Paramount Pictures coming.

Celebrate Paramount Week at your own theatre as millions have during five previous annual Paramount Weeks.

A few of the great Paramount Pictures of the Past Season

RODOLPH VALENTINO in "Blood and Sand." A Fred Niblo Production.

JACK HOLT in "While Satan Sleeps." A Peter B. Kyne Special.

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S "Manslaughter," with Thomas Meighan, Leatrice Joy and Lois Wilson.

"THE OLD HOMESTEAD," with Theodore Roberts. A James Cruze Production.

A George Fitzmaurice Production, "TO HAVE AND TO HOLD," with Betty Compson and Bert Lytell.

A William deMille Production, "CLARENCE," with Wallace Reid, Agnes Ayres and May McAvoy.

THOMAS MEIGHAN in "Back Home and Broke."

GLORIA SWANSON in "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew." A Sam Wood Production.

A George Fitzmaurice Production, "KICK IN," with Betty Compson and Bert Lytell.



Paramount

Paramount Week

[continued]

JACK HOLT in "Making a Man." A Peter B. Kyne Special.

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S Production, "Adam's Rib," with Milton Sills, Elliott Dexter, Theodore Kosloff, Anna Q. Nilsson and Pauline Garon.

AGNES AYRES in "Racing Hearts," with Theodore Roberts and Richard Dix.

An Allan Dwan Production, "THE GLIMPSES OF THE MOON," with Bebe Daniels and Nita Naldi.

POLA NEGRI in A George Fitzmaurice Production, "BELLA DONNA." Supported by Conway Tearle, Conrad Nagel and Lois Wilson.

A William deMille Production, "GRUMPY," with May McAvoy, Theodore Roberts and Conrad Nagel.

GLORIA SWANSON in "Prodigal Daughters" A Sam Wood Production.

A George Melford Production, "YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE," with Leatrice Joy, Nita Naldi, Lewis Stone and Pauline Garon.

THOMAS MEIGHAN in "The Ne'er-Do-Well."

A Herbert Brenon Production, "THE RUSTLE OF SILK," with Betty Compson and Conway Tearle.

BEBE DANIELS and Antonio Moreno in "THE EXCITERS."

AGNES AYRES in "The Heart Raider."

A William deMille Production, "ONLY 38," with Lois Wilson, May McAvoy, George Fawcett.

A Herbert Brenon Production, "THE WOMAN WITH FOUR FACES," with Betty Compson and Richard Dix.

"CHILDREN OF JAZZ," with Theodore Kosloff, Ricardo Cortez, Robert Cain and Eileen Percy.

JACK HOLT in "A Gentleman of Leisure."

DOROTHY DALTON in "The Law of the Lawless."

THOMAS MEIGHAN in "Homeward Bound."

A few of the great Paramount Pictures of the New Season

A James Cruze Production, "HOLLYWOOD," with 22 real stars and 56 screen celebrities.

POLA NEGRI in A George Fitzmaurice Production, "THE CHEAT," with Jack Holt, supported by Charles deRoche.

GLORIA SWANSON in A Sam Wood Production, "BLUE-BEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE."

"THE PURPLE HIGHWAY," with Madge Kennedy.

A William deMille Production, "SPRING MAGIC," with Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Charles deRoche, Mary Astor and Robert Agnew.

A James Cruze Production, "RUGGLES OF RED GAP," with Edward Horton, Ernest Torrence, Lois Wilson, Fritzi Ridgway, Charles Ogle and Louise Dresser.

A Zane Grey Production, "TO THE LAST MAN," with Richard Dix and Lois Wilson.

A George Melford Production, "SALOMY JANE," with Jacqueline Logan, George Fawcett, Maurice Flynn.

GLORIA SWANSON in an Allan Dwan Production, "Zaza."

THOMAS MEIGHAN in George Ade's "All Must Marry."



Jesse L. Lasky
presents a
Charles Maigne
production

"The Silent Partner"

with Leatrice Joy,
Owen Moore & Robert Edeson

From the story by Maximilian Foster. Screen play by Sada Cowan

What should the wife of a Wall Street gambler do who seeks to save him from ruin?

Paramount answers this question with "The Silent Partner," a new and terrifically powerful handling of the theme of love versus the fever for gain.

In the days of prosperity and golden winnings, the beautiful young wife, Leatrice Joy, determines to start "gold-digging" from her husband, Owen Moore, and build a reserve unknown to him.

But how to look as though she is spending the thousands he gives up, that is the question!

How to make a \$20 gown or a \$5 hat or a paste necklace look like ten times the value? *She does this!*

And see what happens when the crash comes!



TRADE MARK



Pictures



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

ABYSMAL BRUTE, THE—Universal.—A woman-shy young man with a wallop in his right fist and a come-lither in his eye, played by Reginald Denny in a way both manly and appealing. Jack London characters faithfully reproduced. This is a picture for everybody. (July.)

ADAM AND EVA—Paramount-Cosmopolitan.—Marion Davies does some very good light comedy work as a spoiled daughter of wealth. (May.)

ADAM'S RIB—Paramount.—Cecil de Mille's latest—and worst. Started out to be an epic of the flapper and wound up as a rhinestone-set tale of the girl who sacrifices her reputation to save her mother. (May.)

AFFAIRS OF LADY HAMILTON, THE—Hodkinson.—Lady Hamilton comes to a bad finish, but her road of life is not tedious by any means. Rather heavy German production. Not for children. (July.)

ARE YOU A FAILURE?—Preferred Pictures.—A story in seven reels that deserves three. It may amuse the old folks and children. A small town seemingly inhabited entirely by actors. (May.)

BACKBONE—Distinctive Pictures.—Anything but distinctive—just average. A far-fetched tale, ornately mounted. (May.)

BAVU—Universal.—A gory tale of Bolshevick Russia, decidedly artificial. This doesn't apply to Wallace Beery, however, the double-dyed villain. Flappers may like the ultra-heroic Forrest Stanley. (July.)

BELLA DONNA—Paramount.—Pola Negri's first American-made picture does not fit her as well as those tailored in Berlin. Pola is more beautiful but less moving; a passion flower fashioned into a poinsettia. The picture is thoroughly artificial. (June.)

BOLTED DOOR, THE—Universal.—Husband and wife have a quarrel, a fortune hunter threatens to break up what little domestic happiness is left, but virtue triumphs in the end. (May.)

BOSTON BLACKIE—Fox.—The inside of the world's most disagreeable prison, with a happy ending that arrives just in time. (August.)

BRASS—Warner Brothers.—Not for those who read the novel by Norris. A story which doesn't dare anything. Harry Myers excellent in small role. (June.)

BRIGHT SHAWL, THE—First National.—A pretty play of distinct atmospheric charm, a tale of Havana intrigue with Cuban strugglers for liberty on one side and soldiers of Spanish oppression on the other. Well acted by Richard Barthelmess, Dorothy Gish, Jetta Goudal and William Powell. (July.)

BUCKING THE BARRIER—Fox.—Dustin Farnum beating up thugs who wouldst thwart him from claiming his rightful estates. (June.)

BURNING WORDS—Universal.—The Canadian Mounted, and a trooper who gets his man. This time the man is a brother. (August.)

CAN A WOMAN LOVE TWICE?—F. B. O.—Apparently she can. Ethel Clayton, as the harassed heroine of a dull, long-drawn out drama, does. (May.)

CASEY JONES, JR.—Educational.—Two reels of good fun for the whole family. A colored porter and a goat offer some amusing gags. (May.)

CHILDREN OF DUST—First National.—A pleasant little story of old Gramercy Square, but with too much childish love-making. And then, at the end, the war is dragged in. (August.)

CORDELIA THE MAGNIFICENT—Metro.—High society with everybody blackmailing everybody, even the heroine, who does it unconsciously, of course. Badly adapted story. (July.)

COVERED WAGON, THE—Paramount.—The biggest picture of the screen year. Real pioneers lighting their tortuous passage across the plains and mountains. Recommended to everyone, without reservations. A Will Hays promise made good. (May.)

CRASHING THROUGH—F. B. O.—Not so bad—not so good. A Harry Carey jumble of heroics. (June.)

CRITICAL AGE, THE—Hodkinson.—Another Ralph Connor Glengarry story, well told. Lacking in the original force and spiritual element. (July.)

CROSSED WIRES—Universal.—And yet another little Cinderella. She prefers sass to the switchboard, and she achieves her heart's desire, not without some heart-thrills and much laughter. (July.)

DADDY—First National.—A shopworn and old fashioned story with Jackie Coogan as its redeeming feature. (May.)

DEAD GAME—Universal.—Hoot Gibson does some hard riding and fast thinking. (July.)

DIVORCE—F. B. O.—Jane Novak is so beautiful, in this, that nothing else matters. Not even the plot. (August.)

DON QUICKSHOT OF THE RIO GRANDE—Universal.—A western that should have been a comedy. The small boy's delight. (August.)

As a special service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments upon all photoplays of the preceding four months.

PHOTOPLAY readers find this department of tremendous help—for it is an authoritative and accurate summary, told in a few words, of all current film dramas.

PHOTOPLAY has always been first and foremost in its film reviews. However, the fact that most photoplays do not reach the great majority of the country's screen theaters until months later, has been a manifest drawback. This department overcomes this—and shows you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money.

You can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. The month at the end of each tabloid indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

DOUBLE - DEALING—Universal.—A stupid young man buys property of a confidence man, and of course the property assumes a great value. Otherwise how could it all end so happily? (July.)

ENEMIES OF WOMEN—Paramount-Cosmopolitan.—An Ibanez romance filmed in Paris and Monte Carlo, decorated by Urban, dressed by Poiret and girded by Ziegfeld. A million dollars' worth of beauty, including Alma Rubens, and superb acting by Lionel Barrymore. (June.)

EXCITERS, THE—Paramount.—A jazzy little comedy-melodrama with plenty of action and speed. Tony Moreno and Bebe Daniels at their best. Good entertainment. (August.)

EX-KAISER IN EXILE, THE—Hodkinson.—The Ex-Kaiser striding through many acres of pleasant woodland in Holland acting like a caged lion. Wilhelm looks quite healthy—too healthy to make the film enjoyable. (May.)

FAMOUS MRS. FAIR, THE—Metro.—"Arise Fred Niblo, Photoplay dubs you a directorial knight of the screen." A perfect motion picture and a perfect cast. You can't afford to miss this. (May.)

FOG BOUND—Paramount.—One of the formulas. Innocent man accused—lovely lady saves him. Good cast, fine photography, Palm Beach settings, and conventional ending. (August.)

FOOLS AND RICHES—Universal.—The handsome hero and his money are soon parted, but being a hero he wins another fortune, and being handsome wins the girl. (July.)

FOUR ORPHANS, THE—Hodkinson.—A comedy. Not the funniest ever made, but almost amusing enough. Charles Murray is the real star. (May.)

FOURTH MUSKETEER, THE—F. B. O.—Johnnie Walker at his best as a young prize-fighter who gives up certain championship for the little wife. (June.)

GARRISON'S FINISH—United Artists.—The old, hackneyed race track story, with the Southern colonel, the doped horse 'n' everything. Jack Pickford has the lead. Race scenes the best. (August.)

GIRL I LOVED, THE—United Artists.—We recommend this without a single qualification to the entire family. It deserves your attention. A fragile wistful little lyric inspired by J. Whitcomb Riley's poem of a country boy who loves his foster sister. Ray gives one of the best performances of the screen year, superb in its humanness and tenderness. We cannot recommend it too highly. (July.)

GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST, THE—First National.—Another return engagement, but the fine old story marred by difficulties of casting. Warren Kerrigan and Sylvia Breamer the leads. (August.)

GIRL WHO CAME BACK, THE—Preferred.—The dear girl doesn't come back, really, but she does get diamonds and two husbands. So everybody's happy, unless possibly the audience. (July.)

GLIMPSES OF THE MOON, THE—Paramount.—Beautiful sets, beautiful gowns and oh, such beautiful ladies! In a word, an eye-ful. But nothing much for the heart. (June.)

GO-GETTER, THE—Paramount-Cosmopolitan.—The Go-Getter has lost much of his pep passing from magazine to screen, but it is a pleasant, well-round narrative for a' that. (July.)

GOSSIP—Universal.—Gladys Walton ends a great strike and marries the mill owner—all because she is a sweet, innocent little girl who knows nothing of life, or the conventions. (May.)

GRUB STAKE, THE—American Releasing Corporation.—Fifty-seven varieties of woodland creatures, ranging in styles from bears to porcupines. Also Nell Shipman. A unique forest picture. (June.)

GRUMPY—Paramount.—A superb characterization by Theodore Roberts. (June.)

HEART RAIDER, THE—Paramount.—Jazzy and often amusing, with Agnes Ayres setting the pace. An unbelievable story, but set in beautiful surroundings. (August.)

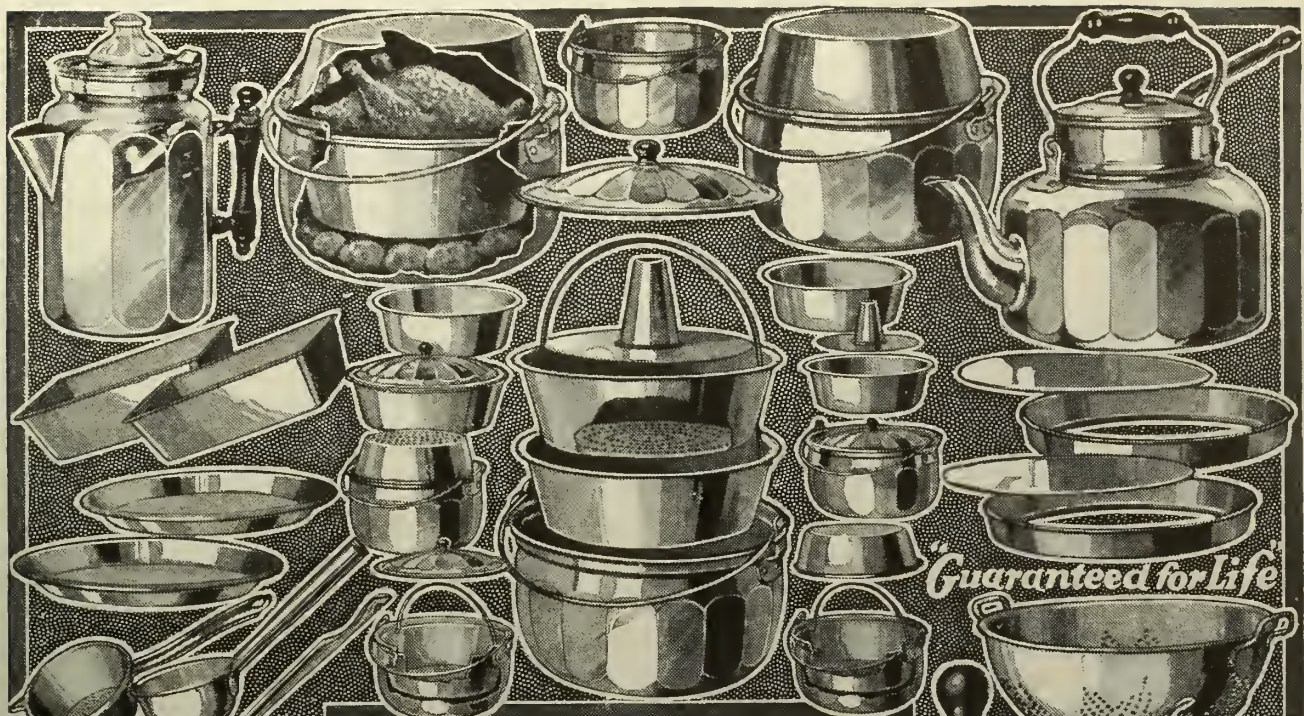
HER FATAL MILLIONS—Metro.—A swiftly moving comedy of a girl's fibs—Viola Dana's—to a suitor whom she believes faithless. (July.)

ISLE OF LOST SHIPS, THE—First National.—A fantastic romance of delinquents in the Sargasso Sea, screened with imagination by Tourneur. (June.)

JAVA HEAD—Paramount.—From Hergesheimer's novel. Misses much, but, even so, a screen drama well above the average. (May.)

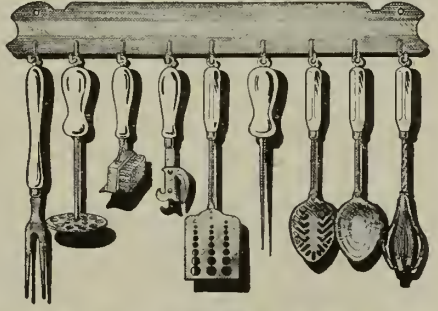
JAZZMANIA—Metro.—Another generous helping of Mac Murray marshmallow screen fare. (May.)

LEOPARDESS, THE—Paramount.—Montague Love tries taming Alice Brady, a wild gal of the South Seas. He also tries to tame a leopardess—and gets tamed most effectively. The leopardess should have ended matters in the first reel. (June.)



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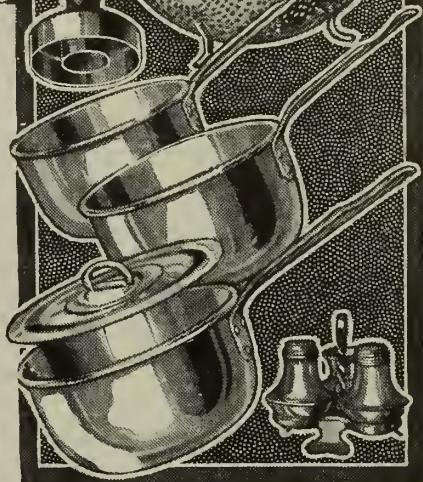


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LION'S MOUSE, THE—Hodkinson.—Blackmail, robbery, hairbreadth escapes, the papers and the poils! But entertaining for a' that. (June.)

LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER, THE—Warner Brothers.—A situation after the manner of "The Miracle Man," with a wealthy mine owner, a mine disaster and a minister. (June.)

LOST AND FOUND—Goldwyn.—Hollywood hokum dropped in the South Seas. A beautiful background and good players wasted. (June.)

LOVEBOUND—Fox.—A well-knit, consistent story, with strong climaxes, of a district attorney who falls in love with his secretary. The girl's father is a jewel thief, and the conflict between her loyalty to father and love for prosecutor is well-developed. Shirley Mason draws sympathy. (July.)

MAD LOVE—Goldwyn.—Pola Negri's last picture in Germany. They have changed her many lovers to husbands in the American titles. (May.)

MADNESS OF YOUTH—Fox.—An engaging crook enters a home to rob a safe, meets the daughter of his victim, etc. Marriage and honor in the end. John Gilbert is sincere and with Billie Dove makes the affair almost plausible. (July.)

MAIN STREET—Warner Brothers.—A difficult story to screen and, therefore, not an entirely satisfactory picture. Starts off well, but slumps at the end. Florence Vidor the great redeeming feature. (August.)

MAN FROM GLENGARRY, THE—Hodkinson.—Ralph Connor's erstwhile best-seller has suffered in the screening, but the logging scenes are fine and the Canadian landscapes impressive. (June.)

MAN NEXT DOOR, THE—Vitagraph.—Not good. Story is illogical, and acting and direction both below standard. A dog wins the honors. (August.)

MAN OF ACTION, A—First National.—Likable Douglas MacLean as a society man playing a crook. Interesting, but incongruous. Perhaps, some day, MacLean will get a real story. Then, look out. (August.)

MARK OF THE BEAST, THE—Dixon.—Thomas Dixon wrote, cast and directed this as a challenge to "machine-made pictures." The machine wins. (August.)

MARY OF THE MOVIES—F. B. O.—Again the Hollywood stars trailing by in a story of a screen-struck girl. That is the only interest. The story is weak. (August.)

MASTERS OF MEN—Vitagraph.—Well-done story of the Spanish-American war. Cullen Landis fine. Earle Williams, Alice Calhoun and Wanda Hawley in the cast. (June.)

MICHAEL O'HALLORAN—Hodkinson.—The too-sweet story of a Chesterfieldian street urchin, who shows a lot of rich folk how to behave. (August.)

MIDNIGHT GUEST, THE—Universal.—A young lady thief who reforms. Not quite for children. (May.)

MR. BILLINGS SPENDS HIS DIME—Paramount.—Is bullet-proof farce and one of the best things of its kind in a long time. (May.)

MODERN MARRIAGE—American Releasing Corporation.—The team of Beverly Bayne and Francis X. Bushman return in a commonplace story smoothly screened. (June.)

NE'ER-DO-WELL, THE—Paramount.—Not altogether successful, nor altogether uninteresting, for Thomas Meighan is in it. Old-fashioned. (July.)

NOBODY'S BRIDE—Universal.—A runaway bride, a down-and-out suitor of other days, a bag of jewels, a band of crooks, etc., etc. (June.)

NOISE IN NEWBORO, A—Metro.—Cinderella of the small town goes to the city and comes home rich. Viola Dana gingers up this weak concoction. (July.)

NTH COMMANDMENT, THE—Paramount.—Cosmopolitan.—The brave little girl struggles to maintain her home when her husband falls desperately ill. The human note is missing. (July.)

OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE, AN—Metro.—J. Whitcomb Riley's poem screened with considerable charm and touches of melodrama. (July.)

ONLY 38—Paramount.—A delightful handling by William de Mille of a most appealing story. Lois Wilson's role fits her admirably, and May McAvoy is a great help. (August.)

O'HELLO—Ben Blumenthal.—A German adaptation of the tragedy directed by a Russian, in which Emil Jannings is a German Moor. (May.)

OUR GANG COMEDIES—Pathe.—One hundred per cent kid stuff—for the whole family. Don't miss Little Farina, age two, colored. (June.)

PENROD AND SAM—First National.—One of the entertainment gems of the month. Real boys with a story handled by William Baudine, who remembers that he was once a boy. Don't miss it if you enjoy kids. (August.)

POP TUTTLE'S POLECAT PLOT—F. B. O.—Fashioned after the Fontaine Fox-Toonerville Trolley type of cartoon humor. (May.)

PRISONER, THE—Universal.—An extravagant plot with Herbert Rawlinson as the heavy lover who saves a little blonde from an unfortunate marriage. (May.)

PRODIGAL DAUGHTERS—Paramount.—Another tirade against the jazz babies of 1923. This time it is adapted to the girl who leaves the old homestead only to return in the snowstorm of Christmas-time. (July.)

PRODIGAL SON, THE—Stoll Film Corp.—Steeped in the gloom of church yards and deathbeds, lost loves and debts. (July.)

QUEEN OF SIN, THE—Not sinful but awful. The queen's sin is weight. (June.)

QUICKSANDS—American Releasing Corporation.—Drug smuggling across the Mexican border is stopped by Lt. Richard Dix and Helene Chadwick of the Secret Service. (June.)

RACING HEARTS—Paramount.—Unless the auto stuff has been worn threadbare with you, it may entertain you. To us the motor seems to miss. (May.)

RAGGED EDGE, THE—Goldwyn.—A Harold McGrath romance, with a lot of new blood in the cast. From China to the South Seas. (August.)

RAILROADED—Universal.—A lesson in how wayward sons should, and should not, be disciplined. Love finds a way. (August.)

REMITTANCE WOMAN, THE—F. B. O.—Ethel Clayton's loveliness shines out from the dim and mystic East, where Ethel gains a sacred vase and nearly loses her life. (July.)

RICE AND OLD SHOES—F. B. O.—A comedy of the honey-moon, with all the old situations worked overtime. (August.)

ROD AND GUN SERIES—Hodkinson.—The wealth of detail and the excellent photography don't quite compensate for the distaste of such utter destruction of ducks, geese, quail and fish. (May.)

RUSTLE OF SILK, THE—Paramount.—The triangle of a British statesman, his unfaithful wife and an adoring lady's maid, who loves the statesman from afar, isn't much of drama. But told with fine taste and discretion. Betty Compson, Anna Q. Nilsson and Conway Tearle excellent. (July.)

SAFETY LAST—Pathe.—Harold Lloyd's best—seven reels that speed like two. Prepare for laughter, shrieks and general hysteria. (June.)

SCARS OF JEALOUSY—First National.—See "Poor Men's Wives." Ditto. (May.)

SHADOWS—Preferred Pictures.—An idea of delicacy and charm has been translated with great care to the screen and the result is a good picture. Tom Forman's direction of Wilbur Daniel Steele's prize story "Ching, Ching, Chinaman" is as inspired as possible in view of the fact that there are censors. The central figure, the Oriental laundryman, remarkably acted by Lon Chaney, is a fine and true conception. (January.)

SHOCK, THE—Universal.—Another hideously clever characterization by Lon Chaney as a cripple of the underworld. The miracle idea is brought in again. Strong, but unpleasant—and, of course, with a happy ending. (August.)

SINGLE HANDED—Universal.—Hoot Gibson as an eccentric musician who discovers a buried treasure. Hoot's better at handling hosses. (June.)

SIXTY CENTS AN HOUR—Paramount.—An ambitious soda clerk plans to marry the daughter of the bank president, and go into business—all on seven-fifty a week. A riot of laughter. (July.)

SLANDER THE WOMAN—First National.—And still the formula! Beautiful heroine, wrongfully accused, goes to the Frozen North. There, in the great, open spaces, things happen. Mostly, good photography. (August.)

SNOW BRIDE, THE—Paramount.—A forced and artificial story of life in a Canadian village. Alice Brady, even, fails to register. (August.)

SNOWDRIFT—Fox.—A cooling Summer picture, with lots of ice and snow. A little waf, missionaries, Indians, impossible happenings. Marries a reformed gambler for the fade-out. (August.)

SOUL OF THE BEAST—Metro.—Cinderella elopes with an elephant. Hard time has Cinderella, but all ends well, even for friend elephant. (July.)

SOULS FOR SALE—Goldwyn.—A Cook's tour of the Hollywood studios. A false and trivial story, but it takes you behind the camera and is very entertaining. (June.)

SPOILERS, THE—Goldwyn.—A new version of the Rex Beach Alaskan romance, with a capital cast. As thrilling as ever. Milton Sills and Noah Beery stage a realistic fight, and Anna Nilsson is excellent as the dance hall girl. (August.)

STEPPING FAST—Fox.—Tom Mix mixes with desperadoes. He saves a girl from the rasals after a trip to China. The girl says "yes." (July.)

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"Rich Men's Wives"

* Placed by Robert E. Sherwood, critic of LIFE, on his list of the fifteen best pictures of the year.

STORMSWEEP—F. B. O.—Wallace Beery trying to be a successor to Rodolph Valentino. Not for children—and we're all children to some extent! (May.)

SUNSHINE TRAIL, THE—First National.—The story of a nice young man who wants to spread sunshine everywhere but gets under a cloud in his own home town. (June.)

SUZANNA—Allied Producers.—Mack Sennett tries plot instead of pies without so much success, but Mabel Normand stirs in some fine humor. Early California, missions, Spaniards—and Mabel. (June.)

TEMPTATION—C. B. C. Film Sales Corp.—Original in that the couple who are struggling unhappily under the weight of their millions do not lose the bankroll and live forever in a cottage. (July.)

THREE JUMPS AHEAD—Fox.—Tom Mix and his horse Tony leap a chasm and give you an hour of Western thrill with love interest. (June.)

TIGER'S CLAW—Paramount.—Jack Holt goes to India, gets bit by a tiger, married to half-caste, and mixed up in poison plots. (June.)

TOWN SCANDAL, THE—Universal.—Gladys Walton is a chorus girl who runs out of a job and goes home to write her memoirs for the local gazette. Of course the poor girl's misunderstood. (June.)

TRAILING AFRICAN WILD ANIMALS—Metro.—This Martin Johnson picture is the best of its kind. The best animal close-ups ever made, and some tremendous thrills. (July.)

TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE, THE—Paramount.—Mountaineers, moonshiners, Minter and Moreno. Also Ernest Torrence. The players are the thing. (June.)

TRIFLING WITH HONOR—Universal.—The story of a home-run king, resembling Babe Ruth, who is the idol of the small boys. Intensely dramatic and worthy. (July.)

TRIMMED IN SCARLET—Universal.—Characters displaying their lack of sense in a way that may earn your pity but not your sympathy. (June.)

VANITY FAIR—Goldwyn.—Hugo Ballin's workmanlike visualization of Thackeray's novel. Not brilliant, but adequate. (June.)

VENGEANCE OF THE DEEP—American Releasing Corp.—Sharks, devil crabs, sea weed and treasure chests make the under-sea pictures interesting and thrilling. But the actors on dry land are not so interesting. (July.)

WAGGIN' TALE, A—F. B. O.—Sorry to say that a clever dog actor takes all the honors away from the Carter De Havens. (May.)

WESTBOUND LIMITED—F. B. O.—A homely, sympathetic tale built about the railroad and its men. A love interest, too—though hardly necessary. (July.)

WHAT WIVES WANT—Universal.—After many reels the husband realizes that all business and no love will wreck any marriage. You probably will realize it from the first. (July.)

WHERE THE PAVEMENT ENDS—Metro.—Ramon Novarro (girls, don't miss him) and Alice Terry in what seems to us Rex Ingram's best picture. Recommended. (May.)

WHITE FLOWER, THE—Paramount.—Hawaii and Betty Compson are alluring. Nothing else matters if you like them. And who doesn't? (June.)

WHITE ROSE, THE—United Artists.—D. W. Griffith's latest, bringing Mae Marsh back to the screen. The star's playing is wonderful. So are the sets and photography. The story is not so much. Ivor Novello, Mr. Griffith's new leading man, is highly decorative. (August.)

WITHIN THE LAW—First National.—An expensive production with big names, but lacking inspiration and vitality. Norma Talmadge seems afraid to act. The best work is that of Lew Cody as the crook. (July.)

WOMAN OF BRONZE, THE—Metro.—Clara Kimball Young as the wife, who after disillusionment and anguish proves to be the ideal woman for her husband. (June.)

YOU ARE GUILTY—Mastodon Films—Mediocrity with a distinguished cast. (June.)

YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE—Paramount.—Good money and players wasted upon an absurd story. Again the husband on the edge of the restless forties, the neglected wife and the regulation vampire. (July.)

YOUR FRIEND AND MINE—Metro.—Really good, but slightly silly. The wife is too trusting, the villain too bad, the ruined girl too resigned. (May.)

IT seems that somebody once suggested to an aspiring film producer that "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" would make a good picture. "Yes," replied the aspiring film producer, "maybe, but we don't want no football stories."—*Morning Telegraph.*

Slams Across the Sea

Southport, Larco, England.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I have read your magazine with great interest for some time, and I always enjoy it ever so much, except for one thing—I don't think you are quite fair to foreigners. I know you will say that your magazine is an American publication, intended for American readers, but surely you can be patriotic without hitting out at other countries. For instance, last month you published a photo of Gladys Cooper and also stated that New York was disappointed in her, as in all other English beauties. Well, even allowing for the fact that relations are always a little strained between the two countries, isn't there a little prejudice there? Think of all the actresses America sends us, such as Peggy O'Neill, Willette Kershaw and many others, who receive enthusiastic receptions in England. Eric von Stroheim, who to judge by "Blind Husbands" and "The Devil's Pass-Key" is one of America's ablest directors, is another foreigner who is criticized more harshly than an American would ever have been. Rodolph Valentino was set at naught until the fans acclaimed him in spite of the critics.

In England I don't think Lillian Gish is considered "the supreme artiste of the screen." Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford and even Gloria Swanson draw larger crowds. I have just seen "Orphans of the Storm," and I certainly don't think Lillian's acting equalled Dorothy's. It is Lillian's fragile, appealing beauty rather than her acting ability which wins sympathy—and in her own country apparently, admiration. Dorothy's dramatic moments are not helped by a "spirituelle" look, apart from her cleverness in jumping from comedy into tragedy with such ease. I doubt if Lillian could play any other part other than that of a helpless, struggling heroine. Whereas Mary Pickford and, I believe, even Norma Talmadge, could play comedy and tragedy equally well.

I consider Claire Windsor the most beautiful woman on the screen, and Agnes Ayres about the plainest. I like to watch Gloria and Mae strolling and dancing through the entertaining absurdities they call "stories," and I liked Fox's "Monte Cristo" far better than "Orphans of the Storm," and Ingram's "Four Horsemen" than "Way Down East" or "Broken Blossoms" or "The Birth of a Nation." In fact, I think Griffith has been distinctly overrated.

I know that if you publish this it will annoy some people—but after all, America is not the only country drawn on the map of the world, as an incident four and a half years ago proved, and I hope Ivor Novello will be found worthy to rank with even some Americans as far as acting ability goes.

MARION MAY

The Troupers, God Bless 'Em!

Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: There is something I have often wondered about, and now I'm going to put it down in writing. Why do the fans seem to be interested only in the beautiful people of the screen? They seem to entirely overlook such wonderful artists as Sam de Grasse, (whose *Prince John* in "Robin Hood" was so excellent), and E. A. (Fred) Warren, whom I think excels even the preeminent Chaney in the portrayal of Chinamen, as, for instance, in "East Is West" and "Inside the Law." However, he is not limited to Orientals as those who saw his old Jew in "Hungry Hearts" will testify. And how about dear Alec Frances? Who else is there that brings to the screen the personality, charm and humanness that he does? Lionel Belmore, too, deserves much

Brickbats & Bouquets

LETTERS FROM READERS

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. 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 full name and address.

more recognition from the fans than he receives. For the women, there is lovely Claire McDowell. Doesn't anyone see in her the sweet, adorable, clever woman that I know her to be? Helen Jerome Eddy is another, but she seems, of late, to be taking her rightful place among the really worth while. There is, one real, honest-to-goodness girl! Another who must be in the list of favorites is Ford Sterling. He is just beginning to reappear on the screen, and is now playing more dramatic parts than his old Chief of Police. During all my experience, I've never met anyone who knows more about picture making from any angle than he does, and besides all that, he is a prince!

AGNES LEAHY.

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La Center, Washington.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Why do a number of our fans object to a change of action in a story when the story is transferred to the silver sheet? Why don't they pause to consider that the authors of some of the older books, which in May PHOTOPLAY, Mrs. G. B. Sharp especially stipulated, did not write their books for the convenience of present day motion picture producers?

Mr. de Mille made a very charming picture of "Manslaughter," even if it did not follow Mrs. Miller's pages so closely. I think, in some respects, that the picture version was an improvement on the original.

Please give the poor producer credit for having some clever ideas of his own, and not force him to cling so closely to his model. Let him use a little of his own originality. He also has to play to the box-office. People are not going to pay their money very often to go to an entertainment from which they come away with a harried and dissatisfied feeling, and

you know, morbid endings were the most popular in days gone by.

The producers are seeking new ideas today and a book of an older author might contain some very interesting material. Should this material be allowed to go to waste just because that author used some idea which would not transfer well to the screen? I am sure more people were pleased with Rex Ingram's version of "Eugenie Grandet" than Balzac's.

WILMA KANE.

The Champion Vamp

Peoria, Illinois.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: If anyone were to ask me who my favorite actress is, I would happily say—Pola Negri. Ever since I saw her in "Bella Donna," in which she acted so marvelously, and since she has used American make-up, which has made her so very beautiful, she has ranked the champion of all vamps. She belongs at the top of the Honor roll. Pola forever!

MARTHA HEATON.

Eighty Per Cent Perfect

Cincinnati, Ohio.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: As an old and enthusiastic subscriber to, and reader of, your excellent magazine (I have the files intact for five years) I want to call your attention to an interesting fact. Coming from Clarksdale, Miss., and from Memphis to Louisville and Cincinnati, I happened to notice the readers of magazines and was pleased to learn that 80% had invested in the current issue of PHOTOPLAY. I was especially glad to find my opinion of your magazine corroborated in this manner.

B. M. BROWNELL.

A Tonic for Tom

Minneapolis, Minn.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I read in the May PHOTOPLAY that Thomas Meighan might quit acting to become a director. What could be a worse blow to his fans? Here is the most popular male star of today, right at the height of his career, going to desert his fans. I like Mr. Meighan too well to blame him wholly. I think he needs a spring tonic and a vacation. But if he is afraid his popularity might wane in the next five years, he is wrong. Meighan fans aren't that kind. They don't fall for every matinee idol. They stick. If Mr. Meighan continues with the fine screen stories he has been blessed with, together with good direction, there is no reason why he isn't good for a great long time.

If Tommie leaves, who will we have left? With Wallace Reid gone, Valentino not playing, and Tommy Meighan directing, the movies will be just about as exciting as prohibition. No one can fill the places of these actors.

So, Meighan fans, get busy. We want Tommie on the screen, not back of it. If it must be proven how popular he is, let's stage a popularity contest or the like. You know the Irish are fighters and generally get what they go after, and as every Irishman is a Meighan fan, we ought to win.

RUTH I. HAMILTON.

More About Richard

St. Joseph, Missouri.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Why not have more about Richard Dix in your magazine? Surely he is as fine a young man as you will find, besides being a splendid actor. Don't you suppose there are a few people in the world who get tired of this eternal harping on Rodolph, Pola and Ramon? They are all right, but I'm one who would like to hear more of Richard Dix.

MRS. LOIS W. BOWEN.

FRIENDLY ADVICE

From

Carolyn Van Wyck



HOW can I hold my husband's interest?" It was a question that came to me, this morning, in a slim, tear-stained little letter. And it isn't the first time that the same question has reached me, either!

Wives—slightly past the thirty mark, perhaps nearing thirty-five—are the ones who most often ask this question. Wives who wonder why their husbands do not seem over-anxious to take them to dinner or the theater. Who wonder why the little signs of affection and thoughtfulness, and—yes—admiration are becoming less frequent every day. Wives who are good housekeepers and excellent home-makers. Who are economical and practical. Who see that socks are darned, and rooms are dusted and dinners are well served.

But wives who frequently, alas, forget to be charming!

What engaged girl would consciously allow her fiancé to see her in an ugly gown or an unbecoming hat? With untidy hair, or ragged finger nails or a hole in the heel of her stocking? But how many married women think nothing of appearing at the breakfast table in an unattractive kimono and curl papers! And how many splendid wives and mothers neglect the hands and the skin that they were once so proud of. A husband enjoys a prettily waved coiffure and the after-effect of a facial massage just as much—after five or ten years of married life—as he did on the honeymoon!

No business woman will be careless about a position that she has taken the trouble to secure. She will try, every day, to do her work in a better and more efficient manner. Because she does not want to take a chance of losing that position. But many a home woman, after acquiring a husband, will take a chance of losing him. Because she forgets that it is part of a wife's business to look out for her personal appearance. Because she forgets that good looks are an important part of her matrimonial equipment.

ADELE, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

A bride's first dinner parties are very important matters, of course. She takes a certain, and understandable, pride in the serving of "company" meals in her own little home. But she often—all too often!—makes the mistake of trying to be too elaborate and formal.

Nearly every bride starts her adventure of housekeeping in a modest way. Usually with

one maid—or doing her own work. And so, for that reason, the dinners that she serves should be simple ones of few courses. Better, far, a happily managed home dinner of two or three simple courses than a long and involved affair that reduces the inexperienced home-maker to a nervous wreck. The bride's friends, and her husband's friends, would far prefer the easy, informal supper party.

In the summer time a roast, a steak, or French chops with green peas and potatoes—or any other two vegetables—a cool, crisp salad of romaine and French dressing, and an ice is quite enough to serve. With iced tea—served with the meat course—or after-dinner coffee.

HELEN, K. R., NEW YORK CITY.

Another question about hair! Well, I suppose that hair is all important, in the heated season, when so many charming costumes seem less attractive because of stringy, unbecomingly arranged locks. I do not blame you for wanting a permanent wave—such a wave, when carefully and skilfully done, is a real blessing to girls who look their best with curly locks. The Nestle Lanoil wave is both safe and effective. Since that is the one you ask about I am more than glad to applaud your judgment. There is nothing to fear from this wave—indeed, I think that you will find the process an interesting one.

NANON, MONTREAL, CANADA.

Your reddish hair and brown eyes are a charming combination. Your best colors will be shades of brown and green, but you can also wear grey, silver, gold, yellow, orchid, blue, periwinkle and violet. And all of the pastel tints—even shell pink.

I am afraid that the average person does not grow very much after the age of eighteen—unless that person has experienced a long illness. Four feet eleven inches is small—you are the second tiny girl who has written to me this day. You should not weigh over a hundred pounds. I should suggest a diet from which you eliminate all sugars, starches and fats. This sounds hard—but it is far more pleasant to practice a bit of self-denial than to be overweight. The Wallace reducing exercises will also be beneficial to you, if you own a phonograph or victrola. For your hips, I think that massage, or a rubber reducing garment, would be most satisfactory. (CONT'D ON PAGE 127)



EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
as he is to-day

Some day a little bug is going to get you—

Germs are here, there and everywhere. They are in the air, in your food and the very water you drink. In fact, scientists say your body is full of them. They are only waiting for your vitality to weaken and then they are going to get you.

But what does a strong, healthy man care about all this? Once these terrible germs find your lungs breathing deep with oxygen and your heart pumping rich, red blood, they are going to run for their lives. A disease germ has as much chance in a healthy body as a fly has in a spider's web.

Food Was Meant to Eat

I don't ask you to give up all the good things in life. I make you fit to enjoy them. Everything was made with some purpose. Food was meant to eat and a healthy man has no regrets for satisfying his keen appetite. A man who takes the proper exercise craves food and must have it. Water was meant to bathe with—both inside and out. By drinking plenty of water you remove the waste matter within, just as washing your skin removes the waste matter without.

I MAKE MUSCLE

I am not a doctor—I don't claim to cure disease. That is a physician's job. But follow my advice and the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. I build strength and endurance. I make muscle. Follow my instructions and you will increase your arm one full inch in thirty days—yes, and put two inches on your chest in the same length of time. But that is only a starter. Meanwhile, I work on those inner muscles surrounding your heart and other vital organs which affect your entire physical being. You will soon feel the thrill of life pulsing through your veins. You will have pep in your old backbone. There will be a flash to your eye and a spring to your step. You will radiate vitality and have the strong robust body to put it over. I don't promise these things—I guarantee them. Come on and make me prove it. That is what I like, because I know I can do it.

Send for My New 64-Page Book "MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It contains forty-three full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. All I ask is ten cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing and it is yours to keep. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off. Send today—right now, before you turn this page.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 109, 305 Broadway, New York City

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN.

Dept. 109, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith 10 cents for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly)

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

Let Carolyn Van Wyck be your confidante She will also be your friend

CAROLYN VAN WYCK is a society matron, well known in New York's smartest and most exclusive inner circle. She is still young enough fully to appreciate the problems of the girl—she is experienced enough to give sound advice to those in need of it; be they flappers, business women, or wives and mothers. She invites your confidences—she will respect them—on any subject. Clothes, charm and beauty, love, marriage, the dreams and hopes that come to every one, the heartbreaks and the victories—who has not wished to talk them over with some woman who would be tolerant and just, sympathetic and filled with human understanding? Here is the opportunity to do so.

—The Editor

Who is to blame?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame—the husband, the wife, or the “other woman”? Elinor Glyn, famous author of “Three Weeks” and the world’s highest authority on love, says it is generally the wife’s fault—and proves it! She explains how such things can easily be prevented—how all men and women can hold forever the love they cherish.



IF you know all there is to know about the perplexities of love and the problems of marriage—if you know everything about winning a woman’s heart or holding a man’s affection—don’t read this article. BUT—if you are in doubt—if you would like to know why so many married people are discontented—if you don’t know how to handle your husband, or please your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—*read every word below!* You will be glad you DID!

Ask Yourself These Questions Frankly

Will you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get? Why do some men grow increasingly indifferent even though their wives strive tirelessly to please them? Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men’s whims?

Do you know how to retain a man’s affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you *must not do* unless you want to be a “wall-flower” or an “old maid”? Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do “wonderful lovers” often become indifferent husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

If you have solved all of these problems, you are one in ten thousand! But if you are in doubt—if you want to get the most out of love—if you want to know all about the problems of marriage—then send quickly for “The Philosophy of Love.”

Every Man and Woman Should Read This Book

“The Philosophy of Love” is a new book by Elinor Glyn, famous author of “Three Weeks.” It is one of the most daring books ever written. It will thrill you as you have never been thrilled before. It may also upset some of your pet notions about love and marriage. But it will set you right about these precious things and you will be bound to admit that Madame Glyn—who has made a life study of love—has written the most amazingly truthful and the most downright helpful volume ever penned. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

We admit that the book is decidedly daring. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of real value, could not mince words. Every problem had to be faced with utter honesty, deep sincerity, and resolute courage. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade, while she deals with strong emotions in her frank, fearless manner, she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sacredly that the book can be safely read by any man or woman.

Certain shallow-minded persons may criticize “The Philosophy of Love.” Anything of such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world-wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted!

SEND NO MONEY

YOU need not advance a single penny for “The Philosophy of Love.” Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter—and the book will be sent in plain wrapper on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only \$1.98, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart’s content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded instantly.

Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn’s stories or have seen them in movies. Her books sell like magic. “The Philosophy of Love” is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below AT ONCE. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

Get your pencil—fill out the coupon below. Mail it to The Authors’ Press, Auburn, N. Y., before it is too late. Then be prepared for the greatest thrill of your life!

The Authors’ Press, Dept. 157, Auburn, N. Y.

Please send me on approval Elinor Glyn’s masterpiece, “The Philosophy of Love.” When the postman delivers the book to my door, I will pay him only \$1.98, plus a few pennies postage. It is understood, however, that this is not to be considered a purchase. If the book does not in every way come up to expectations, I reserve the right to return it any time within five days after it is received, and you agree to refund my money.

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IMPORTANT—If you reside outside the U.S.A. payment must be made in advance. Regular Edition \$2.12. Leather edition, \$3.12. Cash with coupon.



You too, can have

“A skin you love to touch”

“A Skin You Love to Touch”
by Guy Hoff

Are you dissatisfied—

with your complexion? Do you long for a skin so fresh and radiant that no one can see it and not admire it?

Then begin now to make your skin what you want it to be. Each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place.

By giving this *new skin* the care it needs, you can free your complexion from faults that have troubled you for months, and even for years.

You will find the right treatment—

for your special type of skin in the booklet of famous skin treatments, “A Skin You Love to Touch,” which

is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap.

Thousands of girls and women, by following these famous skin treatments, have built up a fresh clear, beautiful complexion. You, too, can have the flawless skin you have always longed for, by giving it this special care.

Get a cake of Woodbury’s today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter — see what an improvement even a week or ten days of the right treatment will make in your complexion.

A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks. Woodbury’s also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

**Three Woodbury skin preparations—
guest size—for 10 cents**

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.,
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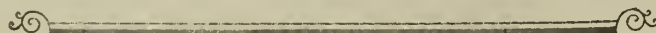
For the enclosed 10 cents — Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing

A trial size cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap
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Together with the treatment booklet, “A Skin You Love to Touch.”

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Cut out this coupon and send it to us today





Hesser

RICHARD WALTON TULLY saw Andree Lafayette's picture on a poster in Paris—and signed her for *Tribby*. Miss Lafayette first won her place in French pictures via a beauty contest. So she came out of Normandy to fame



Murray

FRESH from New Orleans, Leatrice Joy's first screen rôle of any consequence was in support of our own Mary Pickford in "The Pride of the Clan." Then—after the usual film fashion—she spent a long time in silversheet comedies



Rioher

ONLY two years in pictures—and yet one of the best bad men with a sense of humor in all celluloidia. That's Ernest Torrence. He started setting the pace in "Tol'able David." Recently there's his gem in "The Covered Wagon"



Bull

AT seventeen Conrad Nagel took a Bachelor of Arts degree at Highland Park College in Des Moines, Iowa. College theatricals led to the stage and the footlights brought him to the screen. Now he's one of our sterling young leads



Hesser

JOPLIN, MO., prides itself upon Pauline Starke's success. She made her debut under the Griffith banner, after going to New York to study music. She has a number of fine characterizations to her credit, surprising for one of her years



Kessler, B. P.

PEGGY SHAW came from that haven of smoke and millionaires, Pittsburg. She attracted attention as a stage amateur and made her screen entry via the Ziegfeld Follies, the pulchritudinous path trod by so many celluloid beauties .



Pach Brothers

THERE can be no more welcome news to filmdom than the return of Alice Joyce, an actress as sympathetic as she is beautiful. Marriage took her from the screen but the celluloid world will welcome the decorative Alice back again

To save that precious new garment— A simple soap-test for safety

What does *safety* for a delicate garment mean? It means:

- 1 Protection against fading of colors or yellowing of white silks.
- 2 Protection against weakening, shrinking or matting of fabric fibres.
- 3 Protection of "finish."
- 4 Protection against wear and tear of rubbing.

How can you make sure, before you risk a delicate garment, that the soap will render such protection?

Here is a simple yet conclusive test:

Ask yourself:

"Would I be willing to use the soap on my face?"

Your own answer is your best answer.

You will probably find that very few soaps can stand this simple, but severe, test; but one of these—probably the first that comes to your mind—is Ivory Flakes.

For Ivory Flakes is Ivory Soap in flake form—the very same Ivory Soap—pure, mild, gentle, white—that has protected lovely complexions ever since 1879. You realize at once that, since Ivory Soap cannot harm the most delicate skin, Ivory Flakes will be safe for the most delicate fabric that can stand the touch of pure water.

What a comfort it will be to dip your precious garments into a suds that you know is safe.

Ivory Flakes is inexpensive too—you can use it economically for all the heavier things that require careful laundering. Yet it has that unique *margin of safety*, above and beyond other soaps, which makes it safe for the filmiest chiffons, georgettes, woolens and laces.

May we have the pleasure of sending you a sample package of Ivory Flakes and a beautifully illustrated booklet of washing suggestions? You will find directions for obtaining them in the lower right-hand corner of this page.

Full size packages of Ivory Flakes are for sale in grocery and department stores everywhere.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

12 Washings—and Safe

Pink Crêpe de Chine and Precious Cluny Lace

This delicately tinted nightgown was sent to us by a California woman to whom it was very precious. In her letter offering it to us she says, "It has always been washed with Ivory Soap Flakes by following directions on the package. I cannot speak too highly of Ivory Flakes. I used it, together with Ivory Soap, for washing my baby's clothes, too."

Garment and owner's letter on file in the Procter & Gamble office.



FREE—This package and booklet

A sample package of Ivory Flakes and the beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," will be sent to you without charge on application to Section 43-IF, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.



IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Makes dainty clothes last longer

PHOTOPLAY

September, 1923

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

DEAR MR. CHAPLIN: Please make more comedies. We can sympathize with your desire to express yourself by directing dramatic pictures. But you hold a unique place in the motion picture art and history, and why should you enter into competition with the de Milles, the Neilans, the Griffiths, the Niblos, and others? To use that popular Hollywood expression, be yourself. No one can ever take that away from you.

IT looks as though Jackie Coogan was right when he said if they didn't make "Ben Hur" soon he would be grown up enough to play the title rôle. The latest report is that Von Stroheim is to make it. If so, we wouldn't be surprised if he went to Europe and rebuilt Palestine and the Roman Empire with all their ancient glory. The public is not half so interested in realism as Mr. Von Stroheim is. He is a great director, but he and Cecil de Mille seem to be too concerned with outspending the other fellows.

WHEN Universal gasped, "enough," Mr. Von Stroheim was snapped up by Goldwyn. Thereupon one of the wits of Hollywood exclaimed, "That company sure is a glutton for punishment."

MR. BRABIN (who married Theda Bara) made a wonderful picture of his own, called "Driven." Its total cost was \$30,000. There wasn't an expensive set in it, just a simple human story of the Kentucky mountains. Yet it was a great picture and the public applauded it with their quarters and half dollars, and rewarded the distributors who were wise enough to purchase it with a big profit. Then Mr. Brabin went over to the Goldwyn lot where dollars are spent like marks in an effort to gain a position of leadership and give Paramount a battle for supremacy. The story goes that he submitted his estimates for his picture, about \$80,000. "Not enough," he was told. "This is a big special, and you ought to spend \$200,000."

Such a business!

AFTER all is said and done," says Herbert Brenon, "good pictures can be made only by good organization. I am making better pictures at the Lasky lot than I ever made in my life because of the wonderful organization that Mr. Lasky and Mr. Zukor have built up there." Now that's saying something. We congratulate Mr. Brenon on his "Rustle of Silk." It was a splendid example of good direction. Another thing we want to commend him on is his ability to understand and get the most out of Miss Negri, who had acquired an unenviable reputation as a star that was hard to direct.

ELSEWHERE in this issue of PHOTOPLAY is an interview with Allan Dwan, one of our greatest directors, on the subject of stellar temperament. Much of the so-called tempera-

ment of actors and actresses is due to the fact that they oftentimes know more about their business than the director. A director must command the respect of his people by demonstrating that he knows his business at least as well as they do.

WE have never seen an actor who needed his job showing temperament. It is a luxury that travels in limousines. And many directors have beautifully upholstered cars.

AND while we are on the subject of directors, isn't it about time that Mr. Griffith made a picture that would go far toward maintaining his title of "The Master"? That reputation, which is not so secure as formerly, may slip further unless he comes back into the ring and upholds his championship. Right now there are at least four other directors who have endangered his prestige. Reputation cannot live long on past accomplishments. "White Flowers" at two dollars apiece are too high when other florists are selling them at fifty cents.

SO far as material is concerned there is no excuse for Mr. Griffith. There is no lack of great subjects. James Cruze with "The Covered Wagon" proved that, and Cecil de Mille will probably prove it again with "The Ten Commandments." Pictures on such themes as these are surely worthy of Mr. Griffith, and he could do one in a way that would again earn for him his dwindling fame. It was one picture of this type, "The Birth of a Nation," that placed him in the forefront of producers.

WE are just beginning to realize the tremendous influence of pictures on styles, personal adornment, coiffures, and even home decoration. One reader writes the editor complaining that his daughter has been bothering the life out of him by her insistence on redecorating their home to conform with some of the ideas she has seen in pictures. She wants to take off the good old fashioned wall paper that was good enough for her grandmother, and tint the walls light grey or cream color. She wants to get a baby grand piano instead of the old upright that has been in the family twenty years. She's gone crazy, he says, and something should be done about it. We agree with him. Something should be done. If he can afford it he should get out his checkbook and make a home for his daughter that she will take pride in.

ANOTHER concrete example. The Detroit department stores noticed a sudden demand for telephone covers, those dainty little French dolls, little sentry boxes, and such. They investigated, and found that Cecil de Mille was their silent salesman. There had been two of his pictures shown there in the preceding two months. We wonder if the bathroom fixtures business has felt any similar effect.



Gloria!

An Impression

You've wondered about
Gloria Swanson's
real personality.
Here it is

By
Adela Rogers St. Johns

*Gloria Swanson has won fame and fortune
for herself, and together they have built for
her this magnificent new home*

*The shadow of a star. Gloria in silhouette
against one of the beautiful art glass
windows in her new home at Beverly Hills,
California*



SOMETIMES I think she is just plain dumb. Again, I am amazed and delighted by the depth and brilliance of her intellect.

At moments I am convinced that she is a complete poseur.

At others, I find in her an appealing—almost a pathetic—simplicity.

The truth, I imagine, is somewhere between the two.

For Gloria has not always been glorious. Nor famous. Nor rich.

Only a few years ago she was an unknown, rather homely little girl, in most ordinary circumstances in life. Not much romance there.

Dreams come true in an overpowering golden magic must be a bit heady, you know.

No one has ever told us how the ugly duckling felt and acted after he became a swan.

It's a very modern version of the ugly duckling—the story of Gloria Swanson and her vivid, comet career. But the basic plot is the same—one of the great basic plots of the world. The dream of beauty come true.

And that's why, to me, Gloria Swanson tugs a little bit at the

heart strings—even when she is most haughty, and most luxurious and most exaggerated.

There is no star in Hollywood who lives in such gilded luxury as Gloria Swanson. It is her one investment. Nor is it only the peacock silks, the velvet carpets, the gleaming silver and glass and linens, the long vistas of elegant rooms, filled with elaborate furniture and magnificent tapestries and stately paintings.

Gloria's home is the home of a great lady. Her manner of life belongs usually only to women of wealth and fashion and immense social prestige.

Her dinners are the most perfectly appointed in the world. Her servants are the last word in correctness. Everything about her moves on oiled wheels. Even the vast grounds of her home seem to flower in profuse but well-clipped gorgeousness beyond other grounds.

And, within this background of richness and beauty, Gloria herself moves, a distinguished and exotic figure.

Much has been written and said and photographed of Gloria's exotic surroundings. But nothing can really convey to you the sumptuousness of her.

Only—just now and then—you get the impression of a little girl playing with long-coveted toys. A cloud of wistfulness. A flash of hardness. An overtone of uncertainty.

It's all rather amazing—to think that by sheer beauty, by a magnificent loveliness of face and figure, one woman should have taken her desires from the laps of the gods.

For, you see, the room in a small house in Chicago where little Gloria Josephine May Swanson first saw the light of day was a very ordinary room indeed. And except to a young and ecstatic mother and a non-committal but adoring father, small

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]



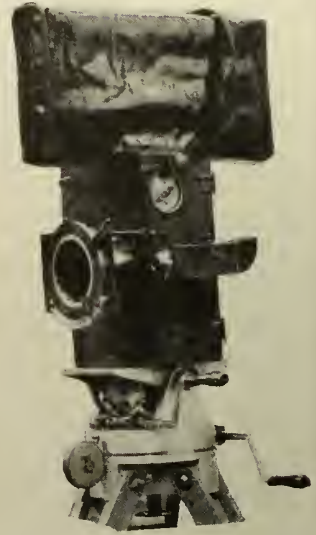
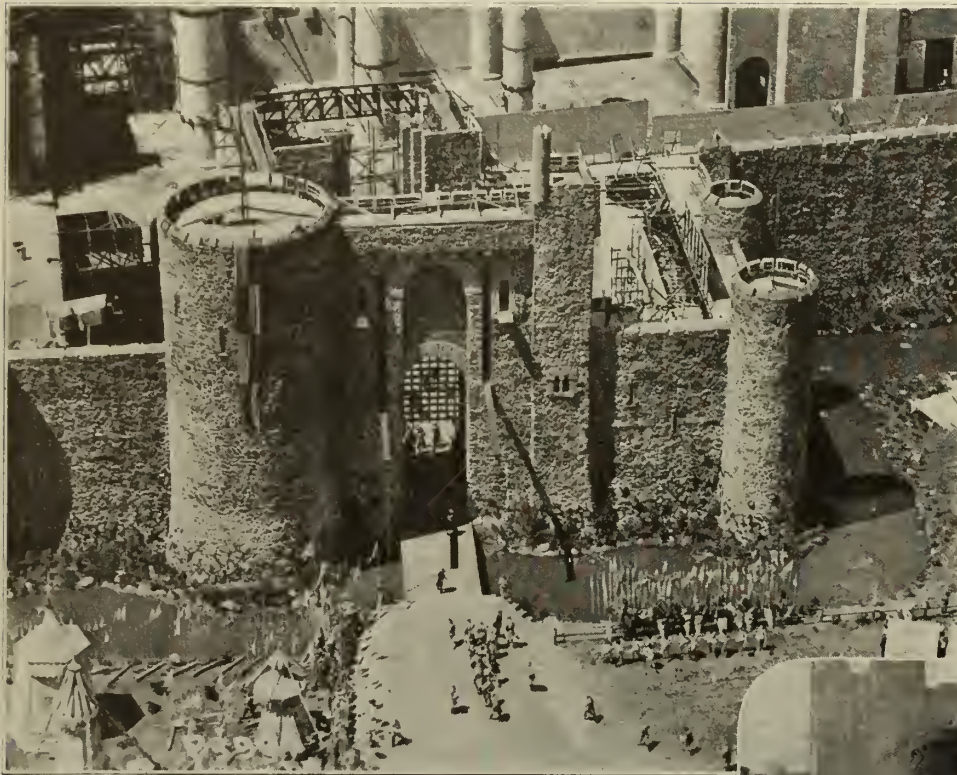
Gloria in her favorite role as Gloria Swanson herself. Her latest photograph. Below—Surrounded by the things she loves—all of which spell luxury. Miss Swanson in her boudoir, reflecting. So is the maid—in the mirror



Photoplay

presents here a great news story—an explanation of the latest inventions in motion pictures—"glass work," double exposure, double printing and miniature sets

Does the



The view above shows how much of the tremendous "Robin Hood" set really was built. At the right is the set as it showed on the screen, the turrets and battlements being added by painting them on glass and then photographing through the glass as shown in the drawings on the opposite page



FATHER, mother and the kids have just emerged from the Idle Hour Theater and are strolling leisurely homeward. "Good picture," says father, who has enjoyed himself in moderation.

"Such wonderful scenery and settings," says mother. "That enormous old castle and that beautiful French chateau. I wonder where they get them all."

"Build them, I guess, or go where they are," opines father, who knows nothing whatever about it. "Must cost a heap of money with labor and material what they are now."

If he is commenting on the scenery or settings apt to be seen in almost any up-to-date screen production, father's opinion is not entirely right nor is it completely wrong. It is a little of each.

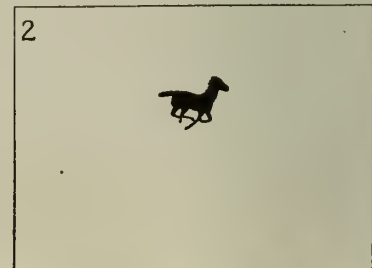
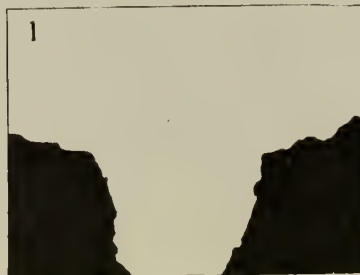
Probably he would be surprised to learn that the towering battlements of the feudal castle were painted on an ordinary pane of glass, no larger than the dining room window. And that the scenes of the beautiful French chateau were, for the most part, no more than photographs or a photograph of a real French chateau. Or that the colossal Egyptian temple and its majestic background, stretching away over a vast expanse, existed nowhere but on an ordinary painter's canvas, size four feet by five.

AND yet that is likely to be the case in almost any picture to be seen today. As the cinematic art and science progress it becomes increasingly true that, on the screen at least, things are not as they seem. Film producers have found that illusion is generally more effective than realism and, during the past two years, have developed amazingly the processes and devices for making their illusions as perfect as possible.

There was a time, and not so long ago, when photography was regarded as a bulwark of truth

and veracity. The camera could not tell a lie. In the fraction of a second its cold scientific eye could accurately and indelibly record the minutest details of a given scene. In the click of a shutter it could take in more infinitesimal points than the human eye could detect in an hour. Furthermore, it saw things absolutely as they were and there was no effective method of changing what the camera had seen. These facts applied to the ordinary "still" camera and the motion picture camera, as well.

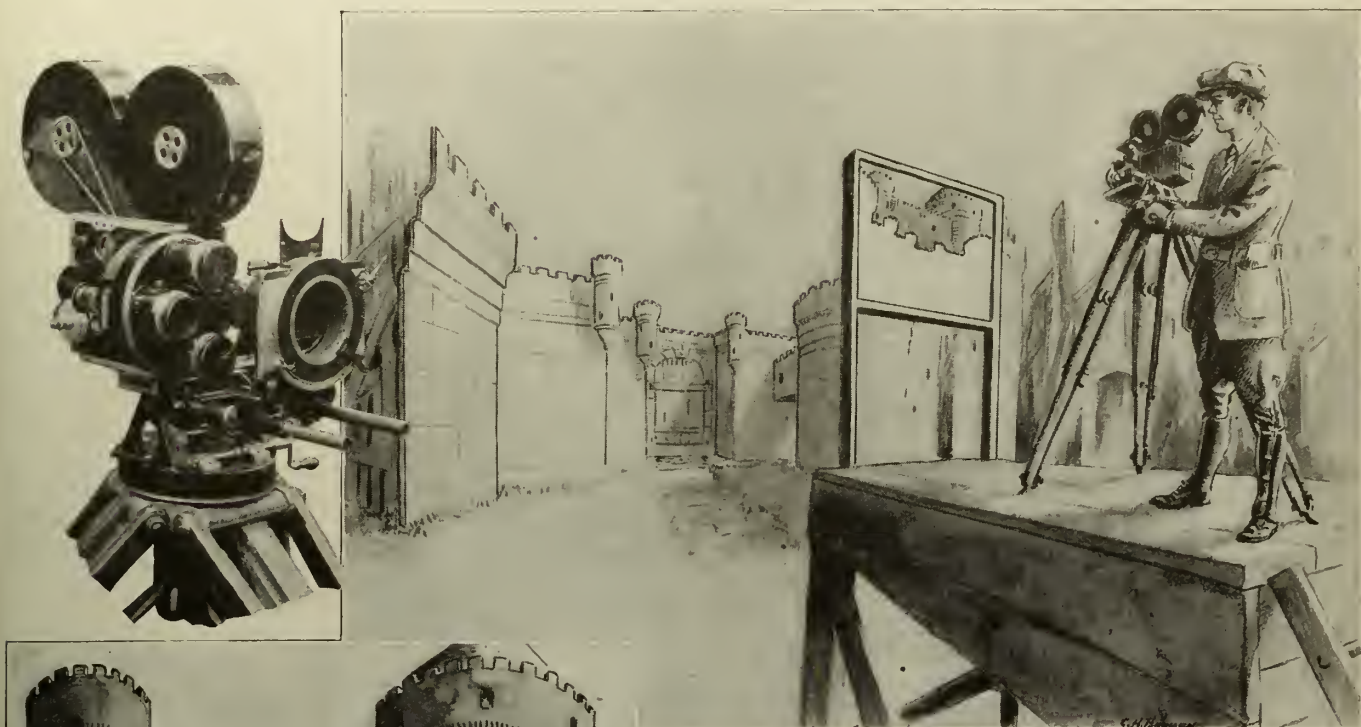
TODAY the motion picture camera is the biggest liar in the industry—which may sound like a terrific indictment. It



Camera Lie?

Of course it does!

By lying artistically and scientifically, it creates and maintains illusions that otherwise would be impossible because of prohibitive expense



lies profusely, glibly and, when controlled by skilful hands, with amazing conviction. It lies to millions of people every day of the month, and does it so skilfully that only a handful of them know it is not telling the truth.

It tells an audience of several hundred intelligent Americans that the hero's horse, with the hero aboard, has leaped fifty feet across a bottomless chasm and landed safely on the other side, not a hair of the hero's head out of place. It tells them that the rushing river torrent has swept away the trestle and carried the passenger train with it. It tells them that the heroine lives in a magnificent medieval chateau, and even shows her entering the massive front door on her way to get ready for supper.



These three drawings show how the illusion of a horse leaping a chasm is obtained by the "double printing" process. The first shows the chasm; the second the leaping horse, with the ground masked out; and the third the two printed together

It tells them these things and hundreds more and makes them believe it.

How can they help but believe it? They have seen it with their own eyes.

It was there on the screen before them. It could not possibly have been otherwise.

And yet it was quite possible that the hero never leaped the chasm, that the river did not wash out the trestle and wreck the train, and that the chateau wherein resided the heroine was never built.

It sounds very foolish, but isn't at all when the developments of the past two years are considered.

ONE of the most baffling problems of the motion picture producer since the inception of the art has been to secure accurate and adequate scenic and architectural backgrounds and effects without exceeding the limitations that necessity imposed on the new industry. If he were to make a story with Paris as the locale, he might choose one of two courses—either go to Paris and film his picture there, or build reproductions of the necessary Parisian localities on his studio lot. The former method was, of course, ideal, but inconvenient and costly, sometimes prohibitively so. The latter method might suffice, but was often equally costly and frequently woefully inadequate, for no one could expect to duplicate the Eiffel Tower, the Arc de Triomphe, Notre Dame, or most of the other typically Parisian landmarks.

Exterior settings were the most difficult problem. Interior sets were less baffling, as they could be constructed on a studio stage more conveniently and less expensively than elsewhere.

When production of stories of past centuries was considered, there was nowhere to go to film them. For a long time many of the most dramatic and popular of the classics were eliminated. Producers could only helplessly sigh over this rich, but unworkable, mine of film material.

In the past two years there has been a tremendous change. The Eiffel Tower is a cinch. No Parisian picture is complete without it. Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament and London Bridge can be made ready to photograph at an hour's notice. There is scarcely any place or building that cannot be duplicated—on the screen—if a little time is allowed to make preparations.

AUDIENCES have marvelled at the scenic beauty of such films as "Robin Hood," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Lorna Doone," "Trifling Women," "Omar, the Tentmaker," "The Voice from the Minaret," "The Girl of the Golden West," and many others. They will be equally impressed by "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "Rupert of Hentzau," "The Talisman," and a dozen more which will appear in the coming months.

In all of these pictures the camera lied. It showed sets that were never built and backgrounds that did not exist except on a pane of glass or an artist's painting.

"Trick" photography is today playing a more important part in screen production than ever before. Its application and use is becoming general. Probably one picture in every four produced contains some sort of a photographic trick.

In most cases the audience, and even experts, will not be able to detect the tricks, but they are there.

Of the many trick devices employed, "glass work," as it is called in studio vernacular, is most widely in use at present and seems to be most productive of convincing and realistic results. The process requires a somewhat detailed and technical description. As an example, the simplest is that of photographing a ceiling on a set that has no ceiling.

INTERIOR sets—rooms, stores, assembly halls, ballrooms, and the like—are never constructed with ceilings. Generally but three sides of them are erected on a studio stage, the fourth side being left open for the camera, as the fourth wall of a stage setting is left open to the audience. The camera always "cuts" just below the ceiling line so that the top of the picture is just below the ceiling—if one were there. There is a necessary reason for the absence of ceilings. Interior photography requires a tremendous amount of light. Much of this light is

PHOTOPLAY believes that its readers are interested in all phases of the motion picture industry, and especially, perhaps, in new and startling developments that tend to betterment in any way. Some of the most radical improvements are the results of study and experimentation by camera men and technical experts, the accompanying article being an example.

thrown into the set from above—from powerful hanging arc lamps and from spotlights placed on platforms arranged around the three sides of the sets, just above the ceiling line. Ceilings would make such lighting impossible and almost preclude effective and distinct photography.

As for the glass and its use: After the set is completed the camera is placed in position and securely fastened. The glass, a pane about six feet square, is placed a few feet in front of the camera so that the camera must necessarily "shoot" through it in order to photograph the set. Stand a few feet away from your dining room window. Your position corresponds to that of the camera; the window is the glass. Thirty or forty feet beyond the window is the set.

LOOKING through the glass, you would see not only the three walls of the set, but above them as well—the platforms supporting the lights and anything beyond. A ceiling is desired. The next step, therefore, is to paint on the glass—on the side facing the camera—a ceiling that matches perfectly with the three walls. The detail and perspective must be absolutely correct. The corners of the walls and the corners of the ceiling, as seen from the camera position, must be in perfect alignment. After the painting is completed, if you were to look through the glass at the set, with your eye at the



At the left is the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris, as it appears in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." The picture above shows what part of the cathedral actually was built, the rest being a miniature which is perfectly matched by the camera

position of the camera lens, you would find that the painted ceiling masked out the light platforms and the remainder of the background and that the general effect was that of a completed room.

The camera makes the illusion perfect. It photographs the ceiling that is painted on the glass and, at the same time, photographs the remainder of the set which is visible through the clean and unpainted portion of the glass.

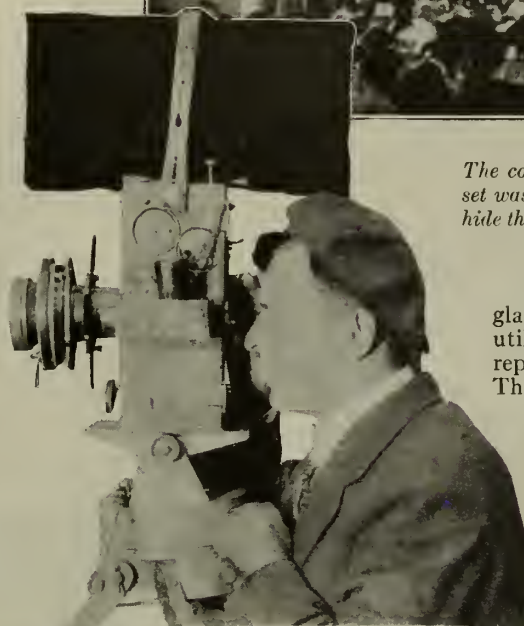
That is the simplest form of "glass work." There are many

developments and variations. If a plain ceiling can be put on a set, it is only a step forward to beamed ceilings, high arched ceilings of elaborate design, rotundas or any other interior coverings that may be desired. Chandeliers may be painted on the glass and electric lights placed behind them to give the necessary brilliance.

EXTERIOR scenic effects are secured by the same process. When glass is used out-of-doors, it is only necessary to construct a setting of sufficient size and height to permit the players to move around freely. If the painting on the glass is too low, it will mask out the players as well as the background. Ordinarily, buildings intended for blending with glass paintings are constructed to the height of the first story. The painting proceeds from that point, and may go to any height if the perspective be worked out to almost any distance in the background.

There was a certain amount of "glass work" in "Robin Hood," despite the fact that the sets were among the most enormous ever constructed. Turrets, towers and battlements were painted on glass and matched up with the actual set with the resulting effect of enormous proportions. Not all of the turrets were painted; some of them were real. It is practically impossible to distinguish one from the other.

The opening scenes of Maurice Tourneur's "The Isle of Lost Ships," depicting a mythical island, the supposed graveyard of many wrecked vessels, were almost entirely painted on



The coronation scene from "The Prisoner of Zenda." The set was built to the draperies on the wall, which were used to hide the line. The rest is a painting on glass—"glass work," it is called in the studios

glass. In some of these scenes two glasses were utilized. The first was stationary and painted to represent the island and its piled junkage of vessels. The second glass, painted to represent the sea with several wrecked hulks floating, half submerged, was moved slowly across the front of the camera, giving the illusion of the ships drifting slowly with the tide.

IF you saw Fred Niblo's production, "The Famous Mrs. Fair," you will remember the scenes depicting the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand in the village of Serajevo.

Crowds lined the streets awaiting the royal procession. Flags fluttered from the second story windows. The houses of the village mounted the rising hills beyond. The street and the people were there, the fluttering flags were the real thing, but the quaint houses in the background were painted on glass. And yet so skilfully was it done that many experts were unable to distinguish the dividing line between the actual buildings and the painting.

Rex Ingram and other noted directors employ another method that is somewhat similar. Instead of placing glass paintings

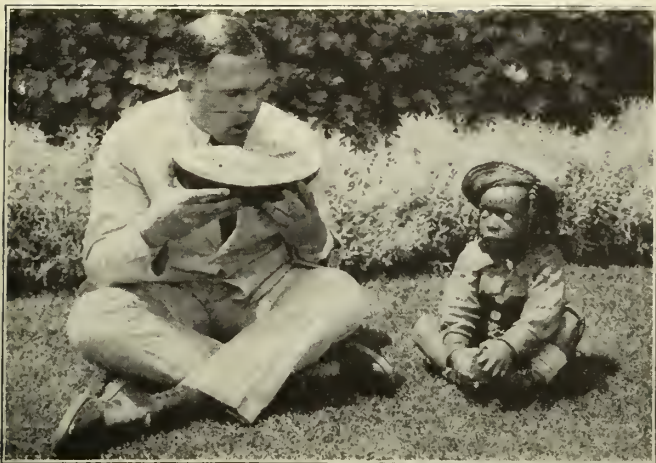
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Here is the Whitehall Chapel in "Lorna Doone," as built. When it showed on the screen, "glass work" made it appear fully 300 feet deep and put in a set of magnificent stained glass windows



DOUBTLESS the most popular triumvirate in all filmdom: Lillian and Dorothy Gish and James Rennie, in private life the husband of "Dot." This portrait was taken after the Gishes were reunited upon the return of Lillian from Rome, where she had been occupied for many months in making F. Marion Crawford's "The White Sister." Lillian is going back to Italy to do George Eliot's "Romola"—and she is taking "Dot" along for the other feminine rôle. We wouldn't be at all surprised if Rennie accompanied them, to play the chief male part. Lillian is won over wholly to Italy—and wants to live there when she can find time to rest and dream. So she is looking forward to "Romola," which is to be "shot" in old Florence.



Little Farina registers envy watching Producer Hal Roach with his chunk of African delight. But Roach and Fate are kind. And Farina remarks—"Hot Dog!"

"Hot Dog!"

says Farina

Dusky, two-year-old Julian Eltinge of the screen loves the art and watermelon, but—is temperamental

By Herbert Howe

THE air was charged with expectancy.

We were awaiting the coming of Little Farina, age two, the Ethiopian artiste of Hal Roach's kid comedies.

In the artistic circles of the studio lot she is oft referred to as the Pickaninny Pola. She's temperamental!

Time after time she has refused to talk to interviewers.

Knowing this, I had decided to propitiate her favor with a floral offering. Careful inquiry among those closest to her revealed her favorite flower to be the watermelon. Thus a handsome specimen, shining in emerald splendor, rested in front of me as I sat on the greensward outside La Farina's dressing-room door.

She had kept me waiting so long that the press agent was growing dubious as to the success of our decoy.

Suddenly she appeared. So suddenly that the first inkling I had of her presence was when something hit me in the back, flopped over my head and lay squirming on my lap, a felt hat in one hand and a lock of hair in the other. I recognized the hair as my own. The hat was crushed beyond recognition.

Then two eyes rolled up at me, accompanied by a grinning dazzle of ivory.

"Hot dog!" said Little Farina. "Hot dog!"

Then beholding the watermelon, she let out a jungle yell and embraced it passionately, without shame.

Little Farina speaks with a heavy African accent. Even her most intimate friends find it difficult at times to understand her. The watermelon rendered her absolutely incoherent.

All queries as to her views on art, marriage and care of the complexion met with the same, "ki yi! yi! yi! yi! yi!"

Even this meager expression was stifled shortly by a piece of watermelon, above which her eyes rolled ecstatically. I



have attended a lot of parties in Hollywood, but I've never seen anyone so intoxicated as little Farina. The watermelon literally went to her head—and encircled it.

This much at least may be said for Farina—she has enthusiasm.

The first day she arrived on the studio lot to commence her histrionic career, she rolled her eyes around and ejaculated, "Hot dog!" It's her comment upon all occasions. In fact, it is her

philosophy. Thus to her associates she is no longer Little Farina, but simply Hot Dog.

She takes direction easily. No rehearsals are required.

"Roll them eyes, Hot Dog," says Director Mc Gowan, and Hot Dog rolls 'em deliriously.

When she finishes a scene she demands, "O. K., Gow'n, O. K.?" And she won't be put off until McGowan assures her it is O. K.

Thus assured, it is her custom to let out a wild "ki yi! yi!" running about in circles of jungle rapture until she falls on her ear.

Yes, it must be said for Farina that she has enthusiasm.

Yet, she is not without her whims and determination. Pola Negri has been known to walk off the set with the curt explanation that she is sick and must go see doctor. Farina is equally curt. She says, "Me tired," and walks away, not to return until the next day.

In one of her scenes she was to be hit in the face with a pie covered with whipped cream. Director McGowan threw the pie and missed her. He threw it a second time, and missed again. The strain was beginning to tell on Farina, and when he made his third failure, she held up her hand: "At's all, Gow'n," and off she walked.

Nor will any power of persuasion get her to act if anyone is standing behind her. She's extremely suspicious. She's been fooled so often by comic tricks.

And she's also superstitious, instinctively.

Director McGowan placed a skeleton on the set one day for,

comic effect in a scene where Farina was to appear. As she made her entrance, she espied it, stopped dead still, her eyes rolling fearfully. "Wha's that, Gow'n, Wha's that?"

The director took down the skeleton and advanced toward her, thinking to show her that there was no menace. "Wow!" shrieked Farina, her pigtailed bristling. "Wow, wow, wow!" And fled off the stage. There was no more work that day.

Another time she was directed to take a drink of water out of a flask and spit it on the floor. Just as she spit, a little burst of powder was ignited, making it appear that the stuff she had been drinking was explosive. The effect was perfectly convincing so far as Farina was concerned. Terrified, she grasped her tummy, as though she expected it also to explode, and let out frantic wails for her mammy.

But now that she is getting old enough to understand the business, her director is gradually gaining her confidence by explaining everything to her.

She goes to the projection room to see all the comedies run off and, as the kids appear on the screen, she yells: "'Lo, Mickey! 'Lo, Jack! Hot dog!"

After witnessing a recent comedy in which she appears, Farina came to the director with a great deal of troubled jab-



Farina wanted to play white-face, so was made up with marshmallow paste. But Farina had to wait ten minutes for the camera, during which time she ate the make-up. Hot Dog!

bering. It seems she felt she was not getting exactly a square deal from the camera man. She was being photographed too dark. She wanted to look like the other kids. So, for comic effect in a picture, Director McGowan whitened her face with a marshmallow paste. Farina was delighted, but before her first scene was over she had practically regained her normal color. The makeup was so much to her liking she had licked it off as far as she could reach.

Following our watermelon orgy, Farina ran around the lawn in circles, lurching, tumbling and yipping like a wild animal. When anyone attempted to capture her she didn't hesitate to bite with the same ardor she had loosened on the melon.

Seizing her finally by one of the pigtailed that sprout at sharp angles from her head, I demanded to know if she was ambitious to become the pickaninny Pickford, or, possibly, leading lady for Jackie Coogan.

"What do you want to be when you are a big girl?" I demanded desperately.

"Hot dog!" she hooted scornfully. "Hot dog! Me boy!"

And then I learned that La Farina off screen is Allen Clayton Hoskins, son of Mistah Hoskins, "de see-ment contracoh."

Well, the screen certainly has a great sheik in Hot Dog Hoskins!

Jackie Coogan's business partners hold a meeting



Drawing by Wynn Holcomb

CHORUS:—"Be careful and don't hurt his contract"

The GIRL on the Cover

Yes, they can
make stars
when they have the
right material

By
Mary Winship

WELL, really!
That Eleanor
Boardman!
Of course, I know
that's no way to begin a story.
But I can't help it. That's
exactly the way I feel.

What I mean to say is,
she's an entirely new experi-
ence to me.

The history of the experi-
ment tried with Eleanor
Boardman has been interest-
ing gossip for some time on
the Boulevard.

And her name was becom-
ing quite well known to Hol-
lywood and to the screen
public when I lunched with
her the other day.

All signs pointed to star-
making in her case.

But still, I hardly expected
to find a young person of such
poise, such indifference and
such decided views about life.

As a matter of fact, I don't
think I ever before in my whole life met anyone quite so assured,
so confident, so entirely settled in her own mind about every-
thing there is.

It isn't conceit. It isn't swell-head over her success. It's
only a definite purpose, definitely laid out and not to be inter-
fered with.

She is one of the baby stars selected by the press agents as a
coming screen luminary.

I know most of them. Shy, drawling little Jobyna Ralston;
demure, nervous Dorothy Devore; human, excitable Pauline
Garon. I expected, I suppose, something like that from this
other "baby" star. But I was mistaken.

She possesses the combined poise of a Follies queen, a traffic
cop and a cash girl in a department store.

A young woman who would not be apt to let anyone or any-
thing—even her own desires—stand in the way of accomplish-
ment. The kind of a girl who sees clearly the sacrifice of pleas-
ure and time and self necessary for real screen success and is



Eleanor Boardman possesses the combined poise of a Follies queen, a traffic cop and a cash girl in a department store—a strange baby star

Bull

perfectly willing to make them. Who understands the hard
work ahead and does not flinch.

A strange combination of Greenwich Village, Philadelphia
(her birthplace), and New York theatrical life.

Her eyes are gray green and interesting. Her mouth is too
thin for beauty, but intensely expressive. Her skin is white,
but warm.

Just an inch might have transformed her into a typical Phila-
delphia school-ma'am. But the miss is as good as a mile—
perhaps a little more intriguing.

Eleanor Boardman is an experiment that worked.

A couple of years ago, when one of the big companies was
desperately in need of new talent and on a search for new screen
faces, they sent Bob McIntyre, casting director, on a hunt for
a girl.

The idea was to select someone, not for beauty alone, but for
screen personality, latent dramatic ability, and brains, who
might be developed into a screen [CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]

Camp Cecil B. De Mille, where Paramount is making "The Ten Commandments." The tent city and location sets cover twenty-four square miles and house 2,500 people and 3,000 animals

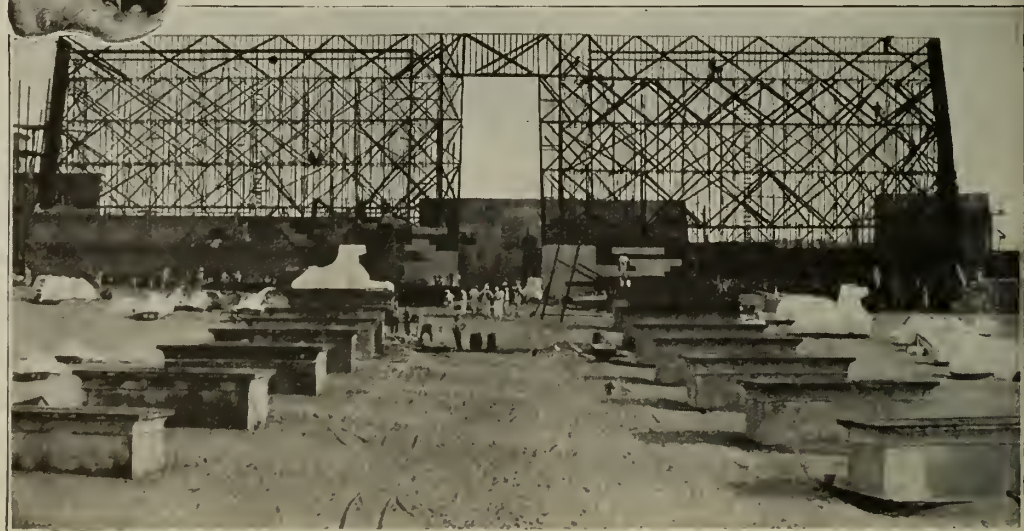


At left—The two forces that have symbolized the battle of life through all ages. Charles de Roche as Rameses, and Theodore Roberts as Moses

Making the DeMille Version of the

Ten Commandments

Building the approach to the Palace of Pharaoh. Each of the bases in the foreground will be topped by a 5-ton Sphinx, making an avenue of Sphinxes. The entire set is 1,000 feet wide and 100 feet high. It is all built, there being no "glass work" nor miniature sets





Above — Workingmen placing the head on one of the mammoth, five-ton Sphinxes which line the avenue of approach to the palace. What a lot of labor could have been saved the subjects of the Pharaohs if they had but known the engineering methods of today

Director Cecil DeMille using a field telephone, which extends to every nook and corner of the gigantic tent city. The operating set is dragged over the sand on a sled by the boy, and the director has it always beside him.

An idea of the size of the sets may be had by comparing these images with Charles de Roche, who stands between them. He is six feet three inches tall, and appears a pigmy

Love & Let Love

By
Octavus Roy Cohen

MISS BERENICE ROGERS started for work one half hour ahead of time. Two blocks from her boarding house she paused before a window of a confectionery shop and regarded herself critically in the mirror which served to accentuate the lusciousness of that which was displayed before it. Nor did the mirror, in this particular case, find unwelcome the task imposed upon it by Berenice.

Berenice glimpsed with not inconsiderable satisfaction the vision of a young girl to whom pulchritude was a gift and not an art. She was slender and her blondeness was vivid without being aggressive. From pert little hat to the hem of her new skirt the effect was eminently satisfactory, but there she paused and a slight frown appeared. Finally she turned homeward.

"I knew them clocked hose wasn't the right things for this occasion," she informed herself positively.

Twenty minutes later the offending clocks had been discarded in favor of a pair of sheer chiffon stockings which did not unduly conceal certain attractive portions of Miss Rogers' anatomy. She once again made her exit from the rather dingy structure in which she boarded and headed for the heart of the city.

More than one pair of masculine eyes were turned approvingly upon the trim little figure as it swung self-reliantly into the movie rialto. But Berenice was not of a flirtatious type; besides, on this auspicious morning her mind was not busy with thoughts of local swains. Her eye fell eagerly upon the multi-colored banner which was flaunted proudly before the ornate columns of the Parthenon Theater, The People's Most Popular Playhouse.

This banner bore proud tribute to the abilities of a local sign-painter. In bold letters it proclaimed to all and sundry that commencing at the two o'clock performance that afternoon, and thrice daily thereafter, Mr. Cyril Harrington, star of stars, sheik of sheiks, most superlative of screen lovers, would appear in person, admission fifty cents.

Berenice approached the theater and paused spellbound before the displays which transformed the ample lobby into a mammoth advertising section. A trio of enormous frames, containing countless stills, fascinated. These pictures, selected with great care by the publicity department of the company for which Cyril sheiked, exposed to the public gaze the young gentleman in question in the various poses which are commonly supposed to be connected with violent lovemaking.

He was plentifully displayed in the nightgown and turban of an Arabian monarch, his arms filled with girl, his expression

*A famous
Sheik
of the Screen
was actually
afraid of
women—
but the
little
boxoffice
girl of the
Parthenon
Theater
cured him.*

*Illustrated by
C. F. Church*



one of relentless passion. The young lady in his arms seemed to be torn with anxiety lest remorse should strike him before it was too late. Other views from the same Mammoth and Magnificent Feature Film, the Sensation of Two Continents, indicated clearly that, as a desert overlord, Mr. Cyril Harrington was not only generous in his distribution of affection but also that he was an exceedingly good picker. That one set of views alone established clearly and immediately his claim to the title of champion osculator of the known world.

Another assortment of pictures demonstrated that while a flint-souled director might grab Cyril from the desert and fling him suddenly into the social swirl of Fifth avenue, Newport, Long Island and points east, he could not deprive him of his amatory proficiency. This set—culled from the five-reeler on display at the Parthenon during the personal appearance—evidenced unmistakably that, whatever Cyril's clothes might be, he was none the less there when it came to exacting his toll of affection from whatever lady happened to be in his vicinity.

The advent of Cyril was bidding fair to disturb the tranquillity of many a home in this particular city for the week of his visit. Pallid wives, not yet reconciled to the knowledge that when a honeymoon ends it ends, were determined unani-



Cyril Harrington, sheik of sheiks, in one fell swoop, had demonstrated beyond cavil that all of the masculine heroes of the past were flabby indeed when it came to impressing themselves upon the coy and reluctant female of the species. He loved frequently and inexorably—on the screen

mously to glimpse in person a man whose ardor remained perpetually at 108 degrees Fahrenheit, with the accent on the last syllable. Many of them had planned to accompany themselves with their husbands in order that these lukewarm gentlemen might be shamed into a desperate attempt to revive the ardor of early marriage.

Cyril Harrington was a film star newly created. He had blazed across the motion picture firmament as the hero of a hectic novel from the pen of a maiden lady who, thwarted in love, had placed upon the printed page a graphic description of the various things she was regretful had not happened to her.


And Cyril had made good! In one fell swoop he had demonstrated beyond cavil that all of the masculine heroes of the past were flabby indeed when it came to impressing themselves upon the coy and reluctant female of the species. He loved frequently and inexorably. The lady who happened to be the

object of his desires didn't have any more chance than a colored gentleman's final chicken. As a screen lover Cyril had established records which weak imitators were destined to shoot at ineffectually for many years to come.

For perhaps fifteen minutes Berenice Rogers stood enthralled before this pictorial display of Mr. Harrington's Anacreontic powers. A profound sigh agitated the crepe de chine of her shirtwaist. She was gripped with intense excitement at the very thought that she stood within the confines of the same municipality with this dominant male. The fact that he was to appear three times a day in the theater from which she drew her weekly stipend . . .

She reluctantly tore herself away from the exhibition, entered the theater, made her way into the cubbyhole of a box office, hung her hat upon a hook and deftly arranged the supply of change allotted her at the beginning of each working day. She threaded the rolls of tickets into the proper slots, sat back in her high swivel chair and awaited the early comers.

From overhead came the preliminary hissing of the projecting machine as the operator tuned up. The ticket-taker strolled in and took his place at the door. A few persons, having nothing else in particular to interest them, purchased tickets and seated



*"Busy?" inquired Cyril.
"Nope," answered Berenice. "Come in. It's a tight squeeze—but that ain't no novelty for you"*

themselves within the first run of the new Cyril Harrington picture, "The Wizard Woman." And then, despite the fact that the lobby was thronged with women who missed no detail or pose of the pictured Mr. Harrington, box office business became somewhat slack and Berenice settled back in thought.

Berenice was not in love with a screen hero: she was entirely too level-headed for such an utterly silly proceeding, but she did admit frankly to herself that he was precisely the type of man she could very readily succumb to. He was an ideal for which she vainly hunted among her male acquaintances. And they, poor fellows, struggled futilely to live up to her standards. They were a good enough sort and they numbered legion . . . Berenice had her choice from a hundred, but none of them even approached her idea of the man for whom she wished to keep house the balance of her natural life.

The tiny door at her elbow opened and a young man appeared. He was a slender young chap, clad expensively but quietly in an unobtrusive suit of dark grey. Berenice turned, somewhat annoyed by this interruption of her reverie.

"Well," she inquired, "whatcha want?"

A slow smile creased the lips of the visitor. "Is there any mail here for Mr. Cyril Harrington?"

The sheer magic of the name riveted Berenice's attention. She favored the intruder with a more interested glance.

"Are you his secretary?" she inquired eagerly.

He shook his head slowly. "No. I'm Mr. Harrington."

She turned away. "Pleasedt'meetcha, Cyril. I'm Helen of Troy."

A momentary frown appeared on the forehead of the young man, and then he laughed outright. "I am—really," he insisted.

"Sure you are. And when you've finished kidding me, please clear out. This is my busy day."

"You mean you don't believe I'm Harrington?"

"Sure I do, buddy; sure I do. I'd believe you was Charley Chaplin if you ast me to."

"Oh! well," he grinned, "have it your own way. But I really did want my mail."

He turned away and she gave her attention to two inquisitive spinster ladies who demanded to know whether Cyril Harrington's first personal appearance would actually be at two o'clock. Berenice permitted her mind to return to the young man who had requested Cyril's mail. Rather nice-looking young fellow; she instinctively liked him. But what in the world did he mean by claiming to be Harrington?

"Trying to get fresh," she told herself. "But I kinder like him anyway."

A few minutes later the manager of the Parthenon swung into the building. He was a stumpy, cocksure individual immensely impressed with himself and Berenice could hear his squeaky, unpleasant voice quavering through the almost empty theater. Eventually the door to her office opened and the bald head was shoved within.

"Busy, Miss Rogers?"

"Nope."

"C'mere. I want you to meet Mr. Harrington."

Berenice made a final desperate pat at her nose. She was trembling. So she was finally to clasp the hand of the screen's most passionate actor. She found herself gazing into a familiar face and a pair of laughing brown eyes. As from a great distance she heard a soft, well-modulated voice.

"I've already met Helen of Troy."

She could not instantly readjust herself to the situation.

"My Gawd!" gasped Berenice, "Are you him?"

He bowed. "I'm him. And are you her?"

"No," she retorted, "I aint. I'm a sap." Then her unflinching fund of humor came to the rescue and she threw back her head and laughed. "Great Grandmother! didn't I pull a bone? Just a minute—here's your mail."

The pompous little manager stared from one to the other in bewilderment.

"You-all know one another?" he queried amazedly.

"Sure," answered Harrington, "We're old friends."

"Well I'll be— Say, Miss Rogers, why didn't you tell me you was acquainted with this gent?"

"Because," she giggled, "I wasn't sure that I was."

She returned to her sanctum while the manager completed his tour of introduction. Berenice's head was in a whirl. She felt a bit frightened and utterly bewildered. Not in a moment could she reconcile herself to the fact that this unassuming young fellow was in reality the supreme lover of the screen world. She welcomed the opening of her door and the insinuation of his head within.

"Busy?" inquired Cyril.

"Nope. Come in. It's a tight squeeze—but that ain't no novelty for you."

He lounged against the wall and regarded her amusedly.

"Are you convinced now?"

"Not quite. I guess I'm a nut. Perhaps I was looking for the turban and the lingerie you wore in 'Desert Death'."

He made a grimace of distaste. "That picture? Wasn't it terrible?"

"It was grand. But say—you don't look like that at all. You look as if a pair of girl's lips would scare you to death."

"They would," he confessed.

"Aw! you don't mean it."

"I do—really."

"You ain't a gay Lothario in real life?"

"No—I'm sorry to say."

She shook her head. "It ain't so," she asserted. "Nobody couldn't make love like you do unless he was a genius. You can't fake that masterful stuff."

"How do you know?"

"Some of my gent'man friends have tried it. If they was the real stuff they might have got away with it, too. But the minute I'd slap their faces they'd quit. Now I remember in your picture 'Midnight Love' that blonde girl clouted you with a hammer or something but you didn't leave go until she had been thoroughly kissed."

"I knew it was all pretense," he explained. "I knew in advance everything was set. Ordinarily that particular young lady wouldn't hit anybody with a hammer for trying to kiss her."

"But the way you done it—you acted like a vet'ran."

He lowered his voice. "I'll tell you, Miss Rogers, my success as a screen lover has been the result of suppressed desires."

"Of which?"

"Suppressed desires. I've always wanted to be a bearcat of affection and never had the nerve. So when that first director turned me loose on a flock of pretty girls, I went to it."

"I'll say you did."

"But actually, I haven't any more nerve with women than a cross-eyed man at a fashion show. Tell the truth, I'm scared to death of 'em."

"You're a kidding fool, ain't you, Cyril?"

"I'm handing it to you straight."

"Sure, but what you're handing is bull."

"All right—have it your own way." He tore open an envelope but his eyes did not leave her face. "Do you know that you are a very pretty girl?"

"You ain't so awful slow," was her answer.

"You are, really; one of the prettiest girls I have ever met."

"Also," she retorted, "I am poor but honest; so dog-goned honest that life ain't flowing with worcestershire sauce. I've got pep—with discretion. And I ain't in the habit of being

kissed and I don't accept invitations to no midnight suppers at roadhouses."

"That's fine," he chuckled, "because you've saved me the trouble of a whole lot of investigation."

The manager's voice shrilled through the lobby, demanding to know the whereabouts of his distinguished visitor. It appeared that the movie editor of a certain local newspaper had come to the theater for the express purpose of securing an interview. Through the half-open door Berenice gave her ear to the conversation between the movie star and the interviewer.

The newspaper man was fully six feet in height; straight as a ramrod and very sure of himself. Beside him, Cyril Harrington appeared unduly small. Too, he had very little to say, leaving most of the discussion to the newspaper man and the garrulous manager. It was only when Cyril expressed a fondness for golf that he and the interviewer seemed to get really close together. A match was promptly arranged for the following afternoon. Then Cyril departed for his hotel and within earshot of Berenice, the newspaper man and the manager discussed the distinguished visitor.

"Gee!" complimented the reporter, "that guy is a regular fellow."

"He's a nut," snapped the disappointed [CONT'D ON PAGE 111]



Berenice throttled an almost overpowering impulse to fling herself again in his arms. A sense of outrage vanquished the temporary happiness. Her voice came, cold and hard—but trembling. "I'm sorry," she said softly. "And ashamed"

What do they Earn today?

The rise in salaries has caused
a new financial rating in the movie world

HOLLYWOOD is truly the modern Bagdad of magic fortunes.

Beggars of yesterday are princes today.

It's the land of Get-Rich-Quick Youth. Nowhere on earth at any time was youth so richly rewarded.

A few years ago Mary Pickford earned seventy-five a week. Now she is a multi-millionaire. And still a girl.

There has been a phenomenal rise in salaries during the past year, hence a new financial rating.

Players may be divided into three financial classes:

Stars who produce independently and sell their pictures to distributing companies.

Stars employed by producing companies under contract at a stipulated salary.

And, third, players who free lance, working from company to company at whatever salaries they can get.

The leading independents — those who make their own pictures — are Harold Lloyd, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Constance Talmadge and Charles Ray.

Chaplin, Fairbanks and Mary Pickford have their own distributing organization, selling their pictures directly to the theaters.

Lloyd, Ray and the Talmadges sell their product to distributing companies, receiving a certain amount stipulated by contract plus a percentage of the profits earned by the pictures.

When Charlie Chaplin made his famous million-dollar contract in 1917 with First National, many people were under the impression that he received a cold million for simply acting in pictures for a year. In reality, Chaplin produced the pictures at his own expense. Thus, out of the million, he paid his supporting players, camera men, studio employees and all the overhead of his studio. It was the largest contract ever made up to that time—and the most profitable for the distributing company. Chaplin's pictures earned tremendous profits over the million paid him.

Harold Lloyd during the past year received a million and a quarter from Pathe for his pictures. He has probably cleared a quarter of a million or more for himself.

In 1919 Norma Talmadge made eight pictures for First National for which she received \$1,280,000, or \$160,000 for each picture. Her profit was probably between a quarter and a half million. The next year she agreed to deliver twelve pictures at \$350,000 each and a percentage of the net profit. The cost of these pictures has been estimated at \$200,000. Thus Norma earns well over two million on the contract.

The rise in her earning power is indicative of her increase in popularity.

Constance Talmadge received \$110,000 each for her pictures in 1919, and in 1920 made twelve pictures at \$300,000 each. Like Norma, she paid the cost of production.

Anita Stewart made eight pictures which brought \$720,000 under her contract with First National, recently expired. Anita now is under contract with Cosmopolitan at a fixed salary.

When Katherine MacDonald finished her contract with First

National she was receiving about \$50,000 as her salary for each picture.

Of the stars who are employed on a purely salary basis at the present time, Mabel Normand is probably the highest paid. She receives \$70,000 from Mack Sennett for each picture in which she appears.

Of the stars working under contract at weekly salaries, Thomas Meighan, Dorothy Dalton and Alice Brady are the highest paid, each receiving \$5,000 a week.

The fact that Miss Dalton and Miss Brady receive far more than such favorites as Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson appears unaccountable until you learn that they are nearing the end of contracts which were made several years ago. The contracts called for an increase of salary every year.

Finding Miss Brady's services too expensive for the screen, under this contract, the Famous Players Company has placed her in a stage play, "Zander the Great," on Broadway.

The same company holds a long-term contract with Elsie Ferguson which calls for \$10,000 a week when she works. The final pictures have not been made under this contract because the star's salary makes the cost of production too great for profit.

Gloria Swanson at the present time is receiving \$3,500 a week. At the termination of her contract, she will be receiving \$5,000.

Pola Negri's weekly salary according to publicity stories is \$5,000, but intimate report places it at \$2,000, which is five hundred less than Agnes Ayres is reputed to get.

Jack Holt is rated at \$2,000 a week, and Leatrice Joy will arrive in the \$2,000 class as a Paramount star under a new contract, it is said.

Ernest Torrence's work in "The Covered Wagon" practically doubled his salary. His contract, just made with Lasky, calls for \$1,500.

Richard Barthelmess' contract with the Inspiration pictures, releasing through First National, calls for a salary and a percentage of profits. Since all of his pictures, with the possible exception of "The Seventh Day," have been money-makers, Barthelmess is now in the heavy financial class.

Lillian Gish's contract with Inspiration is similar to that of Barthelmess. She receives a salary and a share in the profits. "The White Sister," which she recently completed in Italy, is her first production under this arrangement.

When William Farnum ended his contract with Fox he was receiving \$10,000 every week he worked. Thomas Mix is now the highest-salaried star on the Fox lot, with William Russell ranking close, at \$2,000 per working week.

Metro recently made three star contracts of consequence.

Jackie Coogan was paid \$500,000 in advance on his services for three years.

Viola Dana, one of the most consistent of all program stars, was signed on a contract that calls for \$1,500, or thereabouts, every week in the year.

And Ramon Novarro was presented with a contract which will yield him three quarters of a million within the next three years—and before he is twenty-six! Novarro has been receiving less than five hundred in

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 123]

THE independent makers of pictures—Harold Lloyd, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford and one or two others—draw incomes from their pictures ranging into the millions.

Of the stars employed on a purely salary basis, Mabel Normand is the highest paid. She receives \$70,000 for each picture in which she acts. Of the stars working on a weekly contract basis, Thomas Meighan, Dorothy Dalton and Alice Brady are the highest paid, receiving \$5,000 a week. Through long term contracts, now about ending, Miss Dalton and Miss Brady receive more each week than Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson.

Probably the most remarkable weekly contract is still held by Elsie Ferguson, calling for \$10,000 per week—when she works. This also is an old contract, nearly terminated.

Of the stars receiving a salary and a percentage of the returns from their pictures, Richard Barthelmess probably leads.



Mrs. Reid's "Human Wreckage"

A great success



*Mrs. Reid
who takes
the rôle of
wife*

*James
Kirkwood
as the
husband*



The New York first night audience at the Lyric Theater gave Mrs. Wallace Reid and her picture, "Human Wreckage," an enthusiastic greeting. The picture, which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, is a powerful sermon for increased governmental activity in the suppression of the narcotic evil



Above—How the world looks to a drug crazed addict. Isn't it reminiscent of "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari"?

At left—A remarkable death scene wonderfully played by Bessie Love and Victory Bateman. This picture is worth seeing

Authors—Burn Up Your Alibis!

By George Ade

WE who are interested in the production of pictures which are marketable, besides having other virtues, have come to know that no man can pour another man's drink, put on another man's hat or prepare another man's story.

I am still a beginner in the motion picture game, having written only two long continuities. One got by and the other got over. I am convinced that authors who wish to express themselves on the screen must submit continuities, instead of synopses. It is impossible for any author to put into any condensed outline or even into a scenario, which leaps from crag to crag, all of the kinks and angles and details of his created story as he has dreamed it to himself and as he would like to see it revealed to the public.

The Saturday Evening Post author goes to see his picturized masterpiece and is carried out during the third reel, moaning pitifully to himself, "They have murdered my beautiful story."

He blames the boys at the studio and the director. But they were doing the best they could with a lot of rambling material which never had been put into the exact specifications of moving picture presentation.

Write your own titles and outline your own scenes and find out how much narrative you can pack into six or seven reels, and be present when the cuts are made. Sit next to the director. Blue pencil all of your own stuff that is bad and unblushingly adopt all of the director's interpolations which seem to spruce up the play, and the first thing you know you may get your pic-



ture into one of those 12 cylinder magazines between Tom Mix and Pola Negri!

To encourage other authors who seem to believe that the art of writing for the screen is a sort of Masonic mystery, I wish to report that I am working in harmony with scenario men and directors, although I cannot claim familiarity with the technique or even the terms of motion picture photography. In mapping a scene, I may suggest in the script that it be made a long shot, or medium shot, or a close-up, but I do so knowing that when the scene is shot the director and the camera man will go out for a result, regardless of what I have written.

What I tried to do in the scripts of "Our Leading Citizen" and "Back Home and Broke," which I wrote for Tom Meighan, was to start at the very beginning and put in all of the text and all of the scenes and leave the director in no doubt as to what I was trying to get over in every instance. Make clear to the director the purpose of the scene and don't load him with superfluous suggestions or specify details which are non-essential, because no one can foretell under what conditions the shot will be made. This is especially true of out-door stuff.

It must be a help to the director to have in front of him the subtitles which carry or explain the photography.

A continuity prepared with care is like a road map to the traveller. It leaves the scenario man, the casting director, the players and the camera men in no doubt as to the results which the author is trying to get. It is time for authors to burn up their alibis and assume responsibility for their own pictures.



An Ed Wynn "Nut" Recipe

Everyone who has seen Ed Wynn, the stage comedian and son-in-law of Frank Keenan, knows his "nut" inventions. Ed is seen here with Tommy Meighan, Lila Lee and Ralph Ince expounding his new patent scenario recipe. "It's very simple," says Wynn, "just a little train wreck, an automobile chase, a forest fire, a French revolution, a cabaret party, a snowstorm and a baby. If you mix these thoroughly you can't fail—no one ever has"



Gloria Swanson may be noted at the left of the Mack Sennett life boat squad of 1917. That was long before Gloria dreamed of being a decorative dramatic star. Alice Lake is in the ornate background



Because Phyllis Haver was a good little bathing girl who always kept her bathing suit dry, Mack Sennett made her a dramatic star

When they were Bathing Girls



The symmetrical Mary Thurman was once the best known of all the near-sea-going Sennetters. It wasn't long before she stepped from one piece bathing suits to emotionalism

Bebe Daniels went diving in Harold Lloyd comedies and came up a dramatic siren. Her latest picture is "The Exciters"—but Bebe was always an exciter



The Photoplay Medal of Honor

For the Best Picture
Released During 1922

This is your last chance to express your opinion as to what picture should receive the PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor for the year 1922

The votes must be in by
October first. Vote NOW



The Photoplay Medal of Honor

VOTING for the third PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Medal of Honor for the best picture of 1922 ends October 1st. If you wish to express your opinion and, at the same time, honor the best in motion pictures and encourage producers to do even better, send your letter or fill out the attached coupon NOW. This announcement will not appear in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE again.

The PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Medal of Honor has become recognized as the supreme mark of distinction in the world of the motion picture. The first Medal of Honor, awarded in 1920, went to William Randolph Hearst. PHOTOPLAY readers voted his *Cosmopolitan Production*, "Humoresque," the most worthy of that year. The second Medal of Honor, for 1921, was awarded to Inspiration Pictures, Inc., for its production of "Tol'able David," with Richard Barthelmess as star.

This Medal of Honor is the first annual recognition of distinction in the making of motion pictures. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE wishes to emphasize this point, and to reiterate that the award should be made to the photoplay most closely approaching a perfect combination of theme, story, direction, acting, continuity, setting, lighting and photography.

The bestowal of this great honor is entirely

in the hands of the readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, who, by their votes or letters, are the sole judges.

As is the custom, the announcement of the opening of the voting was delayed six months after the close of the year so that pictures released at the end of the year may have been seen in all parts of the country.

To refresh the memories of readers, there is printed below a list of fifty pictures, all of 1922, which has been carefully chosen and considered. You probably will find in that list the picture you consider the best. If it is not there, however, name it in your letter or on the coupon, but be sure it was released in 1922.

PHOTOPLAY is proud of its awards for the two preceding years. It takes special pride in the fact that its readers selected two such pictures as "Humoresque" and "Tol'able David," the former being a remarkably touching story of mother-love, and the latter a magnificent presentation of the spiritual development of an American boy into manhood. The selection of these pictures by PHOTOPLAY readers proves that they recognize true merit in pictures and that they are earnest in their desire for the betterment of photoplays.

The PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Medal of Honor is worth winning. It is of solid gold, two and a

half inches in diameter, and weighs 123½ pennyweights. The 1922 medal is being made, as were the other two, by Tiffany & Company, of New York.

To record your vote, fill out the appended coupon and mail it, naming the picture which, after careful thought, you consider the best of 1922. If you choose to write, stating your reasons for your choice, PHOTOPLAY will be glad to receive your letter. All votes and letters should be addressed to the PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor Ballot, and must be received at PHOTOPLAY's editorial offices, No. 221 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, not later than October 1st, 1923.

This is your opportunity to aid in the betterment of motion pictures. If you want better ones, if you wish to honor the makers of the best and, at the same time, inspire producers to improve the quality, to put vision and brains behind their output, send in your vote. This is more than an opportunity—it is a duty.

Fill out the coupon or write your letter and mail it NOW so that it will be sure to reach PHOTOPLAY's office in time.

Don't delay!

In the event of a tie vote, an identical medal will be awarded to each of the tying contestants.

SEND YOUR VOTE AND ENCOURAGE BETTER PICTURES

Suggested List of Best Photoplays of 1922:

<i>Beautiful and Damned</i>	<i>Human Hearts</i>	<i>Penrod</i>
<i>Blood and Sand</i>	<i>Hungry Hearts</i>	<i>Poor Men's Wives</i>
<i>Bond Boy</i>	<i>Hurricane's Gal</i>	<i>Prisoner of Zenda</i>
<i>Clarence</i>	<i>Lorna Doone</i>	<i>Quincy Adams Sawyer</i>
<i>Cradle Buster</i>	<i>Loves of Pharaoh</i>	<i>Robin Hood</i>
<i>Dangerous Age</i>	<i>Manslaughter</i>	<i>Sin Flood</i>
<i>Dictator</i>	<i>Man Who Played God</i>	<i>Slim Shoulders</i>
<i>Doctor Jack</i>	<i>Miss Lulu Bett</i>	<i>Smilin' Through</i>
<i>Doubling for Romeo</i>	<i>Monte Cristo</i>	<i>Sonny</i>
<i>East Is West</i>	<i>Nanook of the North</i>	<i>Storm</i>
<i>Eternal Flame</i>	<i>Nice People</i>	<i>Tailor Made Man</i>
<i>Flirt</i>	<i>Old Homestead</i>	<i>Tess of the Storm Country</i>
<i>Foolish Wives</i>	<i>Oliver Twist</i>	<i>Timothy's Quest</i>
<i>Forever</i>	<i>One Exciting Night</i>	<i>To Have and To Hold</i>
<i>Hero</i>	<i>One Glorious Day</i>	<i>Trifling Women</i>
<i>His Back Against the Wall</i>	<i>Our Leading Citizen</i>	<i>When Knighthood Was in Flower</i>
<i>Hottenot</i>	<i>Peg o' My Heart</i>	

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1922.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

The Costello Family



It is fitting that Dolores Costello, daughter of Maurice Costello, the first screen idol of filmdom, should seek her fame and fortune upon the silver sheet. Miss Costello has already appeared in minor roles of several Paramount productions and she seems destined to find ultimate success. The blood of old Spain and Ireland flows in her veins, for her grandmother was Irish and her grandfather came from Castile. The accompanying pictures show Maurice Costello, his wife and his daughter, Dolores

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

By Terry Ramsaye

Chapter XVIII

THE world of the motion picture was a roar with war from the early months of 1909. The battle lines were forming and reforming in a conflict without a parallel in the whole history of American industry.

The rising Independents scorned and feared the patent rights of the Motion Picture Patents Company and set forth to wrest from the licensed makers and sellers of film a share in the golden flood of profits from a picture-hungry public.

The Patents Company's armies of lawyers shelled the Independents with injunction actions, while the Independents fought from the ambushes of secrecy, flitting about by night and hurling stink bombs of ridicule and invective in the trade press.

Carl Laemmle stood forth conspicuously among the Independents with his extensive exchange system and an aggressive merchandising war policy. He waved aloft a flaming torch and shouted from the housetops. In the trade journals he carried the fight into the face of the enemy with a line of cartoon illustrations, couched in simple but wily words and as graphic as Brisbane editorials.

Robert Cochrane, the Chicago advertising man identified with Laemmle's entry into the motion picture field as related in an earlier chapter, was the author of those stirring, belligerent advertisements. "The Film Trust" was his daily target. Laemmle's advertisements were calculated to make the theater men unhappy with

Here told for the first time

How—Florence Lawrence became the first star in the war between the Independents and the Trust in 1910.

How—King Baggott, famous star of Imp, first scorned the screen, and then returned to start a famous career.

How—The raiders of the Trust pursued and harried the exchanges of their Independent competitors.

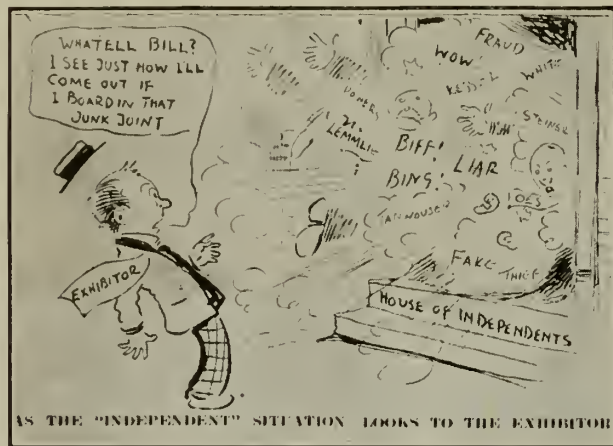
How—Fighting Jeremiah Kennedy launched General Film to take the control of the nation's whole film business for the Patents Company.

How—A circus showman got the feature picture idea and made Buffalo Bill the star of the first picture to pave the way for the dramas of today.

How—A phonograph expert's invention of a new camera threatened to upset the whole world of the screen—and how the Patents Co. finally got it.



Carl Laemmle leading the fight of the Independents against the Motion Picture Patents Company decorated his advertisements in the trade journals with cartoons aimed to discomfort the enemy and stir up rebellion among the licensed exhibitors. This one was intended to rub in on the theater men the fact that they were required to pay two dollars a week for each licensed projection machine



The Film Index, a trade journal devoted to the interests of the Patents Company retaliated against Laemmle's campaign with cartoon efforts to show the unsettled and unreliable state of affairs in the Independent camp. The specimen here is based on a stormy session in the conferences of the Motion Picture Distributing & Sales Company, the Independent's organization

TO the many who know the motion picture only by its self-proclaimed glories of the screen of today, this chapter of our searching narrative will bring a revelation of the embattled past from which the art has been evolved.

Significant facts never before published and never before assembled in their relation to each other have been gathered here for the first time, the fruit of hundreds of interviews and endless research among long hidden records and correspondence files.

It is only now that the inner story of the motion picture industry can be told. Forces, factors and movement obscured in their time by the secrecies of back room strategy and the moil of conflict now come to light to be presented for the benefit of those who care to know what manner of thing the motion picture is and why. The motion picture is not merely the shadow play that sweeps across the theater screen. The picture is but the expression of a whole hidden world of strife, struggle and effort, sometimes sordid, often desperate and always romantic.

JAMES R. QUIRK, Editor.

A Historic Industrial Fight between the "Trust" and the Independents

the dominance of the Patents Company and the license system. Week by week Laemmle's bombardments continued. This extract from his advertisements of May 22, 1909, exemplifies his method of sowing discontent and distrust:

\$240,000 of every million collected by the Film Trust from Exhibitors goes to the licensed manufacturers!

Let that fact rattle around in your topknot, Mr. Exhibitor!

The editorial columns of the trade journals took their cue and pitch from these same advertisements. The Film Index of Chicago, which was aligned with the Motion Picture Patents Company, lampooned the Independents, cartooned them and in mocking words commiserated with their reverses. Meanwhile the Moving Picture News, radically attached to the Independents, hurled innuendo and accusations, personal and impersonal, at the concerns and personalities of the licensed organizations. "Dupers," "boneheads" and such casual terms were among the minor decorations of the weekly issues.

The utterances of the time were reminiscent of the earlier days of American journalism when Watterson and Anthony and Rosewater wrote exactly what they thought of their contemporaries.

The operations of the war, however, were not all so superficially apparent. There were deep laid plans, and plots, and maneuvers, never discussed in the press of the industry.

Laemmle observed with a jealous eye the evident superiority of Biograph's product, the best of the licensed film, and the product was after all the strongest club in the film war. The theater men could be depended on to follow where the best pictures could be found.

One of the most conspicuous screen figures of the day was Florence Lawrence, known to the patrons of the theaters as "The Biograph Girl." She was in fact a star, but the motion picture did not know it. There was no defined consciousness of stars and star value in the backward art of the screen at that time.

Now, it was not long after the formation of Laemmle's Independent Motion Picture Company, the famous "Imp," that Miss Lawrence vanished from the Biograph studios.

A story reached the newspapers from out in St. Louis that she had been mysteriously slain.

Then on April 2, 1910, a due and proper sequel to any such story dated April first, Miss Lawrence appeared under Laemmle auspices, whole and sound and in person on the stage to let the world know that "The Biograph Girl" was now "an Imp."

Laemmle had hit at the Biograph and the "Trust" to make a spectacular play before the customers of his exchanges. And, along with Miss Lawrence, he acquired the services of Harry Salter, her husband and director.

This move was the beginning of the star system.

From this time onward stars became increasingly important in the affairs of the screen—as the pawns in the hands of the producer-distributors engaged in the game of the film business.

Nearly ten years had to elapse before the pawns themselves learned to play the game alone—with the formation of United Artists in the Chaplin-Pickford-Fairbanks-Griffith combination, which is another story to be told in a later chapter.

This St. Louis exploit, also engineered as a piece of Cochrane strategy, may also be pointed out as the first "publicity stunt" in behalf of a motion picture star. This was the beginning of a system of exploitation now developed to extravagant propor-



Out of the famous battle between the Licensed and Independent forces came the screen's first star, Florence Lawrence, until that time known as "the Biograph girl." At the left is another picture of Miss Lawrence, taken in 1910 in her dressing room at the Imp studios. This was the first motion picture dressing room

tions with armies of "exploiteers," and a condition where today's first page murder may tomorrow develop to be merely the announcement of a new picture.

Close upon this time King Baggott was invited to the Imp studio to become the leading man playing opposite Miss Lawrence. Baggott was brave with the laurels of success in St. Louis stock companies and he had an engagement with Marguerite Clark in "The Wishing Ring." He smiled and waived the absurd films aside. Twelve weeks later "The Wishing Ring," out on the road, closed and Baggott came back to New York and went to Imp and a screen career which far overshadowed his stage fame.

The aggressiveness of Laemmle served to keep him much in the mind of the Motion Picture Patents Company, which kept up an unabated legal pursuit, vigorously seeking to shut down his Imp studio and all the rest of the Independent plants.

But J. J. Kennedy of Biograph, the most strenuous executive of the Patents Company, had other war plans in the making. He operated with an intelligence system that would have done credit to Bismarck. By ingenious and obscure channels he kept advised of every movement among the Independents. He had daily, almost hourly, reports on their affairs. He was informed by his espionage machine of everything. He knew most of their secrets. He was informed of even what they ate and drank and who they drank it with and what they said. He had figures on their business, what they spent for film and where



After rejecting motion picture offers, chance brought King Boggott to the screen as leading man for Florence Lawrence



Paul Ponzer was a member of the first American Pathe Co., which utilized a makeshift studio at Bound Brook, N. J., 1910

they got it, and to whom they sold and rented film and for how much. His offices at 52 Broadway were rapidly expanding to cover a floor. There was the base and headquarters for the big war.

The Patents Company had started by offering licenses to the exchangers to sell licensed film to licensed theaters. The exchangers were making a great deal of money and from the Patents Company's point of view also a great deal of trouble.

The Patents Company set out to enforce its rulings on licenses. Raiding squads seized license film which was found in the hands of unlicensed independent exchanges. When licensed pictures appeared at unlicensed theaters the prints were seized and investigation started to find on whose responsibility the picture had escaped. Kennedy's secret service seemed to reach everywhere.

Raids came thick and fast in all parts of the country.

Durant Church, a collegian fresh from the football gridiron, was employed as the head of a raid-and-replevin squad to enforce the Patents Company's discipline on the film trade. His father, by the bye, was Melville Church who had been connected with the United States patent office in the early period of motion picture affairs, and who presently, after entering private practice, took over the legal patent affairs of the Motion Picture Patents Company.

Kennedy occasionally enjoyed a raid in person. It helped the morale and gave him action.

One of these raids established a connection, with a long series of interesting consequences. A Biograph subject appeared at the New York Roof Theater in Broadway, an unlicensed house. The raiders seized the film and inspecting the secret code marking on the print found it was the print issued to Percy Waters' exchange, the licensed Kinetograph Company.

Kennedy pounced on Waters for an explanation. Why and

how did he dare to rent a film to an unlicensed house? His exchange license would be cancelled forthwith, unless adequate reasons were offered.

"Impossible," Waters responded. "My print of that subject is working out of town."

"It is not. Here it is, right here—how did it get to the New York roof?"

"It isn't my print, and I'll show you. I'll have my print in here tomorrow morning!"

"You can't; but you'd better," Kennedy retorted.

Waters consulted his books and put in a long distance phone call for Pottsville, Pa., calling for Jack Braden, the operator of the local theater.

"You've got my print of Biograph subject number 4144—bring it to New York tonight, sure. Hurry!"

Kennedy was in a belligerent humor. This was an excellent time to make an example of an exchange right in New York, where it would be impressive to the trade.

When Waters' print of the subject in contention was laid before Kennedy the next morning, Waters was vindicated, but the plot thickened.

"That's Bill Steiner's print, marked for the Imperial exchange," the code expert announced, examining the secret marks. "Mix-up in the shipping. Steiner got the print marked for Waters."

Peacemaking words were exchanged with Waters, who had made his due impression on Kennedy. Then the guns were turned on Steiner.

"Not my print—mine's gone to a customer in Cuba," Steiner insisted. The contention raged back and forth, but the license of the Imperial Film Exchange was cancelled on the charge of supplying an unlicensed theater, meaning the end of its supply of Patents Company licensed film.

The days were full of strife.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]

How They Started

Next month's installment of *The Romantic History of the Motion Picture* will include never-before-told stories of the beginnings on the screen of many of the well known stars of today and some of those who, great in their day, are now almost forgotten. In the next chapter you will hear of the beginnings of the rush to California, where Griffith found Mae Marsh; how Imp raided Biograph and captured "Little Mary," later known as Mary Pickford; how Tom Mix bucked his way into a Selig cast in Oklahoma—and many other stories of the making of famous names.

The
Sweetest
Flower
in the
King's
Palace



BLANCHE SWEET, as herself, and as *Dolores Mendoza* in "In the Palace of the King"—F. Marion Crawford's colorful romance of sixteenth century Spain. The entire action of this story covers only one night—but there's time enough, in the twelve screen hours, for Blanche to give an interpretation as varied and charming as the vividly embroidered designs upon a Spanish shawl. Under the direction of Emmett J. Flynn she stages a film come-back that is full of dramatic depth, and romance and shimmering loveliness.

The Studio Secret

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

Illustrated by
James Montgomery Flagg

Read that which has gone before
Here's the conclusion:

JOY MORAN'S entrance into the motion picture field was a strange one. The mysterious Mr. Watrous had made it possible, after her father's illness. She needed money and, though the motion picture work meant that she must spy upon Jean Romain, the popular star, it seemed the only way. Meeting Jean, on the train that bore her west, she was strangely drawn to him—and felt that he returned her liking, even though he was engaged to the heiress, Margot Gresham. It was Miss Gresham's father, who wanted to break the engagement, who was back of Joy's picture contract. Joy had left behind her one ardent, but selfish, suitor, Arthur Lloyd. But once on the coast she did not miss him, for she met a host of new friends—directors, writers, actors. Mr. and Mrs. Kramer were among the people who were her welcome—in Mrs. Kramer Joy sensed a vague menace. The woman seemed to know too much about Jean Romain's past, seemed well-informed upon the mystery that had to do with the death of Jean's wife. When Jean displayed openly his interest in Joy the girl could tell, intuitively, that Mrs. Kramer was jealous. This jealousy showed in various ways. It was used to stir up Margot Gresham's feelings, and to infuriate Arthur Lloyd when he accepted a contract that brought him to Hollywood. With Arthur as her ally Mrs. Kramer planned to use him as a tool—to get rid of Margot and Joy at one time, so that Jean would be left to her. She did not realize how much, beneath the surface, Joy and Jean were beginning to care for each other. How Joy's promise to spy upon the man was weighing down upon her heart. All of her feelings and emotions were apparent when she did a dance in her first picture—a dance in which she, as a Greek courtesan, was supposed to bewitch a young Greek conqueror. Jean Romain played the part of the Greek, and he felt deeply the passion that lay behind her acting. That was why, hours later, he knocked at the door of her dressing room. And, when she opened it, took her suddenly and fiercely into his arms. Angered, Joy extricated herself and compelled Jean to leave. Learning part of the truth of this incident, Mrs. Kramer determined to bring matters to a crisis, and sent Lloyd to Los Angeles, to obtain a signed confession from a Ray Porter, whom she had seen secretly entering the Romain home the night of the mysterious death. By threats, Lloyd accomplished his purpose, and in an endeavor to break off her suspected interest in Jean, showed Joy the confession. Obtaining possession of this through a ruse, Joy immediately hurried to Jean.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Chapter XXII

HELEN KRAMER, with her car returned to her, and no word from Arthur Lloyd save his brief message that he would see her later on, spent a very uncomfortable evening.

Helen Kramer faced Lloyd with a cruel smile. "You—idiot!" she snapped. "She's given him the thing, of course. Now, what are we going to do?"

She was impatient to learn the results of his trip to Los Angeles, and wondered why he had not come to her immediately upon his return. When, at ten o'clock, he still had not put in an appearance, she called up the hotel, only to be told that he was out.

She repeated her call, however, at intervals of fifteen minutes, and finally succeeded in getting him on the wire just after he had left Joy.

"Why haven't you been to see me?" she asked, her voice vibrant with anger.

"I—well—I went for a drive."

"Really. That doesn't interest me in the least. What I want to know is, did you find Mr. Porter?"

"Yes."

"What was the result?"

"I—I got what I went for."

"You did." Mrs. Kramer's tone became slightly more melow. "Then why didn't you bring it to me at once?"

Arthur strove desperately to think of some reasonable excuse, but none came to him. He had been busy, he said, he had meant to come, but other things had intervened. He thought it

The ending of one
of the greatest
Studio Romances
ever written



The telephone call yielded immediate and positive results. Joy was not in her room. The clerk, in response to Arthur's questions, reported that she had gone out some time before—had driven off in a taxicab

would be time enough, in the morning. Mrs. Kramer, however, thought otherwise. She detected a note of evasion in his replies.

"Come over now," she said. "I'm all alone."
Arthur came to the conclusion that, since he would have to face the music ultimately, he might as well do so now.

"All right," he replied. "I'll be with you in fifteen minutes." He had just reached the lobby when Joy drove off, but as it happened he did not see her.

"Well," Mrs. Kramer said, throwing herself into a chair on the porch, "I can't understand your not coming to me at once."
"I—I couldn't."

"Were you with Joy Moran?"
"Yes. Why not?" There was a suggestion of irritation in Arthur's voice; he began to resent this woman's attitude of command.

"Oh—no reason at all. As a matter of fact I have every hope that you two will hit it off. You know that. But I should have thought, on this particular evening, that you would have considered this matter of ours more important."

"It was—in a way. Important to Joy, too. I wanted to

have her see the sort of man Romain is—and I wanted her to promise to marry me, so I—well—I gave her the confession to read."

"Then—you got a confession—really?" Helen Kramer's eyes flashed joyfully.

"Yes. Porter had been drinking—was all in. I accused him—threatened that if he didn't come clean I'd have him locked up before night. He wrote out the complete story of Mrs. Romain's death in his own handwriting, and I had it sworn to before a notary."

Mrs. Kramer extended an eager hand.

"Let me see it," she said.

"Well"—Arthur wriggled uncomfortably about in his chair—"to tell you the truth, I haven't got it."

"You haven't got it!" Mrs. Kramer rose indignantly to her feet. "Why not?"

"Because I gave it to Joy to read. I've already told you that."

"But why, in God's name, didn't you get it again?" Her voice was almost a shriek. "She could have read it in a few minutes, couldn't she?"

"She was tired, and went to her room. I'm to get the thing back in the morning."

Mrs. Kramer collapsed into her chair, and stared at Arthur with narrow, angry eyes.

"You say you gave this confession to her so that she could see what sort of a man Romain is. Was that the only reason?" To her shrewd mind the thing seemed incredible.

"Why, yes," Arthur lied easily. He did not propose to tell Mrs. Kramer anything about the hundred thousand dollars offered by Mr. Gresham.

"Did the confession implicate Romain in any way?"

"Yes. From what Porter wrote, Romain was responsible for his wife's death."

For a long time Helen Kramer stared out into the darkness. Suddenly she turned, facing her companion with a look of scorn.

"I think you are a fool," she said.

"Look here!" Arthur rose. "I don't care for remarks like that. Why am I a fool?"

"Because you can't see an inch beyond your nose. What do you think Joy is going to do with that confession?"

"Why—read it, of course."

"Oh, yes—she'll read it. No doubt of that. But, then what?"

Arthur smiled fatuously, thinking of Joy's real purpose in coming to Hollywood, of the money to be paid her.

"Why—nothing, that I can see," he replied.

"Mr. Lloyd," said Helen Kramer slowly, a sting of contempt in every word, "if you were a woman, and you held in your hand a paper that might ruin the man you loved, what would you do with it?"

This was a new thought to Arthur, and one that he could not at once assimilate.

"But—she doesn't love him," he gasped. "The thing is ridiculous—impossible."

"It's true! She loves him madly—desperately. I've known it for weeks. She adores him. She'd do anything to save him. And I'd be willing to bet a thousand to one that she's with him right now!"

"I don't believe it." Arthur still clung desperately to the thoughts that Joy would be influenced by Mr. Gresham's hundred thousand dollars. He would have been, in her place.

"Why should she be with him?"

"Why? To give him that confession, of course. To save him."

"Nonsense! If she does love Romain, which I refuse to believe, she'd never do something that would make certain his marriage to another woman. Don't you see that if she saves him, he'll marry Margot Gresham?"

"Certainly I see it. At least I see that he could marry her. But I'm afraid, Mr. Lloyd, you don't know much about the love of women, or about Joy. She's like that—she'd sacrifice herself—give every drop of blood in her body, if necessary, any time, for the sake of a man she loved. And she loves Romain."

"I can't understand it." Lloyd's uneasiness was increasing momentarily. "She told me she was tired—wanted to turn in. I'll bet she's in her room, asleep, right now."

"Do you think so?" Mrs. Kramer sprang to her feet. "Then go to the telephone and call her up." She led the way into the house.

The telephone call yielded immediate and positive results. Joy was not in her room. The clerk, in response to Arthur's eager questions, reported that she had gone out some time before—had driven off in a taxicab. Helen Kramer faced her companion with a cruel smile.

"You—idiot!" she snapped. "She's given him the thing, of course. Now what are we going to do?"

Arthur began to walk nervously up and down, his face contorted with anger.

"If I thought she was with Romain, alone, at this time of night," he muttered, clenching his fist, "I'd—"

"She's there. You can depend upon that. But talking about what you'd like to do isn't going to help matters any. Look here. There are two results you and I want to bring about, and only two. Nothing else matters. The first is, to break off Romain's engagement to Margot Gresham. You don't care particularly about that, but I do. I have my reasons—that's enough. The second thing we're after is to break up this affair between Romain and Joy. That's important to you. We've got a chance to do both things, now—tonight."

"I don't see how."

"Of course, you don't. But I do. I suppose you haven't heard that Margot Gresham is expected back from Frisco this evening."

Arthur shook his head, smiling incredulously.

"No—I haven't," he said. "And what's more, I don't believe it. If she were, Romain would know it, and be up at Los Angeles to meet her."

"What a logician you are," Mrs. Kramer retorted, with a contemptuous smile. "He *does* know it. But he isn't going to meet her, for a very excellent reason. Her father's coming down with her."

"How do you know that?"

"I make it my business, Mr. Lloyd, to know a lot of things that concern my—welfare." She turned to the telephone, called up a number, while Arthur watched her in gloomy silence. Presently he heard Mrs. Kramer speaking.

"Yes. This is Helen. No—worse—much worse. I've done all I could, but she's shameless. It has just been reported to me that she's with him—at his house—now. Yes—you'd best hurry. Oh yes—I got your letter this morning. No—just a momentary infatuation—when he sees you, I don't doubt everything will be all right. But hurry. Yes, dear. Good luck." She hung up the receiver, turned to Arthur with a triumphant smile.

"You—you've sent her to Romain's house?" Arthur gasped.

"Certainly."

"But—why. Think of the scandal—with Joy there, and—everything."

"That can't be helped. I should think you would see that Miss Gresham, as Romain's *fiancee*, might be very much interested in finding out whether or not he is with another woman."

A sudden anger swept through Lloyd's dull brain. The breaking off of Margot Gresham's engagement to Romain was worth a hundred thousand dollars, provided he, or Joy, accomplished it. But to have it broken by Margot herself was another and very different matter. He regarded his companion furiously, realizing his helplessness.

"I won't stand for it!" he exclaimed. "I'm going to call Joy up, and warn her to get out—if she's there!" He went toward the telephone, but Mrs. Kramer was ahead of him. She placed herself defensively before the little table on which the instrument stood.

"No you're not. Look here, Mr. Lloyd. I know what you're afraid of. You think, if Margot Gresham breaks her engagement to Romain, he'll turn hot-foot to Joy. And you don't want that. Well—neither do I. If we're going to work together, we've got to understand each other. I'm not going to let Joy have him. Shall I tell you why? Because *I love him myself!*"

"You! Good God!" Arthur was stupefied.

"Yes. I ought to have told you before."

"But—you're married."

"What difference does that make? Steve and I got over caring about each other long ago. Divorces *have* been heard of, in picture circles, haven't they?"

Arthur stood silent, collecting his chaotic thoughts. So many incredible things had happened, within the past few hours, that he was dazed. Presently he spoke.

"If Miss Gresham breaks her engagement to Romain," he said slowly, "that's all right for you, as far as it goes. But what about Joy, and me? If she cares for him, as you say, and he cares for her, we won't either of us be a bit better off than we were before."

"We would have been," Mrs. Kramer flung back at him, "if you hadn't been fool enough to give her that confession. I don't say that Romain cares for her. I'm not at all sure about it. But one thing I *am* sure about—if I had that statement of Porter's to hold over his head, I could force him to do what I wanted. It may take a long time, but I could do it."

"You couldn't force him to love you—that way," Arthur growled. "By threatening him."

"Do you suppose I am that crude," Mrs. Kramer asked, eyeing him derisively. "Couldn't I work through a third person, without his knowledge. With Margot out of the way, and Joy married to you, I'd have a clear field, and that is all I ask." She passed her hand fleetingly over her wide forehead.

"What do *you* know about love, or Margot, or even Joy? I—I'd go through hell with him, and be glad of the chance." For a moment tears shone in her eyes, then she recovered herself. "If I only had that confession!"

"I—I guess I could get another one," said Lloyd weakly.

"That's our only chance. And we've got to take it. We've got to find this man Porter. And this time, I'm going with you, to see that you don't make a fool of yourself. Go out and get into my car. You'll find it in front. As soon as I leave a note for Steve I'll join you. We're going to Los Angeles just as quickly as we can get there."

With a flame of desperation in her eyes she flung out of the room.

CHAPTER XXIII

TO JOY the drive from the hotel to Jean Romain's house seemed to take hours, although in reality it consumed scarcely ten minutes.

The place was dark, except for a low light in the living room. Joy paid the cabman, told him he need not wait, then ran up the cement walk and struck softly on the bronze knocker.

Romain himself came to the door. He wore a brocaded dressing gown, and in his hand he carried a book. A look of amazement swept over his face as he saw Joy, but he smiled in spite of it and held out his hand.

"Well—this is good," he said, "to see you here. Won't you come in?" The awkwardness of the situation was plain enough to both of them, but Joy, with tragedy in her soul, brushed aside all minor considerations. When one is about to tear out one's heart, sacrifice it on the altar of love, conventions do not greatly matter.

"I've got to come in. There's something I must tell you." She stepped past him into the wide hall.

"Come in here," Romain said, going to the door of the living room. "I—I was reading." He pointed to an easy chair. "Won't you sit down?"

Joy crouched on the edge of her seat, her face like a death mask.

"I had to come," she gasped, "because I knew you were in danger."

"My dear girl! In danger of what?"

"Wait." She fumbled desperately in her hand bag, drew out some crumpled sheets. "I want you to read this paper. But before you do, I've got a confession to make—about something I've done—something I'm horribly ashamed of."

"You couldn't do anything you'd have to be ashamed of," Romain said, standing beside her chair.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"Yes, I could. And have. Listen to me. The reason I came to Hollywood was this. Mr. Watrous—Philip Watrous—is a lawyer in New York—a friend of my father. Also he is attorney for Mr. Robert Gresham." She saw the start which Romain gave, the sudden sombre look in his eyes, but drove relentlessly on.

"Mr. Watrous came to me, offered to get me a position with the Royal, if I would undertake to break off your engagement to Margot Gresham. I didn't want to do such a thing, of course, but—my father was ill—blind—from bad liquor—I hadn't a cent—the play I was in had closed, and—my father owed Mr. Watrous a lot of money, that he couldn't repay. I'm not trying to excuse myself," she went on. "I shouldn't have done it—have accepted such terms—but—I did."

"They didn't ask me to do anything dishonorable. All they wanted was the truth, about you, and—your past. About the death of your wife." She faltered for a moment, then threw up her head and went bravely on. "Mr. Gresham believed that if he could find out certain things about—that night—he could discredit you—prevent your marriage to his daughter. So I came. I had to. But I never did a thing against you. Not a thing. I couldn't. When Helen Kramer offered to furnish me with certain information, I refused to take it. I wouldn't go on. Mr. Gresham was to pay me a hundred thousand dollars, when the engagement was broken, but—I don't want it. I wouldn't touch a cent of it for anything in the world. I made up my mind, a day or two ago, to write to Mr. Watrous the moment this picture we're doing was finished, resigning my position with the Royal, and asking to be released

"You!" Margot Gresham exclaimed, staring fiercely at Joy. "All these weeks you've made a fool of me. Now I know the truth. Helen Kramer telephoned me this girl was here with you. I didn't believe it. I came to find out. She said this girl and you were mad about each other. Now I know it!"

from our agreement. I shall write him tomorrow. I can't stand this situation any longer. It—it is breaking my heart." She rested her head on her arms, sobbing with each long, shuddering breath.

Romain stood gazing down at her, his face very grave, yet in his eyes there was a deep tenderness.

"Poor little girl," he whispered.

"I'm sorry. But, since you haven't done anything, why should you distress yourself? It's all over, now."

"Oh—but it isn't." Joy crushed the statement Porter had made in her hand. "I have something here that—that would do everything Mr. Gresham wants."

Romain's face took on a deeper gravity.

"You mean to say," he asked, "that you could break off my engagement to Margot, and won't do it?"

"Yes—oh yes. I couldn't."

"But why? Is it because you love me?"

The suddenness of his question left Joy speechless. She struggled vainly to find words.

"Please don't let's talk about that—now," she whispered.

"Why not? As I see it, if what you say is true, you could smash up matters between Margot and myself, earn a hundred thousand dollars, and keep your position with the Royal, just by giving that paper you have in your hand, whatever it may be, to Mr. Gresham. And you refuse to do it. Is that true?"

"Y—yes."

"But—why?"

"Don't ask me that. You must know I'm not crooked—low. And I think too much of you to hurt you. So when Arthur Lloyd got this confession

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]

C L O S E - U P S

& LONG SHOTS

By Herbert Howe

WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS: After seeing "The Miracle Man," a famous producer called his directors together and said, "The Miracle Man is a great picture. I want you all to make pictures like it. All night I lay awake thinking why it is a great picture. I will tell you why it is. It is because when that girl goes upstairs you see her stocking with a hole in it. Sex!—that's what the public wants."

Sex is still the strident cry of the studios. Players must have "sex attraction" and pictures must have "sex appeal." So say the producers. Accordingly, I asked ten people what they liked best in the movies. They replied unanimously, "The comedies and the news reel."

Favorite Films of Our Favorite Star: A star must have "sex attraction." I suppose that accounts for the fact that Mr. Harold Clayton Lloyd is the most popular star of the screen today. He unquestionably is. For the right to show his "Safety Last" in the city of Los Angeles alone an exhibitor paid \$50,000. It occurred to me that it might be interesting to know the favorite films of this favorite star. These are the six pictures which have impressed Lloyd most: "The Birth of a Nation," "Cabiria," "Shoulder Arms," "The Miracle Man," "The Three Musketeers," "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari."

The following are six of his favorite stars: Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Norma Talmadge, Buster Keaton Ernest Torrence.

Motherly Mickey: Marshall Neilan's assistant took the company up North on location to get some snow scenes. After being away a few days he wired Mickey:

"Have some wonderful stuff, but it's storming so hard we can't get back. What will I do?"

"Put on your winter flannels," wired Mickey.

Sharlie Not Enough: Pola Negri swooned during the production of "Hollywood." Just before taking the faint she had the presence of mind to call for Sharlie—and a hot water bottle!

Our Foreign Possession: Hollywood is fast becoming a foreign possession. Since the success of Rodolpho, Ramono and Pola, every sexy steerage passenger arriving at our

CLOSED!
WILL
REOPEN
WITHIN
ABOUT FEW
DAYS OR A
WEEK SO

OUI! WE N'AVONS
DAJ' LES BANANASKI.



ports makes straight for the sheik and sheba fields. As a result, the town is as polyglot as Constantinople. On the Boulevard you hear Polish, Spanish, French, Swedish, Russian, Hebrew and every now and then a word of English. In a few years I predict Hollywood

will have a language of its own. As an indication, I copy verbatim a sign from the window of the Shanghai cafe on the Boulevard.

CLOSED. WILL BE REOPEN AGAIN WITHIN ABOUT FEW DAYS OR A WEEK SO.

Sheiks of Hollywood: There are more sheiks in Hollywood than in the Sahara. They slink the Boulevard, droopy of eye and of cigarette,

complexions ranging from oleomargarine to deepest anthracite. While seated in a Hollywood barber chair I happened to remark to a casting agent, who was waiting his turn, that Lillian Gish wanted a leading man of the Latin type. Instantly my chair was whirled vio-



lently around, and the barber hissed, "Look at the man in the second chair." Confronting me was a dark lowering individual who looked as though he might have tied his peanut roaster outside. "If he won't do," whispered the barber, "I have another customer—dark, slick hair, sexy—who will be in for a shave in a few days." No wonder producers have so many Valentino successors when you can get one with every hair-cut!

A Thoroughbred Star

We award the monthly medal to—



M. Charles de Roche

Actor, athlete, hero of Verdun and holder of the Croix de Guerre with four palms.

In "The Law of the Lawless" he proves his stellar value, and I predict that as Rameses II in "The Ten Commandments" he will be hailed a new Pharaoh of the Photoplay.

Our Cure for Kleig Eyes: The Goldwyn Company recently offered \$5,000 to anyone who could discover a cure for kleig eyes, a blinding affliction caused by the powerful studio lights. Among the remedies submitted by mail thus far are:

Diet.

Castor oil.

A bag of radium to be worn around the neck.
Smoked glasses (for both the actors and the lights).

Tobacco juice (suggested by a railroad engineer who says he can stare any headlight in the face if he first aims a squirt of chewing tobacco at each optic).

But I believe I have the best remedy. Just drop a cipher off the afflicted player's pay check; his blindness will be healed instantly.

Seasoned Beginners Wanted: Producers say they want new personalities. What they really want are new people with ten years screen experience and big names.

Prize Line of the Month: After profound research on the subject, Viola Dana makes the following statement: "There aren't any cave men—only rough necks."

Our Catty Critic: The carelessness of critics makes countless thousands mourn. The following is a letter addressed to our particular offender reproaching him for flagrant prejudice.

DEAR SIR: I note in your reviews of "Little Heroes of the Street" and "The Hero" you make no mention of Cameo, the educated canine. Perhaps you are not a lover of canines or dogs. There are millions of picture fans who are. Cameo is only 3 years old and is asked to do something different every day. I have spent 3 years of my life making Cameo the perfect picture dog. But if I keep on making pictures with Cameo and she is never given credit for what she does, I will have wasted 3 years of my life—Sincerely yours—

HAP H. WARD, Los Angeles, Cal.

I feel that an apologetic bark is due Cameo. I can only explain the critical misdemeanor by the fact that our critic has twelve cats and not a single canine or dog. This shows where he stands in the old religious feud of the Canines and Felines.



Pola's Only Rival:

The best performance of the month, regardless of what our critic may say, is the emotional work of Mt. Etna in the news reel.

Settling Down: No one ever dies in California, so perfect is the climate. So say the native sons, some of whom certainly look as though they had overstayed their time. Will Rogers tells of a man of eighty-nine who wanted to buy a residence in Hollywood.

"I won't sell," said the owner, "But I'll give you a ninety-nine year lease."

"Won't do," said the old gentleman. "I can't be moving every day."

Temperament?

Pshaw!

Says Allan Dwan

*"If a director commands
a star's respect,
he will have no trouble"*

By Frank T. Pope

"YOU'RE all wrong," said Allan Dwan earnestly—so earnestly that he even straightened up in his chair and dropped his feet off his desk. "Temperamental stars in pictures? There's no such animal."

Mr. Dwan had been asked for an interview on "Handling Temperament," and now, almost before the interview started, he had apparently ruined it. How could he talk about temperamental stars if they didn't exist? Besides, he must be wrong. All actors and actresses are supposed to have temperament, and the greater the star, the more pronounced the temperament.

That has been the excuse for years whenever an actress creates a scene in a theater or in public, when one has fits of temper or affects a weird style of dress. However, Mr. Dwan should know. He has been in the picture business sixteen years, has directed many stars and is at present directing Gloria Swanson—who said temperament?—in "Zaza." So let him talk.

"No, sir," he repeated, "there are no temperamental motion picture stars. At least, I've never found any. Scenario writers and managers, yes, but not stars.

"An actress worth anything absolutely sinks herself in a rôle. For the time she is before the camera she is not herself, but the character she is portraying. If she can't do that, she is not worthy of being a star. What she may do while she is that character is not temperament; it is acting, and that's what she is paid for.

"I've handled a lot of stars and I don't know any temperamental ones in the sense you mean. If an actress has any respect for her director, if the director has the ability to command her respect, he won't have any trouble. If she knows more about his business than he does, that's his fault, not hers."

"Where, then," he was asked, "do all these stories of temperament come from?"

"From the press agents, most of them," he answered. "Of course, there are some men and women in pictures who are what the public calls temperamental. But they're just maniacs, that's all. They haven't good sense.

"Now, see here," he went on, again becoming earnest and bringing his feet to the floor with a bang. "Just now I'm directing Gloria Swanson in 'Zaza.' She has the reputation of being a temperamental star. I tell you I never worked with an actress who was easier to direct, who caught an idea quicker, who carried it out better or more intelligently, and who was more human in her behavior at all times. She hasn't a bit of what is called temperament. But she has magnificent talent.



Can you imagine being temperamental when facing this camera and with the eyes of Allan Dwan seeking for every defect in make-up or acting?

She loses herself so completely in her rôle that she is Zaza and not Gloria Swanson, and she does things as Zaza that Gloria Swanson never would do. But that isn't temperament. She's a great actress."

"How about some of the others, Mr. Dwan? Those who are not stars but think they should be?"

"Oh, the second-raters," he said, rather disgustedly. "They're the ones who make all the trouble. They think that by being late on the set, by cutting up rough and refusing to obey instructions, they make themselves more important. But they are not temperamental. They're just unfair. They take money and then don't deliver what they have agreed to sell."

Well, there was at least one more chance to make the interview.

"Have you ever directed Pola Negri?" he was asked.

Mr. Dwan smiled—and when he smiles he is a very smily individual.

"No," he said, "I haven't. But I think a lot of people have the wrong idea about her. They don't understand. I don't think she is so hard to handle. The trouble is that she has the Continental mind and viewpoint. She doesn't think as we do. She'll learn our ways and then she'll be all right."

Now what can you do with a man who says Pola isn't temperamental? However—there are the "second-raters," as he calls them.

"But about these others, Mr. Dwan; what do you do when one of them is unfair?"

Mr. Dwan glared through his dark glasses. (The studio lights bother his eyes a good deal.)

"Treat 'em rough," he said

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 95]



THREE WISE FOOLS—Goldwyn

A SCREEN version of a stage success that will probably entertain the whole family—and yet a production of little real significance. This popular story of three old bachelors who adopt a daughter and are soon regenerated into a new way of thinking was one of the footlight hits of several seasons ago. Like many another hit, it was replete with stage trickery and hokum, neatly gilded for the box-office trade. Perhaps this artificiality tripped up the director, King Vidor. Anyway, "Three Wise Fools" does not ring true, despite its entertainment values. The usual human note of Vidor is missing. Yet, as we have said, the thing will appeal to the masses. It has all the superficial "heart pull" of the original play. Somehow we could not get interested in the acting of this celluloid version. To us, the three wise fools were fussy, artificial old fellows.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



MERRY-GO-ROUND—Universal

ERICH VON STROHEIM played a large part in the creation and making of "Merry-Go-Round," despite the fact that the film itself fails to make mention of it. Von Stroheim wrote the story and started the production, which was completed by Rupert Julian.

Von Stroheim started out with an ordinary story, but he invested it with symbolism and more than one touch of the mellow old-world cynicism of Molnar and Schnitzler. In the hands of Julian the opus lost some of its Continental gloss. It became an "Affair of Anatol." Yet, with all this, "Merry-Go-Round" is decidedly different. It is permeated with the flashing, decadent atmosphere of Vienna in the gay days before the world war put its crushing boot upon the capital of the tottering empire.

A lieutenant of the royal court of Franz Joseph is fascinated by a little organ grinder of the Prater, the Coney Island of Vienna. At first only a passing fancy of a cynical young boulevardier, the girl becomes the dominating force of his life. He is forced into a court-made marriage, but the war comes to liberate him and make him realize the essentials of life stripped to its realities. Von Stroheim, we suspect, started out to show that life is a merry-go-round, rolling pleasantly in a circle. In its present form, "Merry-Go-Round" shows that life, after all, leads right up to the conventional sunset fadeout, with the usual clutch, the usual back lighting and the usual garden.

"Merry-Go-Round" is very well played, indeed. Norman Kerry is the lieutenant who becomes regenerated. His is a surprisingly good performance, the best he has ever given the screen. For the sophisticated only.



RUPERT OF HENTZAU—Selznick

"RUPERT OF HENTZAU" is a lively, romantic tale and not bad entertainment, by any means. But, it Rex Ingram's "The Prisoner of Zenda" is something of a pleasant cinema memory, you are going to be very, very much disappointed with this sequel, which carries on the glamorous adventures of *Flavia*, *Rodolph Rassendyll* and *Rupert*. And it is impossible to forget Alice Terry, Louis Stone and Ramon Novarro in these characterizations. The Selznick powers-that-be apparently went out and bought an all-star cast and then poured the cast into the story. Certainly Elaine Hammerstein, Bert Lytell and Lew Cody do not seem at all at home as these lovably heroic and wicked folk. And yet, with all this in mind, we wouldn't be at all surprised if you liked "Rupert of Hentzau."

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

PETER THE GREAT HUMAN WRECKAGE
MERRY-GO-ROUND THREE WISE FOOLS
CIRCUS DAYS RUPERT OF HENTZAU

The Six Best Performances of the Month

BESSIE LOVE in "Human Wreckage"
EMIL JANNINGS in "Peter the Great"
GEORGE HACKATHORNE in "Human Wreckage"
GEORGE HACKATHORNE in "Merry-Go-Round"
DAGNY SERVAES in "Peter the Great"
MARY PHILBIN in "Merry-Go-Round"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 120



HUMAN WRECKAGE—F. B. O.

NOT a cheery story for the whole family and yet a picture that will probably do the old world a lot of good. The drug evil has never known so stiff a celluloid uppercut. "Human Wreckage" starts out to show the inevitable breaking down of the physical and moral fiber of a narcotic victim—and does it very completely. The story deals with a young lawyer who falls a victim to dope and who comes face to face with complete failure—and death. How he fights back, aided by a faithful wife, is the theme. "Human Wreckage" is well played and very well acted, particularly by Bessie Love and George Hackathorne. Special merit attaches to the excellent performance given by Mrs. Wallace Reid, and it was largely through her instrumentality that the production was made. She gives a portrayal that is most effective.



PETER THE GREAT—Paramount

ANOTHER foreign-made picture, "Peter the Great," has arrived to prove again to the frequently over-confident American producer that he has no monopoly in making good films. Here is a picture that has a remarkably interesting story, fine direction, excellent sets and lighting, and, in at least four instances, exceptional acting. Of course, this last is to be expected of Emil Jannings and Dagny Servaes, but equal credit must go to two others—Bernhard Goetzke who plays Menchikoo, the prime minister, and Walter Janssen, who is Alexei, son of the great Peter.

The story of Peter, whose first lessons about ruling Russia were learned in a shipyard, and of Catherine, *vivandiere* and daughter of the regiment, raised to the throne by Peter, is one of absorbing interest always. And it is exceptionally well told in this picture. The drawing of the characters of Peter and Catherine is done in a manner to arouse deep admiration for the man or men responsible. Some of the sets are magnificent, and the lighting of the interiors is strikingly fine.

It was during Peter's reign that Russia was at war with Sweden, and these battle scenes, participated in mainly by foot soldiers, are novel and realistic. In the masterful hands of Mr. Jannings, Peter's rages and his tender moments, his cruelty and his sense of humor make a most human combination of man and emperor. Miss Servaes is a bewitching Catherine, whether "vamping" Peter or repulsing the prime minister.

In brief, "Peter the Great" is a real picture and one that should not be missed.



CIRCUS DAYS—First National

THERE is perhaps no star of the screen who is so large a part of his pictures as Jackie Coogan. This has been proven many times, and it is proven again in "Circus Days," his latest First National picture. When Jackie is on the screen, the picture is amusing and entertaining. When he is not, the clouds of mediocrity gather rapidly. "Circus Days" has many laughs and many more smiles and chuckles. Jackie is a poor, little country boy, whose close-fisted uncle won't let him go to the circus. So he stages a circus of his own, as a result of which he runs away to escape a whipping. He joins the real circus as helper at the lemonade stand, substitutes for *Babette*, the "youngest bareback rider in the world," and makes a wonderful hit by his involuntary clown riding, rivaling *Bagongo*, the famous clown equestrian.



SUCCESS—Metro

MELODRAMA sugared by a coating of mawkish sentiment. The play had a sickly career in a near-Broadway house five years ago that ended in disaster. Its screen revival has repeated the unpleasing features of the story of a theatrical family, broken by intemperance, and the return of an old actor in the rôle of *King Lear*, which he plays to the *Cordelia* of his unrecognized and unrecognized daughter.



THE SELF-MADE WIFE—Universal

THE first three-quarters of this picture have been transferred very deftly from the *Saturday Evening Post* to the screen. But the ending takes quite a tumble, and all for the sake of forcing in a typical jazz party where it is neither needed nor wanted. The story tells of a husband who is able to progress—and of a wife who doesn't know how. An interesting idea.



THE LAW OF THE LAWLESS—Paramount

THIS Conrad Bercovici gypsy story, apparently of high color and picturesqueness, never seems real anywhere. The scene is the borderland between Asia and Europe, the action the conflict between a gypsy chief and the Tartar girl he has bought at auction. Dorothy Dalton is the heroine—and very artificial. Charles de Roche is at least physically massive as the chieftain. You may like him very much.



THE MYSTERIOUS WITNESS—F. B. O.

THE story of a self-sacrificing son whose Elsie Dinsmorian sufferings would bring tears to any eyes. What that boy faces and undergoes for the sake of his mother—who is feeble and sweet and typically screen! The boy finally reaches jail, and trial for murder. And, of course, he is saved in the nick o' time. But why list details? See the title, and let it go at that!



THE FOG—Metro

THIS story of small-town ethics with the old side issue of "how his soul was saved" would be more interesting if it had better direction. The cast is good, but the continuity is poor, the whole picture being rather patchy. The principal character is a poet, who starts life in a tannery and winds up as a hero in the late war, which is dragged in by the heels. Of course, he wins the girl he loves.



McGUIRE OF THE MOUNTED—Universal

ANOTHER M. P. story, with the hero as brave and dauntless as usual. In this opus he is tricked into a marriage with a dance hall girl, but he doesn't let it ruin his own plans. In fact he braves false charges, scandal and near death, proving himself to be a real hero—and in the end comes out on top. This is a fast moving story, of a type that is still popular.



SAWDUST—Universal

TENT circus scenes set the play in motion. The locale changes from clownland to the home of a rich couple whose daughter disappeared while an infant, and whom the girl clown is induced to impersonate. Gladys Walton, as the clown, falls from the performing wire in the tent, performs acrobatics in her new home, and, when comedy turns to tragedy, tries to drown herself. Realism unconfined.



SHOOTIN' FOR LOVE—Universal

SHELL-SHOCK, the most mysterious effect of the great swar, has been made the underlying theme of a swift moving western. The hero comes back from active service and a base hospital, overseas, with the knowledge that any noise will shatter his nerves. He walks right into a family feud, in which dams are dynamited and there's plenty of shooting. A unique plot, with a pleasant love interest.



WANDERING DAUGHTERS—First National

JAMES YOUNG takes credit for both the scenario and the direction of this drama. Which forces us to lay the blame at his door. This is a story of a small town with a country club and a fast younger set. The set isn't quite fast enough, unfortunately, to keep the story moving along at a sufficiently reasonable rate to make it interesting. Silly, pointless and banal.



THE RAPIDS—Hodkinson

MAN power and water power. Showing what a splendid organizer can do when it comes to building an industrial city where a sleepy little town and an untamed river once governed the landscape. The story is a conventional one—with the usual rescues from the rapids and the usual strikes. But the scenes in a great steel plant are interesting and out of the ordinary. The cast is good.



DESERT DRIVEN—F. B. O.

THE best vehicle that Harry Carey has had for a long time—a story that starts in a southwestern prison and ends in the desert. A man, wrongly accused of a crime, escapes from prison and—though desperately wounded—manages to find a haven in a friendly ranch house. There he also finds love and a great deal of adventure. Carey is unfortunate in his choice of a leading woman.



CHILDREN OF JAZZ—Paramount

A SOLDIER of fortune, returning from a successful revolution, discovers that his promised wife has succumbed to the jazz influence. After denouncing her, he leaves the country, but fate brings them together again under very strange circumstances. Some delightful photography and quaint costuming—together with a unique plot. Good entertainment. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 95]

Gossip— East & West

By Cal York

MONTE BLUE and his wife have been separated for some time and Mrs. Blue was suing for divorce. Then Monte nearly got killed in a bad fall while making his last picture, Mrs. Blue rushed to his bedside at the hospital to nurse him—and a most dramatic reunion took place, which may result in a reconciliation.

No sooner had they carried Monte from the stretcher into the narrow hospital cot, where he lay moaning with pain, than his pretty wife came and knelt beside him. From that moment on she never left him, giving him a cheerful devotion and loving care that the doctors declare turned the balance between life and death in Monte's favor.

Neither of them will admit are conciliation, but everyone who has called upon Monte and seen Mrs. Blue installed in the sick room, believes that one divorce at least isn't going to happen.

Monte and his wife had been married ten years when the separation took place.

SUCCESS sometimes brings its little tragedies. Wealth and fame demand of us payment in friendships broken and sacrifice of things once dearer than money could buy.

Not so very many years ago two young men, quite penniless and very happy, stood on the sidewalk of a drizzling little village called Hollywood. They had met in the maelstrom of an extra mob scene. And that something which is as fine as love and sometimes so much more lasting had sprung up between them. The friendship that made Damon and Pythias immortal.

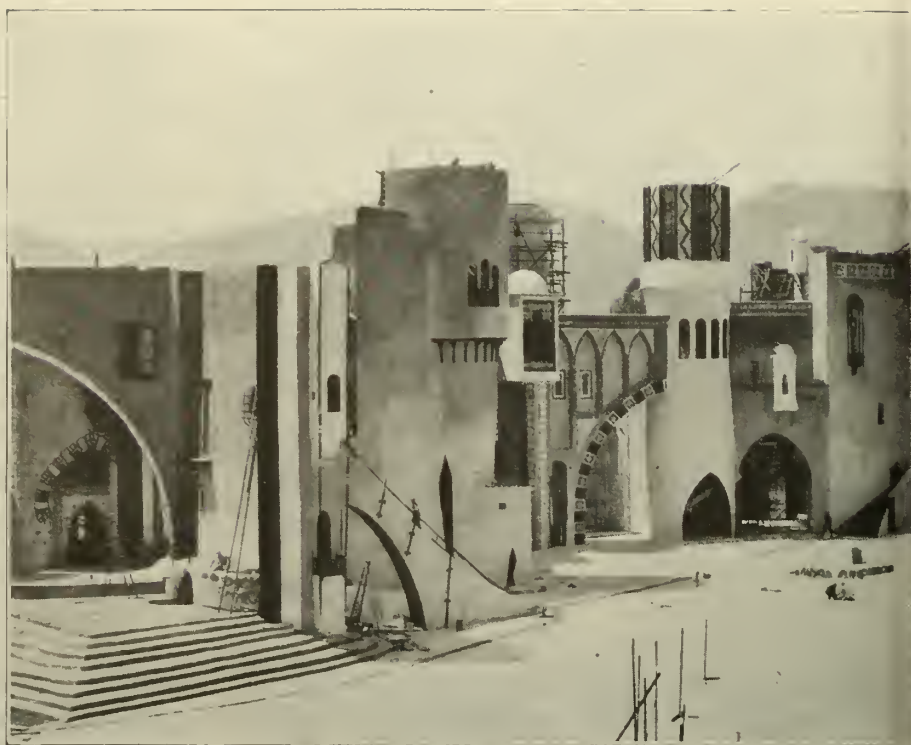
Their names—quite and absolutely unknown in those days—were Harold Lloyd and Hal Roach. Harold Lloyd wanted to act—wanted to be something more than an Indian in a mob scene. Hal Roach had plans, oh, great plans for being a producer. Well, between them they started. Hal scraped together \$150. Their studio was Westlake Park. Their scenery was the wide, wide world. Their story was on their cuffs. They made a one-reeler, every scene of it shot outdoors. That was the first Hal Roach picture starring Harold Lloyd.

They were very poor. They were very hard-worked. They were filled with yearnings they could not satisfy. But they had an awful lot of fun. Today—who doesn't know them today? Their last picture, "Safety Last," will gross many hundreds of thousands of dollars. They are both famous, both successful, both very rich.

And now they are separating.

The chain of pictures that began with the little one-reeler that cost \$150 ended with "Safety Last." From now on Harold is to produce his own features and Hal Roach is to produce companies which he himself owns entirely. Both of them hated the break. Both of them dreaded it. But it had to come. The cold steel hand of commercialism, the heartless necessities of the business world, forced them apart. Harold needed his own producing unit all to himself.

For the last three pictures he has been practically on his own. Roach has eight other companies working, which are 100% his. He has



Judging from this panoramic view of the structures now in course of construction for "The Thief of Bagdad," Doug. Fairbanks intends to live up to his promise of eclipsing "Robin Hood," at least in magnitude of sets.

only a 20% interest in the Lloyd productions. Roach is working to establish his own people—his "Our Gang" kid comedies, Will Rogers, who is to work for him, Snub Pollard, some new comics called "The Spat Family."

Success has claimed them both. But I wonder if they're any happier than they were when they figured out together, always laughing at themselves, how to make a one-reel comedy for \$150?

CORINNE GRIFFITH is to play the lead in Gertrude Atherton's "Black Oxen," the part of a woman of sixty who is rejuvenated. In Hollywood they are predicting Corinne the next great star of the screen. After heavy competition among producers, First National secured her on a long term contract whereby she will head her own production unit, with the right to choose directors and pass on stories.

Corinne recently completed "Six Days" for Goldwyn, directed by Charles Brabin, who made "Driven." Before leaving for New York to purchase clothes and to complete business arrangements she was entertained at a farewell dinner given in the Ambassador by Blanche Sweet, Bessie Love and Carmel Myers. She returns to California in two months.

THE casting director of the Goldwyn studio brought a very handsome and very accomplished young actor of the New York stage into the office of June Mathis, scenario head and supervising director of the Goldwyn organization.

Miss Mathis, who was busy writing, gave one hurried look at the actor, recommended for an important rôle, and said briskly, "Not the type, not the type. Take him away."

The young actor retired in confusion and the casting director returned in amazement to Miss Mathis, who has the reputation of being the kindest and sweetest woman in pictures. He found her doubled up with laughter.

"Just a few years ago in New York," she said between giggles, "I was taken into his office and recommended for a part. A stage part. And that's exactly what he said. I never forgot it. I'm glad I didn't." And she

went into another burst of laughter as the casting director went out.

OH, what a picture this is going to be! I was on the set the other day and I watched Edward Horton and Ernest Torrence and Louise Dresser—a trio, by the way, of eminent stage artists—playing the great drunk scene from "Ruggles of Red Gap."

Well—it was immense, that's all. And the poker scene in which the wild and woolly Egbert from Red Gap wins the polished valet Ruggles from an English lord—don't miss it. I never saw anything in a theater as funny as the scenes I saw being photographed by Jimmie Cruze—of "Covered Wagon" fame.

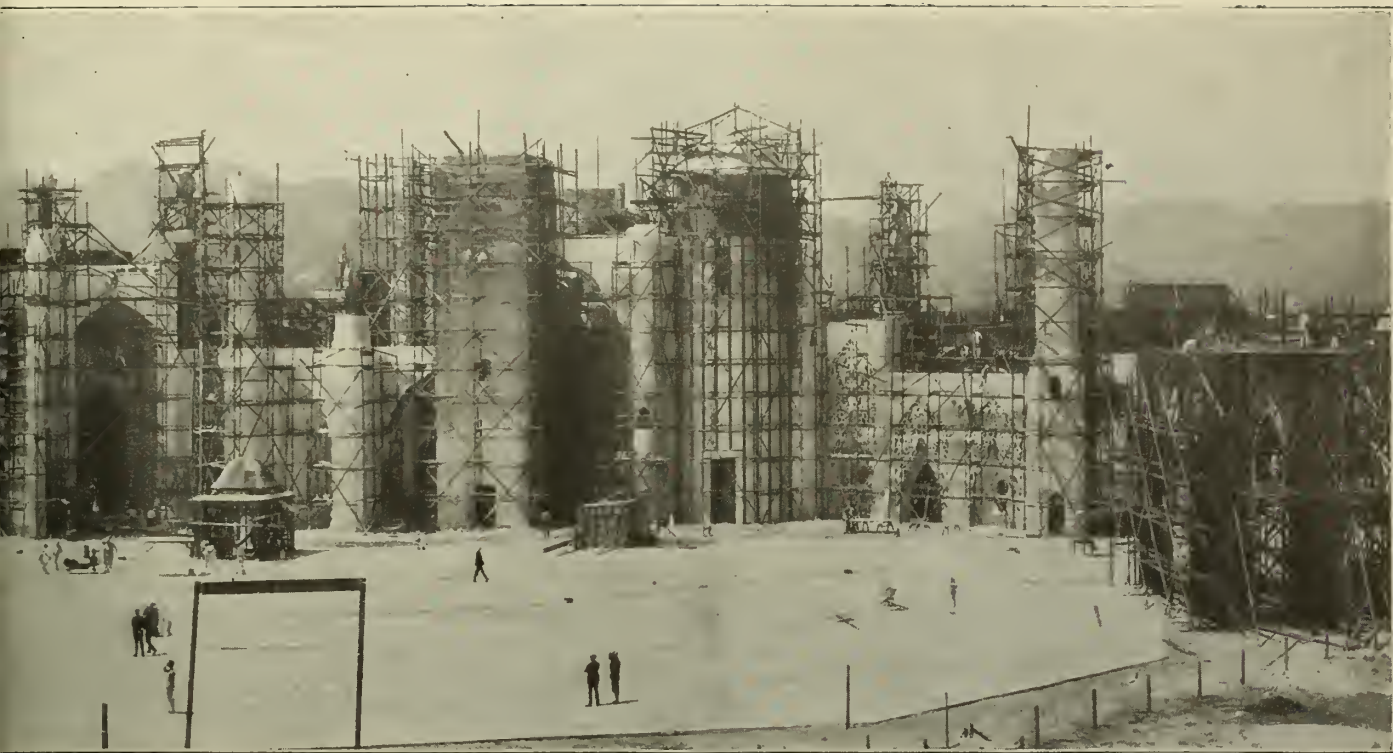
Just by way of predicting and being able to say "I told you so," watch Edward Horton. If he doesn't run Charles Chaplin and Harold Lloyd a close race later on, we're all wet.

Louise Dresser, who for years was Willie Collier's leading woman, says he's so much like Collier in the way he plays a scene and the way he gets his laughs that she has to shake herself every few minutes not to feel the clock has turned back a few years and she is rehearsing with Collier again.

HAROLD LLOYD gave Mildred Davis Lloyd, his charming bride, a beautiful sapphire and diamond bracelet for his birthday. When he came home from the studio he told Mildred he was awfully glad he'd been born so he could marry her, and if she'd go look in her room she'd find something. It was an enormous packing case, and for an hour Mildred was unwrapping. But in the center of a dozen boxes, like a Chinese puzzle, was a flat velvet case with the bracelet.

In return, Mildred gave Harold a surprise stag party. Pretending that they were going to the theater, she had him dress and, when he descended to the drawing room, about fifty men were waiting in silent glee. Mildred slipped away to the theater with her mother and let the men join in a real celebration of Harold's birthday.

The Lloyds are in New York for a few weeks, seeing the shows and buying clothes, before Harold starts his next production.



The concrete courtyard upon which this set is built is four inches thick and covers an acre and a half of ground. It is said to be the largest single slab of cement work ever laid

By the way, we have seen "Why Worry?"—the Harold Lloyd comedy to follow "Safety Last," and it's something new again. A delicious satire on South American revolutions and heroes who whip whole armies single-handed.

ESTHER RALSTON is a well-known serial leading lady, but her two big brothers consider she needs looking after just the same. Esther has a couple of very large and very husky brothers, with old-fashioned ideas about young girls. And when Esther insisted on going out with a young man whose wife objected, said brothers decided to take matters into their own hands.

They waited for Esther and her suitor—one George Webb Zrey, an actor and assistant director—on a certain evening. Mr. Zrey landed in the receiving hospital and both brothers landed in jail. Eventually everybody landed in court.

The judge admitted he thought the Ralston brothers had been a little over-zealous—they say Mr. Zrey will never be quite the same again—but he didn't blame them much, and he read pretty little Esther Ralston a good lecture from the bench about doing what her brothers told her to.

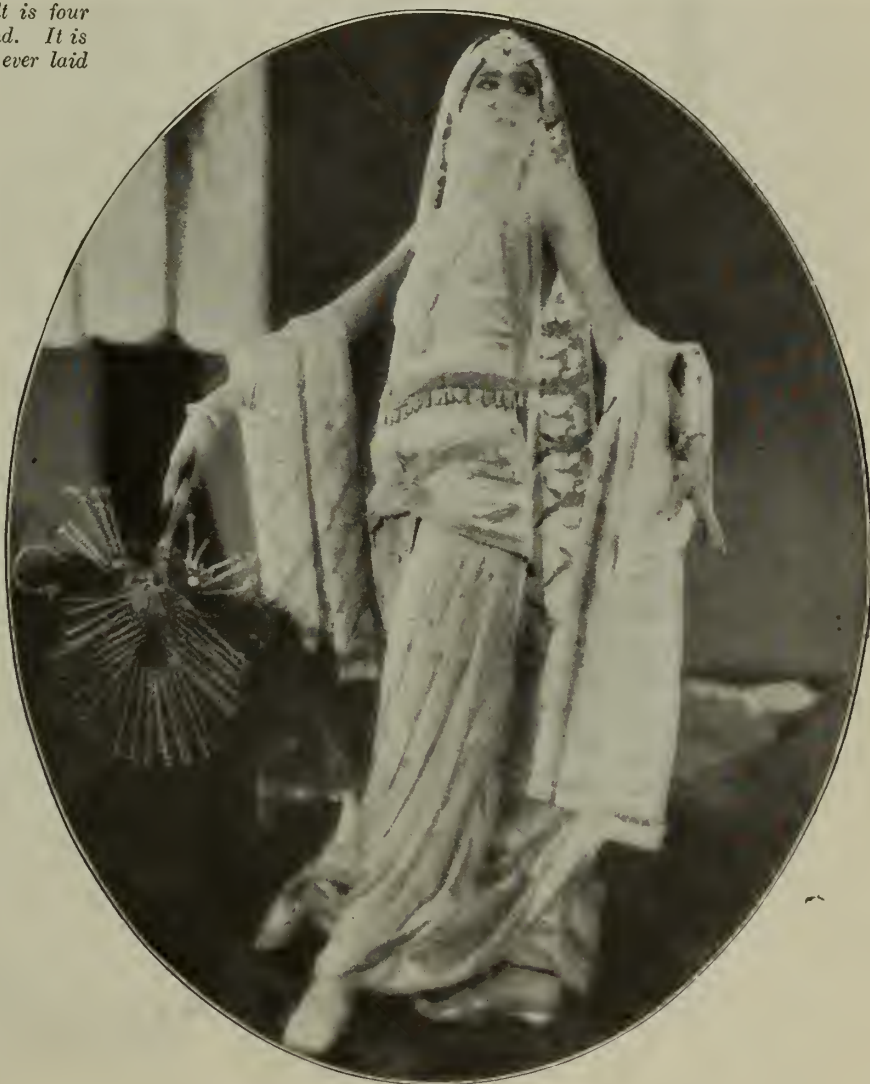
"They know best and you mustn't ever go out with married men," said the judge, "or just such things as this will happen."

So Esther wept and promised to be good, and her brothers took her home.

PROBLEM—Find a coal barge in California. Second problem—Find an actress in Hollywood to play *Anna Christie*.

Those are the two things that are facing John Griffith Wray, who is to direct the great Eugene O'Neill play. Much of the action takes place on a coal barge and it was an awful shock to everyone to find there wasn't such a thing the whole length and breadth of the Pacific Coast. Now they're reconstructing one from another kind of a boat.

As for the leading rôle of *Anna Christie*—it seems interminable, the speculation as to who is to have the coveted plum. At present there is much talk of going to London to film it with



Julanne Johnston will be the Arabian princess of Doug's new spectacle, "The Thief of Bagdad." She should make a pulchritudinous heroine of the Fairbanks version of the *Thousand and One Nights*



Nita Noldi, as Cleopatra in "Lawful Larceny," vamping again. However, the only man in sight seems to be resisting her wiles in a somewhat stolid fashion

"Better, I guess," said Dawley, as he bowed the man out.

ONE of the curious recent events in filmdom was the hasty departure of Al Jolson, the stage comedian, for Europe in the midst of his first screen venture, being "shot" at the D. W. Griffith Mamaroneck studios. Jolson apparently decided suddenly that he wasn't destined for screen success.

Some time ago Jolson is said to have approached Griffith with the idea of presenting him upon the screen. The comedian longed for new fields to conquer. Anthony Paul Kelly prepared a story. Finally, there was a verbal agreement between Griffith and Jolson and the preparations for the making of the first picture were launched. It was tentatively called "Black and White" but was to receive the final title of "The Clown."

All of the sets were built, so that the production could be made speedily. The cast was assembled, one member, Tom Wilson, being brought on from the coast. The director, Jack Noble, was also summoned from California. The cast was engaged for eight weeks. Griffith personally rehearsed the picture for two weeks and then the first tests of Jolson were made. These were to "set" the character, that of a young lawyer who masquerades as a negro to solve a murder, for Jolson.

Jolson looked over these first shots with manifest disappointment.

"I thought all along I was an actor," he sighed. "Why—I'm only a song and dance clown."

Griffith, on the other hand, wasn't disappointed. He still believes that the comedian would have been as successful in the films as behind the footlights. But Jolson hastily departed for Europe the following day.

Jolson, by the way, is one of the richest actors in America. His phonograph record royalties alone reach a large amount. It is said that his royalties for the month of April amounted to \$120,000.

BULL MONTANA'S naturally sweet disposition is becoming soured by his many "mash" notes. He declares he receives more proposals of marriage by mail than any other man in the movies. "But," he complains, bitterly, "all these Janes want is the bankroll. I know I ain't so handsome as Rudie Valentino and some of the others, but I've got a kind heart and I'm easy to get along with. I can

the original cast, including Pauline Lord. But this seems impractical. Blanche Sweet is the favorite selection, but it is said she cannot get free of other contracts to play it. Alice Lake, Cleo Madison, Madge Bellamy and several others have been considered.

IT seems that it is not necessary to know history in order to be a picture actor. When J. Scarle Dawley was seeking types to play General Grant, Mark Twain and other notables of the early eighties in "Broadway Broke," a tall, gangling actor applied for the role of Augustin Daly, the famous theatrical manager. Asked if he ever had played Daly, he admitted that his favorite rôle was Abraham Lincoln.

"But," said Mr. Dawley, "the time of this picture is in 1881."

"That's all right," returned the applicant cheerfully, "I guess I can do Abe Lincoln as he was in 1881 just as well as any other time."

Illustrating the hard life of moving picture people in Summer. Here is Victor Seastrom with his "The Master of Man" company on location on a hot day. Mr. Seastrom is at the right. The woman at the left is Elise Bartlett, and next to her, sitting on the platform, is Joseph Schildkraut. N. B.—We must have music with our locations, even in the water



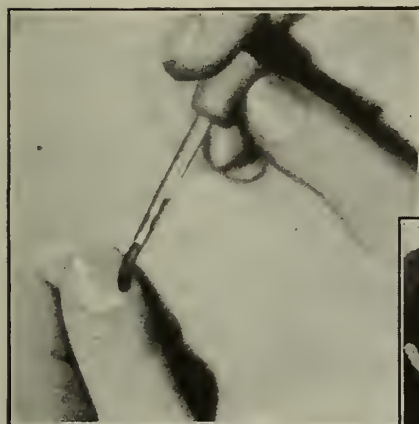


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*No bother of a separate
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And finally here is just another new convenience. You need never have the bother of a separate remover to take off the old polish. Just a touch of the polish itself wiped off while it is still wet will leave the nail absolutely free of the old polish and ready for the new application.

Cutex Liquid Polish, just like all the other Cutex preparations, is 35c separately. Or ask for the sets in which it comes. Sets are from 60c to \$3.00.

Special Introductory Set that includes the new polish—only 12c

Send 12c in stamps or coin with the coupon below for a special Introductory Set that contains trial sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Powder Polish, Cuticle Cream (Cuticle Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. Q-9, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Can.



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CUTEX
Liquid Polish



Lillian Gish as the heroine of the late F. Marion Crawford's "The White Sister," which was recently completed in Italy by Inspiration Pictures. This scene was "shot" near the Crawford villa at Sorrento

get me a wife if I want one without hanging my bank balance around my neck." So much for that.

By the way, Bull is squandering a portion of his income on a large and very handsome motor car. Before he got this, he had a "flivver coop." When reprimanded by friends for using so humble an equipage, he replied, "Listen, I'm pretty lucky to be riding at all. Why, in New York six or seven years ago, car-fare was a novelty. One night I was going to wrestle in Brooklyn. I laid down the pick and shovel at 5:30 o'clock, walked for three hours to get to the match at 8:30, and did it without dinner because I didn't have the price. But I got three dollars for wrestling and I had a seat in the subway all to myself coming home. I'll tell the world that even a flivver beats that."

MADAME ELINOR GLYN has arrived in Hollywood and is busy at the Goldwyn studio preparing for the production of her most widely known book, "Three Weeks." The famous Englishwoman is to supervise the direction, casting and writing of the story and will herself prepare a screen version. Who is to

play *The Lady* and who is to play *Paul* is not yet known.

It is said that Madame Glyn herself favors Theda Bara. There is also some chance that Aileen Pringle, a newcomer to the screen, may play the lead. As for *Paul*—Madame Glyn saw a young Englishman in Chicago whom she thinks would be perfect. But she only saw him through the car window and she doesn't know who he is or anything like that, so it's a little hard to cast him for the rôle.

VIOLA DANA has laid herself open to the charge of nepotism in having her sister, Edna Flugrath, as a member of the cast in "The Social Code." Miss Flugrath, who is the wife of Harold Shaw, her director, has been making pictures in England, and came back to see her mother, who was ill. Miss Dana and her director, Oscar Apfel, at once drafted the sister. Edna and Viola had not seen each other for ten years and soon grew reminiscent.

"We used to have terrible scraps when we were children," said Viola. "I remember one awful battle. I hated limburger cheese and Edna loved it. One day she stuffed a lot into my mouth and it made me sick. She never expressed any regret until about a year ago, when I was ill with pneumonia. Then, one day, she said to mother: 'Oh, Mother, suppose Vi should die! And I never told her I was sorry about the cheese!'"

IF YOU were a director and had been up in the snows and the silences of Canada for many months; if you'd shot thousands of feet of film, mostly of dogs and wolves and magnificent dramatic events in their lives; if you hadn't ever seen a foot of all the stuff you'd spent months of time and pounds of energy on; and then if you sat all day and most all night in the projection room and ran it; and it was positively wonderful and all your critics and friends and business associates wept with joy—wouldn't you be happy?

That's what happened to Laurence Trimble, who just returned from the Canadian Rockies with the exterior sequences for two new "Strongheart" pictures—"The Phantom Pack" and "White Fang."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 82]

Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean, the famous comedians of the Ziegfeld "Follies," enter the Fox studios in New York for their first screen work. Do they think they will be successful in films? Positively, Mr. Gallagher. Absolutely, Mr. Shean



EVERY YOUNG WIFE MUST MAKE THIS DECISION

*What will her face be in one—
in five—in ten years' time?*

NEW surroundings—new responsibilities—new adjustments to life. And with all these a new loveliness in her face. Yet in a few years it has gone! What has become of it?

Should she have trusted this loveliness to keep on renewing itself through the strain of her new responsibilities? Did she allow the soft brilliance of her clear skin to grow dull—its smoothness to be marred by little roughnesses? So many girls lose this young freshness in the first few years of marriage.

But today they know that this loveliness must be guarded, that it will be lost unless the *right* care be given.

Many a wife has learned that she can keep her skin supple and lovely by giving it regularly the two fundamental things it needs to keep it young—a perfect cleansing at night and a delicate freshening and protection for the day. And she has learned that the Pond's Method of two creams based on these two essentials of her skin, brings more wonderful results than any other.

*Two Creams—each different—each marvelous
in its effect on her skin*

Two Creams she would not give up for any others in the world! First the exquisite cleansing of Pond's Cold Cream that leaves her skin so delightfully fresh, so luxuriously soft. Then the instant freshening she adores with Pond's Vanishing Cream and its careful protection that she has learned prevents coarsening. These two creams keep for her the smoothness of texture and that particular fresh transparency that she wants to be her charm ten years from now as it is today.

DECIDE TO USE THIS FAMOUS METHOD

Keep your skin charmingly young—for years

Do this tonight. With the finger tips apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it softens your skin and penetrates every pore. Let it stay on a minute—now wipe it off with a soft cloth. The black that comes off shows you how carefully this cream cleanses. *Do this twice.* Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple.

Then in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly over your whole face. Now if you wish, rouge—powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels to your hand. The appearance of your skin and the compliments of your friends for as long as you use these Two Creams will prove to you how wonderful they keep your skin. Begin tonight to use Pond's Two Creams regularly—buy both creams in any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Company.



Photo by Lejaren A. Hiller Studios



*Every skin needs these
Two Creams—Pond's
Cold Cream for
cleansing, Pond's Van-
ishing Cream to pro-
tect and to hold the
powder*

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON WITH 10c TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co., 159 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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Street.....

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HUSBANDS — by Their Wives

The Husbands

Their Wives

STRANGE as it may seem to constant readers of the yellow press, there are still many actresses, both of the screen and stage, who are married to men in the same profession, who live with their husbands and who are happy and contented. Some of them really are proud of their husbands. Stories about such couples are seldom if ever published because, so far as the "yellows" are concerned, there is no interest without scandal. But they do exist, as the views presented here prove. These opinions are from wives who not only love, but also appreciate their husbands.



MRS. ROBERT LEONARD

WHAT do I think of my husband? That's a funny question. A husband is not to think about. You must love and accept and admire him; but few husbands will stand thinking about. Well, mine is an excellent balance wheel for me, because he has steady judgment and is not swayed by his emotions. He is a delightful companion, a good dancer and a devoted escort. He is an intellectual companion of merit, because he is clear-visioned and logical. He is a fine business partner, because he never brings business out of the studio. He pays beautiful compliments, he has a fine sense of humor, and he isn't often cross when it takes me an hour to dress. He has a violent temper, but that is an essential in a strong man, and he is strong. I guess that's why I love him.

Mae Murray



MRS. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

MY great regret is that I didn't meet my husband sooner. To me he is the finest, most helpful and biggest man in the world. He is a great artist, and the artist fire is always alight. He has a great power of decision and his judgment is sound. He always knows what he wants to do and what is right for him to do. He is essentially a crusader, abhorring evil in all forms. He has the strongest personality of anyone I know. His fine and powerful mind is always appreciated and admired by the great intellects with whom he comes in contact. He is completely fearless, and he is clean in thought and deed. He is my ideal American and I know he is the worthy ideal of many others. I am inordinately proud of him, and also proud of myself for that I am his wife.

Mary Pickford



MRS. REX INGRAM

NOWADAYS, the wife who admits that she thinks about her husband is pitied by many of her women friends. But I think, even after two years of marriage, that husbands should be taken seriously—so long as they do not suspect it. So I am content, when leaving the studio, to lock Alice Terry in the dressing room and become Mrs. Rex Ingram. My husband also is fond of a dual rôle. He does not object, when the cook fails us, to scrambling eggs while I prepare coffee. He is still the best-looking thing I have ever seen. He is Irish—and proud of it. He remembers birthdays and anniversaries. He is never too much the director to forget the husband, nor too much the husband to let it interfere. And, just between us, I'm very fond of him.

Alice Terry



MRS. THOMAS MEIGHAN

MY husband is a Peter Pan. He never has grown up. Of course, he stands six feet in his socks, but he is just a kid. Everything, except his work, he sees with the eyes of a boy, so both he and I get a lot of fun out of life. I have not found life as the wife of a screen star very harrowing. Perhaps it is because I'm not jealous. I like other women to like my husband and to write to him. He is worthy of being admired. We like the same life and the same people. We are even fond of each other's "in-laws." I have given up my stage career, but my husband's is so interesting that I feel a part of it. I read the stories submitted to him, talk over plots and rôles and, when possible, go on location with him. The whole secret is this: absence of jealousy, and being pals.

Frances Ring



MRS. JOSEPH M. SCHENCK

I AM a fortunate wife—happy and contented. I know my husband as the world does not know him. He has submerged himself to advance me, and his sacrifices endear him to me. For an actress to have a husband who is her confidant as well as business and artistic adviser, is unusual. My husband is a shrewd business man, but there never is a business matter so important as to prevent him from helping a friend. I have found that, in matters pertaining to my pictures, my close interest destroys my perspective. I always leave the choice to my husband, and I consider him almost infallible. His predictions always come true, and we women are superstitious. His great ambition seems to be to please me. What woman would not appreciate such a husband?

Norma Talmadge





All out-doors invites your Kodak

Autographic Kodaks \$6.50 up

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

MRS. RICHARD BARTHELMESS

I LOVED my husband first for his dominant trait—the clean, fine thought shown in his clean, fine manner of living. He seemed to me to be an exemplar of the day when men will be as clean and fine as they expect the women they marry to be. My husband is fifty-fifty all the time. What is fair for him, is fair for me. I admire my husband's reserve, his natural dignity, his seriousness. He is so serious—and so funny—when he tries to handle Mary Hay Barthelmess, Jr. He is as earnest and conscientious in this as when doing a picture. He made a careful study of practically every theory about the care of babies, but I think he has dropped most of them as untenable. I must admit that he has "moods," but they constitute a very small fly in a very large pot of ointment.

Mary Hay



MRS. ALFRED LUNT

I FELL in love with my husband's voice and I'm still in love with it. But that is only one of his many merits. Perhaps his dominant trait is his simplicity. That helps to make him the truly great actor that he is. His sympathy is intense. He refused to stay in a projection room and watch my work in a picture because, he said, my eyes showed such fright that he couldn't stand it. If I were to change him in any way—and I wouldn't—I'd give him a touch of the critical faculty. He has all the trustfulness of a child. He does not censure. He never spoke an unkind word of anyone. All his geese are swans. Why, he never even reads a contract before signing it and I think that's a test of trustfulness. He is Alfred Lunt only on the stage. At home he's Bill, with all that implies.

Lynn Fontanne



MRS. JAMES RENNIE

I THINK Jim Rennie is marvelous. Of course, I would. First of all, he is the most tolerant man I know. And the fact that, when he married me, we shared a hotel apartment with my mother and sister proves that, but there have been no regrets. Just think about tolerance. It includes patience, sympathy, love of humanity. James Rennie has all those—and a delightful sense of humor. He never nags, and he is such a good husband that I can't nag him. He isn't perfect by any means. He is never punctual. He isn't athletic, although he looks to be. He studies his rôles conscientiously, but in the intervals between playing he doesn't wrap his head in an iced towel as I want him to do. He has infinite talent and he's fond of me. As I remarked before, he's marvelous.

Dorothy Gish



Kenneth Alexander

MRS. WHEELER OAKMAN

I LIKE my husband because he's a sweet old thing. That's my pet reason, but not my only one. He is the most positive person I ever knew, and that suits me. I hate wishy-washy people who never know their own minds. I like people that are certain about their likes and dislikes, their opinions and preferences. You know where you stand with them. I guess I'm about as positive as he is, and I won't deny that we have some spats. We have even had an occasional battle, same as most married couples. But there's never been any misunderstanding about them. I think my husband has more sound sense and ability to enjoy himself and life than anyone I know. He gets the most out of everything, and lives to the full all the time. And I know enough other men to know how wonderful that is.

Priscilla Dean



MRS. FRED NIBLO

I KNOW two Fred Niblos. One is the director on the set, with a fortune at stake and the responsibility for a great production on his shoulders. The other is the fireside Fred Niblo, with weary hours behind him, and none of the barriers and customs that aid in keeping a man courteous through the day. The two match up remarkably well. Keeping a director waiting on the set and keeping a husband waiting for breakfast are two unforgivable offences. But I have kept Director Niblo waiting and I've kept Husband Niblo waiting, and I've never been able to annoy him out of his inherent kindness and courtesy. He is the kindest man I ever knew. His heart is filled with charity and a splendid appreciation of the fine things of life. He is an ideal husband and an ideal director.

Enid Bennett



MRS. ROCKCLIFFE FELLOWES

WE have been married twenty years, and I still think my husband is the handsomest, cleverest and most charming man I know. I think that's love. Also, there never was a man so patient. I sometimes think he has cornered the world's stock of patience. He is a natural teacher, and has helped me far more than I ever have helped him. He is fascinating—but he has one distracting fault. That is his love of disorder in his home. At our home in New Rochelle he has one room of his own in which he may be as disorderly as he likes. So far as the rest of the house is concerned, he believes that orderliness with me is a vice. But it's perfectly silly for me to try to tell why I love him and why I think he's so wonderful. I just do—that's all.

Lucile Watson



He seized her hands, and...

THEY had been boy and girl sweethearts—and he had gone away, promising to come back when he had “made good.” With tear-dimmed eyes she had said she would wait for him.

At last he did come back, thinking of her as the same sweet slip of a girl.

But the beauty of a girl is apt to fade. She too often forgets to care for her complexion, and soon loses youth's delicate bloom. He wondered how roughly time might have dealt with his little sweetheart of long ago. Then he saw her. He could scarcely believe his eyes! The sweet face was a bit wistful—but oh, so lovely! The creamy skin was quite unlined, the delicate wild rose flush held the same allure.

He stood there spellbound for a moment, seized her hands, and—



Then he saw her.

“Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian”

To accentuate your own coloring or add a delicate charm you may never before have possessed—use the Pompeian Beauty Quartet.

The Day Cream is a vanishing cream that softens the skin and prepares it for the rouge and powder. This cream really disappears and there remains but a barely perceptible coating, a protection against sun, wind, and dust.

The Beauty Powder is soft and smooth and of the finest possible texture. It goes on evenly and adheres so well that there is no reason to worry about glistening nose and cheek bones.

Pompeian Bloom is a rouge that is absolutely harmless and will neither crack nor crumble. You can match your complexion perfectly, for Pompeian Bloom comes in all desired shades: Dark, Medium, and Light Rose, and Orange Tint.

If you use these Pompeian preparations together for Instant Beauty, you will obtain the most natural effect, for great care has been taken that the colors blend naturally.

Remember: Day Cream first, next the Beauty Powder, then a touch of

Bloom, and over all, another light coating of the Powder.

Pompeian Lip Stick is of a rose petal shade and adds yet another touch that will set off your beauty.

- POMPEIAN DAY CREAM (vanishing) 60c per jar
- POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER 60c per box
- POMPEIAN BLOOM (the rouge) 60c per box
- POMPEIAN LIP STICK 25c each
- POMPEIAN FRAGRANCE 25c a can
- POMPEIAN NIGHT CREAM (New style jar) 60c per jar

The MARY PICKFORD Panel and four Pompeian samples sent to you for 10 cents

Mary Pickford, the world's most adored woman, has again honored Pompeian Beauty Preparations by granting the exclusive use of her portrait for the new 1923 Pompeian Beauty Panel. The beauty and charm of Miss Pickford are faithfully portrayed in the dainty colors of this panel. Size 28 x 7 1/4 inches.

For 10 cents we will send you all of these:

1. The 1923 Mary Pickford Pompeian Beauty Panel as described above. (Would cost from 50c to 75c in an art store.)
 2. Sample of Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing).
 3. Sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder.
 4. Sample of Pompeian Bloom (rouge)
 5. Sample of Pompeian Night Cream.
- Please tear off coupon now.



Your Skin Needs Special Care in the Autumn

By MME. JEANNETTE

As a rule a woman is in her best health with the beginning of the autumn.

But how about her skin?

Frequently she is aware that she has been negligent in her care of it during the lazy months of summer.

I have said it before, and I will continue to say, “Consistency is the virtue in caring for your skin.” You are nourishing its tissues; and it is very like your body—you can't eat a surfeit of good food for a week and then forget to eat for the week that follows! Yet you do this when you use complexion creams only part of the time.

At Night—

Soap and water is the habitual way of most women in cleansing the skin; but Pompeian Night Cream is, in many cases, more thoroughly cleansing.

Pompeian Night Cream may be used as lavishly as the individual user desires; there is no such thing as using too much, but enough should be used to cover every part and feature of the face, as well as the neck and the arms, if they too would be kept in beautiful condition.

I do not advise too much rubbing and massaging—just enough to thoroughly distribute the cream. When you remove it with a soft cloth, all dirt and dinginess is also removed, leaving your skin soft and smooth and lovely to the touch.

In the Morning—

In the morning you will find that the night treatment has prepared your skin to gratefully accept an application of Pompeian Day Cream. This is a foundation cream for the day's powder and rouge, and it is a protection to the skin as well.

Then the Powder—

If the autumn finds the skin still somewhat darker than usual, you should use a darker tint of powder than you customarily do. Pompeian Beauty Powder in the Rachel tint may be used on naturally fair complexions until care has restored their own delicate pinks and white tones, when one may again use the White or Flesh shades.

Cover the face and neck well with the powder, and then dust it off lightly and evenly, moistening the eyebrows, eyelashes, and lips to remove any traces of powder from them.

Mme. Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté

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Day Cream · Beauty Powder · Bloom

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2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1923 Art Panel of Mary Pickford, and the four samples named in offer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

What shade face powder wanted? _____

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



Marilynn Miller wants to go into pictures with her husband, Jack Pickford, but Flo Ziegfeld says, "Not yet." So the best they can do is pose together on their garden wall at Hollywood



And here is the Pickford home at Hollywood. Neither Jack nor Marilyn likes to be bothered with a lot of stairs. Jack is apparently inviting Marilyn to go for a drive



My wife asked me to do this

Now I offer you a new delight—an olive oil shampoo

By V. K. CASSADY, B. S., M. S., Chief Chemist



My wife told me she wished someone would invent a shampoo that would not leave hair dry and brittle. She said all women wanted it. And asked me to try my hand—I am chief chemist at Palmolive.

Now I have one—Olive Oil—as advised by world authorities on hair beauty.

I should esteem it a favor for you to test it. And then to give me your opinion.

A more gentle way

I found that most shampoos were too harsh; that while they cleaned they took the life and lustre from the hair. Scores of women told



me this. And, too, famous specialists of the scalp. So I set out to perfect a thorough cleanser, yet one mild and gentle, which would leave that dainty sheen which adds so to one's charm.

A scientific creation

Thousands of women, many famous beauties, have written me already. They say results are a revelation.

Your hair clean.

The scalp tingling—dandruff-free and healthy.

Yet—gleamingly, gloriously alive immediately after a shampoo!

I think you will thank me for offering this scientific way to you.



PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO

The pattern on the floor is Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 378. In the 9 x 9 ft. size it costs only \$13.50.



Look for this Gold Seal

There is only one guaranteed Congo-
leum and that is *Gold-Seal* Congo-
leum identified by this Gold Seal. The Gold
Seal is pasted on the face of every
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Pattern No. 516

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didn’t have easy-to-clean rugs like this”**

It’s not so many years ago that she was young!
But in those days floors were covered with heavy,
dusty, unsanitary carpets. Now modern housewives
are replacing these old-fashioned floor-coverings
with dirt-free, sanitary ^{Gold Seal} Congo-
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whisk a damp mop over their smooth, waterproof
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no fastening whatever for they never curl up at the
edges or corners. And though their patterns are
as beautiful as those of expensive woven rugs, they
cost much less. Note the very low prices.

6 x 9 ft. \$ 9.00	The rugs illustrated	1½ x 3 ft. \$.60
7½ x 9 ft. 11.25	are made only in the	3 x 3 ft. 1.40
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9 x 10½ ft. 15.75	small rugs are made	in other designs to
9 x 12 ft. 18.00	harmonize with them.	3 x 6 ft. 2.50

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the
Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

BLONDE, SEATTLE, WASH.—Glad you think I am "good-hearted." Yes, Conway Tearle's beauty is of a dark, mysterious sort that kindles the admiration of women. Since Lord Byron wrote the greatest of love poems, "Maid of Athens," the dark, brooding-eyed, half-melancholy, curls-possessing type has been at a premium in the market of hearts. It is a "romantic" type and to be "romantic" is to find favor with women. Eh, Miss Blonde? Yes, Mr. Tearle is married. To a *disease*, otherwise the interpretive singer and dancer, Adele Rowland. It was Miss Rowland who sang "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile," into fame. Mr. Tearle, despite his matrimonial state, answers letters. No doubt he will answer yours if you write him care Norma Talmadge Productions, United Studios, Los Angeles, Calif. He is appearing with Miss Talmadge in "Purple Pride."

D. S., GRANT CITY, N. Y.—Yes, I wish you luck if you must find a job as an extra. Why not learn how to cook and sew? They are heart snares, both, for the manfish swimming warily about the edge of the sea of matrimony. No use advising. You'll do as you like. All women do. You are the do-as-you-like sex. Ramon Navarro's picture and an article about him appeared in the April number of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

A. L. C., TUSCALOOSA, ALA.—Publish my picture in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE? Eve's daughters were ever curious. I would prefer that you keep your illusions, my dear Miss A. What if I had a wart on my nose? I haven't. But what if I had? Would your graciousness survive? Yes, Mary, Lottie and Jack Pickford are kin indeed. They are sisters and brother. Yes, Lillian and Dorothy Gish use their own names. Gish is the family name and their Christian names have not been changed for professional purposes. The lovely Lillian told me so herself. She said: "In the early days we thought the names were not romantic enough for the screen. But Mr. Griffith told mother ours were unusual names. So we have kept them." If you write in the usual way to Miss

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, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

Dorothy Gish, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue. I am sure she will comply with your request. Tom Mix will doubtless oblige if you write him care Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

P. D., WEST GRAHAM, VA.—What a startling question! It would startle no one quite so much as Mary Pickford's charming self. Indeed, no. No doubt, when the first shock of surprise had passed, Miss Pickford would turn on her dimples, smile, and answer as did Mark Twain. "The rumor of my death is greatly exaggerated." Pola Negri is not married. Her age is the fascinating one of thirty. Balzac, you know, that profound student of the heart of woman, wrote a novel to which he gave the name "A Woman of Thirty." If I were pressed to the wall, a pistol at my noble temple, *a la* a Tom Mix thriller, I would gasp the truth: "Thirty is the most interesting age of woman." Even though Kitty Gordon, now an authority on beauty, says that a woman's most interesting age is forty.

L. F. G., PENNINGTON, PA.—Margaret Landis is a sister of Cullen. Her stage debut occurred with Mary Pickford in "Amarillo of Clothesline Alley." She has appeared in "Rose of the Sea," "The Sadder Jinx," "The Miracle

Baby." In the last she was leading woman for Harry Carey.

FIDDLESTICKS, WASHINGTON, D. C.—You ask whether I do not think that Forrest Stanley has lovely hair. Miss Fiddlesticks, if I am the lonely bachelor your sympathy pictures me, why scourge me with the whip of envy? Well, yes, if I must, I admit that he is a not unpleasing object, as men go. Have your own way, as girls will. The subject of our spat—I mean discussion—is twenty-nine years old. His address is 207 South Ardmore Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

HELEN W., OSHKOSH, WIS.—First tell me, why the name that invariably starts the funny men of the press writing paragraphs and the comic men of the stage inventing jokes? Is it an Indian name? And what does it really mean? No idle jests, Helen. This time the Answer Man wants to know. All answers and no questions make a dull scribe. I shall expect another dainty missive on the hydrangea-colored correspondence card, acquainting me with the story of the name of Oshkosh. And now, payment in advance. Barbara La Marr left New York weeks ago for Italy. In Rome she will play the heroine of "The Eternal City" before the camera. Richard Dix is with the Famous Players-Lasky Studios, in Hollywood, Calif. Tom Mix mixes his adventures for the Fox Studios at 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood.

LLOYD, GALESBURG, ILL.—Pleased to respond to your first letter. This is the cast of "The Million Dollar Mystery," which was a Tannhauser production: *Sidney Hargrave, the millionaire*, Alfred Norton; *Jones, Hargrave's buller*, Sidney Bracey; *Florence Gray, Hargrave's daughter*, Florence La Badie; *Princess Olga*, Marguerite Snow; *Jim Norton, a newspaper reporter*, James Cruze (Mr. Cruze directed the current success, "The Covered Wagon"); *Susan, Florence Gray's companion*, Lila Chester; *Braine, one of the conspirators*, Frank Farrington.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 103]



Can you dine on rich food and escape tooth trouble?

PROBABLY you can't. Bad as modern food is for the teeth, it is even worse for the gums.

So modern food is today attacking teeth from two angles, directly and through the gums.

And the spread of pyorrhea and other infections is attributed, by the dental profession, to the weakening of the gum structure.

How to clean teeth and protect your gums

Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans your teeth, but keeps the gums firm and healthy. Thousands of dentists have written us to tell how they combat soft and spongy gums by the use of Ipana.

In stubborn cases, they prescribe a gum-massage with Ipana after the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana Tooth Paste, because of the presence of ziratol, has a decided tendency to strengthen soft gums and to keep them firm and healthy.

Send for a trial tube

Ipana is a tooth paste that's good for your gums as well as your teeth. Its cleaning power is remarkable and its taste is unforgetably good. Send for a trial tube today.

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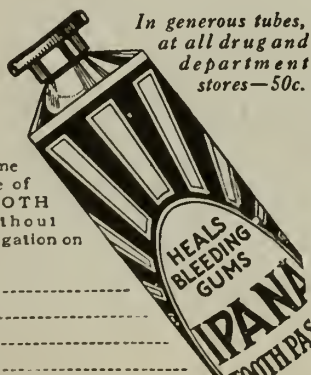
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

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Address.....

City.....

State.....



Anna Q. Nilsson looks a little skeptical of the barber's tonsorial skill. Miss Nilsson actually sacrificed her famous blonde hair to pictures when she recently had her locks cut that she might better play the rôle of Desmond in "Ponjola." Desmond masquerades as a man and lives in the Rhodesian gold fields

Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

Although a laboratory was erected in the wilds, there was no projection machine there, and Mr. Trimble hadn't seen any of his months of work until he got back to Hollywood.

According to the people who saw it, his dog race and some of his wolf stuff is beyond anything ever attempted on the screen and will give his many imitators something to "shoot at" for months to come.

YES, it does seem to have cooled down a bit. Maybe it's only that content and custom aren't very spectacular. But the folks that bet that Charlie Chaplin and Pola Negri would never get married are beginning to decide what to buy with their winnings.

Poor Pola has a black eye. Of course she got it in the pursuit of her professional duties. Somebody hit her with a boot—an empty boot—in a mob scene from the "Spanish Cavalier." All in all, Pola has found Hollywood a pretty rough place.

DID you ever hear of anybody being given a part because of an ability to measure sneezes? Well, that's what happened to Mary Jane Sanderson, who plays the part of the chronic sneezer in a picture that has been called "Blow Your Horn." Mary Jane can measure her sneezes with a certainty that is really mathematical!

"At first," she says, "I tried to induce a tickling sensation in my nose by staring fixedly into the sky. But the sneeze that I got in that way couldn't be relied upon. Sometimes it was little. Sometimes it was a real tornado of a sneeze. And that handicapped me, for in the picture I was obliged to vary my sneezes; to sneeze gently when the children were in bed and asleep—to sneeze loudly, to cut loose, in fact, when I was all alone in the house.

"I experimented. With sneeze powder, and cow-itch, and snuff and pepper. And finally I found that the pepper was the most satisfactory. Now I've got it down so fine that I can measure it out in quantities marked, respectively, 'baby sneeze,' 'flapper sneeze,' 'he-man

sneeze,' and 'rip-roarer.' My director prefers the baby-size sneeze, especially in scenes where he has been forced to use bric-a-brac!"

Now that it's hay fever season, various mournful fans may take comfort in the recital of Mary Jane's experience. Who knows but their affliction may lead them to a fat part in the movies!

EVERYBODY was much exercised for a few days and the Los Angeles newspapers carried many headlines on the reported disappearance of Mary Miles Minter. She wasn't at her own hillside bungalow in Hollywood. She wasn't at Mother Shelby's stately Wilshire mansion. She wasn't in any of the places where she usually is, and no one seemed to know what had happened to her. Then, Mary's grandmother suddenly came forward and cleared up all the mystery by explaining that Mary was in a sanitarium resting, recuperating no doubt from the arduous labor of her long contract with Paramount. Upon leaving the sanitarium, she will visit friends throughout the south, in Riverside, Coronado and Pasadena before going east.

ASPECIAL auto express service was installed at Camp Cecil B. De Mille, near Guadalupe, California, between the camp and Hollywood, 225 miles away, during the making of the great Paramount spectacle, "The Ten Commandments." It was necessary to see the film before the sets were torn down so that retakes could be made if needed. So three high-powered autos were placed in service. Every night, at seven o'clock, a car left Camp De Mille with the film shot that day. The film reached the laboratory at midnight or a little later. It was rushed to the developing room and the driver rushed to bed.

The film was developed and the driver started back for camp at two o'clock in the afternoon, arriving there about 7:30 o'clock at night so that the picture could be shown after dinner. About the time this driver pulled into camp, another driver would leave for Hollywood.

GOSSIPS have it that Jim Kirkwood and Lila Lee will be married before this issue of PHOTOPLAY reaches the news-stands, and that Mrs. Kirkwood is securing a divorce in another state. Lila's contract with Famous expires in a few months.

THIS business of dragging the names of prominent film folk into the newspapers because they are in moving pictures received quite a setback recently when a New York Supreme Court judge ordered the elimination of Lillian Walker's name from a divorce suit, as one of a number of co-respondents. It was proven that she had only met the man once, and then very casually. Her crime was in being a motion picture star.

THE most sumptuous palace to arise on the Hollywood hills is that of the Tony Moranos. It is an Italian villa, crowning a summit from which you get a view of Silver Lake, the mountains and the entire city of Los Angeles, with the sea shimmering far in the distance. A great wall sweeps below its terraces, planted with cypresses, palms and rare tropical plants. Bordering the estate is a picturesque cluster of smaller buildings, designed in the Italian manner, which serve as stables, garages and servants' quarters. The wings of the house form a court in which there is a great pool for swimming. The rooms within are connected by vaulted corridors, like those of a monastery, and the main living room, with high cathedral vaulting, has a magnificent pipe organ and a fireplace of Italian marble. From its windows, opening upon the terrace, there is an inspiring view at night, the lights of the city and hamlets making patterns over the plain that stretches out to the ocean.

AND now Ray Coffin, director of publicity for Richard Walton Tully, marks a great bar sinister across the face of the Tully ancestral shield. To quote directly from the page of one of his recently issued bulletins:

"For Mr. Tully is the direct descendant of Capt. John Smith and Pocahontas, the intrepid Indian damsel who saved the captain from a messy fate, and whose grave, when opened this week, failed to reveal her whereabouts. Historians insinuate that Pocahontas was a foresighted and imaginative girl"

We'll grant that Pocahontas was both fore-



Underwood & Underwood

Hats and gowns have been named for picture stars, but now comes a hat named for a picture—"The Covered Wagon" hot—the invention of a Los Angeles girl. The wheels, of gold trimming, cover the ears, and the square front shades the eyes. It is said to be light and comfortable



His natural choice!

Here we have the ever-popular Cowboy star, Hoot Gibson, off for Universal City to swing a rope or brandish 45's. He is never averse to taking chances before the camera himself, but his pet roadster on the boulevard is another matter. So Biflex Bumpers, front and rear, are his natural choice. The aristocrats of the bumper world seem integral parts of his high powered speedster. Rarely are rugged strength and satisfying beauty so happily combined as in Biflex Bumpers.

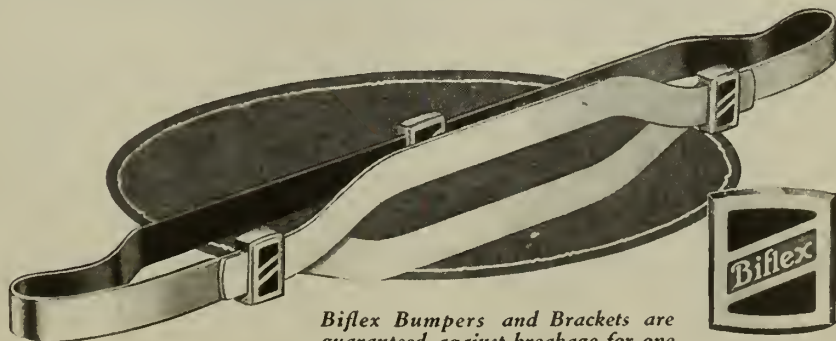
Note the space between the double bars, where the collision-shock is taken up before it reaches the car. This wide cushioning area absorbs the impact as the springs absorb road-bumps. Note, too, the broad up-and-down "bumping area" which effectually blocks other bumpers of different heights, and takes blows from any direction. Biflex Bumpers are the original "double-bar" bumpers with "full-looped" ends. Priced from \$23 to \$28. Your auto or accessory dealer can supply you. If not, write.

THE BIFLEX CORPORATION

Waukegan, Ill.

Biflex

Cushion Bumper



Biflex Bumpers and Brackets are guaranteed against breakage for one year. Fully protected by U. S. Patents.

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Anywhere you go, or in any kind of weather, you can take Kraft Cheese in tins, and make your sandwiches fresh where you eat them.

Nothing beats it for convenience; nothing equals it for condensed nourishment and wholesome goodness.

Kraft Cheese in tins is just as convenient in the home as on an outing. For it will always be fresh, rich and creamy, no matter when you open it. And with Kraft Cheese on the pantry shelf, come who may, you are always prepared to serve. There are eight kinds, all so good that they bear the Kraft name.

No rind—it spreads.
No waste—100% cheese.

Cheese Recipe
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Jackie Coogan met Heywood Broun, 3rd, on the recent visit of the famous newspaper writer's son to the coast. Naturally, he challenged him to a race. But—honest, now—what chance has a racer minus an engine against a crack bicyclist of Jackie's caliber?

sighted and imaginative. But, if we intend to rely upon Mr. Coffin's historical accuracy, we've got to add that she was also careless! Our text books taught us, way back in the days of the little red school-house, that the intrepid Indian damsel married a certain English gentleman named Rolfe.

HERB HOWE, of PHOTOPLAY, went to a party in Hollywood recently, and his hostess, a screen star, proffered him a glass of some sort of beverage. Herb eyed it doubtfully. His hostess told him it had been analyzed and was all right, but still Herb hesitated.

"Why, I'd serve it to the King of England," said the screen Hebe.

"I'll bet you would," rejoined Herb. "You're Irish."

IT isn't any use, really. Hollywood refuses to take Hope Hampton seriously. The fact that she came west to play the leading rôle in "The Gold Diggers" and that both she and her manager, Jules Brulatour, and the Warner Brothers, all think it's a mighty serious affair doesn't seem to matter.

Hollywood just thinks Hope Hampton isn't a real actress—they don't think she should ever have been cast for the part—and they say so. They invent nicknames for her, and continue to be amused by her assumption that the greatest screen star of the age has arrived to give Hollywood a treat.

DID you ever have your best and newest summer dress ruined by a lion? Well, Peggy Davis did, and she says there will be no re-takes of that scene. Peggy is a former "Follies" girl who has done "bits" in pictures and she is very fond of animals. So, when Park Commissioner Gallatin, of New York, asked her to help him take two baby lions from the Zoo in Central Park to the Silver Jubilee Exposition at Grand Central Palace, Peggy chortled with joy.

She even had a new, blue gingham dress made for the event, figuring that blue would look well as a background for the tawny hides of the cubs, for Peggy is nothing if not artistic. Evidently, however, the baby lions had different views on harmony. For when Peggy and Mr. Gallatin and the cubs were all in Mr.

Gallatin's sedan on their way to the Palace, one of the cute little things made a swipe at Peggy, tearing her dress and scratching her arm. He also butted Peggy in the nose.

The other cub, not wishing to be out of the picture, proceeded to claw the chauffeur, and then both babies started a private fight. The chauffeur lost control of the car, which ran into another one, so the net results were two damaged cars, a ruined blue dress, the loss of quite a lot of Davis epidermis, and a general fright. Neither of the cubs nor Mr. Gallatin suffered damage.

HOPE HAMPTON is to do a Spanish dance in "The Gold Diggers." She is not only taking lessons from a noted Los Angeles teacher, but she is acquiring atmosphere on a true Spanish diet of frijoles, cortillas and chili con carne. "I don't like that sort of food," she says, "but I'm willing to make any sacrifice for my art. I won't be a Pavlova nor an Elsa Cansino when I get through with my lessons and diet, but I will be able to shake a wicked hip."

WHO says they never come back? Willard Mack, one of the world's most famous and persistent "come-backs," is in again, and is playing with Connie Talmadge in her new picture, "The Dangerous Maid." Incidentally, the likeable Bill Mack has a pretty, if sometimes biting, wit. He was formerly married to Pauline Frederick, and his version of the cause of their separation was "too much mother-in-law."

When Miss Frederick married again, Mack telegraphed her new husband:—"Congratulations. They are both fine women."

POLA NEGRI, who used to call the buffalo nickels the "money mit der cow," is becoming Americanized very rapidly. She has been somewhat severely criticized for her attitude towards the help around the studio, and resents the criticism.

"I understand the Americans better now," said the temperamental Pola the other day, "and I know how to treat them. In my next picture I'm going to grab the electrician around the neck and say:—'Oh, what nice lights you make.'"

ONE of Hollywood's prize hosts is Paul Bern, the scenario writer. If Paul is really heartbroken over the recent marriage of a famous screen vamp and beauty, as many aver in the colony, he certainly conceals it well, for everybody had the time of their life at a couple of his recent entertainments.

He and Carey Wilson, another writer, with whom he lives, gave a spaghetti party that was a veritable riot. They had fixed their house like an Italian dive, even to the printed signs, and the food and conduct of the hosts was in character.

The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes, Edmund Lowe and Lillian Tashman, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ellis (May Allison), Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maigne (Anne Cornwall), Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams, Constance Talmadge, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brabin (Theda Bara), Norma Shearer and June Mathis.

Later Paul gave a birthday party for Mae Busch, in the private banquet room at the Montmartre. Mabel Normand was there, Julianne Johnston, Corinne Griffith, Walter Morosco, Billy Haines Carey Wilson and Joe Jackson.

TOM MOORE is a joker. It was pretty hot on the Metro lot when he and Viola Dana were making "Rouged Lips," and the little star was complaining.

"Oh, this isn't so hot," said Moore. "You ought to see the weather we get down in Missouri. One summer it got so hot that the Mississippi River dried up, and the town fire department was kept busy day and night throwing water into the river bed with buckets so the ferry could keep running."

And after that there was a distinct coolness.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., has arrived in Hollywood. A very regular boy, too. He told me they used to have a cave near his summer home, he and five other boys, and they called it the Ku Klux Klan until they found out they had to hide their faces and they didn't think that was fair. So they re-named it.

"What's the new name?" I asked.

"Oh, that's a secret," said Doug., Jr. "Only five fellows know that."

Two other sons of famous men, who wish to follow in their fathers' illustrious footsteps, are among those present on Hollywood picture lots. Eddie Foy's oldest son is working at Goldwyn, and Buster Collier, son of Willie, is playing the leading rôle in the new Frank Borzage picture



Sadakichi Hartmann, the German-Japanese writer and poet, who is now displaying his versatility by becoming an actor. This shows him as the Chinese prince in the new Fairbanks picture, "The Thief of Bagdad"



"BEST IN THE LONG RUN"

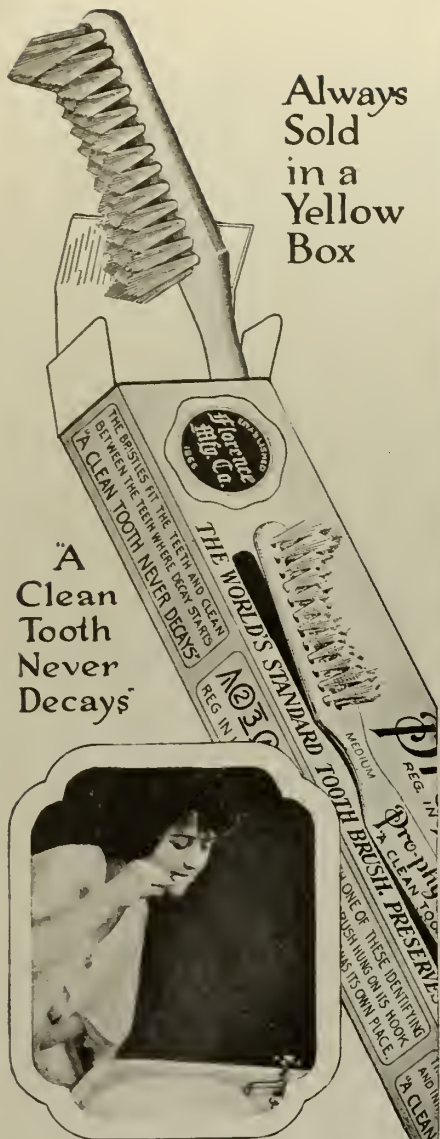
SILVERTOWN' is the one word that means "cord tire" to the world. No need to add "cord" or "tire." SILVERTOWN means both. But now it is also the one word that means "One Quality Only." For SILVERTOWN is the product of a one-quality policy. We center thought, skill, and care on it, and make it the perfection of cord tires.

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A Clean Tooth Never Decays

MAKES every tooth brushing a thorough job. The tufted bristles reach between the teeth and into depressions without any special effort on your part.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes are made with hard, medium, and soft bristles; in three sizes—adults', youths', and children's.

Florence Manufacturing Company
Florence, Mass.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush



Harold Lloyd made a country-wide search before he located John Aasen, the giant who appears in his new farce, "Why Worry." John appears very satisfactory as to height, at least. "Why Worry" may be released as "Have a Heart"

MARY ALDEN has at last attained her ambition. She has acquired a profession and is, therefore, independent of all motion picture producers and directors. She does not intend to practice her profession just yet and will not leave the films flat immediately. But if any producer or director gets too dictatorial hereafter, Miss Alden will express her real opinion and quit, knowing that she can make her own way without the aid of a camera.

She was out on location while making "The Eagle's Feather" for Metro, and she received individual and collective lessons from a score or more of cowpunchers in the delicate art of flipping flapjacks. The technique of the art intrigued her and she became remarkably proficient. "What do I care for pictures," she says, in a lordly manner. "Anyone knows that a good flapjack flipper is always in demand for work in restaurant windows. And, besides, on that job, you have the spotlight all the time."

HOLLYWOOD turned out en masse to attend the opening of the all-star Henry Miller company at the Mason Opera House. Mr. Miller was trying out a new play, "The Changelings," and his cast included Blanche Bates, Laura Hope Crews, Ruth Chatterton, John Milern, Geoffrey Kerr and Felix Krembs. But the galaxy of stars behind the footlights was dimmed by those in the audience.

Mabel Normand was there, all in shimmering white. Constance Talmadge had a big

party, which included Irving Thalberg and Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams, who looked oriental and fascinating in one of these many-colored and many-beaded affairs. Walter Morosco and Corinne Griffith attended—and Corinne stopped traffic in the lobby when she sailed in, wrapped in an ermine coat. Oh, yes, Norma Talmadge and her husband, Joe Schenck—Norma in ermine and delicious white frock underneath. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McLean—and Mrs. McLean wore a daintily embroidered organdy and lace gown. Laurence Trimble and Jane Murfin, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schildkraut, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mestayer, and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Pickford (Marilynn Miller).

GOOD luck charms are often worn around the neck, or on the watch chain, or carried in the pocket, but Ralph Lewis wears his on his feet. They are heavy-soled, stub-toed brogues. Lewis wore them in "In the Name of the Law," again in "The Third Alarm," and again in "Westbound Limited." Now they are cast in "The Mailman." They cost him \$4.80 and he figures they will last at least two years. Good luck is cheap at \$2.40 a year.

SOME years ago, Butler Davenport produced a terrible play at his little theater in West Twenty-seventh street, New York. One of the characters was an undertaker, and one of the

Broadway wits remarked that it was the only show he ever had seen that carried its own embalmer. Now, a far-seeing undertaker in Iowa has decided that there is a place for him in motion pictures, and has written a well-known producer, asking for a job. His argument is that all death scenes in the movies should be worked out carefully, and he thinks he is qualified to become a technical director for death and burial scenes. There are many pictures in which an undertaker should be cast in a leading rôle in an epilogue, taking full charge of the entire production.

DAVID BELASCO has paid Brandon Tynan the highest compliment that an actor ever received. Mr. Belasco has objected to Mr. Tynan's impersonation of him in the Ziegfeld "Follies" because it is too perfect and he does not wish people to think that at his time of life, he is fooling around with "Follies" girls. This imitation of Mr. Belasco is one of the finest pieces of acting Mr. Tynan ever has done. It is so good that Mr. Belasco has received many letters, commenting upon it. So Sir David telegraphed from Hollywood, where he was aiding in the motion picture production of "Tiger Rose," with Lenore Ulric:—"Audiences at the Ziegfeld 'Follies' are being led to believe that I am present at every performance through an impersonation of me that is not announced as such. I will greatly appreciate co-operation in correcting this impression, which is embarrassing to me and my friends."

How foolish some wise men can be at times.

CHARLES DILLINGHAM, who has always been classed among the legitimate theatrical producers, is getting into the movie magnate class. He recently tipped a porter in Vienna a million. Of course, it was only a million kroner—but it was a million. All his life, Mr. Dillingham says, he has pictured himself handing a million to someone, accompanied by a lordly wave of the hand. Now, he has done it. He feels like a philanthropic Rockefeller. How much did it amount to in United States money? Oh, just \$14.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS owns his face. The High Court of Justice for the District of Zurich, Switzerland, has said so, and that settles it. No one can take Doug's face away from him, no one can mar it—if Doug can stop them—and, perhaps most important, no one can use it for advertising purposes unless the owner agrees. All this came out of a suit



Still another jumps from society to the screen. Mary Louise Woods, of the Pittsburgh Four Hundred, will make her debut in Johnny Walker's production of "The Worm"



BACK VIEW

FRONT VIEW

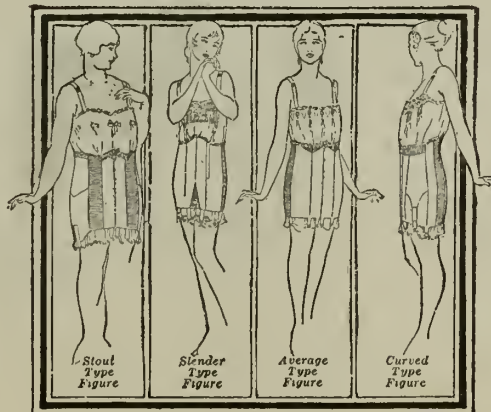


Trade Mark

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The Corset Invisible

THERE is freedom in this Warner's Wrap-around and feminine grace. There is the modern convenience of an unseamed elastic panel instead of lacings; there is light boning, dainty fabric and an edging of lace. There is comfort for all-day wear for many a day; no stretching as a rubber girdle stretches; ease at the waist-line when you are seated, and—best of all—just a perfect contour under your frock and your Wrap-around is INVISIBLE.



Style 0968, Illustrated, is for slender figures.

\$4.00

Send for folder of Warner's Wrap-arounds for stout-type, slender-type, average-type and curved-type figures.

Prices: \$1.50 up.

Wrap-arounds are made only by the Warner Brothers Co., 347 Madison Ave., New York; 367 W. Adams St., Chicago; 28 Geary St., San Francisco. Made also in Canada by the Warner Brothers Company, Montreal.



This Autumn in EUROPE

IF you are going to Europe this year give your trip the widest possible variety and interest. Make your plans now to spend the hot days of September in comfort at sea, see Europe in the pleasant coolness of early Autumn, return during the brisk Fall days when the sea winds bring a magic touch of invigoration—you'll find yourself renewed, fit for anything the year may bring.

Send in the information blank below and learn about the great fleet of American ships which are operated by the United States Lines in four services to Europe.

The great Leviathan—the World's Champion Ship, fastest, largest, finest—plies every three weeks between New York, Southampton and Cherbourg. Three other first class ships sail to Plymouth, Cherbourg and Bremen.

Next sailings are:

Geo. Washington	Sept. 1	Oct. 6
Pres. Roosevelt	Sept. 15	Oct. 23
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In addition there are five excellent ships in the cabin service to London, and three in the cabin service to Bremen, including the America, largest cabin ship in the world. Send the blank today and learn about your ships to Europe.

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to prevent Max Worod, a Swiss manufacturer of cigarettes and cigarette boxes, from placing the handsome Fairbanks features on the boxes. Also Worod must call in all the boxes he has distributed and must pay damages to Doug.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES RAY entertained with a very delectable swimming party the other day for young Cornelius Vanderbilt, who is in Hollywood for the general purpose of starting a new illustrated news weekly.

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo, (Enid Bennett), and Mrs. Niblo's sisters, Marjorie and Katherine Bennett, Miss Julianne Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd (Mildred Davis), Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brabin (Theda Bara), and Mitchell Lyson.

After the swimming party everybody put on their best sport clothes and attended a Spanish barbecue supper at the rancho of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Anderson.

YES, yes, it's true. Fred Thomson, world's champion athlete, did give Stephen Gussand, well known art director, a beautiful beating. In fact, it might be termed a classic beating. Even Mr. Gussand must have decided that it was a work of art.

Fred Thomson, as you know, is married to Frances Marion, scenario writer and director for Norma Talmadge. And it appears that Mr. Gussand said something about somebody that Mr. Thomson thought he shouldn't have said. It is rumored that he mentioned Mrs. Thomson's name without the respect which Mr. Thomson demands in connection with his beautiful wife. So Fred went and got him and punished him royally.

A few more things like that and gossip about women—lying, malicious gossip, of which there is too much in Hollywood—will cease.

H. B. WARNER, leading man for Gloria Swanson in the Paramount version of "Zaza," is strong for the police. He and his wife, Rita Stanwood, went to the ball game at the Yankee Stadium in New York recently and found, when they reached the gate, that they had no money. He remembered the old song, "Tell Your Troubles to a Policeman" and did so. Whereupon, Policeman Drescher, although he did not know Mr. Warner, lent him money enough to get into the game and also taxi fare home. Mr. Warner not only sent Drescher a check for double the amount loaned, but wrote

to Police Commissioner Enright, telling him what a fine cop Drescher is.

WELL, it looks sort of final this time.

We don't say it is.

Probably it isn't.

But just by way of being up to the minute on news, Jack Gilbert and Leatrice Joy have separated again.

Letty is all excited about her rôle in "The Ten Commandments" and she really doesn't seem to notice that she has mislaid a husband.

Further reports of the next round will appear in this publication later.

GLADYS WALTON, who secured a divorce from one husband the other day, acquired another one almost immediately. She was married to Henry Herbel, eastern salesmanager for Universal. Well, if one is a star and must marry, the man who sells pictures ought to be a very useful as well as ornamental husband.

We hope Ray Griffith, whose name was much mentioned as an aspirant for matrimonial honors in connection with Miss Walton, will bear the shock, because Ray is such a good actor it would be a shame to have him thrown out of his stride by the Universal beauty.

LENORE ULRIC, the famous Belasco stage star, is in Hollywood at the Warner Brothers' studio, filming "Tiger Rose." Frances Marion entertained for her with a cat party the other evening, and afterwards ran some one and two reel pictures of Mary Pickford and Norma and Constance Talmadge in their first screen vehicles. The company had hysterics over the funny clothes and the funny stories and the funny acting in them.

Those at the dinner were Norma Talmadge, who wore the cunningest little sport frock of white canton crepe, with a red-embroidered Russian blouse; Theda Bara, also in white silk, with Japanese pictures printed in pale blues and greens; Constance Talmadge, in a tan skirt and a sleeveless tan sweater, over a pale green silk blouse; Eileen Percy, in a red and white checked dress, with perfectly straight lines; Mrs. Talmadge; Miss Kathleen Kerrigan, who is a sister of Warren Kerrigan, and Miss Ulric's companion; Kitty Archambaud; Ethel Grey Terry; Mary Alden; and Mildred Davis Lloyd, in a white and green print crepe dress, with little bows of narrow black ribbon and a black sash.

Miss Ulric wore a frock of gray-blue georgette, with an exquisite lace collar.



Jesse L. Lasky, vice-president of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, on location. He is driving a sand sled, the only means of transportation in the desert where "The Ten Commandments" is being made. His passengers are Mrs. Louis Gordon, Mrs. Arthur Gaines, Mrs. Henry de Mille and Mrs. Lasky



Carmelita Geraghty, the SpanIrish daughter of Tom Geraghty, of the Famous Players scenario department, whose beauty is not a paternal heritage. She is in "The Daughter of Mother McGinn"

MARION DAVIES has been giving the Hollywood movie studios the once-over. It is her first visit to the western colony and everybody is raving about the lovely Cosmopolitan star.

"I never had any idea she was so beautiful," is what you hear everywhere. "Isn't it too bad that lovely coloring won't photograph."

There is a fifty-fifty chance that her next production will be made on the coast.

REMEMBER Flora Finch? Remember when she used to play with John Bunny, when that portly individual was the screen's favorite comedian? Well, Flora is leaving the screen flat and going into the spoken drama. She has been engaged for the chief comedy rôle in "Brains, Inc.," the Edward Laska play which The Bohemians will produce with Robert Ames in the featured rôle.

MRS. OLIVER HARRIMAN, one of the shining lights of New York society, has gone into the movies. No, not as an actress, but as a producer. She is in Europe looking for material suitable for the Film Guild, which, organized by four college men, aims to do for the screen what the Theater Guild has done for the stage. Mrs. Harriman's son, Borden, has a rôle in a Film Guild adaptation of a Scott Fitzgerald story.

NIGEL BARRIE and Wanda Hawley are getting to be regular globe-trotters. Mr. Barrie writes from London that they have just returned from Luxor, Cairo, Assouan and way stations in Egypt, where they have been making "Fires of Fate," in which they are co-starred. This is an adaptation of Conan Doyle's novel, "The Tragedy of the Korosko." Mr. Barrie admits that he prefers London to the desert, and he therefore is probably satisfied with the locale of his next picture, which will be "The Lights o' London." Miss Hawley will be starred with him in this picture also.

PHOTOPLAY has become keenly interested in the efforts of Francis X. Bushman to return to the screen. Bushman and his wife, Beverly Bayne, have been appearing in the varieties for a long time with unusual success. There is no doubt that he has not been forgotten. Film audiences still have a place in their hearts for the man who once was one of their greatest idols. There is no question, too, as to the sincerity of Bushman's efforts to return. His recent picture, "Modern Marriage,"



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This is how millions found the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. You see glistening teeth, as one result, wherever you look today.

The same free test is at your command. If you don't know this method, try it now. Watch the changes that it brings. Then judge by what you see and feel if you and yours should use it.

two great film combatants were embodied in it.

The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent. Today careful people of some fifty nations employ it, largely through dental advice.

Other new effects

Pepsodent brings other effects which modern research proves essential. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

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Thus every use gives manifold power to these great natural tooth-protecting agents. There has come a new era in dental hygiene.

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The way to know these benefits is to make this ten-day test. Then judge by what you see and feel. Let your own mirror tell you if this new way excels the old.

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.

The effects are quick and convincing. Give to yourself and your family this chance to use and know them. Cut out the coupon now.

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It is film that makes teeth dingy—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. The film absorbs stains, then forms cloudy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Old-way brushing left much film intact, so beautiful teeth were seen less often than now. Tooth troubles were almost universal—most of them due to film.

Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

So dental science has long been seeking ways to fight that film.

Two methods now

Two methods were discovered. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. These

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Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

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A man cannot forgive this deadly little sin

A woman may have a crooked nose or a muddy skin—and she can still be so charming that men will fall in love with her.

But there is a more subtle form of unloveliness which men find hard to forgive. It is doubly dangerous because it creeps in unrecognized to destroy that most precious feminine quality—personal daintiness.

Daily bathing cannot protect you from the unpleasantness of underarm perspiration. Not only women, but men too, now realize that the underarm requires *regular, special care*—care best given in one of these two delightful ways.

ODO-RO-NO

*the liquid corrective
for excessive perspiration*

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Creme ODO-RO-NO

*a vanishing cream
especially for odor*

Many people are troubled chiefly with underarm odor (bromidrosis)—caused by body chemicals, and hence do not need to check perspiration moisture. For these, Creme Odorono, an entirely new and different deodorant, gives *immediate, effective* protection against odor for an entire day. Because it vanishes on the skin and is non-greasy, it may be used when dressing without affecting clothing. Smooth and soft, it will not harden or dry. Men, too, like its convenience for every-day dependence or quick, special use. Nice for traveling. Large tube, 25c.

If you are troubled with perspiration odor, use Creme Odorono. If you suffer with both odor and moisture use Odorono (liquid). Many dainty women and particular men use both, according to occasions and needs, which vary with the weather, nervous condition and even with changes in diet.

Send 6c for trial tube of CREME ODORONO or 10c for samples of ODORONO, CREME ODORONO, and ODORONO DEPILATORY. Samples free to any physician or nurse.

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Cincinnati, Ohio



Dorothy Knapp, winner of an almost uncountable number of beauty prizes, showing the latest thing in Annette Kellermanns. Dorothy was recently chosen as America's Venus at a New York physical culture show. We're with the judges!

revealed that he has not been standing still during his absence from the films. He is still one of the best of our male players. Mr. Bushman and Miss Bayne have the best wishes of PHOTOPLAY in their return to screedom.

EVERYBODY is fond of a dog—at least, everybody worth while! But it's often hard even for a dog lover to locate a puppy with personality. Screen personality.

You see, in Ralph Lewis' latest starring vehicle, "The Mail Man," a dog was needed. To take an important part, for his action included the saving of the star's life. They wanted a little mongrel, a dog with pathos and appeal—not a turtle fed puppy of luxury. And so Bernard Miller, Mr. Lewis' production manager, had been searching Bide-a-wee Homes and pounds and all sorts of animal refuges for weeks—but with no measurable success. Until a night or two ago, he was coming home late, through a dark, deserted street, when he felt something rub against his leg. And, looking down, he saw that the something was a little brown dog—a lonely, meek little dog that was awfully anxious to find a friend. He paused and stooped down and, as he bent over, he insisted that the dog seemed to smile at him!

If a dog can smile—well, he's the sort of a dog who will go pretty good in any picture—or any home, for that matter. So Mr. Miller annexed the little fellow and took him, the

next morning, to the studio. And the puppy screened so well, and has proved so grateful and affectionate, that after the picture is over Ralph Lewis has planned to adopt him.

THE time and the place in Hollywood right now really is the Montmartre on Saturday for lunch. Outside of Paris, itself—and maybe New York—you couldn't see a more marvelously gowned, merrier crowd, anywhere in the world. And the brilliance of the names and the beauty of the women is quite astounding. They have a corking orchestra and everybody knocks off work for the day and dances.

Last Saturday I saw Charlie Chaplin lunching with a well known woman writer, Joseph Schildkraut and his wife—a pretty little thing in a green and yellow sport frock; Hedda Hopper in gray crepe de chine with a gray feathered turban—she had a large luncheon party—Viola Dana and Lefty Flynn, Mae Busch, Mrs. Antonio Moreno, Carmel Myers and Bessie Love—Bessie had the cutest hat, with an enormous pink rose on one side—Jane Murfin, in a white sport costume, all embroidered in reds and greens, with a little red hat and a pair of entrancing red shoes, Jack Holt, Agnes Ayres—not together, of course—Julanne Johnston, in an orchid silk sweater and a soft orchid hat of crushed felt; Riccardo Cortez, Douglas MacLean and Sigrid Holmquist, the Swedish Mary Pickford, who is in Hollywood. Also

Edna Purviance, in severely tailored tan sport clothes.
Oh, it was really quite a gathering.

IT is getting so in Hollywood that the first question a casting director asks an applicant for a job is "Have you a title?" There are almost as many members of the nobility in pictures these days as there are sons of millionaires. One of the late arrivals is Princess Valdemar who, as Thais Valdemar, is in "The Brass Bottle." She is the widow of Prince Valdemar Valkonsky, of Russia, and the daughter of a colonel of a Cossack regiment and a political revolutionist.

Her husband was drowned shortly after their marriage and, a few weeks later, she and her mother were arrested as members of the revolutionary party. Now she has joined the Russian refugee colony in Hollywood and acquired a press agent.

THEY say that, at last, a certain European nobleman has really come—incognito—to Hollywood. The story goes that he was found working as a "prop" in a certain studio. Dirty overalls and everything! It was only when a cablegram was delivered to him, a few days ago, that those in authority discovered that one of their laborers was Count Phillippe d'Esco, an exiled Rumanian whose ancestral estates were confiscated during the world war. We wonder how much longer they'll let him wear the overalls?

JOHN D. ISAACS, reputed to be the "father of motion pictures," has resigned his position as consulting engineer of the Southern Pacific Company after almost fifty years of service. Mr. Isaacs won his motion picture title back in 1875 as the result of a bet between young Leland Stanford and James R. Keene. Stanford bet that a trotting horse, at one period of its stride, had all four feet off the ground. Isaacs won the bet for Stanford by showing a strip of pictures, made with a series of cameras, the shutters of which were controlled by an electro-magnetic device of his own invention. The tests were made at Palo Alto, on the great Stanford stock farm, and the original pictures are still in the Stanford University museum.

ANNA Q. NILSSON cut her beautiful blonde hair short like a boy's for the leading rôle of "Ponjola." It's very becoming and



Mary Beth Milford has been one of the featured attractions in "The Music Box Revue," one of New York's highly decorative musical comedies. Now she is going to appear before the camera in the new series of H. C. Witwer's "Fighting Blood" pictures



Are you buying your medicine cabinet requisites "in the dark"?

YOU realize the danger of taking a dose of medicine *in the dark*.

Isn't it equally unwise to buy products for your medicine cabinet *in the dark*, knowing nothing of their purity or their maker's integrity?

Such products (often used in emergencies), unless free from impurities and of correct strength, may be ineffective—even harmful.

How do you select them?

Do you merely ask for "epsom salt," "milk of magnesia," "boric acid"? Or do you protect yourself and your family by buying such products only under the label and guarantee of a recognized and trustworthy name?

For more than sixty years, Squibb Products have been recognized as the highest standard of purity and reliability. Scientific skill, professional knowledge and manufacturing integrity have contributed to make Squibb Household Products not only safe, but as convenient to use and as pleasant to take, as possible.

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You will find Squibb Household Products in a separate Squibb Section in thousands of drug stores. Make your purchases from this section.

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Suggestions for your medicine cabinet

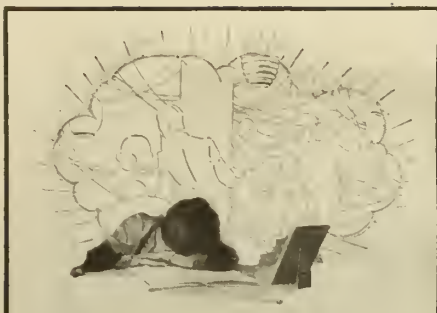
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All stamp age across your face—for all to see.



Send for the Ego Beauty Chart—FREE

Write Miss Anderson for the famous Ego Chart. It will help you on the road to beauty. Do you know whether you have wrinkles or not? The Beauty Chart will tell you. Write to day.

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Removes wrinkles by removing the cause. It feeds and strengthens the underlying tissues and makes new wrinkles impossible to form. It softens the skin, feeds the starved cells and then holds the skin in its new wrinkle free position until the wrinkles are gone forever. Get it at once—say good-bye to age—you have a right to preserve youth. Send the coupon. Ego is guaranteed.

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Just as creases vanish when a handkerchief is dipped in water, wrinkles disappear under the effect of Ego Wrinkle Remover.

Ego Wrinkle Remover does to the skin permanently what the window pane does to the handkerchief.



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Young Craig Biddle made his film debut as the lanky youth of the romantic flashback in Goldwyn's "Three Wise Fools." Raymond Hatton and Eleanor Boardman are the other characters

the director and producer and everybody were tickled to death about it.

But—oh, what Anna's handsome young husband of a few months said when he saw it. Not only that, but every time since that he's looked at the place where Anna's dainty blonde curls used to be, he starts to rave. And Anna figures it'll take several months after the picture is finished to grow even a short bob. Such are the sacrifices a woman must make for her art.

A MOTION picture press agent in Denver has outdone the Jonah and the whale story. All the whale ever did was to swallow Jonah and then cast him up on the shore. This press agent landed a whale up on top of Pike's Peak as a stunt to advertise "Down to the Sea in Ships." Then he sent word to the newspapers as to the whereabouts of the whale, and planted himself beside it, "spouting" by means of siphons of seltzer. He got his crowd, both at the scene of the exploit and in the theater.

MACK SENNETT is to organize several units which will specialize in comedies featuring children and animals. The Sennett Studio has a collection of animals of all kinds which rivals the best of the zoos, and they are all in training for picture work. It has also a bevy of juvenile actors and actresses and is adding more every week. Mr. Sennett believes that children are among the best patrons of pictures and he wishes to appeal directly to them. However, the grown-up boys need not worry. He is also forming a new "Beauty Brigade."

THEY say that Dorothy MacKail, Dick Barthelmess' new leading lady, has one of the prettiest complexions in filmdom. And this is the reason why. Dorothy—who is from England, where the prettiest complexions seem to grow—eats only fruits and vegetables during the summer. And takes her exercises with the skipping rope, just like Jack Dempsey. A sample daily menu, for Miss MacKail, would be:

- Breakfast—Sliced bananas and cream.
- Luncheon—Cantaloupe, fruit salad, lemonade, and raspberries.
- Supper—Grapefruit, mixed salad, more lemonade and a water ice.

ONE of the leading rôles in Allen Holubar's new special for Metro is that of an old southern preacher. Allen had spent days looking over casting lists and seeing pictures in an effort to get just the type. Without success. One day he was driving down the main street of Los Angeles when he saw an old man who was exactly the type. He ordered the chauffeur to stop, flew out of the car, dashed up to him and began to explain the situation.

The old man, ignoring mention of salary and promises of fame, looked the director firmly in the eye and said: "Young man, there's not a chance. At my age I wouldn't take any such chance as going into the movies. No, sir."

And he wouldn't, either. At present it seems possible that McGlynn, who created the rôle of Abraham Lincoln on the stage, may come west to play the part.

THERE may be doubts in some quarters that motion pictures are growing better, but they are certainly growing bigger. Goldwyn is building at Culver City what is said to be the world's largest motion picture stage. The structure covers a city block, being approximately 300 feet long and 175 feet wide. It will hold fifty sets at the same time. It covers 52 500 square feet, more than an acre of ground.

WILLIAM S. HART is to return to the screen immediately in an original story of his own, to be made for Paramount. He is to start work at once on the Lasky lot, and is to make a series of westerns for that organization. Cliff Smith, who made his first big screen successes, is to direct him again.

SOME interesting experiments as to the effect of color on the aesthetic soul of a dancer has been made by Ernest Belcher, a California ballet master. He has found that different colors affect dancers in different ways. He noticed one day that one of his girls seemed rather listless in a dance in which she wore a gray costume. He changed the dress to one of purple and discovered that she put much more expression into her work.

He determined to study the subject with groups of dancers and arranged a class of twelve. In the gray dresses they went through

their steps in a perfunctory manner, but when garbed in bright blue or vivid purple, they displayed more activity, had more expression and a more joyful attitude. With bright red the change was even more apparent.

He continued his experiments with many colors. He found yellow to be the coldest. The warmest was maroon red, with royal purple second and Italian blue third. He found that the last shade brought on a feeling of abandon. Black aided in aesthetic movement but militated against spontaneity.

Well! Well!

THERE really are some states in which Mr. Volstead is taken seriously. Out in Kansas the State Board of Picture Censors has passed a rule barring any burlesque of prohibition from any film shown in the state. This includes everything, even the news reels and topics. Also, all scenes of parties where drinking goes on are ordered out, unless such scenes are an essential part of a picture dealing with the pre-Prohibition period.

BEBE DANIELS went to see "The Covered Wagon" one night and, as the audience was filing out, heard two women discussing the picture.

"It is the finest picture I have ever seen," said one of them. "Don't you think so?"

"Oh, it's all right if you like to see a lot of wagons," replied her friend. "I don't care for that sort of thing myself."

MOTION pictures may come, and they may go again. But "The Covered Wagon" goes on forever. They say that it is to be kept until after school opens, in the fall, at the Criterion, in New York. And that's a record run for any picture. When school opens, it is planned that there will be regular parties, from all the schools, to see the picture—because of its historical value. It will make dates around 1849 very much easier for a lot of kiddies to remember.

JANE NOVAK'S new picture will be called "The Lullaby." And it is rumored that, in it, she will continue to wear pretty frocks and lovely wraps and Paris-built hats and shoes. Jane has evidently struck—has without doubt broken definitely away from the type of story in which she was ill-treated—and ill-dressed, as well. Jane, with her wistful gaze, will always—beyond a doubt—be forced to play the type of heroine who is done out of everything that life holds most dear for her. But since "Thelma" she has insisted on getting a square deal in the clothes line. No more mackinaws, no more torn gingham and ragged shoes. Jane has blossomed—and intends to keep right on blooming.

I SAW young William Collier, Jr., with Alice Lake at the Club Royale the other night. Hollywood says it is a real romance. Anyhow, both are doing better work than ever before. Just a year ago Buster was chasing the producers, now they're chasing him. And Alice, having passed from stellar mediocrity, is getting some big parts that have inspired her to trouping.

FANCY a beginner passing up a nice contract because she didn't want to have her time tied up for three years! That's what Edith Allen, the Rex Ingram discovery, has gone and done. Ingram cast her for an important rôle in "Scaramouche," and she proved so optically effective that Metro offered her a three-year contract. Mr. Ingram advised her to accept, pointing out that, for all her talent, she needed considerable training. But no, Edith missed her Broadway, and to Broadway she did fly. Perhaps she will come back. She has a pair of eyes that completely stun any male upon whom they're turned. 'Tis said they rather favored Ramon Novarro. Perhaps that is why Ramon is dashing off to New York for a visit as soon as he completes "Scaramouche."



State Street, the centre of Chicago's shopping district, a national institution, drawing visitors from all over the world.

When Chicago turned out the lights

To save coal in the war, Chicago turned out the street lights for a few nights.

Newspaper headlines tell the rest of the story.

"Mayor's Car Stolen" said one. "Chicago Dark; Bandits Busy" said another. A third: "Street Lighting Turned Off To Save Coal; Turned On To Save People."



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No other beauty treatment is as easy and effortless as removing freckles with Stillman's Freckle Cream.

Simply apply it before retiring. While you sleep the freckles gently fade away, bringing back a clear white complexion. Safe and sure—in use since 1890. Look for the purple and gold box. On sale at all druggists in 50c and \$1 sizes.

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets"

Just out! "Beauty Parlor Secrets," a booklet giving the details of expensive complexion and hair treatments, enabling you to enjoy them at home at low cost. Illustrates the fine points of make-up. Sent free. The Stillman Company, 32 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.

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Thousands of men and women who did not know one dance step from another have quickly learned to become perfect dancers through Arthur Murray's new method of diagrams and simple instructions. If you can do the step as shown in the diagram there is no reason why you should not quickly learn the Fox-Trot, One Step, Waltz, and all of the other dances. In fact, if you will carefully follow Arthur Murray's instructions he guarantees your success. And once you have the Murray foundation to your dancing you can quickly "catch-on" to any new steps that may be shown to you.

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To show you how easily you can learn right in your own home, without music or partner, through Arthur Murray's new and unique methods he will send you a lesson in the Fox Trot, Secret of Leading, How to Gain Confidence, How to Follow, How to Avoid Embarrassing Mistakes. To pay cost of printing and mailing enclose 25c. After you have mastered these five free lessons, you will agree that at last you have found a real easy way to become a perfect dancer. Write today—this offer may soon be withdrawn.

ARTHUR MURRAY
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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, unlike like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.



WRIGLEY GUM, NO DOUBT!

IN "East Is West," Miss Talmadge and the young man become entangled in a horrible gooey mess of chewing gum. A few dabs of his handkerchief and she sits down to play her little Chinese instrument, her hands apparently clean. Anybody whose hands have come in contact with that amount of chewing gum knows what a discrepancy that was.

DORIS FOX, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

A MOVING PICTURE

IN "The Love Letter," starring Gladys Walton, *Red Mike* tears the picture of Gladys' admirer in half and throws it on the floor. When she picks it up, it is perfectly whole. Then later, in her room, she is seen looking at the picture and it is torn in half.

DIXIE HARLAN, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

MAYBE SHE COULDN'T READ

I WANT to correct a criticism that I read in the May issue of PHOTOPLAY by Alicia King of Atlantic City. I am a moving picture operator and have just completed a three day run of "The Kentucky Derby," and I've seen the picture enough to know that there are two titles that state the change of time, and both titles appear before we see the golden-haired baby of about three or four years of age. I'm sure that Miss King must have been enjoying a good sound sleep when those titles were flashed on the screen.

BRADLEY M. MASON, Lewistown, Montana.

HOW COME—THREE FINGERS?

IN the picture "Environment," with Alice Lake and Milton Sills, I saw the following error. Down on the farm at *MacLaren's* the frisky calf drags *Sal* on the ground for quite a distance. When she is picked up by *Steve* the skin on three of her fingers is badly lacerated, but later on that same evening, when she is seen talking to *Steve* at the window, her fingers are perfectly healed, yet the next morning she has the same three fingers all bandaged up.

MRS. GEORGE G. FAIRCHILD, Maywood, Ill.

JAZZING ALABAMA

IN "The Marriage Chance," we find a select school for young ladies at Auburn, Alabama. Pardon me, but it's a boy's school of agriculture! I'm from Alabama and I know. And allow me to say that we don't wear semi-evening frocks in the early morning in Alabama as *Eleanor* did.

LAURA COLEMAN, Selma, Alabama.

FRESH EVERY HOUR!

IN "Grumpy," the gardenia which figured rather prominently in the story was picked one evening. The next night, at least twenty-four hours later, it was still on the scene, and still as fresh and unwilted as ever.

NELLIE SHERMAN, Indianapolis, Ind.

NEW BUTLERS HAPPEN EVERY DAY

IN "Adam's Rib," we are informed by a title that *Marian* has been entertaining *Jaromir* at tea every day. However a few moments later after her husband enters, the butler arrives with tea and recognizes *Jaromir* as his king. Is it possible that he could have been serving tea on the previous occasions and admitted *Jaromir* to the house and not recognized him until this opportune moment?

JEAN WARD, Eugene, Oregon.

MAYBE THE PUMPS GOT WET

WHEN Alice Terry and Ramon Navarro are descending the treacherous falls in "Where the Pavement Ends," Alice changes her footwear several times. First she is wearing black pumps, then in the next scene she has on white sport oxfords and when they reach the foot of the falls, she is wearing the black pumps again.

MAX C. KLINGPORN, Rochester, Minn.

A SLEEP-WALKING CHRISTIAN

WHY don't they do a little hard thinking about the details in pictures? In "The Christian," when the hero is going through his great struggle with himself in his room in the monastery, he throws himself on his bed and then spends sleepless hours. We see him awoken in the morning in the middle of the stone floor of the room with the table, chairs, etc., very much strewn about, but the bed is now all smoothed up, the pillows as fluffed and smooth as if never touched.

L. LOVEDAY, New Haven, Conn.

YOUTH MUST HAVE MAKE-UP

IN Shirley Mason's "Youth Must Have Love," a close-up was shown while she was in swimming and she had on no make-up. A short while afterwards when she ran to pick up the man who had fallen from his horse, another close-up was shown. This time (and she had just come out of the water) her hair was curled, her face powdered, and she had her eyelashes made up.

JEAN, Armore, Oklahoma.

POST IMPRESSIONS

IN "The Isle of Lost Ships," Milton Sills is shown handcuffed to the lower berth post. The detective leaves the room and locks the door after him, but the next time he goes into the room, Milton is lying in the upper berth with his hands (still handcuffed) above his head. How did he get away from the post?

R. A. P., Roanoke, Virginia.

THE GARMENTS OF VIRTUE

WHY in "The Dangerous Age," although *John's* home was almost a palace, did he apparently have to wear patched underwear? And from observation had so few suits that, although he only intended staying in New York a short while, *Mary* had to darn the other suit.

M. N. B., Tampa, Fla.

MAYBE HE WAS A GOOD SCOUT

SOME of the men who direct pictures containing (white) Indians, should learn something of the Redman's ways and dress. In one picture I saw an Indian sitting on a rock, in plain sight, wearing a chief's full headdress and wrapped in a blanket. He was also smoking a pipe. And was supposed to be a scout! I wonder what tribe he came from. In another picture a band of warring Indians came rushing over a hill. They were all chiefs, according to their dress. I wonder if that was a chiefs' convention?

CARL H. MOTHES, Manchester, N. H.

A NE'ER-DO-WELL TRAIN

IN "The Ne'er-Do-Well," when Tommy Meighan is a conductor on the Panama Railroad line, he is standing on the platform of the last car and the train is going backwards carrying passengers.

L. A., Hartford, Conn.

Temperament? Pshaw!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

briefly. "That's the only thing that type understands. You can't reason with 'em. If you try, they think they're important."

"But a great, strong man like you wouldn't be rough with a woman," was suggested.

"Wouldn't I?" he replied. "Huh!"

If Mr. Dwan should put his brute force theory into effect with male stars, he never would have much trouble. For, be it known, he is perhaps the strongest man in pictures; at least, he is the strongest director. He has been an athlete of renown since his college days and he is always in training. It is a common thing for him to push a couple of studio huskies, grunting over a piece of scenery, out of the way and swing the heavy piece into place himself. And, if you don't believe he's strong, ask Jack Dempsey. He knows. But that, as Mr. Kipling says, is another story.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

SHORT SUBJECTS—Educational

A PROGRAM of one and two-reel novelties, arranged for the jaded Summer audience, is both instructive and interesting. It consists of "Kinograms"; "From the Windows of My House," a charming Bruce scenic; "Speed Demons," a Lyman Howe mixture of sense and non-sense; a demonstration of "Golf, as played by Gene Sarazen"; a black-face Christie Comedy, called "Roll Along"; and an uproariously funny Mermaid Comedy, called "Backfire." Although all of these subjects have been released separately, the idea of grouping them is a good one and makes an interesting entertainment that does not drag.

WOMAN WITH FOUR FACES— Paramount

THIS is a lively melodrama, not without its measure of interest, but it is full of holes, i. e., improbabilities and gaps in the plot which no amount of skillful direction and acting can bridge over. Here we have a clever and versatile feminine crook employed by the district attorney to capture a gang of crooks engaged in the dope traffic. The gal is very, very adroit. She changes disguises and faces with the speed of a prohibition agent. Of course, she is successful and, of course, the prosecutor collapses before her charm. And there you are! The big punch of the picture—and the biggest blow at the probabilities—is the escape of a convict from the prison yard via the dangling rope ladder of an aeroplane.

THE BROKEN WING— Preferred Pictures

A STORY of Mexico, and an American aviator who crashes through the roof of a rancho and almost into the arms of a very pretty girl who has been violently praying for a husband. Said aviator is hurt, but recovers, although his memory is lost in the crash. Which doesn't simplify matters, at all—but does help the scenario writer! The whole thing ends with a very tricky escape in the mended aeroplane.

THE LOVE PIKER— Cosmopolitan-Goldwyn

THE old story of the rich girl who falls in love with her father's young engineer, with a few variations. Anita Stewart comes back to the screen after a long absence, but she is not our old Anita. She seems more sophisticated, but under the direction of E. Mason Hopper she is more emotional than of yore. Frank R. Adams wrote the story and Mr. Hopper has done well with the material offered.



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YOUTHFUL CHEATERS—Hodkinson

CONFLICT between “high ideals and high-balls” is the basis of this seven-reel melodrama. It is the story of the country youth jazzing headily at a city pace to his destruction. But this youth comes from a schooner of which his father is skipper. The young man is rescued by his father. A “new member of the crew” is signed. The best element of it is Glenn Hunter's effective acting.

WHERE IS MY WANDERING BOY THIS EVENING?—United Artists

BEN TURPIN'S actions become as erratic as his eyes. As the very good son of a cross-eyed mother, he falls victim to the wiles of a vampire in a tight satin dress. The lady lures him to a lonely cabin where, with the aid of a thunder storm, she manages to keep him all night. As a result he is compromised—and so is the plot!

DAUGHTERS OF THE RICH— Preferred

A STORY of an American heiress forced by her mother to marry a degenerate Russian duke. The duchess, to win an American whom she loves, tricks him into believing his fiancée unworthy and, when she is found out, commits suicide. The twists make the story interesting, but the picture lacks punch. Most of the settings are good, one long shot of a duel being especially interesting. Stuart Holmes makes the duke a painful caricature. Gaston Glass and Ruth Clifford have the acting honors.

THE CUCKOO'S SECRET—Bray

THEY say that it took ten years to photograph this English-made novelty. And the statement is easy to believe, for the story of

the world's laziest and most selfish bird is unfolded in all detail. Some of the close-ups are a joy, indeed—especially those of the wee tit-lark who is the cuckoo's foster mother. A rare treat for Audubon societies—and all others!

THE DAYS OF DANIEL BOONE— Universal

A SERIAL that could well be incorporated into the class work of every school child, so real is its historical note. There is plenty of excitement; a generous allotment of red-blooded adventure. And the characters seem surprisingly genuine. Certainly Universal serials are the best that are being made—they combine educational value with intense interest. Well worth following.

RED RUSSIA REVEALED—Fox

HALF scenic and half educational; showing mostly the heads of Soviet Russia in action. These leading citizens are a revolting group—fanatics, butchers, brilliant egotists and morons. Not one normal person among the lot of them, which makes the future of the country a pitiful one, indeed. In the pictured faces can be read hatred, bitterness and disaster. Madame Lenine presents the most sinister visage of them all.

ITCHING PALMS—F. B. O.

A HODGE-PODGE of unnecessary comedy, forced humor and melodrama. All draped, none too gracefully, around a plot that is quite unable to stand by itself. Stolen money that the innocent victim has hidden away, and a whole flock of people who are hunting it—including a secret service agent disguised as an idiot. The rest of the cast are not disguised. A stupid story, badly told.

The Studio Secret

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

from Mr. Porter—“Porter!” Romain started. His voice snapped like a whip.

“Yes. Some man in Los Angeles. Arthur went to see him. I had nothing to do with it. He didn't know of my arrangement with Mr. Watrous, then. I told him tonight, for the first time—had to, to get this paper away from him. It was Helen Kramer who sent him. Arthur saw Porter at his hotel in Los Angeles last night—threatened him—made him confess—”

“But—how?” Romain interrupted, a queer light in his eyes.

“I don't know—exactly. Arthur said something about Mrs. Kramer having seen a man go into your house, that night—the night your wife was shot. It was Porter, she said. At least, she saw somebody, and figured out it was Porter. I don't know how. She is a strange woman. But she must have been right, for Arthur got a confession from him. It seems that Helen threatened to go to the police with her story, if he refused to tell the truth—make a sworn statement. It was to be used privately, by Mrs. Kramer. I don't know what she meant to do with it. But Arthur didn't give it to her, as he was supposed to do. He brought it to me—tried to make me promise I'd marry him at once. I couldn't. I don't love him. But I managed to get the confession from him. I had to. Here it is.” She held the crumpled sheets out to Romain.

He took them, his eyes very bright and eager.

“Have you read this?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“Do you believe it?”

“No. I don't believe you ever did a mean or cowardly thing in your life. You couldn't.”

“My dear—my dear.” He laid his hand upon her head, bent down toward her.

“No—don't—please don't—not now. Read that paper.”

“It isn't necessary,” he said, glancing at the closely-written pages. “I know what hap-

pened. I was there.” “Then—why—why—”

“Why did I swear to a lie? Why did I say I was with Margot Gresham? To save my wife's good name. That was the reason—the only one.”

“I knew it,” Joy said quickly. “I knew you couldn't have done anything wrong.” There were tears in her eyes, now, but they were tears of gladness, not sorrow.

ROMAIN stared at the sheets of paper in his hand. He seemed to be fighting some powerful emotion.

“Joy,” he said at length, “Margot is a fine, a splendid girl. She did a great deal for me, that night. Not many women would have sacrificed themselves, as she did. She swore that I was with her, at her bungalow, until two o'clock in the morning. I've never forgotten it—I never shall.”

“I know—I know. That's why you've got to stand by her—because she stood by you. I'm sorry for the things I said to you in my dressing room the other day. I was wrong. You owe it to her.”

“Yes. I've felt that—always. But when I told you, that time in your room, that I loved you, it was true.”

“No—Oh no!”

“It was true. Absolutely. I thought I loved Margot, but I didn't—not the way I do you. You see, I felt that I owed her everything. I admired her courage in standing by me. And I knew that she loved me. Do you wonder that I couldn't bring myself to—to desert her?”

“No—no! You did exactly right. Exactly.” Her words were brave enough, but there was a great aching pain in her heart.

Romain threw himself into a chair, the sheets of paper containing Porter's confession in his hands.

“Joy,” he said, “I'm going to read this to you. And then I'm going to tell you what

really happened, if I find this man Porter has failed to do so. I think you ought to know." He leaned toward the light, began to read. Joy sat bolt upright in her chair.

"I RAY PORTER, of Los Angeles, make this true statement of what happened at Jean Romain's house in Hollywood on the night of March 23rd, 1922. I was in my rooms at the hotel. I had just finished dinner. Mrs. Romain called me up. I had been waiting for her to call. She said that her husband had gone out—that he would not be back until midnight, or later. She asked me to drive out and see her. She said she had given the servants a night off—that we would be alone. I got into my car and drove out. I reached Hollywood about nine o'clock. I didn't like to leave the car in front of Romain's house, for fear someone might see it, so I stopped about a block down the street, in front of a vacant lot. It was a nasty night, wet and foggy. As I got to Romain's entrance, I saw a woman coming along the street about a hundred feet away, but I didn't pay any attention to her. She couldn't have seen my face, at that distance, because of the fog, and a moment later my back was turned, going up the walk to the house. Mrs. Romain let me in. She was a charming woman and I was very fond of her. We went into the living room and put on a low light. Mrs. Romain wore a negligee, made of some pink stuff. We sat on the couch. She kissed me, and we made love to each other. She wanted me to run away with her, take her to Japan. We were alone, there, for about an hour. Then we heard someone at the door. We'd been too occupied with each other to hear footsteps on the cement walk. Anyway, the door suddenly opened and Romain came in. He was in the hall. I jumped up, and so did Mrs. Romain. We were both terribly scared. Things looked pretty black. She tried to arrange her hair, to pull herself together, and so did I. Then Romain came in. He was white as a sheet, and said he ought to kill me. I thought he was going to, the way he looked. His wife, I guess, thought so too, for she pulled open the drawer of the library table and took out an automatic. 'Here, Ray,' she said, and shoved it into my hand.

"Romain's face got black, at that, and he came for me. I didn't try to shoot him. Had no idea of it. He had the goods on me, of course, but I don't believe in murder. I just resisted him the best I could. He is a bigger man than I am, and he got hold of the pistol and was taking it away from me. Then Mrs. Romain jumped in. She was like a cat. She grabbed the pistol, which was partly in my hand, and partly in his, and tried to turn it around against his breast. 'Pull the trigger, Ray,' she said, 'when I tell you.' When she said that, I let go of the pistol at once, and tried to keep Romain from choking me. He had me by the throat, with one hand, and the pistol was in the other. Then I heard a shot and saw Mrs. Romain slide to the floor. She never said a word—never moved. Just lay there, with a big red spot growing on her night-dress. Romain stood still, waiting, and so did I. I couldn't swear who pulled the trigger, but I know it wasn't I. We both stood there without speaking for several minutes. I leaned against the table. I was shaking all over. Romain felt his wife's heart. He didn't say anything, but from the expression of his face I knew she was dead. There wasn't any use calling a doctor—she must have died instantly. We waited, thinking someone might have heard the shot and would come in. But no one did.

"I saw that Romain was thinking—trying to make up his mind what to do. After a while he turned to me. 'I ought to kill you, you contemptible whelp!' he said. 'You deserve it. But I'm not a murderer. And if I turn you over to the police, it will mean a dirty scandal. So, to save my wife's good name I'm going to let you go. Get out! And keep your mouth shut. If you don't, I'll do, then, what I ought to do now.' He picked up the pistol



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from the floor, and for a moment I thought he was going to shoot me. Then he shoved the pistol into my hands. "Take this," he said. "Throw it away—where no one will find it. Now get out!" He went to the door and looked around. The fog was thicker. There wasn't anyone in sight. I sneaked down to the front gate, covering my face and bending over so as to be hidden by the hedge bushes. Nobody saw me. I went down the street to my car and drove back to the hotel. That's all I know. But I did not kill Mrs. Romain, and I don't believe she killed herself, because she had hold of the muzzle of the gun and couldn't have pulled the trigger. So I guess he did it.

"Raymond Porter."

ROMAIN finished reading the statement. His face had grown pale, his voice harsh with emotion. Joy stared at him with misty eyes.

"He hasn't lied much," he said quietly, "except about the pistol. He pulled the trigger, as Mrs. Romain told him to do, only he pulled it too soon, and killed her, instead of me. But of course his word is as good as mine. I'm sorry, now, I didn't shoot him on the spot."

"Oh no!" Joy leaned forward eagerly. "You did the right thing—the only thing."

"I was thinking of her," Romain went on. "It seemed horrible to me, to think of her name being brought up in court, with me coming home and finding her in another man's arms. She wasn't a good woman, I'm afraid. She was weak—always. But—she was my wife, and she had some people back in St. Louis—decent people, who would have had to suffer. So I let him go.

"There wasn't anyone around. No evidence to connect either him or me with the affair. No footprints, on the cement walk—anything. I left the front door ajar and walked back to Miss Gresham's. I told her what had happened. She was fine. There's a colored woman—her maid—she's had with her for years—used to be her nurse, I believe. She told this woman to swear I'd never left the house all the evening—had been there from eight o'clock on. You see, we both knew that I would be suspected. I had been going about with Margot a good deal, after my wife took up with Porter. People said, after her death, that I killed her in order to marry Margot. We sat in her studio, talking, till after one. Then she sent down to the garage for her chauffeur. He slept there. She had him come into the studio where we were, so that he could see me, and told him to get out the car and drive me home. She said I'd hurt my knee and didn't care to walk, which was true. I was dazed, after the tragedy, and tripped over the curbstone in front of her house. Wasn't looking where I was going. You can understand how I felt—after what I had just been through.

"Pretty soon the chauffeur brought up the car, but we kept him waiting until nearly two. Then he drove me back. When we got to the house I told him that on account of the rotten night, and his being waked up, I'd give him a drink if he'd come in. You see, I wanted him to be with me, when I found the body, so he could testify. I pushed open the door, expressing surprise at finding it ajar, and we went inside. No one had been there. My wife lay just as I had left her. I pretended to be horrified, of course, and made the chauffeur wait while I called up the police. They came in a few minutes, and the chauffeur and I told our story. Margot and the colored maid told theirs the next day, about having been with her until two o'clock. The doctor, who came right after the police, said Mrs. Romain had died instantly, and that she must have been dead two or three hours. So nothing more was done. The matter remained a mystery. The newspapers blamed it on a tramp—a thief—who had probably been scared away. I thought the matter was dead and buried forever. I told Porter to keep quiet, and I supposed, of course, he would. But I didn't know about Mrs. Kramer. If she goes to the police with this story, about having seen Porter come into the house that night, the

whole rotten business will have to be aired in court."

"Why?" Joy asked. "She couldn't identify him, if his back was turned. All he need do is deny it. Say he was home in bed."

"I don't know," Romain got up, began to walk to and fro across the room. "I ought to see him, I guess. It isn't that I'm afraid, Joy. I haven't anything on my conscience. I didn't kill my wife. I can swear to that. It must have been Porter. She wanted him to kill me." He shuddered. "But as I have said, his word is as good as mine. I'm ready to face the music, any time, but I can't help thinking of the stain it will put on my wife's name. Of her family—her people. And of the harm it will do the Royal—the whole picture industry. And last of all, I can't help thinking of Margot. If this thing comes out, she will stand convicted of perjury. Or worse. They might hold her as an accessory after the fact. God knows I wouldn't want anything like that to come to her."

"No. It mustn't." Joy rose. "You can keep the confession, if you want to. Or tear it up. I promised to return it to Arthur, in the morning, but while I usually keep my promises, that is one I'm going to break."

Romain went up to her, took her in his arms. "I've told you, dear girl," he said earnestly, "that I love you. I don't know that I have any right to tell you that, but I can't help it. It's true. And if I don't marry you, I'm not going to marry anybody. Do you believe me?"

Joy was very tired, very worn out. The nervous strain of the evening had been a terrible one. She longed desperately for the arms of the man she loved—longed to feel his lips on hers.

"Yes, I—I believe you," she whispered.

Romain drew her very close, smoothed back her loosened hair.

"You're the loveliest—the most wonderful woman in the world, sweetheart," he said. "You had it in your power to take me away from the girl I've promised to marry, and you refused to do it—even to gain happiness for yourself. You were ready to sacrifice yourself, for me. There aren't many women in the world like that. I shall never forget it—never. Oh—my dear—my dear—I adore you!"

He kissed her over and over, holding her close in his arms. Joy knew that they loved each other, honestly, wholly, irrevocably.

AS they stood there, oblivious to all about them, a sudden knock came at the door. Romain drew back, went out to the hall. A moment later he returned with Margot Gresham. She was pale with anger.

"You!" she exclaimed, staring fiercely at Joy. "All these weeks you've made a fool of me. Now I know the truth." She turned to Romain. "I got back tonight, as you know. Helen Kramer telephoned me this girl was here with you. I didn't believe it. I came to find out. What I saw through the window, just now, proved everything that Mrs. Kramer has claimed. She said this girl and you were mad about each other. Now I know it. But why do your love-making in front of an open window? With the lights burning?" Her voice was bitter with irony.

"Oh!" Joy exclaimed, her face burning. "How can you?"

Margot took no notice of her. She stared at Romain indignantly.

"Why don't you tell this girl to go?" she demanded.

"I can't, Margot. She has just rendered both you and me a great service." "How?"

Romain took the document Joy had given him, from the table.

"Someone got Porter to confess," he said. "Here is his story, in black and white, sworn to before a notary. Miss Moran managed to get hold of it, and, realizing the danger it meant to both of us, brought it to me."

"She brought it to you?" Miss Gresham's eyes were incredulous.

"Yes. She might have made use of it, in a certain way I won't go into, but she didn't.

She might have used it to break things up between you and me, but she didn't. All she thought of was to save us. I, for one, feel deeply indebted to her."

"And to show your gratitude," Margot Gresham said bitterly, "you proceeded to kiss her."

"Yes." Romain reddened under the hot sting of her words. "I did kiss her."

"Why?"

"Because—because I—"

"Please don't," Joy whispered, touching his arm. "It isn't fair—to her."

"What isn't fair to me?" Margot's anger shook her until her voice trembled. "Do you mean that he's in love with you, but that you think he ought to marry me, because he happens to be engaged to me?"

Romain went up to her, his expression one of great tenderness.

"Margot," he said, "no man ever had a more loyal friend than you have been to me. I haven't forgotten what you did for me, that night. I never shall forget it. And I swear to you, on my honor, that I haven't been carrying on any love affair with Miss Moran, behind your back. Even if I had tried to, she wouldn't have let me. But there are some things that happen—that come into our lives—that we can't alter. Such a thing has come into mine. I love Joy Moran. I always shall love her. I meant to tell you, when you came back—to ask you to release me from my engagement. I'm sorry you had to find it out—like this. She never let me kiss her before—not once, although I'll admit I tried. And when I took her in my arms, a few moments ago, I did it because I felt so deeply what she had just done for us—something you couldn't possibly appreciate—understand—without knowing all the circumstances. But since you know, now, how matters stand—since you know that we do love each other—I think the only honorable thing for me to do is ask you to release me from our engagement."

Margot Gresham slowly drew the solitaire from her finger.

"Yes. That's the only thing to do. I release you." She tossed the ring lightly upon the table. "What I did the night your wife was shot isn't of any importance. I'd have done the same thing for any friend. And I certainly wouldn't want any man to feel he had to marry me out of gratitude. I've known for some time, Jean, that you'd stopped caring for me. I think I realized it first that night at the Club Royale. I saw it in your eyes—in the way you looked at Miss Moran. Well—I hope I'm a good loser. Dad will be pleased, at any rate. He's spent the past week trying to persuade me to break with you. That's what he got me to Frisco for—why he's here now. I wouldn't listen to him, but—I've got to listen to you. Well"—she gave a light laugh—"the only thing to do is be a good sport, and take things as they come." She thrust out her hand. "Miss Moran, I congratulate you."

Joy took Miss Gresham's hand in hers. There was something fine, something noble, in the way the girl had met the situation. Tears came to her eyes.

"I—I'm sorry," she said.

"Oh, no—don't be sorry. You two love each other. Make the most of it. Life is just a gamble, at best. We can't all of us win. Good bye, Jean." She pressed his hand firmly, as a man might have pressed it. "And good luck. Guess I'll be moving along."

Romain went with her to the door. She would not permit him to help her into her car.

"It's the end, Jean," she said. "Right here. Not a step further, or I might burst into tears or something. So long." She raised her arm in a gesture of farewell and vanished in the darkness.

CHAPTER XXIV

WHEN Romain came back into the room, he found Joy standing beside the table, staring at the sheets of paper containing Mr. Porter's confession. He went up to her, put



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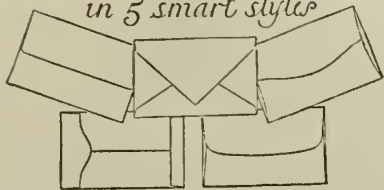


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his arm about her shoulders. "Shall I drive you home, dear?" he said.

Joy did not stir. She did not raise her eyes from the closely-written sheets.

"I—I'm afraid," she whispered, and shivered as though a sudden blast of icy wind had struck her.

"Afraid of what?"

"Of Helen Kramer. She sent Miss Gresham here. You heard Margot say so. She isn't going to stop at that."

"But—what motive can she have?"

"You dear old goose!" Joy patted his cheek tenderly. "Don't you see that the woman is madly in love with you? And capable of anything, to get you? She sent Arthur after this confession. Why? To have you in her power. Now that he's let it get away from him, don't you think her very first move will be to try to get another?"

"But—do you think she knows that Arthur gave the statement to you—yet?"

"Certainly. We ought to act at once."

"You mean, see Porter?"

"Yes. I do. Tonight."

"But—where could we find him?"

"Jean," she pronounced the name tenderly—"you certainly were never cut out for a detective. At his hotel, of course. There's the name of it—the address—on the paper he used for his confession. Get out your car. We've got to drive to Los Angeles."

"Will you go with me?"

"Certainly. I want to be sure that everything's all right—that you are not in danger."

He kissed her, at this—a long, passionate kiss that made her tremble. Then he sent for his car.

"The racer," he told the man. "See that she has plenty of gas."

ONCE on the road, Joy's fears began to vanish. Romain drove like the wind.

"It's pretty late," she laughed. "I wonder how Mr. Porter will like being waked up in the middle of the night."

"Oh—he won't mind that. His usual hour for turning in is around two or three. I only hope he's on hand when we get there."

"So do I," Joy said. "Something—I can't explain just what—tells me we aren't the only people who will be looking for him tonight."

"You mean Mrs. Kramer?"

"Yes. And Arthur is probably with her. You see, she sent him to Los Angeles yesterday, in her car. She expected he would bring her Mr. Porter's confession early in the evening. He didn't. Naturally, she called him up—talked with him. Insisted, I don't doubt, that he come to see her at once. I think he went. As a matter of fact, I'm sure I saw him in the lobby as I drove off. Suppose he went to her—told her that he had given me Mr. Porter's confession. She would have been furious, of course. She wanted to make use of that paper herself. The first thing she did was to call up Margot Gresham and tell her to come here."

"Yes. We know she did that. Although how she knew you were with me I can't see."

"The trouble with you, dear, is that having an honest, straightforward nature yourself, you don't allow for the shrewdness, the crookedness, of others. Helen Kramer is a very shrewd woman. She knew that I cared about you—knew that the first thing I'd do, once I got hold of that confession, would be to bring it to you. She guessed that, and probably verified her guess by calling up the hotel and finding out that I wasn't there. Don't you see?"

"It's clear enough, now you explain it."

"Very well. The next thing she did, I'll bet, was to jump into her car and take Arthur to Los Angeles with her."

"I hope not. They'll be ahead of us." He increased his speed.

"I don't doubt they are. By at least half an hour. But I still hope we may arrive in time to prevent Mr. Porter from saying anything."

"He won't say anything after I get hold of him," Romain exclaimed savagely.

As they drove down the street on which Porter's hotel was situated, Joy, who had been

peering ahead, suddenly touched her companion's arm.

"Slow up," she said. "Stop this side of the entrance. I think I see Mrs. Kramer's car out in front."

Romain stopped his machine a hundred feet or more short of the hotel door.

"I believe you're right," he said. "I know her car. Suppose I get out and investigate."

"It's a brown roadster," Joy called after him as he left her. "Don't let yourself be seen."

Romain walked rapidly up the block. In a few moments he was back again.

"It's Mrs. Kramer's car, all right," he said. "There's nobody in it. We've got to find out whether Porter is in there with them, or whether he hasn't come back yet and they are waiting for him."

"Why not telephone?" Joy asked.

"Right! The very thing. Sit here in the car, sweetheart, and watch to see if anyone goes in. You wouldn't know Porter, of course, even if you saw him, but—anyone, at this hour, is likely to be him. There's a drug-store at the corner. I'll telephone from there."

When he came back, a few moments later Joy saw from his face that he brought good news.

"Porter hasn't got in yet," he told her. "I guess Mr. Lloyd and Helen Kramer are in the reception room, waiting for him. Now what I suggest is this: You sit here quietly in the car. I'll wait just outside the hotel entrance. When Porter comes—he'll probably roll up in a taxicab—I'll stop him—bring him here. By force, if necessary. Then we'll take him back to Hollywood with us. When I get him down there, I'll tell him what he's got to do. After I have a talk with him, I don't care whether Mrs. Kramer sees him or not. Rather a joke on those two, waiting in there for him, if we catch him first. They are likely to have a long wait. Until morning, probably—if not longer. They won't know where he is, and they'll try to find him, but the very last place they will think of looking is my house."

He left Joy as they heard the sound of an approaching taxicab, and stationed himself outside the hotel door.

THE cab drove up with a clatter. From it descended Ray Porter, very much the worse for drink. As he paid the cabman, Romain went up to him.

"Porter," he said sternly, "I've got to have a talk with you. At once. Before you go into the hotel."

"Why? What's up?" The man's drink-sodden face showed sudden fear.

"I can't explain now. But you'll hear what I've got to say before you go in there." He nodded in the direction of the hotel entrance.

"Somebody's waiting for you."

Porter's flushed face suddenly became white. "I'll go," he said. "Anywhere you say."

Visions of detectives, waiting to arrest him, surged through his brain. "Is—is it about that night?"

"Yes. Get into my car. This way. I've got a lot of things to say to you. And I think the best place to say them—the safest place for you—is at my house in Hollywood. Here we are. Get in."

No one spoke as Romain drove at top speed back to Hollywood. The roads were clear; he made the short trip in record-breaking time. Almost before she realized it, Joy found herself once more in Jean Romain's living room. Porter was trembling with excitement. His cheeks were vivid. It was the first time he had been in the room since Mrs. Romain's death.

"Porter!" Romain took some papers from his pocket and held them in his hand—"Here's that confession you were fool enough to give Arthur Lloyd this morning. I advise you to tear it up—burn it—anything you like. Didn't I tell you that if you ever opened your mouth, about that night, I'd break your rotten neck? You did my wife enough harm while she was alive. What do you mean by making such a statement, now that she is dead?"

Porter shrank back against the table.
 "This man Lloyd said I was seen going into your house that night," he whimpered. "He said that if I didn't sign the paper, for private use, some woman would give her story to the police and have me locked up before night. And you as well."

"Look here," Romain said. "Pull yourself together. Nobody could possibly have seen you—be able to identify you—in that fog. Bluff the thing through. Say it's a lie. Fix up an alibi if necessary. Tell them you were at the theater. No trouble to find out the name of the show that was playing Los Angeles that week. Or, if you're afraid to face the music, make a trip to New York, or Europe, tomorrow. But don't sign any more confessions."

"All right," Porter said, with a sigh of relief. "I can fix an alibi, I guess. The elevator boy at my hotel is a dumb-bell. He'll swear that he took me up to my rooms at nine o'clock, instead of eleven, if I ask him."

"Good! We'll talk the thing over—tomorrow. It's pretty late now. Suppose you turn in. First room on the right, at the head of the stairs. I'm going to drive Miss Moran back to her hotel."

CHAPTER XXV

JOY awoke the next morning with Romain's good night kiss still fresh upon her lips. She had just sat down, after a hurried breakfast, to write to Mr. Watrous when his name was announced to her from the office.

She was astounded. Margot Gresham had not mentioned the fact that both her father and the lawyer had come down from San Francisco with her. She hurried to the lobby, wondering what this unexpected call might mean. She was not long in doubt.

Mr. Watrous grasped both her hands, his face wreathed in smiles.

"You dear, wonderful child!" he exclaimed. "How did you ever manage to do it?"

"Do what?" Joy asked, mystified.
 "Why—break off things between Romain and Margot. She told her father last night that everything was finished. In fact, she's going east with him tonight." He drew a wallet from his coat pocket, took out a pink slip of paper. "Here is Mr. Gresham's check for a hundred thousand dollars, payable to you."

Joy shook her head, and a flush came to her cheeks.

"I couldn't possibly take it," she said. "Not possibly."

"But—why not? You've earned it. Don't be absurd. Mr. Gresham is delighted."

"I haven't earned it. I couldn't. I was just going to write you a letter, telling you I hadn't done a thing. You see, I—I think too much of Mr. Romain to do anything that could hurt him."

"But—the engagement is broken, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"And you are responsible for it, aren't you?"

"Yes. I suppose I am. But—I've got so much already—so very much, that I couldn't think of taking that money—now."

"Just what do you mean?"

"Don't you know? Mr. Romain and I are to be married."

Watrous stared at her for a moment with incredulous eyes. Then he burst out laughing.

"Well—of all things!" he exclaimed. "You little minx. But what about Arthur Lloyd? He expected to marry you himself."

"He never had any right to expect such a thing. Poor Arthur. Do you know, Mr. Watrous, for certain reasons, I really think I ought to give this money to him." She took the check in her fingers, her eyes dancing. "He earned it. I can't explain just how, but he did."

As she spoke, Arthur came into the lobby. He was red-eyed, haggard, after his sleepless night. With Helen Kramer he had waited until dawn, hoping each moment that Ray Porter would put in an appearance. He could



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not know, of course, that the latter was already en route to New York.

As soon as he saw Joy, Arthur came up to her. There was a scowl on his face, which the sight of Mr. Watrous only served to increase.

"You promised to give me back that confession of Mr. Porter's this morning, Joy," he said. "Where is it?"

"It's burned," Joy said. "And you won't be able to get another, because Mr. Porter has gone away. Anyhow, there is no reason for getting another, and it wouldn't be a bit of use to you if you did. You see, Arthur, a lot of things have happened since last night. One of them is that Margot Gresham has broken her engagement to Mr. Romain. And another is that he is going to marry me."

"What?" Arthur staggered a bit under the blow.

"I know how you feel about it, Arthur," Joy went on, her eyes very tender and compassionate. "But we love each other, and nothing that anyone can do now is going to separate us. I want you to know that, and I want Mrs. Kramer to know it, too. It would be useless for her to try to harm Jean now, with that story of hers. The only result would be to smirch a dead woman's name. As for that hundred thousand dollars Mr. Gresham promised me, here it is. I couldn't possibly take it, of course. But—there's no reason why you shouldn't—if you want it. All I ask in return is that you keep Mrs. Kramer quiet."

She turned to Mr. Watrous. "Of course I shall pay you the money father owes you, out of my salary. How is he? You haven't told me."

"Better. Much better. I would have written you, but I wanted to be quite sure, first. The doctors now say that there is not the least doubt about his regaining his sight. In a month or two he will be a well man."

"Thank God!" Joy whispered, then once more turned to Arthur Lloyd. "Aren't you going to congratulate me?" she asked, putting out her hand. Arthur took it.

"I do," he said. "And I don't want that money, either. You'd better give it to your father."

"I never supposed," Mr. Watrous laughed,

"that it would be so hard to get rid of a hundred thousand dollars."

"You had best give it back to Mr. Gresham," Joy said. "If he really wants to do anything for me, he can help me to keep my position with the Royal."

"From what I hear," Watrous replied, "you don't need anybody to help you. Senft told me the other day in New York that you were a knockout. I guess he'll be out here pretty soon, offering to sign you up for the next five years."

"You might say to him, when you see him, that he'll first have to see my husband. We're going to be married at once. And by the way, if you were to go to Steve Kramer, the Royal's art director, while you're here, and quietly suggest that any move on his wife's part against Mr. Romain would probably cost him his job, I have no doubt he can keep her quiet. She knows something that could hurt not only Jean, but Margot a lot, if she told it. I'm sure Mr. Gresham wouldn't want any scandals stirred up now."

"You bet he wouldn't. I'll attend to the matter at once." As he spoke, Romain came in, and Watrous, going up to him, offered his congratulations.

"You've got just about the finest little woman in the world," he said.

"I know it," Romain laughed, then turned to Arthur. "I want you to congratulate me, too—for Joy's sake," he said, and put out his hand.

For a moment Arthur drew off, then his better nature came to the fore.

"Since I couldn't have her myself," he said earnestly, "I'm glad you're going to." He grasped Romain's hand for a moment, nodded goodbye. "See you all later. Got to get over to the lot."

Watrous, too, excused himself, pleading business with Mr. Gresham. Romain took Joy by the arm.

"Well, sweetheart," he said, smiling at her, "how does it feel to be engaged?"

"I can't imagine anything nicer," Joy flashed at him, "except being married."

"Neither can I. I think we'd better take the day off and attend to it at once."



The End

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

M. M., LOS ANGELES.—You have missed "The one and only Charles Ray, who is a whole constellation, yea, verily, a comet" from the City of Los Angeles. And you would know his whereabouts. While I write this he is indeed missing from Los Angeles. The Charles Ray Productions, 1428 Fleming Street, Los Angeles, knows him not. For, having finished his picture, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," he is enjoying a vacation with Mrs. Ray at French Lick Springs. You know the place. It is in Indiana. The "constellation and comet" of your admiration is indulging in the current French Lick occupations of baking in the mud half a day and looking over presidential candidates the other half. Mr. Ray is thirty-two years old. He married Clara Grant.

M. W., PLEASANTON, TEXAS.—Ah! I am becoming an expert in note paper. This is a novelty. Pink of the palest, unscented save—is that a whiff of your own cigarette smoke or mine? If my nostrils betray me, no matter. I observe in your notepaper novelty—pink of the same shade as a blush rose, silver edged, the edges nicked at long and regular intervals by tiny triangles. A note paper that is the index and essence of a refined, yet an original personality. I am moved to polite answer by the note paper as well as the courteous request. Agnes Ayres it was who played opposite Rodolph Valentino in "The Sheik." Bebe Daniels' height is near to the average in woman, five feet, four inches. Her weight is one hundred and twenty-three pounds.

M. T. D., SHENANDOAH, PA.—Eddie Polo would wish me to answer your questions if he knew you had written "I think he is one of the nicest men on the screen." Mr. Polo was born at Los Angeles, Calif., February 12, 1881. His father was an Italian, his mother an Austrian. He married Pearl Gray, an actress. His next picture to be released is titled, "The Real Thing."

S. D. C., "THE CITY OF FLOWS."—Mayme Kelso is playing in "Slander the Woman." She is a character actress. Why not write her and recall school days?

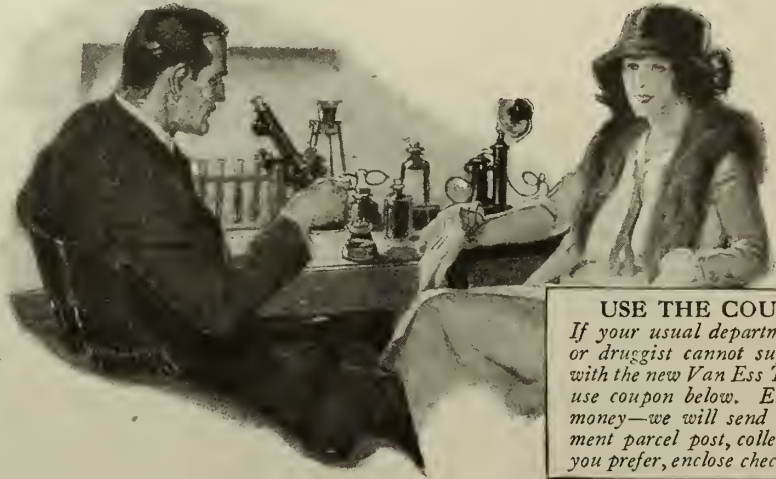
ZOE OF MILWAUKEE.—Your tastes and mine in stars are identical. Glad I didn't spell it with "cle" this time. That word has always been my black beast, as the French say of what they dislike. Eleven favorite female stars and seven male. Truly your tastes are broad as the sea. Kate in "Way Down East" was played by the then Mary Hay, now Mary Hay Barthelmess, wife of Richard Barthelmess, so vigorously engaged in saving Lillian Gish from death in the ice floe in the same picture. She will play in a musical comedy, "Plain Jane," next season.

M. DE M., HAVRE DE GRACE, MD.—Your eyes are keen, as I have no doubt they are brilliant. What you think you noticed in "Prodigal Daughters" was no illusion. Gloria Swanson has bobbed her hair. That she recently did. The color of her hair is reddish brown.

M. L., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—With all my knowledge of Charles Ray I thee endow, fair Mona. Charles Ray's experience in motion pictures covers eight full and effective years. "The Sheriff's Son," "The Coward," "The Busher" and "The Girl Dodger" were his earlier pictures. His stage career comprised four and a half years, spent in musical comedy, the drama and vaudeville, the three sisters of the theater. Thirty-two years ago he was born in the same state in which Abraham Lincoln grew to manhood's estate, though Charles left it at an earlier age than Abraham did. Mr. Ray was married three years ago to Miss Clara Grant.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 125]

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If your usual department store or druggist cannot supply you with the new Van Ess Treatment use coupon below. Enclose no money—we will send the treatment parcel post, collect. Or, if you prefer, enclose check or cash.

Remarkable New
Dermatological Treatment

*Proves that hair roots seldom die—
that they can be revived—given new life*

Amazing new discoveries have recently been made in hair treatment.

The source of falling, lustreless hair has been traced to a simple infection (Sebum) which modern science now usually overcomes. Results are remarkable. In a recent experiment new hair was actually grown in 91 cases out of 100.

This offers you the opportunity to test the new Van Ess method, which accomplished those results, without risk or obligation.

Absolutely Guaranteed

Falling hair stopped. New growth started in 90 days.

The treatment is thus guaranteed. One's own druggist or department store signs the warrant. Hence the user assumes no risk.

During the last six months, 200,000 women have made this test.

World-noted dermatologists are employing the same basic ingredients.

Many charge \$300 for this type of treatment. Now it is a known fact that any woman can display the charm of lustrous hair beauty, if she will only choose to do so.

Falling hair, dull, lifeless, uninteresting. Six women in eight have it! The reason is the infected Sebum that clings to the scalp and prevents hair growth—mars, devitalizes.

Note This New Way

You can see from the illustration that Van Ess is not a "tonic," it combines a massage and lotion. You do not rub it in with your fingers. Each package comes with a rubber massage cap. The nipples are hollow. Just invert bottle, rub your head, and nipples automatically feed lotion down into follicles of the scalp. It is very easy to apply. One minute each day is enough.



This new Van Ess method quickly overcomes it. It starts to act almost instantly. One needn't wait months to see results.

The Infected Sebum—You Must Remove It

Sebum is an oil, which forms at the follicles of the hair. Its natural function is to supply the hair with oil.

But it becomes infected. It cakes on the scalp, clogs the follicles and plugs them. You can see it in your hair, either in the form of dandruff, or in that of an oily excretion (at the hair roots) of the scalp.

Germ's by the millions breed in it, then feed upon the hair. Soon the hair begins falling. In a short time, natural lustre and beauty are gone.

But note this scientific fact: Remove the Sebum and the hair usually reverts back to the softness and brilliancy it displayed in your school-girl days. The Van Ess treatment accomplishes that result. We know you will doubt it. So we guarantee it.

Where to Obtain the Treatment

—at toilet counters in department stores. Also druggists. Or, BY MAIL. Simply use the coupon below if your dealer cannot supply you. With each 3-bottle treatment comes written guarantee to stop falling hair and start new growth of hair in 90 days, or entire purchase price refunded by us. Price, \$1.50 per bottle. No money need accompany the coupon—we will supply you by Parcel Post, collect.

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\$15.00
an
ounce

\$8.00
a half
ounce

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RIEGER'S FLOWER DROPS are unlike anything you have ever seen before. The very essence of the flowers themselves, made without alcohol. For years the favorite of women of taste in society and on the stage.

The regular price is \$15.00 an ounce, but for 20c you can obtain a miniature bottle of this perfume, the most precious in the world. When the sample comes you will be delighted to find that you can use it without extravagance. It is so highly concentrated that the delicate odor from a single drop will last a week.

Sample 20¢

Send 20c (stamps or silver) with the coupon below and we will send you a sample vial of Rieger's Flower Drops, the most alluring and most costly perfume ever made.

Your choice of odors, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Romanza, Lilac or Crabapple. Twenty cents for the world's most precious perfume!

Other Offers

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Bottle of Flower Drops with long glass stopper, containing 30 drops, a supply for 30 weeks.
Lilac, Crabapple, \$1.50
Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, \$2.00
Romanza, \$2.50
Above odors, 1 oz. \$15.00
1/4 " \$3.00
Mon Amour Perfume, sample offer, 1 oz. \$1.50
Souvenir Box
Extra special box of five 25c bottles of five different perfumes, \$1.00

If any perfume does not exactly suit your taste, do not hesitate to return and money will be refunded cheerfully.

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Enclosed find 20c for which please send me sample bottle of Rieger's Flower Drops in the odor which I have checked.

- Lily of the Valley Rose Violet
 Romanza Lilac Crabapple

Name.....

Address.....

Souvenir Box—\$1.00 enclosed.

..... \$..... enclosed.

Remember, if not pleased your money will be returned.



The veranda of her Beverly Hills home as a setting for Miss Swanson

Gloria! An Impression

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

Gloria was a most unimportant and ordinary infant. Nobody anywhere recorded her birth or greeted her arrival.

Just one of the—how many babies is it—born every year.

She grew into a plain, long-legged child, without promise of beauty. If there was anything notable about her, people who knew her then have told me, it was her sweetness of disposition and her cheery, breezy desire to do for everybody and see that everybody was comfortable and happy.

Her father was a soldier of fortune—later an army officer. And between them existed a really strong bond, a deep and lasting affection. She talked to him—of her dreams, her ambitions. She confided in him all her girlhood secrets. He was the first real and intense love of her life.

She went to high school in Chicago and various places. Just an ordinary-looking girl, a little heavy, grown inscrutable and silent. Not picked out for popularity. Not in any way a leader or a divinity among her school-mates.

"She was a nice enough kid," a man in Chicago who once went to school with her told me, "but sort of homely, I thought. We liked her all right, but I don't remember that we ever paid much attention to her."

When she went home she helped with the housework. They were poor. When she trav-

eled from post to post with her father, her life was more exciting, but certainly not more opulent.

Her father and mother were divorced during her early teens, and Gloria stayed with her mother. But her association with her father continued. Captain Swanson is a tremendously interesting man today—a man of keen humor, facility of emotion, a fund of interesting and unusual experiences.

Her debut into pictures is almost too well known to need more than a passing comment. Extra girl at the Chicago Essanay in 1916 in Chicago. Sennett comedies, first as extra, then as a featured player. Triangle comedies and, later, a chance on that lot to play a dramatic rôle (because they thought she could swim). Cecil de Mille. Paramount stardom.

Today she is one of the best-selling and most popular stars in the business. When Paramount demoted a number of stars, Gloria was one of the three they kept in stellar position—Pola Negri and Tommie Meighan being the other two.

Her first marriage was to Wallace Beery—now one of the great character actors of the screen.

She was madly in love with him. More in love, probably, than she has ever been before or since. But it wasn't a happy marriage by any means. "They had a home, it is true, but merely an average home. They were both

Keeping hair lovely

WE all dread the lifeless dullness that the years give to hair. To help keep the hair fresh, fluffy and full of lustre, Wildroot Coconut Oil Shampoo should be used regularly.

Its pure, creamy lather will keep health and youth in the scalp, glorify the hair with a delicate perfume of cleanliness, and keep it looking always lovely.

Sold everywhere



working. And they quarrelled a good deal, apparently, as two people of intense nature and strong passions will.

Finally, she divorced him.

I remember her so well in those days. I remember the first time I ever saw her on the Triangle lot.

Oh, she took the eye even then. That figure. Those alluring eyes. The subtle, sullen emotion of her face.

Men on the lot stopped instinctively to look at her.

But the women smiled a little. What clothes. What a walk. What a restless, unstable, unsettled personality. She wore a funny sailor hat over the heavy masses of unruly hair, the seams of her stockings were crooked, the white shoes were none too clean, the small bunches around her waistline showed where her under-clothing was all wrong.

Now there was a designer on the Triangle lot named Peggy Hamilton. A woman with an eye for line, a vision for color and a genius for knowing what every woman should wear. I always hope that Gloria has not forgotten Peggy Hamilton. Peggy saw Gloria. And with that instinct of hers and her Parisian training, she saw something of the thing Gloria was to become, the butterfly still hidden in the chrysalis.

She dressed her for her first picture.

Then began the transformation—that made Gloria Swanson, to my own taste, the most irresistibly beautiful creature on the screen. I admit it. In so far as looks are concerned, I would rather look at Gloria than all the rest of them put together. I never have any idea what her pictures are about. I just like to gaze at her.

There have been many influences in her life to bring about the completion of the miracle. Cecil de Mille, who groomed and trained her for his first pictures: Elinor Glyn, whose intimate association seems only now to be bearing fruit in a new fineness of manner and dignity of bearing.

Her second husband, from whom she just obtained a divorce, was Herbert Somborn. It was easy to understand why she married him. A young New Yorker of the greatest possible polish. A man of somewhat impressive family connections. He had all the things Gloria was then reaching out for—striving to attain and acquire.

Their first year seems to have been a blissful dream.

The birth of little Gloria Second its crowning happiness.

But—it didn't last.

GLORIA is not self-centered, exactly. But it is true that her work and her career and the things she stands for and does come first. She is quite right in saying she should not marry. Her life is quite full enough without the extra care and demands of a husband.

A complex creature. With unexpected shallows and unexpected depths. Moods that shimmer from gold to black.

She is an ideal mother. Her devotion to her daughter is remarkable. And I have never in my life heard anyone talk more intelligently about child training or the development of a child's nature and mind in the way they should go than Gloria Swanson.

I believe one of the most interesting hours I ever spent in my life was in discussing the problem of bringing up children with Gloria. Her ideas are very definite, very sane and very advanced.

She has only one or two intimates—a very few friends. She is aloof and defensive. And yet she is charming.

I can think of no one on the screen whom it will interest me more to see ten years from now. When you look back along the way she has come and see what she has made of herself in the past ten years—it's utterly intriguing to think what she should be at the end of another decade.

And she will be only thirty-four then. The prime of a woman's beauty and charm.



He was waiting

AS she skipped down the stairs to meet him, she was confident she looked her best.

Her hair was delightfully soft, fluffy and charmingly arranged, and it had that dainty fragrance she had so often envied.

Men wondered at her loveliness, and women envied her popularity. But best of all—*he* knew that somehow she was different from any other girl.

The secret of lovely hair is open to you, too. Even though one's hair may be full of dandruff, dull—apparently lifeless, Wildroot Hair Tonic will bring out its hidden freshness and charm.

After your Wildroot Shampoo, massage Wildroot Hair Tonic into the scalp. Then notice the immediate results. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

WILDROOT HAIR TONIC

Sold
everywhere



The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

License violations were breaking out all over the country. The next move in Kennedy's mind was to take the exchanges away from these troublesome fellows, eliminate a vast deal of waste and turn the profits of the exchange system into the pockets of the Patents Company group.

Doubtless another contemplated step was to take the theaters too, giving the Patents Company control from the making of the film clear down to the box-office—but that step never came, in the life of the Patents Company.

Kennedy found opposition for his idea within his own group. The licensed film makers feared that any move to open their own exchange system would alienate their customers. They were thriving. They wanted to let well enough alone. But Kennedy had his way of prevailing. His mind was made up.

February 10, 1910, the motion picture world was excited to learn that the General Film Company of New Jersey had been incorporated at Trenton with a capitalization of two million five hundred thousand dollars!

The motion picture is quite casual about millions now, but a two and a half million dollar corporation in 1910 was a stupendous thriller.

The dry and formal incorporation announcement from Trenton gave little nourishment to the speculations of the motion picture men. The names were all strange and meaningless, being dummy incorporators carefully chosen by Kennedy. The new concern was to engage in the distribution of motion pictures. That was all. Here was the menace of a new trust!

The exchange men talked, violently, vigorously and freely.

THE agents of Fighting Jeremiah Kennedy listened and reported. When it was all over he had the pulse of the situation neatly counted and a rather accurate estimate of what it would cost to buy the exchanges the "Trust" desired.

Meanwhile, or rather simultaneously, just to keep the morale of the situation up, the Patents Company instituted a new action against the Imp, charging infringement specifically of the Latham loop patent.

The talk of some impending move of the "Trust" grew stronger. It was the subject of nightly debates at secret meetings of the Independents held at the Kessel & Baumann Empire Film exchange in Fourteenth street. Something would have to be done to present a united front against the foe.

Out of these conferences, the Motion Picture Distributing & Sales Company was formed, to ship the product of the Independents, collect the money for it—and, most important of all, deduct a percentage to go into a fund for the common defense in the legal wars of the Independents against the Motion Picture Patents Company. Carl Laemmle was chosen president of the Sales Company.

Internal dissensions began to arise in the Sales Company at once. A split of the Independents impended even as they combined.

Nothing more was heard of the General Film Company of New Jersey. It had been but a shot fired to flush the game and stir up telltale talk and action.

But on April 10, a little handful of Patents Company executives and licensed film makers gathered in a hotel room at Portland, Maine. There they concluded the legal details of incorporating the General Film Company of Maine, capitalized at two millions.

The incorporators quietly returned to New York and, unlike the New Jersey concern, nothing was heard from the General of Maine for some weeks. On May 27, 1910, the Film Index, organ of the "Trust," announced the General Film Company and its purchase of the exchanges belonging to George Kleine in various cities, and the Lubin exchange in Philadelphia. Of course, it will be recognized at once that both Lubin and Kleine were closely identified with the Patents Company. Since 1908 Kleine

had been advocating the General Film Company idea.

The General Film Company launched out on a campaign of buying desirable exchanges. There were about sixty on Kennedy's list, under the blotter on his flat-topped desk at 52 Broadway. The method of purchase was neat and simple. The General offered for each exchange a predetermined price, also on Kennedy's schedule, to be paid with a small initial sum of cash, an allotment of stock in the General, and the remainder in a series of well spaced installments against notes of the Company. By this method the exchanges to be bought were to be made to pay for themselves out of their own profits.

In the two years that followed General rather closely followed its plan. It became the most powerful organization the motion picture industry has ever seen, or is ever likely to see.

An interesting and little known fact is that General Film, the maker of so many millions, did not represent any investment whatever, unless one counts the fifteen thousand which Kennedy loaned the company at its incorporation, just by way of having something in the center of the table.

One of the earliest purchases of the General Film Company was the business of Percy Waters' Kinetograph exchange. The name, however, remained Waters' property. It was due to come back into the business and politics of the screen later.

The impression that Waters had made at the time of Kennedy's pursuit of the missing Biograph print in the New York Roof raid now bore fruit.

J. A. Berst, of Pathe, and Kennedy were in conference about the operation of General when Berst suggested Waters as general manager.

"He's the man," Kennedy agreed in a flash, grinning at his recollection of the conflict some months before. And Waters was prevailed upon to take the job.

A MEASURE of the scant faith that the licensed film makers of the Patents group held in the General Film project in the beginning is clearly indicated by the procedure of an early meeting of the board of directors. The question before the meeting was the matter of a salary for their president, Jeremiah J. Kennedy.

Kennedy had warily kept off the subject and no terms had been mentioned. The directors approached the subject with some timidity. This Kennedy was a hard, hard man. At last they presented their proposal—twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and a commission of ten per cent of the General Film Company's net profits.

Kennedy listened gravely, with an unmoved poker face.

There was a moment of alarm. There was a hastily added clause—"and we want to guarantee that the ten per cent will amount to at least twenty-five thousand more, making fifty thousand in all."

Kennedy drew up with dignity and raised his hand in protest.

"No, boys—I will be a sport. I'll just take the ten per cent, even if it's only a dime."

How much that contract amounted to may be calculated when it is known that General reached an annual net profit of as high as one million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year.

When Kennedy retired from the motion picture business some years after he took with him probably the most substantial fortune ever really taken out of the industry. And all this gained as an "employee." All companies included, J. J. Kennedy owned a total of four shares of motion picture stock in his whole career, just enough stock to let him qualify as an officer and director.

To the layman considering the days of 1910, it may seem peculiar that the General was able to buy all those film exchanges on its own



Photo by
Nicholas Murray

Miss Ethel Barrymore, whom Neysa McMein, the eminent artist, recently proclaimed one of America's most beautiful women, says:

"Each tiny flake of the elusively fragrant Day Dream Powder is held in place as if by the loving touch of fairy hands. It stays on."

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terms. Why did not the owners refuse to sell? The answer is that quite a few did—and found themselves in trouble with the Motion Picture Patents Company, which thanks to Kennedy's espionage system was nearly always able to find a justification for a cancellation of the exchange's license. Without a license, no licensed film—and the Independent field was fairly well filled already.

The operations of the Independents were not hedged about with legal hazards alone. The Patents Company was making it as nearly impossible as possible for the unlicensed makers of pictures to get the raw materials of their product.

The Eastman company at Rochester was in agreement, on the basis of the film patents, not to sell any film to other than the licensees of the Patents Company. The only other makers of film were European concerns, of which there were three of importance, Lumiere of Paris, who will be remembered as the inventor of the Cinematographe, Austin Edwards of London, and the Agfa brand from Germany. Shipments were often irregular and the quality of the product was uncertain. None of the imported brands were as satisfactory as Eastman's and in this the "Trust" held a vast advantage.

THERE was one tiny loophole. The Eastman company under its agreement sold limited amounts for the purposes of scientific investigation. Only little could be obtained in that way, but through various guises and agents, the Independents got what they could. Also, Eastman shipments to foreign countries were not restricted. The Imp engineered several large shipments to China via Vancouver and intercepted them on the docks at Vancouver to turn them about and send the film to New York.

While the licensed makers of films of the Patents Company group were safeguarding the methods of the business with all of the secrecy possible the Moving Picture News, the Independent organ, was busy publishing every available fact of film making processes.

Eugene Louis Lauste, the French mechanic we first discovered in an early chapter as a former Edison employee who built Major Latham's first machine to project the motion picture on the screen, became the author, in 1909, of a series of articles on the laboratory processes of film developing, printing, tinting and toning.

An exhaustive series of articles quoted from British journals was published to show that the late William Friese-Greene, an English photographer and pseudo-scientist, was in fact the real inventor of the motion picture. All this despite the fact that Friese-Greene's claims had some years before been amply aired and investigated in the Biograph-Edison war. If there had been any merit of priority in the contentions of the Englishman, Biograph would have proved it against Edison.

But now Friese-Greene's alleged inventions were held up to the world of the motion picture to justify and encourage the Independents.

The tremendous prosperity of the licensed manufacturers plus a very evident American preference for American made pictures led J. A. Berst, representing Pathe of Paris, to urge the opening of a Pathe American plant for the making of pictures here for the vastly developing American market.

In April of 1910 the Pathe establishment started in a remodelled cash register factory in Bound Brook, New Jersey. Among the first players of the Pathe organization whose names may be remembered today were Paul Panzer and Octavia Handworth, who had been trained in the Vitagraph studios, Pearl White, a vaudeville performer with a dash of picture experience with the Powers Company, and Crane Wilbur. Louis Gasnier came from Pathe's French studios to be the first director.

At almost the same time the Pathe Weekly, a notable news reel which continues the outstanding success in its field today, was issued, with H. C. Hoagland its first editor.



At thirty every woman reaches a crossroads Will she develop—or merely age?

LET your imagination play with those two sentences, the title of an article by Ethel Barrymore which recently appeared in *McCall's Magazine*. Sit down in front of your mirror and honestly analyze your appearance. Fine lines about the eyes and lips—a skin losing its freshness and vitality—these are the every-day tragedies that make maturity regarded with fear and hostility.

Modern Women Stay Young By Using Clay

You can prevent age from settling on your face. Even if its devastating work has begun, you can overcome it. The means is so simple, so logical. *Clay* is the answer.

Boncilla The *Clasmic* Clay BEAUTIFIER

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When *Boncilla Beautifier* is dry, just remove it with a wet towel.

Now Your Face Is Alive!

Now you can look in your mirror unafraid. Note your smooth, firm, satin-soft skin, delicately radiant, free from the slightest suggestion of blackheads or pimples, or aging lines. Your face is young!

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The news reel, however, took its origin in France with the Pathe Journal, beginning somewhat earlier. And in Paris in that day, the interest in news pictures was so great that a theater known as the Pathe Journal was maintained for the exclusive showing of news pictures.

The motion picture was beginning to show evidences of an evolutionary tendency toward a much more complex form and a fuller development as a medium of expression. The relation of the printed word in screen titles to the ensuing action was yet undeveloped and the titling of '09 and '10 was crude to the extreme.

In many establishments, notably the Imp, big rolls of stock titles which could be used in most any drama were kept on hand, ready printed. The stock title list included all such vital expressions as, "The next day," "Ten years elapse," "Happy ever afterward," "Forgiven," "Wedding bells," and "One hour later." The titles were hauled down by the yard and inserted where needed, by Jack Cohen, Imp's film editor.

The student of motion picture technique will find it of interest that the average motion picture of 1909-10 contained only eighty feet of titles per reel of a thousand feet. The same screen footage today requires ordinarily close to two hundred and fifty feet of titles. The screen story of today cannot all be told by the camera.

BUT the dramatic picture in 1909 had not yet come into the well near absolute dominance of the theater screen which obtains today. Topical subjects, camera records of actualities, still made up a pronounced percentage of the total output of motion pictures.

One of the topical screen sensations of the fall of '09 was the Great Northern's pictures of the arrival of Doctor Frederick Cook at Copenhagen in Denmark, after his then entirely accredited discovery of the alleged North Pole. The Great Northern, as it was known in America, was the leading Scandinavian concern, better known in earlier days as the Nordisk. The Great Northern, was represented in New York by Ingvald C. Oes, who figured in many of the movements of the Independents with whom the Great Northern was aligned after the formation of the Patents Company.

Reference to Doctor Cook recalls a slender but interesting connection with the motion picture. When Cook came to New York to get out his book of North Pole adventures, chance brought into his service as secretary, Agnes Egan, now Agnes Egan Cobb. Agnes Egan is interesting as the first woman to conduct a motion picture exchange. She had been a secretarial employe in Wall street in 1908, when she saw business opportunity in the motion picture and came up town to open the Joselyn exchange, which sub-rented reels from Kessel and Baumann's Empire Film Exchange. Experience of the intricacies and devious channels of the film business perhaps well fitted Miss Egan for the transcribing and editing of Doctor Cook's manuscript. For months she puzzled over the notes out of which his interesting, but slightly inaccurate, account of finding the North Pole was written. Cook's notes were written in such a tiny microscopic hand that Miss Egan had to read them with a microscope. After this literary digression in Polar fiction, Miss Egan returned to the motion pictures.

The topical tendency which made so much of Doctor Cook on the screen was also exemplified in such pictures as Mark M. Dintenfass' first production under his "Champion" brand, a picture purporting to cover the ride of Louis and Temple Abernathy, sons of Catch'em-Alive-Jack Abernathy, of Oklahoma, who came by pony from Oklahoma to New York, released in July, 1910. It was all made in New Jersey.

In story and topical alike the one-reel picture had, by this time, become fairly well established, but there was an abundance of "split reels," which included a number of short comedies and sometimes scenic bits. Biograph, of the licensed manufacturers, notably issued

many split reel comedies held in special esteem. It was in that busy Biograph school of film comedy that the fundamentals of the screen comedy art were established.

The first significant breaking over to multiple reels came from the European studios, notably with the "Fall of Troy," and other like subjects equally unsuitable for American consumption. The motion picture theater was not yet prepared to believe that the public would be interested in any subject that occupied more than one reel, or fifteen minutes of screen time.

In the fall of '09 Commodore Blackton, at Vitagraph, produced "The Life of Moses" in five reels. But it was released a reel at a time, one reel a week for five weeks, beginning in January, 1910. No theater thought of trying to present a full five reel show. They did not consider Moses a big enough drawing card.

Vitagraph followed this pretentious effort with a three reel version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," also released a reel at a time, in July of the same year.

The birth of the feature picture, which today dominates the program of every motion picture theater, is to be traced back through the legitimate theater.

WHAT appears to have been the beginning of the feature movement, interestingly enough, is to be accredited to Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1909, where five years before John P. Harris and Harry Davis of the Grand Opera House started the motion picture theater movement in the East, liberating the film art from the restrictions of vaudeville programs. In this 1909, P. P. Craft, a showman of experience, with Colonel Cody, went into the film business with Harris and Davis.

Craft thought he saw opportunity for motion picture entertainment on a grander scale. He was full of the show instinct and an appreciation of the public's liking for things done in a spectacular way. He arranged to put out a screen road show to be called "Harry Davis Motion Pictures—Direct from the Grand Opera House, Pittsburgh!" The plan was fine, but pictures of a quality to support a road show charging fifty cents admissions in legitimate theaters were not to be had.

Craft's next step was to plan production. If he could not buy the pictures he wanted he would proceed to make them. He was inspired of the notion that "The Life of Buffalo Bill" would make a drawing title. He pursued the Buffalo Bill show and overtook it on the lot at Williamsport, Pa. Craft dickered for a contract and got it, paying Major Lillie, Colonel Cody's manager, a thousand dollars in paper bills across the ticket wagon counting table.

In New York, Craft found P. A. Powers sufficiently alert to outside opportunities, amid the turmoil of the battles of the industry, to be interested. Powers and Craft became partners in the project. Paul Panzer, who had made his screen debut with Vitagraph, was employed as director. They proceeded to shoot large quantities of film. When the shooting was all over and the dust settled in the editing room it was found that the only usable film was that portion of Colonel Cody's story devoted to the Wild West show. The picture was assembled in three reels and offered for state's rights sale.

Hyman Winik bought the first state, California, and opened with the picture in San Francisco. The picture was a pronounced success. Craft and Powers divided a net profit of fifty thousand dollars, which in that period was a sensational figure for a single picture.

This first feature was, of course, an Independent, or unlicensed, production. It caused many exhibitors to become Independents, sometimes against their will, as the Patents Company cancelled the licenses of all theaters playing unlicensed films.

It is significant that the feature picture began with the Independents. It so continued through all the history of the time.

In the midst of the legal difficulties of the Independents, just when they were hardest pressed by the legal armies of the Motion Pic

ture Patents Company, there appeared an unexpected promise of escape in the guise of a timely invention, a new and presumably non-infringing camera.

And once again, after these many years since their launching from the workshops of Thomas A. Edison, at Orange, the destinies of the phonograph and the motion picture met, by a most curiously circuitous route.

Down in Washington, back in 1895-6, C. Francis Jenkins, after the termination of his connection with Thomas Armat, with whom he had worked on an early phase of the projection machine invention, had become concerned with motion picture exhibitions at the phonograph parlors conducted by the Columbia Phonograph Company in Washington, Baltimore and Atlantic City. This connection had resulted subsequently in the acquisition of some of Jenkins devices and a claim on an interest in a patent which had been issued to Armat and Jenkins. There was a jumble of litigation involved and for many years the patent rights, regardless of what their merit may have been, reposed sleeping in the Columbia Company's safe.

Now in 1909 Joseph Bianchi, who had been a recording expert for the Columbia concern and a master of intricate mechanics, sought out Paul Cromelin, vice-president of the Columbia Company, to interest him in a new and remarkable camera for the making of motion pictures.

Together Bianchi and Cromelin went down to Brooklyn Bridge to make a test of the camera. There was a tinge of coincidence in their selection of this spot. Down under the bridge at their feet stood the old red brick building at 35 Frankfort street, where fifteen years before, that historic night in February of 1895, Woodville Latham's eidoloscope threw the first motion picture on the screen.

Cromelin was struck with the significance of the invention that Bianchi set before him. The Bianchi camera performed the amazing feat of recording motion pictures upon a negative film in continuous movement. Instead of the start and stop intermittent motion of the Edison cameras, and all other cameras in the world, Bianchi used an optical system involving a cylindrical lens which bent the light rays and let the image follow the film as it traveled. This camera, therefore, did not require the Edison intermittent movement or the Latham loop for supplying slack in the film to take up the inertia of the start and stop, that came sixteen times a second in the Patents Company cameras.

THIS was in the nature of a mechanical revolution. It promised to upset the whole foundation upon which the Motion Picture Patents Company had been formed.

Cromelin was vastly interested, but his associates of the Columbia Phonograph Company were not. They thought exceedingly little of the motion picture business and its embattled chieftains. In time Cromelin, however, prevailed sufficiently to proceed with a plan in behalf of the Independents. Upon the basis of the purchase of patents from C. Francis Jenkins, Columbia claimed ownership of the basic principles of the projection machine, and by virtue of the Bianchi camera, purchased from the inventor, Columbia possessed also an independent method of making pictures for the screen.

The Independents, weltering in patent prosecutions, were called together and heard a proposal that they buy licenses from the Columbia Company, to use the new Bianchi camera and operate under the shelter of the combined camera and projection machine patents.

The proposal was greeted with a glad acclaim. A majority of the Independents took out licenses forthwith, among them P. A. Powers, Mark Dintenfass, with his Champion brand pictures, and Edwin Thanhouser, who was just entering the field.

This Thanhouser, incidentally, is worthy of special note here because of the well ordered steps of his entry into the art of the motion

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—Quinn Martin in *The World*.

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—Leo Pollock, *Eve Journal*.

"A singularly fine picture—and the treatment of the big dramatic moments is superb—It is beautified and exalted by the presence of that exquisite creature, Mae Marsh, the divinely inspired. The scenes are marvelously beautiful."

—Robert Sherwood in *The Herald*.

"For Griffith is a great poet."

—Max Reinhardt, famous German Producer.

"Another pictorial and sentimental gem—Doubtful if the Magician Griffith has ever done anything finer—An unusually superior picture, and one that reaches the heart with its presentation of a new angle of the moral code; and establishes the dual responsibility in the moral code in which the woman pays perhaps, but not alone."

—*Journal of Commerce*.

"Again 'The White Rose' proves Griffith the master of the screen technique—sways the audience—a very human bit of life with a very strong heart appeal."

—*Morning Telegraph*.

"'The White Rose' is sermon, poem, and great love drama, all in one, with laughter full of tears—presenting the big moments in little lives; beauty in simple and even sordid things; the basic principle in which the world—yours and mine—actually moves. It sends one home with something unforgettable, with a heart hunger for a better humanity."

—Sophie Irene Loeb, famous publicist and president of the Child Welfare Board.

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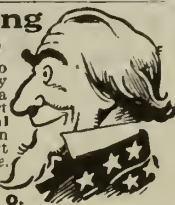
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picture. While a large majority of the makers of motion pictures were plunged into the business as the result of the whims of chance, Edwin Thanhouser did it with calm deliberation and forethought. Thanhouser had accumulated a modest fortune as a dramatic producer with a German stock company in Milwaukee, Wis. He was ready to quit the stage when the motion picture intrigued his fancy. He came to New York and went about investigating and inquiring. There were conferences and conversations with Rich G. Hollaman, of the Eden Musee in Twenty-third street, still something of a national institution of the motion picture, beginning back in the days when it offered the Lumiere cinematographe in competition with the Armat Vitascopie at Koster & Bial. And from Adam Kessel of the "Bison Life Motion Pictures," made by the New York Motion Picture Corporation, Thanhouser gathered further information and assurance.

So in an old skating rink converted into a studio Thanhouser began operations in March of 1910, in New Rochelle, New York, the town known to the world by musical comedy fame as "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" and known for that only.

But in New Rochelle at Thanhouser's studio many an important screen career took its beginnings, and there Thanhouser rapidly increased his fortune.

IN the advertising of Thanhouser and many of the other Independents, the phrase "Columbia Licensed" was flung bravely across the page as their reply and defy to the Motion Picture Patents Company with its licensed studios, licensed exchanges and licensed projection machines.

To give the gesture its full dramatic worth, some of these advertisements, notably those of P. A. Powers, carried large and imposing illustrations of a figure of Miss Columbia pointing to an imposing shield with the imposing words of announcement. The advertisement looked as official as the great seal of the United States of America.

It was intended to give courage to the theater men out in the provinces, who were not a little intimidated by the ponderous and thunderous announcements being made by the Patents Company.

But the very word "license" was malodorous in the nostrils of the Independents. It stood for everything that was in their way. It was back of all their troubles. It was the fighting word of 1909-10. An elegant sample of the fighting literature of the time was issued by Joseph R. Miles, an Independent exchange man. It was a pamphlet which quoted the Patents Company's printed statements about its license system. In the quoted passages, however, Miles revised the orthography to make it appear "LICensed manufactures, LICensed exchanges, LICensed projections machines," etc. Over it all he printed a title, "A LOUSY STATEMENT from the PAT-ENTS COMPANY."

Certain technical difficulties arose concerning the Bianchi camera, else the history of the period might have been vastly different. Because of the complexity and delicacy of the device by which a still image was made to pursue and keep step with a given space on a rapidly moving film, the camera required the constant attention of a highly skilled operator. The Independents had few expert cameramen. Largely their staffs were recruited from among the helpers and minor workers in the dark rooms of the licensed studios. In the hands of these half-experienced operators the results to be obtained with the Bianchi camera were often speculative.

But in the early period of the Columbia licenses, Paul Cromelin, who had fathered the license idea and who alone of the phonograph concern's staff was interested, was called away to Mexico on phonograph business for a considerable period. Also Joseph Bianchi, selling his camera patents to Cromelin, went away to

Atlanta, where he conducted a motion picture theater, far from the bickering, embittered struggles of the film makers in New York.

Meanwhile the Columbia licensed Independents were turning back to their old infringing versions of the Edison patented camera, under various covers of secrecy.

Dintenfass had his boiler iron camera fortress, to conceal the machine (from even the actors and none of the Independent studios could be entered without passing the scrutiny of the guards).

Meanwhile "Columbia Licensed" continued the outward cloak of the new authority, yet to be tried in the fire of litigation. An expedient of typical screen strategy of the day was adopted by several of the Independents. They purchased from the unsuspecting Columbia the cases, or boxes, of the Bianchi camera, and then concealed within them the operating mechanism of their old infringing cameras. With this camouflaged machine they ventured forth on location about New York, right in the face of the Patents Company investigators. Now and then by a mistake in maneuvering the gumshoe investigators got close enough to hear the familiar click of the Edison intermittent movement and the next day the papers in a new injunction suit would be served.

When Cromelin returned from Mexico, he found the Columbia Company again considerably annoyed with the motion picture end of its affairs.

To the phonograph officials the motion picture situation was a jumbled war of strange, evasive, dodging irresponsibles.

A considerable number of the "Columbia Licensed" Independents had inconveniently forgotten to pay their license fees and the whole project looked too complex, difficult, and unprofitable.

THE end of the Columbia License sally into motion picture history came quietly and secretly in the summer of 1911, after a period in which many of the affairs of this chapter had passed. Paul Cromelin was still convinced of the vast potential value of the combined projection machine and camera rights of the Columbia. When the Independents expressed their indifference, he turned to the other side. Approaching Frank L. Dyer, of Edison, an executive of the Patents Company forces, he negotiated a sale of the Columbia's motion picture patent interests. How much the Patents Company paid remains a secret, but the first payment was ten thousand dollars. This step completed the Patents Company's acquisition. It now owned all that there was to be had of patent rights in the world on processes of making motion pictures. If developments had again brought the Columbia license into a position of special significance the Patents Company would have been able to surprise the Independents with an unsuspected and new legal ambush. But by the vicissitudes of litigation and the turn of affairs the Bianchi-Columbia rights went into the vaults of the Patents Company with that purchase, never to see the light of day again.

"Columbia Licensed" had been swept into the limbo of the unimportant past before occasion arose to make it the text of a new era of litigation.

While the affairs of this chapter were unfolding in the intensely complex development of the business of the motion picture, the simple factor of New York weather was exerting a pressure toward a change in the geography of the industry.

The sunshine of the South, in Cuba, Florida and even remote California, began to lure the cameras of the picture makers.

The rush to Los Angeles was about to begin, and with the invasion of California, new names and faces were coming to the screen.

Hollywood, now the west end of Broadway, was being planted to oranges and lemons then.

The early days of the motion pictures in California will be the subject of the next chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Love and Let Love

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

manager. "He's crabbed my best stunts. You know that big ball and reception I was planning?"

"Yes."

"Well, he says there's nothing doing. He's throwing me down. He could grab off columns of space for me—but he's nix on everything except his three-times-a-day stuff and he says he wouldn't be doing that only his contract makes him. I never was so disappointed in a feller in all my life."

Berenice was conscious of a strange admixture of emotions. The paramount feeling in the matter was one of keen disappointment in Cyril Harrington. He was nice—wonderfully nice—there was no denying that, but he did not at all conform to her ideas of what a movie star should actually be.

He was neither upstage nor dominant. She resented the fact that she felt entirely at ease with him. Why, he wasn't any different from dozens of men she knew, and she had looked forward eagerly to meeting a flaming personality. Cyril Harrington impressed her as a mighty nice chap, and that was all.

Long before the hour of his first personal appearance the house was filled to suffocation with ladies of all ages and conditions of servitude who wished to glimpse in the flesh the young gentleman who had—upon the screen—made love a fine art. The house manager had insisted upon a certain clause in the contract which demanded that Cyril appear in desert costume. He strolled into the glare of the spotlight and thrilled the feminine breasts with his screen smile. There was a chorused A-a-a-ah! of horrified delight and then a tidal wave of applause. The estimable ladies leaned forward in their seats, eyes focussed intently upon the turbaned figure, lips parted eagerly. It was as though each arrogated unto herself the delicious danger of his amorous presence.

Berenice opened the tiny door of her box office and viewed the performance with keen interest. For the first time Cyril Harrington appeared to be the man she expected. There was the strutting screen bearing, the arrogant smile, the ruthless demeanor which brooked opposition from no person of the opposite gender. Berenice shivered delightedly and her original terror of this magnificent being revived.

The short, stereotyped address was concluded, the theater rocked with gasping enthusiasm, Cyril Harrington disappeared. And ten minutes later he stood at Berenice's elbow. "Bunk," was his terse comment.

A GAIN she experienced a start of disappointment. Also she once more felt entirely at ease and was angry at herself—and at Cyril—because she did. What right had he to rob her of the keenest pleasure of, the greatest experience of her life? She flung around on him irascibly.

"Gosh! Bunk is right. Up on the stage you had me scared pink for fear something elegant was about to happen to me, and now when you show up right alongside I see you ain't nothing but an ordinary guy—and hardly that."

He grinned. "Women bore me," he announced. "Not you—no, indeed, not you. But women as a whole. You'd think I was planning to elope with the whole caboodle of 'em, the way they eye me. As a matter of fact, there's hardly one I wouldn't be scared to death of if I was alone with her."

"Even me?"

"No! Not you. Because between us, I know I'm not going to get fresh with you and you know it, too. It's a relief to be with another girl who understands that I'm nothing to be frightened of."

Her brow puckered. "Another?"

"Uh-huh."

"Who's this other one?"

He became suddenly serious. "I'd sure like to talk to you about her. Private."

"The story of your life, huh?"



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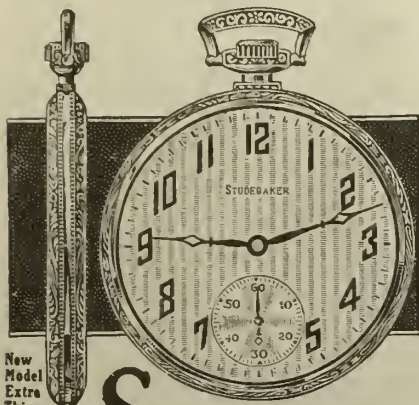
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"You said it."
"Well—shoot."
"Can't—here. If we could go out after the last show tonight . . ."
Her eyes narrowed. "Now listen . . ."
"G'wan: you know I'm not going to try anything with you. You think you ought to be scared of me but you couldn't be to save your life. Haven't you ever been out walking?"
"Ye-e-es."
"And didn't you come through safe?"
"Mm-hmm! But them fellers wasn't exactly the ruthless type."
"Well, a minnow is ruthless with women compared to me. I'm no more at ease with a girl than a six-year-old kid is with the boogey man. But of course if you think—"
"Shucks! I reckon if I've just naturally got to take a chance, it might as well be with you. Is it tonight?"
"Tonight is correct. What time do you knock off?"
"Eleven."
"Until then," he said, and he strolled away. Throughout the long, somnolent afternoon Berenice was the victim of delightful uncertainty. She felt that she was toying with fire and her clothes were not fashioned of asbestos.

THERE was an intriguing doubt about what the night held forth. Beneath her apprehension there was a nebulous desire that he might conform more closely to his screen character than to the flaccid normality she had glimpsed. An ideal had been shattered and Berenice could not in an instant readjust her preconceived ideas of the man's personality.

She halfway expected him to call for her in a lavender limousine, but he did nothing of the kind. He did, however, invite her into a soft-drink stand for an ice-cream soda where she experienced keen regret because no one recognized him. "It's my clothes," he explained in answer to her unspoken question. "Folks have the idea that I should go through the streets in a turban, dragging beauteous damsels by the hair of the head."

It was only after they had surrounded the sodas with themselves and attained the broad moonlit expanse of the city's chief residential boulevard that he touched upon the subject which lay nearest his heart.

"Never mind the girl's name," he started. "She isn't in pictures anyway. But she's a corker, and she thinks about the same of me that you do."

"Meaning?"
"That I'm a poor fish."
"Gosh! You?"

"Yes—me. For three months I've been trying to get that girl to foxtrot with me up to the altar and all she does is to give me the laugh."

"Ain't you even engaged?"
"No."

"Why not?"
"Because," he said, "I have never had the nerve to propose."

"Aw say—"
"On the level I haven't. I get tongue-tied."
"Ain't you even kissed her?"

"Holy smoke! No!"
"Why not?"
"She'd get sore."

Miss Berenice Rogers stopped in her tracks. "Now listen to me, Mr. Cyril Harrington—I can stand kidding as well as the next one, but I ain't no boob. Their ain't no man living in this century which is as big a sap as you claim you are."

"But she wouldn't dream of letting me kiss her."

"Letting! Great Grandmother! girls don't let men kiss 'em these days. They expect to be strongarmed. Ain't you acting that way all the time? Ain't kissing girls your regular day's work? Ain't that what you get paid for?"

"Sure—but that's picture stuff."

"Picture stuff—sure. But you know what you and those other heavy lovers of the screen have done—you've established a style in love-making. Any girl which can't get made love to Cyril Harrington fashion thinks that the bird

she's with is the cheese. My Gawd! I can't get over it—you waiting for a girl to ask you please to kiss her! Excuse me while I chuckle."

"All right—I reckon it's funny to you. But it isn't to me." Silence fell between them for a moment, and then: "What would you have me do?"

"Grab her. Fling them sinewy arms of your'n around her ruby waist and implant a little passion on her supple lips. Treat her rough. Make her understand that you're the superior male."

"But," he explained, "I'm not."

"You make me tired. You gimme a pain. You aint got the git-up-and-git of a jellybean. You don't deserve to marry no girl. And it wouldn't be so bad if you wasn't acting grand every day. Say—there ain't a dame living—and mighty few dead—which wouldn't leave their happy home for some of the caveman stuff you're always pulling. They love it. No woman never gives in because she just wants to, but because she wants to be made to want to. She likes to think she can't help it and whatever happens is the guy's fault, if any. When are you gonna see this dame again?"

"I don't know. I've got three more weeks booked on this tour."

"And you're really terrible crazy about her?"

He hesitated for one brief instant. "Yes, I guess I am."

"Huh!" she mocked, "You guess you am. If a guy ever just guessed he was nuts about me, I'd brain him. When I get he-vamped I want it done powerful and complete."

"Well," he sighed, "maybe she does, too. But I don't believe it."

"That's because you don't know anything about women, Cyril, and you don't understand what you know."

TUESDAY morning found Mr. Harrington deluged with mail and harassed by committees which struggled ineffectually to snare him. He sought sanctuary in Berenice's box office and they chatted like old friends.

A night of intensive thought had served only to add to her puzzlement regarding this masculine anomaly who taught a nation to make love and yet was himself the rankest novice. Her early suspicion that he was posing was utterly dissipated by the frank terror with which he dodged earnest committee-members and the look of horror which flashed in his eyes each time some ardent female cornered him for a personal interview.

"Ain't you got no pep at all?" she queried. "Ain't you learned nothing from them wild parties in Hollywood?"

"Yes," he admitted frankly, "I have. I've learned that the odds are all against the man who tries to fill an in-between straight. I have learned, in fact, about everything there is to learn in connection with a male world. But so far as women are concerned—"

"There ain't no such thing as wild parties without women, is there?"

"I guess there is. I've been on 'em."
"In Hollywood?" Incredulously.
"In Hollywood."

"Gosh! You ain't doing a thing to me, Cyril. First of all I thought you walked around with two vamps in each hand. Second I thought you'd never notice me at all and then if you did that you'd try to get fresh. And third I thought all Hollywood parties were wild, woolly and sexy . . . and here you come along; a nice, rosy-cheeked kid which is scared of women and tell me that the wildest thing you ever done in Hollywood was to grab off the fourth ace. Honest, Cyril, you're too good to be true. Or too true to be good: gosh knows which."

That afternoon he suggested a repetition of their stroll. She accepted with alacrity. She found herself strangely attracted to this modest, unassuming young man, and as she expressed it that night on a secluded park bench—"Every once in so often I got to kick myself in the shins to remember that you're Cyril Harrington, the great movie star."

"Forget it," he commanded. "I'm sick and tired of all this publicity bunk. That's why I like you—you're willing to let me act naturally."

When they parted at the door of her boarding house he gazed deep into her eyes.

"Darned if you aren't the prettiest girl I know."

"Huh! Maybe you don't know how to act it, but you sure can talk."

"If I could act it, I'd kiss you good-night."

"If you kissed me good-night; you'd kiss me good-bye, too."

"You don't mean you've never been kissed?"

"Not hardly. I've been kissed more'n a dozen times maybe. But there aint a guy which ever planted no affection on my lips which didn't get regretful pretty soon after."

He sighed and turned away. "Anyway," he flung over his shoulder. "I want to."

The following morning Berenice's landlady stopped her in the hallway. Mrs. Moriarty was an ample and worthy widow lady with rigid ideas regarding the proprieties. She had read voluminously of the fiction which was popular in the nineties and was surfeited with knowledge concerning the precipices along which all girls constantly walk.

"Honey," she said, "you had better be watching your step a bit more closely."

"Meaning Cyril Harrington?" queried Berenice with disarming directness.

"Meaning him. I've seen the lad's pictures, Berenice, and I'll say he's positively embarrassing the way he handles young ladies."

"He is—kind of. On the screen."

"One of these times you're gonna let your guard down, my child, and then—"

"And then he won't know it. He's just a nice unspoiled kid, Mrs. Moriarty. I'm so safe with him I think there must be something the matter with me. It's downright insulting, the courtesy he treats me with. You'd think I was a grandmother."

"Well," expostulated the portly lady. "You ain't. And one of these midnights something is going to happen."

"I almost wish you was right, Mrs. M. He spends his time telling me how crazy he is about some Eastern dame which can't see him at all."

"She's crazy, then," exploded the other. "If I was a bit younger and more shapely—Anyway, Berenice, remember, you've got the looks. I guess you're even as pretty as some of these here movie queens. And a guy which can love like Cyril Harrington is just naturally bound to keep in practice. From what I gather you're the handiest one in this town for him to practice on."

THAT night he talked considerably less about the gelid maiden whom he loved and considerably more about himself. She liked his frank ingenuousness and gave eager ear to the recital of his ambitions, his failures of the past and his hopes for the future. But the night after that—Thursday—he steered the conversation in her direction.

"You aren't always expecting to work in a moving picture theater box office, are you?"

"No-o. I don't guess so. But I don't know no railroad presidents which needs secretaries right now and no millionaire ain't thrown his filthy lucretia at my feet in the last couple weeks."

"Well," he insisted, "what are you going to do?"

She shrugged. "Sort of slide."

"And some day marry?"

"I guess so. I know lots of girls which have done that."

"You're too fine for any of these small town Hicks," he said with unnecessary emphasis. "I wonder if you realize how you'd look in a real Paris gown. You know the kind I mean—"

"Sure—sure I know. V back and C front."

He blushed into the darkness. "You are stunning."

"Maybe so," she answered philosophically.

"But I ain't never stunned nobody so bad that they haven't come back to consciousness pretty



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quick. I reckon I'm built for looks and not for speed."

"Just the same," he announced, as though she had disagreed violently with his last remark, "you possess rare beauty."

On Friday night he begged her to ride with him. He drove a car which had been loaned to him by a local automobile agency and they went out across the mountain and dipped into the moon-drenched valley beyond. There they drove for more than an hour and for some inexplicable reason very little was said between them. Once she touched upon the subject of the lady whom he desired to make his wife.

"You wanted my advice," she said, "and I've given it. All you need to do is wait until you get her alone, give one dying-duck look into her downcast eyes and do a clinch. If she hands you a jolt, just hold her tighter. You know, the way you done to Marise Logan in 'Married Bliss'."

"That," he retorted, "was merely a picture. And Marise isn't exactly the resisting kind." "Neither is any dame which is crazy about you."

"But this girl is not."

"Tell that to Sweeney. Of course she is." She was wordless for a moment, and then—"Anyway, you try it—and send me an invite to the funeral."

"It does sound right," he said. "But I have a hunch it wouldn't work."

"Which just proves that you and women are strangers. You ain't never introduced yourself to this girl the way she wants you to be introduced. Snag her, Cyril; snag her. Grab her in both hands and hold what you got. Maybe she's icy now, but I ain't never seen the ice which won't melt."

Throughout the week the Parthenon had done a land-office business. Occasionally some superenthusiastic females would waylay Cyril and provide themselves with a nervous thrill. Others projected themselves into the rôle of the screen leading woman and, conscious of Cyril's physical proximity, received a vicarious delight. At any rate the theater broke its own records and Saturday promised suffocating crowds.

Miss Berenice Rogers dressed with unusual care that morning. The previous afternoon she had extracted a goodly portion of her savings from the bank and invested it in chiffon hose, new oxfords, a new hat and a bead necklace which she had long coveted.

SHE was unaccountably depressed during her long walk to the Parthenon. This was Cyril's last day—and she liked Cyril. During the week her preconceived notion of him had been shattered and a new conception had supplanted it.

Somehow, she liked the Cyril that as a great deal more than she could ever have liked the Cyril she had expected him to be.

He chatted with her a bit during the morning but in the afternoon he dared not remain about the theater. And that night, after the last performance, he met her in the car which had been loaned him and they turned wordlessly over the mountain, crossed the valley and ascended to the crest of a long ridge to the south.

He drove silently and parked the car near a bluff which commanded a view of the valley below.

"Let's sit here," he suggested.

They sat side by side on the bank. Berenice felt herself oppressed by melancholia. She couldn't understand this feeling and tried earnestly to shake it off. Of course this was good-bye night, and good-byes are never pleasant, but just the same—"I'm an idiot," she scoured herself, "A plumb fool."

For awhile they sat there in silence. It was his voice which punctured the stillness.

"Well, Berenice, I'm getting out in the morning."

"Yep—I know."

"Sorry?"

"I ain't exactly cheering about it."

"You do like me a little, don't you?"

"Well, I wouldn't go quite that far. I'd go a heap farther."

"Aw say . . ."

She flung around on him, a hint of hysteria in her tones. "Snap out of it, Cyril. For the love of Mike, let's don't get sobby. I like you, and I reckon you like me a bit—even if I have just been a female clearing house for your troubles. If I've helped you in your love affair then I've paid back for the pleasant week you've given me—and we're quits."

He nodded solemnly.

"You've helped—a lot. I've learned a heap of things this week."

Again the inexplicable cessation of dialog. The minutes lengthened into a half-hour and crawled slowly toward midnight. Each felt the urge to talk, to make the most of these last few precious moments together, but there seemed nothing to be said.

He regarded her out of half-closed eyes. She was beautiful as she sat there staring pensively across the silvered valley. Her hand lay very close to his—she herself was unduly far away. And then, as he watched, she rose slowly to her feet, and he stood beside her. They turned, faced one another—

Without thought or word his arms were about her, and he held her tight against him. His lips sought hers hungrily—

For an instant her body relaxed and her lips clung eagerly to his.

For an infinitesimal eternity of time she revelled in the exquisite sweetness of his embrace.

The moment passed. A sense of danger smote her and she tried to tear away, but his clasp was vise-like. She ripped one arm free. She slapped his face—slapped it hard. He stepped back.

"Berenice . . ."

She throttled an almost overpowering impulse to fling herself again in his arms. A sense of outrage vanquished the temporary happiness.

Her voice came, cold and hard—but trembling.

"I'm sorry," she said softly. "And ashamed. I didn't think you'd pull nothing like this."

He extended his hand. "Listen—"

"I ain't gonna listen to nothing. I guess you've got me sized up all wrong. I reckon you thought when I was fool enough to take these midnight rides with you I'd stand for anything. Well, I won't. Now, let's go."

HE fell into step beside her and sought to put his hand upon her arm. She jerked away. At the car he faced her. Then, once again he caught her in his arms. He exhibited unsuspected strength as he held her motionless, forced her head back and implanted upon her upturned lips the same clinging kiss which she had seen him bestow upon Marise Logan in 'Wedded Bliss.'

She tried to tear away, but could not. Her eyes blazed into his.

"You better let me go, Cyril," she said quietly.

"Why?" he demanded. "Why?"

"Let me go."

He laughed shortly.

"Haven't you been telling me all week I could get away with this strong-arm stuff if I wanted to? Haven't you been saying that no woman would resist me?"

"Maybe I have," she said levelly, "but I wasn't talking about myself. You take my advice, Mr. Cyril Harrington, and try this stuff on the dame you want to marry—"

He held her head in both hands so that his eyes were very close to hers.

"You poor little fool," he cried, "can't you understand that I'm doing just exactly that!"

She stared. Then a sensation of unutterable contentment came to her and she went limp in his arms.

From close against his breast her voice—happy and afraid—came to his ears.

"Gee! Cyril," she said, "I never would of believed that I'd quit the old Parthenon without giving 'em two weeks' notice."

Does The Camera Lie?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

in front of the camera, they use miniature structures, built in exact detail and proportion to correspond with the actual set. In "Scaramouche," Mr. Ingram's latest production, you will see a very beautiful French chateau. The chateau was constructed to a height above the second story windows. The roof, with its graceful spires and turrets, is a perfect miniature, erected only a few feet from the camera, while the chateau is perhaps two hundred feet distant. The most practiced eye will scarcely be able to detect where one stops and the other starts. The blending is perfect. This process is not to the discredit of "Scaramouche," a sumptuous production on which thousands and thousands of dollars have been spent to secure an impressive and beautiful atmospheric background. It adds to, rather than detracts from, the excellence of the production and, at the same time, tends to produce a perfect illusion.

MINIATURES were used in similar fashion in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," another picture of lavish and unusually costly settings. The sets constructed for this feature at Universal City cover acres of ground and tower high into the air. The miniatures increase an already gigantic ensemble.

For exterior work these miniatures have one distinct advantage over paintings on glass: from morning to night the shadows correspond to those of the actual sets. The light and shade is always the same on both. This is impossible of attainment on glass, and the variation of shadows is in danger of being instantly detected by the eagle-eyed twelve-year-old who sits in the front row and sees all.

Some of the most impressive backgrounds in "The Girl of the Golden West" are painted on glass, particularly those showing the majestic, snow-capped Sierra peaks. Much of this picture was taken in the same location as "The Covered Wagon." The producers feared that the identity of the locations would be detected. Further, the famous stage play called for mountains crowned with snow. The glass painters moved in a whole range of mountains in a few hours of rapid brush work.

This glass and miniature business, as may be imagined, requires a high degree of technical knowledge and skill. It is extremely difficult to do with the perfection that will give complete illusion. It is worthless unless it is convincing, and producers are quite aware of the fact. "Fakey" touches must be avoided. It is not always the cheapest or easiest method. Sometimes it requires days of painstaking and monotonous labor, and often it must be done over and over before the desired results are secured.

ITS chief advantage is that it permits the photographing of atmospheric and scenic effects that are otherwise impossible—snow-capped peaks when there are none, massive interiors that would cost thousands of dollars to complete, architectural mounds that would require months to construct, and ordinary ceilings when it is practically impossible to utilize them on even the simplest sets. So much for glass. Its use is increasing with every picture produced; the results are rapidly approaching absolute perfection. Incidentally, most of the glass painting is done in black, white and greys without the use of color.

There is another process closely akin to photography through glass which produces practically the same results: the double exposure of one portion of a scene upon another. In the example of the ceiling, the upper portion of the picture or the exact area which the ceiling would occupy is masked from the film by placing a black mat of correct shape over that part of the lens. When the film is exposed, the black mask prevents the light from reaching the portion which is to be occupied by the ceiling. After the scene is photographed, the



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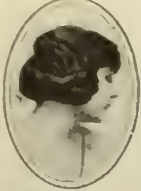
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film is rewound, a mask made to cover the area already exposed and the first mask removed. A painting or photograph is then placed in correct position and photographed on the unexposed portion of the film. The result is two pictures made on one piece of film, each blending perfectly into the other.

THIS method was used in making the magnificent interior cathedral scenes, supposedly replicas of Whitehall Chapel, London, for "Lorna Doone." The picture, on page 33, shows the set as it was constructed on the studio stage with a throne platform, rostrum and gallery. The floor space and gallery were sufficiently large for several hundred players to perform. A background effect of beautiful arched, stained-glass windows was double-exposed on the film above that portion on which the action had been recorded.

Ferdinand Pinney Earle, who was an artist of note before he became a motion picture director and producer, employs yet another method. He paints a great many of his lavish sets on a small canvas, photographs them and then double-exposes his players on the same film.

William P. S. Earle, another artist-producer, recently completed a chronicle of King Tutankhamen and his times. The scenery and settings are unusually impressive. A large percentage are done on glass and with paintings. If you might have seen Mr. Earle and his camera atop one of the studio stages, shooting through a piece of glass at a few score of scantily clad Egyptian gentlemen, driving chariots back and forth across the gravel driveway between the garage and the office building, you would have been ready to submit his name for membership to a psychopathic hospital. If you see his picture and the results of that particular day's work you will swear Mr. Earle slipped back fifty centuries, hopped over to Luxor and took the pictures from the top row of the Luxor Stadium, or wherever it was that Tut's following did its chariotteering. The illusion should serve to convince any audience.

CHARLES RAY, who has resorted to a trick or two in his latest production, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," puts forth a very sound argument in behalf of the prevaricating camera.

"We have learned in pictures to do away with realism except where realism is absolutely necessary," he says. "We have found that illusion is much nearer realism when done in the studios where we can control lights, cameras and motion better than elsewhere. And, after all, what we want is the most perfect illusion—for illusion is the basis of scenic art."

In the Miles Standish picture, Ray has combined realism and illusion to bring about a desired end. The "Mayflower" was constructed from stem to stern, a truly marvelous bit of craftsmanship and an exact replica. Its voyage to America and the storms encountered at sea are startling and entirely convincing illusion. The setting of the Plymouth colony, blanketed with snow, is another combination of realism and illusion, for somewhere the actual buildings and trees stop and the sweeping panoramic background of the New England forests begins—even though no one can quite detect the dividing line in the completed film.

Ultra-speed photography is another method used to obtain the perfect illusion. There are many examples of its use. Thomas H. Ince's "Lying Lips," a success of two years past, is a good illustration. The picture contained scenes of an ocean liner plowing through a heavy sea and coming to grief against a derelict mine. The scenes were filmed in miniature. The sea was the studio swimming tank; the liner a perfect model, about three feet long.

THE reason for using the ultra-speed camera was this: miniatures photographed at normal speed invariably look "fakey," due to the fact that small objects do not move with the same ponderous deliberation of heavier life-sized objects. When a four-story building col-



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lapses, it takes several seconds for the mass to settle to the ground. If a four-story miniature, perhaps two feet high, collapses, it is on the ground in an instant. The speed of the two actions differs so greatly that the illusion is lost. The waves of the ocean, photographed at normal speed, move slowly and with an effect of irresistible power and weight. If the water in a swimming tank is agitated and photographed at normal speed the resultant effect is one of dinky splashing.

The "Lying Lips" ocean was agitated by paddles and the liner towed across the tank, by underwater wires, at lightning speed. To the eye, the miniature merely bobbed up and down in a ridiculous dash across the tank. And so it would have looked on the screen had it been photographed at normal speed. The ultra-speed camera, however, takes five pictures where the normal speed camera takes one.

Consequently, when the pictures were projected on a theater screen, the action of the ship and the waves was only one-fifth as fast as when it occurred. The result: the waves, instead of splashing jumpyly, undulate slowly and ponderously. They give the illusion of hundreds of tons of water rising and falling with unending monotony. The ship, instead of bobbing up and down like a cork as it had actually done, appears to roll and pitch after the fashion of so many liners, dropping into the trough of the sea and lifting heavily to the crest of the following swell. Its bows cleave the water, throwing it up and astern as they would not have done had the miniature been pulled along at slow speed, and a white wake stretches out behind, another result of the rapid dash across the tank. The illusion in these particular scenes was perfect. Photographs of a real ocean greyhound could not have been more convincing.

A LARGE percentage of the miniature scenes made at present are photographed in the same fashion. The ultra-speed camera reduces the ultra-speed action of the light miniatures to normal and lends them a remarkably realistic touch.

"Double printing" is another process frequently used—more often to secure illusions of action than scenic background. To illustrate, suppose that a picture is required of a horse and rider leaping across a perilously wide chasm. The first step in the double printing process would be to photograph the chasm, if possible, against a backing of clear sky.

The second step would be to photograph the jumping horse, the more difficult of the two. The horse's position on the second film must correspond to that which it would have occupied on the film of the chasm, had it actually made the jump across. The ground over which the horse runs is masked out with a white mat. The background is open sky. The horse runs along the ground, leaps across a tiny ditch, perhaps, lands and continues running, never having been more than two or three feet off the ground at any time.

When this negative is developed and printed, however, the only impression on the film is that of a horse running on nothing—galloping through thin air. The two prints—the picture of the chasm and the picture of the jumping horse—are carefully matched until, looking through the two together, the effect is given of the horse running to the chasm, leaping over it and continuing on the other side.

THE matching process is difficult and important, and must be perfect to the smallest fraction of an inch. If the two scenes do not match, the horse may leap from one side of the chasm, land in the air in the middle of it and continue running merrily along the atmosphere. In order that the two films may coincide exactly, it is often necessary to take a number of different shots of the leaping horse in order to get a single one that can be utilized.

When the two positive prints of the action are fitted together accurately, a double-print negative is made; that is so say, they are both run through the printing machine at the same

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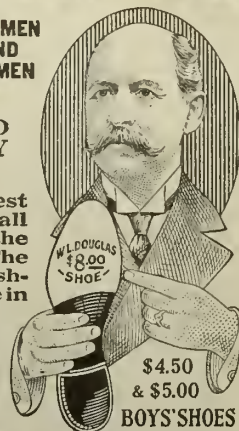
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time and the scenes from both pictures printed together on a single negative. The net result, as it appears on the theater screen, is that the horse runs along the ground until he reaches the chasm, leaps across and lands on the opposite side.

Dozens of other tricks are being used and scores of new ones will undoubtedly be invented in the future. Many of the processes are impossible to explain definitely as their originators steadfastly decline to disclose how they are done. Almost every cameraman has his own bag of tricks, while three or four are masters of deceptive photography.

One of the best of these, Fred Jackman, for several years spent a great deal of his time experimenting with his camera—teaching it new lies and learning how it could convincingly prevaricate. Some of his cinematic deceptions are of interest.

IN the final scenes of "Molly O," the villain—or perhaps it was the hero—hopped into his airplane and soared away in pursuit of somebody's blimp. With both flying high in the air the villain—or hero—dropped from the plane to the blimp, ran along the top of the gas bag for a distance, scrambled down the rope netting and into the car, where he started a free-for-all fight.

Jackman went to Florida to make the scenes. He received cooperation from the naval air station at Pensacola. He was able to get everything he wanted except the scenes where the villain—or hero—changed from the plane to the blimp. He was stuck on that one. The planes went too fast and the blimp too slowly. With a two-thousand foot drop into the Gulf of Mexico in store for the dropper, if he should miss his footing, the stunt was entirely too dangerous to attempt. Jackman returned to California without it and then went out in the Edendale hills one afternoon and made one that was just as good—perhaps better.

He found a convenient hill with a top that corresponded in curve to that of the top of a blimp. He set his camera up facing the top of the hill, and perhaps a hundred yards distant, with nothing but sky in the background. Several feet in front of the camera he hung a miniature blimp, two or three feet in length. From the viewpoint of the camera lens the top of the blimp and the top of the hill were perfectly aligned. Two high poles, some distance apart, stood on top of the hill. A wire was stretched between them with a rope ladder hanging from the center and reaching down almost to the top of the hill beneath. Jackman started cranking his camera, a man descended the rope ladder, dropped to the ground and ran along the top of the hill for a short distance. The trick was done.

ON the screen the blimp appeared as flying high in the air. The man descended from above, dropped to the blimp and ran along the top. No hill anywhere to be seen—no poles—no wire stretched between. Simplicity itself. The miniature blimp masked everything out except the man descending. When the man landed on the hill and started running, it looked as if he were running along the top of the bag. The man was placed on the distant hill in order that his size might be in the right proportion to that of the balloon.

This same Jackman has performed other miracles that no one has been able to fathom. Cameramen will tell you that he once produced the illusion of a horse leaping from a precipice into a river several hundred feet below without the aid of horse, precipice or river.

The best trick photographers appear to have a sixth sense that enables them to produce some of their startling results. Some of them will patiently explain in minute detail the mechanics of making a certain trick shot, and yet other cameramen are unable to duplicate the trick successfully.

A FEW paragraphs in defense of this photographic deception that is being practiced with increasing frequency may not be amiss.



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Except in comedy subjects, producers seldom exceed the bounds of plausibility in their application of trick camerawork. They do not insult the intelligence of audiences. They seldom attempt anything that will stretch the imagination to the breaking point. The illusions they create with glass paintings, double exposures and the rest could be done in actuality. They are entirely possible.

Why, then, is it done? The reasons are numerous and, for the most part, quite legitimate. In the case of simple ceilings it is done because a ceiling on an interior studio set is highly impractical and almost impossible. In the case of extravagant scenic background, beauty and color otherwise unattainable may be achieved. The possibilities here are unlimited—the illusion of ancient Rome, Athens or Constantinople is possible without the necessity of constructing the cities in their entirety.

When action is dealt with by trick photography, it becomes possible to create the illusion of danger without subjecting players to unreasonable risk.

The leap across the chasm is as thrilling and as convincing as if it had actually been accomplished.

Not danger, but the illusion of danger, is wanted.

It must appear dangerous to the audience, no matter what it looked like when it was being made.

Do not for a moment conclude that because some of the magnificent structures you see on the screen are no more than a pint of paint on a piece of glass, that nothing you see is real. Most of it is real. In a six thousand foot production that insiders will say is "full of glass," the trick photography will probably not appear on more than two or three hundred feet. In many pictures there will be no more than fifteen or twenty feet of trick film.

By far the most important element of any picture is the action of the players and the unfolding of the story. The settings serve only to create an atmospheric impression. What does it matter if the feudal castle is only a painting on a piece of glass? As you see it on the screen it is but a picture—what matter if it is the picture of a picture or the picture of a building, so long as the perfect illusion is achieved?

After getting a smattering idea of how it is done, you can now go to your neighborhood theater and try to distinguish the settings constructed of wood and stone from those daubed on glass. You will decide that the roof of the house is a painting—until someone climbs atop it and proves you were wrong. You will swear the big hotel is real because three or four people crawl out of one window and shiny along the ledge to the next window—and be wrong again for probably only the window ledge and the people were real.

And while you are trying to figure it out, the illusion, which is often more effective than realism, will continue to become more and more perfect, more and more convincing, and the forthcoming crop of cinema productions will become steadily—perhaps—better and better.

Hard to Dress Butlers

BERT ISGRIGG, who costumes the men who appear in pictures at the Goldwyn studio, says that the motion picture butlers are the hardest parts to dress properly. Butlers, it seems, wear different clothes in every country—not to mention different households in the same country!

Some of them wear tuxedos, some livery, some semi-military uniforms. Some—if they happen to buttle for kings—wear a row of medals.

Some of them are as tricky dressers as the kings themselves.

Mr. Isgrigg says that the easiest pictures to costume are bathing pictures.



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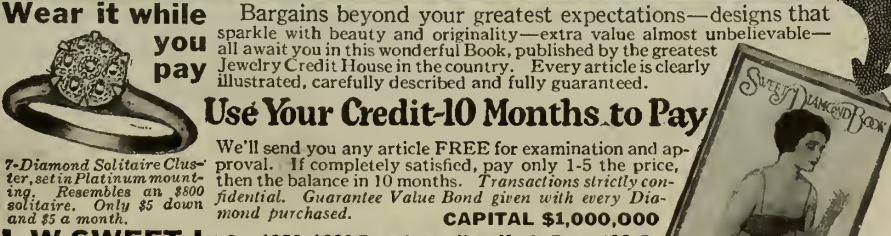
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"THE DAYS OF DANIEL BOONE"—UNIVERSAL—Story and scenario by Jefferson Moffatt. Director, William James Craft. Photography by Howard Oswald. The cast: Daniel Boone, Charles Brinley; Jack Gordon, Jack Mower; Susan Boone, Eileen Sedgwick; Claire de Voe, Ruth Royce; General Braddock, Herhall Mayall; George Washington, Duke R. Lee; Capt. Charles Redmond, A. J. Smith; Simon Girty, Duke R. Lee; Judge Henderson, Frank Farrington; James Monroe, Jack Lewis.

"THE SELF-MADE WIFE"—UNIVERSAL—Story by Elizabeth Alexander. Scenario by Albert Kenyon. Director, Jack Dillon. Photography by William Foldew. The cast: Corrie Godwin, Ethel Grey Terry; Tim Godwin, Craufurd Kent; Dodo Sears, Virginia Ainsworth; J. D. Sears, Phillips Smalley; Elena Vincent, Dorothy Cummings; Tim Godwin, Jr., Maurice Murphy; Jimmy Godwin, Turner Savage; The Baby, Honora Beatrice; Hotchkiss, Tom McGuire; Mrs. Satter, Laura LaVarnie; Bob, Mathew Betz; Allerdycy, Frank R. Butler.

"SUCCESS"—METRO—Written and adapted by Adeline Leitzbach and Theodore A. Liebler, Jr. Director, Ralph Ince. The cast: Barry Carleton, Brandon Tynan; Jane Randolph, Naomi Childers; Rose Randolph, Mary Astor; Sam Lewis, Dore Davidson; Willis Potter, Lionel Adams; Gilbert Gordon, Stanley Ridges; Henry Briggs, Robert Lee Keiling; Nick Walker, Billy Quirk; Ruth, Helen Macks; Joe, Gay Pendleton; Treadwell, the Peasant, John Woodford.

"MC GUIRE OF THE MOUNTED"—UNIVERSAL—Story by Raymond L. Schrock and George Hively. Scenario by George Hively. Director, Richard Stanton. Photography by Ben F. Kline. The cast: Bob McGuire, William Desmond; Julie Montreau, Louise Lorraine; Bill Lusk, Willard Louis; Katie Peck, Vera James; Andre Montreau, P. J.

Lockney; Major Cordwell, Wm. A. Lowery; Mrs. Cordwell, Peggy Browne; Henri, Frank Johnson; Sergeant Murphy, Jack Walters

"PETER THE GREAT"—PARAMOUNT—Director, Dimitri Buchowetski. Manuscript by Sada Cowan. Edited by Julian Johnson. The cast: Peter I, Tsar of Russia, Emil Jannings; Eudoxie, his wife, Cordy Millowitsch; Tsarvitch Alexei, his son, Walter Janssen; Menschikoff, Prime Minister, Hernhard Goetske; Katharina, a canteen girl, Dagny Servaes; Aphrossinia, Alexei's sweetheart, Alexandria Sorina; Nicodim, Patriarch of Russia, Fritz Kortner; The Jester, Siegfried Behrisch.

"HUMAN WRECKAGE"—F. B. O.—Story by C. Gardner Sullivan. Director, John Griffith Wray. The cast: Ethel MacFarland, Mrs. Wallace Reid; Alan MacFarland, James Kirkwood; Mary Finnegan, Bessie Love; Jimmy Brown, George Hackathorne; Mrs. Brown, Claire McDowell; Dr. Hillman, Robert McKim; Mrs. Finnegan, Victory Bateman; Steve Stone, Harry Northrup; Dr. Blake, Eric Mayne; Harris, Otto Hoffman; Dunn, Philip Sleeman; The Baby, George Clark; Ginger Smith, Lucille Rickson; and—A City Official, George E. Cryer (Mayor of the City of Los Angeles); An Educator, Dr. R. B. von Klein-Smid (President of the University of Southern California); A Jurist, Benjamin Bledsoe (United States Judge, 12th Federal District), A Police Official, Martha Nelson McCann (Los Angeles Park Commissioner), Mrs. Chester Ashley (Educator), John P. Carter (Former U. S. Internal Revenue Collector), Mrs. Chas. F. Gray (Parent Teachers Assn.); A Health Authority, Dr. L. M. Powers (Health Commissioner, City of Los Angeles); Salvation Army Worker, Brigadier C. R. Boyd.

"SAWDUST"—UNIVERSAL—Story by Courtney Riley Cooper. Scenario by Harvey Gates. Director, Jack Conway. Photography



Sometimes we enjoy the film folk. As for instance, when they hit upon a location like this, as did Reginald Barker's company of "The Master of Woman." The scene is Big Bear Lake and the players in the background are Renee Adoree and Pat O'Malley

by Allen Davey. The cast: *Nita Moore*, Gladys Walton; *Phillip Lessoway*, Niles Welch; *Mrs. Nancy Wentworth*, Edith Yorke; *Ethelbert Wentworth*, Herbert Standing; *Runner Bayne*, Mathew Betz; "*Pop*" Gifford, Frank Brownlee; "*Speck*" Dawson, William Robert Daly; *Tressie*, Mattie Peters; "*Sawdust*," Mike.

"WANDERING DAUGHTERS"—FIRST NATIONAL—Adapted from the story by Dana Burnet. Director, James Young. The cast: *Bessie Bowden*, Marguerite de la Motte; *Will Bowden*, her father, William V. Mong; *Annie Bowden*, her mother, Mabel Van Buren; *Geraldine Horton*, Marjorie Daw; *Charles Horton*, her father, Noah Beery; *John Forgraves*, Pat O'Malley; *Austin Trull*, Alan Forrest; *Servant in the Bowden Home*, Alice Howell.

"WHERE IS MY WANDERING BOY THIS EVENING?"—PATHE—Presented by Mack Sennett. Director, C. R. Wallace. The cast: *A Village Sheik*, Ben Turpin; *A girl who loved him*, Priscilla Bonner; *A woman who didn't*, Madeleine Hurlock; *His mother*, Dot Farley; *A jealous hired man*, Jim Finlayson.

"SHOOTIN' FOR LOVE"—UNIVERSAL—Story by Raymond L. Schrock and Edward Sedgwick. Scenario by Albert G. Kenyon and Raymond L. Schrock. Director, Edward Sedgwick. Photography by Virgil E. Miller. The cast: *Duke Travis*, Hoot Gibson; *Mary Randolph*, Laura La Plante; *Jim Travis*, Alfred Allen; *Bill Randolph*, William Welsh; *Dan Hobson*, William Steele; *Sheriff Bludsoe*, Arthur Mackley; *Sandy*, W. T. McCulley; *Tex Carson*, Kansas Moehring.

"THE MYSTERIOUS WITNESS"—F. B. O.—Story by Eugene Manlove Rhodes. Director, Seymour Zeliff. The cast: *Johnny Brant*, Robert Gordon; *Mrs. John Brant*, Nannie Wright; *Ed Carney*, Jack Connolly; *Ruth Garland*, Elinor Fair; *Jim Garland*, J. Wharton James.

"RUPERT OF HENTZAU"—SELZNICK DISTRIBUTING CORP.—From the novel by Sir Anthony Hope. Scenario by Edward J. Montague. Director, Victor Heerman. Photography by James MacWilliams. The cast: *Queen Flavia*, Elaine Hammerstein; *Rodolph Russendyll*, King Rodolph of Ruritonia, Bert Lytell; *Rupert of Hentzau*, Lew Cody; *Helga von Tarlenheim*, Claire Windsor; *Colonel Sapt*, Hobart Bosworth; *Fritz von Tarlenheim*, Bryant Washburn; *Rosa Hoff*, Marjorie Daw; *Bauer*, Mitchell Lewis; *Count Rischenheim*, Adolphe Menjou; *Simon the Woodsman*, Elmo Lincoln; *Lt. von Bernstein*, Irving Cummings; *Mother Hoff*, Josephine Crowell; *Herbert the Huntsman*, Nigel De Brullier; *Paula*, Gertrude Astor.

"THE RAPIDS"—W. W. HODKINSON—Story by Alan Sullivan. Adapted by Faith Green. Director, David M. Hartford. Photography by Walter L. Griffin and Oliver Sigardson. The cast: *Robert Fisher Clarke*, Harry T. Morey; *Elsie Worden*, Mary Astor; *Jim Belding*, Walter Miller; *John Minton*, Harlan Knight; *Henry Marsham*, Charles Slattery; *Horace Wimberley*, Edwin Frosberg; *Herbert Stoughton*, Jack Newton; *Bishop Sullivan*, Charles Wellesley; *Louis Beaudette*, John W. Dillion; *Sue*, Peggy Rice; *Mayor Filmer*, Frank Andrews.

"DESERT DRIVEN"—F. B. O.—Story by Wyndham Martyn. Adapted by Wyndham Gittens. Director, Val Paul. Photography by William Thornley. The cast: *Bob*, Harry Carey; *Mary*, Marguerite Clayton; *Craydon*, Geo. J. Wagner; *Leary*, Chas. J. LeMoyné; *Yorke*, Alfred Allen; *Ge-Ge*, Camille Johnson; *Brown*, Dan Crimmins; *Wife*, Catherine Kay; *Sheriff*, Tom Lingham; *Warden*, Jack Carlyle; *Cook*, Jim Wang; *Kendall*, Ashley Cooper.




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“ITCHING PALMS”—F. B. O.—Story and adaptation by Wyndham Gittens and Helmer Bergman. Director, James W. Horne. Photography by William Marshall. The cast: Jerry, Tom Gallery; Jerry's Father, Hershall Mayall; Virgie, Virginia Fox; Mac, Tom Wilson; Obadiah Simpkins, Joseph Harrington; The Village Dumbell, Victor Potel; Grandma Gano, Gertrude Claire; Doctor Peak, Robert Walker; Judge Barrett, Tom Lingham; Constable Coman, Richard Cummings.

“CIRCUS DAYS”—FIRST NATIONAL—Adapted from “Toby Tyler.” Director, Eddie Cline. The cast: Toby Tyler, Jackie Coogan; Ann Tyler, his Mother, Barbara Tennant; Eben Holt, Russell Simpson; His wife, Martha, Claire McDowell; Luigi, the Clown, Cesare Gravini; Jeannette, his Niece, Peaches Jackson; Mr. Lord, the Lemonade Man, Sam de Grasse; Mr. Daly, the Circus Owner, DeWitt Jennings; World's Fattest Woman, Nellie Lane; World's Skinniest Man, William Barlow.

“THREE WISE FOOLS”—GOLDWYN—Author, Austin Strong. Adaptation, King Vidor. Director, King Vidor. Photography by Charles Van Enger. The cast: Findley, Claude Gillingwater; Rena Fairchild, Sydney Fairchild, Eleanor Boardman; Hon. James Trumbull, Wm. H. Crane; Dr. Gaunt, Alec Francis; John Crawshaw, John Sainpolis; Benny the Duck, Brinsley Shaw; Gray, Fred Esmelton; Gordon, William Haines; Douglas, Lucien Littlefield; Micky, ZaSu Pitts; Saunders, Martha Mattox; Poole, Fred J. Butler; Clancy, Charles Hickman; Young Findley, Craig Biddle, Jr.; Young Trumbull, Creighton Hale; Young Gaunt, Raymond Hatton.

“THE LAW OF THE LAWLESS”—PARAMOUNT—Story by Konrad Bercovici. Scenario by E. Lloyd Sheldon and Edfrid Bingham. Director, Victor Fleming. Photography by George R. Meyer. The cast: Sahande, a spirited Tartar maid, Dorothy Dalton; Sender, a faint hearted musician, Theodore Kosloff; Costa, a gypsy chief, Charles de Roche; Ali Mechmet, a money lender, Tully Marshall; Osman, father of Sahande, Fred Huntley; Fanulza, a gypsy, Margaret Loomis.

“THE WOMAN WITH FOUR FACES”—PARAMOUNT—Author, Bayard Veiller. Scenario by George Hopkins. Director, Herbert Brenon. Photography by Jimmie Howe. The cast: Elizabeth West, a crook, Betty Compson; Richard Templar, district attorney, Richard Dix; Judge Westcott, George Fawcett; Jim Hartigan, a convict, Theodore Von Eltz; Judson Osgood, a narcotic peddler, Joseph Kilgour; Morton, James Farley; Warden Cassidy, Guy Oliver; Ralph Dobson, Charles A. Stevenson; The Boy, Gladden James; The Mother, Eulalie Jensen.

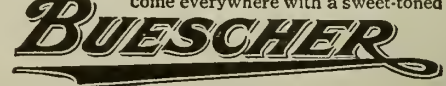
“THE FOG”—METRO—From the story by William Dudley Pelley. Adapted by H. H. Van Loan. Scenario by Winifred Dunn. Director, Paul Powell. Photography by John R. Arnold. The cast: Madelaine Theddon, Mildred Harris; Millie Richards, Louise Fazenda; Mrs. Theddon, Louise Dresser; Edith Forge, Marjorie Prevost; Carol Gardner, Ann May; Mrs. Forge, Ethel Wales; Nathan Forge, Cullen Landis; Jonathan Forge, Ralph Lewis; Si Plumb, David Butler; Caleb Gridley, Frank Currier; Gordon Ruggles, Edward Phillips.

“CHILDREN OF JAZZ”—PARAMOUNT—Story by Harold Brighouse. Scenario by Beulah Marie Dix. Director, Jerome Storm. Photography by Dev. Jennings. The cast: Richard Forestall, an adventurer, Theodore Kosloff; Ted Carter, an army visitor, Ricardo Cortez; Clyde Dunbar, a society man, Robert Cain; Babs Weston, a jazz girl, Eileen Percy; Lina Dunbar, Clyde's wife, Irene Dalton; John Weston, Babs' father, Alec B. Francis; Adam Forestall, Richard's father, Frank Currier; Blivens, Snitz Edwards; Deborah, Lillian Drew.



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Dull Hair

Noted actresses all abhor dull hair—they can't afford to have it. They have no more choice in the color of their hair than you have. Their hair is more beautiful, because their profession—their very environment—soon teaches them how to make the best of what nature has given them.

Practically every woman has reasonably good hair—satisfactory in quantity, texture and color. So-called dull hair is the result of improper care. Ordinary shampooing is not enough; just washing cannot sufficiently improve dull, drab hair. Only a shampoo that adds “that little something” dull hair lacks can really improve it.

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 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 that little something which distinguishes really pretty hair from that which is dull and ordinary.

Have a Golden Glint Shampoo today and give your hair this special treatment which is all it needs to make it as beautiful as you desire it. 25c a package at toilet counters or postpaid direct. J. W. Kobi Co., 157 Spring St., Seattle, Wash.

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Creates Beautiful Complexion by peeling off vaccination scars, freckles, blemishes, pimples, blackheads, ever-spots, wrinkles, acne, muddy oily skin. NON-ACID (Patented) lotion. Painless, harmless. Effects astounding. Guaranteed. Proofs and Beauty Book: “Art of Face Peeling.” FREE. Write

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[CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]

What Do They Earn Today?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

Ingram productions. His popularity has so increased with each appearance in these pictures that he now has to spend practically a third of his salary on his fan mail—for postage and photographs requested.

Malcolm McGregor, another Ingram "find," was placed under contract at a low figure following his first screen appearance, which was in "The Prisoner of Zenda." He has been loaned to other companies to play leading rôles at a salary ranging from \$500 to \$750 a week. When this is done the company pays him his regular salary and fifty per cent of the amount received above that.

Although Alice Terry has been offered star contracts with salary of several thousand a week, she prefers to remain in the all-star productions made by her husband, Rex Ingram, at a salary less than a thousand.

Goldwyn has been busily signing players at fancy figures. Conrad Nagel is down on the payroll for \$1,500, and Lew Cody is signed up for a year at \$1,000.

Following her success in "The Christian," Mae Busch was placed on a Goldwyn contract at a salary which is said to start at \$650. Only a year ago Miss Busch faced bankruptcy after weeks of idleness.

SO great is production activity at the present time in Hollywood that the players of note who are not tied by contracts can virtually name their own salaries.

Among the free lances most in demand several receive higher salaries than the stars they support.

Conway Tearle is probably the most expensive leading man. He gently requests \$2,500 a week—and gets it.

James Kirkwood was so eager to prove his ability on the stage last year that he threw up \$1,500 a week in pictures to play the leading rôle in Channing Pollock's play "The Fool," on Broadway, at \$500. Having won his laurels, he now returns to pictures at \$2,000 per seven days.

The most sought after players in Hollywood this year are the villainous Beerys, Noah and Wallace, who receive \$1,500 a week. Wally recently played in three pictures simultaneously, thus tripling his salary.

The highest salaried character man is Lon Chaney, who is getting \$2,200 a week.

There are a number of men in the \$1,500-a-week class of free lances. Notable among them are: David Powell, Wyndham Standing, Hobart Bosworth, Milton Sills and Lewis Stone.

H. B. Warner has been tempted back to the screen at \$1,500 a week to play the leading rôle opposite Gloria Swanson in "Zaza."

The popular Moore brothers, Matt, Tom and Owen, will each do a neat week's work for \$1,000. So, too, will John Bowers.

Among the leading men whose salaries range from \$500 a week to \$1,000 are: Kenneth Harlan, Gaston Glass, Harrison Ford, Lloyd Hughes, James Rennie, Monte Blue, Johnny Walker, Frank Mayo, George Walsh and Cullen Landis.

Landis' contract with Goldwyn at \$350 expired not long ago and the lad stepped out immediately to the tune of \$600.

Barbara La Marr is the lady champion of free lancers. Only a couple of years ago Barbara found it difficult to make fifty a week. Now her salary quotation is \$2,500, forced up by sharp bidding among producers since her appearance in "The Prisoner of Zenda" at a few hundred.

Another lady who can scarcely keep her engagements straight, and who always finds them overlapping, is Anna Q. Nilsson. It would seem that no all-star production is complete without her. Producers consider it a privilege to have her at \$1,500 a week.



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She did not have to go to the trouble of diet, exercise or unpleasant greases and salves. She found a better way, which aids the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone and sinew instead of fat.

She used **Marmola Prescription Tablets**, which are made from the famous Marmola prescription. They aid the digestive system to obtain the full nutriment of food. They will allow you to eat many kinds of food without the necessity of dieting or exercising.

Thousands have found that the **Marmola Prescription Tablets** give complete relief from obesity. And when the accumulation of fat is checked, reduction to normal, healthy weight soon follows.

All good drug stores the world over sell **Marmola Prescription Tablets** at one dollar a box. Ask your druggist for them, or order direct and they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid.

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Gentlemen: Enclosed please find 50c (stamps or coin) for which please send me at once one tube of your remarkable new product—CLIO—the shaving cream for women.

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Just Hand Your Card to the Clerk

HELP those who endeavor to serve you to spell your name and take your address correctly. Present your card. Besides being the most convenient thing you have ever carried, it works wonders in avoiding mistakes. A most satisfactory card for business men and more so for women. It helps men to remember you better.

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Carried in "Wear Well" Case are distinctive, beautifully lettered in Roman and Gothic in process. Engraved effect without the use of dies or plates. A card that you need not be ashamed to present to anyone and inexpensive too.

Note smooth edge of card when detached

Send \$2.00 Today—cash with order for 100 of these beautiful cards and case with your name, city, address and phone number (4 lines.) Add 10c additional for each extra line. \$3.00 for 250 or \$4.50 for 500 cards.

of cards held firmly by lever binder in case.

MODERN CARD CO., 20 E. 11th St., Chicago

\$5000

IN CASH PRIZES

FOR RULES OF CONTEST
SEE PAGE 59



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In summer the EYES frequently become bloodshot from the irritating effects of wind and dust. **Murine** relieves this unattractive condition almost immediately, as well as eye-strain caused by the glare of the sun.

To look your best after a day in the open, use **Murine**. Its soothing, refreshing and beautifying properties make it invaluable to vacationists.

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Restored color is perfectly even and natural in all lights, no streaking or discoloration. No greasy sediment to make your hair sticky and stringy, nothing to wash or rub off. Just a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water and as pleasant and dainty to use. Faded or discolored hair just as surely and safely restored as hair naturally gray.

Prove the truth of these statements by accepting my special patented Free Trial package, containing free trial bottle of Restorer with full information and directions for making the famous and convincing test on one lock of hair.

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Mail coupon today. Indicate color of hair with X. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

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Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... Auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburo (light red)..... blonde.....

Name.....
Street..... City.....

Florence Vidor is also in demand at \$1,500. Marguerite de la Motte's salary has advanced from \$750 to \$1,250 within the year.

Only a few years ago Irene Rich worked as an extra for Mary Pickford at ten dollars a day. Now Mary is paying her \$1,000 a week to play the queen in "The Street Singer."

Colleen Moore has been an exceedingly active leading lady without a contract. Now First National has signed her to star at a salary which starts in the vicinity of \$1,500.

Six months ago Patsy Ruth Miller was receiving \$200. Her latest offer, from Universal, was \$1,250.

Many a player of great popularity is chafing under an old contract which provides for a relatively small salary. Claire Windsor, for instance, made a long-term contract with Goldwyn when the industry was under a cloud of depression. Thus she receives but \$350 a week. Lois Wilson, Nita Naldi, Lila Lee, Bebe Daniels and other favorites are also tied to contracts at relatively small salaries.

But who knows how long the sun will shine so brilliantly?

It's a good time right now for a player to lay in a contract against the rainy day.

The Girl on the Cover

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

star. Just as you'd train a promising young man to be a civil engineer.

McIntyre went to New York, and among the thousands of young women he interviewed was Eleanor Boardman. She'd never been before a camera, but she'd had some little experience on the stage, chiefly in the chorus.

McIntyre selected her. Because, he says, she had screen personality, plus a terrific ambition. And, after a screen test, he decided she photographed superbly. So he brought her to Hollywood, gave her a contract and started her out as an extra.

For several months she played atmosphere, mob scenes, and what have you.

Rupert Hughes watched her and finally gave her a bit in "Gimme." Her first real screen part was with Marshall Neilan in "The Stranger's Banquet." Since, she has scored as the heroine of "Souls for Sale," and King Vidor's "Three Wise Fools."

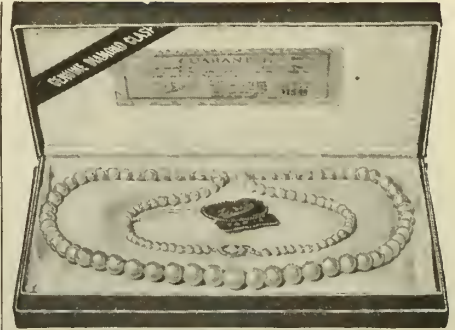
So, apparently it can be done—this making motion picture stars—with the right material.

Casts of Current Photoplays

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122]

"THE BROKEN WING"—PREFERRED PICTURES—From the play by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard. Director, Tom Forman. The cast: Philip Marvin, Kenneth Harlan; Inez Villera, Miriam Cooper; Capt. Innocencio Dos Santos, Walter Long; Celia, Miss du Pont; Sylvester Cross, Richard Tucker; Bassilio, Edwin J. Brady; Quichita, Evelyn Selbie; Villera, Ferdinand Munier.

"MERRY-GO-ROUND"—UNIVERSAL—Director, Rupert Julian. Photography by Charles Kaufman and William Daniels. The cast: Count Franz Maximilian von Hohenegg, Norman Kerry; Agnes Urban, Mary Philbin; Sylvester Urban, Cesare Gravina; Ursula Urban, Edith Yorke; Bartholomew Gruber, George Hackathorne; Schani Uuber, George Seigmann; Marianka Huber, Dale Fuller; Mrs. Aurora Rossreiter, Lillian Sylvester; Komtesse Gisella von Steinbrueck, Dorothy Wallace; Minister of War (Gisella's Father), Spottiswoode Aitken; Emperor Francis Josef, Anton Vaverka; Gisella's Groom, Sidney Bracy; Count Franz's servant, Nepomuck, Al Edmundson; Rudi, Capt. Albert Conti; Nicki, Charles L. King; Eitel, Fenwick Oliver; Madame Alvira, Maude George; Jane, Helen Broncau; Marie, Jane Sherman.



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Solid Gold, Diamond Clasp, only (Regular Retail List Price \$15.00) **\$4.83**

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Send us your order and remittance of only \$4.83 at once and in a few days you will receive a genuine La Vega Pearl Necklace that you will always be proud of.

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"DAUGHTERS OF THE RICH"—PREFERRED PICTURES.—Directed by Louis Gasnier. Story by Edgar Saltus. The cast: *Maud Barhyle*, Miriam Cooper; *Gerald Weiden*, Gaston Glass; *Mlle. Giselle*, Ethel Shannon; *Sally Malakoff*, Ruth Clifford; *Count Malakoff*, Stuart Holmes; *Barhyle*, *Maud's father*, Josef Swickard; *Mrs. Kandy*, *Sally's mother*, Truly Shattuck.

"RED RUSSIA REVEALED"—FOX.—Not a drama; hence, no cast.

"THE CUCKOO'S SECRET"—BRAY.—Bird life.

"YOUTHFUL CHEATERS"—HODKINSON.—*Edmund MacDonald*, William Calhoun; *Ted MacDonald*, Glenn Hunter; *Lois Brooke*, Martha Mansfield; *Mrs. H. Clifton Brooke*, Marie Burke; *Marie Choisuil*, Nona Marden; *Dexter French*, Dwight Wiman.

"SHORT SUBJECTS"—EDUCATIONAL.—One and two-reel novelties.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103]

NEWLYWED, PARK RIDGE, N. J.—Glad to republish the cast for your convenience. "The Town That Forgot God": *David*, Buddy Grauer; *Eben*, Warren Krech; *Betty Gibbs*, Jane Thomas; *Harry Adams*, Harry Benham; *The Squire*, Edward Denison; *The Squire's Wife*, Grace Barton; *David Adams*, Raymond Bloomer; *David Adams' Wife*, Nina Cassavant. Released by Fox.

H. J. H., CHATHAM, ONTARIO.—Agnes Ayres is twenty-six. She is five feet, four and a half inches tall, weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds and has golden brown hair and blue eyes. Her most recent pictures are "Racing Hearts" and "The Heart Raiders." Mahlon Hamilton confesses, unashamed and unafraid, to thirty-eight years. He is six feet tall. His hair is light brown, his eyes blue. His best known plays were "Peg o' My Heart" and "The Heart Raiders."

DIXIE OF ATLANTA.—You are mistaken. We have not issued a book about actors and actresses at ten cents a copy. Richard Dix is not married and he has confided to the world no engagement, nor intention of an engagement, of the matrimonial kind.

D. M. G., COLUMBUS, OHIO.—Your state of mind regarding the printed comments on the unhappy ending of "Where the Pavement Ends," since you saw with your own "perfectly good" and, may I add, probably beautiful, eyes, Ramon Navarro and Alice Terry sailing happily away from the islands together, is comprehensible. The discrepancy is not without a satisfactory explanation. The play was provided with two conclusions. The different endings were used at the discretion of the exhibitors.

M. T., BUFFALO, N. Y.—Your interest in Pat O'Malley is a natural one, particularly when I note your name, sir. Mr. O'Malley was born in Dublin in 1802. He married Miss Lillian Wilkes. They have two children. He lacks but one inch of being as tall as Thomas Meighan, whose height is six feet. He weighs one hundred and sixty-eight pounds. Hair brown. Eyes blue with a gay twinkle in them. He had a stage career before espousing the pictures. He was in stock companies in the British Isles, in France and in Germany. For three years he was a member of Chauncey Olcott's company.

R. B., CHICAGO, ILL.—The engagement of Marie Prevost to Kenneth Harlan has been rumored and denied. Mr. Harlan is playing "The Broken Wing." Malcolm McGregor's address is the Metro Studio, Hollywood, Calif.



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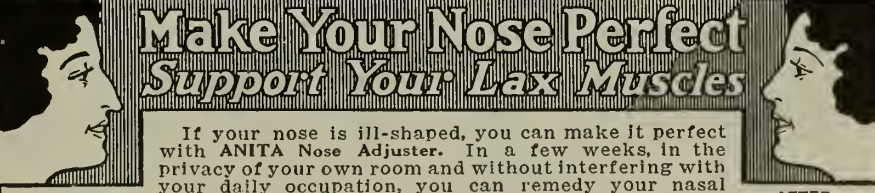
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S. I., HUNTINGTON, W. VA.—You want me to be the Mercury who bears your wishes of happiness to the actress of your exclusive admiration, Ruth Roland. Delighted. Why mar a perfect picture of devotion by asking her age? But men were ever thus. It is their second question about a woman. The first is, "Is she pretty?" Miss Roland has reached the age which elsewhere I have boldly asserted is the most interesting one of woman. Thirty. Yes, she has been married. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE had an article about Miss Roland in the August number, 1922, and the February and May numbers of this year. You recommend a beauty contest of men and of boys over sixteen? I will tell the editor of your suggestion, also your frank statement that you "like to see the pictures of men because they are so good looking."

LONESOME ADEIN, MEMPHIS, TENN.—Why be lonesome in so good a motion picture town as Memphis? The records show that that admirable actor, Lewis Stone, is forty-four years young. Yes, he is wedded other than to his art. Barbara La Marr's age, Lonesome Adein, is twenty-six years. Departing from these intimate personalities, would you not like to know what pictures are claiming their attention? Miss La Marr has gone to Rome to play in "The Eternal City," and Mr. Stone is engaged on "Scaramouche."

ONE OF BERWICK, PA.—I am in hearty accord with your appreciation of Antonio Moreno and happy to give you the information I possess concerning him. His age is thirty-five. He married, last year, Mrs. Daisy Canfield Danziger, a member of Los Angeles society. Mr. Moreno's name is no misnomer. He is of the blood of the gallant men of Castile. His personality is transmuted into motion pictures by the Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 1520 Vine Street, Hollywood.

PEGGY, HENRY, ILL.—Glad to serve as peacemaker in a quarrel. Although I have a recollection of literally striking ingratitude on such occasions—never mind. Prevost may be pronounced as spelled, long e and long o. Or it may be Gallicized as though spelled "Prayvo." Eugene O'Brien's permanent address is the Players Club, New York. It was founded by Edwin Booth, who gave the handsome four-story edifice that houses it and was his home, to the men of his profession. It is at 16 Gramercy Square, directly opposite Gramercy Park and facing the statue of the distinguished donor as Hamlet. Jane Novak can be communicated with through the R-C Pictures Corporation, Gower and Melrose Streets, Hollywood, Calif. Shirley Mason's address is care Fox Studio, 1401 Western Avenue, Hollywood. Hoot Gibson receives his mail at the Universal Studio, Universal City, Calif.

H. R., DECATUR, ILL.—Richard Dix is a distinguished player of the screen. What? No query about his age? Perhaps you have read my many replies to the same question.

"ALICE FOREVER," CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Alice Calhoun would wish me to give the information desired by her knight on whose banner is inscribed "Alice Forever." And, considering his youth, to suppress his real name. Her birth date is November 24, 1903. She evinced a love of the screen when she was five years of age and made her first appearance at sixteen. She is a great grand-niece of the celebrated Southern statesman, John C. Calhoun. By the way, knowest thou, true knight, that she was born in the city of your present residence, Cleveland? Mary Miles Minter is not engaged upon a picture at this time, and her address in this time of Summer flittings is not known. 'Twill be different in the Autumn. Autumn time, work time. Yes, there are two fan clubs. They are called the Ruth Roland and the Shirley Mason.

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 FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES,
6 West 48th Street, New York City.
Richard Barthelmess Productions, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Edwin Carewe Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 619 Pacific Finance Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.
Allen Holubar Productions, Union League Bldg., Third and Hill Streets, Los Angeles, Calif.
Thomas H. Ince Productions, Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.
John M. Stahl Productions, Mayor Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.
Norma and Constance Talmadge Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Maurice Tourneur Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Laurence Trimble-Jane Murnin Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 6 West 48th Street, New York City.
Louis Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.
Richard Walton Tully Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORPORATION, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Christie Comedies, Christie Film Co., Inc., Sunset at Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Hamilton Comedies, Lloyd Hamilton Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
Mermaid Comedies, Jack White Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION (PARAMOUNT), 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
(s) Paramount, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.
(s) Lasky, Hollywood, Calif.
British Paramount, (s) Coole St., Islington, N. London, England.
Wm. S. Hart Productions, (s) 1215 Bates Street, Hollywood, Calif.

FOX FILM CORPORATION, (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City; (s) 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. (s) Rome, Italy.

GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; (s) Culver City, Calif. Marshall Neilan, King Vidor Productions and Hugo Ballin Productions.
International Films, Inc. (Cosmopolitan Productions), 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (s) Second Avenue and 127th St., New York City.

W. W. HODKINSON CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MASTODON FILMS, INC., C. C. Burr, 135 West 44th Street, New York City; (s) Glendale, Long Island.

METRO PICTURES CORPORATION, 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) Romaine and Cahuenga Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
Tiffany Productions, 1540 Broadway, New York City.
Buster Keaton Productions, Keaton Studio, 1205 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Calif.
Jackie Coogan, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif., Producing at Thos. H. Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.

PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th Street, New York City; (Associated Exhibitors).
Charles Ray Productions, 1428 Fleming Street, Los Angeles, Calif.
Hal E. Roach Studios, Inc., Culver City, Calif.
Ruth Roland Serials, United Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

PREFERRED PICTURES, 1650 Broadway, New York City; (s) Mayer-Schulberg Studio, 3500 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif. Tom Forman, Victor Schertzinger and Louis J. Gasnier Productions.

PRINCIPAL PICTURES CORPORATION, 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

R-C PICTURES CORPORATION, 723 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (s) Corner Gower and Melrose Streets, Hollywood, Calif.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. COMPANY, 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Illinois; Rothacker-Aller Laboratories, Inc., Hollywood, Calif.

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
George Arliss Productions, Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Avenue, New York City.
Rex Beach Productions, United Artists Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Charlie Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford Studio, Hollywood, Calif.
Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Calif.
Mack Sennett, Comedy Productions, Los Angeles, Calif.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. COMPANY, 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Universal City, Calif.
Century Comedies, Circle Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, (s) East 15th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York; (s) 1708 Talmadge Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Whitman Bennett Productions, 537. Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, New York.

WARNER BROTHERS, 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Sunset Blvd. at Bronson, Los Angeles, Calif.

Friendly Advice

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

H. K., FREMONT, NEB.

You are small and slim, with curly brown hair and a not very clear complexion. And you want to know what sort of frocks you should wear and what colors? Well, I will answer to the best of my ability, although I cannot advise very definitely in regard to colors as you have neglected to state the shade of your eyes. I can only tell you that, because your complexion is muddy, you should not wear trying, hard shades of blue or green, and that you should avoid such "off colors" as cerise, sulphur, olive or taupe. You will be safe, I should say, in wearing dark brown and blue, French blue, rose, violet and white—no matter what color your eyes may be. Your dresses should be made fairly long, but you can wear them frilly, if you want to, for you are slender. Unless you want to seem more tall, in which case you should follow the straight silhouette.

E. J. K., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Yes, I realize that you are not a child—that at twenty-five the average young woman fully knows her own mind. That makes it harder for me to understand why you ask me to tell you which of your two suitors you should marry. After all, I am a stranger—I do not know either of the young men, except as you have introduced them to me. Either sounds eligible; they both seem to be of good character, and they both hold good positions in the business. But, my dear, the thing that counts most of all, in marriage, is love. You yourself must decide which of these men you really care for—if your heart cannot give you a definite answer you should marry neither of them! When it is possible for you to hesitate, to choose, it is also possible that you do not love either of them very deeply. A marriage based upon love is a wonderful thing—but a marriage without love may be a frightful experience. Any woman should—if she is being fair to herself—consider this matter carefully.

"HIGH BRIDGE," New York City.

I am afraid that I must disappoint you by siding with your mother. She is right in the matter of choosing your clothes—her judgment, it seems to me, is very good. Even though your work consists of playing the piano in the sheet music department of a store, you should dress as simply as any of the girls who work behind the counter. Especially should you dress that way because you are stout. Any stout woman looks better in dark clothes that follow simple lines than she does in ruffles and gay colors! Your mother is not old fashioned. Just because the other girls appear in "classy" clothes—and, often I fear, in bad taste—is no reason why you should. Your mother is sensible, and you—to be sensible—should rely upon her sound ideas.

BOBBY, OHIO.

As you are the postmistress of a small town I should suggest that you dress very simply during working hours. You may wear pretty summer frocks of linen, gingham or cotton voile on warm days. On cooler days, straight, one-piece dresses (you should wear slim, straight line clothes for you are a trifle—about eight pounds—overweight) of jersey. With dark brown hair and a fair complexion you can wear all blues, browns and greens, black, rose, lacquer, yellow and orchid. The darker colors will make you seem more slender, so will striped effects.

Chiffon gowns, made over silver slips, will be more suitable for evening than for afternoon—unless the afternoon affair, at which such a frock is to be worn, is a very formal one. And about your hair—certainly you must wash it, whenever it needs washing. About once every ten days or two weeks. A tonic for oily hair will promote the growth of it.

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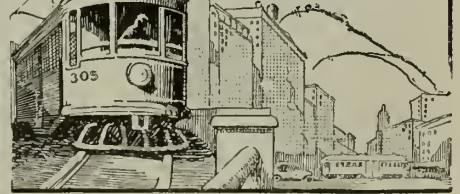
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N.S.E.

PHOTOPLAY

October 25c



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Devoted to the Motion Picture*

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Protect Yourself Against These Sudden Embarrassments!

A chance meeting on the street, an unexpected invitation, a cup of coffee suddenly overturned, an introduction to some person of note—these are the occasions that demand complete self-possession, that demand calmness and ease. Those who become flustered and embarrassed under circumstances like these, instantly betray the fact that they are not accustomed to good society. But those who retain a calm dignity, who know exactly what to do and say, impress others with their fine breeding—and protect themselves from humiliation

DO YOU know the comfort of being always at ease—of being always sure of yourself, calm, dignified, self-possessed?

It is the most wonderful feeling in the world. You don't have to worry about making blunders. You don't have to wonder what people are thinking of you. You don't have to wish that you hadn't done a certain thing, or said a certain thing.

The next time you are at a dinner or a party, notice the people around you. See if you can't pick out at once the people who are well-bred, who are confident of themselves, who do and say the right thing and know it. You will always find that these people are the best "mixers," that people like to be with them, that they are popular, well-liked.

And then notice the people who are not sure of themselves. Notice that they stammer and hesitate when strangers speak to them; that they are hesitant and uncomfortable at the table, that they seem embarrassed and ill at ease. These people actually make you feel ill at ease. They are never popular; they always seem to be out of place; they rarely have a good time.

Some of the Blunders People Make

At a certain theatre, recently, a man made himself conspicuous, through a blunder that could easily have been avoided. He entered a lower box with two women—probably his mother and sister. Without thinking, he seated himself on the chair that one of the women should have occupied.

The whole secret of being always at ease is to be able to do and say what is absolutely correct without stopping to think about it. One should be able to do the right thing as easily as one says "good morning."

Would you have known what seat to take in the box? Do you know who precedes when entering a theatre—the man or the woman? Do



you know who precedes when leaving the theatre, when entering and leaving a street car, an automobile?

People are often confronted by sudden embarrassments at the dinner table. Often corn on the cob is refused because one does not know how

Some people do not know that bread must under no circumstances be bitten into. Others make the mistake of taking asparagus up in their fingers. Still others use the finger-bowl incorrectly.

How would you eat corn on the cob in public? Would you dip both hands into the finger-bowl at once, or just one at a time? What would you say to your hostess when leaving? What would you say to the young man, or woman, you had met for the first time?

A New Knowledge That Will Give You Life-Long Satisfaction

What many people consider a "talent" for doing and saying what is correct, is really a very important social knowledge that you can acquire easily.

Would you like to know how to create conversation, how to overcome self-consciousness and timidity, how to make introductions that result in friendships, how to be an ideal host or hostess, an ideal guest?

Would you like to know all the customs of weddings, of funerals, of social calls, of formal dinners, of dances?

The famous Book of Etiquette will give you a new knowledge that you will find extremely useful. It will tell you everything you want to know. It will dispel all doubts, banish all uncertainty. It will give you ease, poise, confidence. It will make you a better "mixer," a more pleasing conversationalist. It will protect you from all the little sudden embarrassments that confront the person who does not know, who is not sure.

Free Examination Offer

Have you ever wondered why rice is thrown after the bride, why a teacup is given to the engaged girl, why black is the color of mourning?

Have you ever wondered what to serve at a tea, how to give a "shower," how to decorate the home for a wedding, a party?

Perhaps there is some particular problem that is puzzling you. Perhaps there are several. If so, why not let us send you the two volumes of the Book of Etiquette to-day—without a cent in advance? When they arrive, pay the postman only \$1.98 instead of the regular price of \$3.50. Read them and let them solve your little personal problems. Study them carefully for 5 full days and then if you do not feel that they are a splendid investment, return them and we will refund your money.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

FRANK T. POPE
MANAGING EDITOR

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

Vol. XXIV

No. 5

Contents

October, 1923

Cover Design	Alla Nazimova	
From a Pastel Portrait by Rolf Armstrong		
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures		8
In Tabloid Form for Ready Reference		
Brickbats and Bouquets		14
Letters from Readers		
Friendly Advice	Carolyn Van Wyck	20
The Department of Personal Service		
Rotogravure:		27
New Pictures: Claire Windsor, Mary Astor, Theda Bara, Gloria Swanson, Irene Rich, Jackie Saunders, Jack Holt, Frank Mayo, Eddie Phillips, Edmund Lowe		
Speaking of Pictures (Editorials)	James R. Quirk	35
The Most Engaged Girl in the World	Constance Talmadge	36
An Expert's Valuable Pointers on Love and Marriage		
How They Do Grow Up!	Adela Rogers St. Johns	38
Favorite Stars Whose Acting Is Changing with the Years		
Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean		41
The Celebrated Comedians Do a "Turn" for the Special Benefit of Readers of PHOTOPLAY		
The Tragic Romance of Luigi Montegna	Herbert Howe	42
An Aching Heart Beats in Bull's Manly Breast		

(Contents continued on next page)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine — refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

Page 72	
The Green Goddess.....	Distinctive
Hollywood.....	Paramount
Little Old New York.....	Cosmopolitan
Page 73	
Ashes of Vengeance.....	First National
Bluebeard's Eighth Wife.....	Paramount
Trilby.....	First National
Page 74	
Lawful Larceny.....	Paramount
The Brass Bottle.....	First National
A Gentleman of Leisure.....	Paramount
Homeward Bound.....	Paramount
Soft Boiled.....	Fox
Black Shadows.....	Pathe
Page 76	
St. Elmo.....	Fox
The Flying Dutchman.....	F. B. O.
Out of Luck.....	Universal
The Victor.....	Universal
The Love Brand.....	Universal
Broadway Gold.....	Truart Film Corp.
Page 105	
Skid Proof.....	Fox
Don't Marry for Money.....	Apollo
Hell's Hole.....	Fox
Page 106	
The Steel Trail.....	Universal
Radio Mania.....	Hodkinson
Shadows of the North.....	Universal
Mothers-in-Law.....	Preferred
Legally Dead.....	Universal
The Miracle Baby.....	F. B. O.
The Purple Highway.....	Paramount
Little Johnny Jones.....	Warner Brothers
Page 107	
Alias the Night Wind.....	Fox
Fighting Blood (Second Series).....	F. B. O.
The Eleventh Hour.....	Fox
Loyal Lives.....	Vitagraph
Lost in a Big City.....	Arrow

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Contents—Continued

The Stuffed Shirt (Fiction)	Frank R. Adams	44
Courage—What Is It? The "He-man" in This Story Gives an Unusual Answer to This Question		
<i>Illustrated by R. Van Buren</i>		
They Won't Marry Millions (Photographs)		49
Mary Louise Hartje and Derelys Perdue Are Certainly Hard to Please		
Cecil and Bill	Adela Rogers St. Johns	50
The Enigma of the De Mille Brothers		
How the Picture Is Made (Photographs)		52
A Glimpse of the Many Steps from Scenario to Screen		
Just a House to Live In (Photographs)		54
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo at Home		
Alice-Sit-By-the-Fire	Ada Patterson	56
What Has Become of Miss Brady's Irresistible Smile?		
Close-Ups and Long Shots	Herbert Howe	57
Comment on the Activities of Screen Personalities		
The Romantic History of the Motion Picture		
	Terry Ramsaye	58
Chapter XIX Carries Us Back to the Beginnings of Some of the Great		
Introducing Mr. and Mrs. James Kirkwood (Photograph)		62
The "Million Dollar Girl"		63
June Mathis' Rise to Fame and Fortune Through Her Story-Telling Gift		
Around the World in Eighty Minutes (Photographs)		64
Scenes That Would Deceive the Eye of a Globe Trotter		
"Among Those Present"		66
A List of Celebrities Who Honored the First Showing of "Little Old New York"		
<i>Drawings by Ralph Barton</i>		
Rotogravure:		67
Billie Dove; Estelle Taylor, James Neill and Theodore Roberts in "The Ten Commandments;" Reginald Denny		
Mary's New Role (Photographs)		71
Miss Pickford Dons Maturity to Play "Rosita"		
The Shadow Stage		72
The Department of Practical Screen Criticism		
Gossip—East and West	Cal York	78
Intimate Glimpses of the Film Folk		
What Won't They Do for Pictures? (Photographs)		89
Ethel Shannon and Anna Nilsson Make Heroic Sacrifices		
Questions and Answers	The Answer Man	91
Casts of Current Photoplays		116
Complete for Every Picture Reviewed in This Issue		
Why Do They Do It?		118
Screen "Breaks" Caught by Readers of PHOTOPLAY		

*Addresses of the leading motion picture studios
will be found on page 12*

Pola Negri's Greatest Love

Did she love Charlie Chaplin to whom she was reported engaged but whom, she has recently announced, she could never marry?

Did she love Count Dombksi, her former husband?

Does she love any of the men with whom her name has been coupled during her career in this country?

What is the greatest love of this beautiful, talented Polish star?

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What is her real attitude towards life?

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

ABYSMAL BRUTE, THE—Universal.—A woman-shy young man with a wallop in his right fist and a come-lither in his eye, played by Reginald Denny in a way both manly and appealing. Jack London characters faithfully reproduced. This is a picture for everybody. (July.)

AFFAIRS OF LADY HAMILTON, THE—Hodkinson.—Lady Hamilton comes to a bad finish, but her road of life is not tedious by any means. Rather heavy German production. Not for children. (July.)

BAVU—Universal.—A gory tale of Bolshevik Russia, decidedly artificial. This doesn't apply to Wallace Beery, however, the double-dyed villain. Flappers may like the ultra-heroic Forrest Stanley. (July.)

BELLA DONNA—Paramount.—Pola Negri's first American-made picture does not fit her as well as those tailored in Berlin. Pola is more beautiful but less moving; a passion flower fashioned into a pointsettia. The picture is thoroughly artificial. (June.)

BOSTON BLACKIE—Fox.—The inside of the world's most disagreeable prison, with a happy ending that arrives just in time. (August.)

BRASS—Warner Brothers.—Not for those who read the novel by Norris. A story which doesn't dare anything. Harry Myers excellent in small role. (June.)

BRIGHT SHAWL, THE—First National.—A pretty play of distinct atmospheric charm, a tale of Havana intrigue with Cuban strugglers for liberty on one side and soldiers of Spanish oppression on the other. Well acted by Richard Barthelmess, Dorothy Gish, Jetta Goudal and William Powell. (July.)

BROKEN WING, THE—Preferred.—A story of Mexico and an American aviator who crashes through a roof into the arms of a pretty girl. Moves rapidly and is interesting throughout. (September.)

BUCKING THE BARRIER—Fox.—Dustin Farnum beating up thugs who wouldst thwart him from claiming his rightful estates. (June.)

BURNING WORDS—Universal.—The Canadian Mounted, and a trooper who gets his man. This time the man is a brother. (August.)

CHILDREN OF DUST—First National.—A pleasant little story of old Gramercy Square, but with too much childish love-making. And then, at the end, the war is dragged in. (August.)

CHILDREN OF JAZZ—Paramount.—A fast story, unique plot, quaint costumes and delightful photography. Altogether, good entertainment. (September.)

CIRCUS DAYS—First National.—Jackie Coogan's new one. This shows the lovable boy star at his best and funniest. It is all Jackie, of course, but none the worse for that. (September.)

CORDELIA THE MAGNIFICENT—Metro.—High society with everybody blackmailing everybody, even the heroine, who does it unconsciously, of course. Badly adapted story. (July.)

CRASHING THROUGH—F. B. O.—Not so bad—not so good. A Harry Carey jumble of heroics. (June.)

CRITICAL AGE, THE—Hodkinson.—Another Ralph Connor Gleggarry story, well told. Lacking in the original force and spiritual element. (July.)

CROSSED WIRES—Universal.—And yet another little Cinderella. She prefers sassily to the switchboard, and she achieves her heart's desire, not without some heart-throbs and much laughter. (July.)

CUCKOO'S SECRET, THE—Bray.—They say it took ten years to get this picture of the world's laziest bird. It is remarkably interesting and instructive. (September.)

DAUGHTERS OF THE RICH—Preferred.—High society, American heiress, decadent Russian duke and so on. Some novelty, but not much punch. Some of the settings are beautiful. (September.)

DAYS OF DANIEL BOONE, THE—Universal.—A serial with much interesting and historical value. Plenty of adventure and with many surprisingly real characters. (September.)

DESERT DRIVEN—F. B. O.—The best picture Harry Carey has made for a long time. It starts in prison and ends in the desert after many adventures and a good love story. (September.)

DEAD GAME—Universal.—Hoot Gibson does some hard riding and fast thinking. (July.)

DIVORCE—F. B. O.—Jane Novak is so beautiful, in this, that nothing else matters. Not even the plot. (August.)

DON QUICKSHOT OF THE RIO GRANDE—Universal.—A western that should have been a comedy. The small boy's delight. (August.)

As a special service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments upon all photoplays of the preceding four months.

PHOTOPLAY readers find this department of tremendous help—for it is an authoritative and accurate summary, told in a few words, of all current film dramas.

PHOTOPLAY has always been first and foremost in its film reviews. However, the fact that most photoplays do not reach the great majority of the country's screen theaters until months later, has been a manifest drawback. This department overcomes this—and shows you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money.

You can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. The month at the end of each tabloid indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

DOUBLE - DEALING—Universal.—A stupid young man buys property of a confidence man, and of course the property assumes a great value. Otherwise how could it all end so happily? (July.)

ENEMIES OF WOMEN—Paramount-Cosmopolitan.—An Ibanez romance filmed in Paris and Monte Carlo, decorated by Urban, dressed by Poiret and girded by Ziegfeld. A million dollars' worth of beauty, including Alma Rubens, and superb acting by Lionel Barrymore. (June.)

EXCITERS, THE—Paramount.—A jazzy little comedy-melodrama with plenty of action and speed. Tony Moreno and Bebe Daniels at their best. Good entertainment. (August.)

FOG, THE—Metro.—A story of small-town ethics with the "how his soul was saved" angle played up. The cast is good, but the direction poor. (September.)

FOG BOUND—Paramount.—One of the formulas. Innocent man accused—lovely lady saves him. Good cast, fine photography, Palm Beach settings, and conventional ending. (August.)

FOOLS AND RICHES—Universal.—The handsome hero and his money are soon parted, but being a hero he wins another fortune, and being handsome wins the girl. (July.)

FOURTH MUSKETEER, THE—F. B. O.—Johnnie Walker at his best as a young prize-fighter who gives up certain championship for the little wife. (June.)

GARRISON'S FINISH—United Artists.—The old, hackneyed race track story, with the Southern colonel, the doped horse 'n' everything. Jack Pickford has the lead. Race scenes the best. (August.)

GIRL I LOVED, THE—United Artists.—We recommend this without a single qualification to the entire family. It deserves your attention. A fragile wistful little lyric inspired by J. Whitcomb Riley's poem of a country boy who loves his foster sister. Ray gives one of the best performances of the screen year, superb in its humanness and tenderness. We cannot recommend it too highly. (July.)

GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST, THE—First National.—Another return engagement, but the fine old story marred by difficulties of casting. Warren Kerrigan and Sylvia Breamer the leads. (August.)

GIRL WHO CAME BACK, THE—Preferred.—The dear girl doesn't come back, really, but she does get diamonds and two husbands. So everybody's happy, unless possibly the audience. (July.)

GLIMPSES OF THE MOON, THE—Paramount.—Beautiful sets, beautiful gowns and oh, such beautiful ladies! In a word, an eyeful. But nothing much for the heart. (June.)

GO-GETTER, THE—Paramount-Cosmopolitan.—The Go-Getter has lost much of his pep passing from magazine to screen, but it is a pleasant, well-rounded narrative for a' that. (July.)

GRUB STAKE, THE—American Releasing Corporation.—Fifty-seven varieties of woodland creatures, ranging in styles from bears to porcupines. Also Nell Shipman. A unique forest picture. (June.)

GRUMPY—Paramount.—A superb characterization by Theodore Roberts. (June.)

HEART RAIDER, THE—Paramount.—Jazzy and often amusing, with Agnes Ayres setting the pace. An unbelievable story, but set in beautiful surroundings. (August.)

HER FATAL MILLIONS—Metro.—A swiftly moving comedy of a girl's fibs—Viola Dana's—to a suitor whom she believes faithless. (July.)

HUMAN WRECKAGE—F. B. O.—Mrs. Wallace Reid's film protest against the drug evil. Not a cheery story, but one that will touch the heart and may do an immense amount of good. (September.)

ISLE OF LOST SHIPS, THE—First National.—A fantastic romance of derelicts in the Sargasso Sea, screened with imagination by Tourneur. (June.)

ITCHING PALMS—F. B. O.—Melodrama, stupid and badly told. (September.)

LAW OF THE LAWLESS, THE—Paramount.—A colorful drama of the gypsy borderland between Asia and Europe, with Dorothy Dalton and Charles De Roche in suitable roles. (September.)

LEOPARDESS, THE—Paramount.—Montague Love tries taming Alice Brady, a wild gal of the South Seas. He also tries to tame a leopardess—and gets tamed most effectively. The leopardess should have ended matters in the first reel. (June.)

LION'S MOUSE, THE—Hodkinson.—Blackmail, robbery, hairbreadth escapes, the papers and the poils! But entertaining for a' that. (June.)

LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER, THE—Warner Brothers.—A situation after the manner of "The Miracle Man," with a wealthy mine owner, a mine disaster and a minister. (June.)

LOST AND FOUND—Goldwyn.—Hollywood hokum dropped in the South Seas. A beautiful background and good players wasted. (June.)

LOVEBOUND—Fox.—A well-knit, consistent story, with strong climaxes, of a district attorney who falls in love with his secretary. The girl's father is a jewel thief, and the conflict between her loyalty to father and love for prosecutor is well-developed. Shirley Mason draws sympathy. (July.)



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human drama, then turn this page. For this book could not have been meant for you.

But if you are *earnest*; if a demand far exceeding supply with rewards accordingly higher (a fundamental economic situation) stirs ambition within you, clip the coupon on this page and send it on its way *right now*.

This book, then, *is* meant for you. Not as a Magic Carpet of Bagdad, upon which you may *wish* yourself carried to success, but a friendly guide which shows you *how and where to start*.

\$1,000 and Royalties to a Housewife and a Country Doctor

The free book illustrated above was issued by the producers of the Palmerplay "Judgment of the Storm." The author of this screenplay is a Pittsburgh housewife, who received \$1,000 advance royalties before the picture had begun to earn its way, and who will receive royalties for the next five years—sharing the producers' profits. A New York State country doctor's screenplay will be the next picture to appear under the Palmer banner.

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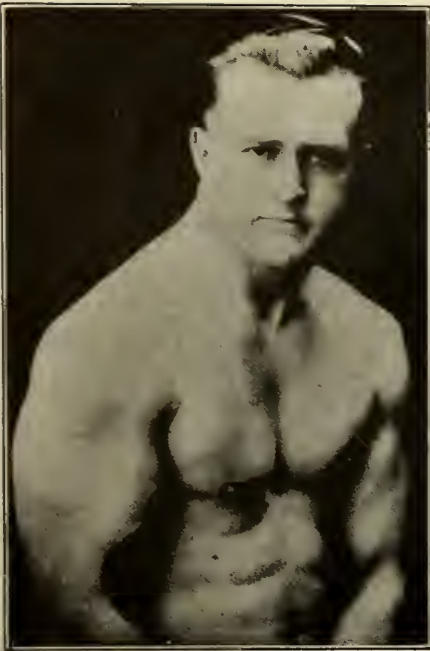
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LOVE PIKER, THE—Cosmopolitan—Goldwyn.—Anita Stewart in the old tale of the girl who loves her father's employe.

MADNESS OF YOUTH—Fox.—An engaging crook enters a home to rob a safe, meets the daughter of his victim, etc.

MAIN STREET—Warner Brothers.—A difficult story to screen and, therefore, not an entirely satisfactory picture.

MAN FROM GLENGARRY, THE—Hodkinson.—Ralph Connor's erstwhile best-seller has suffered in the screening, but the logging scenes are fine and the Canadian landscapes impressive.

MAN NEXT DOOR, THE—Vitagraph.—Not good. Story is illogical, and acting and direction both below standard.

MAN OF ACTION, A—First National.—Likable Douglas MacLean as a society man playing a crook.

MARK OF THE BEAST, THE—Dixon.—Thomas Dixon wrote, cast and directed this as a challenge to "machine-made pictures."

MARY OF THE MOVIES—F. B. O.—Again the Hollywood stars trailing by in a story of a screen-struck girl.

MASTERS OF MEN—Vitagraph.—Well-done story of the Spanish-American war.

McGUIRE OF THE MOUNTED—Universal.—Another Northwest Mounted Police story, with the usual dauntless hero.

MERRY-GO-ROUND—Universal.—One of the best pictures in months.

MICHAEL O'HALLORAN—Hodkinson.—The too-sweet story of a Chesterfieldian street urchin, who shows a lot of rich folk how to behave.

MODERN MARRIAGE—American Releasing Corporation.—The team of Beverly Bayne and Francis X. Bushman return in a commonplace story smoothly screened.

MYSTERIOUS WITNESS, THE—F. B. O.—More formula stuff. The sweet and ailing mother, the self-sacrificing son and the rest of it.

NE'ER-DO-WELL, THE—Paramount.—Not altogether successful, nor altogether uninteresting, for Thomas Meighan is in it.

NOBODY'S BRIDE—Universal.—A runaway bride, a down-and-out suitor of other days, a bag of jewels, a band of crooks, etc., etc.

NOISE IN NEWBORO, A—Metro.—Cinderella of the small town goes to the city and comes home rich.

NTH COMMANDMENT, THE—Paramount—Cosmopolitan.—The brave little girl struggles to maintain her home when her husband falls desperately ill.

OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE, AN—Metro.—J. Whitcomb Riley's poem screened with considerable charm and touches of melodrama.

ONLY 38—Paramount.—A delightful handling by William de Mille of a most appealing story.

OUR GANG COMEDIES—Pathe.—One hundred per cent kid stuff for the whole family.

PENROD AND SAM—First National.—One of the entertainment gems of the month.

PETER THE GREAT—Paramount.—Another foreign film, with that truly great actor, Emil Jannings, in the title role.

PRODIGAL DAUGHTERS—Paramount.—Another tirade against the jazz babies of 1923.

PRODIGAL SON, THE—Stoll Film Corp.—Steeped in the gloom of church yards and deathbeds, lost loves and debts.

QUEEN OF SIN, THE—Not sinful but awful. The queen's sin is weight.

QUICKSANDS—American Releasing Corporation.—Drug smuggling across the Mexican border is stopped by Lt. Richard Dix and Helene Chadwick of the Secret Service.

RAGGED EDGE, THE—Goldwyn.—A Harold McGrath romance, with a lot of new blood in the cast.

RAILROADED—Universal.—A lesson in how wayward sons should, and should not, be disciplined.

RAPIDS, THE—Hodkinson.—A conventional story of the building of a town by a man with brains and foresight.

RED RUSSIA REVEALED—Fox.—Half scenic and half educational. Shows the heads of Soviet Russia, a revolting group, but worth study.

REMITTANCE WOMAN, THE—F. B. O.—Ethel Clayton's loveliness shines out from the dim and mystic East.

RICE AND OLD SHOES—F. B. O.—A comedy of the honeymoon, with all the old situations worked overtime.

RUPERT OF HENTZAU—Selznick.—A lively, romantic tale, with lots of excitement and thrills.

RUSTLE OF SILK, THE—Paramount.—The triangle of a British statesman, his unfaithful wife and an adoring lady's maid.

SAFETY LAST—Pathe.—Harold Lloyd's best—seven reels that speed like two.

SAWDUST—Universal.—Unconfined realism, starting with a circus and ending up in one of those palatial homes and an attempted suicide.

SELF-MADE WIFE, THE—Universal.—Three-fourths of this picture is good.

SHADOWS—Preferred Pictures.—An idea of delicacy and charm has been translated with great care to the screen.

SHOCK, THE—Universal.—Another hideously clever characterization by Lon Chaney as a cripple of the underworld.

SHOOTIN' FOR LOVE—Universal.—Shell shock is the underlying theme of a swift Western.

SHORT SUBJECTS—Educational.—One and two-reel novelties, grouped together in interesting bill.

SINGLE HANDED—Universal.—Hoot Gibson as an eccentric musician who discovers a buried treasure.

SIXTY CENTS AN HOUR—Paramount.—An ambitious soda clerk plans to marry the daughter of the bank president.

SLANDER THE WOMAN—First National.—And still the formula! Beautiful heroine, wrongfully accused, goes to the Frozen North.

SNOW BRIDE, THE—Paramount.—A forced and artificial story of life in a Canadian village.

SNOWDRIFT—Fox.—A cooling Summer picture, with lots of ice and snow.

SOUL OF THE BEAST—Metro.—Cinderella elopes with an elephant.

SOULS FOR SALE—Goldwyn.—A Cook's tour of the Hollywood studios.

SPOILERS, THE—Goldwyn.—A new version of the Rex Beach Alaskan romance.

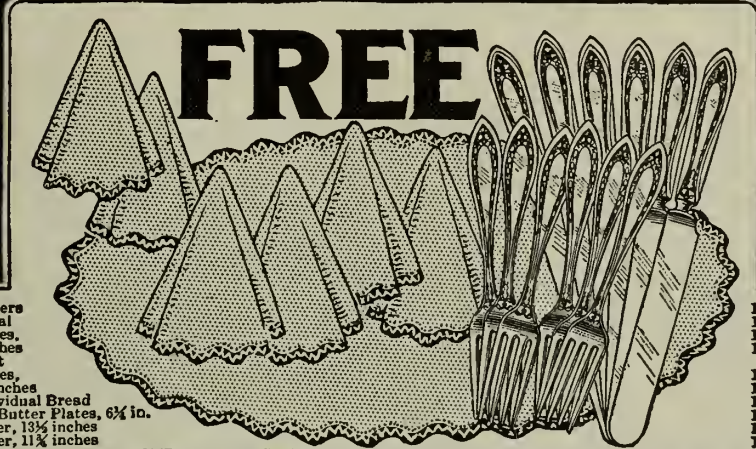
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- 1 Sauce Boat Tray, 7 1/2 inches
- 1 Butter Plate, 6 inches
- 1 Vegetable Dish, 10 1/2 inches, with lid (2 pieces)
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Beauty Scientists Call It That

By Marion Frances



The Same Girl

Before This girl's skin was sallow, dark, muddy. Blackheads helped make it ugly. Freckles, too, were noted.

5 Minutes After The same girl from actual photographs. Skin lightened at least five shades. Blackheads gone, freckles reduced. "A miracle," say world's beauty experts.

The thrill of seeing your skin transformed before your own eyes in 5 minutes. How mysterious blending of certain plants and flowers, without "beauty mud" or artificial bleach, purges face pores and presto!—a skin like a baby's instantly.

Can you imagine a sallow skin, one even marred by blackheads and freckles, cleared up and left soft and white and lovely as a baby's in 5 minutes? It sounds like magic. And beauty scientists call it that.

The inventor is an internationally noted beauty specialist. His miraculous transformations have gained for him the title of "The Man Who Works Miracles on Women's Faces." So many thousands are adopting his method that it is said a woman with anything short of a flawless complexion soon will be a rarity.

PURGES THE PORES

The Poralax method is unlike any other ever perfected. Dermatological authorities say it has no parallel in the annals of beauty culture. It is a simple cream-poultice, compounded of plants and flowers, that affects the pores like a laxative does the bowels—cleans out the poisonous accumulations.

Containing no bleach, no harsh chemicals, no Clay, it purges every pore in your face within 5 minutes. You apply it like cold cream and results are unbelievable until you see them with your own eyes.

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In one application their skins were lightened from four to seven shades. Blackheads were removed—every one. Freckles and fine lines disappeared as if by magic. Beauty experts from all the world stood awed before what was done, for instant beauty, an unattractive woman, transformed, had become a reality.

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STEPPING FAST—Fox.—Tom Mix mixes with desperadoes. He saves a girl from the rascals after a trip to China. The girl says "yes." (July.)

SUCCESS—Metro.—Sentimental melodrama. A screen version of a stage play which was not a success. (September.)

SUNSHINE TRAIL, THE—First National.—The story of a nice young man who wants to spread sunshine everywhere but gets under a cloud in his own home town. (June.)

SUZANNA—Allied Producers.—Mack Sennett tries plot instead of pies without so much success, but Mabel Normand stirs in some fine humor. Early California, missions, Spaniards—and Mabel. (June.)

TEMPTATION—C. B. C. Film Sales Corp.—Original in that the couple who are struggling unhappily under the weight of their millions do not lose the bankroll and live forever in a cottage. (July.)

THREE JUMPS AHEAD—Fox.—Tom Mix and his horse Tony leap a chasm and give you an hour of Western thrill with love interest. (June.)

THREE WISE FOOLS—Goldwyn.—A screen version of a stage success, with much hokum but with plenty of entertainment and appeal. (September.)

TIGER'S CLAW—Paramount.—Jack Holt goes to India, gets bit by a tiger, married to half-caste, and mixed up in poison plots. (June.)

TOWN SCANDAL, THE—Universal.—Gladys Walton is a chorus girl who runs out of a job and goes home to write her memoirs for the local gazette. Of course the poor girl's misunderstood. (June.)

TRAILING AFRICAN WILD ANIMALS—Metro.—This Martin Johnson picture is the best of its kind. The best animal close-ups ever made, and some tremendous thrills. (July.)

TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE, THE—Paramount.—Mountaineers, moonshiners, Minter and Moreno. Also Ernest Torrence. The players are the thing. (June.)

TRIFLING WITH HONOR—Universal.—The story of a home-run king, resembling Babe Ruth, who is the idol of the small boys. Intensely dramatic and worthy. (July.)

TRIMMED IN SCARLET—Universal.—Characters displaying their lack of sense in a way that may earn your pity but not your sympathy. (June.)

VANITY FAIR—Goldwyn.—Hugo Ballin's workmanlike visualization of Thackeray's novel. Not brilliant, but adequate. (June.)

VENGEANCE OF THE DEEP—American Releasing Corp.—Sharks, devil crabs, sea weed and treasure chests make the under-sea pictures interesting and thrilling. But the actors on dry land are not so interesting. (July.)

WANDERING DAUGHTERS—First National.—If you are a daughter, wander away from this picture and save your time and money. (September.)

WESTBOUND LIMITED—F. B. O.—A homely, sympathetic tale built about the railroad and its men. A love interest, too—though hardly necessary. (July.)

WHAT WIVES WANT—Universal.—After many reels the husband realizes that all business and no love will wreck any marriage. You probably will realize it from the first. (July.)

WHERE IS MY WANDERING BOY THIS EVENING—United Artists.—A Ben Turpin comedy, and as full of laughs as any of his nonsense. He is vamped in this one—and compromised. (September.)

WHITE FLOWER, THE—Paramount.—Hawaii and Betty Compton are alluring. Nothing else matters if you like them. And who doesn't? (June.)

WHITE ROSE, THE—United Artists.—D. W. Griffith's latest, bringing Mae Marsh back to the screen. The star's playing is wonderful. So are the sets and photography. The story is not so much. Ivor Novello, Mr. Griffith's new leading man, is highly decorative. (August.)

WITHIN THE LAW—First National.—An expensive production with big names, but lacking inspiration and vitality. Norma Talmadge seems afraid to act. The best work is that of Lew Cody as the crook. (July.)

WOMAN OF BRONZE, THE—Metro.—Clara Kimball Young as the wife, who after disillusionment and anguish proves to be the ideal woman for her husband. (June.)

WOMAN WITH FOUR FACES—Paramount.—A fast moving crook melodrama, always interesting, with some excellent acting by Betty Compton. A thrilling aeroplane escape from prison a feature. (September.)

YOU ARE GUILTY—Mastodon Films—Mediocrity with a distinguished cast. (June.)

YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE—Paramount.—Good money and players wasted upon an absurd story. Again the husband on the edge of the restless forties, the neglected wife and the regulation vampire. (July.)

YOUTHFUL CHEATERS—Hodkinson.—A story of the country youth in the big city. Full of jazz and other modern features. Glenn Hunter is good. (September.)

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 FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES**, 6 West 48th Street, New York City.
Richard Barthelme Productions, Inspiration Pictures, 565 1/2 11th Avenue, New York City.
Edwin Carewe Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 619 Pacific Finance Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.
Allen Holubar Productions, Union League Bldg., Third and Hill Streets, Los Angeles, Calif.
Thomas H. Ince Productions, Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.
John M. Stahl Productions, Mayer Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.
Norma and Constance Talmadge Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Maurice Tourneur Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Laurence Trimble-Jane Murn Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 6 West 48th Street, New York City.
Lionel Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.
Richard Walton Tully Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
- EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORPORATION**, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Christie Comedies, Christie Film Co., Inc., Sunset at Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Hamilton Comedies, Lloyd Hamilton Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
Mermaid Comedies, Jack White Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
- FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION (PARAMOUNT)**, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
(s) Paramount, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.
(s) Lasky, Hollywood, Calif.
British Paramount, (s) Poole St., Islington, N. London, England.
Wm. S. Hart Productions, (s) 1215 Bates Street, Hollywood, Calif.
- FOX FILM CORPORATION**, (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City; (s) 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. (s) Rome, Italy.
- GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION**, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; (s) Culver City, Calif.; Marshall Neilan, King Vidor Productions and Hugo Ballin Productions, International Films, Inc. (Cosmopolitan Productions), 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (s) Second Avenue and 127th St., New York City.
- W. W. HODKINSON CORPORATION**, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
- MASTODON FILMS, INC.**, C. C. Burr, 135 West 44th Street, New York City; (s) Glendale, Long Island.
- METRO PICTURES CORPORATION**, 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) Romaine and Cahuena Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
Tiffany Productions, 1540 Broadway, New York City.
Buster Keaton Productions, Keaton Studio, 1205 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Calif.
Jackie Coogan, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
- PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION**, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif., Producing at Thos. H. Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.
- PATHE EXCHANGE**, Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th Street, New York City; (Associated Exhibitors), Charles Ray Productions, 1428 Fleming Street, Los Angeles, Calif.
Hal E. Roach Studios, Inc., Culver City, Calif.
Ruth Roland Serials, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
- PREFERRED PICTURES**, 1650 Broadway, New York City; (s) Mayer-Schulberg Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif. Tom Forman, Victor Schertzinger and Louis J. Gasnier Productions.
- PRINCIPAL PICTURES CORPORATION**, 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
- R-C PICTURES CORPORATION**, 723 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (s) Corner Gower and Melrose Streets, Hollywood, Calif.
- ROTHACKER FILM MFG. COMPANY**, 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Illinois; Rothacker-Aller Laboratories, Inc., Hollywood, Calif.
- UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION**, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
George Arliss Productions, Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Avenue, New York City.
Rex Beach Productions, United Artists Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Charlie Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
Jack Plekford, Mary Plekford Studio, Hollywood, Calif.
Mary Plekford and Douglas Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Calif.
Mack Sennett Comedy Productions, Los Angeles, Calif.
- UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. COMPANY**, 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Universal City, Calif.
Century Comedies, Circle Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
- VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA**, (s) East 15th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York; (s) 1708 Talmadge Street, Hollywood, Calif.
Whitman Bennett Productions, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, New York.
- WARNER BROTHERS**, 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Sunset Blvd. at Bronson, Los Angeles, Calif.

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You have sown a big crop of "wild oats." You know quite well that the girl you love will reap most of the harvest if you continue in your present weakened, contaminated and devitalized condition. YOU KNOW THAT—and you know that her faith in you as a man would not survive the truth. You are facing the crisis of your life. Your decision now will influence your whole future and hers. It looks dark and hopeless to you, but there is a way out. I can help you. I have devoted my entire life to the study of Nature's unfailing corrective forces. I have helped to save thousands of men in your condition. I want to save you!

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EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I am writing in praise of British pictures and players. I am sure that our best films are not shown in America. We have in England artists who can act extremely well. Miss Betty Balfour is an English comedienne who is as great an actress as Miss Pickford herself. I do not think that her pictures have been shown in America, but I will give the titles of them in case they are ever shown. She has appeared in "Squibs," "Squibs Wins the Calcutta Sweep," "Mord Emily," "Wee MacGregor's Sweetheart," and "Life, Love and Laughter."

Miss Fay Compton, our beautiful dramatic actress, and Mr. Clive Brook have, I believe, been seen on the screen in America, but it is in "This Freedom" that your readers should see them. Miss Compton's acting in this picture surpasses anything Norma Talmadge has ever done.

Miss Peggy Hyland and Miss Mae Marsh appear to better advantage in English pictures than they do in America.

It appears that you have only our spectacular pictures in America, such as "Carnival" and "The Bohemian Girl;" these are not to be compared with our other productions.

CLIVE GAY.

The Faithful Fan

Ashley, Mass.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Your magazine always has a number of interesting features, but I usually read Cal York's column before anything else. If one wants a newsy resume of what's what in filmdom it's there, all that Cal's discretion permits.

Then, too, there have been pictures of Bill Reid and Dorothy Davenport, and little items about them. I'm sure the fans who loved Wally will like that. After one has watched for pictures and news of Wally for some seven years, the screen and magazines seem lonesome if there is nothing to remind us of him. It may be foolish, but I wish you would publish his picture, too, once in a while.

The other day I saw a picture of Wally when he was four years old and, comparing it with some of little Bill in my scrapbook, the resemblance was rather startling. It will be interesting to see if the boy grows up to look like his father. Perhaps some twenty years from now we fans will see another William Wallace Reid on the screen.

Meanwhile, tell us the news about Dorothy and Betty and Bill.

E. M. STONE.

Two Out of Thirty-Eight

Cincinnati, Ohio.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: May I, through the medium of your magazine, present a word of praise for the superb acting of Lois Wilson and May McAvoy in the production "Only 38"

Their smooth, faultless characterizations and acting in this picture make it one worth while. But why, oh why, are they not given the opportunity and praise they so richly deserve? Each of these players makes the character assigned her a real person, and you can always depend on a finished and graceful performance from each of them. Many a time they have walked away with the acting honors. Give me the intelligence shown in the performances of Lois Wilson and May McAvoy in preference to all the other so-called stars of today. Let honor be given where honor is due.

R. C. AMNER.

Brickbats & Bouquets

LETTERS FROM READERS

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. 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 full name and address.

Not a Roman Audience

Richmond, Virginia.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: After reading Mr. James R. Quirk's article in July's issue of PHOTOPLAY, I feel as if it is my duty to write you a few lines, telling you that I heartily endorse Mr. Quirk's attitude in regard to Lon Chaney's torturing himself in trying to make his disguise as a hunchback in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" realistic. The public, I know, does not wish these things, and would be far more satisfied with a poor representation than to inflict pain and cause one's health to become impaired for their entertainment; we cannot take the responsibility.

F. L.

Reginald, Maurice and Mary

San Diego, Calif.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Three cheers for Reginald Denny! "The Abysmal Brute" justifies all expectations of him. His acting in the dinner scene is delicious and his love making "what every girl wants." More power to you, Reggie.

Welcome back, Maurice Costello. You still have that wonderful screen personality that made us all love you so in the early days of moviedom.

"Our Mary" was making some pictures here in the park not so long ago, and a little old lady from the East watched her idol with so much interest that Mary took the trouble to make friends with her between scenes. Actually to talk with America's Sweetheart! It was a high light in that little old lady's life, but that simple incident in itself shows something of the bigness of soul of our beloved Mary—it makes us understand why she holds the place she does.

A READER.

The Paramountization of Pola

Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Herewith I want to protest against the "Paramountization" of Pola Negri, as shown in "Bella Donna." She was our favorite screen actress, not because we are not loyal Americans, but because we believe that art is international, and genius an accident of birth anywhere! Art of any kind in this country, like anything that has been commercialized, has been standardized. So it is with screen heroines, and Pola was pressed into the Lasky standard mould. Why did they do it?

We had read glowing accounts of how Hollywood make-up and superior photography would make Pola even more alluring than ever, and, with memories of the beautiful *Du Barry* in "Passion," the wonderfully human *Carmen* in "Gypsy Love," and her other characterizations, we went to see "Bella Donna," expecting to be dazzled. But what did we see?

A poor imitation of Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Agnes Ayres and other standardized heroines of the Lasky mould, into which the gorgeous Pola was pressed and her art suppressed!

Why, she was even made to drop her easy, erect, natural carriage and to walk like Gloria, etc., with her shoulders hunched up and her head down between them like a panther, giving a wide, outward curve to her chest. Oh, Pola, how could you? The others know not what they do, but you? Know!

And her make-up, her repressed facial expressions, her hair neither short nor long; none showed the Pola we knew except in occasional flashes. Could it be possible that a double was used?

The script was inconsistent. 'At first *Ruby Chepstow* excited our sympathy as the victim of a silly, jealous husband, and her transformation into a calculating vampire was not well told. Pauline Frederick made a version of "Bella Donna" several years ago and Pauline was beautiful. Pola, in this version, was not! Now she is making Fannie Ward's great success, "The Cheat," and once again comparisons, which Shakespeare justly said were odious, are invited.

Go back to Europe, Pola, and save your art, before it is crushed into the "dumbbell" mould!

M. L. McLEAN.

Pretty Is as Pretty Does

San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I would like to know just who it was that started the pretty young man vogue in the films? Whom shall we blame—Rex Ingram? Then lead him on for the slaughter, for I, for one, am thoroughly fed up on these beautiful creatures who adorn the silver screen all too frequently of late. Continue to give us the rugged types such as Thomas Meighan, Milton Sills, John Bowers, Conrad Nagel (not so rugged, but wholesome, nevertheless), as well as the charming Moore boys, and the likable Kenneth Harlan and Harrison Ford, and a number of others who have so long and so consistently satisfied us. Among all these "good-to-look-at" chaps there is only one who is manly as well as handsome, and that is Richard Barthelmess, who, beside all this, is an artist and not merely an actor. I once admired Valentino, but I think he is of late cheapening himself.

A parting word for Albert Roscoe, whose personality impressed us in "Java Head," as well as Jacqueline Logan. The exquisite beauty of the latter is almost heart-rending at times—and it's so natural. May McAvoy is another genuine and unpress-agented beauty. But beyond doubt, it is to Raymond Hatten that the honors for this play should go.

RUTH MATHEWS.



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A Ray of Light

Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Let me send a word of praise for my favorite Charles Ray. He stands for all that is good and clean in pictures. He is an earnest worker, an actor true to his ideals. Never once have I been disappointed in him. It is such a relief to see one of his pictures after having endured such pictures as "Mad Love," "Jazzmania," "Adam's Rib" and countless others of that type. Charles Ray's "The Girl I Loved" is a masterpiece of superb acting. I recently had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Ray personally and hearing him talk. My former favorable opinion of him was strengthened a hundred fold. He has that lovable boyishness that endears him to all. I await with pleasure the release of "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

NORA NELSON.

Is Mary Aloof?

New York City.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: In the July number in one of your articles, surprise was expressed because Mary Pickford was not named among the world's most famous women.

What has Mary Pickford ever done for any one other than herself and her family?

She is an actress off the screen as well as on, inasmuch as she is always posing—with an air of aloofness—trying to consider herself or have other people consider her great. The effect is ridiculous.

MRS. RAMOS JAMERSON.

The Conventional Mould

New Haven, Conn.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I went to see "The Gray Dawn," Stewart Edward White's story. The movie started off with yards and yards of names of the people who rewrote it, directed it, titled it, and what not. What do the public care about all these names? Suppose a business letter, one of those that do the business, started off with—

Dictated by	So and So
Taken down by	So and So
Typewritten by	So and So
Proofread by	So and So
Approved by	So and So
Signed by	So and So
Folded by	So and So
Sealed by	So and So
Mailed by	So and So

Every business letter goes through just so much, but just how much would all that mean to the man who received it? Would he not drop it in the basket without even reading it?

Then, why can't they "movie" a good story at least somewhere near like the original? The book starts off with its hero and heroine already married. The movie has the heroine the sister of one of the other principal male characters; also has this fellow have a mother, neither of which conditions exist in the book and serve only to give these two women a chance to weep, etc., instead of having the hero do his good work purely from his sense of right and justice, and not for the sake of winning the hand of the fair maiden. Then, to spoil things entirely for anyone who has read and admired the work of this writer, they have the fadeout, "Honeymoon in Venice," the same as countless other movies, instead of the original depicted by the author, who has the hero and heroine, tired out after the big scene, yet reconciled and happy, fall asleep in their carriage locked in each other's arms, with the old horse taking whatever road he chooses, to awake on the top of a hill facing the sea, the "Gray Dawn of a better era."

Perhaps this putting every story into as nearly the same conventional mould as possible is the reason why they never get to anything but second class theaters.

L. LOVEDAY.

Poor, Overlooked Bobby

Pittsburgh, Penna.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Why have they overlooked Robert Agnew? He of such undeniable talents. They almost made a villain of him in "Prodigal Daughters." If they need a villain, why pick on poor Bobby? Another miserable part was given him in "Kick In." Of course, those cute, jazzy parts do suit him, but he isn't a villain, he is a wonderful actor, and should at least play opposite leads.

This is my bouquet for Bobby, and may it impress his director.

MABEL V. HUNTER.

**Mitigate the Maladies—
By All Means**

New York City

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: What has become of the real, human actors of the screen—men like Henry B. Walthall and Frank Keenan, whose vivid characterizations stand like gleaming lights in the vapid atmosphere of screen artificiality? By their stirring portrayals they have given much to the motion picture world that has touched the finer appreciations of the public. Henry B. Walthall, as the *Little Colonel* in "The Birth of a Nation," bequeathed to the screen one of the finest characterizations in its history, yet today he seems to be entirely forgotten by the producers, so blind is their frenzied search for "perfect lovers" and the matinee idol type of actor.

I am sure that at least a large percentage of the public are tiring of the handsome heroes of the modern cinema. The starring of Henry B. Walthall and the few other really great actors of the screen would receive a warm welcome, and would mitigate in no small way the present moving picture maladies.

EMERSON HENKE MORRISON.

"As to Doug—"

Pasadena, Calif.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I have to answer R. L. S. A slam like he or she made against Douglas Fairbanks will not go unheeded by me. I agree with R. L. S. as to Wallace Beery's good acting—although he is not the golden haired, noble Saxon every reader of history and legends believes *Richard* to have been. But as to Doug. If he were to take to vaudeville, as R. L. S. suggests, then I would become a vaudeville fan—much as I hate it.

MARGARET ELLIOT.

Revolutionizing the Screen

Ludlow, Kentucky.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: A hint to the producers. As the screen is quite flooded with costume and historical pictures, why not have more with the scenes laid in our own country? We have had "The Three Musketeers," France; "Nero," Italy; "When Knighthood Was in Flower," England; "To Have and To Hold," England; Douglas Fairbanks in "Robin Hood," England; the forthcoming Talmadge film, "Purple Pride," France; and the new Barthelmess picture, "The Fighting Blade," England.

But what about our own U. S. A.? We have had only "The Birth of a Nation" and "The Covered Wagon." We have seen from Griffith's "Orphans of the Storm" how the people of France won their independence in the French Revolution, one of the greatest things in European history. What is more important in American history than the war of 1776?

Why couldn't some first class producer make a picture on a lavish scale, showing how America won her freedom, with Washington leading his mighty army? Surely, if this were produced in the proper style, it would be every bit as great as "The Birth of a Nation," not only in popularity, but in box-office returns, and surely another step toward greater and better pictures.

ELDRID FISHER.

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The Inimitable Star

Seattle, Wash.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Anita Stewart is my favorite. She is a rare combination of beauty, youth and artistry, with a background of brains, individuality and versatility. She is indeed an exquisite bit of femininity. The inimitable star. She has more imitators than any other actress, but they are never Anita. Why do they imitate her? It only serves to make them artificial and affected. We want individuality and variety and we want our big stars in big plays.

M. FRANCES DREES.

A Cruel and Heartless Magazine

New York City.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Our leading luminaries, says PHOTOPLAY, seem afraid to act—in their current vehicles at least. Perhaps they all had Spring fever. For the pictures we are seeing now are, I imagine, films that were made in the Spring, tra-la! PHOTOPLAY is right. Pictures were never more dull or uninteresting than they have been for the past month or two. It is enough to discourage the most optimistic fan. The producers are saving their best bets for the fall season and, in the meanwhile, we suffer.

However, PHOTOPLAY is most cruel and heartless to condemn Norma Talmadge, the incomparable, and label her "afraid to act." Why it was the very quietness of her performance in "Within the Law" that was praiseworthy. No ranting, no wild gestures, no heaving bosom, nor overflowing emotion! But then, no Norma fan like myself would be capable of viewing her work in the calm, impersonal manner of the hardened critic.

MADGE T. BAUM.

Provincialism—or Race Hysteria?

New York City.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: The very bitter letter written by A. Lucille Smith, which was published in your June issue, has roused my usually placid nature.

The vindictive she hurls at the "literary gentlemen who are ready to make war, any place, any time" would be tragic if they were not ridiculous. She tells us that, as a club-woman and social worker, she should know something of the Japanese people, and admits that she doesn't, and would strongly advise her that to throw such venom at the picture, "The Pride of Palomar," with such ignorance of the subject that it involves, is bad policy. Those who understand and are interested in the present situation between America and Japan will be amused at her lack of knowledge.

I resent her saying: "I am forced to conclude that the author is either an ignorant bigot or is one of those pensters who are willing to hate anybody—for a consideration." Evidently she has not read the book, or she would have known that the author is not an ignorant bigot. Quite the contrary. He is not only well versed on the subject, but has taken some trouble to become acquainted with the true facts. She should know that no one in his right mind would write to such lengths, nor yet discuss such a thing as the Japanese situation and how it affects America, without knowing the facts beforehand.

For her to take the attitude toward the people who are responsible for the picture is silly, because it was produced as a story and not as hate propaganda or a means to bring about a war, as she would have us think.

Perhaps she will retract if she studies up a bit more thoroughly on the subject. Her attitude is decidedly un-American and smacks of provincialism.

HILDRED GUDE.

Bouquets from Australia

East Melbourne, Victoria.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Of course, we all have our favorites, and Miss Talmadge is mine. She is so sincere and hardworking and does not rely on beautiful clothes and spectacular settings to carry her through.

Of all the artistes who come to Melbourne, she and sister Connie are among the most popular.

And others, such as Lila Lee, Leatrice Joy (who resembles Norma Talmadge very much in features and acting), Wallace Reid (he still lives for us), Tom Meighan, Frank Mayo (who is hero-worshipped by the boys here as well as Rodolph Valentino is by the girls)—they one and all deserve the biggest and best bouquets we can give them.

L. IRENE TEBBS.

The Exotic Personality

Wollaston, Mass.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: As it seems the thing to do now. I want to tell you a few of my likes—not dislikes. Thank goodness, I have more of the former!

When I saw "Poor Men's Wives" the other day I came to the realization that Barbara La Marr is an actress, not an animated clothes horse as she seemed in "Trifling Women." She does not need wonderful clothes to impress an audience by her beauty and acting ability as some actresses think they do. I like her!

I also like Nita Naldi. I admit she is rather exotic but then don't we go to the movies to see things that are different than what we see in everyday life? And I am sure we do not very often come upon beauty and personality like Nita's in our workaday life.

JULIA MONGAN.

Loaded with Woolworth

Bemidji, Minn.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Recently I wrote and asked for pictures of a few actresses. On receiving them I was mightily disgusted. Why? All—except one—that of Leatrice Joy—were loaded down with Woolworth jewelry. Headdresses—pearls, diamonds and various other gems prevailed. I cannot understand why they send out pictures of themselves attired in this fashion. Besides looking very cheap, it seems extremely unnatural. Leatrice Joy looked so simple and charming that I immediately fell in love with her. Bebe Daniels' picture was merciless. Mae Murray's was worse. Of course, I haven't anything to say, but I wish they wouldn't.

E. L. K.

The Makings of a Star

Trenton, New Jersey.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I am a very jaded and hard to suit fan, but I have just discovered a new player in the pictures. His name is Van Matimore. Here is a young man with the makings of a star. Please, let us have more of him. He will always have my earnest support. His part of the beachcomber in the picture "Vengeance of the Deep" will always be remembered by me. Here is a movie out of the ordinary. It isn't mushy and all that stuff. Although Mr. Matimore's part compelled him to look uncouth and ill-kempt, I would prefer to see him any day than Valentino.

Let the public have more pictures like "Grandma's Boy," "Sign of the Rose," "Hungry Hearts," etc. Those are pictures I really and truly enjoyed. And I want to say a word of praise for Ralph Lewis. His acting in "The Third Alarm" and in the part of Captain Musgrove in "Vengeance of the Deep" is something really fine.

FAN OF PHOTOPLAY.



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FRIENDLY ADVICE

From Carolyn Van Wyck

CORRECT stationery is a mirror to the personality. It demonstrates, very forcibly, both judgment and good taste. It indicates the girl of charm, the woman of refinement. Just as a recognized trade-mark gives prestige to a manufactured article, so does correct stationery impart a certain social standing to its user.

There are so many, and such exquisite kinds of stationery nowadays. Once there were only one or two accepted sorts of letter paper—but now the range is large enough to suit any person, however critical. There are slim, softly-tinted correspondence sheets for the young girl and the debutante; chaste, deckle-edged papers that are perhaps more appropriate to the matron. The society, and often the professional, woman sometimes uses a paper with tissue-lined envelopes. And for the older woman nothing is more charming than a linen finished paper in white, or in silver grey. Satiny velour finishes are always good—for anybody. And so it goes!

The use of a monogram, of course, always adds a wee breath of individuality—as a certain, characteristic perfume or a fine, initialed handkerchief gives a pleasant finishing touch to a well-gowned woman. A single engraved line—the address—is also in good taste. But it is never either smart, or pretty, to have the engraving, the monogram, in any way showy or flamboyant.

Mourning papers even have their styles. The wider black band is, happily, seldom being used—even when the mourning is new and deep. A linen or velour paper—edged narrowly with black—is in better taste. And a lovely innovation is a border of soft grey on a white paper.

Children need not be neglected in the matter of stationery—even though the correspondence that they carry on is small, indeed. Nursery rhyme sheets are amusing. And quaint little Greenaway figures, around a margin, are so pretty!

Before choosing your stationery study your type. Consider your every characteristic before you decide upon certain colors or forms. Remember that your letters should be as carefully and becomingly dressed as your body.

Clothes are often the world's only way of judging a woman. Stationery is the clothing of the words that come from the mind and the heart—and that are written down for the world to see. The intimate friend, the casual acquaintance, the people with whom you have

business dealings, will be quite likely to judge you by the paper upon which your letters are inscribed. Not only upon its quality will they judge you—but upon its suitability!

M. B., TORONTO, CANADA.

Superfluous hair and enlarged pores! These two troubles are enough to make any normal girl unhappy. But, in this day and generation, they are both easy troubles to be rid of.

Electric treatment is the most permanent way, of course, to remove superfluous hair. But there are other ways that, though not so lasting, do very well. An addressed envelope, sent to me, will bring you more detailed information about the depilatories that I consider best. Although, if you care to scan the advertising pages of this magazine you will find some splendid brands mentioned—and all advertisements, in PHOTOPLAY, carry my endorsement.

The pores of your skin evidently need the healing properties of a good astringent. A weekly application of a worth-while complexion clay will also help materially. And always be sure, unless your skin is extremely oily, to use a vanishing cream before applying powder.

RED-HEAD, SALINA, KANSAS.

I have seen hair that was called "carrot" and that was very lovely. Golden red hair is unusual and beautiful, I think. But, if you are not pleased with the shade, a henna shampoo every two weeks and an occasional henna pack will undoubtedly darken your tresses. Henna, despite much criticism, is not harmful to the hair. Indeed, numerous experts say that it is beneficial to the hair! And so you may use it without fear. Do not overdo this henna treatment, though—you do not want to give your hair an artificial look.

L. C., MASS.

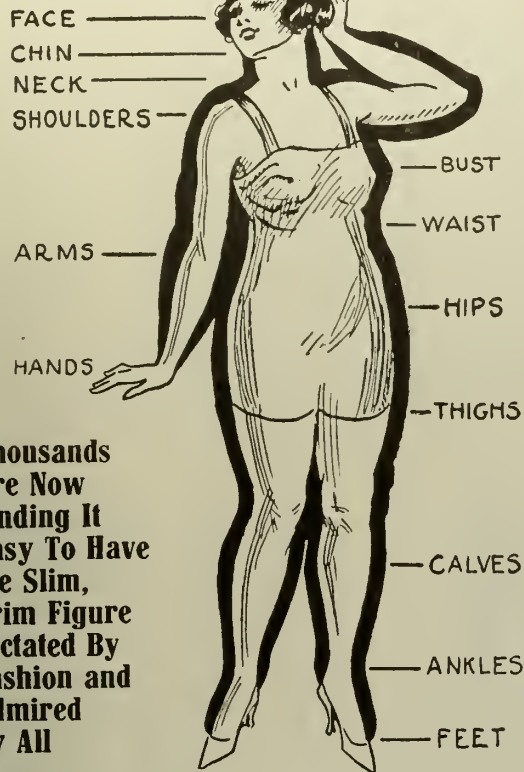
It is indeed too bad that you were vaccinated upon the arm, so long ago. Physicians did not realize, some years past, that the vogue for short sleeves and sleeveless frocks would show their handiwork to such advantage! Liquid powder, applied over the ugly mark will hide it—for a time. But the best liquid powder is apt to brush off, during an evening's dancing. I should advise that you wear an arm band, always, when you appear in a sleeveless gown. This band may be a gold or silver bracelet—a wide one—or it may take the form of a ribbon or a velvet band, in a shade matching your dress. This is a smart style for eve-

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CAROLYN VAN WYCK is a society matron, well known in New York's smartest and most exclusive inner circle. She is still young enough fully to appreciate the problems of the girl—she is experienced enough to give sound advice to those in need of it; be they flappers, business women, or wives and mothers. She invites your confidences—she will respect them—on any subject. Clothes, charm and beauty, love, marriage, the dreams and hopes that come to every one, the heartbreaks and the victories—who has not wished to talk them over with some woman who would be tolerant and just, sympathetic and filled with human understanding? Here is the opportunity to do so.

—The Editor

Would You Like to Lose a Pound a Day? Then Try This Delightfully Simple Way—



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"According to weight tables I weighed exactly 20 pounds too much. Rid-O-Fat reduced me to normal in just a little more than three weeks. I feel better, don't get tired, and my friends say I look like a new person."

Generous Sample FREE

I want every fat person to have a chance to try Rid-O-Fat in their own homes at my expense. I don't want them to take my word or that of the thousands who have used it. I want them to see for themselves that the results are more pleasing than anything I can say. To introduce Rid-O-Fat in a million more homes I will send a free sample to anyone who will write for it. In fact it is really more than a sample, as it is sufficient to reduce the average person several pounds. I will also send with the sample an interesting booklet that explains the scientific reason for fat, and why Rid-O-Fat meets with the highest approval.

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Don't send a penny—I will send the sample and the booklet under plain wrapper and fully postpaid. This does not obligate you in any way and is never to cost you a cent. It is simply a limited offer I am making to more generally introduce Rid-O-Fat.

This free offer is good for only a short time, so send me your name and address on the coupon below or a post card, and I will see that the generous sample and booklet are mailed immediately under plain wrapper postpaid. Do not try to get Rid-O-Fat at drug stores as it is distributed only direct from my laboratory to you—remember this is a short time offer and send your name at once. H. C. HAIST, Whinton Laboratories, 1515 Coca Cola Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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There is nothing which adds to a person's age so much as fat. A few extra pounds makes any man or woman look from five to ten years older. Not only that, the excess weight and increased heart action saps vitality and energy.

Once the gland which controls your fat is functioning properly your food should be turned into firm, solid flesh and muscle. As your weight comes down to normal you should experience a delightful and amazing improvement in your appearance. You should not only feel and look younger—you should actually be younger. You should also be in better health—a real health of energy—not the fictitious and deceiving health of fat that insurance companies say shortens the life ten years.

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ASTA STUDIO, 309 Fifth Ave., Dept. PH. New York

ning or afternoon—whether one has a vaccination to hide, or not. Often it adds materially to the charm and originality of a pretty costume. If you will write to me again, telling me the color of your eyes and hair, I will be glad to let you know which shades will be most becoming to you.

JEANNE.

Of course every girl wants to be popular with the opposite sex. It is only natural for any feminine creature to crave admiration. I cannot understand, from your description of yourself, why you are not much in demand! You say you dance, swim, and play tennis—all well. Perhaps the trouble is with your personality. Perhaps you are embarrassed when in company; perhaps you feel that you have nothing to talk about. Shyness, and lack of confidence, keep popularity away from many pretty and attractive women.

ELISE K., NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

I do agree with you that a woman is often judged by her perfume. It should suit the personality of the wearer—a detail that many women, who are careful in obtaining effects, have a habit of overlooking. You are a slim, willowy blonde—you tell me—with a fair skin, violet blue eyes and pale golden hair. What then could be more suitable than a fine lilac toilet water and talcum. Not too strong—for only vivid brunettes should wear a strong perfume.

J. E. M., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

So your husband cannot agree with you on the clothes question? You like straight, tailored frocks, and he is fond of ruffles. And so, every time you buy a dress, there is a family quarrel. Really, my dear, don't you think that you are being a bit foolish in this matter? Fluffy things, according to your own admission, are not unbecoming to you—it is only a matter of personal taste. Then why not meet your husband part way, by having a few frilly gowns to please him. After all, he pays the bills, and so his approval should count for something! Are you sure you are not a bit stubborn? It will not cause you any acute suffering to wear the laces and the frills. And it will give him a real pleasure. So why not be unselfish? Be glad that your husband wants you to have plenty of pretties. Many husbands are not so generous. In the matter of the permanent wave. No, I do not consider such a wave harmful, if you have the very best. Some of the cheaper, less careful waves permanently injure, rather than permanently wave, the hair! Nestle's Lanoil wave is reliable, always. And, of course, there are other satisfactory methods.

ELLA JANE, BALTIMORE, MD.

Nowadays a woman is not considered an old maid at thirty. Years ago, perhaps, but not now. The modern unmarried woman of that age may be very smart, very youthful, very popular. She must, of course, pay more attention to the smaller things than the debutante. Facial creams, massage, the good line of a gown, the becoming hat. The hair, the complexion, the trim ankles—they all help to convey the illusion of real youth. Do not allow yourself to be pushed back upon the shelf—your life is only just begun, if you will it so. And you must will it so! Tell yourself that you're getting "every day and every way—y younger and younger." And with the many aids to beauty, that are offered on every side, practice what you preach!

B. E. F., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Bobbed hair is not nearly so smart as it was. But if your hair seems thin, and if the ends are split, I think that you will be very wise to clip it. Being naturally curly, your hair will probably be very becoming when worn bobbed. Do not wear it straight back from your forehead. For, if your forehead is as high as you say it is, a bang will be much prettier and quite as smart.

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is now more than ever the key-note of success. **Bow-Legged and Knock-Kneed men and women**, both young and old, will be glad to hear that I have now ready for market my new appliance, which will successfully straighten, within a short time, bow-leggedness and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently, without pain, operation or discomfort. Will not interfere with your daily work, being worn at night. My new "Lim-Straitner," Model 18, U. S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its result will save you soon from further humiliation, and improve your personal appearance 100 per cent.

Write today for my free copyrighted physiological and anatomical book which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed legs without any obligation on your part. Enclose a dime for postage.

JM. TRILETY, SPECIALIST
611-L, Ackerman Building Binghamton, N. Y.

Shapeliness

is easily acquired by reducing disfiguring fat in any part of the body of MEN OR WOMEN, by few minutes' daily use of the famous invention

DR. LAWTON'S GUARANTEED FAT REDUCER AND ILLUSTRATED COURSE ON WEIGHT CONTROL

It performs a gentle deep-rooted massage, wherever applied, which disintegrates ugly fat and only where you wish to lose. This waste matter is then carried out of the body through the organs of elimination.

The Reduction Is Permanent

You can reduce from 1 to 100 pounds. No medicines or starvation diet. No exercises or electricity. Easiest way in the world to rid your body of that useless, joke-inviting fat. Internationally known for many years. Used by thousands and thousands of men and women. Approved and recommended by physicians. Dr. Lawton's Guaranteed Fat Reducer is made of light, soft, pillable rubber.

Smooths The Skin; Firms The Flesh

Dr. Lawton's authoritative book, "WEIGHT REDUCTION," is sent with the Fat Reducer. This explains how to use it, also how to stay thin after the Reducer has done

SPECIAL PRICE

\$3 75

SENT C. O. D.

its work. Reducing results must show in eleven days or you may return the Reducer complete and receive back your full purchase price. This is Dr. Lawton's positive guarantee! Sent C. O. D. in plain sealed wrapper, or if you prefer remit \$3.75 plus 20c. for shipping costs. Order yours now. Free literature sent on request.

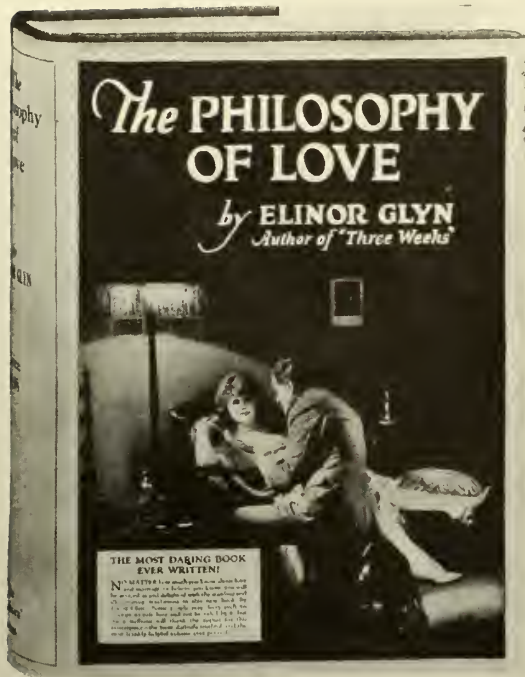


DR. THOMAS LAWTON

120 West 70th Street

Dept. 78

New York City



What Every Man and Woman Should Know

- how to win the man you love.
- how to win the girl you want.
- how to hold your husband's love.
- how to make people admire you.
- why "petting parties" destroy the capacity for true love.
- why many marriages end in despair.
- how to hold a woman's affection.
- how to keep a husband home nights.
- things that turn men against you.
- how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon.
- the "danger year" of married life.
- how to ignite love—how to keep it flaming—how to rekindle it if burnt out.
- how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men.
- how to attract people you like.
- why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age.
- are there any real grounds for divorce?
- how to increase your desirability in a man's eye.
- how to tell if someone really loves you.
- things that make a woman "cheap" or "common."

Elinor Glyn Dares to Tell the Truth About Marriage

ELINOR GLYN, FAMOUS AUTHOR OF "THREE WEEKS," HAS WRITTEN A WONDERFUL BOOK THAT SHOULD BE READ BY EVERY MAN AND WOMAN—MARRIED OR SINGLE. "THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE" IS NOT A NOVEL—IT IS A HELPFUL SOLUTION OF THOSE PROBLEMS OF LOVE AND MARRIAGE ABOUT WHICH MOST OF US KNOW SO LITTLE AND CONCERNING WHICH WE SHOULD BE SO WELL INFORMED. READ BELOW HOW YOU CAN GET THIS THRILLING BOOK AT OUR RISK—WITHOUT ADVANCING A PENNY.

WILL you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame—the husband, the wife, or the "other woman?"

Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate?

Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?

IF you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affection—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or please your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

What Do YOU Know About Love?

DO you know how to win the one you love? Why do husbands often grow increasingly indifferent even though their wives strive tirelessly to please them? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims?

Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you **MUST NOT DO** unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn courageously solves the most vital problems of love and marriage. Her book will thrill you as you have never been thrilled before. It may also upset some of your pet notions about love and marriage. But it will set

you right about these precious things and you will be bound to admit that Madame Glyn, who has made a life study of love, has written the most amazingly truthful and the most downright helpful volume ever penned. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

We admit that the book is decidedly daring. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of real value, could not mince words. Every problem had to be faced with utter honesty, deep sincerity, and resolute courage. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade, while she deals with strong emotions in her frank, fearless manner, she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sacredly that the book can safely be read by any man or woman.

Certain shallow-minded persons may criticise "The Philosophy of Love." Anything of such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world-wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted!

SEND NO MONEY

YOU need not advance a single penny for "The Philosophy of Love." Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter—and the book will be sent in plain wrapper on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only \$1.98, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded instantly.

Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories or have seen them in movies. Her books sell like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below **AT ONCE**. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

Get your pencil—fill out the coupon below. Mail it to The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y., before it is too late. Then be prepared for the greatest thrill of your life!

The Authors' Press, Dept. 181, Auburn, N. Y.
Please send me on approval Elinor Glyn's masterpiece, "The Philosophy of Love." When the postman delivers the book to my door, I will pay him only \$1.98, plus a few pennies postage. It is understood, however, that this is not to be considered a purchase. If the book does not in every way come up to expectations, I reserve the right to return it any time within five days after it is received, and you agree to refund my money.

De Luxe Leather Edition—We have prepared a Limited Edition, handsomely bound in Royal Blue Genuine Leather and lettered in Gold, with Gold Tops and Blue Silk Markers. No expense spared—makes a gorgeous gift. If you prefer this leather edition—as most people do—simply sign below, place a cross in the little square at the right, and pay the postman only \$2.98 plus postage.

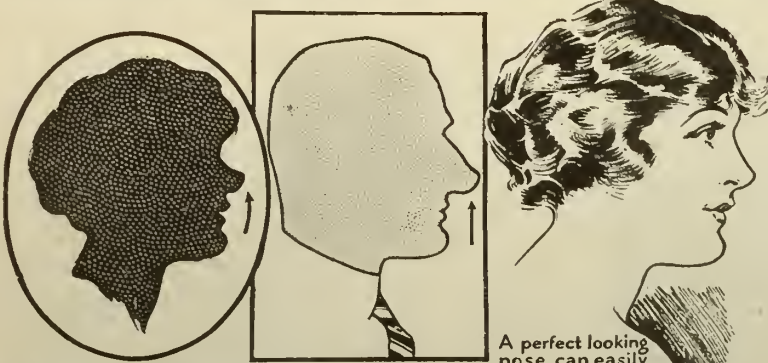
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IMPORTANT—If you reside outside the U. S. A., payment must be made in advance. Regular Edition \$2.12. Leather Edition, \$3.12. Cash with coupon.

DO YOU SEE YOURSELF AS OTHERS SEE YOU?



A perfect looking nose can easily be yours

A NEW SCIENTIFIC, PAINLESS METHOD OF CORRECTING ILL-SHAPED NOSES AT HOME

TIME ADVANCES—as does science succeed in perfecting each invention. My 15 years of experience in manufacturing and selling Nose Shapers have proven to me that I can now offer to the unfortunate possessors of ill-shaped noses the most meritorious Nose Adjuster of the age. My latest improved Model No. 25 (U. S. and many foreign patents) has so many superior qualities that it surpasses all my previous shapers and other Nose Adjusters by a large margin.

In the first place, my newest appliance is better fitting; the adjustments are such that it will fit every nose without exception—my apparatus is constructed of light weight metal, and is afforded very accurate regulation by means of six hexagonal screws, which are regulated with a key and the screws are then locked in the desired position. These screws will bring about the exact pressure for correcting the various nasal deformities—such as: long—pointed nose—pug—hook

or sbrew nose—and turned up nose—and will give marked success in modulating the distended or wide nostrils. There are no straps to be pulled in order to exert pressure on the nasal organ.

Model No. 25 is upholstered inside with a very fine chamel (covering a layer of thin metal) which protects the nose from direct contact with the apparatus; this lining of metal causes an even, moderate pressure on the parts being corrected, thus avoiding a harsh, violent pressure in any one place.

Model No. 25 is guaranteed, and corrects now all ill shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely, comfortably and permanently. It is to be worn at night and, therefore, will not interfere with your daily work.

If you wish to have a perfect looking nose, write today for my free booklet which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1940 Ackerman Bldg., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

SLEEVELESS GOWNS AND SHEER FABRICS



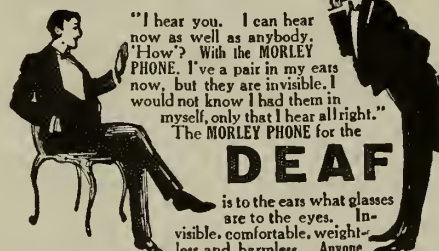
and present craze for dancing has made it necessary to remove superfluous hair in order to have freedom of movement, unhampered grace and modest elegance.

MODENE

will instantly dissolve and remove Hair on the Face, Neck, on or under the Arms without the slightest injury to the most delicate skin. For thirty years MODENE has stood the test and received the endorsement of thousands of people of refinement. MODENE for sale by all Druggists or by mail, postpaid, \$1.00. Every bottle guaranteed.

MODENE MFG. CO., CINCINNATI, O.

“Don’t Shout”



“I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. ‘How?’ With the MORLEY PHONE. I’ve a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in myself, only that I hear all right.”
The MORLEY PHONE for the

DEAF

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it. Over 100,000 sold. Write for booklet and testimonials

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 789, 26 S. 15th St. Phila.

SAVE YOUR BODY

Conserve Your Health and Efficiency First

“I Would Not Part With It for \$10,000”

So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. “Worth more than a farm,” says another. In like manner testify over 100,000 people who have worn it.

THE NATURAL BODY BRACE

Overcomes WEAKNESS and ORGANIC AILMENTS of WOMEN and MEN. Develops erect, graceful figure. Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

Wear It 30 Days Free At Our Expense

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, raptures, constipation, after effects of Flu. Comfortable and easy to wear.

Keep Yourself Fit

Write today for illustrated booklet, measurement blank, etc., and read our very liberal proposition.

HOWARD C. RASH Pres. Natural Body Brace Co. 330 Rash Bldg., SALINA, KANSAS



For Boys and Girls Also

ANNETTE, BAYONNE, N. J.

You are so very small—only four feet, eleven inches tall—that your weight, if you are built proportionately, should be small, too. Not over one hundred pounds, I should say.

The depilatory that you mention is quite harmless, and I am sure that you will find it efficient and effective.

Colors? With blond hair and light brown eyes—a most unusual combination—you can wear almost any shade that you desire. Ranging from dark brown, black and midnight blue all the way to the lovely pastel tints. Red, blues, greens, grey, periwinkle and orchid will all be becoming to you.

MRS. B., DENVER, COLO.

I agree with you that it is a shame to have the hair turn grey when one is in the early thirties. Grey hair is charming often, though, when it frames a fresh and youthful face. However, if you would like to do something to remedy the matter I will be glad to give you some advice. If you will send to me a stamped, self-addressed envelope I will post an answer to you at once.

CUTIE, NANTUCKET, MASS.

It is too bad that your otherwise fine figure is made less attractive by legs that are not straight. However, the long skirts that everyone is wearing should lessen that defect. Draped gowns would be becoming to you, as they—above any other style—show to advantage a slender waist and narrow hips. With greenish brown eyes and blond hair you will be charming in shades of brown, grey, violet and blue. Especially periwinkle and French blue. You will also be at your best in green—nile and jade, preferably. And shell pink will accentuate the combination of light hair and dark eyes.

M. D., CHICAGO, ILL.

Your height—for five feet, nine inches, is far above the average woman's height—is probably to a large extent responsible for your self-consciousness. This self-consciousness undoubtedly makes it hard for you to carry yourself well; you must always remember, though, that a tall woman looks her best when she walks with her head up and her shoulders erect.

The fact that you blush easily is due, in part, to embarrassment. And partly, I think, to high blood pressure. I gather this last because you have told me that your face turns deeply red, almost purple, in fact, from the extreme heat or from exercise that is at all violent. This should be corrected through diet—one consisting mostly of vegetables, with little sugar and meat. I think that your physician should regulate your diet; he knows you and your physical needs better than I do.

RUTH, ALBERTA, CANADA.

Ungainly flesh about the ankles may be lessened in three ways. Through exercise, massage and by use of rubber reducing stockings. The first named method will probably get the most lasting results—the third, the more immediate ones. A simple exercise, and one that is easy to do, is that old standby in which one rises slowly to the tips of the toes—while either in stocking feet, or in heelless slippers. This should be done twenty-five times: both night and morning. The massage may be either electrical, or the hard rubber variety. And, if you care to write to me for further information, I can give you some details about rubber reducing stockings.

If your shoulders are broad, a slightly lowered waistline will be becoming to you—it will make you seem more perfectly proportioned. But remember that broad shoulders, and the athletic types of figure that broad shoulders stand for, are very smart this year.

MAE, CEMENT, OKLA.

Some really good curling fluids are advertised in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. I am ready and glad to recommend them, for they are guaranteed.

K. E. D., ALABAMA.

You tell me that your trousseau is nearly finished, and that soon the invitations to your wedding will be out. And that, still, you are not quite sure that you want to marry the man whose betrothal ring you are wearing. The situation is difficult—for you will, if you break off the marriage preparations at the last moment, force a climax that will be very unpleasant, not to say heartbreaking, to all concerned. I would never urge the marriage of a woman to a man that she did not love with her whole soul—no matter how far the arrangements had gone. So, if you are not sure; if you feel really definite doubts, don't you think it would be better to put a stop to the proceedings before it is any later? You have told me that the winter, past, has been a heavy one for you. That you have worked very hard in order to leave your business life in an efficient way. Maybe, by working so hard, you have unsteadied your nerves—maybe your doubts and fears are only fancied ones, bred of a weary brain. Think carefully before you take any step, at all—either toward the marriage altar, or away from it. And, if you care to, take your fiance into your confidence and talk over matters, very frankly, with him. If he cannot reassure you, nobody can!

C. F., ILL.

With dark brown hair, greenish brown eyes and an olive skin you should most certainly use face powder in the rachel shade. Rouge brunette, and a very dark lip stick will produce the effect that will be most flattering to you.

You are not tall, and you are rather too heavy for your height. For that reason I should suggest that you wear simple straight-line frocks in dark colors. Made without frills or panniers or ruffles. You should never wear very large hats—turbans and toques will make you seem both taller and slimmer.

C. G., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

You are tall—so many tall young women are writing to me, these days! Indeed, the petite girl, of the so-called flapper type, must be passing rapidly! And your features are irregular, and your neck is inclined to be long, and you want to know how you may best arrange your hair—which is long and curly. I think that a simple style would suit you best; elaborate puffings and curls and bangs will emphasize your features and height. Let your hair wave softly and naturally back from your face, and do it low—very low—in your neck. This will give a pretty line to your head, will make your neck seem less long, and will even make you seem materially shorter.

Do not wear your frocks in the extremely long fashion. You will look your best in dresses that are conservative—in length as well as in style.

Use an astringent cream, nightly, to remedy the large pores before it is too late. And—not too much face powder, please! The make that you mention you will find satisfactory—in fact any brand advertised in PHOTOPLAY should please you. Use the shade "rachel." Or, if your skin is inclined to be fair, "naturelle." I am sure that you will find the new Pinaud talcum, perfumed with his famous "Lilac of France," very pleasant.

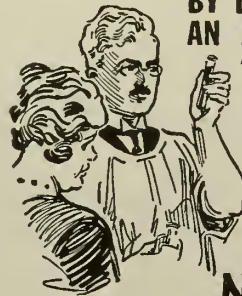
"JUDY," NEW MEXICO.

Electric massage will do more for your muscle bound hips than anything else that I know about. Exercise will also help.

With dark auburn hair, blue-grey eyes and a fair complexion you will look your best in shades of green, violet and grey. You will also be charming in black, dark brown and midnight blue. Almost all reds will be trying colors for you to wear—pink and pale blue will not be your best colors, either. But you should look well in yellow, the season's shade. About the face powder: If the flesh tint shows against your skin, and if white also shows, you have only one logical choice left. You should use powder in the shade "naturelle." I am almost sure that you will find it satisfactory.

FAT

the ENEMY that is shortening Your Life
BANISHED!



BY DISSOLVING THE YEAST CELLS THAT MAKE AN ALCOHOL DISTILLERY OF YOUR STOMACH

The fat in your body is caused by a simple chemical process.

Yeast cells in your stomach combine with starch and sugar and form ALCOHOL. When alcohol gets in the blood, fatty tissue is made instead of healthy, lean muscle. Fat people, even though they be TOTAL ABSTAINERS have four billion yeast cells (or more) in their stomachs—enough to make 4 ounces of alcohol a day. Destroy this excess of yeast cells and you immediately destroy Fat at its source!

NO DANGER
GUARANTEED HARMLESS

NO DIET—NO BATHS—NO EXERCISE!

Dr. R. L. Graham's marvelous prescription, known as NEUTROIDS, destroys the yeast cells, stops alcoholization and reduces fat. No bother or inconvenience; can be carried in vest pocket or hand bag. Neutroids are composed of harmless ingredients that act only on the yeast cells that make you fat and not directly

on the body. Neutroids are personally guaranteed by R. Lincoln Graham, M. D., to accomplish satisfactory reducing results and furthermore, they are guaranteed to contain no thyroid extract, no harmful laxatives, no dangerous, habit-forming drugs. Don't bother with dieting, baths or exercise when Neutroids will accomplish better results with no inconvenience.

FREE PERSONAL MAIL CONSULTING SERVICE—by Dr. Graham's Staff

R. Lincoln Graham, M. D., discoverer of the marvelous prescription known as Neutroids, although a practicing physician, has finally been prevailed upon to offer his priceless remedy to the public. He insists, however, that Neutroids must be only a PART of his fat-reducing service. You are to write him fully and confidentially. Dr. Graham, or a member of his staff at his New York sanitarium will give careful attention to your inquiries and write you a personal letter of advice. Anyone ordering Neutroids may use this service.



SKETCH VISUALIZES MARVELOUS REDUCTION IN STOMACH YEAST CELLS AFTER ONLY ONE TREATMENT

SEND NO MONEY—SEND ONLY THIS COUPON

Fill in and mail this coupon only, to my sanitarium. I will send you two full weeks' treatment of fat-reducing Neutroids. Pay the postman only \$2 (a small portion of my regular consulting fee) plus 15 cents postage. If the treatment does not effect a satisfactory reduction, return the empty box and I will refund your money. (Signed) R. Lincoln Graham, M. D.

DR. R. LINCOLN GRAHAM, care of The Graham Sanitarium, Inc., 123 E. 89th St., Dept. 112, New York City.—Send me 2 weeks' treatment of Neutroids which entitles me to free professional mail consulting service and free booklet on Obesity. I will pay postman \$2 (plus 15c postage) on arrival of the Neutroids in plain package. I understand my money will be refunded if I do not get a satisfactory reduction from this 2 weeks' treatment.

Name.....Age.....Sex.....

Address.....Weight.....

Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture. 25 years in business.

D. J. MAHLER, 260-C Mahler Park, Providence, R.I.

STOP FORGETTING

Systemize Your Mind

Good memory is absolutely essential to success. I will send you Free my Copyrighted Memory and Concentration Test, illustrated book, How to Remember names, faces, studies—develop Will, Self-Confidence. Write today, Prof. Henry Dickson, Dept. 741, Evanston, Ill.



Make Your Nose Perfect Support Your Lax Muscles

If your nose is ill-shaped, you can make it perfect with ANITA Nose Adjuster. In a few weeks, in the privacy of your own room and without interfering with your daily occupation, you can remedy your nasal irregularity. No need for costly, painful operations.

SEND NO MONEY! ANITA - The Genuine - NOSE ADJUSTER
PATENTED
shapes while you sleep—quickly, painlessly, permanently and inexpensively. The ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER is the ORIGINAL nasal supporter highly recommended by physicians for fractured and misshapen noses. Self-adjustable. No screws. No metal parts. Gentle, firm and perfectly comfortable. Winner of Gold Medal—Highest in Merit. Lowest in Price. Beware of imitations. Write today (just your name and address) for free book "Happy Days Ahead," and our blank to fill out for sizes. Your nose adjuster can be paid for when it reaches you.
The ANITA Company, Dept. 1028, ANITA Bldg., Newark, N. J.



Is your skin oily— your nose shiny?

*You can overcome this condition,
by the right treatment*

A certain invisible amount of oil in your skin is necessary to keep it soft and supple. But too much oil not only spoils the appearance of your skin; it very much increases the danger of infection from dust and dirt.

Don't let your skin get the habit of always being shiny with too much oil. Use this treatment once or twice a day, and see how helpful it will prove in keeping your skin in just the right condition:—

CLEANSE your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it thoroughly into the pores with your finger tips—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

This treatment will give your skin a firmer, fresher look the first time you use it. Follow it persistently and see what a wonderful improvement it will make in your appearance.

The right treatment for your type of skin

No matter what kind of skin you have—you will find the treatment that especially meets its needs in the booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Special treatments for each different type of skin are given in this booklet. By following these treatments thousands of women have

"WITH warm water work up a lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub thoroughly into the pores" The rest of this treatment is given in the first column below.

overcome the faults in their complexion and built up a fresh, clear, lovely skin.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, and begin tonight the right treatment for *your* skin. A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts a month or six weeks. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

Three famous Woodbury skin preparations —guest size—for 10 cents

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
510 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing,

*A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."*

*If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 510 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.
English Agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.*

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Street

City.....State.....

Cut out this coupon and send it to us today



Apeda

New Pictures

CLAIRE WINDSOR comes from Kansas, but one can picture her walking, long ago, through the fragrant gardens of Versailles. The most beautiful woman on the screen, many aver, and the mother of filmdom's handsomest boy



Hesser

MARY ASTOR, who is still "standing with reluctant feet, where the brook and river meet." Though very young, she has played opposite Glenn Hunter, Harry Morey and Dick Barthelmess. She was a beauty contest winner



Hesser

EVERY other day there's a report that Theda Bara is about to return to the screen. And then folk sigh, reminiscently, and remember the days when a vampire was a vampire, and Theda worked under the William Fox banner



Richee

A PENSIVE picture of Gloria Swanson. This young lady, who is now taking the east by storm, is having her first real chance as an emotional actress in Allan Dwan's production of "Zaza," and much is expected of her



Evans

IRENE RICH, known as the sweetest and most womanly of all leading ladies, is cast as the Queen of Spain in Mary Pickford's forthcoming picture, "Rosita." Notice the quaint antique earrings she wears, and the fan of thread lace



Seely

JACKIE SAUNDERS, of Biograph fame, has staged a come-back. Her one-sided smile and her impish blue eyes—together with a whole trunkful of lovely new frocks—will decorate Film Booking's latest special, "Alimony"



Keyes

POLO player, scholar, able actor and gentleman. Jack Holt is one of Paramount's surest bets—and a real candidate for stardom. His chin gives him a hold over every weak woman in the audience



FRANK MAYO, chosen to create the most important part in Elinor Glyn's "Six Days," is a personable six-footer. They say that he's to Australia what Valentino is to this country



ALTHOUGH he made his film debut as Mary Pickford's leading man, in "The Love Light," Eddie Phillips is now doing tough little celluloid gangsters. And being well liked, in spite of it!



EDMUND LOWE as *Don Juan* in his first Goldwyn picture "In the Palace of the King." He comes to the screen from Belasco's training school, where he played opposite Leonore Ulrich

Safety for Silks

Assured by this soap test

We believe most women realize how convenient it is to be able to wash, in their own homes, such delicate things as silk blouses and dresses, and fluffy woolen sweaters.

But if you have had any misfortunes with such precious garments, or if you still lack confidence in this method of cleaning them, let us suggest a simple test by which you can assure yourself *before-hand* of the safety of the soap.

Here is the test:

Ask yourself:

"Would I be willing to use the soap on my face?"

You will probably be surprised at the ease with which, by the help of this single question, you can now select a soap of whose safety you are certain.

Among all the soaps in any form to which you apply this

test, Ivory Flakes is one of the few that will win your instant confidence.

This is not strange, because Ivory Flakes is simply Ivory Soap in flake form—the very same Ivory with which carefully women have for generations gently cleansed and protected their sensitive skin and which mothers use for their babies' bath.

Safe as pure water

When you dip a delicate silk or woolen garment into the pure, foamy Ivory Flakes suds, you can be sure that not even pure water alone could be safer for it.

We know, of course, that it sometimes requires a good deal of courage to wash a particularly precious garment, especially if it is the first of its kind you have ever handled. For this reason, we have tested nearly every conceivable kind of fabric with Ivory Flakes

and will gladly answer any questions for you.

The directions on the Ivory Flakes box are sufficiently complete for nearly any kind of garment, but you should also have our booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," which is a veritable encyclopaedia of information on the subject. It includes complete directions for ironing, as well as for washing. And it is free.

If you will write to us as suggested in the lower right-hand corner of this page, we shall be glad to send you both this booklet and a sample package of Ivory Flakes, without charge.

NOTE: In addition to having a real margin of safety beyond other soaps for delicate garments, Ivory Flakes is economical enough for use in washing the heavier articles, such as linens, blankets and draperies, which need the protection of a pure soap.

Full size packages of Ivory Flakes are for sale in groceries and department stores everywhere.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP FLAKES



DID YOU EVER WASH a lampshade?

Twice each year for five years the crêpe de chine and chiffon lampshade, shown in the picture, was washed with Ivory Flakes. It was merely rinsed in the suds, for of course so delicate an article could not be rubbed. Yet it was cleaned perfectly—and *safely*—retaining its original color and fresh appearance through all ten washings.

This lampshade and owner's letters on file in the Procter & Gamble office.



Figured Georgette— Five times safe!

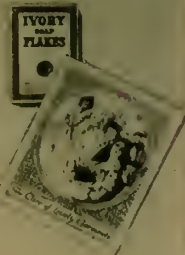
"Everyone, even Mother, said my georgette dress was much too delicate to be washed safely," writes the owner of this charming dress, "but I rinsed it in Ivory Flakes suds and it came out beautifully. I washed it four times after that and it was perfectly cleaned every time. Even after the last washing the dress looked as fresh as though it were new."

Dress and owner's letter on file in the Procter & Gamble office.

FREE

This package and booklet

A sample package of Ivory Flakes and the beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," will be sent to you without charge on application to Section 45-JF, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O.



PHOTOPLAY

October, 1923

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

"THERE is no question of Norma's position on the screen. In all my life I have never met a person with so little ego."

That is what Adela Rogers St. Johns said in the August issue of PHOTOPLAY about Norma Talmadge.

When you see "Ashes of Vengeance," as you should, you will note an almost unprecedented action on the part of a great star, absolute proof of the beautiful lady's lack of egotism and possession of brains. Did she hog every close-up? She did not. Was she concerned because her leading man, Conway Tearle, had more footage? She was not. Although she had everything to say about the picture, she permitted Frank Lloyd, the director, to tell the story in his own manner without interference or insistence that her part be enlarged to the detriment of the story. Oh, that we had a few more Normas on the screen!

AND right at this point I rise and ask why Hope Hampton should be featured as the headliner in "Lawful Larceny"? Is she a greater star than Nita Naldi or Lew Cody, who are given second and third places? She is not. But we understand that Famous Players wanted the play and Miss Hampton's manager held the rights to it. And Famous had to pay the price.

EXHIBITORS and producers are just about as wise as anybody else in sensing what the public wants. And no wiser. There are no experts on public whims. Two years ago the exhibitors said their patrons did not want "costume" pictures. Then came "Passion." The flood tide is now on. "The Covered Wagon" is still playing to capacity houses. "Little Old New York," Marion Davies' greatest picture, and "Ashes of Vengeance," Norma's splendid celluloid reproduction of French court life in the sixteenth century, opened auspiciously. And coming along are "Scaramouche" (Rex Ingram), "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (Universal), "The Green Goddess" (Distinctive Pictures), "Mona Vanna" (Fox), "Long Live the King" (Jackie Coogan), "In the Palace of the King" (Goldwyn), and others.

After all, it isn't a question of costumes. It's a question of story and picture quality.

TAKE "Hollywood" for instance. The original was written by Frank Condon for PHOTOPLAY, a year ago. Famous Players-Lasky decided to make a picture of it. About the same time "Souls for Sale" was started in work for Goldwyn. The competition between the two companies is keen, and the Goldwyn company saw a chance to beat Famous Players to it by injecting a score or more of picture celebrities into it regardless of the original story. It made a box office hit in spite of the fact that the plot had to break and enter the picture through a window in the fourth reel. Trailing it, and attempting to collect on

the same interest, "Mary of the Movies" made its bow and was received with slight applause. Then came the original inspiration of both, "Hollywood," and proved that the others were merely sincere flattery.

MANY of our screen celebrities after a few years in Hollywood, become infected with Californitis and surpass the Native Sons in their enthusiasm over the wonderful climate, the glorious scenery, the snow-capped mountains, the paved roads, the sunny beaches, the cool evenings, and the almost miraculous healthfulness of their state. Maybe it is because I am an Easterner that I think that humans can still exist in comparative health and happiness in a few other states.

One of our screen luminaries recently returned from that earthly paradise. She went into transports of ecstasy as she raved, and ranted, and acted. I listened as long as I could. I had to stop her.

"How old are you?" I asked.

"Twenty-five," she answered without moving a wrinkle.

"I'm convinced," I said. "California is all you said. It's a grand climate."

She was thirty-five when she went west six months ago.

A NEW YORK court has restrained Pyramid Pictures, Inc., and A. N. Smallwood, its promoter, from disposing of \$2,000,000 worth of bonds, or rather that amount of bonds, to the public. Smallwood admitted that he bought stock at \$2.50 from the company and resold it to the public at \$7.50. He bought bonds with a face value of \$100 at \$66.66. The bonds were secured by about \$25,000 of equipment and \$38,000 in accounts receivable. Then there was also listed a claim against a distributing company Smallwood organized, and which he admitted couldn't pay any part of it.

PHOTOPLAY wishes to reiterate what it has said again and again. The public has never gotten its money back, not to speak of dividends, from any motion picture company promoted by sale of stock to the public. This is definite.

CARMEL MYERS is being hailed in studio circles as the new siren *extraordinaire*, the reason being her work in "The Magic Skin."

The other day while lunching in a studio cafeteria, Miss Myers was approached by a visitor with a request for a photograph.

"I've always admired you from the first time I saw you," said the lady. "You are the most beautiful girl on the screen. I go to see all your pictures. If I could only have one of your autographed photographs to take home with me I would be so happy."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 130]

The Most Engaged Girl in the World

Tells the Kind of Man
She Would Like to Marry

CONSTANCE TALMADGE has been reported engaged more times than anybody except the prince of Wales.

Maybe "Connie" isn't rated as a vamp, but investigation shows that she has done more serious heart-damage than all the rest of our screen stars put together.

Every man who gets a crush on the beautiful youngest Talmadge wants to marry her.

Ever since she and Richard Barthelmess were secretly engaged at sixteen, it's been a bad day for the newspapers when somebody of importance hasn't been trying to marry Constance Talmadge.

Since her divorce a few months ago from the rich young Greek, John Pialoglou, Connie has been reported engaged five times. First to Irving Berlin, premier song writer of the day. Next to Irving Thalberg, picture producer. To John Charles Thomas, famous baritone and matinee idol. To Kenneth Harlan, screen actor. And most recently to William Rhinelandier Stewart, Jr., millionaire society favorite and brother of the Princess Miguel de Braganza and the Viscountess Maidstone.

Just why do so many men, with the world at their feet as it were, want to become the husband of the screen's charming comedienne?

First of all, Constance is very delightful to look at. Everyone knows that. But men who know a thing or two declare that Constance's great charm is her vivacity, her never-failing wit and delightful good humor, her appreciation and response to their work and efforts to please her.

Connie is the best ballroom dancer, according to masculine report, among the screen stars. She plays a rattling good game of golf and swims like a fish.

"Constance Talmadge," said a man who has been anxious to marry her for years, "is the kind of girl that you'd love to be with all the twenty-four hours in the day. The trouble with most women is that they fall down somewhere. The girls that are good pals on the golf links and in an automobile, are



Constance Talmadge and (below) John Pialoglou, whom she has divorced



usually all wrong in the evening. Connie is always just right—that's why men, when they fall in love with her, always want to marry her. And nowadays men don't always want to marry the girls they fall in love with, by any means. Constance has had more proposals, to my positive knowledge, than any other girl in the world."

That being the case, the Editor of PHOTOPLAY persuaded her to tell for the first time the kind of man she really would like to marry.

By

Constance Talmadge

I SUPPOSE there's one thing worse than having people think everybody wants to marry you.

And that's having people think nobody wants to marry you.

There are an awful lot of men in the world.

Really, I'm not keen about roping one of them out of the herd and putting my own special and private and personal brand on him.

A husband is an awful lot of responsibility.

I appreciate it, of course, but I don't just exactly understand why everybody is so anxious to marry me off. I'm a quiet, hard-working girl, and I like my little game of mah-jong in the evening, and an occasional golfing contest. I'm contented in my own small way.

Marriage, after all, is largely a matter of curiosity. I've been married.

Now it's like this.

Some day I may get married again. It's a temptation few seem able to resist.

If I do—well, yes, there are a few little things I have in mind. A few requirements I think I'm going to make. But don't take them too seriously.

Because, in love affairs, you never can tell. My intentions may be the best. I may swear I could never marry a red-headed man, and the very next day I might trot right up to a J. P. with a man whose thatch was the color of a brick wall.

One thing is certain. It won't be a

Is Connie's Good Bad Man Among—These?



Irving Berlin, premier writer of popular songs, and (above to right) William Rhinelanders Stewart, Jr., society man and millionaire

Kenneth Harlan (above), screen actor, and (in center below) John Charles Thomas, the famous baritone and matinee idol



long engagement. I do not believe in long engagements. I admit they prevent divorce—usually by preventing the marriage. I could never marry a man I knew all about. You ought to get some fun out of marriage.

There is just one kind of a man that all women adore.

Oh, yes, we do. We may deny it, and blush over it, and all that, but it's true just the same.

The good bad man.

You know; the man who's been a regular Bluebeard, but is willing to give it all up for our sweet sakes. The man who has committed a couple of dozen murders without turning a hair, but will ride forty miles across the desert to get a vet for a sick kitten. The man who's never done a day's good in his life and who is best known around town to orchestra leaders, bootleggers, and idle young married women, but who, when the bugle blows, will be the first man into the trenches and the last man out, with more medals on his chest than a pure food product.

That's the boy.

If I could find one of those—I might be tempted.

The most important question with me when it comes to contemplating any member of the

male sex as a permanent associate is the sense of humor.

Should he or should he not have one?

If, on the one hand, you marry a man without a sense of humor, you will probably be billed in eight column headlines as a well-known lady murderess before the first year is finished.

If, on the other hand, you marry a man with a sense of humor, it makes romance so difficult. No comedian ever plays a good love scene on the screen or stage. He will always sacrifice the thrill to get a laugh.

However, after due deliberation, I think in my case he'd better have a sense of humor for his own sake as well as for mine.

Men talk themselves into—and out of—a lot of love affairs.

I think I prefer one of these silent men. Strong but silent. A man that's a smooth talker is a great asset in some ways, especially if you entertain much. But he's dangerous. He can sell you such a lot of things you don't want. You know nobody can talk a lot and tell the truth all the time.



Irving Thalberg, motion picture publicity expert

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 128]



Here is the Norma Talmadge of to-day and the Norma of less than five years ago in "The New Moon"

How They Do Grow Up!

Have you noticed how only a few years have changed and improved the Messrs. Chaplin, Ray, and Fairbanks, the Talmadge Sisters, Mary Pickford, and others?

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

OUR screen stars are growing up. Have you noticed it? We have reached the end of the first decade of serious screen effort.

And those ten years record histories of changing personalities and dramatic developments that seem nothing less than magic.

No dynasty of kings, no glittering period of history, no thrilling, unbelievable tale of courts or palaces can unfold such a panorama of amazing transformations as can Hollywood of the Twentieth Century.

Ten years ago—to use a figure of speech, for sometimes it is a bit more or a bit less—ten years ago in Hollywood we had a group of embryonic actors and actresses, blessed with promising personalities and youthful beauty, tempered by a few stage recruits struggling rather futilely with a new medium of expression.

Most of them were poor. Most of them were raw and many were uneducated, in the best sense of the word. Some of them were failures. The majority of them were very, very young. Children, almost.

Today, from the weeding out of that group by time and advancement, have emerged men and women who are great artists, great influences in the world's thought, millionaires, idols of the nations.

In their development, in the changing of their personalities, is written a fairy tale and a prophecy.

For the term of popularity of a screen star is as yet an unknown quantity.

On the stage, stars move upon a long avenue of success. We follow an Ethel Barrymore from the youthful allure and vividness of "Captain Jinks" to the mature dignity and powerful



Charles Spencer Chaplin as he is, and Charlie Chaplin as he was when he made "His New Job" for Essanay

artistry of "Declasse." We worship Maude Adams no less in the middle-aged delicacy of "A Kiss for Cinderella" than we did in "Peter Pan."

Can our screen stars, who have come so miraculously out of this first trying decade, do the same?

Can they develop a richness of art and a power of dramatic interpretation that will replace the things passing years take with them?

Looking back, or looking forward, it's fascinating to pause just now and take a



What five years have meant to Charles Ray. In "String Beans" in 1918 and in "Miles Standish" now



Dark-haired, fat, little Mary Pickford in her first picture, "Ramona," and the queenly "Our Mary" of 1923



Seven years ago Douglas Fairbanks did "drunk scenes." Compare this with his recent "Robin Hood"



The little mountain girl of "Intolerance" in 1916 has grown up. Constance Talmadge is now "Dulcy"



Harold Lloyd's "Safety Last" was a far cry from his "Love, Laughs and Lather" of only six years ago



© Evans

And here is a change so great as to be almost unbelievable. Gloria the bathing girl, and Gloria Swanson, grande dame

bird's eye view of the changed personalities and developments of the established screen idols—a few of them.

Mary Pickford, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Gloria Swanson, Harold Lloyd, Charles Ray—these names endure and increase day by day.

And they've endured because they have grown. Because they have looked ahead and gone ahead. In those ten years what crises of tremendous personal emotions some of them have passed. What moments of threatened failure and oblivion. What great world events they have witnessed. Marriage, divorce, children, death, war, loss of favor—they've all passed through something. No wonder they have come out changed.

A great deal is being said and written about the new Mary Pickford. But the transformation in Mary is no more complete than it is in many others—it's just more obvious, that's all.

And Mary, after all, is the only one of them all who is surrounded by that strange aura of immortality—the same one that belonged to Maude Adams. She will always be Mary Pickford.

Only the time has come when Mary must put up her curls, because life has made a woman of her. Womanliness is in the thoughts behind her eyes and it radiates outward. It is in the new lines of her body. In the warm understanding, the gentle curve of her lips.

Mary, you see, cannot help showing the things life does to her soul. Just as the little girl Mary showed all the things that made the Carpenter of Nazareth love little children, so the woman Mary must reflect the new loves and knowledge and suffering that have come to her. Wifehood, charity for the world, the love of a man, the desire for motherhood, the awakening of the girl-mind,—



they're all there. And no curls, no slim, bare legs, no reproduction of child-actions can mask them any longer.

But her art has grown with them. Her second "Tess" was handicapped by her unfitness to play the part any longer. And yet how surely she made her points! How the charm and dignity and power of her acting registered! How she dazzled you with her genius until you forgot she was a woman playing a little girl!

If the public will accept "America's Sweetheart" as a great actress — and a great actress she has become — we shall see wonderful things in her

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 111]

Mr. Gallagher & Mr. Shean

Written especially for Photoplay

By *Themselves*



These nationally popular comedians (Mr. Shean at left) are now making their first bow as motion picture stars under the William Fox banner. They will be seen in "Around the Town," direction of Bernard J. Durning, and written for them by Louis Sherwin

I

Mr. Gallagher, Mr. Gallagher,
I think it's great to be two moving picture stars,
To be a satellite
That shines by day and night,
And to radiate with Jupiter and Mars.
Mr. Shean, Mr. Shean,
It all depends on how we show up on the screen,
If the picture is a flop
We will take an awful drop.
Where will we drop to, Mr. Gallagher?
Back to the Follies, Mr. Shean.

II

Mr. Gallagher, Mr. Gallagher,
Who are the most important factors in the cast?
The leading man with eyes of blue,
The comedian or the ingenue,
Or the Cameraman who turns the crank so fast?
Mr. Shean, Mr. Shean,
There's nothing doing till you see it on the screen.
Then it's an easy thing to guess
What it is that spells success.
The director, Mr. Gallagher?
The picture, Mr. Shean.

III

Mr. Gallagher, Mr. Gallagher,
In moving pictures one must do a lot of tricks.
Up twenty-seven stories high
When you can almost touch the sky,
Perhaps be buried underneath a ton of bricks.
Mr. Shean, Mr. Shean,
It is not all honey working on the screen.
"Kliegle" lights are bad for eyes,
But not as bad as custard pies.
And if I don't like custard, Mr. Gallagher?
Then they'll get you cocoanut, Mr. Shean.

IV

Mr. Gallagher, Mr. Gallagher,
Why do movie stars get in so many jams?
Daily papers near and far
Tell the public that they are
Nothing but a lot of ordinary hams.
Mr. Shean, Mr. Shean,
I know a certain actor famous on the screen,
He leads a clean and decent life,
Has no sweetheart, has no wife.
Charlie Chaplin, Mr. Gallagher?
Jackie Coogan, Mr. Shean.

V

Mr. Gallagher, Mr. Gallagher,
When you're tired of the city and its strife,
Wouldn't you like to settle down
In some pretty country town
With reel people for the balance of your life?
Mr. Shean, Mr. Shean,
I could pick out the very spot you mean.
It is in the Golden state
And not far from the Golden Gate.
San Francisco, Mr. Gallagher?
Hollywood, Mr. Shean.

VI

Mr. Gallagher, Mr. Gallagher,
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE asks how we like the movie game.
They predict we'll be the rage
Same as on the speaking stage.
It's quite different then, again it's much the same.
Mr. Shean, Mr. Shean,
If we become reel actors on the movie screen,
You can go and bet your socks
We'll owe it all to William Fox.
And Winnie Sheehan, Mr. Gallagher?
And Bernie Durning, Mr. Shean.

The Tragic Romance of Luigi Montegna

Or, The Love
That Blighted Bull's Life

By Herbert Howe



The memory of that first
great love ever haunts him



His broken heart gives him
that wistful, tender look



Society entertained him at teas and dinners.
Bull as a gold-digger

IN the life of every great artist there lurks a tragedy. As Bull Montana told me the story of his tragic romance, my thoughts stole softly back to the romance of that other great Italian artist, Leonardo da Vinci. For Bull's romance was quite as poignant as Leonardo's, and a great deal more violent.

Strangely, too, Bull was born near Milan, the very scene of Leonardo's greatest activity. Perhaps . . . But no, I do not believe in reincarnation . . .

Leonardo's love was the Mona Lisa Gioconda of Florence; Bull's was the Lady Lil of Tent' avenoo, Noo York.

They met, Signor Bull and Lady Lil, in one of those quaint old cafes, bearing the sign "Family Entrance." Those were the days before romance was driven into the cellar by Signor Volstead.

Bull's artistic career was just in the dawn. He had been a pick and shovel sculptor, an ice man, a bouncer and a wrestler.

It was after a victorious wrestling bout that he first glimpsed the Lady Lil. She smiled at him, a shy maiden's smile. And Bull, all a-flutter, said, "Hello kee-ed."

He had only thirty-five cents in his pocket, but he squandered it all on beer for Lil. When it was gone Lil reached impulsively into her stocking and advanced him a loan of five dollars. It was then that Bull knew he loved the Lady Lil. He no longer called her kid, but "sweet mama."

Both young, both full of ideals, they had much in common . . .

Bull wanted to marry Lil, but she foolishly refused . . . She was so very, very young . . . And life so sweet . . . So very, very sweet . . .

Perhaps she felt she could hold him without marriage. *Pauvre* Lil! She knew nothing of Italian sheiks. For in those days there was no Valentino.

Other women admired the manly Bull . . . And came an evening when Bull was late for his appointment with Lil. Hers was a suspicious nature, was Lil's. She was driven into a frenzy of jealousy—not without reason, perhaps. And *le pauvre* Bull's halting English made his excuses appear even worse than they might ordinarily have been . . .

Madness seized Lil, the madness of a jealous woman trifled. Lashed by the green-eyed monster, poor Lil lost control completely and called Bull a wop—a condemned wop. She called him other bad names . . .

Gravely shocked by her words, the pious Bull delivered a few religious terms himself, and, muttering a disgusted "For Gossakes!" quit her drawing room precipitately.

As he fled down the stairs into the night, he was followed

by Lil's alarm clock, which crashed into his beautiful new brown derby . . . All was over . . .

That was some eight years ago, but Bull still carries the ache in his heart and the dent in his derby.

Such was the story Bull told me in a husky voice, broken now and then by piercing expectorations, as we drove hysterically down Hollywood Boulevard in his shining Cadillac with the silver statuery on the radiator top.

I knew from the way his hands gesticulated madly from the steering wheel that life meant nothing to Bull any more. And I silently prayed—for us both.

As we pounced around a corner we narrowly missed a great closed car in which I saw the pale face of Pola Negri, paler perhaps than usual.

"Whoa, boy!" ejaculated Bull. "See dat? If I'd hit heem, I could kill two wops."

He brandished his hands, another expectation bit the air, and the automobile graciously shied an oncoming street car.

I was wishing we had brought Mister Montana's chauffeur, Lancelot. But Bull said Lancelot had a date.



*Bull carries—has for years
—that oche in his heart*



*Doug Fairbanks engaged
him to look like a burglar*



*His romantic type won him
his place in pictures*



*I worked on a derrick, but a
horse got my job from me*

At the parking station in Los Angeles, Bull turned his car over to the boy in charge.

"Swell car," said the boy, "Who you driving for?" "Who I driving for?" bellowed the outraged Bull. "For Mister Bool Montana!"

Whereupon, eyeing the lad belligerently, he unscrewed the silvery statuery from the hood and took it with him to the Italian cafe where we dined on anti-pasti, ravioli, spaghetti, zucchini, beef-steak and other delicacies.

Over a bottle of nectar, prepared in the Italian manner by a friend of Bull's who owns a vineyard, the conversation reverted to Romance.

It was at the age of nineteen that Bull, then bearing the name of Luigi Montegna, arrived in America from the little village in Italy.

"What were you then?" I asked him. "A bum," said Bull promptly. "Sure, sure, sure—a boom."

For all his success, Bull has not changed. He is the same simple, democratic fellow as the lad who worked for three cents a week as a shoemaker's assistant in Italy.

Like many of his countrymen who come to this country, Bull took to the pick and shovel. Then he worked a derrick in a stone quarry. He left it to enter a factory, but he didn't like the confinement and came back to the derrick.

"But when I come back to my old job, a horse had it," he remarked pathetically.

That was only one of the many disappointments and disillusionments which Bull has met in his fight upward.

While working as a trainer in a New York gymnasium he was noticed by Douglas Fairbanks. Doug was struck by the young Italian's romantic type and requested the pleasure of an introduction.

"Who this guy, Dooglas?" demanded Bull. He was told that Dooglas was a "big swell," getting five thousand dollars a week in the motion pictures.

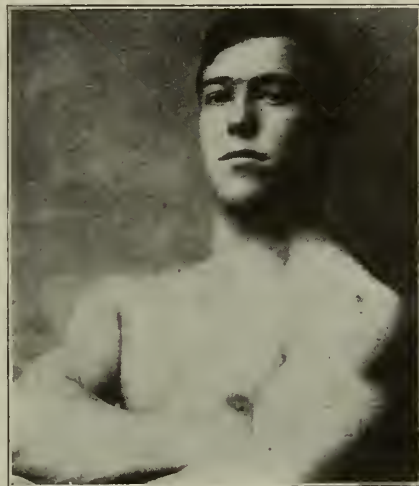
"Five thousand dollars a week!" scoffed Bull. "What you think I crazy? That guy no beeg swell. He ain't got a diamond."

Bull had a right to his scorn, for he, himself, had a horseshoe stick pin with twenty-one rocks, purchased at a bargain from a burglar friend.

A few months after the chance meeting, Doug sent Spike Robinson to find Bull for a part in "In and Out."

Bull had just made two hundred dollars in a fight and was setting up his friends when Spike arrived on the scene. The two had never met at that time, though they are now fast friends—the Damon and Pythias of the industry.

"Are you Bool Montana?" asked Spike. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]



*In his earlier days, Bull was a more
or less noted wrestler*



Simple and democratic he is, even driving his own car



Bull in front of his own home, as the Lord of the Manor

There are many kinds of courage. Even a "he-man" of the films may lack one kind and have another much greater

The Stuffed Shirt

By Frank R. Adams

Illustrated by
R. Van Buren

NEVER would you have suspected that Norma Lawrence would be the kind of a girl to fall in love with a motion picture actor. She certainly would not have suspected it herself.

And yet there was William B. Gaites and there was herself,—and she could feel herself slipping.

Everyone had thought that it was perfectly safe to let her run around with the studio crowd that winter,—even her mother did not disapprove. You see Norma was such a sensible girl even if she did not look that way,—at least not enough so to be unattractive. But she had been around a good bit, had been engaged several times and had a very modern point of view on the so-called institution of marriage. The specifications which she had laid down as necessary for the man who could make her forsake her spinsterhood were so exacting that there seemed little chance of ever meeting up with any one human being who could comply with all of them. She required courage, courtesy, cleverness, compatibility and a lot of other things beginning with different letters of the alphabet.

Of course Norma had known about William B. Gaites for a long time. It's pretty hard to find anyone in the United States or anywhere for that matter who isn't familiar with the slightly irregular features of the screen's most masculine personality.

But she had not gazed directly into his harsh but not entirely repellent physiognomy until the ebb of guests toward the swimming pool, at Mrs. La Guerre's dinner party, had left Bill and herself stranded in the music room, with no props but a grand piano which neither of them could play, except by electricity.

So they had to get acquainted.

"You're not an actress?" he ventured.

"No," Norma concurred, thinking at the same time, "He has rather a nice voice, bass without making you fear that he'll break out with 'Asleep in the Deep' any moment you lose con-



trol of him." She continued out loud, "You see, I can't act."

"You needn't be so proud of that. Lots of us are in the same boat."

"Modest,—perhaps": Norma's mental comment. "Do you always," she asked audibly, "just play your natural self?"

"I refuse to fall into so guileless-seeming a trap. If you have ever seen any of my pictures you know that there ain't any such a animile as I seem to be on the screen. However, the fact that I'm no actor doesn't prevent me from hiring a good director and a competent cameraman."

"Is it your director who always endows you with such a rugged personality?"



"No, that's the public. I once wore chaps and a Stetson in a 'special' that was a big hit and since that time they have been clamoring, positively clamoring, my dear, for more of me as a daredevil cowboy."

Norma looked at him swiftly to see if he was talking seriously or not. Her decision was that he was not yet committed to either course but was waiting to play up to her own idea of him. She decided to be a fatuous admirer. There seemed to be more sport in watching him perform on a pedestal.

"I think the way you ride and shoot is just wonderful," she observed innocently, "and your strength and courage give me an awful thrill."

Grasping the police dog by the throat, she choked him away from his victim, while Bill, the hero, the "he-man," stood by, waiting for help

For an instant she wondered if perhaps she had not laid on the sticky stuff a little too thick, especially when he shot her a glance, out of character, calculated to pierce her bland, blond exterior.

But he didn't find anything suspicious lurking back of the baby blue eyes, nothing in that guileless face except what he usually found in feminine faces which were turned in his direction and he warmed up in the sunlight of her admiration and posed very effectively for her in some of his ruggedest and he-est attitudes.

Norma laughed a little inwardly but she liked it. Say what you will, the women do fall for sheer physical strength and courage. Even the high-bred cultured college lassies.

Before they got through talking Norma was his'n, all but a few reservations.

So she accepted his invitation to go walking with him in the hills the next morning.

He called for her, together with Ranger, a big brute of a police dog, who was harassed considerably by a leather leash which connected him up with his master.

"No motion picture actor can claim to have arrived until he owns a police dog, Buster Keaton says, so finally I got one," William Gaites offered defensively.

"He's lovely," Norma admired, starting to pat the dog.

"Gr-r-r-r," said Ranger, drawing an automatic from his hip pocket, or at least wearing that kind of an expression.

"The deuce you say," Norma returned. "Gr-r-r right back at you. That means 'Drop that gun, you big bully, or you're going to find out I'm the man you thought you was.'" I have a dog about your size for breakfast every morning. And I'll bet I'd find your dark meat pretty tender in spite of the fact that you talk about being so darn tough. Boy, if you don't smile and wag your tail I'm going to tie your ears under your chin for a neck tie."

"I wouldn't touch him," cautioned the actor. "I've only had him a short time and I'm not quite certain what he will do."

"I am. You've got to be certain with a dog or else you're bound to be uncertain, if you get what I mean. This pup likes me all right but he hates to admit it."

And sure enough he did stand for Norma's advances. He was a little sulky about giving in so easily after having made such a noisy bluff, but he had to concede with a faint tail motion that she was a rather powerful dog-vamp and that if anybody was going to pull his ears it might as well be she.

They had an interesting climb in the hills back of Hollywood. Ranger was slightly impatient and more than slightly contemptuous of their lack of endurance and enterprise in the matter of chasing rabbits, but he resigned himself to their compulsory society and stoically stood for a lot of petting that he had formerly supposed was endured only by Poms and Pekes. It wasn't so bad if he salved his doghood by pretending to be bored by it.

They walked together often after that. The third or fourth day William Gaites kissed her. Norma let him. It was rather nice being made love to right out there in the broad sunlight on the nice warm shoulder of a friendly hill. It seemed an honest kind of love, nothing clandestine about it. The presence of Ranger even made it a sort of public affair. If anyone were going to disapprove surely he would be the first. But he didn't seem to mind a kiss or two,—maybe he was shyly glad to have attention distracted from himself. Perhaps he thought that if they got interested enough in each other he would be allowed to roam the trails by himself.

Naturally after Norma and Bill had discovered that there were other uses for lips besides conversation their dialogue degenerated in sparkle. There is really very little to report about the exchange of ideas between a man and a maid who are just sort of filling in between times.

Except, of course, when they quarrel.

The engagement was all arranged and announced quite formally. Norma found herself the object of dazzling publicity. Before the newspapers began making a fuss over the approaching end of Bill Gaites' bachelorhood Norma had not quite realized what a popular idol he was. Apparently he was regarded as almost a member of the family in two-thirds of the households in the United States.

It made her feel a little bit afraid. Also it sometimes made her wonder just what that reputation was built upon. To her

he was wonderful but the rest of the world could not know him as she did, could not possibly sense the almost feminine fineness of his mind, the tender graciousness of the lover, the sparkling intimate cleverness of her nearly husband. Why, Bill's real character contradicted almost everything that he seemed to be on the screen.

Which Bill did the public adore? Which one did she admire most herself?

The answer, of course, was that she loved the real man. But which was the real man?

II

THE wedding was set for a certain Thursday. The date doesn't really matter in Hollywood because there, with a few minor wet exceptions, all months are June and there are always honeymoon flowers, honeymoon smells and other things. Anyway,—Thursday.

Wednesday evening they went walking together,—all three of them because Ranger was going to be part of the ceremony on the morrow,—just as important as anybody. He was part of that "all my worldly goods" item which comes somewhere among the list of things the groom promises to give up.

They did not kiss, these two upon the threshold of marriage. It was too solemn a moment. Norma could scarcely conceive of any man having understanding enough to know that, standing at the altar as she nearly did, she wished to purify herself in the clean rays of the moonlight.

They were rather silent, too. Not uncompanionable but more as if they were musing together using a common mind in which fluid thoughts ran from one end to the other without verbal expression.

It was a very happy, heavenly sort of night.

Until Ranger broke his leash with one unexpected leap and fell upon a passing Airedale whom he hated.

The Airedale fought for fifteen seconds and then collapsed with Ranger at his throat. (Airedale owners who contend that their breed can whip anything on four legs accept our apologies. Maybe this wasn't a full-blooded Airedale,—or maybe he had just had a bath and didn't want to get all dirty by prolonging the fight.)

The Airedale yelped once with fright as the tusks of the police dog met in the skin of his throat and then

there was a second's silence.

Then: "My God, he's killed him! Somebody do something."

It was William B. Gaites speaking, but his poise had deserted him in the crisis and he was shouting almost hysterically.

"Help! Somebody separate them! Help!" He danced about the two dogs in a frenzy of helplessness.

"Make Ranger let go," suggested Norma, practically.

"How?"

"Choke him."

"With my hands? He might bite!"

"A doctor can fix that. You don't want him to kill that dog."

"No, but I don't dare touch Ranger. He might turn on me."

Norma heard uncomprehendingly. Something inside of her was sick, anyway.

Other people had gathered from nearby houses, doubtless attracted by the shout of the famous motion picture star, but none of them seemed disposed to interfere.

So Norma did it herself. Straddling the back of the police dog, who was crouched in the attitude of a lion devouring its prey, she circled his neck with her small but strong hands. The tips of her fingers met over the dog's windpipe. She pressed in with all her might.

In surprise Ranger opened his mouth to gasp for air.

The apparently dead Airedale got up like a flash of lightning and went swiftly and silently down the street, leaving a trail of blood which testified that assistance had come just in time.

Norma held Ranger by the collar while William tied the broken leash together.

They walked home immediately,—quite strangers.

Famous Director Analyzes Charm of New Screen Stars

FRED NIBLO tells why Barbara La Marr, Nita Naldi, Leatrice Joy, Mae Busch, Lila Lee and others have attained their present high places in the esteem of motion picture patrons. He details the qualities which appeal to both men and women and contrasts the different methods that they use to reach the same results. His analysis is incisive and authoritative.

Don't miss this absorbing article in the November issue of PHOTOPLAY.

Out October 15



"You needn't be so proud of that. Lots of us are in the same boat"

This man who had failed so egregiously in the face of danger, —of only slight danger,—was absolutely unknown to Norma. She had never met him before.

III

HE had intuition enough to know that she would not marry him the next day and he tactfully spared her the trouble of making the break. In the morning he sent a note by a messenger saying that on account of unavoidable family matters the ceremony would have to be postponed.

She knew that he was giving her back her freedom and that he would never seek her out again,—ever.

IV

NORMA was very bitter for a while. Losing someone you love isn't really so bad as finding out that he never was. Quite by accident one evening she went with a party to a neighboring theater at which an unnamed photoplay pre-view was scheduled. It turned out to be "William B. Gaites in 'Steelheart.'"



Norma had to leave the theater. It seemed as if there was a lump of lead in her stomach

Norma laughed out loud when the title was flashed upon the screen. In her mind's eye was the picture of a helpless flapping creature hovering over two fighting dogs and shouting in a hysterical high-pitched voice.

That vision persisted all through the picture and blurred her perception of the cold, hard features of "Steelheart" Jones upon the screen, a countenance as square-jawed and unyielding as the Great Stone Face carved in the eternal granite, a visage that was almost the embodiment of masculine courage and power. When "Steelheart" stood at bay, his gun empty, and faced the howling wolves with nothing but his bare hands, Norma had to leave the theater. It seemed as if there was a lump of lead in her stomach.

No one but Norma herself knew that the wedding was off forever. She had not even told anyone about what had happened. It was too difficult to explain, even if she had been willing to spread a tale so humiliating to a man whom she had, at least, once thought she loved.

She was terribly unhappy and wanted to talk about it, too. There were other memories, wistful conflicting memories, that tried to crush the cynical laughter out of her heart. They pleaded for Bill, reminded her of his whimsical tenderness, of his understanding. Why, once he had made her think that in all the world he was the one man who, when the novelty of sex attraction wore off, would be able to invent something else just as interesting.

Norma was visiting the Soldiers' Home at Sawtelle one day with a party of women bent upon cheering up the veterans. Norma wasn't particularly successful at it, probably because she wasn't feeling so very cheerful herself. One of her victims recognized her name and drew her to one side.

"You're the girl William B. Gaites is going to marry, ain't you?" He was an old man, naturally, but his voice was as eager as a boy's. "I wish you'd tell me about him. He's my favorite actor. I can't stand some of them screen dolls but that Gaites fellow,—by God, there's a man."

All the old symptoms overwhelmed Norma, nausea, longing to have her own Bill back and an insane desire to tear that hideous solemn mask of courage from his face and show the world the cringing weakling beneath. Norma hated deceit, would not herself lie to save her soul from hell, and had no tolerance for untruth in others.

So she told this stranger, this old soldier, about his idol, ripped off the painted sham and turned the sunlight arc full upon the real Willie Gaites.

But a curious thing happened. As she talked she lost her audience. She could feel the old man drawing away from her and before she could finish he got up indignantly.

"It's a lie," he said, "and I won't listen to it. A man with his kind of a face couldn't be a coward. Why should you, who are about to become his wife, want to blacken his character?"

"I'm never going to be his wife.

I couldn't since I know what he really is."

"He's mighty lucky." The old soldier drew a sigh of relief at contemplating Gaites' narrow escape.

Norma felt strangely humiliated by the old man's loyalty to her ex-fiance. Well, maybe she would have been fanatically loyal, too, if she had not, with her own eyes, seen past the stuffed shirt that the public had believed was William B. Gaites.

"Besides," said the veteran as he walked away, "he would have been a fool to have tackled that dog when he was mad like that. Anybody who did would be a fool."

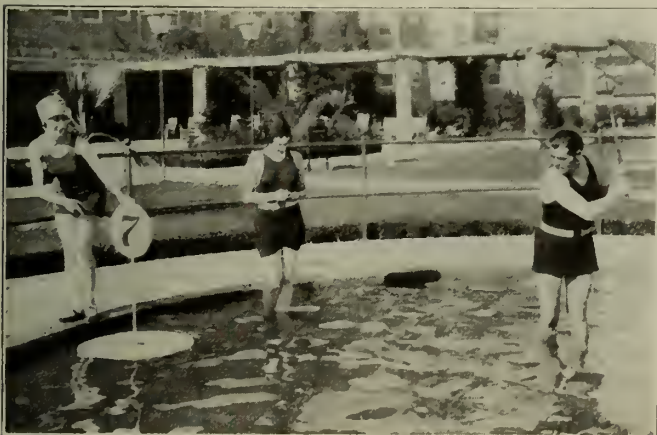
There you were.

Norma never again tried to test out the validity of her reaction by telling anyone else about it. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]

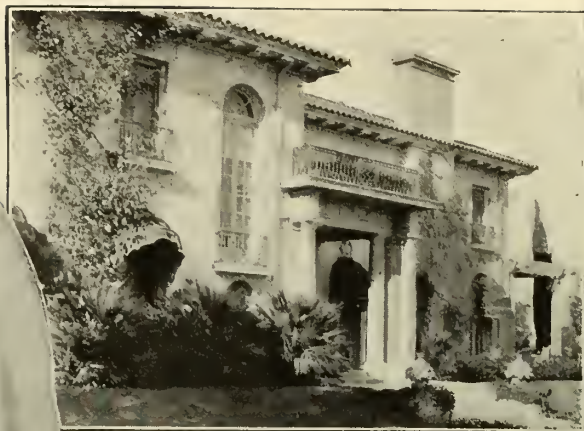
Here are two girls who, rumor says, have refused to marry Craig Biddle, of Philadelphia. At the right is Mary Louise Hartje, daughter of a Pittsburgh millionaire, who jilted young Biddle and married Louis Woods, of Memphis. With the golf bag is Derelys Perdue, to whom Biddle transferred his affections, but who also, it is said, declines to marry



The movie colony's latest sport — water golf — as played in the pool at the Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles. Derelys Perdue, Mary Hartje and Warner Baxter introduced the game and are devotees. The driving is done with a mashie and the putting with special paddle-clubs. The floating marker is the green



They Won't Marry Millions



Cecil & Bill

*Cecil B. De Mille, the
de luxe brother, and his
magnificent residence*

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

*Blood brothers, closely knit by ties of
affection and respect, the De Milles are
as opposed as the poles in their types
of pictures, methods of work and per-
sonal tastes and habits*

IT is a strange, but indisputable, fact that the two most entirely different directors in motion pictures are brothers, William C. de Mille and Cecil B. De Mille.

And in that one line are their contrasts epitomized. Cecil is "De" Mille. William is "de" Mille.

Nothing in the world is so fascinating as a study in contrasts.

And Hollywood has watched and commented upon and enjoyed for many moons the contrast between the brothers.

Now, this contrast is being appreciated by the public, which is coming to know William's work almost as well as Cecil's. It has been bannered forth to the picture fans by the simultaneous release of Cecil De Mille's "Adam's Rib," and William de Mille's "Only 38."

Naturally, this vast difference in the type of picture two men can make becomes especially intriguing when they are blood brothers and devoted friends.

They seem, in spite of all ties of blood and heritage, all similarity of training and education, to typify the very poles of dramatic viewpoint and the very ends of the world in differences of method in achieving utterly different results.

Yet there never were two brothers more closely bound by affection and respect.—More clannish,—more marked by certain physical resemblances and mannerisms. They enjoy each other's society to the highest degree. They fight and argue with magnificent frankness and mutual respect and amusement. They are both devoted and loyal sons to the dignified and brilliant old lady who lives on a Hollywood hillside and still inspires and controls them by her vast knowledge and her shrewd judgment.

They have intense pride of race—of family name—of the history their ancestors made.

It is impossible in this short space to mirror for you the full distance between "Adam's Rib" and "Only 38." I can only suggest that you see them for yourself. Both dealt, fundamentally, with somewhat the same problem. The love affair of a woman in middle life and its effect upon her daughter. And the daughter's effect upon the love affair.

You will hardly believe that, with the same tools—tools of

a story, and actors, and cameras—two such widely different results could be flashed upon the screen for you.

Some will prefer one. Some the other. No two people, I believe, will really like them both.

But they stand there representing the eternal opposites in motion pictures.

William is a student. An artist. A Rembrandt.

Cecil is a showman. An entertainer. A Rubens.

William believes in telling a story, simply and humanly, about any combination of human beings, and letting you draw your thoughts and your morals and your premise from it as you see it.

Cecil chooses to select a theme first and then to fit a story to this theme which will write upon the silver sheet his own conclusions regarding it. He creates his screen characters not from individuals, but from groups, the composite of five thousand human beings exemplifying the characteristics most universal to the group.

William believes that dramatic material of world-wide grip and immense power is to be found in every individual. It is the treatment, not the plot, that matters. He is continually exploring and presenting the subjective. He can actually put thoughts on the screen.

Cecil uses always the most spectacular and exaggerated and vivid methods of presenting his thematic conclusions.

William is subtle. Cecil is daring.

And they get their results in just as different ways as those results indicate.

Their methods of direction are as different as the music of Chopin and Wagner.

Cecil is dynamic—terrifying at times, inspiring at others. Actors long to work for him, will make any sacrifice for the chance, and yet they dread it. They know he will force them, drive them, inspire them, drag them somehow to give the screen better performances than they can. But they know they will have to stand the lash while he is doing it.

His language is intense, pictorial, ruthless in its heights of sarcasm, merciless in its quiet frankness. Yet strangely compelling. Strangely inspiring.



Cecil is "De" Mille.
 William is "de" Mille.
 Cecil is a showman, a Rubens.
 William is a student, a
 Rembrandt.
 Cecil is daring, and dynamic.
 William is subtle, and gentle.
 Cecil is driven in a Locomobile
 limousine.
 William drives a three-year-old
 Buick.
 Cecil owns an electric pipe organ.
 William plays an old melodeon.
 Cecil is an ardent yachtsman.
 William is a good tennis player.
 Cecil spent \$350,000 on "Adam's Rib."
 William made "Only 38" for \$125,000.
 Cecil is from Balzac.
 William is from Barrie.

William C. de Mille and his
 home in Hollywood

Do you remember Wanda Hawley's performance in "The Affairs of Anatol"? The only really fine piece of acting she ever did—and it was a masterpiece. That is a perfect example of what Cecil De Mille can do when he starts, the heights to which he can carry even the incompetent. But he did it by labor and by violence and by fear, and by a complete psychological understanding of the feminine mind.

He seldom raises his voice. He doesn't have to.

He has created more stars than any other director who ever lived, brought out more lasting and effective personalities. He is generous in his praise—when it is gained. But he is without consideration of any kind for himself or others when work is to be done. Lunch, dinner, sleep, rest, heat, cold—trivial nothings to be ignored when an objective is in sight. His actors know that while they are on a picture with him they cannot make one engagement, count upon one moment of free time.

William is epigrammatic—gentle, patient. He has a command of English even more powerful than his brother's, but he uses it in an entirely different way. He will spend any amount of time to reason with an actor, to convince him of a point, to lead him step by step up the place where that actor understands with his own mind—if he has one at all—the very smallest motive and thought and action of the character he is portraying.

He is exceedingly unobtrusive on the set. His idea is always to help, to uplift, to explain, to guide, to incite the actor to see the thing for himself and do it in his own way. Nothing is too much trouble, if it reassures an actor and makes him want to do a thing well.

Actors love to work for him. No matter how experienced or how clever they may be, they always come away from William de Mille and tell the wide world how much they have gained from his direction. They will explain: "Oh, William de Mille taught me more than anyone else ever has since I've been acting. It's been the greatest privilege of my career to be with him."

And yet William has never made a star, though he has given us that rarely fine and human artist, Louis Wilson.

And they are just as different personally.

I happened to be sitting in a car in front of the Lasky studio one day, waiting to go on location with Agnes Ayres."

While I waited, both the brothers arrived for work.

First, William.

In the little old Buick roadster whose third paint-job has worn a bit shabby at the seams. Some of the cars driven by the electricians and the carpenters put it to shame. A dilapidated, but somehow friendly little car. Descended William, wearing the inevitable crush hat—the one that always looks the same. A pair of ancient and venerable golf trousers. A soft shirt of no particular style nor vintage. In one hand he carried a pair of shoes that looked as though his wife had asked him to take them to the shoemaker's to be half-soled. In the other, a tennis racket.

He made his quiet way through the group of extras and vanished into the studio.

Half an hour later, Cecil arrived. *It was* an arrival.

The rich purr of his motor filled the air.

His gorgeous, custom-built Locomobile, that cost something over \$15,000, swung into the place at the curb that is marked, "Do Not Park Here." Its exquisite gray finish and red patent leather cushions gleamed in the sunshine. The uniformed chauffeur sprang down and flung open the door. Mr. De Mille, immaculate and impressive, in the smartest of riding breeches and the most luminous of puttees, the most correct of silk sport shirts and the most dashing of cloth hats, stepped out.

The crowd at the door parted, staring awestruck.

With that almost military swing of his, Cecil De Mille strode to his office.

And their offices!

Cecil's—with its cathedral, stained-glass windows, its magnificent tiger skins, its stunning and bizarre decorations, its giant swordfish which he caught himself.

William's—book-lined and worn, with deep leather chairs that show the marks of many shoulders, wide window seats that invite you to sprawl upon them, little-paned dormer windows.

There is another trifle that comes [CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]

How the Picture is Made



The first step in the production of a photoplay is the preparation of the scenario, known in the studio as the script. Here is the scenario chief



The casting director engages the players, selecting the types desired from the hundreds of names, addresses and photographs which he has on file. For the principal characters, the casting director usually interviews players selected by the director himself. The filling of the minor roles is left to his discretion



The technical director, usually an architect with a knowledge of period construction, maps out the plans for the sets. He is shown here in consultation with the chief carpenter, who will supervise the actual building of the sets



The art director supervises the details and "dressing" of the sets. He is generally a man with wide experience in interior decoration. The man in the cap is the assistant director, who has charge of the entire company in matters of transportation, housing and other arrangements when on location



The lighting of a set is one of the most important details of a production. Here is the lighting expert, instructing one of the electricians in the best way to get an "effect." Much experimentation is usually necessary before the proper result is attained



Musicians are used during emotional scenes to put actors into the proper mood and to work up climaxes. Music hath charms, it seems, not only to soothe, but to excite to emotion. Here is Mr. Neilan leading his orchestra and directing a scene



After the film has been developed it is sent to the drying room. Here it is wound on large, skeleton drums which are revolved until the film is thoroughly dry. It is then wound on smaller reels for convenience in handling, and sent to the film editor, who has it run in the projection room, selecting the best scenes



From the film editor, the film goes to the cutter. He chops up the long strips of celluloid, cutting out the scenes selected by the film editor, pasting them together in their proper order and inserting the titles. When he has completed his work, the picture is ready to be shown

And here is the "chief"—
Marshall Neilan himself—
directing a scene. He is the
person who knows "what all
the shaatin' is for"



With the picture ready for the market, it is necessary to tell the public about it. So here is the publicity man, the famous Pete Smith, with dark glasses, cigarette 'n' everything, seated at his favorite typewriter to inform a palpitating world of picture "fans" of the wonders they are to see

Evans



The "shooting squad" ready for work—two camera men, an assistant camera man, and the continuity clerk. The slate held by the assistant bears a different number for each scene and is photographed at the end of each "take" to facilitate handling and assembling in the cutting room. The continuity clerk keeps a detailed record of each scene. She knows how the players enter and exit, how they are dressed and every minor detail. These are important because, when the scene is continued the next day or next week, every detail must correspond



First of all, Enid Bennett's bedroom—for a boudoir is often the key to a personality! As English as the name she bears, with its figured wall paper and chintz—its white enamel and pastel tints and dark polished floor. Charming and dainty and—above all—cheerful



"There isn't anything architecturally or artistically correct about the place," says Fred Niblo, "it's just to live in!" Perhaps that is the answer to the delightful informality of this drawing room. Colorful, it is, with shadings of gold, rose and tan. And highly finished mahogany woodwork

The fish pond. Not the sort that they have at charity bazaars; a real one! Mr. Niblo wants to turn it into a swimming pool but his wife doesn't want to deprive the fish of a home. You see her caught in the act of pleading for the fish. "Let them stay," she says, with her Maid Marian smile, "please!"





Mr. and Mrs. Niblo and the chow, who boasts the age old name of "Buddha," on the velvet smooth lawn in front of their Beverly Hills home. Typically Californian, of grey plaster with a red-tiled roof. And three acres of ground. A happy looking home, certainly—and one that shelters happiness!

Just
a
House
to
Live
in

The side porch. A favorite lounging place for everybody in the family—including year old Miss Niblo, who is usually too busy to do much lounging! A comfy nook that whispers of a good book, and a drowsy summer afternoon with the heat of the sun quite shut away by the cheerful striped awnings



Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire

By Ada Patterson



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Alice Brady in the breakfast porch of her beautiful Long Island home and, (above) with her eighteen-months-old son, Donald Crane, in the swimming pool

SHE used to remind me of a brilliant humming-bird, beautifully iridescent in the sunlight of public approval, which was always hers. She was so swift, so sparkling, so fascinating. She was beautiful, even in repose, but when she smiled—that Alice Brady Irish grin—she was irresistible.

But now, even though she is the star in one of the greatest Broadway successes of the season, the brilliance is gone. The same sunlight is there, but there is no iridescence. She is still fascinating, but with a different lure. The sparkle has departed.

Why? Only she knows. She has youth, beauty, charm, talent, fortune—and her son. She is a star and favorite of both stage and screen. Why has a mist overshadowed all the former brilliance?

“Nowadays I ‘sparkle,’ as you call it, only when I’m tired,” she said, rather listlessly. “I’m nervous, I guess. My sparkle seems to be hysteria rather than any natural vivacity.”

Her hands—Alice Brady has beautiful, expressive hands—were folded wearily in her lap.

“I don’t seem to care much for anything lately.”

“Clothes?” I suggested.

“Not even clothes,” she said. “I used to love pretty things, but now I would be willing to have just one dress and sit at home and do nothing. I don’t seem to have my old ambition,” and the dark eyes looked dreamily out over the garden of her beautiful Long Island home.

It was hard to recognize in this girl of undertones and minor chords the vivid Alice Brady of only a year or two ago. Then she commanded attention. You could no more resist looking at her than you could overlook a bright light suddenly flashed into your eyes.

There is at least one other person besides Alice herself who knows the reason for the change. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]



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C L O S E - U P S

& LONG SHOTS

By Herbert Howe

PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY: A reader gently remonstrates with me for my attitude toward Latin lovers. She writes: "I just love your column, but don't you think sometimes you are just a wee bit caustic, especially when speaking of Rodolph Valentino, Ramon Novarro and Ivor Novello? Are they to blame because they have beautiful faces and appeal to the fair sex?"

I don't say they are to blame, but, on the other hand, am I to blame for being just a wee bit jealous? They say Gloria Swanson was jealous of Pola Negri, and that Eva Tanguay bitterly resents the coming of Eleanora Duse. It is hard for us American artists to sit by and see these foreigners romp away with the glory and the gold supply.

However, now that Ivor and Rudie are in Europe and Ramon is growing a moustache, I don't feel so bitter. As a matter of fact I have tried to make it a point to praise everyone whose name ends in "o," because I am part Latin myself, my middle name being Riley.

Mary Vs. Pola: Two famous actresses will match weapons on the silver field of honor by playing the same character. Mary Pickford as *Rosita*, Pola Negri as *The Spanish Dancer*. The two pictures are from the same story.



Deciding that the public had tired of the be-curl'd Pollyanna Pickford, Mary determined to do something radically and crucially different. She chose "Rosita," the story of a Spanish dancer, little dreaming that fate had scheduled Pola for the same role.

A lady close to the throne informs me that Mary is trembling in her slippers. Recalling Pola as the matchless gypsy of "Gypsy Blood," I said that I knew the one I was betting on.

"Yes," said my informant, "and Mary is betting on the same one."

Hollywood, Sept. 12: As soon as you arrive in this city of sex attraction they ask you whether you came out to play *Ben Hur* or to take Valentino's place. I modestly said, "Both." You might as well—they'll suspect you anyhow.

Inquiry at Goldwyn assured me that I had been considered for *Ben Hur*, being still under sixty and unable to speak English well. I'm No. 21,341 on the list, which puts me next in line to Little Farina. Little Farina is of a more intense Latin type, but somewhat lacking in the spiritual appeal needed for the later scenes.

As for taking Valentino's place, I find there isn't even standing room left. There are more sheiks here than in the Sahara.

I must say the chances of a beginner out here are not as rosy as Rex and Cecil led me to expect. Neither has discovered me, though Rex did buy a lunch, after which he complimented me warmly upon my ability, declaring that neither Valentino nor Novarro ever displayed such a remarkable appetite.

Whenever a beginner is downhearted he can go to one of the casting agents along the boulevard, who, with the real estate agents, comprise the majority of the population. Agents always cheer one with glittering prospects.

I was considered by them for the leading rôle in "The Thief of Bagdad," but I refused to

wear the immodest costumes, so Douglas Fairbanks got it. Anyhow, I didn't feel I could afford to remain off screen for the six months it would take to make the picture.

There are so many things for a beginner to consider.

You can't expect to jump in immediately. Thus far, I've only been able to get my hat in. Malcolm McGregor carries it in "You Can't Get Away With It." Thus, I'm working in bit by bit. Bull Montana wants to engage one of my neckties for a forthcoming comedy. But I'm not going to accept unless I get screen credit, which I did not get for my hat. These unscrupulous producers will strip you of everything and let you go around in a barrel before they will give you as much as screen credit, unless you put up a fight.

I will give further tips to beginners out of my own experiences from time to time. In the meantime, I strongly advise them to bring big wardrobes. After all, it's clothes that make the leading man.

And The Bastille Fell: During the French revolutionary scenes of "Scaramouche" the orchestra on the set played "La Marseillaise" without cessation. Standing it as long as he could, Rex Ingram finally sobbed out: "For the love of God, will you play something Irish?" Whereupon the French mob came sweeping through the Paris streets to the tune of "Back to Erin."

Our Immortals: After due consideration, prayer and fasting it is my opinion that the screen has yielded three great actresses:

Pola Negri, Lillian Gish and Mabel Normand.

And four great actors:

Charles Ray, Charles Chaplin, Emil Jannings and Jackie Coogan.

May God help me!

Players For Rent: Producers who have had experience in the cloak and suit trade are making a handsome profit by renting out players just as they formerly rented out dress suits. A young man under contract at a salary of thirty-five a week (Yes, they get 'em that low) is rented out at four hundred, the company gobbling all the profit above his salary. A leading lady under contract for four hundred is leased out at two thousand. Metro pursues the fair policy of dividing with the player all the profit above the stipulated salary.

After all, this does not seem so ruthless, considering that a lady recently rented another lady's husband for twenty-five a week. When Will Rogers heard of this he rushed home and asked his wife if there had been any phone calls. She said no, so Bill is sticking to pictures.



Constancy, Thy Name Is Talmadge: Commenting upon one of her former admirers, whose name is legion, Connie Talmadge says: "I shall never forget him, because I liked him as well as any man I have ever known. He was dark—if I remember correctly . . ."

Watch These! There is going to be a reevaluation of players within the next six months or a year. Since Pola Negri threw a bomb into our studio camp—and a scare into our non-acting stars—the little ladies of Hollywood have decided it is time to act. And some who have never had a chance before are trouping magnificently. Personalities are tottering before the onslaught of actors and actresses. Make a special note to see the following:

- Pola Negri in "The Spanish Dancer."
- Ramon Novarro in "Scaramouche."
- Antonio Moreno in "The Spanish Dancer."
- Alice Terry in "Scaramouche."
- Blanche Sweet in "Anna Christie" and "In The Palace of The King."
- Mabel Normand in "The Extra Girl."
- Edna Purviance in "A Woman of Paris," directed by Chaplin.
- Anna Q. Nilsson in "Ponjola."
- Florence Vidor in Ernst Lubitsch's next picture.
- Carmel Myers in "The Magic Skin."
- Bessie Love in "The Eternal Three" and "The Magic Skin."
- Charles Ray in "The Courtship of Miles Standish."
- Enid Bennett in "Strangers of the Night" and "The Courtship of Miles Standish."
- Mae Busch in "Master of Man."
- Renée Adoree in "The Eternal Struggle"
- Corinne Griffith in "Six Days."
- Jackie Coogan in "Long Live The King."

France Scores Another Victory

We Award the Star of the Month To—



The Lady From Lille—

MLLE. RENEE ADOREE

Because of the emotional kick and champagne ebullience with which she charges Reginald Barker's

"The Eternal Struggle"

Seven Lessons in Success

Here you are told how—

MAE MARSH played hooky from school and went chasing butterflies that led her into Biograph pictures and fame as a Griffith-made star.

THE COUNT DE BEAUFORT, an advertising nobleman, got thrown out of his honeymoon into the motion pictures by the strong arm of his father-in-law's butler.

TOM MIX, a United States marshal, started up the road to screen fame by galloping through an Oklahoma round-up on a mustang.

JOHN BUNNY went job-hunting one hot Summer day and was welcomed into Vitagraph on "face value" alone.

A FUNNY UNDERTAKER went to sleep on a bench in a studio yard and woke up to find he had begun his screen career in his sleep.

A SMART DOG got her master a job directing motion pictures and started one of the interesting screen careers of today.

A STREET CAR CONDUCTOR decided he could "put it over" on Biograph as a motion picture expert from Paris—and did it, becoming a pioneer of today's screen comedy.



Biograph's most pretentious effort of that first season in California was "Ramona." Mary Pickford was the leading lady



The Romantic Motion

Chapter XIX

WHEN the murky days of the New York winter of 1909-10 settled down, the producing forces of the fighting and prospering motion picture industry found themselves heavily handicapped by weather.

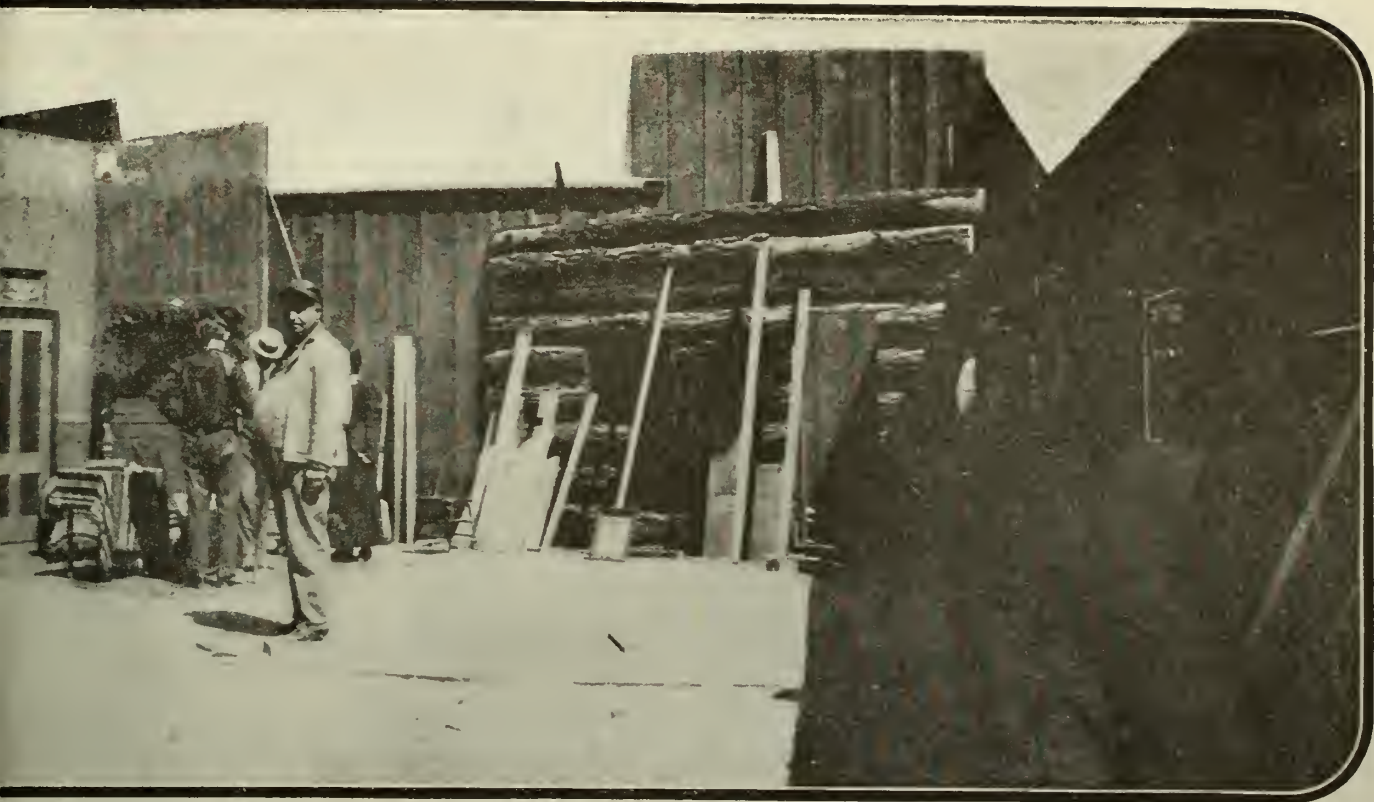
The darkness of the skies fell on the studios and locations of the Patents company and the Independents alike.

The battles over cameras, patents and film were futile and empty if there was no light for the making of the pictures. This was the one essential of the art that the Motion Picture Patents company could not own, control and make the subject of litigation. The whole industry, licensed and unlicensed, was subject to the intermittent injunctions of the clouds.

In its hunger for sunshine the motion picture turned toward Southern California and the Southwest. The coming of Los Angeles as the center of American picture production was as inevitable as the rise of the steel industry in the coal fields of Pennsylvania, the electricity-consuming carbide industry beside the cheap hydro-electric power of Niagara Falls, or the pearl shirt button factories alongside the mussel shell beds of the Mississippi River at Muscatine.

Los Angeles offered sunshine. Almost simultaneously, a number of motion picture expeditions to the West Coast were organized and put under way. It is not possible to point to any single discoverer of California sunshine for the screen. In the literature and traditions of the motion picture, there are as many discoverers and founders of "first studios" in California as there are discoverers of America or winners of the World War.

It is certain that the first motion picture invasion of the Los



The yard of the Edendale Studio, where much romantic history was made. It may look primitive now—but then it was a stride ahead

History of the Picture

By Terry Ramsaye

Los Angeles region was by Thomas Person and Francis Boggs, of the Selig organization, in 1907, as has been related in an earlier chapter, but there is no evidence that this was an influence on the general movement that began two years later.

It is more fitting and just to credit the California golden sunshine rush of the winter of '09 to the atmospheric influence of the indefatigable press agents and propagandists interested in the sale of tourist railroad tickets and navel oranges.

When the picture-makers cast about, looking for a way out from under the fogs of the Hudson river and Long Island Sound, they were brought to a focus by the din of advertising about the land of sunshine, missions, palm trees and sun-kissed fruit.

The picture market was unfolding its possibilities at a dizzy rate, both in the United States and abroad. The business of the motion picture could no longer afford to wait on the art of the motion picture, subject to the whimsies of the weather. A constant output at any price was necessary.

California was not unanimously elected at once. There was that brief excursion, mentioned earlier, in the previous winter of '08-'09, when J. Searle Dawley went to Cuba with the Edison company, Kalem had tried a fling at Florida, and Essanay out in Chicago went west into Colorado to make some "Broncho Billy" wild west subjects.

But now, with the exchanges clamoring for film, the movement to year-around sunshine and California began in earnest. Once again Selig sent Francis Boggs and Tom Persons to Los Angeles, where they opened a studio in South Olive street, alleged to have been the first in the city. New York Motion

Picture, the Baumann-Kessel organization with Fred Balshofer in charge, went out to Los Angeles and rented a decayed grocery store for its headquarters.

The N. Y. M. P. stock company on that expedition included J. Barney Sherry, raided away from Vitagraph; Ethel Graham; Fred Gephart, then in a fair way to fame as a player of Indian rôles; Mona Darkfeather, a circus performer; and Charles French, who had been acquired from Biograph, where, by the way, he had the distinction of playing the lead in the picture in which D. W. Griffith made his first Biograph appearance, as an extra.

There were, incidentally, other and more obscure reasons than sunshine for the N. Y. M. P. move to California. The Patents company was pressing this conspicuous independent concern hard, both in court and out.



Mae Marsh's first bit was in a Spanish picture. And then came her big chance in the now classic "Sands of Dee"



An impressive Biograph production called "Genesis of Man," with Mae Marsh and Bobby Harron doing their best as Adam and Eve

The Independents found their picture-making operations hampered by strange outbreaks and attacks. Mysteriously and disastrously, their developing baths became contaminated with chemicals that ruined expensive negatives in the making. Messengers went astray. Cameras disappeared unless guarded night and day.

The climax came with one of the New York Motion Picture's operations in the making of a big scene at Whitestone Landing, on Long Island. This impressive spectacle called for a total of twenty extra people, a vast army for that time. Just as the critical drama moment in the scene came, a riot broke out among the extras. Rocks and clubs and fists flew. It was a fight apparently over nothing. Nine of the extras fought together as a clan. When the dust of battle settled, they were found to be professional gunmen and gangsters. Some mysterious agency had sent them out to make a riot instead of a picture. Five of the actors went to the hospital out of that engagement.

Baumann and Kessel could play a hand in that game themselves, but it seemed about as well to put the insulation of a few thousand miles between their producing operations and the battle fields of New York. There were anxious days in the Baumann and Kessel offices while the first picture from California was awaited. Ten telegrams were exchanged in anxious inquiries and bulletins from Fred Balshofer.

It was probably then and there that the standard motion picture rule of always sending a telegram when a letter will do was established.

When the negative of that first West Coast N. Y. M. P. was received, Adam Kessel and Charles Baumann sat up the whole night, editing and titling it for release. It was a mighty moment.

Among the licensed film makers in the East, Griffith of Biograph led the way West. In early January, of 1910, he moved his company to Los Angeles. The official secret of Griffith's wedded state came out with the arrangement for that excursion.

AMAZING and whimsical tales of the flimsy, fairy stuff of which success is made are included in this, the most revealing chapter of our exhaustive annals of the intricate history of the art of the motion picture. Here we get in satisfying measure an insight into the strikingly dramatic happenings of the all important but little known days of '09 when so many of the careers that loom upon the screen in fame today began. Here the wealth of personalities that make the real greatness of the motion picture begins to be brought to light in abundance, with sidelights never before recorded, save in the reminiscences that pass in the conversations of the few who know. All this has been gathered together and arrayed in authoritative, entertaining form for PHOToplay readers at the cost of more than two years of unrelenting editorial labor and investigations that have taken the author into every corner of the country and into every available record. This story of the motion picture and the names it has made is something of an ironic reply to "success" writers and the preachers of the puritanic hard work formula for those who would rise to affluence and fame. Read here to find the slender threads of chance on which many of the great of the motion picture made their climb.

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor.*

"Have a stateroom for me and Miss Arvidson," Griffith requested. Then he added in a flush of haste, "We're married, you know."

"Yes, I've suspected that for sometime," the cashier replied. Henry Walthall, Mary Pickford, Owen Moore, Jack Pickford and Tony O'Sullivan were in the Biograph California party. Shortly after, Marion Leonard and her husband, Stanner E. V. Taylor, followed.

In Los Angeles, Griffith rented a loft in which to store properties for his picture, and engaged a vacant lot at Twelfth and Georgia streets for a studio. Tent dressing rooms were ranged around the edges.

In the course of this first California season, Griffith found something of a lack of the large array of available extra people that the pictures were able to draw upon in New York among the unemployed of Broadway. Casting about for actors, he sent word to the Oliver Morosco stock company that Biograph could offer day-time employment to extras.

This bit of casual broadcasting of opportunity was the agency that brought to the screen the now famous name of Marsh. In the current Morosco production, Marguerite Marsh, oldest daughter of a family of five, was appearing in a song number, "My Gal Irene," with Charles Ruggles. Marguerite was helping her mother, Mrs. Mae Marsh, a widow, with the growing cares of the family. All of the rest of the children were in school. She was a plucky and resourceful person. She had suffered the loss of her home in the disaster that San Francisco mentions only as "The Fire," and now she was in Los Angeles, running a hotel. Marguerite reported on the Biograph lot and was cast for a part in "The Mender of Nets," a story written for the screen by Edwin August. This was in the season of '09. The next winter, when Biograph again migrated to California sunshine, Marguerite again played in the pictures. Her little sister Mae, chafing with the irksomeness of school books, was vastly enamoured of the wonders of her big sister's exploits on stage and screen.

Mae confided to her mother that she had decided that she would be either a great actress or a queen. For a while it looked



One of the first sets at Edendale. An interior with a goodly company of to-be stars in the foreground



The theater men and their audiences wanted Indians and action. And so Mona Darkfeather, a circus performer, was engaged

now classic "Sands of Dee" and "Man's Genesis." "Man's Genesis" was a one-reel drama of the cave man age. It is interesting as an early expression of the experimental curiosity about human affairs and social organization which so frequently is the thematic undercurrent of Griffith dramas.

These California excursions of Biograph and seasonal trips of the various other concerns were without any consciousness of establishing a new seat of industry. All of their California plans and arrangements were temporary and transient. The motion picture was not yet ready to make an investment in California and its sunshine. Back of the studio operations and the art of picture-making, the business of the motion picture, officed in New York, was sitting in suspended judgment. It was not at all certain in the mind of

any man in the motion picture business that it was a permanent institution. Newspapers, inspired considerably by jealous theatrical magnates, talked casually of the motion picture craze as one of the passing whims of the public. Something of this attitude crept into the expression of the trade press of the screen.

Despite the reminiscences of foresight so often quoted today, no one in 1909 had a vision of the motion picture of 1923. Every motion picture enterprise of the day was conducted like a placer mine, with a minimum of investment and with as large a proportion of the proceeds taken out of the business as was possible. The motion picture took thought for its future on about the same provident terms as a Fiji Islander cracking coconuts on a coral beach. No one thought much of the motion picture and the motion picture did not think much of itself. The money was coming. That was all that was certain. It had come quickly—perhaps it would

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]

as if queening would be it. On holidays away from school, Mae upset the household by organizing the children of the neighborhood into a royal court, which bowed and made obeisance at her imperious command.

But, after all, there did not seem to be any very good opening in the queen business in Los Angeles. Mae decided to look into the actress situation. She played hooky from school and ran away to the location where the Biograph was at work, where she surprised and annoyed sister Marguerite considerably by her truancy.

Mae stood about in open-mouthed wonder for a while, watching the mysterious camera, before Marguerite discovered her presence.

"You go back to school this minute—I'll tell mother."

Mae made a face and scampered away. This acting thing did not look so very exciting—maybe it would be more fun to catch butterflies.

The little runaway was engaged in turning over rocks looking for interesting bugs, when she caught the eye of Dorothy Bernard, of the Biograph stock company. Miss Bernard called to Griffith.

"See that cute kid—she looks a lot like Billie Burke."

Mae was oblivious to impending destiny. She was absorbed in the wiggles and kicks of a particularly large and entrancing beetle she had found in the grass. She looked up with her bewitching Irish smile.

"She does, at that," Griffith replied to Miss Bernard. "Call her over. Maybe we can give her a part."

Mae's first bit was in a Spanish picture, and then came the



Introducing Mr. and Mrs. James Kirkwood

OF course, neither of them needs an introduction, really! For Lila Lee Kirkwood, although she is only eighteen years old, has had a long and interesting career—both upon the stage and on the screen. And James Kirkwood is one of our foremost dramatic actors. He left the leading rôle in the Broadway

success, "The Fool," to be the hero of "Human Wreckage"—Mrs. Wallace Reid's anti-narcotic picture. And he finished "Human Wreckage" just in time to co-star with Lila in a drama of married life. A few years ago, on the stage, the present Mrs. Kirkwood was known as "Cuddles." Do you wonder?



June Mathis at her desk in the scenario department and (above) as she appeared in ingenue rôles on the stage



The "Million Dollar Girl"

SHE discovered Rodolph Valentino. She has been selected above all others to make the scenario of "Ben-Hur."

She is so valuable a person that a picture corporation has insured her life and continuous power of service for one million dollars. Pretty good for a girl who, only a short time ago, was a modest little ingenue who played minor rôles in "Brewster's Millions" and in "The Fascinating Widow" with Julian Eltinge. But that's what June Mathis has done for herself by her brain and her gift for story-telling.

She is a natural story-teller, this quiet, charming woman. That's the way she first started to write scenarios. She was telling a story to the company on a train one day and a motion picture director overheard her. He stayed to the end, as deeply interested in the story and the teller as any of her auditors. The way she told the story, he said, made him see every incident, every scene. When she had finished, he said to her:—"You ought to write scenarios."

"I'd like to," she replied, and so she did.

For a year she studied scenario writing. Her first really big

picture was "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." She lets nothing stand in the way of her work, as Ibanez, the author of that story, can testify, for she made what was almost a forcible entry into his rooms to discuss mooted points with him.

She went to Hollywood. One day she saw a young Italian who seemed to be having some difficulty in adjusting himself to conditions. She took an interest in him and watched his work. She decided that he was the man to play *Julio* in the "Four Horsemen" and she put him over—against the opposition of almost every official of the company. The result shows how sure is her judgment.

When her company secured the rights to "Ben-Hur," she had attained a position among scenario writers that made her the logical selection to do this script. And there isn't the least doubt that, in her capable hands, "Ben-Hur" as a picture will be as great as it has been on the stage for years.

And out in Hollywood now they call her "the million-dollar girl." That's a far cry from the little girl who came out of Utah to be the ingenue with William Hodge in "Eighteen Miles from Home."

Around the World in Eighty Minutes



IT used to be eighty *days*. Next, eighteen days was declared a possibility. But, by auto, you can now touch all the famous cities of the world in eighty *minutes*. Starting at New York, you can go to London, Paris, Monte Carlo, Venice, Russia, Egypt, Africa, the South Seas, India, China, Japan, San Francisco, the Rockies, "Main Street," and back to New York. That's the trip you can make—as our camera records—in Hollywood, in eighty minutes.



A street in New York's lower east side. Just bordering on the slums—and built, on the Losky lot, for "A Prince There Was"



The interior of the house of Parliament. From "The Masquerader." An exact duplicate of the real one, even to the detail of the carving



At left. Reproduction of the Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris. "The Hunchback of Notre Dome" is responsible for this mimic grandeur



Left, above. Monte Carlo! Romance and ruin, money lost and money gained. The world's playground was built, in Hollywood, for "Foolish Wives"

Right, above. Venice by moonlight. This set from "Bella Donna" is so meltingly lovely that one can almost hear the sound of soft little waves as they lap against the marble steps

At left. Red Russia. Drab grey buildings against a background of smoky twilight and sullen flame. This is from "Bavu," in which Wallace Beery was starred

At right. An oasis in the Sahara, with a crumbling old mission seen across a pool of life-giving water. Created for George Melford's "Burning Sands"





From the "Drums of Fate." A South African village—and a South African tribe about to go on the warpath



Rex Ingram planned this setting for his picture of the South Seas, "Where the Pavement Ends." Notice the dugout canoe



And now India. A street scene and a typical street crowd. The color and mystery of the Orient. From "The Price of Redemption"



A Japanese garden. Poetry might be written to the music of the artificial brook. Used by Viola Dana in "The Willow Tree"



It was for Nazimova's "The Red Lantern" that this bit of China was built. A fragment of a far-off city



Intrigue and passion. Slinking dark shadows against dingy brick walls. San Francisco's Chinatown, as reproduced in "East Is West"



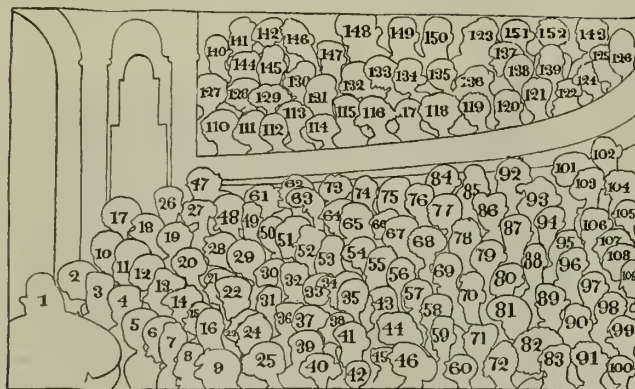
Main Street—a set that was starred in the picture of the same name. A true expression of our small-town life. All America can claim this!



The majestic Rockies—painted upon a glass screen, in "The Girl of the Golden West." The snow clad peaks only seem to tower



And, last of all, a reproduction of the interior of the Grand Central Station, New York. The picture it appeared in is "If You Believe It, It's So"!



“Among Those Present”

Notables as seen by RALPH BARTON
at the premiere of MARION DAVIES
in “Little Old New York”

- | | | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1—Victor Herbert | 40—Will Hays | 78—Morris Gest | 116—Mrs. Biddle Duke |
| 2—Rida Johnson Young | 41—John Emerson | 79—Samuel Goldwyn | 117—Nicholas Longworth |
| 3—Luther Reed | 42—Anita Loos | 80—Sam H. Harris | 118—Mrs. Nicholas Longworth |
| 4—Martin Beck | 43—Joseph Urban | 81—Jacob Ben-Ami | 119—Grace George |
| 5—A. L. Erlanger | 44—Ethel Barrymore | 82—Billie Burke | 120—William A. Brady |
| 6—Arthur Somers Roche | 45—Marcus Loew | 83—Florenz Ziegfeld | 121—Blanche Bates |
| 7—Harrison Fisher | 46—Fannie Hurst | 84—A. D. Lasker | 122—George Creel |
| 8—Norman Hapgood | 47—Kelcey Allen | 85—George Jean Nathan | 123—Christopher Morley |
| 9—John Drew | 48—Nita Naldi | 86—Scott Fitzgerald | 124—Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont |
| 10—Anne Morgan | 49—George Palmer Putnam | 87—Louis Joseph Vance | 125—Arthur Brisbane |
| 11—Elizabeth Marbury | 50—George M. Cohan | 88—Vincent Astor | 126—William Randolph Hearst |
| 12—Elsie de Wolfe | 51—Alma Rubens | 89—Al Jolson | 127—Elsie Ferguson |
| 13—Charles Dana Gibson | 52—Don Marquis | 90—Montague Glass | 128—Lillian Albertson MacLoon |
| 14—Dean Cornwell | 53—Rex Beach | 91—Henry Blackman Sells | 129—Irene Castle |
| 15—Bayard Veiler | 54—Elsie Janis | 92—Charles Hanson Towne | 130—W. T. Benda |
| 16—William Le Baron | 55—S. Jay Kaufman | 93—Irvin S. Cobb | 131—Murray Paul |
| 17—Harriette Underhill | 56—Allan Dwan | 94—Ring Lardner | “Cholly Knickerbocker” |
| 18—Raymond Hitchcock | 57—Ray Long | 95—J. J. Shubert | 132—Lynn Fontaine |
| 19—Rupert Hughes | 58—Dr. Frank Crane | 96—Lee Shubert | 133—Alfred Lunt |
| 20—Louella O. Parsons | 59—O. O. McIntyre | 97—Adolph Zukor | 134—Kenneth MacGowan |
| 21—Rachel Crothers | 60—Gloria Swanson | 98—A. H. Woods | 135—William Collier |
| 22—James Montgomery Flagg | 61—Florence Nash | 99—Avery Hopwood | 136—Sam Bernard |
| 23—Grover Whalen | 62—Glenn Hunter | 100—Irving Berlin | 137—Mrs. Turnbull Oelrichs |
| 24—Hon. John F. Hylan | 63—George S. Kaufman | 101—Neysa McMein | 138—Ruth Chatterton |
| 25—Marion Davies | 64—Marc Connelly | 102—Robert C. Benchley | 139—Henry Miller |
| 26—Frank R. Adams | 65—Piric MacDonald | 103—Franklin P. Adams | 140—Stephen Rathbun |
| 27—Daniel Frohman | 66—Roland Young | 104—Heywood Brown | 141—Carl Van Vechten |
| 28—Messmore Kendall | 67—Percy Hammond | 105—Ruth Hale | 142—Fania Marinoff |
| 29—David Belasco | 68—Gilda Gray | 106—“Zit” | 143—Dudley Field Malone |
| 30—Deems Taylor | 69—James R. Quirk | 107—Penrhyn Stanlaws | 144—Ludwig Lewisohn |
| 31—George D'Utassy | 70—Robert E. Sherwood | 108—Mrs. Jerome N. Bonaparte | 145—Reginald Vanderbilt |
| 32—Frank Crowninshield | 71—Alan Dale | 109—Arthur Hornlow | 146—Nicholas Murray |
| 33—Lillian Gish | 72—Bebe Daniels | 110—Mrs. Harry P. Whitney | 147—Meredith Nicholson |
| 34—David Wark Griffith | 73—Alexander Woolcott | 111—Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt | 148—Robert W. Chanler |
| 35—Dorothy Gish | 74—Quinn Martin | 112—Mrs. Samuel J. Wagstaff | 149—Charles Dillingham |
| 36—Hartley Manners | 75—Karl Kitchen | 113—Mrs. Carroll L. Wainwright | 150—John Murray Anderson |
| 37—Laurette Taylor | 76—Lyn Harding | 114—Anna Fitzu | 151—M. le Duc de Richelieu |
| 38—Irene Bordoni | 77—Anita Stewart | 115—Howard Chandler Christy | 152—La Princesse Bourbon |



Hesser

FROM the "Follies" to the enviable position of leading-lady-in-chief to Tom Mix. It's some flight! But Billie Dove's fledgling wings are strong—and critics say that they'll carry her even farther upward within a short time



Keyes

ESTELLE TAYLOR as *Miriam* in "The Ten Commandments"

IN this picture Cecil De Mille is exceeding even his own record for magnitude. The theme of his production for Paramount is that the fundamental laws handed down to the children of Israel in the Ten Commandments are fully as applicable to-day as in ancient times. He plans to depict, with dramatic power, the fact that the Ten Commandments constitute an unchanged, inescapable code of moral laws that will break any human who attempts to break any one of them. Speaking to an audience far greater than has ever been reached by any sermon, he will show the application of these laws to life in the Twentieth century



Keyes



Keyes



Keyes

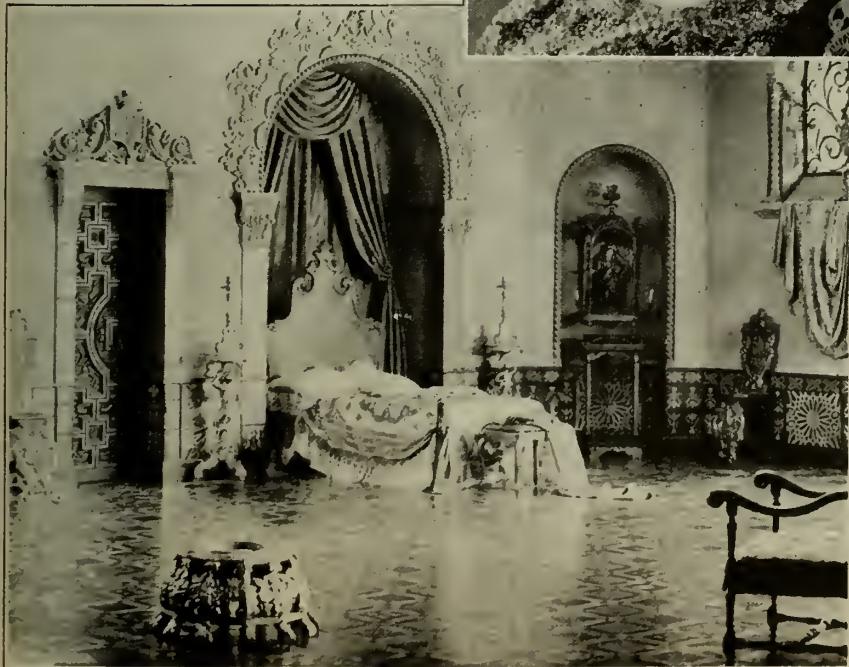
THE above scene from Cecil De Mille's production of "The Ten Commandments" depicts Moses with the vanguard of the Israelites grouped about him, pleading to the Red Sea to open and allow them to pass to the Promised Land. Below are James Neill as Aaron, and Theodore Roberts as Moses



Freulick



REGINALD DENNY is one of the best examples of "he-men" on the screen. Also he has a triad nature, as shown here—Reg Denny, athlete; Mr. Reginald Denny, society man; and Denny the battler of "The Leather Pushers"



Mary's New Rôle

She's growing up, at last. With the aid of laces and ribbons, and woman-length skirts and a wee, coquettish fan. Her curls are pinned up daintily upon a proud little head, and there are high heels to her slippers. There is the veiled hint of sex, a laughing lure, in her eyes. Yes, our Mary is growing up—there's even a bedroom in "Rosita," her picture of a street singer in old Spain. Not a cozy, intimate bedroom, to be sure—but a bedroom, nevertheless!



THE GREEN GODDESS—Distinctive

GEORGE ARLISS in the screen version of this William Archer play provides almost as good entertainment as he did in the stage version. The only thing lacking is Mr. Arliss' vocal personality. And the producers of the picture have largely made up for this by taking advantage of scenic possibilities that were beyond the reach of the stage production. This picture is one of the best of the season. It has an exceptional cast, striking sets, excellent photography, and titles that entertain and instruct and do not bore. Mr. Arliss plays the suave, ironic, villainous *Rajah* as only he can. And Ivan Simpson, who was the valet in the stage production, has the same rôle in the picture. The production is also notable because it brings back to the screen the charming and capable Alice Joyce.



HOLLYWOOD—Paramount

SEEING yourself as others see you is said to be good medicine. Showing yourself as others might see you if they had a six-cylinder sense of humor certainly is good fun. James Cruze has tried the latter experiment in "Hollywood," made from a story by Frank Condon originally published in *PHOTOPLAY*, and the result is one of the most successful of Paramount pictures. *Angela Whitaker* felt the urge to twinkle in Hollywood. So she took her ill and aged grandfather, and made the trip. *Angela* didn't get a job. Grandpa did. *Angela's* beau and her family felt something must be wrong, so they followed after, and got jobs, too.

All the motion picture people you ever heard of are in this picture. By laughing at himself and his crowd Mr. Cruze has turned out a rattling good film.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



LITTLE OLD NEW YORK—Cosmopolitan

A PICTURE must be almost perfect to get by the New York newspaper reviewers without adverse criticism of some sort. They are a hard-boiled, long-suffering aggregation, oftentimes taking their work too seriously, approaching every picture with the firm determination to live up to their title of critics regardless of its entertainment value.

"Little Old New York" opened with unanimous approbation. Marion Davies earned a place in the first line of stars for her work in "When Knighthood Was in Flower." She firmly established herself in "Little Old New York." It is a charming love story of Old New York at the time when Vanderbilt was a ferry operator, when Delmonico first opened his little restaurant, when Washington Irving was a gay young blade, when John Jacob Astor was laying the foundation of the great family fortune, when Robert Fulton invented the first steamboat. As *Patricia O'Day*, a beautiful colleen who is forced by her father to come to America impersonating her dead brother as heir to an estate, she could not have been surpassed by any actress on any screen. She should be decorated by the Irish Free State for distinguished service.

Medals should also be sent to Sidney Olcott, who directed the picture with a song in his heart, to Luther Reed, who adapted Rita Johnson Young's stage play, to Joseph Urban, who framed it in technical beauty, and every member of the cast should be cited for splendid performances. Harrison Ford plays young *Delevan*, whom "Pal's" father seeks to deprive of the legacy by masquerading his daughter as his dead son, with rare understanding.

Even the Authors' League must admit this is art.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK HOLLYWOOD
TRILBY
BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE
ASHES OF VENGEANCE THE GREEN GODDESS

The Six Best Performances of the Month

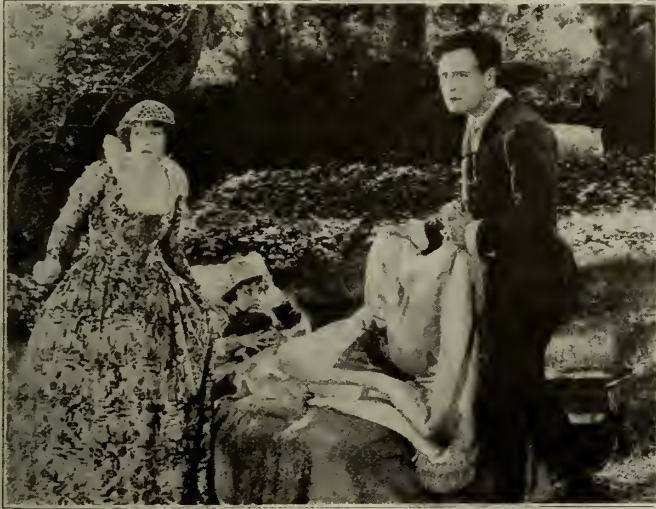
MARION DAVIES in "Little Old New York"
GEORGE ARLISS in "The Green Goddess"
CONWAY TEARLE in "Ashes of Vengeance"
NORMA TALMADGE in "Ashes of Vengeance"
LUKE COSGRAVE in "Hollywood"
GLORIA SWANSON in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 116



BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE—Paramount

BLUEBEARD'S Eighth Wife" is one of Gloria Swanson's best pictures, even though the story is so thin that anyone can see through it. The title gives the whole idea. A young French girl on the day of her marriage discovers that her husband, a rich American, is known as Bluebeard. She, in fact, is his eighth spouse, the other seven having been removed by Reno instead of by Providence. The lady, not unnaturally, refuses to believe herself "the only one," but is convinced by an amusing test to which she puts her husband. The original farce was one of the plays that last season established the managerial adage: "Nothing *risque*; nothing gain." It was only a reasonable success on the stage. In picture form it's sufficient unto the evening—the most one can ask of its type.



ASHES OF VENGEANCE—First National

THIS production is one of the first of the promised flood of costume pictures. It is doubtful if any of the others will be more beautifully staged and costumed, or more effectively photographed. It is a story of the time of Catherine de Medici and Charles IX, her son, King of France, when the old queen forced the weak-brained ruler to sign the order for the massacre of the Huguenots. This massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve, which is strikingly done, is introduced early in the picture to give an excuse for the really charming love story on which the play is based. The grand ballroom in the Louvre is said to be the largest interior set ever built and it certainly looks it.

Director Frank Lloyd has told a most interesting story and has placed it in fascinating surroundings. But he has been too careful in his attention to detail, as a result of which the picture drags at times and is frequently inclined to tediousness. Miss Talmadge gives a delightful portrayal of the proud *Yoeland de Breux*, although, peculiarly enough, it seems at times as if she were more the leading lady than the star, so brightly does Conway Tearle shine in the rôle of her lover.

There are many bits of real action—thrilling sword play and exciting fights to keep suspense pretty much in the foreground.

Running close to Miss Talmadge and Mr. Tearle in the excellence of acting is Wallace Beery, who can always be relied upon to create a repellent villain.

The picture is over long which is, in a way, fortunate, because judicious cutting will improve it. Scenically, improvement is hardly possible.



TRILBY—First National

TRUE to character and to setting, this screen version of du Maurier's famous novel is undeniably interesting. What it lacks in the vital element it makes up in charm and attention to detail. The story of a model's love affair, of the three painting musketeers of the Latin Quarter, of the sinister *Svengali* and his pathetic slave *Gecko*, has been well told. And the types are splendid. In Andree Lafayette the author's sketches of his heroine have come to life, indeed—although, when it comes to real acting, Francis McDonald, as *Gecko*, walks away with the honors.

Perhaps the weakest part of the picture is the direction. It seems that more might have been done with Mlle. Lafayette, that some of the scenes could have been handled more deftly. But, on the whole, good entertainment.



LAWFUL LARCENY—Paramount

ALLAN DWAN has made this picture from Samuel Shipman's successful play, and, in spite of many liberties taken with the story, it is still most interesting. A wife by methods perhaps not strictly ethical, saves her weak husband from dishonor after he has used his firm's name to pay a gambling debt. The story itself is not over-convincing, but the production is most expensive and lavish.



HOMEWARD BOUND—Paramount

AN interminable repetition of storm scenes and a redundancy of forced and unconvincing complications. And because this is another motion picture you never are in doubt that there will be a sun and a safe harbor and Lila Lee in Thomas Meighan's arms at the end. Hugh Cameron and an unknown goat contribute whatever there is of charm or novelty. A pretty story but commonplace.



THE BRASS BOTTLE—First National

THIS is an Arabian Nights' type of picture, a fantastic and amusing film produced by Maurice Tourneur. It will appeal to those who are seeking novelty, for it has many striking and unusual scenes. There are also several camera tricks that increase the interest. The Oriental prologue is beautifully done, with Barbara La Marr and Ernest Torrence worthy of special mention. There is plenty of comedy.



SOFT BOILED—Fox

RATHER a new line of comedy for Tom Mix, but he is still assisted by his famous horse, Tony. The story is slight, but the action is very fast, and there are plenty of thrills, romance, pretty girls and attractive settings. Some of the comedy situations are screamingly funny, especially the fight which wrecks a shoe store. Mix supplies both comedy and thrills, doing some superb riding stunts.



A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE—Paramount

ALTHOUGH this drags at the beginning, it acquires speed as the action progresses. The plot centers around a young society man who makes an ill-bred bet to get a girl's photograph, with a loving message inscribed upon it, in one day's time. Jack Holt is featured—but Frank Nelson, as a burglar, walks away with the picture! A good entertainment.

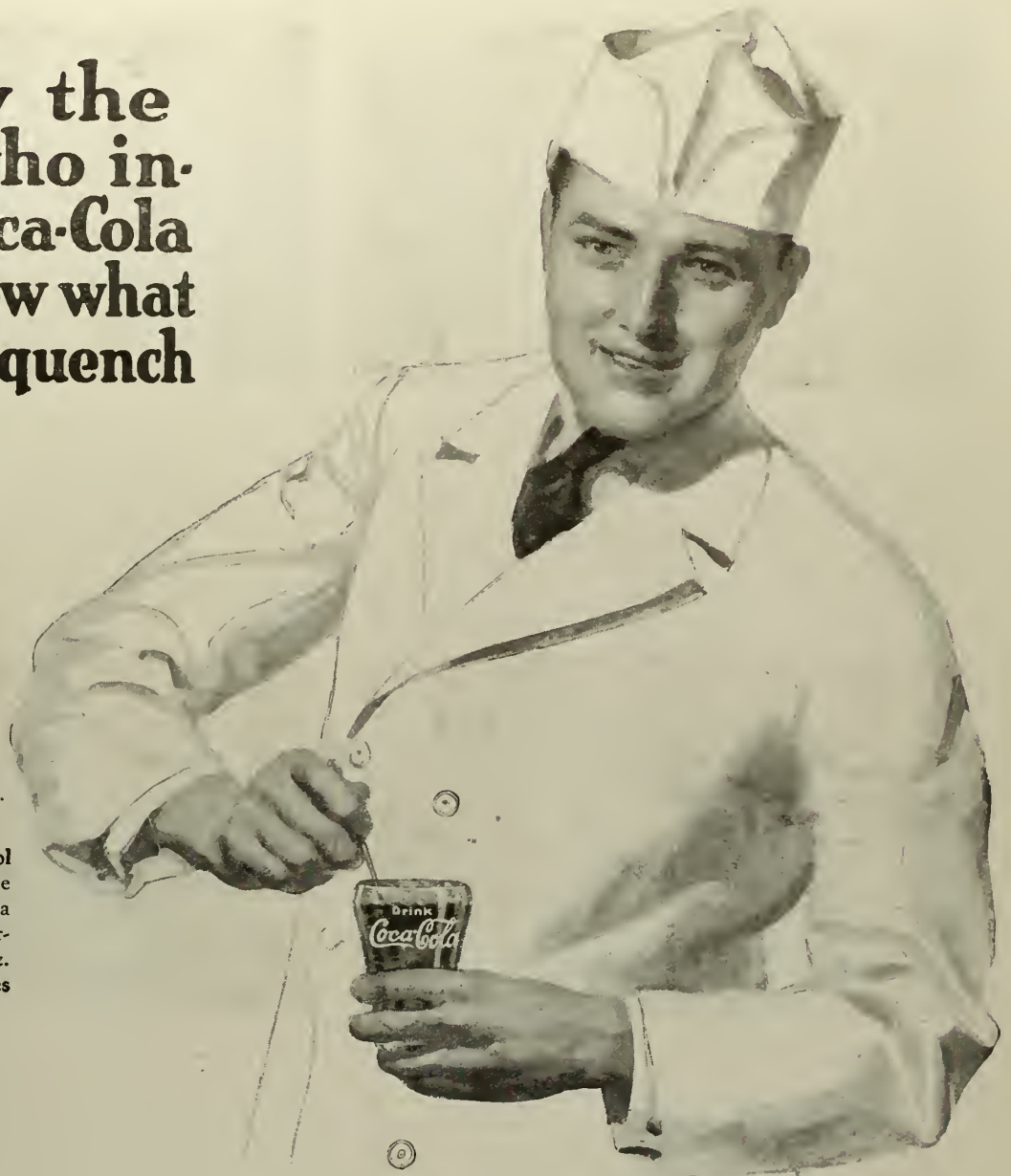


BLACK SHADOWS—Pathe

THIS is an intensely interesting picture of the strange, child-like people who live in the colorful South Sea Islands. A people who dance and swim and sleep and play—and don't do much else. Sometimes they play at war and love and other grown-up games, but you never think of them, wholly, as adults. This is good entertainment for everybody—it instructs pleasantly.

“I’ll say the fellow who invented Coca-Cola surely knew what it takes to quench thirst.”

The perfect drink served at cool and cheerful places with a smile of welcome—1 oz. of Coca-Cola syrup plus 5 ozs. of ice-cold carbonated water in the thin 6-oz. glass, stirred ’til the sparkles come to a bead at the top.



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Delicious and Refreshing 5¢

The Coca-Cola Company
Atlanta, Ga.



ST. ELMO—Fox

BELOVED of the school girls of yesterday, this novel loses much of its thrill in the screening. Perhaps it is because times—and people, too—have done a bit of changing. John Gilbert is almost wicked enough, at times, to fill the title rôle of the passionate misanthrope. And Bessie Love is *Edna Earle* to the life. Modernizing the story has not helped it. It is too old-fashioned yet.



THE VICTOR—Universal

THE son of an English lord, stranded in New York, takes up prize-fighting, and—in a remarkably short time—is in the championship race. He is also involved in a love affair with a good little actress. And then his father appears upon the scene, with an expectant near-fiancee, and for a moment it looks as if there might be complications. Good entertainment, and a passable fight.



THE FLYING DUTCHMAN—F. B. O.

AN unusual picture which very closely follows the Wagnerian opera of the same name. The tragic legend of the mariner who must sail on in a phantom ship—doomed to live and suffer until set free by the love of a woman who could be "faithful unto death." There is some very fine photography, and Ella Hall—as the faithful woman—does the best work of her life. Interesting but rather heavy.



THE LOVE BRAND—Universal

A SPANISH ranch owner who gets mixed up with a group of crooked capitalists, and who falls in love with the blond and scheming daughter of one of them. Luckily for him, she returns his love and so the plot falls through. Not, however, before a tragic scene in which he accuses her of treachery—and in which she, going precedent one better, brands herself. Good, if you like the type.



OUT OF LUCK—Universal

TRANSPLANT a young cow-puncher to the deck of a battleship—substitute his chaps for a sailor suit—and you have the makings of a good plot. Especially when the cow-puncher is Hoot Gibson, whose winning personality has carried him through many a story. There are some laughable situations, and enough excitement to hold the attention. Good entertainment for everybody.



BROADWAY GOLD—Truart Film Corp.

THE romance of a good little chorus girl who is forced into a marriage with a dying rich man. The rich man, of course, gets well, but not before there are some tense moments. There is one DeMilleish party, and Kathryn Williams gives a splendid portrayal of a gold digger. Elaine Hammerstein and Elliott Dexter head the cast. A straight formula picture.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]

How do they accomplish it?

The women who give their skin the hardest wear manage to keep their faces young long after other women have grown old and unattractive.

THE actress gives her complexion harder wear and demands more of it in return than any other woman. She must keep her skin fine and clear though she covers it with cosmetics. It must be fresh in spite of late, weary hours.

How does she accomplish this? By careful study of her skin she has discovered the *two indispensable things* it needs to keep it in the fresh, beautifully supple condition she demands.

First the perfect kind of cleansing at night that leaves the face soft and clear—every bit of dirt, every trace of cosmetic, every shadow of weariness taken away. Then the exquisite morning freshening that keeps the skin flower-like through the day and guards it completely from every coarsening thing.

These are the two fundamentals of skin loveliness. For these two things many well-known actresses depend on the two entirely different creams that Pond's developed especially for this method of keeping a woman's skin young and fresh—Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream. And many other women write enthusiastically about the smoothness these creams give their skin.

See what this famous method will do for you

Do this every night. With the finger tips or a piece of moistened cotton, apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it penetrates every pore of your skin. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth. Dirt and excess oil, the rouge and powder you have used during the day are taken off your skin and out of the pores. *Do this twice.* Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple.

And every morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream evenly. If you wish, rouge—powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels to your hand! Nothing can roughen it. And it will stay that way all day.

To see how Pond's two creams actually improve your skin, use this method regularly. Buy both creams today in jars or tubes. The Pond's Extract Company.



Every skin needs these Two Creams—The Cold Cream for cleansing, The Vanishing Cream to protect and to hold the powder



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Mae Murray, one of the most alluring of screen stars, says, "I have found that Pond's Two Creams give the complexion a lovely freshness and smoothness."



Charming Peggy Wood says, "Pond's Cold Cream cleanses easily and leaves my skin feeling fresh. Then the Vanishing Cream is a lovely smooth base for powder."

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

The common troubles that make a woman's skin look older—Pond's two creams banish them

Accumulation of oil and dirt in the pores. For this condition cleanse every night with Pond's Cold Cream, which is so light it penetrates the glands and *takes out excess oil and dirt together.* Then every morning put on Pond's Vanishing Cream to keep your face fresh through the day.

Premature wrinkles, scaling, dry shine—are especially the troubles of a dry skin. To avoid them, keep your skin soft day and night. Cleanse with plenty of Pond's Cold Cream nightly and keep some on over night. Feel your skin relax. Then by day Pond's Vanishing Cream prevents your skin from drying out again.

Coarsening Sun and Windburn. The daily repetition of weather damage ages your skin. For everyday exposure, use faithfully the nightly Pond's Cold Cream cleansing and in the day the delicate yet sure protection that Pond's Vanishing Cream gives.

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON WITH 10c TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co., 136 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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City.....State.....

Gossip— East & West



Theda Bara visited Mary the other day, at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios. And—take it from her expression, and from Mary's—found something very amusing! America's sweetheart is dressed in one of the costumes for "Rosita"

den, famous tennis champion, and Manuel Alonso, tennis champion of Spain.

They appeared serenely unconscious of each other's presence. A brief and indifferent "Hello," passed between them. Pola, looking more like the vital and daring heroine of "Passion" than we have seen her since her arrival in Hollywood, was in a box with Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Meighan, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eyton and the two young tennis stars.

If she noticed the cheek-to-cheek dancing in which Lenore Ulric and Charlie were indulging, and the occasional kisses which Charlie bestowed upon his partner's dainty ear in the dark corners, La Negri didn't care. She seemed the only person in the room who wasn't intrigued and slightly shocked by the great comedian's display of admiration.

"Oh, well," said Pola, "I'm very, very glad it's all over. I should never have been a great actress as Mrs. Charlie Chaplin. It has interfered very much with my life and my work since we became engaged. I have had the experience and that is enough.

"Please don't be hard on poor Mr. Chaplin. He is a charming man, really. A little odd. We are still good friends. But he should never, never marry. He is temperamentally unsuited to marriage. He possesses not one single domestic taste."

WHEN asked about William Tilden, she blushed vividly and said: "I admire Mr. Tilden very, very much. Don't ask me to say anything more right now."

But it is well known that Miss Negri admires young blond athletes.

"Please don't say I'm engaged to Mr. Chaplin," begged Miss Ulric. "Naturally, people are always reporting my engagement. But it would be too amusing to be reported engaged to a comedian."

The general opinion seems to be that the story of Charlie's engagement to anybody is a

By Cal York

WELL, it's all over.

Charlie and Pola have split. Definitely, finally and absolutely. Pola isn't going to be Mrs. Charlie Chaplin after all. Five weeks ago, to be exact, Madame Negri broke the fatal news to her "Sharlie." It just couldn't be, it seems. She had decided that they could never be happy.

Hollywood has suspected for some time that everything was cold in the much-advertised romance between the two great ones of the screen. Ominous quiet reigned. The friendly quarrels and little excitements that had flashed upon the screen with such frequency since the engagement was announced at Del Monte some six months ago were no longer in evidence. But the final realization came the other evening at the re-opening of the newly decorated Coconut Grove.

Everyone in filmland was there. Charlie and Pola were there. But not together. Charlie was paying open and rather embarrassingly ardent court to his lady of the evening, Lenore Ulric, famous stage star of "Kiki" and "Tiger Rose."

AND Pola, with her white shoulder turned upon this tableau, was receiving the homage of two young athletic heroes—William Til-

Two reasons why the Rev. Neal Dodd is called the pastor of the pictures. While Bebe Daniels gazes dreamily off into the middle distance, Father Dodd gazes dreamily at Bebe. And Anna Q. Nilsson laughs softly to herself



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Her formal dinners— Luncheons at the club—
 — Coffee on the terrace— for two * * *



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Betty Francisco, one of Mack Sennett's bathing beauties, shows both good sense and taste in her choice of reading matter. It isn't all that she shows, either!

dead issue for a while. He will have to show a marriage license before anyone gets excited about it again. If, as such a large part of the public seems to believe, there has been any desire for publicity in Charlie's frequent engagements, the cry of "Wolf—Wolf" has been tried once too often.

ANOTHER shock has been dealt the film colony. Corinne Griffith and Webster Campbell have separated.

To the members of the film set this news proved almost as startling as the announcement that the Vidors had separated.

Corinne Griffith has been known as the most devoted of wives. Few of our stars can vie with her in delicacy of beauty and feminine charm. She is the quintessence of femininity, whom many men have admired—at a far distance.

During the six years of married life she was never seen except in the company of her husband. She insisted upon him as her director in Vitagraph pictures. She had no interests outside the studio and her home. Only now and then did one catch a glimpse of her in public—at a theater or cafe—always with Mr. Campbell.

But for some time her most intimate friends have known of her unhappiness. The separation took place after Miss Griffith went to California to appear in "The Common Law." Her husband accompanied her west but returned to New York after a few weeks. Miss Griffith then accepted the star rôle in "Six Days."

After completing that picture she paid a brief visit to New York to close a contract whereby she will star in her own productions for First National, her first appearance being in Gertrude Atherton's "Black Oxen."

"There is no thought of another marriage so far as I am concerned," says Corinne. "I loved my husband very deeply, and it is difficult to see one's illusion of romance shattered. I'm not bitter, but I simply am not interested in romance."

ASUIT for divorce filed in Los Angeles by Mrs. Marie Gerke has disclosed the fact that Marie Prevost has been married for about five years to H. C. Gerke. Marie managed to keep her marriage a secret for some reason or other, not even her closest friends being aware that she had a husband. Her suit charges desertion.

Miss Prevost was one of the most famous of the "bathing beauties." It was a great loss to the decorative end of motion pictures when she decided to abandon her bathing suit and go in for serious rôles.

GLORIA SWANSON is now on the road to recovery following the operation which was performed at a New York hospital. Several of the New York newspapers vied with each other in their efforts to make sensational copy out of her illness. Because she would not permit them to send photographers into her room at the hospital with flashlights immediately after the operation and because she would not describe her trouble in minute terms, they

went the limit to distort their stories, going away beyond the limits of common decency. They always keep just within the law of libel, couching their language in subtle innuendo. I visited Miss Swanson at the hospital and know that the brutal and unfair treatment of a few newspapers gave her a hundred times more pain and suffering than the surgeon's knife.

"I wish I could get used to it," she said, "but I cannot. I suppose it is part of the price of success."

Incidentally I want to quote what one of her physicians said: "Miss Swanson is one of the most delightful, cultured, and bravest patients we have ever known. Immediately after the operation when she was suffering excruciating pain she firmly refused opiates or sedatives. Trying to smile through her pain she remarked, 'If you ever gave me anything like that some of the newspapers would say I was an addict.'"

DANIEL FROHMAN was feted by the Hollywood colony during his recent visit to raise money for the Actors' Fund. Carmel Myers entertained him at lunch in the Goldwyn studio and again at a dinner at the Ambassador. Among the dinner guests were: Florence Vidor, Bessie Love, Blanche Sweet, Josephine Quirk, Johnny Hines, Jean Delmour, George Meredith and Mr. Frohman.

MALCOLM MCGREGOR was given an hour's notice to pack his wardrobe, fly to Santa Barbara and assume the leading rôle in a

Anna May Wong always does the unexpected—and always scores, while doing it! Forsaking the broken-hearted wistfulness that characterized "Toll of the Sea" she becomes a dancing slave girl in "The Thief of Bagdad" with Douglas Fairbanks



A Twin Complexion Treatment

IT is hard to think of the sun and the wind as injurious influences; yet to the delicate skin of the refined woman neither is an unmixed blessing.

Both sunburn and windburn are drying, roughening, and coarsening to the complexion; while the dust that accompanies wind tends to clog the pores.

Pompeian Day Cream is a harmless preparation of exquisite fineness made to protect the skin during the activities of the day from exposure to the elements.

Not Entirely Oilless

Unlike some "disappearing" creams, Pompeian Day Cream is not entirely oilless; on the contrary, it contains just sufficient oil to make it desirable for naturally dry as well as for normal or oily skins, and to offset the drying effects of sun and wind.



Protection by Day, with Pompeian Day Cream

To all appearances Pompeian Day Cream vanishes upon application; it actually leaves an invisible film on the skin which serves as a protection against weather; furthermore, this soft, dull film eliminates and prevents shine and makes a powder foundation to which Pompeian Beauty Powder will adhere evenly and smoothly for a long time.

The sleeping hours may be made a period of benefit or of harm to the



Restoration by Night, with Pompeian Night Cream

complexion, according to whether the skin is properly prepared for natural restoration or carelessly left to the heavy hand of time.

If a woman retires with her pores filled with the dust and grime of the day, with her skin dried and roughened, wrinkled by mental concentration or worry, then the night hours will serve to perpetuate these faults.

How to Keep the Skin in Condition

But if she will follow the simple night treatment recommended she can clear the pores, soften and soothe the skin, relax the facial muscles, subdue the wrinkles, and nourish the underlying tissues.

First, a cleansing with Pompeian Night Cream, then a second application gently smoothed into the pores, and she is ready to let the great restorer, "balmy sleep," repair the ravages of the day.

The Twin Treatment

The twin complexion treatment of Pompeian Day Cream and Pompeian Night Cream provides the two essentials of day-time protection and night-time restoration. If faithfully used, these two preparations alone will enable any woman to greatly prolong her hold on a youthful complexion.

POMPEIAN NIGHT CREAM (cold cream) 60c per jar
 POMPEIAN DAY CREAM..... 60c per jar
 POMPEIAN FRAGRANCE.....25c a can

POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER... 60c per box
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 POMPEIAN LIP STICK.....25c each

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Send coupon with ten cents for beautiful new 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps." With this panel we send samples of Pompeian Night Cream, Day Cream, Beauty Powder, and Bloom

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Pompeian Creams

Your Skin Needs

Special Care in the Autumn

By MME. JEANNETTE

As a rule a woman is in her best health with the beginning of the autumn.

But how about her skin?

Frequently she is aware that she has been negligent in her care of it during the lazy months of summer.

I have said it before, and I will continue to say, "Consistency is the virtue in caring for your skin." You are nourishing its tissues; and it is very like your body—you can't eat a surfeit of good food for a week and then forget to eat for the week that follows! Yet you do this when you use complexion creams only part of the time.

At Night—

Soap and water is the habitual way of most women in cleansing the skin; but Pompeian Night Cream is, in many cases, more thoroughly cleansing.

Pompeian Night Cream may be used as lavishly as the individual user desires; there is no such thing as using too much, but enough should be used to cover every part and feature of the face, as well as the neck and the arms, if they too would be kept in beautiful condition.

I do not advise too much rubbing and massaging—just enough to thoroughly distribute the cream. When you remove it with a soft cloth, all dirt and dinginess is also removed, leaving your skin soft and smooth and lovely to the touch.

In the Morning—

In the morning you will find that the night treatment has prepared your skin to gratefully accept an application of Pompeian Day Cream. This is a foundation cream for the day's powder and rouge, and it is a protection to the skin as well.

Then the Powder—

If the autumn finds the skin still somewhat darker than usual, you should use a darker tint of powder than you customarily do. Pompeian Beauty Powder in the Rachel tint may be used on naturally fair complexions until care has restored their own delicate pinks and white tones, when one may again use the White or Flesh shades.

Cover the face and neck well with the powder, and then dust it off lightly and evenly, moistening the eyebrows, eyelashes, and lips to remove any traces of powder from them.

Mme. Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté

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Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named in offer.

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For Ipana Tooth Paste, because of the
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In the very short years that Ipana has
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Ipana Tooth Paste is kind to the enamel of
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Send for a trial tube today.

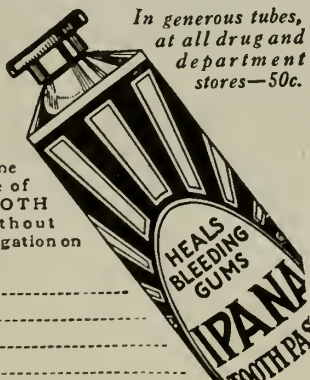
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PASTE without
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*Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, caught in a moment of domestic happiness. Mar-
ried scarce a year, they still have that bride and groom look. Herr Lubitsch
directed Mary Pickford in her forthcoming picture—before that he directed Pola,
before she journeyed to America*

Fox production, "You Can't Get Away With It."

After consenting to do the part, he was told
the wardrobe expected of him. It sounded like
an inventory of Brooks Brothers. As the assist-
ant director enumerated the articles, from
lounging robes to cutaways and plug hats, Mac
began to get sore. The explosion came off
when a Panama hat was demanded.

"I haven't a Panama, never had one and
never expect to have one," bawled Mac.

"But you've got to have a Panama hat,"
sobbed the assistant. "You play a Harvard
boy."

"Well, here's where Harvard gets a black
eye," roared Mac, who happens to be a Yale
man. "I'm going to play a Harvard boy with-
out a Panama. Now what do you think of
that?"

WHEN Connie Talmadge finishes her pres-
ent contract she is going to Paris to live.

"I'd like to make a contract for just a couple
of pictures a year—if anyone is foolish enough
to sign me," she remarked nonchalantly. "I'm
going to buy a house in Paris and dash over
here in the mornings to work—the evenings are
so pleasant in Paris."

It looks as though there would be quite a
colony of filmers in Europe. Lillian Gish has
practically been won over by Italy. Doug and
Mary say that they want to retire to a villa
on the Italian Riviera. Pola Negri is purchas-

ing a home at Beaulieu, near Monte Carlo.
The Tony Morenos are planning to spend a
year abroad, gathering antiques for their Ital-
ian villa in Hollywood.

THERE is a pathos in the separation of the
Vidors that wrings the heart of old Holly-
wood. Florence had a birthday recently, and
featured among the tributes she received was a
string of rare amber coral and a congratulatory
note in a basket of flowers from young King,
who now lives at the Ambassador hotel.

"He's so sweet, no one could help loving
him," Florence told me with glistening eyes.

"She's the most wonderful woman I have
ever known or ever expect to know," King said,
when I lunched with him.

Then he told me of a play he had written of a
young couple who, through the development of
individuality and circumstance, are separated,
later coming together in a greater love than
they had known before. It truly is a drama.

HERDS of disheveled young males, trying to
look as "sexy" as possible, were seen dash-
ing around a studio lot recently. Elinor Glyn
was in quest of "the perfect Paul." Paul is the
high-tempered lover of Elinor's "Three Weeks,"
which is to be filmed with Alan Crosland di-
recting.

Elinor has decided ideas about "the perfect
man," as we all know. Many were called, but
Derek Glyn was chosen, I hear. Derek is said



Vanity Fair

SILK UNDERWEAR

Something new in glove silk underwear! Of course, you've learned the luxury (and economy, too) of Vanity Fair—the smartest silk underwear. But do you know their remarkable new fabric "VANITISILK"? Besides being beguilingly beautiful, with its dainty shadow striping, "VANITISILK," unlike other glove silk, keeps its length after being laundered.

Think what this means! The next time you buy silk underwear, ask for vest No. 622 and knic or No. 2601, (pictured above). Vanity Fair's pettibockers and pettiskirts can also be had in "VANITISILK." This Fall they are more attractive than ever. We'll be glad to send you illustrations and tell you where to get them, in case you don't know.

Vanity Fair Silk Mills
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Hiking

A wonderful exercise; healthful and invigorating, too.

It works your weight down; it works your appetite up.

Yes, there's the appetite to be considered; and the food must be carried; so it should be strength-giving without bulk—worth without weight.

What could better answer these requirements than Kraft Cheese in tins? Here is the concentrated goodness of pure sweet milk in compact, convenient form. There's a full meal in one of these little tins that you can carry in your pocket.

Remember this and have a supply on the pantry shelf for your next outing. Then you can spread your sandwiches fresh where you eat them. There are eight kinds of Kraft Cheese in tins, and each seems better than the other.

No rind—it spreads.
No waste—100% cheese.

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The latest thing in powder puffs, as demonstrated by Alice Lake. A silken garter with a little pocket attached, a fluff of eiderdown and a pinch of powder—and milady is ready for any emergency

to be a distant relative of Madame's, according to the publicity department. He is a golden-haired boy who has appeared on the London stage and in the British films. So far he has not crossed our silver sheet.

By the way, Nazimova's husband, Charles Bryant, was the original Paul—I mean the stage original. Elinor, herself, essayed the rôle of the lady of the book, but withdrew after a few hectic rehearsals. In the film the lady will be played by Aileen Pringle.

YOU who have seen "Three Wise Fools" will remember the armored car in which the convicts escaped. And, when it turned over, you probably squirmed in your orchestra chair, and murmured in a blasé manner: "Oh, well, it's empty! We know how these things are done!"

Only, it wasn't empty! Leo Noomis, screen daredevil, was in it. Oddly enough he chose, for the day of his stunt, Friday the thirteenth.

A gloomy, overcast Friday, at that!

Word had gone around that there was to be some stunt riding done. And so the usual crowd of sensation seekers was present; folk who had journeyed by motor and on foot, from nearby cities and towns. They clustered behind the camera while it took pictures of the approaching machine and the low-flying plane that dropped bombs all around it. About one hundred yards away from the crowd the careening iron car became tricky. It skidded and headed straight for the expectant audience. There were cries of horror from the crowd, but daredevil Noomis gripped the wheel and swung the seven thousand pounds of iron at right angles into a barbed wire fence. With a whirring, grinding sound, it turned over in a vineyard just off the road.

Half sick with apprehension, the production staff ran for the car. They had to cut away the barbed wire before they could get to



\$1000 in prizes for the best interpretation of this picture

THIS is one of a series of pictures used in the advertising of Eaton's Highland Linen. Four of these pictures have already appeared in this magazine. Look them up, study them, read the advertisements, see how the pictures are used and what they illustrate.

Then write a 25 word interpretation of this picture in which the thought expressed by the picture is connected with the use of writing paper.

The best interpretation of the picture and the best application of its meaning to the use of writing paper will win the first prize. Prizes will be awarded to other successful contestants as indicated.

RULES

Please read these simple rules and follow them, otherwise your contribution will not be considered:

1. Your interpretation must not exceed 25 words.
2. You may submit as many answers as you wish provided each answer is written on a separate sheet of paper.
3. All answers must be written on Eaton's Highland Linen. This paper may be obtained wherever good stationery is sold. If you cannot readily obtain this paper, or if you do not wish to buy it, send a postal card to the Eaton, Crane & Pike Company, Pittsfield, Mass., and we will mail you, free of charge, a sheet of Eaton's Highland Linen and a Highland Linen Envelope for your use in entering this contest.
4. All answers must be addressed to Contest Committee, Eaton, Crane & Pike Company, 225 Fifth Ave., New York, and must bear a post mark not later than midnight Friday, November 30th, 1923.
5. No person in the employ of the Eaton, Crane & Pike Company, or member of

\$500	1st prize
\$200	2nd prize
\$100	3rd prize
2 prizes of	\$50 each
4 prizes of	\$25 each
100 prizes in boxes of stationery	

6. the family of such employee will be eligible to compete.
6. If two or more contestants send answers alike in thought and of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will be paid to each.
7. The announcement of the winners will be made not later than February 1st, 1924.
8. The judges who will pass upon all contributions and make the awards are:
 EMILY POST, author of "Etiquette, the Blue Book of Social Usage".
 CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President*, Life Publishing Co.
 BRUCE BARTON, *President*, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, advertising agency.

Enter this contest. It is an opportunity. It calls for original thinking and clear, concise writing. It may enable you to discover a gift you did not know you possessed.

EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY, *New York - Pittsfield, Mass.*

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



All dressed up and no place to go! Wesley Barry languishes, with a lily in one small-boyishly grimy fist, and tries to disguise his freckles with an expression that is half vamp, half flapper

Noomis. They thought that he had been killed—probably frightfully mangled. They found him stunned, but not at all injured. When he came to he mumbled something about the strap of his puttee being too tight—it sort of rubbed his ankle!

THEY say there's some hot stuff in "The White Sister"—the making of which has kept Lillian Gish so long away from her pretty New York apartment. Henry King, who produced and directed the picture, tells all about it. "During the winter in Rome," he says, "I had been conducting research work on volcanic eruptions and weather conditions, so that I could duplicate the actual scenes as nearly as possible. And then, suddenly, I realized that judging from present weather conditions, in

Seena Owen and Lionel Barrymore, looking 'em over at Bonff, while on location for "Unseeing Eyes." When the scenery of the Canadian Rockies grew monotonous Seena and Lionel staged a Better Babies show. The babies rode in stote upon their mothers' backs, and were tastefully encased in embroidered deerskin



comparison with my data, it was just about time for the next outburst. So I took my company, post haste, to a little village near the volcano—a village that has been buried three times in lava.

"We had been working there for about three weeks, when, one morning, the old volcano began to rumble, and things began to start. I certainly had to work fast. For molten lava runs rapidly. But the stuff we got! Even though the fumes and the gases from the volcano made us all sick, and one of the camera men began to have fainting spells. One camera became so hot that about fifteen hundred feet of film melted away."

We can think of pictures that must have had that effect on an innocent film. Betty Blythe in "The Queen of Sheba," for instance. But we can't quite reconcile the melting film to a Lillian Gish production.

AND speaking of hot stuff, the cast got so overheated during the filming of "Zaza" at Paramount's Long Island Studios that Alan Dwan was forced to resort to unique methods. He had huge cakes of ice brought in and piled up on each side of the set. And a battery of electric fans was placed behind them to keep a volume of iced air blowing over the actors. In this way they were able to get through the July weather, and the most "pash" situations.

WHEN Rodolph Valentino and his wife left this country, to visit the old homestead in Italy, some friends gave them a farewell dinner. Not—as you might suppose—at the Ritz or the Plaza or the Palais Royal. But at a place that Ruddy chose, away down in the city's East Side. The Villa Penza, an Italian restaurant. Where the food is good. And, incidentally, very cheap.

The Villa Penza has a front room and, in back, an imitation garden draped with artificial wisteria. There are six tables in the garden and three in the front room. One agile waiter attends to all of the guests. And everyone orders spaghetti. There is an old-fashioned sink, between the front room and the garden, where the fastidious diner may wash his hands, if he wishes to, before eating.

The walls are decorated, simply, with three pictures. Garibaldi, Rodolph Valentino and Nita Naldi. A compliment—though not a subtle one—to the Italian sheik. But, very seriously, it's rather nice to know that Ruddy isn't suffering from a so-swelled head! If he were he couldn't enjoy the Villa Penza.

Incidentally, the night of the farewell dinner, the police reserves had to be called out, for all of the East Side tried to get a look at the Val-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]



“Yes, dear, I do have more time to play with you since I’ve had this rug”

More time to enjoy her children—more time to herself—that’s what *Gold-Seal Congoleum Rugs* bring the busy housewife. For the smooth, enamel surface of these sanitary rugs saves so much work—with a few strokes of a damp mop every vestige of dust vanishes like magic.

Their charming patterns make *Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs* suitable for any room in the house. And they cling tight to the floor without fastening of any kind—never wrinkle or turn up at the edges or corners.

6 x 9 ft.	\$ 9.00	The pattern illustrated is made in the five large sizes only.	1½ x 3 ft.	\$.60
7½ x 9 ft.	11.25		3 x 3 ft.	1.40
9 x 9 ft.	13.50	The small rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with it.	3 x 4½ ft.	1.95
9 x 10½ ft.	15.75		3 x 6 ft.	2.50
9 x 12 ft.	18.00			

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

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On the floor is shown Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug No. 532. The 9 x 12 ft. size costs only \$18.00

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nothing else — give
nature's green color
to Palmolive Soap.*



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*Volume and efficiency
produce 25c quality
for*

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Certainly—

Your own mild Palmolive *is the ideal soap for your baby*

The quality which makes Palmolive the beautifying cleanser which keeps your complexion fresh and smooth also makes it the perfect baby soap. The mildness which makes the profuse, creamy lather lotion-like in its effect keeps the tender skin of infancy soft and comfortable.

If you could find milder, purer soap to use for baby, you should adopt it as your own facial soap. But, search where you may, milder, purer soap cannot be found. If it could be made, we would make it. But, until nature herself produces finer soap ingredients than palm and olive oils, this can't be done. Nothing better has been found in 3,000 years.

Your beautifier—Baby's comfort

Millions of women have learned that the secret of a fresh, blooming, flawless complexion is daily cleansing with Palmolive Soap. They know from experience that the lotion-like lather cleanses without a trace of irritation, removing the deposits of dirt, oil and perspiration which must be washed away.

They know that to neglect this daily cleansing results in clogging, and that such clogging means enlarged pores, blackheads, blotches and general

skin disfigurement. And that, while harsh methods injure the delicate skin texture, Palmolive leaves it soothed and refreshed.

Thus women of mature years keep that schoolgirl complexion long after girlhood days have passed. Thus their own experience has taught them what soap to use for their babies and made Palmolive the most popular baby soap.

The price you want to pay

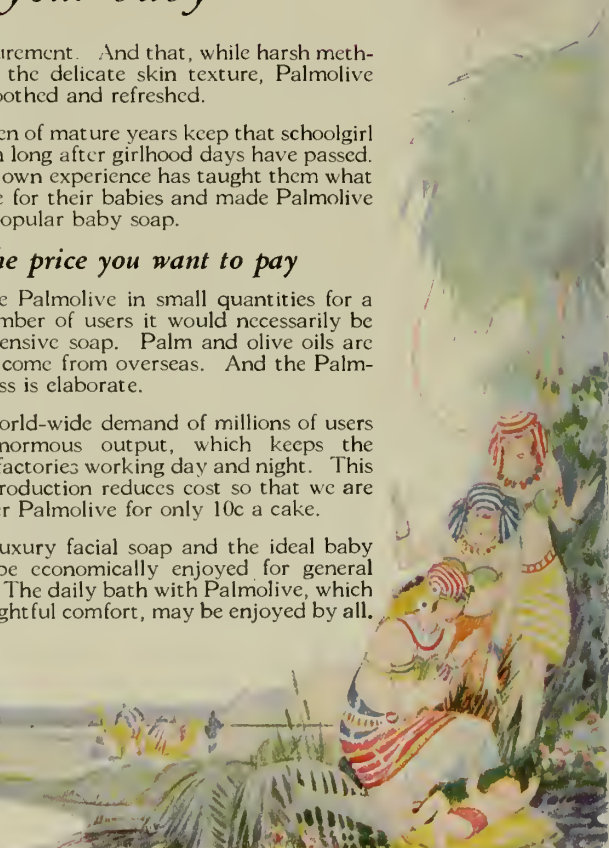
If we made Palmolive in small quantities for a limited number of users it would necessarily be a very expensive soap. Palm and olive oils are costly and come from overseas. And the Palmolive process is elaborate.

But, the world-wide demand of millions of users requires enormous output, which keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night. This quantity production reduces cost so that we are able to offer Palmolive for only 10c a cake.

Thus the luxury facial soap and the ideal baby soap can be economically enjoyed for general toilet use. The daily bath with Palmolive, which is baby's rightful comfort, may be enjoyed by all.



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What won't they do for Pictures?



Ethel Shannon willingly sacrifices her beauty to her art to play the rôle of an old woman in "Maytime"



Anna Q. Nilsson, whose crowning glory was her wonderful blonde hair. She has had it shorn to play a boy's rôle in "Ponjola"



The secret of having beautiful hair

How famous movie stars keep their hair soft and silky, bright, fresh-looking and luxuriant

NO one can be really attractive, without beautiful well-kept hair.

Study the pictures of these beautiful women. Just see 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.

In caring for the hair, proper shampooing is the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

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. It is 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.

When oily, dry or dull

If your hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and

gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, or if it is full of dandruff, it is all due to improper shampooing.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo.

The quick, easy way

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

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 really is. It keeps the scalp soft and healthy, 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.

*Splendid for children—
Fine for men*

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

RAY, CHICAGO, ILL.—Your first letter to me? A timid little affair, Miss or Master Ray. I know you are not Mr. or Mrs. for, in that case, you would be bolder. You remember the song, "As they grow older they grow a little bolder." True, John Bower's address is care Thomas H. Ince Studio, Culver City, Cal.

FLUVIA D'ORO, TOLEDO.—An interesting name and interesting letter. Twenty, an orphan, and a governess. Parents died tragically when you were a baby, leaving you real bronze hair and amber skin. A good start for a movie, Senorita. Particularly that pretty tale of the surprise of your dark-haired, dark-eyed, dark-skinned parents at the gift of an infant that originally had ash blonde hair and camellia skin. It is a natural evolution, "a natural selection," that you should admire the blonde pulchritude of Eugene O'Brien. You are right in your conjecture as to his character. He is "a jolly good scout to know." Your favorite on both stage and screen is a young bachelor who lives with his mother in a rather sumptuous apartment near Central Park West. His mother ranks him, as most mothers rank their sons, one hundred per cent plus. Mr. O'Brien came out of the same town that yielded Douglas Fairbanks—Denver. He was born in 1884. It is clear from your letter, which hinted of Latin origin—the ardor of those born in sunny lands—you have observed that his eyes are dark blue and his hair a rich gold color. He was a student in the University of Colorado. He had a stage career. He appeared in serious plays and musical comedies before adopting the screen. His stage career began with "Rebecca of Sunny Brook Farm" and was meteoric. His last picture was with Norma Talmadge, "The Voice from the Minaret." While this is written he is playing on tour with a dramatic production, "Steve."

READER, CHICAGO, ILL.—Your desire that all motion picture houses distribute programs containing the names of the cast before the performance, will no doubt be given consideration by exhibitors. As you say, it taxes the memory to recall the names of all the charac-

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, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

ters that the plot unfolds. The post-performance pleasure of taking the program home and scanning it to fix certain players and characters in the memory is, as you say, a considerable one. Your other suggestion to flash the name of the actor just as he appears on the screen shows that the subject has received your careful attention. The Capitol Theater in New York is one of the many that publish the cast in the same way as do the managements of the theaters in which one hears the dialogue.

CATHERINE OF CHICAGO.—Certainly, my dear Catherine. June Mathis is an ex-actress. She once was leading woman for Julian Eltinge. It was the dramatic way in which she told a story, an anecdote of her family, that caused a movie man who was present to say, "You should write for the pictures." She startled the Spanish author, Ibanez, by appearing at his hotel and asking for a conference on the high spots of his novels, "Blood and Sand," "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," and "Sirvasse, Senor." She was the first type of the bachelor maid business woman he met, a new type to the novelist from Spain. Miss Mathis is at Hollywood, busy upon her adaptations of "Ben Hur" and "The Day of Faith" for the screen. Letters should be addressed to her at Goldwyn Studios, Culver

City, Cal. Her official position is that of editorial director of those studios.

MICKEY OF KANSAS.—Shame, Mickey! You "don't know what's the matter with the girls." You'd rather see a baseball game any day than Rodolph Valentino. You are a he-boy growing into a he-man, Mickey, and maybe you're a little jealous. Jack Holt is with Famous Players-Lasky Studios, Hollywood. Glenn Hunter is continuing his hit in "Merton of the Movies" at the Cort Theater, New York City.

BETH, NEW HAVEN, CONN.—You're "a Richard Dix fan but you want to know all about Robert Frazer." At least you are frank, Miss Beth, and frankness in this case shall not be its only reward. Robert Frazer is about thirty-one, is married, and has had a stage career. He was with Cecil Spooner's stock company in Brooklyn, and with other stock companies. Mr. Frazer has been seen recently in "Jazzmania," "As a Man Gives" and "When the Desert Calls." His address is care Louis B. Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.

M. H. A., PHILADELPHIA MAID.—An original young person and faithful. But how can I "give you Kenneth Harlan"? You were only speaking figuratively? Pardon me. Yes, Mr. Harlan has been married. There is a rumor of an engagement to Marie Prevost. His most recent pictures were "Thorns and Orange Blossoms," "The Beautiful and Damned," "The Little Church Around the Corner," "The Girl Who Came Back," and "April Showers." Mr. Harlan is a genuine native of New York City. I say native, because strangers meeting persons from the north, south and west parts of the United States and from all parts of Europe think people come to New York, but are not born there. Mr. Harlan wins the silver medal which Booth Tarkington promised to anyone who was actually born on Manhattan Island. The brilliant Indianian too, is a doubter about any white man having been born on this island. But occasionally it has happened. The year was 1895. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 134]

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Agnes Ayres admits—now that her erstwhile staid personality has undergone a miraculous change—a sneaking fondness for the races. She says that "Spark Plug" is her favorite horse

Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

entinos. And Mr. and Mrs. Penza are now building a new front on their restaurant to take the place of the broken one.

SHAKESPEARE wrote of the "winter of discontent," but summer seems to be the discontented season, so far as the marital affairs of screen people are concerned. Dispatches from Paris have related that Irene Castle has divorced Captain Robert Treman, the decree being granted on the typically French grounds of "serious insults." Close on the heels of this news came the coupling of the names of the former Mrs. Treman and Ward Crane, the picture actor. French courts also divorced Elsie Ferguson and Thomas B. Clarke, Jr., and rumor promptly joined Miss Ferguson's name to that of Frederic Worlock, the English actor who was her leading man last season in "The Wheel of Life."

The California courts were responsible for three decrees. Jackie Saunders divorced E. D. Horkheimer; Carmel Myers was set free from I. B. Kornblum; and Lillian St. John won a decree from Al St. John, the comedian.

NOR does this end the discontent. News comes from California that Renee Adoree has filed suit for divorce from Tom Moore, and that Corinne Griffith wishes to be free from Webster Campbell. Also, Helene Chadwick wishes to add to her divorce record by freeing herself from William Wellman. And from abroad comes the report that Marjorie Rameau is tired of the bonds that hold her to Hugh Dillman, whom she married comparatively recently as her ideal.

HOWEVER, undaunted by all these troubles, Pauline Starke announces that she intends to marry Jack White, a director, and Larry Semon does not deny that he hopes to make Colletta Ryan, a prima donna, change her name.

"SHE ought to be spanked," says Louis Fontaine, of Auburn, N. Y., husband No. 1 of Helene Chadwick, who has just divorced William Wellman, husband No. 2. "I never saw

such a fickle girl," he continued. "I can't see why she wants to divorce Wellman, unless he isn't rich enough for her. But she was never very extravagant. Of course, I know a girl in the films has chances to meet many moneyed people and has many admirers. I guess they spoiled Helene."

Miss Chadwick became Mrs. Fontaine in 1915 and then divorced her husband when he returned from the war. About a year later she married Wellman and became quite a person in Boston society, just previous to going into pictures.

GIRLS, beware of sheiks! List to Wanda Hawley, who has just returned from Egypt, the habitat of the species. Sheiks may fascinate, but many of them don't bathe.

"Sheiks, as a rule," she says, "are a dirty lot. The Arab sheiks are not so bad as the Egyptian ones. In Egypt they are terrible. They put on one outfit of clothing and don't change it until it falls off. One of them asked me why American girls were so cold.

"The English and French girls let us make love to them," he told me, "but you American women are frigid."

"I told him we drew the color line. I didn't want to hurt his feelings, but I tried to intimate in a friendly way that we have some definite ideas about sanitation, bathing and occasional changes of clothing.

"Sheiks are all right at a distance or on the screen. But there's nothing romantic or magnetic about them in physical close-ups."

LOVELY Julianne Johnston, the new leading lady for Douglas Fairbanks, is receiving very flattering attentions just now from a handsome young Spanish nobleman, who is visiting in Los Angeles. He is the Duc du Durcal, cousin of the King of Spain, and one of the handsomest men in Europe. He spends a great deal of his time sitting at Miss Johnston's pretty feet, both on the Fairbanks set and on the sunny beach. And it is whispered that several society debutantes have wept many tears because the young Duc dined and danced with Julianne at the Montmartre or the Ambassador instead of



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Fastidious women the country over are availing themselves of the Real Silk Hosiery Service *this fall* because it answers one of their most perplexing problems.

The Real Silk Representative assigned to your neighborhood calls with samples of the forty authentic *advance* shades, takes your order; and the hosiery is mailed parcel post, C. O. D., *direct* from the U. S. Post Office Branch in our mills.

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attending social functions outlined for his visit.

We don't know whether Julianne has any ambitions to become a duchess, but if so, it looks as if she had a fair chance to realize them. The Duc was also the guest of Rex Ingram and Alice Terry at Catalina for a few days.

JAMES KIRKWOOD and Lila Lee are married. Six days after Mr. Kirkwood was freed from his previous bonds of matrimony by a Nevada court, he and Lila slipped away quietly to a little church in Los Angeles and Lila promised to love, honor and obey forever.

Only immediate members of the family were present, and Lila wore a white georgette afternoon frock, with a white hat trimmed in lilies-of-the-valley, and carried a huge shower of the same flowers.

The Kirkwood-Lee romance, which has caused considerable comment for the past year, has been variously interfered with since the two first fell in love. Although they had been separated for some time, he was still legally bound to his second wife, Gertie Robinson Kirkwood. And Lila's mother objected strenuously to her daughter, who was under eighteen, marrying until she was a little older. But Gertie Kirkwood went to Reno and got her divorce. And Lila's mama withdrew her objection when Lila's eighteenth birthday was past.

The surprise service was a result of the fact that both Jim and Lila were going on location immediately—and not together. Lila has completed her Paramount contract and Kirkwood is building a beautiful home in Beverly Hills for his young bride.

THE original rosette worn by Danton in the French revolution will be worn by the character of Danton in Rex Ingram's "Scaramouche." It was sent to the director by Vincent J. Danton, of Boston, a great-grandson of the French revolutionist.

"I am sending you the tricolor my great-grandfather gave to his wife just before he was executed," said Mr. Danton in a letter to Mr. Ingram. "Perhaps it will cause some latent spark of genius to awaken in the portrayer of Danton in your 'Scaramouche'."

Mr. Ingram affixed the rosette to the lapel of George Siegman, who plays Danton, and sent

"stills" to the great-grandson of the hero, who replied:

"There is no criticism to offer of Mr. Siegman's portrayal. We have made a close scrutiny of the photographs, and at first were amazed at the uncanny similarity of his features when compared to the original portrait. He has all of our family characteristics, plus a composite cast of features that spell just Danton. You may be assured that when you show 'Scaramouche' in France, the people there will proclaim it a masterpiece."

NORMA TALMADGE is spending all her time these days learning to do intricate Oriental dances. She does a lot of dancing in her next picture. Her dancing master comes for three hours every morning, and Norma works in a tight, black bathing suit over a suit of soft rubber, to make her muscles supple and delicate.

"Last picture I had to learn to ride," said Norma the other day, "this time I learn to dance. Next time I'll probably have to work on a trapeze."

JOHNNIE WALKER has been nursing a secret sorrow—despite the smiles that cover his face whenever he appears upon the silver sheet. You see he likes—no, loves—corned beef and cabbage! And his cook, who is a Korean, named Wataka, could not get the idea of corned beef and cabbage through his Oriental head. Johnnie tried to explain the intricacies of the dish, but it didn't get over.

And then, in a picture, he played the part of a young prize fighter, and Eileen Percy was cast as his equally young wife. And the script called for a dinner of corned beef and cabbage—that being considered properly red-blooded and pugilistic. And, much to Johnnie's surprise, Eileen didn't have to use a double in that scene. Maybe he didn't know that she was raised in Brooklyn, where they do corned beef and cabbage better than almost anything else.

Believe me, the meal that Johnnie ate, in that home cooked dinner scene, was not faked! He enjoyed every mouthful of it. And when the day's work was over he hurried home, and dashed joyously into the kitchen.

"You go down to Miss Percy's house, Wata-



Gloria Swanson in one of the first scenes of her forthcoming production of "Zaza," which has been in progress of filming by Allan Dwan at the Famous Players Long Island studios. She looks a vivid Zaza but we hear the character is to be considerably adulterated

Certainement!

En effet, ce sont les petits détails qui contribuent à la réalisation d'une chaussure parfaite, tels que les petits oeillets, toutefois visibles, si essentiels pour le chic et la qualité de mes chaussures.

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The white colonial oxfords worn by Mlle. Lafayette are instantly identified as shoes of quality by the Diamond Brand (Visible) Fast Color Eyelets. Their genuine celluloid tops always look new and never wear brassy. They promote easy lacing, retain their original finish indefinitely and actually outwear the shoe.

"Yes indeed, it is the little details that make a perfect shoe, such as the tiny but visible eyelets so essential for style and quality in my footwear" — says Mlle. Andréé Lafayette, the charming heroine of Richard Walton Tully's all-star production of Du Maurier's Novel, "Trilby", a current First National release.

The well-groomed women of America are no less fastidious in selecting the dainty footwear that completes their wardrobe. Quite naturally they insist that their shoes be finished with visible eyelets, the mark of quality, distinction, and *chic!*

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Note the cigarette cut in two, half being buried with the knife blade in the wall. Director Erich von Stroheim apparently had a lot of confidence in the skill of Bee-Ho Gray, who tosses a knife in a scene of his production of "Greed"

ka, my man," he told the astonished Korean. "She'll show you how to cook corned beef and cabbage!"

And now the secret sorrow has evaporated into thin air, and Wataka sings at his work.

DOUBLING for doubles is the latest indoor sport of some of our pet motion picture stars. Up to the present, Tom Mix seems to hold the record, having doubled for himself and three others of the company that was making "North of Hudson Bay."

Among the scenes is one in which the hero, the heroine, the villain and a guide are supposed to shoot the rapids, each in a separate canoe. Mix first made the dangerous trip as the hero—himself. Then he put on the villain's make-up and did it again. Next he changed to the guide's costume and went down the stream once more. And, finally, he donned the heroine's clothes, with a black wig, and made a fourth descent.

Birchbark canoes were used and it was found that Mix was the only member of the company who knew how to handle one. Hence his overtime.

AND now May McAvoy, although folks refer to her as a baby doll and all that sort of thing, is doubling for her doubles.

You see, she's making a picture at Yuma, Arizona, and the script calls for some pretty dangerous driving through a rush of water that is caused by the opening of the flood gates of the Yuma dam. The director had two doubles on hand, a girl and a boy—to take the place of May. He tried out the girl, first, but the rush of water made her so dizzy that she fainted. Then the boy tried it, but he couldn't hold the nervous horses, and they ran away. And then, while the director was uttering a number of discouraged curses, he looked up to see May herself, carefully costumed and very calm, getting into the buggy. And, despite his feeble efforts to restrain her, she drove through the flood as casually as if it were just an everyday occurrence. Right away two extras were out of a job!

THERE are so many wonderful things about Mary Pickford. Some of them the world knows. But most of them Mary herself keeps hidden.

One of the very sweetest is her gentle devotion to Mrs. Moore, mother of Tom, Owen and Matt—and Mary's one-time mother-in-law. With all her boys out in the world, away from her much of the time, with one Loy, Joe, a hopeless invalid, the old lady has been a sorrowful and rather lonesome little figure at times. The old nest is deserted.

But Mary has never been too busy, nor too surrounded by the splendid things of the world, to remember her, to have her at the studio for a visit, to take her up to Pickfair for a cup of tea, or to send her some little gift on anniversaries and holidays.

That's Mary.

IT is not everyone who can keep a director and an entire company of players waiting on the set and get away with it. Yet it happened while "If Winter Comes" was being made in the William Fox studios, and no one was even reprimanded.

The carpenters' hammers were stilled. *Mark Sabre*, *Mabel* and *Effie* sat near the camera and waited. Director Millarde consulted in whispers with the cameraman. All glanced anxiously towards a rocking chair where a young woman was crooning softly to a mite of a baby in her arms. The rascal would not go to sleep.

This, the smallest member of the cast, was holding up the picture. Mr. Millarde had insisted that the baby register sleep for the scene in which *Effie* brings her child to *Mark Sabre's* home. So the entire company waited until the little eyelids began to droop. Then Mr. Millarde whispered "Camera!" and the scene was shot.

DOROTHY MACKAILL, who is leading a woman for Richard Barthelmess in "The Fighting Blade," is having a hard time learning the American language. She came into the studio one day and said:—

"I met a friend yesterday who knows all about horses and he told me to put everything I had on a horse that he named."

"And did you?" someone asked.

"I couldn't," Dorothy mourned. "I didn't have a thing that would fit him."

WILL ROGERS is intensely interested in Bill Hart's decision to make a picture around the life of Wild Bill Hickok.

"Wild Bill Hickok," says the famous wit, "was the greatest character the West ever had. You never find an old-timer, or an old horse-man or cattleman or cowpuncher, that don't say Wild Bill was the greatest of 'em all. He wasn't spectacular, like Buffalo Bill—who was a sidekick of his—but he was a wonderful man in every way.

"He didn't care much about the show business end of the game. Preferred to take his wild-westing straight. But there was one time Buffalo Bill persuaded him to troop with him in a little melodrama they had. There was one scene where they hung a horse thief and Wild Bill was supposed in the play to be the sheriff and pull the rope. He did. And he did it so hard and wouldn't let go that they darn near broke the guy's neck that was playing the horse thief. When he found they wouldn't let him be realistic that way, he claimed it was cheating the public to pretend to hang a horse thief when you didn't, and went back to Montana."

JANE NOVAK, who is playing a young mother in "Lullaby," has a precocious youngster as her child in the picture. Some time ago she took home a number of pictures of this child. Miss Novak has a small daughter of her own,

Take it off, Marie. We know you. Wonder how the beautiful Miss Prevost feels, all draped up in "The Wanters"



When the charming Gladys Walton stops her Cadillac for a chat with Herbert Blache, her director, in the streets of Universal City, we see that Biflex Bumpers give her "Protection with Distinction." Biflex, front and rear, are her insurance against road risks, as they are with the majority of the brighter lights of Hollywood.

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and little Virginia frequently grows jealous of her mother's screen children. Virginia took this lot of photographs, spread them out on the floor and studied them intently. Then she remarked, wistfully:

"Mother, it doesn't seem as if you need to have quite so many pictures of that baby, does it?"

TWO tennis champions, William Tilden of these United States, and Manuel Alonso of Spain, met in mighty tennis combat before Pola Negri, siren champion of Hollywood. Both had been smiled upon by the gorgeous Pola the evening previous and both were eager to win further favor in her eyes. Tilden administered a terrible beating to Alonso, not even showing the leniency he generally accords a rival.

"Poor Alonso," sighed Pola.

"Ya, poor Alonso," grunted Pola's manager, Charles Eyton. "He was butchered to make a Polish holiday."

EDDIE SUTHERLAND, most recently Charlie Chaplin's assistant director, and whose other claims to fame are that he used to be a very good juvenile, is Tommy Meighan's nephew and Marjorie Daw's brand-new husband, appeared in Hollywood the other day with his left arm all done up in splints and bandages. Everyone knows Eddie and every-

one likes him—so there was a concerted rush to find out all about it.

Whereupon, with a perfectly straight face and in utmost silence, Eddie handed each interested questioner a card on which was printed the following:

WHETHER YOU BELIEVE IT OR NOT

I broke my arm sliding to second base in a ball game yesterday afternoon. It will be all right in about two weeks. I thank you.

GASTON GLASS has retired from the cast of "Maytime," in which he was to play the leading rôle, and Harrison Ford is to take his place. According to Glass, he has retired because of the unpleasant notoriety connected with his recent arrest in Hollywood on a charge of disturbing the peace. He has been tried once on the charge and the jury disagreed, and Glass is awaiting vindication, he declares, before again appearing on the screen.

The general feeling in Hollywood is that young Glass got rather a raw deal, and that he was largely the victim of a war going on at the time politically between the police department of Los Angeles and the churches.

MRS. JOHN BARRYMORE, who was formerly Mrs. Leonard Thomas and wrote under the pen name of Michael Strange, has made her debut as a screen actress. Mrs. Barrymore made her stage debut some years ago



Edna Purviance, who is now a star in "A Woman of Paris" under the personal direction of no less an impresario than Mr. Charles Chaplin. Judging from this picture, Edna is not so sylphlike and spirituelle as of yore

with her husband in "Clair de Lune," a play from her own pen. She is conceded to be one of America's most beautiful women, although she affects an eccentric, almost bizarre, style of dress.

She went to Europe with her husband for a rest. A French producer was struck by her beauty and offered her a rôle in a production he was about to make. She accepted and went to work in a studio near Versailles. Now, it is said, she may play with her husband in "Beau Brummel."

THE matter of how a picture shall be cast and by whom has long been a very important one in Hollywood. As a matter of fact, today most pictures are cast, as to important rôles, by the director. Which is as it should be.

A few companies, chiefly First National, have resorted once more to the old method of casting in the New York office and shoving a cast over as written, whether the director and scenario writer and the leading player like it or not. Witness Sylvia Bremer as "The Girl of the Golden West," and Owen Moore as the Japanese hero of "Thundergate."



Clara Bow, who has just signed a very pretty contract with Preferred Pictures. You will remember Clara as the appealing little tomboy of that whaling classic "Down to the Sea in Ships"

But the finest and most satisfactory piece of casting of the year seems to be that of "Anna Christie," the great O'Neill play which is to be transferred to the screen under the direction of John Griffith Wray, who made "Human Wreckage."

Blanche Sweet was everyone's choice for the title rôle; and William Russell is a marvelous selection for the sailor hero, while the securing of George Marion for *Chris*—the part he created in New York—is a real achievement for pictures.

Casting is a fine art—a science. The casting done by Wray in Mrs. Reid's "Human Wreckage" was nearly perfect. The public is tremendously responsive to good or bad casting. "Anna Christie" should be particularly interesting from this standpoint.

NITA NALDI, who plays Cleopatra in the prologue of "Lawful Larceny," does not live up to her own conception of Egypt's famous queen. That is not Miss Naldi's fault, however. Nature made her black-haired and stately, and she stays that way, doing the best she can with the gifts she has.

"Cleopatra, I believe," says Miss Naldi, "was a voluptuous, red-haired woman, who had a marvelous cook and a good wine cellar. Antony wasn't fascinated by the fact that she spoke sixteen languages. It was the spaghetti and wine she served that made a hit with him. It is not always the intellectual woman who can capture men. There's a lot in the old saying that 'the way to a man's heart is through his stomach'."



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Most pictures are now taken with a smile, showing pretty teeth. world over are advising their daily use.

Look about you. Note how many smiles now show glistening teeth. That was not always so.

Millions of people are now using a new teeth-cleaning method. Every day they are combating the dingy film on teeth. You will also do so when you make this test and see the quick results.

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It is film that makes teeth dingy—it gets between the teeth and stays. If not frequently removed, it may form cloudy coats. It is also the basis of tartar.

That film absorbs stains, so the teeth look discolored. 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. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Dental science has long been seeking ways to fight that film. Two ways have now been found. Together they act to curdle the film and then remove it.

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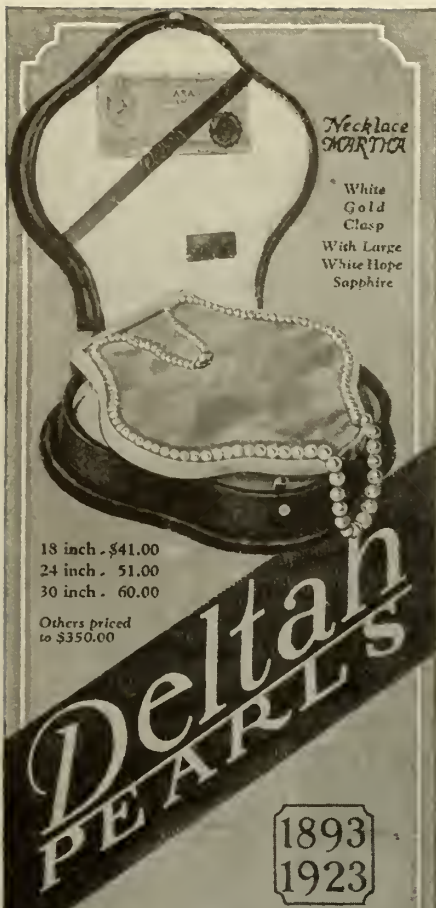
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Introducing Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who recently returned from Europe to enter motion pictures. At first, Doug, Sr., opposed the move but he has since promised his aid. Here Doug, Jr., is shown at his favorite diversion, modeling

IN the old days, Ben Turpin worked for a small motion picture company in Chicago, and his great specialty stunt was jumping off one of the bridges into the river. His success-famous cross-eyes had not been exploited and that was his principal claim to consideration.

A big Eastern company, one of the first to take pictures seriously, came to Chicago to make some location scenes and they needed someone to make such a jump, so they sent for Turpin. They discussed price and failed to come to an agreement. Later Turpin said to someone on the lot:

"Can you imagine that cheap stiff offering me two dollars and a half to make that jump? I told him five was my lowest figure and he wouldn't pay it."

And at the same time the director of the big company was remarking to his assistant:

"These comedians in pictures want terrible salaries. I offered to pay him two-fifty for the jump and he said five hundred was the least we could get him for and we can't afford that. So I guess we'll have to do without it."

IT'S a secret.

Very much so.

But everyone thinks it's true.

A little bird is continually whispering that Richard Dix and Lois Wilson are soon to become man and wife.

Richard frankly admits that it will happen if Lois will say the coveted "Yes," and that, as far as he's concerned, he hopes they are engaged, but Lois hasn't told him yet.

Lois blushes and "can't talk about it."

So there you are. Certainly it's a match that would delight the match-making soul of Hollywood, for both Lois and Richard are immensely popular and have the respect and admiration of the entire colony.

THERE seems to be little question that an engagement exists between Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, "Follies" beauty and dancer. Just when the wedding is to take place has not been announced.

Mr. Lowe recently arrived in Hollywood to play the leading rôle in "In the Palace of the

King." A few days later Miss Tashman followed him, and is visiting his family in Los Angeles. The engagement is one of long standing and it is expected that they will be married shortly. Lilyan Tashman, by the way, is Nita Naldi's chum and most intimate friend.

LET Valentino, Novarro and Moreno prate of their popularity. Bull Montana bounced into the Metro office the other day with a bundle of 2600 marks which a German fan had sent for his photograph. Bull was a millionaire for a minute. And then he learned that his wealth was equal to just one-fourth of a cent.

NOT so very many years ago, a very young man and a pretty young girl worked on the old Vitagraph lot. He was an assistant cameraman and she was an extra.

He cast his eyes upon her with a great deal of favor and finally gave her his picture on which he wrote: "Dear Constance, I hope some day you will be a great star and I will be your cameraman. Glen McWilliams."

They are. Constance Talmadge is starring in the "Dangerous Maid" and Glen McWilliams is filming it behind the camera.

JOHNNY HINE' and Bessie Love—it's a regular romance and there are whispers of a diamond on the third finger and all of that. They've been seen together so much lately that Hollywood is tremendously interested.

SID GRAUMAN, at whose Egyptian Theater in Hollywood "The Covered Wagon" is showing, is by way of being a fair publicity man. He came out of the Ambassador in Los Angeles after a party recently, and looked up and down for his sedan. Not seeing it, he demanded:

"Where is my covered wagon?"

DOROTHY KNAPP—the latest contestant for motion picture fame—has become a member of the cast of "The Vanities of 1923," the Broadway show that is starring the much-married Peggy Hopkins Joyce. Dorothy looks lovelier than ever, in a costume that is half

bathing and half Spanish. One doesn't wonder that she was named the American Venus at the Madison Square Garden show this winter. Or that she carried off the biggest prizes at Atlantic City's beauty show last autumn.

ROBERT EDESON, whose eyebrows have made him as famous on the screen as they did on the stage, became an actor to win a bet. His father was on the stage, but he put his son to work in the business end of the theater. One day the stage director came into Edeson's office, swearing because one of his actors had broken his contract. Edeson, who was busy with a column of figures, said:

"For Heaven's sake, stop kicking. If you keep on wailing about this, I'll have to play that part myself."

"Bet you a hundred dollars you're afraid to do it," said the director, and Edeson took the bet. He made his appearance, made a hit, and has been at it ever since.

WHILE she was playing her immortal performance of *Juliet* in Los Angeles, Jane Cowl had several conferences with Jane Murfin over the picture which Mrs. Murfin has just completed, "The Sign."

Miss Cowl is co-author with Mrs. Murfin of the stage play from which the picture is made. She was to have produced it in New York, but her unexpected triumph as *Juliet* kept it off the boards so long that Mrs. Murfin decided to make the picture. May Allison is playing the rôle which Miss Cowl had helped to write for herself.

IN Harry Carey's thrilling westerns there's usually a villain who thirsts for Harry's blood. And the villain is usually one unhand-some character actor by the name Charles LeMoyné. The two men—though they've always been rivals on the screen—have never carried the joke too far. But the other day, at a fair somewhere in California, they suddenly found themselves tied for first prize. You see they're both ranch owners, and they both raise prize bulls. So now they're rivals in truth.

AND now Reginald Denny is a star. He will appear in four Universal pictures, during the coming year—and they will be known as Reginald Denny productions. This young man,



The Grand Duke of Hollywood who, upon the eighth of October, will celebrate his sixty-second birthday. Theodore Roberts looks in this picture as if he wouldn't be averse to meeting Firpo in the ring



The Comfort of Skin Health

Do you know that the first signs of age are shown in the skin, and that it is the surest indicator of bodily health?

Is it right then, that anything so important should be given only chance attention? Yet that is the attitude many women have towards their skin, and it is why they look old at thirty. Remember that a soft, smooth complexion is not to be had after the age of twenty without persistent effort.

Cleanliness is the basis of beauty—yet all clean skins are not beautiful. Sometimes the cleansing has been too rough, but *more often the soap was too harsh*. You cannot be over careful in the selection of your toilet soap. Never purchase any kind because it is cheap. To save at the expense of your skin is misplaced economy.

Give yourself a beauty treatment with Resinol Soap tonight, and you will understand why thousands of women consider it the ideal cleanser. But it is more than a cleanser. By power of the Resinol it contains, it builds with each treatment a healthy resistance to germ invasion. As these little parasites are acknowledged to be the primary cause of skin disorders, why not try to prevent their development?

The daily use of Resinol Soap will give you the comfort of knowing that your skin is properly cleansed and protected. Sold by the cake or box at all drug and toilet goods counters.

"Simply perfection for any complexion."

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KKNOWN only to the ladies of a certain noble family of Florentine days was a magic skin formula—its use rendering them pre-eminent in courtly circles because of their transcendent beauty of complexion. Mysterious and wonderful! What could it be? Science has disclosed "that mysterious something."

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Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay is to the skin what the sun is to the flowers, giving that delightful freshness of charming youth—leaving the skin with the smoothness of satin—without an appearance of oil or shine.

Send your name and address for a seven-day trial size cake free. It will show you why those who use this dainty refreshing complexion cake are indeed, "always young."

The Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay Co.
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This ice-floe—the sight of which will make a polar bear wag his tail happily, and give a Mack Sennett bathing beauty an attack of the shivers—isn't the real stuff, at all. Hot, molten paraffin is poured upon the water, where it quickly congeals, presenting a most realistic imitation of "The Waves in Winter"

despite his name, is a favorite with men as well as with the less gentle sex. It's a long time since any new star has been so widely admired and really liked.

HOW would you like to have a gown to move which you had to hire a truck? Well, Gloria Swanson has one in "Zaza." It is to other gowns what the Majestic is to other liners. The gown proper is of net embroidered with pearls and diamond chips, and it has a deep fringe, embroidered in silver. But the train! Ah, there's where the truck comes in. That train is thirty feet long and six feet wide, and is made of silver net material. On the net, in silver and diamond embroidery, are designs of stars, planets and crescents. And then the train is edged all around with a broad band of ostrich plumes—three gross having been used. There is a head piece of silver and gold, with pearl and diamond ornaments, all topped with ostrich plumes, and Miss Swanson carries a silver staff, tipped with plumes. The gown weighs sixty pounds, the train accounting for forty-five pounds of the sixty, and the head-dress weighs ten pounds. It wasn't the weight that made the truck necessary, of course, but that creation had to be moved to the studio without crushing or rumpling, and the truck was the best way to do it.

HOOT GIBSON is the proud father of a baby girl. He immediately sold his charming Beverly Hills house and started to build a much larger one. If you could see dainty little Miss Gibson, you'd hardly think such haste to give her more room was necessary, but Hoot says a baby takes up more room than anything he ever saw.

PENNSYLVANIA will be running short of young society people, pretty soon. If they're all going to flock to the pictures. Now it's pretty Mary Louise Hartje, Pittsburgh debutante, and grand-daughter of a former president of the Pennsylvania railroad. Mary Louise arrived in Hollywood with four motors, a dozen wardrobe trunks, a retinue of servants

and a mother. And they say, now, that she's been given a place in the harem scene of a forthcoming production.

NETTA WESTCOTT, who is known upon the London stage as "the girl with the most perfect profile in England," came to the land of the free to seek her fortune. Two hours after she walked leisurely down the gang plank of the Adriatic she signed a contract with Preferred Pictures, and two days later she was on her way to the coast to make her motion picture debut.

If Merton had only owned a profile, the road would have been easier. But then look at Craig Biddle's profile—and wonder!

IT'S been so long since we've seen Helen Ferguson out with anyone but Bill Russell that all Hollywood has been agog over her recent intimate friendship with one of our new speed kings.

Harry Hartz, who, within the last year, has become one of the biggest race drivers in the country, has been Helen's escort on occasions too numerous to mention. Theaters, dances and even luncheons, have seen the two together—and now everyone is wondering if the long discussed Bill Russell-Helen Ferguson match is off and if Miss Ferguson has decided to try the thrill of being a racing driver's wife.

DERELYS—or is it Ann?—Perdue is still wiring frantic denials of her engagement to Craig Biddle, Jr. Curiously enough, Derelys doesn't seem to realize that the rumored engagement has ceased to be news—and that nobody cares at all whether she is engaged to Craig. However, she's a girl of one idea, apparently—and the wires are apt to continue carrying messages from Hollywood to New York about her more or less private life.

HAROLD and Mildred Lloyd are back from their honeymoon—spent in having a perfectly grand and glorious time in New York. "Mid" brought back trunks full of the pretty, fluffy clothes Harold likes, and they both de-

clare they had the time of their lives. But they're awfully glad to be home

LYNN FONTANNE, who made "Dulcy" such a real and exasperating little person upon the legitimate stage, is making her screen debut in "Second Youth," for Distinctive Pictures. Lynn will play opposite her husband—one of the stage's most beloved younger comedians, and the leading man—himself—of two pictures. Alfred Lunt, of course. Do you remember his "Clarence"?

GENEVIEVE TOBIN, too, has fallen for the lure of the Cooper-Hewitts. She is entering into her new career in a picture that is appropriately named "No Mother to Guide Her." What? Yes, a Fox picture, of course. Probably named by Mr. X.

THE two delightful new summer clubs—the Beach Club and the Santa Monica Swimming Club—located side by side at the mouth of Santa Monica canyon, are proving the most popular summer gathering places for the stars. The clubs are very smart and exclusive, and the memberships include many of the Los Angeles social circle.

Recently, at the Swimming Club, I saw Edna Purviance, in a bathing dress of pale blue with a big blue cape and frilled blue cap; Tommy Meighan and his wife—she wore a bright



One of the latest screen "discoveries." Weary of young stars, Tod Browning went out and picked himself John Currie, 104 years old and of dark complexion, and has given him a prominent part in Arthur Somers Roche's picture, "The Day of Faith"



THE DANGER LINE

"THE DANGER LINE"

There is a tiny ridge on the surface of your teeth where the enamel stops and the softer part of the tooth begins. Below this ridge is The Danger Line.

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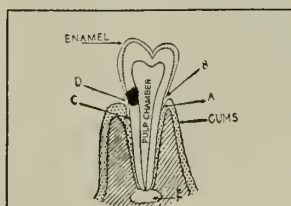
use promptly and safely neutralizes all mouth acids. It gets into the crevices of the teeth which your tooth-brush cannot reach, and protects them against decay.

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A delightful new dental cream produced by the Squibb Laboratories now contains Squibb's Milk of Magnesia in a pleasantly flavored, concentrated form.

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One trial of Squibb's Dental Cream will be a pleasant surprise to you. Make this trial now in the interest of better health. Send us the attached coupon together with ten cents for a generous sample tube.



Sectional drawing of an ordinary tooth and gums
"A" is The Danger Line.
"B" is the V-shaped crevice.
"C" shows recession of gums. "D" is decay at The Danger Line. Abscesses form at "E."

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No, this isn't Washington or even Albany. Merely the proposed studios of Charlie Ray as the designers—and the press agent—fancies them. Apparently Charlie intends to make the make-believe Mayflower a permanent part of the landscape

green jersey suit, with a green rubber cap ornamented with big daisies; Julianne Johnston, Alice Terry—looking aloof and dignified in a beach chair and wearing pink crepe de chine and a big black leghorn hat; Viola Dana and Lefty Flynn—Vi in a bathing dress of striped black taffeta, with a tight bodice and a frilled skirt; Richard Dix and Lois Wilson; Bryant Washburn and his wife—Mabel looked so cute in a swimming suit of red and white, and a red satin bandana effect over her bobbed hair; Harold and Mildred Lloyd, just back from New York, and Harold was doing diving stunts with the famous Duke Kawanamako; Phyllis Haver—and really it was fascinating to see Phyllis in a bathing suit again. After all, in a bathing suit, there is nobody quite like Phyllis.

A NEW double for Betty Compson. Looking enough like her to be a twin, at least! Her name is Peggy Jones, and she's a member of the pulchritudinous chorus of "George White's Scandals."

IN "Three Wise Fools," eight of the cast of eleven players have been on the legitimate stage for more than twenty years. That's some record for the so-called youngest art! But, to offset the age limit—the two good-looking young people who play the juvenile leads, Eleanor Boardman and William Haines, have been before the camera only about fifteen months. And on the stage—never. At least hardly ever. If anyone should ask you, William H. Crane, dean of actors, Claude Gillingwater and Alec B. Francis do pretty fine work in this picture.

WHILE Pola, Mary, Doug and all the other dazzlers of the day were appearing at the big motion picture exposition in Los Angeles, Charlie Chaplin sat up at the Montmartre cafe in Hollywood watching a high school dance contest. Charlie appears regularly every contest night and applauds his favorites vociferously.

THERE has been a great deal of discussion about artistic temperament, its possibilities and its disadvantages. John Griffith Wray has a large framed sign which hangs directly over his desk, the first thing any actor sees when he

enters the director's office. On it is printed in large letters the following quotation from Chesterton:

"The artistic temperament is a disease that afflicts amateurs. It is a disease which arises from men not having sufficient power of expression to utter and get rid of the element of art in their being. It is healthful to every sane man to utter the art within him; it is essential to every sane man to get rid of the art within him at all costs. Artists of a large and wholesome vitality get rid of their art easily, as they breathe easily or perspire easily. But in artists of less force the thing becomes a pressure, and produces a definite pain, which is called the artistic temperament. Thus, very great artists are able to be ordinary men—men like Shakespeare and Browning."

It need hardly be said that this is the real explanation of the thing which has puzzled so many dilettante critics, the problem of the extreme ordinariness of the behavior of so many great geniuses.

NAZIMOVA—not a bit discouraged by the failure of "Dagmar," her legitimate play of last season—will appear in a play that is interestingly named, "Tangled Toes." Alla didn't have much on, in which to tangle her toes, in "Salome," so we have hopes for this. The name suggests the well known brand of sticky fly paper to us, and that is all.

EDWIN CAREWE, in his production of "The Bad Man," is using aeroplanes to transport members of his cast to location. This is due to the fact that Holbrook Blinn and Charles Sellon are also appearing in a stage production of "The Bad Man" at a Los Angeles theater and must be back from Bakersfield, Cal., where the picture is being filmed, every evening in time for the night performance.

THE Hollywood Bowl symphony concerts have proved a great source of enjoyment and relaxation to the film stars this summer. Four concerts a week by an orchestra of 90 pieces, conducted by Emil Oberhoffer, have been given, and at every performance the boxes have been filled with screen celebrities. The Bowl is an outdoor auditorium, situated

in the Hollywood hills just five minutes' drive from the studios.

Mae Murray paid for a special concert one Saturday afternoon recently for the crippled children, thousands of whom were brought out to the Bowl to hear the music. The Cecil and William de Milles, Charlie Chaplin, Pola Negri, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray, Florence Vidor, Colleen Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean, Norma and Constance Talmadge, May McAvoy, Lois Wilson, Richard Dix and Elinor Glyn are among those who are attending regularly.

CHARLES RAY is going into the restaurant business. He's not deserting the silent drama, however—merely planning to float the replica of the Mayflower, used in "The Courtship of Miles Standish," in an artificial lake near his new studios, converting it into a restaurant.

THE Los Angeles opening of "Human Wreckage," Mrs. Wallace Reid's dramatic picture against the drug evil, was attended by one of the most distinguished audiences ever gathered in Los Angeles. The street was jammed for a block, with lines waiting to see the first run of this most talked-of picture of the year, and to see the stars as they entered.

Joe Schenck and Norma Talmadge were there, with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Ince. Constance Talmadge attended, and Madame Elinor Glyn, accompanied by Charles Whitaker, scenario writer and dramatist. Other stars of note who appeared were May Allison, Colleen Moore, Blanche Sweet, Corinne Griffith, Bessie Love, Carmel Myers, Eileen Percy, Richard Dix, Lois Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean, and Will Rogers.

GALLAGHER and Shean are now on the screen. (It rhymes!) In a picture entitled "Around the Town with Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean." Will it—or will it not—go over without the lyrics? You remember what the judge said about their act!

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 131]

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

SKID PROOF—Fox

ANOTHER transcontinental racing picture built after the formula that Wally Reid made famous—and that no one else has ever been able to duplicate. The action is smooth and swift, however, and there is enough plot to keep an audience interested. There is an unscrupulous driver who tries to throw the race—and an honest boy who takes his place, and wins. You know the rest.

DON'T MARRY FOR MONEY—Apollo

TWENTY years ago this might have been hailed as a great picture. In those days it was not for audiences "to reason why." Theirs but to see and applaud. But we are wiser now. When the country girl goes to the city, marries the rich man for his money, and complications follow, we wonder that the lady didn't lie more cleverly, and that the husband didn't guess the truth more quickly, and wait impatiently for a conclusion we have already foreseen. One swallow may make a Spring, but one formula won't indefinitely make successful pictures.

HELL'S HOLE—Fox

TWO cowpunchers are thrown together in a restaurant fight, and decide to face the hard world side by side. And then the melodrama commences, and events follow each other in such rapid-fire succession that it's hard to tell where fact ceases and fancy begins. Lefty Flynn, in a stetson, is handsome enough to please anyone and Charles Jones isn't hard to look at. And then, too, there's a trick ending.



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They constitute a representative cross-section of American citizenship. Among them, of course, are bankers and men of large affairs; for the idea of

ownership in the Bell System appeals to sound business judgment and a trained sense of values.

In this community of owners are the average man and woman, the storekeeper, the clerk, the salesman, the professional man, the farmer and the housewife—users of the telephone who with their savings have purchased a share in its ownership. The average individual holding is but twenty-six shares.

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This letter proves the experience of thousands of women who have sought to improve and prolong their youthful appearance by coloring their hair, but have often met with disappointment and humiliation, until the discovery of



We hear this same story daily from women who are now using Inecto Rapid with complete and enthusiastic success after adopting a very simple treatment to remove the harmful coloring they used heretofore.

Inecto Rapid gives an appearance that absolutely defies detection from natural. Never produces streaks, never makes the hair too dark or matty looking, but always gives the correct shade and a beautiful lustre to the hair.

For women who have naturally gray, streaked or dull hair, Inecto Rapid will color their hair to any desired shade in 15 minutes. It is specifically guaranteed to produce the original color and texture of the hair.

Inecto Rapid has been adopted by such ultra-fashionable shops as the Waldorf-Astoria, the Plaza, Commodore, Pennsylvania and others in New York; by 5,000 Marinello Shops throughout the country, and by the largest hairdressing parlor in the world, Burnham's of Chicago.

When a woman's hair became gray, streaked or faded, she either accepted the inevitable sign of age or applied some so-called restorative with its inharmonious and oftentimes destructive results. Inecto Rapid, however, is guaranteed. It operates by repigmentation instead of merely coating the surface. It is harmless to hair or growth, never rubs off; is unaffected by perspiration, sunshine, salt water, shampooing, Turkish or Russian baths, and is controllable to the minutest degree from raven black to radiant blonde. Women may successfully apply it in the privacy of their own homes.

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THE STEEL TRAIL—Universal

A SERIAL picture that centers around the building of a railroad. Not historical, as are most of the Universal serials—but interesting and full of thrills. Edith Johnson and William Duncan have never had a better vehicle, what with wrecks, and falls from cliffs and forest fires and everything! The construction work on the railroad seems very real—and the numerous villains are extremely wicked!

RADIO MANIA—Hodkinson

THIS was reviewed, in the issue of March, 1923, under the title of M. A. R. S. as a Televue production. It is issued, now, without the Televue glasses, as a regular photoplay. A story of Mars and an inventor who gets radio on the brain.

SHADOWS OF THE NORTH—Universal

THE chesty William Desmond stalks through this picture like an avenging angel. He has an awfully hard time with a band of claim jumpers who annex his gold mine—and the hardest part of it all is that his sweetheart is the daughter of one of the liveliest jumpers. Everything ends happily after a fight, a poisoning, and some wonderful shots of a canoe shooting the rapids of a busy Canadian river.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW—Preferred

A REGULAR Gasnier Production, made after the same pattern that he so often uses. A lot of glittery frocks, cut low in the back, and a goodly number of jazz parties. All to exploit the triangle of a mother, a son and the son's wife. There is a baby, too—which makes the triangle something else again! Not recommended too highly, unless you happen to like that sort of thing.

LEGALLY DEAD—Universal

MILTON SILLS, as a newspaper reporter married to a nagging woman in reel one, departs for points west and a new life. Unjustly accused of murder, he is condemned to die, and does, but his old friend Dr. Gezler administers adrenalin and brings him back to life—and the happy ending. So far as its value and importance as a photoplay are concerned, "Legally Dead" might as well be the Declaration of Independence. This melodrama is a cold theatricality, singularly lacking in thrills, suspense and excitement.

THE MIRACLE BABY—F. B. O.

NOT much of a miracle, in this story, but a very nice baby. And Harry Carey in a number of situations that are quite typical. The locale is the northern gold country, instead of the great west where men are men—that is the main difference from all other Carey vehicles. But there is, as usual, a murder and a false accusation and the hero vindicated at the last.

THE PURPLE HIGHWAY—Paramount

WHY do little housemaids, with good voices, always become stars over night—in fiction? They never do, in real life. In this picture Madge Kennedy is the girl with the voice—and, remembering her delicious gift of comedy, she seems miscast. A silly plot, with overdrawn situations and inept titles. A family picture—that much may be said for it. But a tiresome one.

LITTLE JOHNNY JONES—Warner Brothers

JOHNNY HINES is very good in this Cohan play—which made "Give my regard to Broadway" famous. Johnny looks like a jockey and acts like one—and that helps a lot. There are some realistic sets, the big race seems on the level, and a game of human checkers, at a Derby ball, is a pretty novelty. The supporting cast is good—with Brownie, the dog, at the top of the heap!

The dread Pyorrhoea begins with bleeding gums

PYORRHEA'S infecting germs cause many ills. Medical science has proved this.

Many diseased conditions are now known often to be the result of Pyorrhoea germs that breed in pockets about the teeth. Rheumatism, anaemia, nervous disorders and other diseases have been traced in many cases to this Pyorrhoea infection.

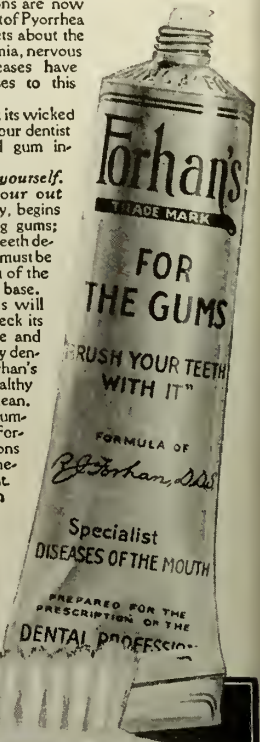
Don't let Pyorrhoea work its wicked will on your body. Visit your dentist frequently for teeth and gum inspection.

And watch your gums yourself. Pyorrhoea, which afflicts four out of five people over forty, begins with tender and bleeding gums; then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the poisons generated at their base.

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ALIAS THE NIGHT WIND—Fox

A MAN wrongfully accused by his employer disappears into thin air—much to the annoyance of a number of detectives. The picture shows a series of hair breadth escapes from the earnest young Val O'Farrels—with a capture, finally, by the blonde young lady detective who is really—but we musn't disclose the plot! Nobody'll ever guess it if we don't—(heavy sarcasm.)

FIGHTING BLOOD (Second Series)—F. B. O.

A VERY blonde and very new leading lady doesn't make this second Witwer series one shade better than the first. The O'Hara boy—supposed to have a Barrymore face and Dempsey fists—is still the fighter, though now he is an ex-champ. None of these prize-ring serials will ever equal Universal's first "Leather Pusher" stories. At least that's our opinion! Family stuff, however.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR—Fox

ROARING melodrama; the twelve year old's delight! Shirley Mason—quite as dainty as her stellar sister Viola—shares starring honors with Charles Jones, and there isn't very much that doesn't happen to the two of them. But there is a happy ending, of course, and true love triumphs. Everyone who likes vivid adventure will enjoy this—although some hectic moments will be hard on the little ones.

LOYAL LIVES—Vitagraph

THE romance that lies behind the grey of a postman's uniform and the worn leather of his pack. A simple story, with a great deal of pleasant hokum, about simply kindle folk. Brandon Tynan and Mary Carr make some of the situations and many of the close-ups intensely real. The plot may be saccharine at times, and at times artificial, but it is always gripping and clean.

LOST IN A BIG CITY—Arrow

SOMETIMES the plot and the continuity get mislaid, too—but this play of another generation doesn't mind a little thing like that! There's so much going on, all of the time, that the slighter incongruities don't worry anyone. The formula is ancient, but it's usually successful. The action doesn't need explaining—for, though there's plenty of it—the result isn't anything to write home about. John Lowell is featured.



"—why was it he never returned?"

She never really knew why

HE came into her life like some wonderful new perfume. Never before had any man awakened in her heart the tingling romance that his presence seemed to bring.

And yet his attentions were destined to last only one short evening.

They had met and danced. He had seemed quite interested. She was a beautiful girl. And still he left her that night saying not a word about seeing her again.

She never saw or heard from him and really never knew why.

* * * * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these peculiar prop-

erties as a breath deodorant. It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for a half century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle.—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U.S.A.

Can a cross-eyed man be romantic?

It doesn't sound reasonable, does it? But even a cross-eyed man may have visions that are straight. So Herb Howe has had a heart-to-heart talk with Ben Turpin about the one great romance of his life and he will tell the readers of PHOTOPLAY all about it in the November number. Mr. Turpin has a coy, sidewise manner of looking at beautiful women that does not seem to mark him as a Lothario. But you never can tell.

Get the November number of PhotoPlay and read about

Ben Turpin's Romance

For
HALITOSIS



use
LISTERINE

The Stuffed Shirt

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48]

V

NORMA became aware of an annoying habit of William B. Gaites. Twice every evening he walked past the house which she and her mother were occupying for the season. Of course the streets were free to anybody and doubtless his dog did need exercise but she thought it would have been more delicate of Bill to have chosen some other district for his stroll. Under the circumstances.

Unless, of course, he just couldn't keep away. If that was the case no woman could be very angry. Tribute is tribute even from varlets, knaves and poltroons.

She watched him on several occasions from a darkened window, wishing with all her sick heart that he were the man he appeared to be.

But if he hoped that sometime she would relent and come out,—and maybe meet him accidentally,—he was engaged in an exceedingly forlorn hope. No, not even if her heart told her memory it must be mistaken,—that the scene that stood between her and happiness was only a nightmare that she might as well wake up from and forget.

She and her mother were invited to Santa Barbara for a few days and Norma accepted the invitation with anticipatory pleasure. It would be a blessed relief to leave behind any possibility of meeting her fallen star.

But she did not have so much fun as she expected. The mountains seemed colder and gloomier than the hills of Hollywood and the socially eminent people who entertained so correctly were not so interesting as the naively young and egotistical members of the cinema clan.

It ought to have been a relief to have been able to gaze out of her window without the danger of having the view obstructed by the stalking, tragic figure of an overgrown boy, but it wasn't.

And they came home two days earlier than they had intended.

There were flowers all over the house,—mostly violets,—inexpensive but her favorite.

"Who did this, Dextrous?" she demanded of the maid. (Full name Ambi Dextrous if anyone should enquire.) Norma knew who had sent the flowers but she asked anyway.

"Mr. Bill brang them poesies," Dextrous replied, "and arranged them hisself. He said it seemed a 'little more lak you was here. Every mornin' he fetched 'em but he gimme a ten dollar bill not to tell. I suppose I'll have to give that back now only I can't 'cause I spent it."

"Never mind," Norma decided abstractedly, noting the orchids in front of a photograph of herself. Why couldn't a man with heart-cramping ideas like that be really a man? "I'm not going to say you told me." Which was true. She did not expect to talk to him on any subject again,—ever.

VI

HOLLYWOOD is doubtless one of the most peaceful communities in the world. Still, there are ruffians even there and one evening two of them accosted Norma when she was on her way from home to the repair shop where her car had been parked for a spring replacement.

It was just after dusk and Norma had never thought of its being dangerous to walk abroad alone. Her surprise was all the greater therefore when a rough-looking man grabbed her by the arm and told her to be quiet while another equally disreputable human specimen confiscated her handbag and started to strip her rings from her fingers.

Forty-five seconds later one of them was lying on the ground,—knocked out,—and the other was running up the street where he was apparently late for an appointment about two miles away.

William B. Gaites handed her back her bag. Norma took it silently. But he dropped into step beside her even if she had not invited him.

Finally Norma started the conversation herself. "Why did you do it, Bill?"

"Do what?"

"Frame up this attack and rescue."

"Well, I had to talk to you for one thing. Besides, I thought maybe I could put it over and make you think it was real. I just naturally had to try to do something to reinstate myself with the girl I'm going to marry."

Norma experienced a pleasant thrill at that statement, even if she vetoed it as soon as she heard it. There was a horrible fascination about Bill even after you had found him out.

"Just where," she asked after an appreciable pause, "did you get the idea that I would ever be your wife?"

"I've thought and thought," he replied soberly, "and I've tried to discover some other way to go through life. But there isn't any. If I didn't tell you so I'd be even a worse coward than you think I am."

"Where," Norma asked irrelevantly, "is Ranger tonight?" Her mind, back tracking, had noticed something unusual.

"I left him chained up at home," Bill confessed. "I didn't have any success explaining the plot to him and I was afraid he might bite me or one of the heavies if I let him use his own judgment."

Norma had to laugh.

Bill sensed the breaking of the tension in the wall against him. He was quick to press his advantage. "I can't get along without you, can I?"

"Bill, I don't know. My better judgment contradicts every heartbeat I've had since I've known you. Just why do you think you can't get along without me?"

"I was hoping you'd ask me that. It's because you are almost exactly what every other woman in the world tries to be."

What could you do with a man who thought up things like that? A woman is only a woman after all.

"You'll take me back," he pleaded, "—as is?"

"Yes, Bill, I'll take you back,—as is. I imagine that's the way every man and woman has to accept his life partner. But remember this: there's only one thing I love you for."

"That's enough. What is it?"

"It's because I can't help it."

"That was what I hoped."

It was a relief to be back in Bill's arms,—even with reservations. That must have been where she had been wanting to be all the time.

He was so tender, so gentle, so whimsical and boyish,—so everything except brave.

VII

STRANGELY enough the spectre of Bill's one defect did not again show itself until the honeymoon had been six months buried under the commonplace content of married habitude. Norma had not forgotten, but the mental reservation with which she had accepted her husband had been anaesthetized into a very small voice indeed by the perfection of his expressed adoration.

Few women had ever been loved as Norma was loved by her own husband and she knew it. The knowledge made her glow with a curious inexplicable warmth that she hugged to her breast, wishing that it might leave a scar to serve for remembrance if the flame should ever grow less.

But tenderness and devotion are not what break down the last barrier of a woman's individuality, knock her reserve into the middle of next week and make her inextricably the other half of her man. The raw tang of the cave is upon her, unknown even to herself, and she who is wooed is not necessarily won



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until she is reduced to a state of admiring insensibility by the scandalously rough behavior of her gentleman friend.

In every partnership there is always one who is more certain of the course which should be pursued, who is more sure of himself. To him or her the steering wheel naturally gravitates.

As time wore on Norma found the machinery of their life under her control. Bill gave her her own way sometimes even when she only set up a little opposition just to make things more interesting. It was *her* friends who were invited to their house, *her* plan for vacations that was carried out, *her* decisions with regard to the investment of what they could save out of Bill's earnings.

That was all very well and if Bill was doing it simply out of knightly deference to her womanhood it was a very admirable trait of character. But Norma suspected, and with reason, that her big, good-looking hulk of a husband was afraid to oppose her, that he gave in so easily because he dreaded her displeasure, winced at the crack of the whip. She would rather he turned her over his knee and spanked her when she did not do as he told her.

Norma brooded over it; her love loosened its grip a little. That was not a good thing with their baby coming so soon. Perhaps it was her condition which made her so moody, made her fear that her child would be a coward and a weakling. She fought against the idea, told herself that she must hold quite the contrary idea, but it was no use.

The mental depression acted upon her physically and Norma, the epitome of healthy womanhood, began to sag. The doctor said she was anaemic and prescribed many eggs in lemon juice but the condition persisted.

SHE went to the hospital finally in a run down condition that the physician could not explain and which he frankly feared.

The boy was all right. He seemed to be a fine healthy specimen. But Norma very nearly parted with her own life during the very dreadful days that followed.

"We've got to save her, Dr. Reynolds," Bill told the man of medicine as they stood together in the hospital corridor outside of Norma's room. "Say you can. I wouldn't want to live if she should die."

His voice had unintentionally risen with increase of emotion and Dr. Reynolds laid a cautioning hand on his arm.

But Norma, inside, had heard anyway. She had heard and remembered that other time when she had listened to "Steelheart's" vocal chords getting out of control.

It made her deathly sick.

"Doctor," she called.

Bill and Dr. Reynolds went in.

"Send him away," Norma indicated her husband weakly. "Send him away."

Bill went, whipped into a cringing fear by the look of scorn she had flashed at him. He even knew why. Almost feminine intuition was one of the concomitants of his oversensitiveness.

For a while Norma was too weak to talk and the doctor busied himself with restoratives.

Finally she asked him to bend close to her so she could tell him.

And she did,—the whole miserable obsession that was crushing out her desire to live.

Dr. Reynolds was a very wise man. He had lived forty-five years and for twenty of them he had been peering into the bodies and souls of men and women. He knew much more about religion than ministers who preach it, more about courage than soldiers on the battlefield and more about love than those who merely worship at the shrine.

And besides that he was a sport. So he finally made Norma a sporting proposition.

She was doubtful.

"It's your only chance. You can't lose anything," he told her bluntly. "You're going to die anyway unless you do as I suggest



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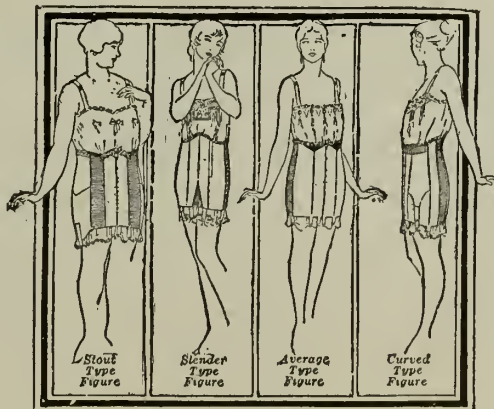
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If you prefer, send \$5 with this coupon and pearls will be sent to you postage paid.

and you can't any more than lose your life in the trial."

Norma fearfully assented. Her fear was not for herself. She didn't care.

She was afraid Bill wouldn't come through

VIII

THE nurse sterilized their two arms. "I'm going to have to take a great deal of your blood in this transfusion, Mr. Gaites," the white-robed surgeon said dispassionately. "But I shall be as careful as possible and I have to warn you that if you should feel faint and even if your heart slows up a bit you mustn't let go of yourself, must not tear away. It would be fatal to your wife. If you think you can't stand it we might be able to get someone else even yet who—"

"No," Bill declined stoically, "go ahead."

The rest was ghastly silence. Scissors and lances rattled a little when the nurse dipped them in the bowl of antiseptic solution but that was all.

"I'll ask you to turn your heads away while I make the incisions," was the only thing the doctor said.

Bill turned his head as directed but Norma only looked the harder at him. Her eyes burned with the intensity of her gaze. Not once did she glance at her own white wasted arm that lay, supported on the pillow beside her.

You could almost hear the lance ripping the flesh.

Bill unclenched his teeth long enough to moisten his lips but that was all. Not a muscle in his big body twitched.

Time ticked mercilessly on, accompanied by two pounding hearts. Bill grew pale but he did not move.

Finally the surgeon nodded. The nurse began to remove the apparatus.

With his arm bandaged tightly Bill was led from the room.

"Will she live, doctor?" he pleaded huskily.

"She will; I'll bet my own life on it."

"Thank God!"

Bill slumped to the floor,—completely out.

IX

NORMA never told him that the surgeon had only scratched his arm just enough to hurt a little and that she had regained her strength not because of his heart's blood but because she had found out something about courage.

Namely and to wit:

There are many kinds.

And you have to love your own man for the particular kind he has. Especially when he is willing to walk right up to the gates of hell and spit in the eye of the devil's three-headed pup in order to yank his woman back from the edge of the pit.

Movies by Radio

THINK of sitting in your home and seeing a ball game, or a fight, or a race! Think of lying back in your favorite chair and both seeing and hearing a theatrical performance or an opera! That is what Inventor C. F. Jenkins, of Washington, says he will do for you with his process of transmitting motion pictures by radio. The invention has been tested by government experts and, although crude as yet, is said to be practical. No photographic equipment nor film is used. The inventor broadcasts "still" pictures with such rapidity as to give the effect of motion pictures. The key to the process is a peculiar optical shape glass, called the "lens-faced prismatic ring," which transmits an illuminated image across a photoelectric cell at a speed of sixteen pictures a second. The speed is accelerated by a circle of small lenses, which flash the image across the cell while the ring is making thousands of revolutions per minute. These flashes are picked up on the receiving end and made to light a supersensitive electric lamp instead of sounding in a telephone receiver.



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How They Do Grow Up!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

portrayal of women. For, after all, to the large majority of people the actions and reactions of a woman must be of more importance, must present a broader range and more lasting effect than those of a child.

I remember so well the first time I ever saw Mary Pickford. A slim, shy, badly-dressed little girl, with a round black hat over her curls. The face of a Botticelli angel—and all the marks of poverty and hard work and lack of training still upon her. Unknown, struggling to help support her mother and her little brother and sister. Immature—oh, so utterly immature.

And today, not only the best-known woman on earth, but one of the most cultured, intelligent, poised and adorable women in personal contact it has ever been my good fortune to meet.

PERHAPS no woman but the Empress Josephine ever trod so golden a path from obscurity to glory—and Napoleon did it all for her. While Mary has done it for herself.

Then take Charlie Chaplin.

A few years ago a slim, diffident young man, reserved but obviously uncomfortable, walked into a well known hat store in Los Angeles and bought a silk hat. It was his first silk hat and he paid for it with the first check he had ever written. It is unfortunate that that check hasn't been preserved for historical data. It was a classic.

Today Charlie Chaplin can write his personal check in six or seven figures.

If you will think back to the beginning of things, pictorially, it will seem to you that Charlie Chaplin was just about like any other slap-stick comedian. A little funnier, of course. He disdained not the custard pie. He was chased by everything that can chase. He fell in and out of lakes, coal holes and dishpans without fear or favor.

Only the most expert eye could have discerned the thing that made him different from the awful one-reel comedians we see today.

Do you remember when he first began to act? In his burlesque of "Carmen"? Do you remember when he first introduced the touches of pathos that have made him great—in "The Tramp"? And the steady progress and development up to "Shoulder Arms" and "The Kid," and gradually down again to comparative mediocrity—for Chaplin—in "The Idle Class" and "The Pilgrim"?

Ah, the great change in Charlie—the change for which the whole world must suffer—is in his present detestation of motion picture acting. In the old days, he was animated by an intense ambition to succeed, to be somebody. He looked up to his memory of the idols of the London stage and the journey seemed endless.

Having made that journey—and beyond, way beyond—he is now animated chiefly by a desire to be liked and to be judged on his own merits—not because he is Charlie Chaplin and not because he is a rich man.

But Charlie, like Mary Pickford, is going through a stage of growth. You can see it for yourself, if you watch. He has mentally outgrown the things he is doing. The slap-stick comedian of the Sennett lot, who knew none of the finer things and possessed none of the graces of manner, has become an actor and a gentleman. His rôles no longer fit him. Since he has nothing to strive for, they fall upon him. They are too tight. He has taken to directing and rumor says he may never act again. But the world wants Charlie Chaplin—the actor.

Maybe, some day, we shall see him in the sort of things that made David Warfield great on the stage. Why not Charles Chaplin in a screen version of "The Music Master" some day?

Personally, he has become—from a rather *cauche*, but intensely interesting little Cockney



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—a suave, polished, temperamental man of considerable charm. He has deliberately developed an ego—a self-confidence that is as different from his old manner as a Rolls-Royce is different from a Ford.

You have only to think of his triumphal tour through England to gage it all.

And remember, too, that England is not America.

Back to the gutters where he knew hunger and cold and unfulfilled dreams. To be met there as only the best beloved of princes have ever been met. To be feted and courted and received by the great of his own land.

As for Douglas! He still jumps, 'tis true. But how differently!

Just yesterday I saw him driving up Cahuenga Avenue. His hair is growing long for a part, almost down to his shoulders. A red ribbon was tied through the black locks to keep them in place. He wore a white negligee shirt open at the front, knickers, tennis shoes. His face is tanned almost to the shade of mahogany.

Somewhat different he looked from the polished, young New York actor who arrived in Hollywood a few years ago. A typical Broadway actor, the last word in sartorial expensive grooming, with his smart hair-cut and his "give me everything you've got in the barber shop" look.

And what has happened to the original screen Douglas? The typical young American! The dashing, full of pep, smiling hero of a hundred red-blooded American melodramas!

Try to find even a trace of him in the French hero of "The Three Musketeers," the English idol of "Robin Hood," the Spanish grandee-bandit of "The Mark of Zorro." Aside from the jumping, you won't find it.

And Douglas Fairbanks used to be rather an ordinary, commonplace young man, so far as one could see from casual acquaintance. Now—oh, dear me! He is perpetual motion. He is eccentric in dress and act and thought. He has become a young king in his studio domain.

He has served his apprenticeship as a money-slave for the producers, says he, and he intends to go right on developing as seems best to him.

Charles Ray is just on the threshold of a similar leap.

After tottering on the brink of a fall from favor—the result of a number of bad pictures—Ray has come back with a bang in "The Girl I Loved" and he has an even greater success, I believe, in "The Courtship of Miles Standish." The chief thing about Charlie Ray is his broadening as an actor.

IT seems to Hollywood that Ray's great come-back on the screen is based upon his personal come-back to his old, charming normal self.

A few years ago Charlie Ray was a delightful, naive, rather serious youngster, with a natural sweetness and an eager craving for fine things.

And then—and then—well, it seemed to Hollywood that Mr. Ray had been swamped by the butler, and the gorgeous new home in Beverly Hills, and the social success—and all. It seemed, even on the screen, to be marring the warm, real human charm of his work. He grew a bit stodgy mentally, a trifle heavy and slow-moving physically.

Then, suddenly—no one knew just how or why, the old Charlie Ray came back. Softened and broadened and ready for the great big things he has always been capable of. He grew again mentally alert and responsive, active and natural.

Right here I want to mention Constance Talmadge.

Remember the mountain girl of "Intolerance"? The madcap? The tom-boy? That was Constance Talmadge of the early days. Thin, undeveloped, with a certain vivid personality, a lot of pep and a great deal of physical beauty. Her acting consisted entirely

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in being herself. It never varied, except in costume, and it was funny or charming or appealing in exactly the degree than Connie herself was at that moment.

Now wait until you see her in "Dulcy." There is a real performance. A part utterly foreign to Constance herself, yet she is the dumbbell-*faux-pas*-ing heroine of the play just as much as Lynn Fontanne was in the theater. She preserves the old Constance Talmadge charm, but, somehow, she has developed from the rude little girl of the old days into a polished, finished, young lady who is a delightful light comedienne and an actress who plays with an assured and appealing stroke.

Norma, too, has become a woman.

She has developed more, acquired greater power, than I expected. But she has changed her personality more completely than any of them.

I find less of the old Norma Talmadge.

Today Norma stands, I believe, as the screen's greatest dramatic actress. She is, in my opinion, the best actress on the silversheet. She has learned in these years to act—to act with all the full-blown power, the intensity of dramatic feeling, the forgetfulness of self that mark the stage work of Margaret Anglin and Mrs. Fiske, of Jeanne Eagels and Pauline Lord.

She couldn't act like that ten years ago, could she?

BUT the polished, emotional, worldly woman of today, with her gorgeous gowns and her sophistication and her knowledge of life written in every line of her face—the Norma of today, is different in every way from the girl Norma we used to see.

It's a bit difficult to remember the Gloria Swanson of the old Triangle days. Little Gloria, a bit awkward about her feet, all wrong about her clothes, expressionless—but oh, how beautiful.

I always think of Gloria Swanson as the ugly duckling who became a swan. For, in the old days, you wouldn't have seen the great possibilities in her that Cecil De Mille saw, I'm sure. She didn't know how to walk, how to sit down, what to do with her hands.

She seemed much older than she does now.

In a few years, she became the screen's greatest clothes model. Exotic, glittering, exquisite. But always—for a long time—she suggested somehow a naughty lady—or rather, she never at any time suggested a lady at all. She was the glorified chorus girl, the Parisian *coquette* of the Longchamps race track, the ultra-vamp.

Just lately, again, there has been another change in Gloria. She is beginning to be the real *grande dame*. She looks and acts like a particularly lovely young princess. Her grace and her manner are perfect, and the allure has gone up about fifty degrees in the social scale.

The new Gloria—or rather the newest Gloria—arrived at just about the crucial moment, just when the public was beginning to tire a bit of the exaggerations and unrealities of the other Gloria.

It has established Gloria definitely as one of the really big and unshakable stars of the industry.

Harold Lloyd! Personally, Harold hasn't changed a bit. I don't think he ever will—except, maybe, to grow nicer and more kind and more worth while every day he lives. He's just the same sweet, unassuming natural boy he always was, eager to learn, full of fun and sunshine.

But as a comedian—as a screen personality—drop in and see one of his old two-reelers some night and then go to see the finished Willie Collier performance in "Safety Last," that's all.

Oh yes, they're growing up. Changing.

Wonder what we can write about them ten years from today.



At the theatre

WHEN you are waiting for the curtain to rise, notice how many women fail to remove their hats until the very last minute.

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The Tragic Romance of Luigi Montegna

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

"Wha-thell you want?" retorted Bull, with his usual suavity. "I think, maybe he want to touch me for five dollars," explained Bull. "But anyhow I go around to see Doog. John Emerson was with him. Doog say to John, 'What you think of this guy to play burglar in the picture?' John say, 'For Gossakes, he look like he was a burglar.'"

Such was Bool's introduction to the films. As he remarks now, he didn't know what it was all about. After the first day's work he spent most of the night trying to get his make-up off. "I wash and wash with soap and water, but no come off."

The next morning when he walked down Tent' avenue his gentlemen friends guyed him. "Look at Bool," they jeered. "For Gossakes, he paint his face like a sweet mama."

Bull got sore and decided to quit the films. "I have to wrestle over in Jersey the next night," he explained, "And how I wrestle with pink stuff on my face?"

When he presented himself at the studio to quit, Doug said: "For Gossakes, Bull, why you not take off your make-up?" Bull said, "For Gossakes, Doog, I wash all night and it no come off. I quit." But Doug saved the screen from the loss by removing Bull's make-up himself with cold cream.

Bull has saved his money during his six years in pictures and he now has a neat fortune in Hollywood property.

Recently he visited his old home town in Italy. He was hailed as a hero by the good citizens, who vied with one another in opening rare old bottles in his honor. He bought his parents a house and a vineyard, donated lire to the orphanage, to the old people's home and to the church. The citizens, at an enthusiastic banquet, considered erecting a statue of him in the piazza.

THE first night at home he donned silk pajamas. His father had never seen such a garment before and wanted to know if Bull was going to a masquerade party.

In Hollywood, Bull leads a simple bachelor life in a chaste little bungalow, adorned within by pictures of himself and others of his admirers, including Dooglas and Jack Dempsey. Jack's picture bears the fond autograph, "To my darling 'Papa' Bull."

Bull entertains a profound regard and affection for Jack. "He knocked me cold once," he says simply.

Bull's diversions are motoring, wrestling and playing the victrola. He has genuine interest in his work and he reads all the reviews.

"The sport editors say 'Bull Montana, the movie actor,' and the movie editors say, 'Bull Montana, the wrestler.' Wha-thell."

Being both a wrestler and an actor, he has to take double care of himself. His diet is particularly rigorous. For breakfast he has nothing but a loaf of bread, built in the duplex style and reinforced with slabs of salami. Then a light lunch of soup, potatoes, vegetables, one beefsteak and pie. For dinner he allows himself a little more—maybe two beefsteaks.

On a recent visit to New York the old love wound was reopened. . . . He met Lil outside the Columbia burlesque show. She invited him to call on her, but he was busy with dinners, teas and theater parties.

"Ha!" cried Lil. "Teas and theatrical parties! When I met you, you were a big wop with a bandana around your neck!"

To this unkind cut, Bull simply replied, "For Gossakes!" and fled as he had before.

But the memory of that first great love ever haunts him. That is the secret that lies behind the eyes of Bull Montana, giving to his face that expression of wistful tenderness such as one seldom sees except in the paintings of the apostles.



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Alice Sit by the Fire

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56]

That is a sturdy, florid-faced, gray-haired man whose idol she is. Her father, W. A.—“Bill”—Brady. A theatrical manager for years, a manager of fighters before that, the wall against which thousands of hard knocks have lost their force. Alice Brady is still his “baby,” a topic of which he speaks in hushed, almost reverent tones.

Alice's mother was Marie Renee, a dark-eyed dancer from France. She died when Alice was three years old, and the quiet child, with her mother's eyes, was placed in charge of the gentle sisters at the Sacred Heart Convent at Fort Lee, New Jersey. It was a serene, peaceful, sleepy life that the child led at the old convent. By all laws of environment, she should have grown into a quiet, placid young woman. But her father was a theatrical manager, her mother a dancer. Heredity won.

Silent she was—always. Silent she is today. Taciturn, perhaps, is the better word.

“I used to take refuge in silence when a child,” she said. “I simply couldn't express my feelings. Often I have wanted to tell my father I was sorry for something, but the words wouldn't come. It is hard for me to open my heart, to tell what I feel. I'm like my father in that.”

BUT the stage was in her blood. At seventeen, while a student at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, she wrote her father that she intended to join the chorus of the Castle Square Opera Company unless he would let her start her stage career under his management. Father Brady groaned, but he knew his daughter. So he placed her in a Shubert musical company, “The Balkan Princess,” with one line to speak. Her stage name was Marie Rose, but a critic who knew her discovered her in the company and then her own name was placed on the programme.

She had a charming voice—not large, but true and sweet. But she strained it, singing in Gilbert and Sullivan operas with DeWolf Hopper. She couldn't sing any more.

“I didn't worry much. I just stopped,” she said, with a little tightening of the lips. “What else was there to do? I know when anything is hopeless, and I just give it up.”

Then came her stage career, which was brilliant, and her screen career, which is no less so. Then she married. Her husband was Donald Crane, an actor, and son of the Rev. Frank Crane. Separation followed.

“I shall not marry again,” she said, her eyes growing darker, as is her habit when under stress of emotion. “My marriage was not a success. After illusions are gone and faith destroyed, one does not care to take another risk.”

Now her great interest is in her son, Donald, now 18 months old. She guards her own health for his sake. She swims to keep herself fit. But she has no enthusiasm for the sport. Nor for any athletics. Nor, for life, really. But she has for Donald.

“I believe a child should be brought up at home,” she says. “Donald will be. It is not well for a growing child to be away from home, even at the best school. It represses him, makes him inexpressive, machine-like, institutional.”

That was a long speech and long words for Alice Brady, devotee of the monosyllable in speech.

So there she is, at her beautiful home, she and Donald. The humming bird has become a house wren. And yet she has all her old charm, her old talent. And she has her beauty, softened a little, not quite so vivid, but perhaps even more effective because of that.

But the spark, the incentive, seems to have vanished.

It's a great pity.



Nothing betrays a woman's age so surely as her hands. Old hands—worn, neglected looking hands—can utterly contradict the youth and charm of her face. Don't let your hands give people the impression that you are older than you look! You can have lovely hands—soft, white, youthful looking—if you give them the same exquisite care you give your face.

If you want your hands to be beautiful—use them!

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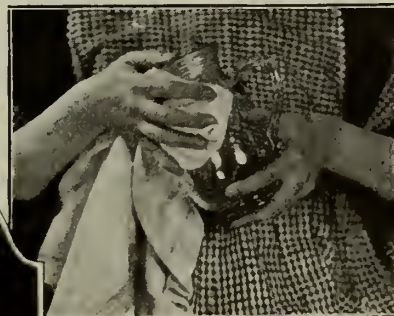
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"LITTLE OLD NEW YORK"—COSMOPOLITAN.—From the stage play of the same name by Rida Johnson Young. Adapted by Luther Reed. Director, Sidney Olcott. Photography by Ira H. Morgan. The cast: *Patricia O'Day*, Marion Davies; *Patrick O'Day*, Steve Carr; *John O'Day (Her Father)*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Larry Delevan*, Harrison Ford; *Robert Fulton*, Courtenay Foote; *Washington Irving*, Mahlon Hamilton; *Fitz-Greene Halleck*, Norval Keedwell; *Henry Brevoort*, George Barraud; *Cornelius Vanderbilt*, Sam Hardy; *John Jacob Astor*, Andrew Dillon; *Mr. De Puyster*, Riley Hatch; *Reilly (Larry's Servant)*, Charles Kennedy; *Bunny (The Night Watchman)*, Spencer Charters; *Bully Boy Brewster*, Harry Watson; *The Hoboken Terror*, Louis Wolheim; *Delmonico*, Charles Judels; *Ariana De Puyster*, Gypsy O'Brien; *Betty Schuyler*, Mary Kennedy; *Rachel Brewster*, Elizabeth Murray; *Chancellor Livingston*, Thomas Findlay; *Mrs. Schuyler*, Marie R. Burke.

"BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Alfred Savoir. Play adaptation by Charlton Andrews. Scenario by Sada Cowan. Director, Sam Woods. Photography by Alfred Gilks. The cast: *Mona de Briac*, Gloria Swanson; *John Brandon*, Huntley Gordon; *Robert*, Charles Greene; *Lucienne*, Lianne Salvor; *Marquis de Briac*, Paul Weigel; *Lord Henry Seville*, Frank R. Butler; *Albert de Marceau*, Robert Agnew; *Alice George*, Irene Dalton.

"ASHES OF VENGEANCE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel of the same name by H. B. Somerville. Adapted by Frank Lloyd. Director, Frank Lloyd. Photography by Antonio Gaudio. The cast: *Yoeland de Breux*, Norma Talmadge; *Rupert de Vriac*, Coway Tearle; *Duc de Tours*, Wallace Beery; *Catherine de Medici*, Josephine Crowell; *Margot de Vaincoire*, Betty Francisco; *Margot's Aunt*, Claire McDowell; *Comte de la Roche*, Courtenay Foote; *Father Paul*, Forrest Robinson; *Paul*, James Colley; *Charles IX*, Andre De Beranger; *Duc de Guise*, Boyd Irwin; *Bishop*, Winter Hall; *Andre*, William Clifford; *Charlotte*, Murdock McQuarrie; *Gallon*, Hector V. Sarno; *Blais*, Earl Schenck; *Charlotte*, Lucy Beaumont; *Anne*, Yoeland's invalid sister, Jeanne Carpenter; *Denise*, Mary McAllister; *Viscount de Briège*, Howard Truesdell; *Phillippe*, Kenneth Gibson; *Marie*, Carmen Phillips; *Soldier Boy*, Rush Hughes; *Lupt*, Frank Leigh.

"HOLLYWOOD"—PARAMOUNT.—From the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE story of the same name by Frank Condon. Adapted by Tom Geraghty. Director, James Cruze. Photography by Karl Brown. The cast: *Angela Whitaker*, who seeks a movie career, Hope Drown; *Joel Whitaker*, her grandfather, Luke Cosgrave; *Lem Lefferts*, a pants presser, G. K. Arthur; *Grandmother Whitaker*, old but ambitious, Ruby Lafayette; *Dr. Luke Morrison*, Harris Gordon; *Hortense Towers*, Bess Flowers; *Margaret Whitaker*, a cyclonic woman, Eleanor Lawson; *Ihorace Pringle*, a scenarist, King Zany; and Cecil B. DeMille, William S. Hart, Walter Hiers, May McAvoy, Owen Moore, Baby Peggy, Viola Dana, Anna Q. Nilsson, Bull Montana, Laurance Wheat, Pola Negri, Jack Holt, Jacqueline Logan, Nita Naldi, Mary Astor, William de Mille, Jack Pickford, Lloyd Hamilton, Will Rogers, T. Roy Barnes, Thomas Meighan, Betty Compson, Leatrice Joy, Theodore Kosloff, George Fawcett, Bryant Washburn, Hope Hampton, Eileen Percy, Stuart Holmes, Ricardo Cortez, Agnes Ayres, Lila Lee, Lois Wilson, Noah Beery, Alfred E. Green, Anita Stewart, Ben Turpin, J. Warren Kerrigan, Ford Sterling, Sigrid Holmquist and many other famous personages.

"TRILBY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel of the same name by George du Maurier. Scenario by Richard Walton Tully. Director, James Young. Photography by George Benoit. The cast: *Trilby*, Andree Lafayette; *Little Billce*, Creighton Hale; *Svençali*, Arthur Edmund Carewe; *Taffy*, Philo McCullogh; *The Laird*, Wilfred Lucas; *Gecko*, Francis McDonald; *Zou-zou*, Maurice Cannon; *Dodor*, Max Constant; *Durich*, Gordon Mullen; *Miss Bagot*, Gertrude Olmstead; *Mme. Vinard*, Martha Franklin; *Mrs. Bagot*, Evelyn Sherman; *Rev. Bagot*, Gilbert Clayton; *Laundress*, Rose Dione; *Impresario*, Edward Kimball; *Jcannon*, Robert De Vilbiss.

"LITTLE JOHNNY JONES"—WARNER BROTHERS.—A film version of the play by George M. Cohan. The cast: *Johnny Jones*, Johnny Hines; *The Earl of Bloomsburg*, Wyndham Standing; *Mrs. Jones*, Margaret Seddon; *Sir James Smythe*, Robert Prior; *Edith Smythe*, Molly Malone; *Robert Ainstead*, George Webb; *Joe Nelson*, Mervyn LeRoy; *Chauffeur*, "Fat" Carr; *Lady Jane Smythe*, Pauline French.

"ALIAS THE NIGHT WIND"—FOX.—Story by Varick Vanardy. Scenario by Robert M. Lee. Director, Joseph Franz. Photography by Ernest Miller. The cast: *Bing Howard*, William Russell; *Katherine Maxwell*, Maude Wayne; *Amos Chester*, Charles K. French; *Thomas Clancy*, Wade Boteler; *Stuart Clancy*, Jack Miller; *Clifford Rushton*, Donald McDonald; *Assistant Detectives (Edwin Detective Agency)* Otto Matieson, Bob Klein, Bert Lindley; *E. J. Brown*, H. Milton Ross; *Police Inspector*, Charles Wellesly; *Nurse*, Mark Fenton.

"FIGHTING BLOOD" (Second Series)—F. B. O.—Story by H. C. Witwer. Scenario by Beatrice Van. Director, Henry Lehrman. The cast: *Gale Galen*, George O'Hara; *Rosemary DuBarry*, Mary Beth Milford; *Nate*, Albert Cooke; *Kelly*, Kit Guard; *Patricia Paddington*, Louise Lorraine.

"THE ELEVENTH HOUR"—FOX.—Story and Scenario by Louis Sherwin. Director, Bernard J. Durning. Photography by Don Short. The cast: *Barbara Hackett*, Shirley Mason; *Brick McDonald*, Charles Jones; *Herbert Glenville*, Richard Tucker; *Prince Stefan de Bernic*, Alan Hale; *Dick Manley*, Walter McGrail; *Estelle Hackett*, June Elvidge; *Submarine Commander*, Fred Kelsey; *Mordecai Newman*, Nigel de Brullier.

"LOYAL LIVES"—VITAGRAPH.—Story by Charles G. Rich and Dorothy Farnum. Director, Charles Giblyn. Photography by Edward F. Paul. The cast: *Dan O'Brien*, Brandon Tynan; *Mary O'Brien*, Mary Carr; *Peggy*, Faire Binney; *Terrence*, William Collier, Jr.; *Michael O'Hara*, Charles MacDonald; *Lizzie O'Hara*, Blanche Craig; *Tom O'Hara*, Chester Morris; *Brady*, Tom Blake; *Mrs. Brady*, Blanche Davenport.

"THE PURPLE HIGHWAY"—PARAMOUNT.—Authors, Luther Reed and Hale Hamilton. Scenario by Rufus Steele. Director, Henry Kolker. Photography by George Webber and Henry Cronjager. The cast: *April Blair*, a slavey and later a theatrical star, Madge Kennedy; *Edgar Prentice*, known as *Edgar Craig*, a playwright, Monte Blue; *Dudley Quail*, a rich man about town, Vincent Coleman; *Joe Renard*, a composer, Pedro de Cordoba; *Manny Bean*, a producer, Dore Davidson; *Mrs. Carney*, manager of the Home of failures, Emily Fitzroy; *Mr. Quail*, a capitalist, *Dudley's father*, William H. Tooker; *Mrs. Quail*, his wife, Winifred Harris; *Shakespeare Jones*, John W. Jenkins; *Mr. Ogilvie*, Charles Kent.



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"RADIO-MANIA"—W. W. HODKINSON—Adapted for the screen by Lewis Allen Browne. Director, R. William Neil. Photography by George Folsey. The cast: *Arthur Wyman*, Grant Mitchell; *Mary Langdon*, Margaret Irving; *Mrs. Langdon*, Gertrude Hillman. *Mr. Sterling*, W. H. Burton.

"LAWFUL LARCENY"—PARAMOUNT—From the play of the same name by Samuel Shipman. Scenario by John Lynch. Director, Allan Dwan. Photography by Hal Rosson. The cast: *Marion Dorsey*, a faithful wife, Hope Hampton; *Andrew Dorsey*, her husband, Conrad Nagel; *Vivian Hepburn*, a modern Cleopatra, Nita Naldi; *Guy Tarlow*, her sweetheart, Lew Cody; *Sonny Dorsey*, Marion's boy, Russell Griffin; *Billie Van de Vere*, Yvonne Hughes; *Nora*, a maid, Dolores Costello; *Dancers at the Rendez-Vous*, Gilda Gray, Florence O'Denishawn, Alice Maison.

"THE BRASS BOTTLE"—FIRST NATIONAL—By F. Anstey. Director, Maurice Tourneur. Scenario by Fred Myton. Photography by Arthur Todd. The cast: *Horace Ventimore*, Harry Myers; *Fakresh-el-Aamash*, Ernest Torrence; *Professor Hamilton*, Tully Marshall; *Mrs. Hamilton*, Clarissa Selwyn; *Rapkin*, Ford Sterling; *Mrs. Rapkin*, Aggie Herring; *Marjorie Hamilton*, Charlotte Merriam; *Samuel Wackerbath*, Ed Jobson; *The Queen*, Barbara La Marr.

"A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE"—PARAMOUNT—Based on the play of the same name by P. G. Wodehouse and John Stapleton. Adapted by Jack Cunningham. Director, Joseph Henabery. Photography by Faxon M. Dean. The cast: *Robert Pitt*, Jack Holt; *Sir Spencer Deever*, Casson Ferguson; *Molly Creedon*, Sigrid Holmquist; *Sir John Blount*, Alec Francis; *Lady Blount*, Adele Farrington; *Spike Mullen*, Frank Nelson; *Big Phil Creedon*, Alfred Allen; *Maid*, Nadeen Paul; *Chorus Girl*, Alice Queensberry.

"HOMEWARD BOUND"—PARAMOUNT—Story by Peter B. Kyne. Scenario by Jack Cunningham and Paul Sloane. Director, Ralph Ince. Photography by Ernest Haller. The cast: *Jim Bedford*, Thomas Meighan; *Mary Brent*, Lila Lee; *Rufus Brent*, Charles Abbe; *Rodney*, William T. Carleton; *Murphy*, Hugh Cameron; *Captain Svenson*, Gus Weinberg; *Mrs. Brannigan*, Maud Turner Gordon; *Rufus (Bill) Brent, Jr.*, Cyril Ring; *Clarissa Wynwood*, Katherine Spencer.

"SOFT BOILED"—Fox—Story and scenario by J. G. Blystone. Director, J. G. Blystone. The cast: *Tom Steele*, Tom Mix; *The Ranch Owner*, Joseph Gerard; *The Girl*, Billie Dove; *The Road House Mgr.*, L. C. Shumway; *Colored butler*, Tom Wilson; *John Steele*, Frank Beal; *Ranch foreman*, Jack Curtis; *Lawyer*, C. H. Mailles; *Storekeeper*, Harry Dunkinson; *The Reformer*, Wilson Hummell.

"HELL'S HOLE"—Fox—Story by George Scarborough. Adapted by Bernard McConville. Director, Emmett J. Flynn. The cast: *Tod Musgrave*, Charles Jones; *Dorothy Owen*, Ruth Clifford; *Del Hawkins*, Maurice Flynn; *Mabel Grant*, Kathleen Key; *Warden Grant*, Hardy Kirkland; *Pablo*, Eugene Pallette.

"LEGALLY DEAD"—UNIVERSAL—Story by Charles Furthman. Scenario by Harvey Gates. Director, William Parke. Photography by Richard Fryer. The cast: *Will Campbell*, Milton Sills; *Mrs. Campbell*, Margaret Campbell; *Minnie O'Reilly*, Claire Adams; *Jake Dorr*, Edwin Sturgis; *Jake's Sweetie*, Faye O'Neill; *Malcolm Steel*, Charles A. Stevenson; *District Attorney*, Joseph Girard; *The Anarchist*, Albert Prisco; *The Judge*, Herbert Fortier; *The Governor*, Charles Wellsly; *Detective Powell*, Robert Homans; *The Adrenalin Doctor*, Brandon Hurst.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 119]



You Can have fascinating Eyes with Long Shadowy Lashes

MAKE your eyes irresistible by veiling them with dark, sweeping lashes. Use WINX, the satinsmooth liquid, to darken your lashes and make them appear longer and heavier.

Apply it with the glass rod attached to the stopper of the bottle—an immense improvement over the old unsanitary brush method of application.

WINX is invisible on the lashes. It dries instantly and lasts for days. Neither your daily "tub" nor perspiration will affect it, for it is *water* and *perspiration* proof. WINX will not rub or smear. Even weeping at the theatre leaves the beauty of your lashes unimpaired. Absolutely harmless and a delight to use.

WINX (black or brown) 75c. To nourish the lashes and promote their growth, use colorless cream Lashlux every night. Cream Lashlux (black, brown or colorless) 50c. At drug or department stores or by mail.

Send a dime today for a generous sample of WINX—enough to keep your lashes dark and beautiful for days.

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WINX

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Freckles fade while you sleep

No other beauty treatment is as easy and effortless as removing freckles with Stillman's Freckle Cream.

Simply apply it before retiring. While you sleep the freckles gently fade away, bringing back a clear white complexion. Safe and sure—in use since 1890. Look for the purple and gold box. On sale at all druggists in 50c and \$1 sizes.

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets"

Just out! "Beauty Parlor Secrets," a booklet giving the details of expensive complexion and hair treatments, enabling you to enjoy them at home at low cost. Illustrates the fine points of make-up. Sent free. The Stillman Company, 32 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.

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A New Perfume



As a lover of rare perfumes, you will be charmed by the indescribable fragrance of Rieger's new creation—

Honolulu Bouquet

Perfume \$1.00 per oz. Toilet water, 4 oz. \$1.00. Talcum, 25c. At druggists or department stores.

Send 25c (silver or stamps) for generous trial bottle. Made by the originator of—

Rieger's Flower Drops

Flower Drops is the most exquisite perfume ever produced. Made without alcohol. Bottle with long glass stopper, containing enough for 6 months, Lilac or Crabapple \$1.50; Lily of the Valley, Rose or Violet \$2.00. At druggists or by mail. Send 25c stamps for miniature bottle. Send \$1.00 for Souvenir Box of five 25c bottles—5 different odors.

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Send 25¢ for TRIAL BOTTLE

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Creates that beautiful baby skin by peeling off all skin blemishes, pimples, acne, blackheads, large pores, freckles, dry and oily skin, birthmarks, etc. Liquid preparation guaranteed non-acid, harmless, painless, and invisible. Results wonderful. Booklet "The Magic of a New Skin" free in plain sealed envelope.

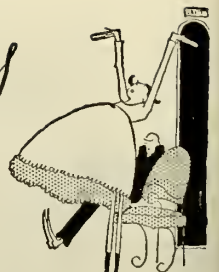
YOUTH AMI LABORATORIES, Dept. CA., 30 East 20th Street, NEW YORK



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, unlike, 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.



SATCHELS—OR RABBITS

IN "Hearts Aflame," John Taylor gets out of the Ford when he goes into Foraker's Folly, and with him brings two satchels. When he entered the Ford, about to go to Foraker's Folly, he had four satchels. Later, when he brings his satchels out of the house, he has four! How come?

H. H. H., Montclair, N. J.

KINGS HAVE DONE SUCH!

THERE is one mystery in the picture, "Adam's Rib," that I cannot solve. When the mother (Anna Q. Nilsson) visits the King's apartment (the King played by Theodore Kosloff) she is seen wearing a dark dress with light embroidered collars and cuffs. When she returns to her home, early in the morning, she is seen wearing an altogether different costume. How come? Did the King have a ladies' wardrobe stationed in his apartment?

CLARA M. LEADY, Alton, Ill.

BRAWN DID IT—OF COURSE

IN "Brawn Of The North," when Brawn (Strongheart, the dog) appears after he has run away, Marian sees him and drops her baby on the sled and runs after Brawn. Later, when the dog runs away with the baby, it is strapped securely to the sled.

CATHERINE BURK, Kirksville, Mo.

DAVID IN THE LION'S DEN

IN "Mighty Lak' A Rose," we see Rose reading the Twenty-Third Psalm to Jimmie. When she finishes he asks her to read about Daniel in the lion's den. She laughs and nods her head and begins to read on the same page, while Jimmie settles down to listen with an extremely pleased expression. Surely it was a queer Bible for the Psalms to be on the same page as Daniel.

J. M. S., Chicago, Ill.

A MAGIC CUP

IN "Dr. Jack," Harold Lloyd sat down at the hotel table with an empty coffee cup by his side. He turned around and the cup was full without being filled in the spectators' sight. MARGARET EMILY MAXWELL, Cameron, Mo.

TWO CORRECTIONS

THIS "Why-Do-They-Do-It?" is aimed at some movie fans and not at the producers. In two moving pictures I have seen which were criticized by people, I have found that the incongruity lies in their criticism.

In "The Ghost Breaker," when someone entered Lila Lee's room, someone asked why she didn't show surprise or even scream. Possibly, in older days, the heroine might have screamed, but now, in this present day, heroines have become more sensible. Miss Lee did look a trifle worried and that is probably what most people would have done.

In the July PHOTOPLAY, a certain C. T. A. of Newark criticized an incident in "The Ninety And Nine," where Silvertan, after being "bricked," left his cap beside the brook, but later it was found in Colleen Moore's living room. In the version I saw the heroine (rather un-noticeably) pick up his cap and carry it with her.

These two incidents show that one can never be too sure in tearing down someone's brain child.

L. M., Lavern, Minn.

WE'D LIKE TO KNOW

IN Bull Montana's "Snowed Under," the colored valet finds a bottle of gin in the snow. The bottle, when found, is about one-fourth full of liquid, but when he enters the room and gets ready to hide it, the bottle is full. Tell me, how did he do it?

MRS. R. D. RICHARDS, Fresno, Calif.

"THROWING THE BULL"

I RECENTLY saw Harry Carey in his great picture, "Crashin' Through," and one scene impressed me as being a rather vivid example of "nature faking." The scene opens with Harry and his partner at a branding fire, and Harry is directed to rope a maverick "bull," which he proceeds to do. He is in some mysterious way entangled in the rope and is being dragged by the "bull." His partner seeing his plight goes to his rescue and "bull-dogs" the "bull," he in turn being in danger of his life. Harry releases himself from the rope, goes to his partner's rescue, when it develops that the maverick "bull" is a very docile "muley cow."

I certainly thought that Carey had been a range hand long enough to know the difference. E. A. THOMPSON, Omaha, Neb.

STANDARD NASSAU TIME

IN "You Can't Fool Your Wife," co-starring Lewis Stone and Nita Naldi, they (Lewis Stone and Nita Naldi) have made a trip to Nassau by seaplane, and the aviator, upon landing, tells them to be back by one o'clock. However, they become interested in other things than the time, and in a cabaret where they are dining, a sub-title reads: "Five minutes past one." But upon looking at the clock on the wall, the fan reads it as ten minutes to eight!

MR. "X," Chicago, Ill.

MAYBE HE HAD TWO

IN the picture, "Within the Law," Norma Talmadge as Mary Turner, is seen jumping into the river, attempting suicide. Joe Garson comes to the rescue. He throws off his overcoat—dives in, and saves her. The next scene shows him leaving the elevator of a hotel escorting Mary to a girl friend's room—he has no overcoat—and, after seeing that Mary will be cared for, he picks up his overcoat and leaves.

W. A. PESCHELT, Santa Monica, Calif.

A CHILLY PERSON—THE WIFE

IN "The Rustle of Silk," when Lola goes to Fallary in his hunting lodge, after he has accidentally shot himself, she is wearing her maid's dress, with a fur neckpiece. Next morning she comes into the room with a bunch of daisies. Soon after, his wife comes into the room wearing a fur coat. How changeable the weather must be in England.

ELSA TRESSELT, Passaic, N. J.

THE CHANGING CODE

IN "Grandma's Boy," Harold Lloyd as grandpa picks up General Bell's code at random, and, wadding the unfolded code up, he stuffs it in the top of his apron where it is seen throughout the fight. When his general arrives he drops the apron to the floor, the code falling with it. Then, after taking off the coat of the enemy, he takes the neatly folded code out of his own pocket.

E. M. M., Story City, Iowa.

Casts of Current Photoplays

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117]

"ST. ELMO"—Fox—From the novel by Augustus Evans. Scenario by Jules Furthman. Director, Jerome Storm. The cast: *St. Elmo Thornton*, John Gilbert; *Agnes Hunt*, Barbara La Marr; *Edna Earle*, Bessie Love; *Murray Hammond*, Warner Baxter; *Alan Hammond*, Nigel De Brullier; *Mrs. Thornton*, Lydia Knott.

"SHADOWS OF THE NORTH"—UNIVERSAL—Directed by Robert Hill. Story by Edison Marshall. Scenario by Paul Schofield. Photography by Harry Fowler. The cast: *Ben "Wolf" Darby*, William Desmond; *Beatrice Neilson*, Virginia Browne Faire; *Ray Brent*, Fred Kohler; *Jeffrey Neilson*, William Welsh; *Hemingway*, Albert Hart; *Ezra "Pancake" Darby*, James O. Barrows; *King, the dog*, Rin-Tin-Tin.

"SKID PROOF"—Fox—Story by Byron Morgan. Director, Scott Dunlap. Scenario by Harvey Gates. Photography by Don Short. The cast: *Jack Darwin*, Charles Jones; *Nadine*, Laura Anson; *Dutton Hardmere*, Fred Eric; *Lorraine Hardmere*, Jacqueline Gadsdon; *Marie Hardmere*, Peggy Shaw; *Rufus Tyler*, Earl Metcalf; *Masters*, Claude Peyton; *Dancing Joe*, Harry Tracey.

"DON'T MARRY FOR MONEY"—ARROW.—Story by Hope Loring and Louis Duryea Lighton. Director, Clarence L. Brown. The cast: *Peter Smith*, House Peters; *Marion Whitney*, Rubye De Remer; *Edith Martin*, Aileen Pringle; *Crane Martin*, Cyril Chadwick; *Rose Graham*, Christine Mayo; *The Inspector*, Wedgewood Nowell; *Amos Webb*, George Nichols; *An "Explorer"*, Hank Mann; *Alec Connor*, Charles Wellesly.

"THE STEEL TRAIL"—UNIVERSAL—Story and scenario by Paul M. Bryan and George Plympton. Director, William Duncan. Photography by George Robinson. The cast: *Bruce Boyd*, William Duncan; *Judith Armstrong*, Edith Johnson; *Frank Norton*, Ralph McCullough; *Mark Zabel*, Harry Carter; *Morris Blake*, Harry Woods; *Col. John Armstrong*, John Cossar; *Calvin Bitner*, Frank Whitson; *Anna*, Mabel Randall; *Olga*, Cathleen Calhoun.

"OUT OF LUCK"—UNIVERSAL—Story by Edward Sedgwick. Scenario by George C. Hull. Director, Edward Sedgwick. Photography by Virgil Miller. The cast: *Sam Pertune*, Hoot Gibson; *Mae Day*, Laura La Plante; *Ezra Day*, Howard Truesdell; *Aunt Edith Bristol*, Elinor Hancock; *Captain Bristol*, DeWitt Jennings; *Cyril La Mount*, Freeman Wood; *Boggs*, Jay Morley; *"Kid" Hogan*, Kansas Moehring; *"Pig" Hurley*, John Judd.

"THE VICTOR"—UNIVERSAL—Story by Gerald Beaumont. Scenario by E. Richard Schayer. Director, Edward Laemmle. Photography by Clyde De Vinna. The cast: *Hon. Cecil Fitzhugh Waring*, Herbert Rawlinson; *Teddy Walters*, Dorothy Manners; *Lord Waring*, Frank Currier; *J. P. Jones*, Otis Harlan; *Chiquita Jones*, Esther Rawlston; *Porky Schaup*, Eddie Gribbon; *Jacky Williams*, Tom McGuire.

"THE LOVE BRAND"—UNIVERSAL—Story by Raymond L. Schrock. Scenario by Adrian Johnson. Director, Stuart Paton. Photography by William Thornley. The cast: *Don Jose O'Neil*, Roy Stewart; *Peter Collier*, Wilfred North; *Frances Collier*, Margaret Landis; *Charles Mortimer*, Arthur Hull; *Miguel Salvador*, Sydney De Grey; *Teresa*, Marie Wells.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 134]



Photograph of the hand of Miss Mildred McKamy before and after just four nights wearing of the Magic Gloves

MAGIC GLOVES Whiten Hands Overnight

Astounding Scientific Discovery—Dr. Egan's Magic Night Gloves! Make rough, reddened, work-worn hands soft and white over-night!

Results Absolutely Guaranteed in Writing. Legal Guarantee Bond with Every Pair.

JUST think of it—putting on a pair of gloves for a night and finding your hands exquisitely white and soft! That is the magic of Dr. Egan's amazing medicated Gloves! Nothing like them ever known! These gloves of medicated fabric (not rubber) actually turn your hands white, as white as a lily and as smooth and soft.

No matter how red your hands, or how sallow or yellow or how deeply blotched with freckles or liver spots—no matter how rough or coarse or workworn your hands, the magic of these medicated gloves will turn them white and soft, fresh and young-looking.

Results in One Night

Just one night's wear of these marvelous gloves is enough to convince you. You see a difference in your hands almost unbelievable. Wear the gloves four or five nights and you have a new pair of hands. It's the medicated fabric that does the work. The gloves are impregnated with a marvelous solution perfected by the famous Dr. S. J. Egan. The medicated fabric when activated by the natural warmth of the hands has a peculiarly potent whitening and softening effect upon the hands. The hands become white—a charming, natural white. They become soft and smooth as velvet. And all so quick as to be dumfounding.

The complete Dr. Egan Magic Glove outfit consists of: one pair freshly medicated gloves; one jar Dr. Egan's Pore-Lax; one bottle Glove Mediator; one copy Dr. Egan's booklet, "The Care of the Hands"; all in neat container. The Pore-Lax is a special cream to apply before donning the gloves to open the pores of the skin for the action of the medicated gloves. The Glove Mediator is for restoring the potency of the gloves after a period of wear. Gloves may be worn at night while you sleep or during the day while doing your sweeping and dusting.

Try the Gloves FREE

Try the gloves five nights free. Note the amazing difference in your hands in just five nights' wear. Mark how lovely your hands, how white and smooth. If five nights of wear of the gloves doesn't make your hands more beautiful than you ever dreamed possible, don't keep the gloves. Return them to us and you won't be out one cent for the free trial. You are the judge.

SEND NO MONEY

Just Mail the Coupon

Send no money now—just the coupon. Pay the postman only \$1.95 (plus postage) on delivery of the gloves. If in 5 days you are not more than delighted and amazed with the results from the gloves, just send them back and your money will be promptly refunded in full. We give you a written guarantee to this effect. You run no risk. Fill out and mail the coupon now or copy it in a post card or letter. If apt to be out when postman calls send \$2.00 now. Our guarantee assures you of your money back if you are not perfectly satisfied. Address Dr. S. J. Egan, Dept. 5 220 South State Street, Chicago, Illinois.



Complete \$5.00 Outfit on this Amazing Introductory Offer only \$1.95

These gloves will soon be offered the public through the regular channels at \$5 the pair. But a limited number of sets are now being offered for advertising purposes at practically cost—\$1.95. You can get this complete \$5.00 outfit—Medicated Gloves, generous supply of Pore-Lax and Mediator—all for \$1.95 on this introductory offer. But you must act at once, as only 10,000 sets are to be distributed at the cut price. You may pay the postman or, if you prefer enclose \$2 with coupon and receive package all paid for. Remember, every penny of your money back if you say so. Clip and mail the coupon now before you forget.

DR. S. J. EGAN, Dept. 59
220 S. State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me (in plain package) for free trial a pair of Dr. Egan's Magic Gloves for whitening and softening the hands, with Pore-Lax and Mediator. I will pay postman \$1.95 (plus postage) on delivery of the gloves. If I am not perfectly delighted with the change in my hands in 5 days, I will return gloves and get my money back in full. (If apt to be out when postman calls send \$2 now and the complete outfit will be mailed prepaid.)

Name.....

Address.....

My glove size is.....



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Unruly Hair

STACOMB keeps any kind of hair in place—just as it's combed. Dry and brittle, soft and fluffy, stiff and wiry hair—all kinds controlled by STACOMB.

Leaves hair soft and lustrous. Excellent after a shampoo, or a swim. Insist on STACOMB—the original—in black and yellow package. At all drug counters.

Tubes—35c
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Send coupon for Free Trial Tube.

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750 Stanford Ave., Los Angeles, California. Dept. 2-0
Please send me free trial tube.

Name _____
Address _____

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61]

go that way. Now was the time to make film while the sun was shining—in California.

Biograph's most pretentious effort of that first season in California was "Ramona," in which all of the company appeared, with Henry Walthall in the rôle of *Allesandro*.

Biograph was proud of this subject, released May 26, 1910, and issued an impressive little brochure on it. But in this booklet was no mention of the players or Griffith, the director. There was some murmuring among players in all of the picture studios about credit for their labors. Slight and casual concessions were made by some few of the studios, but Biograph stood out firmly against identifying its screen characters to the public. Inquiries from picture patrons, addressed to the company, were answered with crisp, printed form cards, announcing that Biograph never, in any circumstances, gave out the name of a player.

Griffith, who was developing in authority with the increasing commercial successes of his product, might perhaps have exerted an influence in behalf of the players, but any appeal to him was in vain. In the opinion of his co-workers, Griffith was "all for the company."

Tracing back into the files of motion picture trade journals for a beginning of the star idea, one finds, in the Moving Picture World of December 4, 1909, an advertisement in which Pathe proudly announced a French production, entitled "*La Grande Breteche*," neatly translated "The Great Breach," but which would have been more accurately attuned to the motion picture market if heralded as "The Grand Bust-Up." In this advertisement it was stated that among the players were Phillipe Garnier of the *Comedie Francaise*, Andre Calamettes of the *Gymanase*, and Mlle. Sergine of *l'Odcon*, all of which meant nothing at all to the American buyers of motion pictures.

Europe's efforts to make the screen the vehicle of the classics were largely wasted on the American market. The motion picture theater men and their audiences wanted Indians and action. When P. P. Craft went out to road-show a foreign production, entitled "*Homer's Odyssey*," a considerable percentage of his patrons demanded to know if Mr. Homer was travelling with the show to make personal appearance.

A CONSPICUOUS effort at a realization of star values was made with a three-reel version of "*Camille*," with Sarah Bernhardt in the title rôle. The picture was loudly proclaimed in advertising by the agents of the amateurish French concern which made it, but it failed utterly of theater attention. A curious sensation comes to the searcher into dusty files in this year of Bernhardt's death to find her quoted in those decade-old advertisements with the line: "I rely upon these films to make me immortal."

Neither the great names of the stage or of literature could make an impression on the motion picture mind of the time. The exhibitors, with their little nickelodeon shows and their audiences as well, were not of those who patronized the art of the stage or any form of literature, except, perhaps, the daily newspapers. This world of the illiterati had to create its own stars, manufactured of its own fame with no share in and no relation to the renown and fame of careers and creations in the older arts.

"Little Mary" of Biograph, as they knew Mary Pickford, and "Broncho Billy" of Essanay, were better known to this world of the motion picture than the late Mr. Homer, of ancient Greece, or Sarah Bernhardt, of modern France.

It was a full two years later when the Edison company ventured out in its advertising in the trade journals with the names of actors, an-

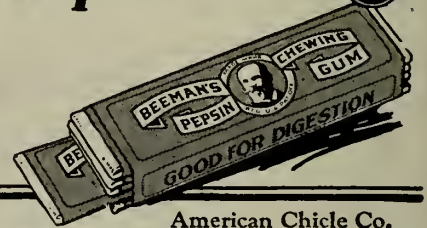
Beneficial

for you and the family—good for digestion—good for teeth and nerves—for every one

"a sensible habit"

Deliciously flavored

BEEMAN'S Pepsin Gum



American Chicle Co.

Write to him on your own stationery

More personal and distinctive. Height of fashion—used by movie stars, smart set—fashionable, special correspondence. Exquisite, richly EMBOSSED personal stationery (raised letters) on finest quality V.E.L.U.M. writing paper. Your choice (white, blue, buff paper—black, blue or jade green embossing). 100 double sheets and 100 envelopes. Clip ad, attach \$2.00 cash or money-order. Underscore color paper and embossing wanted. Print wording to be embossed. (West of Mississippi add 20c for postage.) Money back guarantee.

The Fifth Avenue Stationers, Inc.
263 Fifth Ave.
New York
Dept. 30

100 DOUBLE SHEETS
100 ENVELOPES
\$2.00 POST PAID




Javanese Priest Reveals SECRETS of SLENDERNESS to OPERA STAR Who Reduced 34 lbs. in only 30 Days.

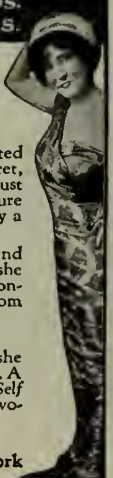
No drugs, no dieting, no exercise—just a pleasant tasting harmless tea that has made the women of Java slim, graceful and free from obesity for ages.

Madam Blanche Arral, the celebrated opera singer, before learning this secret, was forced from the stage by fat. In just 30 days she recovered her health and figure by drinking this native tea brewed by a Javanese Priest.

After benefitting many stage folks and celebrated people all over the world she has consented to prepare this tea in convenient form for all those who suffer from excess flesh.

Read the wonderful story of her experiences and suffering until she found how to grow slender and strong. A free copy of her book, "My Secret of Self Reducing" will be mailed to men and women on request. 12 years of success.

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CORRECT APPEARANCE PLUS COMFORT

The DeLeon adjustable bandeau makes any hat fit any head. Holds the hat at the most becoming angle—snuggly and comfortably—regardless of style of head-dress. Can be inserted in any size hat in a few seconds by merely a push on the prongs. If your milliner or dealer cannot supply you, send us 25c with dealer's name and we will send one promptly postpaid. State color, black or white. 35c in Canada.

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Dealers: See your jobber. If he cannot supply you, write us giving jobber's name.

Makes Any Hat Fit Any Head

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Becomes a lawyer. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Be independent—be a leader. Lawyers earn.

\$3,000 to \$10,000 Annually

We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Let us send you records and letters from LaSalle students admitted to the bar in various states. Money refunded according to our Guarantee Bond if dissatisfied. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Good if dissatisfied. Low cost, easy terms. We furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Get our valuable 120-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books FREE. Send for them—NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 10302-L, Chicago

nouncing James Gordon, Laura Sawyer and Herbert Prior in "The Christian and the Moor," August 1, 1911, and "The Switchman's Tower," with Mary Fuller and Herbert Prior, August 4. But the names were in tiny, pale type.

The motion picture was not prepared to realize that the people of its own making, by force of their repeated and continual screen appearances, were well known to their audiences and better known to those audiences than the long-starred artists of the stage.

Kalem at this time did not advertise players in connection with productions, but offered for sale to exhibitors novelty souvenirs, bearing the pictures of Gene Gauntier and Alice Joyce. David Horsley, with his Nestor brand of independent pictures, mentioned the names of Violet and Clare Mersereau in his announcements.

Carl Laemmle's "Imp" brand was dallying with the star idea in a release of December 17, 1910, announcing the Count de Beaufort as "the first real blown-in-the-bottle nobleman" to appear in motion pictures. Newspaper readers of the time will perchance recall the dashing de Beaufort—Jacques Alexander Von Mourik de Beaufort, to be exact—as the young European adventurer who splashed into Chicago and married the daughter of a millionaire iron master, being neatly bounced on the sidewalk by said millionaire's ablest butler a short time thereafter. After that, de Beaufort, rejoicing in a great deal of page one attention in the daily press, went from his shattered honeymoon to vaudeville, to motion pictures, and thence to newspaper reporting—where he was known as "Mike"—as the glare of the lime-light faded.

THE motion picture was now beginning to be somewhat uncomfortable with uncertain nomenclature. The parlance of the day had run through a series of experimental terms and words of horrific design, starting with Cinematograph and Kinetoscope in the early vaudeville days of the screen, to nickelodeon, nickel-ette, theatorium and nickelshow in the early days of the screen theater. All these names were awkward misfits. All England and Europe had rather settled to *cinema* in some form of spelling, except Germany, which, with characteristic Teutonic explicitness, arrived at *Wandelbilder*—wandering pictures—*Lichtbild* and *Lichtspiel*—light play. There was no acceptable suggestion for America there.

The Essanay company in Chicago, with an eye on an advertising opportunity, offered a handsome prize of twenty-five dollars for a new name for the motion picture.

The contest concluded with the announcement on October 12, 1910, that Edgar Strakosch, a musician and exhibitor in Sacramento, California, had been awarded the prize for coining the name "Photoplay." A year later this magazine was founded, taking for its name "PHOTOPLAY."

This did not settle the matter, however. The advertisements of the time are filled with the verbal blacksmithing of the film makers in an effort to arrive at a significant term. Vitagraph was proud for a long time of its phrase, "Vitagraph Life Portrayals," while Baumann and Kessel toyed indefinitely with the phrase, "Life Motion Pictures."

While the motion picture was still trying to name itself, out in Chicago a legal decision of vast but long-forgotten significance came to add to the dignity of the new art. On March 9, 1909, Tony Piazza and Tony Graziona entered the theater of one Susanna Lange, at Wentworth avenue and Sixty-ninth street, on Chicago's West Side, and were promptly thrown out. Through James LaMantia, they brought suit under the civil rights act, and the defense was set up against them that they were heavily scented with garlic. In June, Judge Heap handed down his momentous decision, saying: "The odor of garlic may, at times, be an obstacle permitting the refusal of a person's entrance at a public entertainment, and I find for the

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defense." It is to be regretted that appeals did not carry this case to a confirmation in the United States Supreme Court so that a national precedent, applicable also to New York and the subway, might have been established.

While such broad, general principles of fundamental rights were being established in the experience of the motion picture, it was building up a personnel of the studios and finding those personalities of the screen which always have meant, and probably always will mean, the whole motion picture to the public and picture patrons. In a general way, the motion picture had settled to a policy of recruiting players from the stock companies and the road-show circuit riders of the drama. But romantic incident now and then added to the screen's gallery of fame-to-be.

Down in Fourteenth street in '09, a street car conductor observed with a certain interest the comings and goings at Number 11, the busy Biograph studios, which by now had come to be locally celebrated and pointed out as the place where motion pictures were made.

This conductor was something of a romantic adventurer, taking things as they came and facing life with a whimsically curious interest. His blue uniform and the job on the jangling street cars represented to him merely one of the turns of the dice of destiny. Winning spots might turn up at any throw. There was always something interesting just ahead.

EVEN the job on the street cars had come along that way in the miscellaneous sequence of happen-so. Before that he had been a dispenser of foaming steins in a German garden uptown, and doing rather well. Then, one busy night, just as he rounded a turn from the tap room into the garden, a fellow waiter gave him a playful nudge and his high held tray, balanced on one hand, went slam at the feet of the headwaiter, a wreck of beer and glassware. He resigned on the spot, thereupon abandoning the retail end of the brewery business to take up the study of the transportation business, also retail.

Now there was gossip up and down Fourteenth street about the easy money that people got for working in motion pictures. There might be opportunity for a willing hand and a quick head in that old brownstone at Number 11.

Presently, abandoning his uniform for natty tweeds, the adventuring young man presented himself at the Biograph studios and intimated that he would confer the favor of an interview upon the management. His bearing was dignified and distinguished, and his accent foreign, "M. Henry Lehrman of Paris."

The management learned to its entire excitement and delight that the caller was a celebrated motion picture expert, recently connected with the Pathe establishments in France and that he would consider an American connection. M. Henry Lehrman was welcomed to Biograph's staff. He seemed to have a leaning toward comedy and was cast for it.

Presently a faint tinge of suspicion arose that perhaps M. Lehrman was not, after all, a French motion picture expert. The story was whispered about and soon a nickname was born of it. He was "Pathe" Lehrman thence forward. For some years thereafter and in the casts of many a production the name stuck and appeared on the screen, accepted as an authentic name.

And probably France could not have made a more genuine contribution, anyway. In the opinion of not a few of his contemporaries, Lehrman added importantly to the development of screen comedy technique and, as an assistant to Mack Sennett, helped to evolve the style of screen extravaganza which, in after years, made Keystone and Sennett famous. Life was a "Keystone" to this adventuring Monsieur Lehrman. His humorous quips and quirks were an early part of the evolution of the now well-recognized craft of the picture specialist known as the "gag-man."

In the early summer of 1910, Colonel Selig sent a camera crew into Oklahoma to make



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Consider Mother Eve and the probable pristine gloss of her nose. Think of the shiny glisten of her cheeks which Adam had to endure. Alas, Mother Eve knew no better, and—perhaps—Adam did not care.

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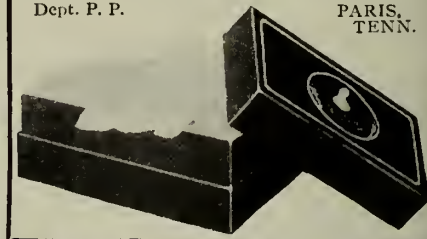
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pictures of frontier life, a topical subject. A whole constellation of star cowboys was rounded up to perform for the camera their feats of skill and daring.

While the cowpunchers circled and wheeled and galloped and jumped their bucking mounts by the camera, a United States marshal, with a bright silver star on his beaded buckskin vest, sat lazily with one leg over the saddle horn, watching the proceedings with an interested eye. From time to time he nimbly rolled a cigarette in a bit of corn husk, Mexican fashion. His air of indifference would have indicated that he thought very little of the cowboys' performance, but he was interested in the clicking camera.

This United States marshal was Tom Mix, a person who might be interested but seldom thrilled. He had rather run the gamut of the thrills of the West and the well known "great outdoors of God's country where men are men." Tom was born into that stuff. His father was Captain Mix, of the hellroaring Seventh United States Cavalry, a veteran wounded at the battle of Wounded Knee.

And Tom himself in his turn had had more than a smell of powder. A youngster, with the experience of the Southwest behind him, he went to Cuba as a scout in the Spanish-American war, thence to the Philippines and on to the fighting in China at the battle of Tien-Tsin. Then, back from foreign adventures and scarred with the wounds of conflict, he went into the Texas Rangers. Up in the valley of the Pecos in New Mexico, it was Tom Mix who rounded up the bandit Shont brothers and collected a rifle nick in his shin bone along with the prisoners. The prisoners were brought back, dead and alive, respectively, fifty-fifty. Now, with the daughter of a Cherokee chief for his bride and a rich ranch in the Cherokee Nation, according to the Film Index, Mix had nothing to do but be United States marshal and ponder on the passing of the good old days of general excitement in the big west.

This day had brought him the sight of something new under the sun—the motion picture camera. He felt impelled to participate.

"Is this a private round-up—or can I get in?" "If you've got any speed, help yourself to the excitement," replied the cameraman. "I reckon there's room."

Mix slipped back into the stirrups and shot his pony out into the field. There was action aplenty. Then, just by way of topping it off, he roped and bulldogged a steer in a close-up in the matter of sixteen seconds.

IN July, Selig released "Ranch Life in the Great Southwest," and Tom Mix was started on his way to fame and the career of a motion picture cowboy. Today, in 1923, he rambles the boulevards of Hollywood in a long-nosed sport car with Spanish saddle leather and Mexican silver trimmings, combining the decorative traditions of the range with the luxuries of the storybook life of the screen star.

While the big Southwest was making a contribution of the picturesquely talented Mr. Mix, the backwoods of wildest Maine sent out another young man with a taste for the adventures of the open places to wander into New York and a screen career. Larry Trimble was an eerie youth, rich with the lore of the forests about his native village of Robbinston and the ways of the wild things that lived there. He was a writer of adventure tales. He came to New York to get closer to his market and, mayhap, to study the editors as he had studied the lynx and the minx up in Maine.

New York was full of wonders to this exploring young person, alert, red-headed and vigorous. He found copy everywhere. In quest of a story about the rising art of the motion picture, he went over to Flatbush to visit the Vitagraph studios and was entranced with the marvels and excitements of the busy establishment, where he found Moses, Napoleon and Lincoln lurching together between

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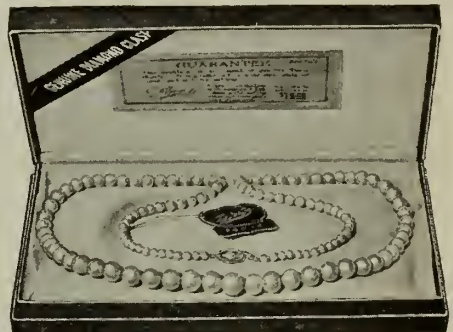
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scenes. Trimble went to write a story for a magazine and stayed to take a desk in the scenario department. He took the trilling beginner's salary of fifteen dollars a week to be close to this gold mine of new material.

Then came the day when Florence Turner and her director came to an impasse with a Pomeranian dog that could not act to their liking. Trimble was looking on.

"I've got a dog at home that can do better than that mutt," Trimble suggested.

"Bring on your dog," the director replied.

So the next day Trimble appeared with "Jean," a collie destined to a large share in screen fame in Vitagraph dramas.

Trimble, it seemed, knew a great deal about dogs. He averred he could talk the language of dogs and make them understand. He put "Jean" through her part with Florence Turner with such marked success that the collie was put on the payroll for twenty-five dollars a week and worked in a long series of pictures. Some men might have been annoyed to have their dog offered a higher salary, but not Trimble. He appreciates dogs.

Along with the success of "Jean," there was soon a fuller recognition for her master. Florence Turner suggested to Commodore Blackton that Trimble might be as successful directing actors as he was with dogs. So Trimble shortly became a Vitagraph director.

THIS same season saw the screen advent of the late John Bunny. Bunny found himself with nothing to do this summer of '10, following a close of an engagement with Annie Russell in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in which he had the rôle of *Bottom*. Back of that was a typically varied actor life story and experience.

Bunny was one of those men you so rarely meet, a native born New Yorker. He grew up in Brooklyn and, after public school, found a job in a market where he sold shoestrings and potatoes. This was tedious and unromantic. He ran away with a minstrel show and became a rambling player. A long array of famous associations came his way. He appeared with Sol Smith Russell, famous to an earlier generation, and added to his laurels in the rôle of *Hi Holler* in "Way Down East."

From Shakespearean rôles to the motion picture was perhaps something of a drop, but Bunny in his way was a philosopher. He ambled over to Flatbush and joined the waiting throng of volunteer extras in the Vitagraph yard.

It was early on a heated summer morning. Fat John Bunny was hot and uncomfortable. He took off his hat and wiped a beaded brow. Just at this juncture Commodore Blackton and Albert E. Smith, Vitagraph executives, were looking out of an office window that overlooked the yard. Together and at the same instant they spied Bunny.

"What a face!"

In that instant Bunny's fortune was made. One of Bunny's earliest screen appearances was in "The New Stenographer," with Flora Finch playing opposite. The story was written and directed by Commodore Blackton. It was a hit, and lives today as a screen tradition.

Miss Finch and Bunny appeared in many a picture together thereafter, and for some years the conductors of "fan inquiry" columns in motion picture publications were busy answering the question:

"Are John Bunny and Flora Finch married?"

The answer was "No." And it might have been added that, off the set, Bunny and Miss Finch lacked several degrees of having a warm friendship.

Few others of Vitagraph's great array of famous stars attained such fame as Bunny's. He was the first world-famous comedian of the screen. He attained renown in the days when Charlie Chaplin was still appearing in English music hall acts without a faint prospect of his coming dominion of the screen, and when Mack Sennett, the master director of comedy, was still an unknown Biograph player.



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Bunny was among the earliest players really starred. Since he appeared in comedies written around him and his vast girth, it was a logical step to include his name in the titles, giving him an early entry into screen publicity. In 1912, Bunny was sent abroad with Larry Trimble as director in charge. Trimble started energetically and worked his company on the way across, producing "Bunny All at Sea." In Ireland they made "Bunny Blarneyed," and in England, "Bunny at the Darby," and a number of other comedies of like tenor.

In this same 1912, Bunny grew alarmed at his weight and dieted off forty pounds. It was almost fatal to his work. His popularity went off with his tonnage. Bunny went back to three meals a day and fattened the box office reports.

Commenting on Bunny, the London Saturday Review remarked: "His face is more familiar than Harry Lauder's or Gladstone's. Mr. Bunny's emotions are all on a grand scale. His terror is the panic of a whole army."

This same year that saw the beginning of the famous Bunny's screen career, brought in Norma Talmadge, who, due to erroneous information, was attributed to an earlier period in a previous chapter of this narrative.

The Talmadge sisters three, Norma, Constance and Natalie, lived over Ocean avenue way in Brooklyn. While Norma was yet a school girl, her first pictorial experience came when an admiring photographer induced her to pose for song slides. The rise of the motion picture theater had given impetus to the industry of making the stereopticon accompaniment for the illustration of the song numbers which decorated the intermissions of the picture programs in the nickelodeon theaters. There was a large demand for pretty girls to pose for the still cameras that made the slides. A notable number of the day was Irving Berlin's "Stop, stop, stop!" a song hit which went out to the nickel shows with Miss Talmadge on the slide pictures. This had no direct connection with her subsequent screen career, save to turn her attention cameraward.

One of the diversions of the Talmadge sisters was playing "make-believe movies" in their home. One of these playtime "parlor" performances was observed by a chance caller, who volunteered the opinion that Norma might really prove capable in motion pictures. This caller supplied a letter of introduction to a casting director at Vitagraph.

It was an exciting day for Norma when she made ready for her invasion of Vitagraph. Accompanied by her mother, she fared forth and pushed into the throng that crowded Vitagraph's yard. In that busy medley of people and affairs she was a long time presenting her letter to the casting director. He looked Norma up and down.

"Walk around out there in front of me." Miss Talmadge was mayhap a little self-conscious at this critical moment. She perhaps wondered, the way girls do, if he could guess that her brave gown was a made-over dress of her mother's.

"I guess you'll do."

NORMA TALMADGE'S name and characteristics went down in the book and she was to be called when needed. Meanwhile, she was invited to take a look about the studio.

Florence Turner, her particular screen favorite, was working on the first set encountered. With a happy cry, Norma dashed into the scene to embrace Miss Turner and pour out her admiration.

The director, angered at the interruption, shoed Miss Talmadge off the set and started a re-take. The first scene in which Miss Talmadge appeared never went on the screen.

Those were days of the glory of Vitagraph, the period of it greatest prosperity when, at the zenith, it had twenty-nine directors working and an army of hundreds of actors and employes. Salaries and production costs were low and the money was coming rapidly. Smith, Blackton and Ro-k were prospering mightily

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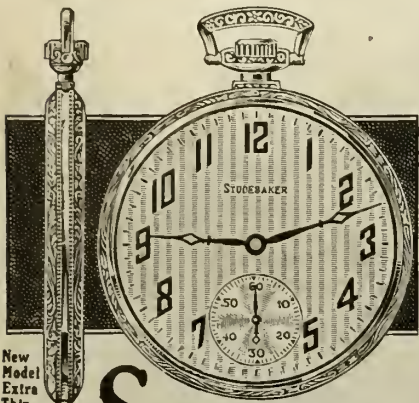
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after the lean years of their wars with Edison. At Christmas time there was holiday largess of bonuses and, in old Number 4 studio, the Vitagraph chiefs stood at a long table passing out turkeys as the employees marched by.

On this wave of prosperity J. Stuart Blackton took to the sea with an amazing series of costly speed boats and became the Commodore of the Atlantic Yacht club, acquiring the title that he has carried ever since in the motion picture world.

This speed boat diversion brought into Blackton's service Wallace Van Nostrand, a motor and racing expert, who tinkered the Commodore's boats and engineered his marine exploits. Van Nostrand followed the Commodore ashore and also joined the Vitagraph family, becoming known on the screen as Wally Van.

In this same period, Vitagraph acquired Hugh McGowen, a fat and funny person. Mr. McGowen, despite his cheerful predisposition to slapstick, was, according to his contemporaries at Vitagraph, an undertaker in Ocean avenue when he followed the crowd of extras into Vitagraph yard, curiously seeking to see what all the excitement was about. Nothing seemed to be taking place, so McGowen rested his bulk on a bench and dropped off to sleep.

Now this was the most outstanding studio trait of the distinguished John Bunny. It followed by the logic so peculiar to the motion picture mind that another fat man, who was equally sleepy, might very well be also funny. They poked McGowen into wakefulness and put him to work. He broke into motion pictures in his sleep—probably the only instance of his kind in the history of the industry. To the followers of the screen the merry undertaker became known as Hughey Mack.

Out in Chicago Essanay began increasing its stock company and acquired J. Warren Kerrigan, who then rejoiced in the joyous title of "The Gibson Man," presumably because he was at least as handsome as the Gibson Girl of Charles Dana Gibson's creating. It was early in 1910 when Kerrigan made his first screen appearance in Essanay's "A Voice from the Fireplace." Kerrigan's fatal beauty, by the way, had led him to pose for New York illustrators, and he had some share of stage repute from his appearances in the Shubert productions of "Brown of Harvard" and "The Road to Yesterday."

In the next chapter of this history we shall review the strangely capricious career of the quest of natural color for the screen, a phase of the art which has yet to find itself today and from which surprising developments may now come at any time. The pursuit of color is nearly as old as the motion picture itself, and the years back there contain many a never told tale of absorbing interest. It is one of the many dramas within the drama of the motion picture.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES FOR PHOTOPLAY

will be found on page five below the table of contents.

Cecil and Bill

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

to mind. In the great living room of Cecil's ranch home, Paradise, is a pipe organ. A magnificent affair it is, too, painted in vivid colors and carrying out the motif of the Totem Pole Indians that pervades the place.

When he entertains guests there, or goes away for a week-end rest, Cecil plays the organ. He sits back on the big divan, presses a button, and the electric attachment renders the rolls. It is very beautiful and Cecil has a varied and interesting taste in musical selections.

In William de Mille's Hollywood home there is an organ, too—an old-fashioned affair, with pedals and pull-stops. And William loves to sit there, dreaming over the yellow keys, pumping the worn pedals, and bringing out the sweetest strains imaginable.

Both brothers have homes in Hollywood.

The Cecil B. De Mille mansion is in fashionable Laughlin Park and tops an entire hill. It is surrounded by rolling, terraced lawns and exquisitely kept gardens. Inside the stately house of white plaster everything reflects aristocratic wealth and elegance. Noiseless service. Priceless rugs. Marvellous dinners.

Mrs. Cecil De Mille is one of the most aristocratic and beautifully gowned women in Los Angeles, and a social leader of importance.

The William de Mille house occupies a valuable piece of ground on a section of the Boulevard that is fast yielding to business demands. It is a big, brown, shingle affair, spacious and rambling and weather-beaten. The yard is filled with palm and fig trees, and in the summer sun they give off a delicious and intoxicating perfume. An army of wire-haired fox terriers races about, barking and tumbling in sheer joy of living. In the summer, there is a carpet of California poppies and wild larkspur under the trees, and in winter they leave a pale gold stubble.

Altogether a homey, comfortable house with a lot of personality and an air of delightful carelessness.

Mrs. William de Mille is a small, cheerful, frank-spoken woman of terrific intellectual force and a wonderful sense of humor. Her clothes are obviously built for service and comfort and not for decorative purposes. She is the daughter of Henry George, and she and William still think the way to have a good time is to fling their money and their brains behind the lost cause of the single tax.

Cecil De Mille is a very rich man. His fortune is estimated at from five to fifteen millions. A director of banks. An owner of oil companies. He has gambled—mildly—with his vast earnings, and increased them many times. He is shrewd and fearless in money matters.

William is a comparatively poor man. He has made and lost two or three fortunes. Now he has become a conservative investor in bonds and mortgages.

Cecil's pictures cost on an average three and a half times as much as William's. For example, "Adam's Rib" cost \$350,000 or thereabouts, and "Only 38" cost about \$125,000.

UNTIL this year, Cecil's pictures have made tremendous fortunes, each of them, and William has been a comparative failure as a box office director. Now William's following seems to be strong enough, and the people who love the worth-while things he has been doing seem to have increased enough so that his pictures are making nearly as big returns on the money invested as his brother's.

William is a splendid public speaker.

Cecil rarely, almost never, can be induced to talk before many people.

William loves tennis and has played in some of the big western tournaments.

Cecil likes yachting and swordfishing, and holds a number of records for the big catches he has made.

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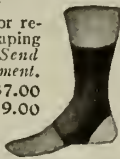
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He is aggressive and constantly reaching out for new ideas.

William, on the other hand, is slow and pleasant, much sounder, much deeper and much more human to talk to. He is not so impressive at the time, but you will think for weeks about things he has said.

He will probably be instantly annoyed with me for saying it, but he always reminds me of a character Barrie might have written.

Balzac alone could have drawn C. B.

The Most Engaged Girl in the World

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

A man who is always talking has got to be either a bore or a liar. I've known them to be both. But that's neither here nor there.

I admit I should like a handsome husband. Like every other girl in the world, I've seen a lot of men it would be almost too easy to fall in love with. These good-looking young shicks that remind you of posters of the season's best half-back, can dance like Mordkin, and dress like the ads in Vanity Fair. Sleek-haired Romeos with deep-dark eyes, and elegant young blondes with tanned skins and blue-blue optics have their advantages.

That's all very well for the little necessary emotions along life's journey.

No woman is immune from these passing thrills, no matter how intelligent she may be.

But marrying—ah, marrying is something else again.

I HOPE I shall be strong-minded enough never to indulge in the luxury of a handsome husband.

That's assuming a distinct liability which even Lloyds can't insure.

No, I'd rather choose a husband for his brains. They all look alike after about so long anyway. Even the most beautiful scenery can become monotonous if there's no drama going on in it.

When I select a husband, if I ever do, I think my yardstick will be to measure his faults and be sure I can live with them.

His virtues will take care of themselves.

After all, no matter how fine and noble and splendid a person may be, if his faults drive you crazy, it's bound to be difficult to live with him.

For instance, I have my little pet aversions. I could never, never, never be happy with a man if he cut his hair square across the back, or ate creamed spinach, or wore rubbers, or liked poodle dogs, or drank vanilla ice cream sodas, or wore pink carnations in his button-hole, or read all the ads in the Sunday papers, or carried an umbrella, or bought plaid overcoats, or laughed in the middle of a funny story, or didn't laugh at the end, or fussed with waiters, or added up the dinner check, or made a noise when he swallowed or used pink powder after he shaved, or wore buttoned shoes, or dotted ties, or read over my shoulder—oh, little trifles like that.

Not at all important. No? But if you can't live with them, you can't live with them.

The mother instinct in women makes them love men for their faults, anyway.

Only pick your faults.

Some women can stand one kind of faults, and some can stand others.



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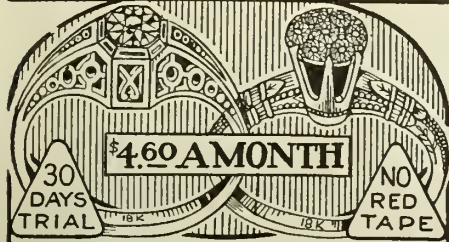
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One woman will put up with infidelity, if a man is kind and pays his bills on the first of every month. Another woman doesn't care if the bill collectors move their cots right up on the front porch, but, if a man looks at a pretty girl getting into an automobile, she will talk about it for a month.

One woman doesn't care if her husband has been out breaking the 18th amendment into a thousand pieces, but if he comes home and hangs his coat on the floor and his collar under the bed and his socks over her new lamp shade, it's grounds for a divorce. Another woman can stand ashes on the best carpet, and papers on the good davenport, and finger marks on the mahogany baby grand, but if she smells a whiff of home brew it means home to mama for her.

And it doesn't matter if a husband is 100 per cent on principle and honor and morality, if he reads the paper at breakfast and forgets her birthday, but remembers George Washington's because there is a prize-fight on George's. His bank balance and his court record may be perfect, but if he can't resist the temptation to see who won the ball-game or how Johnston and Lenglen came out at Wimbledon before he kisses wife, he is not her idea of a good husband.

A good man isn't always a good husband. A great many virtuous and moral people permit themselves fault: of temper and disposition that make marriage almost as difficult as the major faults of character.

They may keep the Ten Commandments, but they don't live up to Paul's beautiful explanation in the 13th chapter of his epistle to the Corinthians.

Personally, I abhor hypocrisy, and lying, and uncharitableness, and grouchiness, and unkind words, and jealousy, and suspicion, and petty spying, and the habit of disagreeing all the time, and lack of appreciation, and joylessness, and superiority that tries to shake your own self-confidence, and rudeness, and readiness to take offense where none is meant, more than any other faults in the world.

I couldn't stand a man who always objected to everything I did, from the way I put stamps on my letters to the way I asked central for a telephone number. I couldn't stand anyone who wasn't happy and didn't like to laugh.

Laughter is the most precious possession that two people can share.

I couldn't endure dishonesty of any kind—even the so-called smart business practices that are supposed to be quite all right.

I couldn't stand a jealous man, or one that didn't have faith in me and in my own decency and my own intention to do right and play fair.

I couldn't live with a man who wanted to work all the time and didn't know how to enjoy the beautiful things in the world—like music, and books, and outdoors.

SO it seems to me the safest marriage-insurance is to learn their faults and see if they are the ones you can live with.

And if they can live with yours. Because, no matter how hard we are trying, we all have faults.

And understanding and kindness and trust help us to get rid of them much more quickly than criticism and harsh words.

The greatest problem to face about marriage is that it must last forever. Or it should, if possible.

And yet the thing that is most often fatal to romance is time. Romance is so gauzy, so fragile, so effervescent. A touch of laughter, a bad quarter of an hour, a breath of disagreement, and it's gone.

So, I've watched my friends, I've studied my own experience—it's always a comfort to know that at least part of one's mistakes are in the past—and I've decided that the kind of a man I really would like to marry is the kind of a man I would choose for a pal.

It's much easier to live together when romance is gone than when comradeship is



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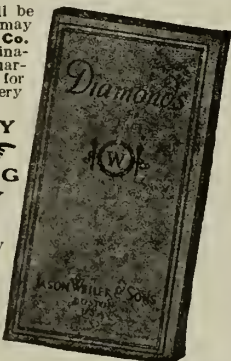
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gone. I want a man who likes the same things I do. Who reads the same books. Dances the same steps: Loves the same dogs: Who trusts me: Who thinks I have a right to my opinions and my likes and dislikes: Who has the same viewpoint about life and work and immortality that I have.

A professional woman—an artist—must be particularly sure before marrying that the man understands the demands that her work makes upon her; that he realizes not only that it requires most of her time, but that it absorbs the greater part of her energy and the best of her mentality. If he's willing, honestly willing, to accept those terms, they can be happy. Otherwise, there isn't a chance.

I've been fortunate enough in my life to have a number of close and very wonderful girl chums. I've had two sisters, to whom I am very close. You choose a woman friend because she is congenial and understanding and helpful and honest and interesting and comfortable to be with when things go wrong, and inspiring and appreciative when they go right. You love your sisters for those same qualities, of course.

And it seems to me that's a test that might be applied to the man you want to marry. Granting that original and unexplainable attraction that must exist between a man and a woman before they even consider marriage, would you want him for a pal? Would you choose him for a best friend or a chum?

And, as I said in the beginning, don't pay any attention to one word of this, because I'm just as apt to do something entirely different. And like every other woman, I'm always hoping that a real love, a beautiful love, so big that all rules and all problems and all difficulties are left outside the door, will come to me and last forever and ever.

Speaking of Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

"Of course, you may," declared Carmel, flushed with the complimentary tribute. "Come right over to my dressing room."

"Oh, thank you, Miss Naldi!" exclaimed the lady effusively.

WITHOUT doubt the two best informed, most popular, and cleverest writers on motion picture topics today are Adela Rogers St. Johns and Herbert Howe, both of whom are now representing PHOTOPLAY in Hollywood. We have received hundreds of letters asking about them and next month we shall give you their pictures and tell you something of their past and present. Or rather, they will tell on each other. No social gathering of the film folks is complete without them and if they told all they know, what a party it would be! If you fail to follow Herb's monthly page, entitled "Close-ups and Long Shots," you are missing a treat. Mrs. St. Johns has become famous as a short story writer for COSMOPOLITAN and PHOTOPLAY, and is writing a serial of motion picture life for this magazine which will begin in the December issue. It is called "The Love Dodger," and it's just as good as the title.

THE prize publicity effort of the month: "Black Oxen are the most virile of animals." Think that over.

A Mean Retort

WILLIAM RUSSELL was watching Al St. John on the lot the other day, as the comedian skipped through a laugh-inciting incident.

"Good gag, Al," commented Bill. "Oh, I've had that in my head for a long time," replied Al. "Sort of aged in the wood?" remarked Bill, and was gone before Al could frame up a nasty comeback.—Morning Telegraph.



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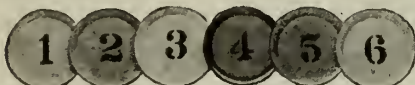
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WHY NOT LOOK PROSPEROUS

KLEIN & CO. 122 W. Madison Street, Dept. 1922, Chicago, Ill.

Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105]

MARY PICKFORD is to play *Juliet* for the screen. This has been a "consummation devoutly to be wished" for a long time, and at last it has been arranged. This "Romeo and Juliet" will be the first production in which she will be directed by Ernst Lubitsch. And, hark ye! Her *Romeo* will be none other than friend husband, Douglas Fairbanks himself. There's one good thing. Doug won't have to use a ladder to reach the balcony. He can jump up. This will be their first appearance in the same picture.

And while we are on this Shakespeare line, be it known that Norma Talmadge is also planning to do *Juliet*, just as soon as she completes "The Dust of Desire." These two productions will make four versions of the tragedy that have been done. Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne did it some time ago, and Theda Bara also played *Juliet*.

THE weird and mystic letter "M" is playing a heavy rôle in one of the most exciting and dankest mysteries with which Hollywood has ever had to deal. Interwoven in the mystery with this letter are stealthy spies, masked men lying in ambush, shots fired from dark corners, threats of assassination and, it is rumored, several society scandals. The mystic "M" appears in these factors in the mystery: Mary Miles Minter, Ma Minter, Mary Miles Minter's Millions. The whole thing, which seems to be more or less of a tempest in a teapot, appears to have been stirred up by someone who wants to revive the William Desmond Taylor case. Of course, Mary and Ma are at swords' points. Ma was taken to the hospital, very ill, and Mary refused to go to see her. Then another "M" entered the case—Margaret, a sister of Mary. Margaret said Mary had disappeared, had been kidnapped or something. Mary denied it. Mary said the trouble was that Ma and Margaret had a lot of her money and Ma was seeking sympathy. Mrs. O'Reilly—Mary is really Juliet O'Reilly, you know—began to talk of dying. Mary was adamant, and demanded an accounting from Ma. Then came the stories of Mary being under surveillance, of the spies and all the rest of it, including a yarn that someone had taken a shot at another girl who was living in Mary's former home. It missed her, hitting a man who was with her, the story goes. Anyway, Hollywood is all "het up" over it and, of course, the Taylor case was dragged in, Mary having been mentioned at the time of that investigation.

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT, conceded, after his own venture, to be the handsomest man in the pictures, will—here's a surprise!—be Norma Talmadge's leading man in her picture of South African life. The name of it will be "Dust of Desire." And, speaking of South Africa, "Ponjola," Cynthia Stockley's story of that same heated country, is being made, with a cast including James Kirkwood, Tully Marshall, Joseph Kilgour, Anna Q. Nilsson and Claire Du Brey.

IT took ten afternoons' work to get just one hundred feet of a misty twilight scene for Glenn Hunter's latest Film Guild picture, "Grit." Ten afternoons gone forever to give just one minute of beauty to the screen! It was necessary to catch a certain atmospheric and light condition that lasts for just a few moments each day—and so a fortnight was shot to pieces.

GEORGE MARION, who created the original role of *Chris Christopherson* in the prize play, "Anna Christie," has been engaged to play the same part in the picture, and Blanche Sweet has been chosen to do the title part that Pauline Lord made famous. Incidentally, it is said the Eugene O'Neill received \$100,000 for the screen rights of the play.



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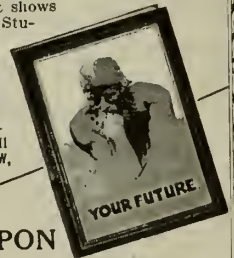
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THE preview nights at "The Writers" in Hollywood are becoming increasingly popular. Big new films are shown there for the first time to members of the club only. The recent showing of "Going Up," the new Douglas MacLean comedy, nearly brought down the roof. A very select and celebrated audience came to view it, including Mr. and Mrs. William de Mille, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brabin (Theda Bara), Mabel Normand, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Sir Popham Young, Clara Beranger, Josephine Quirk, May Allison, Richard Dix, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray and a number of prominent writers.

Theda Bara declared as she went out that "we don't think Mr. Chaplin ever made so funny a comedy," and William de Mille told his party during the film that he considered it the best comedy he had seen on the screen. Charles Brabin said: "I haven't laughed so much since the old Weber and Field days."

So it looks as though Douglas would enliven the coming season with that rarest and most delightful of screen entertainments—a dramatic comedy.

KENNETH HARLAN, who is playing the title rôle in "The Virginian," got himself well into the atmosphere of the story while working on location, a few miles out of Los Angeles. Owen Wister's famous character was noted for being "quick on the draw" and, while trying to do this, Mr. Harlan's revolver caught in the holster and exploded. The bullet made a long tear in his thigh and forced a bit of his overalls into his leg. Everbody sympathized with him except the cameraman, who informed him that shooting was the cameraman's job, not the leading man's.

EDMUND LOWE, leading man in "In the Palace of the King," has discovered a new use for scopolamin, the serum which makes people tell the truth. He wants this serum injected into these persons:—

All assistant directors when they agree with the chief.

All motion picture "yessers" when they have given too many affirmative answers.

All actors who tell the director they are ill when night work is scheduled.


All visitors who tell every actor they think he is "the greatest hero on the screen."

All publicity men when they say "there's nothing to the rumor."

MARION DAVIES says that she likes film prize fights better than real ones. After witnessing the fight in "Little Old New York," she was so enthusiastic about the sport that she accepted an invitation to go to the Willard-Firpo bout. But she found, to her horror, that the whacking and thumping were far too realistic to be pretty, which shows that Marion is a real girl, after all!

FOLLOWING the opening of "Scaramouche" in New York, Rex Ingram plans to dash abroad for a vacation and to study conditions in Europe with an eye to producing pictures there. He expects to make one picture with Ramon Novarro in the leading rôle before filming "The World's Illusion," by Wasserman, on an elaborate scale. Alice Terry, his wife, will probably accompany him to Europe, although she says she suspects Rex of wanting to park her with his family in Ireland while he does gay Paree alone.

MARILYNN MILLER has sprained her knee and has had to postpone the opening of her play, in Washington, because she is unable to dance. And it all happened because she got a silly idea that she needed dancing lessons—which, when one considers the lyric dancing of Marilynn, seems a profane thought. Anyway, Theodore Kosloff administered the lessons. And they were so strenuous or something that the sprained knee was the result. And everybody's sorry except husband Jack Pickford—for even a sprained knee is a help when it keeps a beautiful young bride home for a week or two longer!



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GLORIA SWANSON recently had the experience of being pictorially disembodied for one whole day. While making "Zaza," the company worked all day on action which showed the star looking out of the doorway of her dressing room. Only her head and shoulders showed, and all the "shots" taken that day found her in that position.

A NEW corporation, called Little Theatre Films, Inc., has been organized with the intent to do for the screen what the Little Theatre movement has done for the stage. It has a most pretentious advisory board, including Ralph Block, Hugo Ballin, Rupert Hughes, Paul Bern, Charles Chaplin, Walter Pritchard Eaton, William de Mille, D. W. Griffith, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Robert Sherwood, Clayton Hamilton, Rex Ingram, Ernst Lubitsch, Frank Reicher, June Mathis, George Marion, Oswald Garrison, Rob Wagner and Kenneth McGowan. It seems as if an array of names like that should produce something very much worth while.

POLA NEGRI has been eclipsed. Pola fainted during the production of "Hollywood," but Mae Busch swoons after every close-up in "Master of Man."

WHEN Al Jolson broke his contract, and ran away to Paris, he thought—and perhaps still thinks—that some kind providence was guiding him. For Al is fond of both Irene Castle and her husband, Captain Treman. And he felt sure that he had arrived upon the scene in time to put a stop to their marital troubles.

You see, it all happened this way. Irene, dancing in Paris, had filed divorce papers. And her husband had rushed over from America to see what it was all about. But he didn't find out, and he wasn't getting anywhere, at all, until Al—still a trifle breathless because of his hurried exit from the Griffith studios—appeared upon the set. And insisted upon taking the two principals out to luncheon at a certain chummy little place on the Rue de la Paix.

The luncheon started out to be a frosty affair. But Al Jolson is an adept at making audiences—even chilly ones—feel happy. It wasn't long before one of his wise cracks brought a chuckle from the Captain. And it wasn't much longer before Irene was giggling. And, with both of them in a receptive frame of mind, it was quite the natural thing for Al to suggest that they kiss and make up. Which they apparently did!

And so there was a second honeymoon somewhere along the Riviera, and the suit for divorce wasn't mentioned, and Al was just beginning to look like the cat that swallowed the canary, when the Tremans suddenly up and left—on separate steamers—for America. And since then the papers have been printing the news of the divorce one day, and denying it the next.

And, at this time of writing, nobody, not even Al Jolson, knows just what really is going to happen. Or has happened.

THE engagement of Gouverneur Morris, famous author whose stories have been made into some of our most successful screen plays, to Miss Helen Wightman is announced. Miss Wightman has been his secretary for some years. Mr. Morris was recently granted a divorce from his first wife on the grounds of desertion.

CLARENCE JAY ELMER, casting director for Cosmopolitan, is having a hard time these days. He's searching all over for men with cauliflower ears to play in the new "Leather Pusher" story—called "Cain and Mabel"—in which Anita Stewart will be starred. A good many ex-champion prize fighters are coming forward to make a bid for the honor of playing in the same picture with Anita—and turning a prize fighter down, gently, when he wants a job, is ticklish work for any casting director!

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Casts of Current Photoplays

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119]



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"THE FLYING DUTCHMAN"—F. B. O.—Based on the opera by Richard Wagner. Adapted by Lloyd Carleton. Director, Lloyd Carleton. Photography by Andra Barlatier. The cast: *Philip Vanderdecker*, Lawson Butt; *Melissa*, Lola Luxford; *Zoe*, Ella Hall; *Robert*, Edward Coxen; *Peter Van Dorn*, Walter Law.

"BLACK SHADOWS"—PATHE—Produced by Edward G. Salisbury. The cast: Chief Gau, the head-hunter; Chief Kavi, Chief Popi, The Medicine Man, Kakyo Tonga, Osopo, the spearman; warriors, dancing girls, diving girls, natives, head-hunters, chieftains.

"THE MIRACLE BABY"—F. B. O.—Story by Frank Pierce. Adapted by Bernstein-Jaccard. Director, Val Paul. Photography by William Thornley. The cast: *Neil Allison*, Harry Carey; *Judy Stanton*, Margaret Landis; *"Hopful"* Mason, Charles J. L. Mayne; *Hal Norton*, Edward Hearn; *Violet*, Hedda Nova; *Jim Starke*, Edmund Cabt. *Dr. Amos Stanton*, Alfred Allen; *Sam Brodford*, Bert Sprotte.

"BROADWAY GOLD"—TRUART FILM CORP.—Adapted by Kathlyn Harris. Director, Edward Dillon and J. Gordon Cooper. Photography by J. R. Diamond. The cast: *Sunny Duane*, Elaine Hammerstein; *Jean Valjean*, Kathlyn Williams; *Eugene Durant*, Elliott Dexter; *Elinor Calhoun*, Elois Goodale; *Cornelius Fellowes*, Richard Wayne; *Page Poole*, Harold Goodwin; *Jerome Rogers*, Henry Barrows; *The Driver*, Marshall Neilan.

"THE GREEN GODDESS"—DISTINCTIVE.—From the stage play by William Archer. Adapted by Forrest Halsey. Director, Sidney Olcott. Photography by Harry A. Fischbeck. The cast: *The Rajah of Rukh*, George Arliss; *Lucilla Crespin*, Alice Joyce; *Major Crespin*, Harry T. Morey; *Dr. Basil Traherne*, David Powell; *The Ayah*, Jetta Goudal; *Hatkins*, Ivan Simpson; *The High Priest*, William Worthington.

"MOTHERS-IN-LAW"—PREFERRED.—By Frank Dazey and Agnes Christine Johnston. Adapted by Olga Printzlau. Director, Louis Gasnier. The cast: *Vianna Courtleigh*, Ruth Clifford; *David Wingate*, Gaston Glass; *Ina Phillips*, Vola Vale; *Alden Van Buren*, Craufurd Kent; *Newton Wingate*, Josef Swickard; *"Mom"* Wingate, Edith Yorke; *Tessie Clarke*, Doris Stone; *Lillian Burke*, Marie Curtis.

"LOST IN A BIG CITY"—ARROW.—Story by N. S. Woods. Scenario by L. Case Russell. Director, George Irving. Photography by Joseph Settle. The cast: *Harry Farley*, John Lowell; *Florence, his niece*, Baby Ivy Ward; *Helen, his sister*, Jane Thomas; *Sidney Heaton*, Charles Beyer; *Blanche Maberly*, Evangeline Russell; *Simcon Maberly, her father*, Charles Mackay; *Dick Watkins*, James Phillips; *Salvatori*, Edgar Keller; *Guboni, his nephew*, Whitney Haley; *Trooper Ned Livingston*, Edward Phillips; *Mrs. Leary*, Anne Brody; *"Raisin"* Jackson, Charles A. Robbins; *A Hunchback*, Zeb Darcy.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91]

D. S., DAYTON, OHIO.—Roscoe Arbuckle has been dancing and melting his excess pounds in midsummer exercise at Marigold Gardens, in Chicago. His plans are "on the knees of the gods." Meanwhile, since beginning his dancing engagement at the Marigold Gardens, he has not heard the whine of the wolf, nor have its claws scratched its initials on the doors of his hotel suite.

VERONICA OF CANADA.—Certainly I read your letter. Every syllable of its well-written pages. Allow me to congratulate you. The fashionable hand is not often read at a glance as yours is. Kind of you to inform me as to the brownness of your eyes and hair and the fairness of your skin. My color scheme is otherwise. You honor me by your charming fancies. But my mirror does not reveal an "interesting person," certainly not to me. Milton Sills is a busy motion picture hero. But if you were to tell him of the startling resemblance to your dear friend who was killed in Flanders Field in 1917, I am sure he would write you, whether he knows of any kinship to him. Milton Sills was born in Chicago. He was educated at the University of Chicago. A stage career antedated his adoption of the screen. For eight years he served prominent managers as leading man of their companies—David Belasco, the Shuberts, William A. Brady and Charles Frohman. His screen career began under the Goldwyn banner. He married the English actress, Gladys Wynne. They have two children. There are two small Sills, or if you like, Silses. His address is care Universal Film Co., Universal City, Cal.

BETTY, NEWARK, OHIO.—The beauty contest opened in the July issue. Theda Bara, called "The Queen of Vamps," retired to matrimony, but the retirement is not to be permanent, according to rumor. It is rumored that she will return to the screen in Elinor Glyn's famous love story, "Three Weeks." Shirley Mason's eyes are gray.

CONSTANCE OF FREEPORT, L. I.—Your aunt, who spent the fog end of the winter in Miami, was indeed fortunate to have snapshotted and chatted with Bebe Daniels, Antonio Moreno, Nita Naldi, Dorothy Dalton, Maurice Costello and David Powell. Found them very natural, human persons, didn't she? Yes, it is usual to send 25 cents to cover the expense of the photographs requested. Bebe Daniels' photographs can be procured by addressing her, care Paramount Studio, Long Island City, N. Y. Norma Talmadge and Rodolph Valentino are both gracious in the matter of distributing their photographs to those who write as prettily as do you, Miss Connie.

ELOISE, LEXINGTON, KY.—You had a vast company in mourning for Wallace Reid. Yes, Mrs. Reid's name was Dorothy Davenport. If you address her, care Thomas H. Ince Studio, Culver City, Cal., she may arrange to send you a photograph of the lovable star who met so tragic an end. "How tall and how old is Edward Burns?" Is that a woman's gauge of a man? I "just wanted to know." His age is thirty-one years. His height is five feet, eleven and a half inches. It would be only slight exaggeration to call him a six-footer. He is married. Billie Burke is not on either the stage or screen at present. She told me that she is considering an offer to go to England to do a picture. There are two plays which she intended to give trials this past summer.

E. E. S., CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Loyal admirer of Marguerite Clark, have no solicitude for her welfare. She married a rich and handsome officer in 1918. She is living in the South, I believe in New Orleans, in content and luxury. There is no present indication that she will return to the screen. Your loyalty to Dorothy Dalton merits this sheaf of information. Miss Dalton may be seen in the recently completed "Fog Bound," with Martha Mansfield, Maurice Costello, David Powell and others.

KATHERINE, EVANSVILLE, IND.—Katherine of the, I am sure, ill-fitting surname, Mudd, your desire for information about him whom you designate truthfully as a "fine and accomplished actor" is cheerfully furnished. Lewis Stone is much admired by members of his own profession. A rare and significant fact. He was born in Worcester, 1879. He has been a soldier, cowpuncher, a big game hunter, a sailor and an actor. He was a sergeant of the Twelfth Infantry of New York in the Spanish war and captain at the officers' training camp at Plattsburg, N. Y., in 1917. By much travel and military service he is equipped to represent the types of many climes. His first wife, who has been Miss Margaret Langham, died suddenly while he was in training camp at Plattsburg. Miss Florence Oakley became the present Mrs. Stone.

J. H., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Rodolph Valentino will not appear in pictures before 1924, judging from reports. He has no relatives in New York save that charming young woman who is closely related to him by marriage, his wife. In the February, March and April numbers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE appeared the story of his life.

L. C., MOUNT OLIVE, N. C.—The life story in outline of the girl whom you designate as "The Perfect Flapper" follows: Pauline Garon was born in Montreal, Canada, September 9, 1903. She was educated at Sacred Heart Convent, Montreal. She is a petite beauty, her height being five feet one inch and her weight one hundred pounds. Her eyes are hazel, her hair blonde. She had a brief stage career. Her photoplay appearances have been in "Sonny," "Reported Missing," "The Man from Glengarry," "Adam's Rib" and "You Can't Fool Your Wife."

BAMBINO, ST. LOUIS, MO.—You are pardoned for boasting of a response to your letter to Rodolph Valentino. I have not the slightest doubt that he saw the letter and that he wrote or dictated the reply, the conclusion of which gratifies you.

J. L., MORRISON, ILL.—If you are a boy of thirteen you are my youngest correspondent, J. L. All of the thundering-footed horses in "Ben Hur" won't drag your real name from me. Are you afraid of the "to bed without supper" sentence? This is the cast for which you ask: "Timothy's Quest," American Releasing; directed by Sidney Olcott; story by Kate Douglas Wiggin; scenario by Katherine Stuart; photographed by Al Liguorie and Gene French. *Timothy*, Master Joseph Dewey; *Lady Gay*, Baby Helen Rowland; *Miss Avilda Cummins*, Marie Day; *Samantha Ann Ripley*, Margaret Seddon; *Jabe Slocum*, Bertram Marburgh; *Hitty Tarbox*, Vivia Ogdin; *Miss Dora*, Gladys Leslie; *Dave Milliken*, Wm. F. Haddock.

INTERESTED, SAN FRANCISCO.—Howard M. Mitchell is a neighbor of yours as the magnificent spaces of the West go. He is a director of the Fox Film Studio. The address is 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, California.

JEANNE H., ST. LOUIS.—A kind heart and a discerning eye are yours, Miss Jeanne. Your characterizations are just. Johnny Walker is "so darned human that he is irresistible," and Lawrence Wheat has a "winsomely humorous grin." That grin has expanded into greater width since he played college boys and juvenile lovers on the Broadway stage. I do not know whether his figure has expanded from its wand-like elegance of a few brief years ago. Johnny Walker is married. Gaston Glass is not. I am uncertain about Lawrence Wheat. Mr. Wheat's address is Paramount Studios, Long Island City, N. Y. Gaston Glass' mail will reach him by way of Preferred Pictures, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif. Johnny Walker's, through the Arthur H. Jacobs Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.



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CHIROPRACTIC and Smallpox

By JAMES G. GREGGERSON

National Lecturer for the Universal Chiropractors' Association

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TWENTY years ago compulsory vaccination was taken for granted, but in recent years the movement to abolish it has gone by leaps and bounds in every state in the Union. England, after testing the vaccination theory for more than a century, entirely abandoned it. Dr. Walter Hadwen, M. D., M. R. C. S., of Gloucester, England, speaking on this question at a public meeting in Los Angeles, Calif., June 16, 1922, said:

"Now, my friends, the whole of this wretched vaccination and inoculation system is based upon superstition! Thank God, we have carried a law in my country that no one need be vaccinated, and 75 per cent of the children born in the United Kingdom remain unvaccinated. We never had so little smallpox in all our history. It is practically non-existent."

This vaccination idea was tested in Kansas City, Missouri, during 1921, and here are the facts as published by the Advertisers' Protective Bureau of the Kansas City Advertising Club, George M. Husser, Sec'y, 801 Graphic Arts Bldg., Kansas City, Missouri:

"It is the policy of this bureau to deal only in facts. This policy underlies the bureau's work as a quasi-public institution in its mission of suppressing for the benefit of the public fraudulent and misleading advertising or publicity. . . ."

"The facts seem to be that health conditions just before the 'epidemic' were favorable, from the less than 50 per cent hospital attendance, the small list of contagious cases on record at the health office (see list) and the fact that E. H. Bullock, health officer, felt the time opportune to take his annual vacation. We learned also that medical practitioners had fewer cases, and were not overrun with calls. . . ."

"The sudden calling of the epidemic and the attendant publicity changed all this. Every medical practitioner in the city found his hands full with vaccinating patients, both at the office and in the homes. Unofficial estimates place the number of paid vaccinations (as distinguished from free vaccinations of school children and at health centers) at 200,000, for which it is alleged fees ranging from 25 cents up to \$5 each were charged. An estimated average fee of \$2.50 would yield an aggregate of one-half million dollars expended by the public of Kansas City during this period for vaccination alone. Besides the vaccination expenditure many people suffered from the after-effects of vaccination, some of them severely. For these, medical attention was required, in some instances over a period of months, with added expenditure. Besides, there were numbers who, from reading of the epidemic, imagined they had the symptoms of smallpox and desired medical advice, which added to the cost. This phase need not be entered into at length, the above outline being, we believe, sufficient to emphasize our point."

The vaccination theory was also put to the test in the Philippine Islands for seventeen years, with the following results as given by the Masonic Observer of Minne-

apolis, Minn., issues of Dec. 17th, 1921, and of Jan. 14th, 1922.

"Sixty thousand, six hundred and twelve cases of smallpox, and 43,294 deaths from smallpox in the Philippines in 1919. . . ."

"We were unable to secure a 1919 report of the Philippine health service, and this is not surprising in view of a discovery made in the report of that organization for 1920, tucked away in one small paragraph on page 24 of the report, which discloses that the smallpox epidemic of 1918 continued during 1919 with a total of 60,612 additional cases and 43,294 deaths for 1919. . . ."

"The Philippines have experienced three smallpox epidemics since the U. S. first took over the islands, the first in 1905-1906, the second in 1907-1908, and the third, and worst of all, the recent epidemic of 1918-1919. Before 1905 (with no systematic general vaccination) the case mortality was about 10 per cent. In the 1905-1906 epidemic, with vaccination well started, the case mortality increased to over 16 per cent. In the epidemic of 1907-1908, with general systematic vaccination going strong, the case mortality ranged from 25 to 50 per cent in different parts of the islands. During the epidemic of 1918-1919, with the Philippine Islands, supposedly, almost universally immunized against smallpox by vaccination, the case mortality averaged over 65 per cent. These figures can be verified by reference to the report of the Philippine health service for 1919, see page 78. These figures are accompanied by the statement that the 'MORTALITY IS HARDLY EXPLAINABLE.' To anyone but a Philippine medical health commissioner it is plainly the result of vaccination."

Not only has smallpox become more deadly in the Philippines, but in addition,

"The statistics of the Philippine health service show that there has been a steady increase in recent years in the number of preventable diseases, especially typhoid, malaria and tuberculosis."

(Quoted from the 1921 Report of the special mission on investigation to the Philippine Islands, of which commission General Leonard Wood was the head.)

Just as a sort of condiment to this mass of facts, let us quote from Physical Culture of June, 1922. It places the facts very briefly as follows:

"IS THERE METHOD IN VACCINATION MADNESS?"

"Most vaccinated country, Philippine Islands, population 10,350,640, smallpox deaths, 1919, 44,408. Least vaccinated country, England and Wales, population 37,885,242, smallpox deaths, 1919, 28."

These facts admit of no contradiction. Kansas City can be reached with a one-cent postal card, the report of the surgeon general of the Philippines is public property, and the authorities from which Physical Culture quotes are accessible to everyone. It is an established fact that the public

has been victimized for over a hundred years by those whose science consisted of getting the cash by frightening the people with repulsive pictures. The injection into your body of the rotten tissue from the sores of a cow with cowpox to prevent smallpox, was a superstition when performed by those who knew no better. Its continuance with the facts established is a crime against humanity.

Chiropractic teaches that smallpox is the result of poisons accumulating in the body because the organs of elimination are not functioning properly. The poisons that ordinarily pass out through the kidneys, bowels, etc., are retained in the body and the "power within," that throws these poisons out, starts to expel them through the pores of the skin. These pores being closed permit the poisons to accumulate until they produce the eruption peculiar to smallpox.

We teach that the reason the bowels and kidneys do not work right, is because the functional impulse does not reach these organs, due to the fact that a vertebra in the spine is misaligned, thereby impinging the nerve and interrupting the normal flow of these functional impulses to bowels, kidneys, etc.

This adjustment of the vertebrae is the chiropractor's work, and this practice of ascertaining which vertebrae are misaligned by palpation, and adjusting them to normal alignment by hand, is all the chiropractor does. It is upon this simple practice of the palpation and adjustment of the vertebrae of the spinal column with the hands for the purpose of releasing the prisoned impulse, that Chiropractic has made the most astonishing growth of any profession in the history of the world.

Of course, Chiropractic is not the practice of medicine, and of course the real chiropractor is but a demonstrator of an idea. He is not a jack of all trades. Those who do other things beside palpating and adjusting the spine, in the name of Chiropractic, simply adopt the name chiropractor for business reasons. The denser the ignorance of these gentlemen, the more contraptions they use to conceal their ignorance. Those who wish to try Chiropractic should see that they secure a **competent** practitioner, and the service of directing you to the office of a competent practitioner will be performed by



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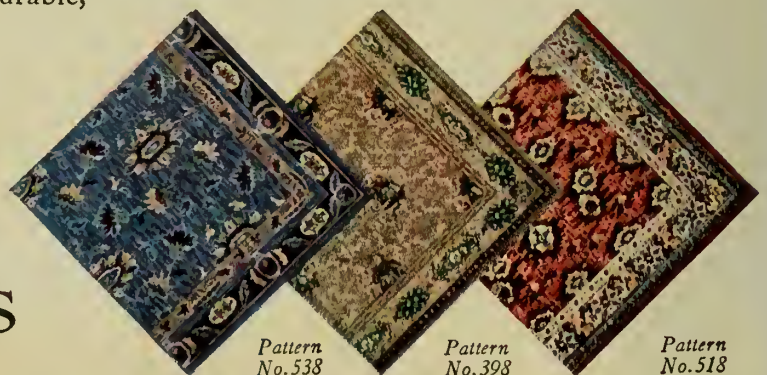
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Do Your Friends "Feel Sorry" for You?

YOU are meeting new people every day—on the street, in the home, at various functions indoors and out. Every time you are "invited" *some one* stands sponsor for you. Every time you attend a social gathering, a party, a dinner, a dance, *some one* believes, or at least hopes, that you will do and say the right thing.



What's Wrong With This Picture?

Good breeding—or the lack of it—is as quickly detected on the street as anywhere else. There are good manners and bad even in the simple matter of walking in public. Is it ever permissible for a man to take a woman's arm? When walking with two women, should a man take his place between them? Your ability to answer these questions is a fair test of your knowledge of what is the correct thing to do.



Shall She Invite Him In?

She doesn't know. They have spent a delightful evening together. Might they not prolong it a little? She would like to, and plainly so would he. But what should one do under such conditions? Should he ask permission to go into the house with her? Should she ask him to call at some other time? What does good usage say is the proper thing to do?



Are You Ever Tongue-Tied at a Party?

Have you ever been seated next to a man or a woman at a dinner and discovered that there wasn't a thing in the world to talk about? Does the presence of strangers "frighten" you—leave you groping desperately for words that will not come? When in the company of strangers, are you suddenly stricken dumb?

Do you live up to these expectations? Are you perfectly poised, self-confident, well-mannered, a delightful companion or guest—or must your friends secretly apologize for your awkwardness and lack of breeding? Must they *always* be making excuses for your mistakes in social deportment? Must they go on forever "feeling sorry" for you?

The person who knows the correct forms of social usage is never a source of discomfort or pity, either to his friends or to himself. He is never timid, "tongue-tied," ill at ease among strangers. He never finds himself stumbling and blundering at the very moment when he wants to make a good impression. Always calm, perfectly poised, sure of himself, he is never at loss for the right word, the proper action, no matter what unexpected condition may arise.

Are You a Welcome Guest?

To know what to do, say, wear, at all times and on all occasions, is to display those signs of gentle good breeding which people of culture and refinement approve.

Are you a welcome guest in the most highly respected circles? Do you know how to impress others with your dignity, grace and charm, whether in the theatre, on the street, at the dinner table, in the ballroom, wherever you may be? Do you converse smoothly and entertainingly? Do people seek you out, enjoy your company? Is your every word and act faultless, pleasing, beyond reproach?

The One Standard Social Guide

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Do you know how to introduce men and women correctly? On what occasion, if any, a man may hold a woman's arm when they are walking together? How to take leave of the hostess after an entertainment? What to say to your partner in the ballroom after the music ceases? Whether olives should be eaten with the fingers or a fork? Whether a man precedes or follows a woman down the aisle at the theatre? Whether she may be left alone during an intermission? These are but a few of the hundreds of embarrassing problems which are solved for you in the Book of Etiquette.

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- and her name was flashed on a thousand screens!

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A housewife who aspired to recognition and income — and won both.

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You will see the name of Mrs. Ethel Styles Middleton of Pittsburgh on the screen. Last year she clipped a coupon like the one on this page and through the creative test which that coupon brought her, satisfied herself that her *desire* to create a screen drama was *backed up by natural ability*.

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FRANK T. POPE
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WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXIV

No. 6

Contents

November, 1923

Cover Design	May Allison
From a Pastel Portrait by J. Knowles Hare	
Brickbats and Bouquets	10
Letters from Readers	
Friendly Advice	Carolyn Van Wyck 12
The Department of Personal Service	
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures	16
In Tabloid Form for Ready Reference	
Rotogravure:	27
New Pictures: Mary Eaton, May McAvoy, Colleen Moore, the Dolly Sisters, Netta Wescott, Enid Bennett, Louise Fazenda	
Speaking of Pictures (Editorials)	James R. Quirk 35
The Loves of Pola Negri	Herbert Howe 36
There Is a Heartache in Every One of Them	
Her Daddy Calls Her "Shrimp"	39
Even Though Peggy Montgomery Has Entered Stardom's Portals	
The Spirit of the Motion Picture	Margaret E. Sangster 40
An Appreciation in Verse of the Youngest of the Arts	
Illustrated by William L. Dodge	
Some Good Titles at Last (Photographs)	42
Film Actors Whose Patents of Nobility Are Genuine	

(Contents continued on next page)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine — refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

Page 74	The Hunchback of Notre Dame . . . Universal
	Rosita United Artists
	The White Sister Inspiration Pictures
Page 75	If Winter Comes Fox
	Six Days Goldwyn
	Potash and Perlmutter First National
Page 76	Why Worry? Pathe
	Ruggles of Red Gap Paramount
	The Cheat Paramount
	Where the North Begins Warner Brothers
	Strangers of the Night Metro
	The Silent Command Fox
Page 78	Rouged Lips Metro
	Puritan Passions Hodkinson
	Drifting Universal
	To the Last Man Paramount
	Dulcy First National
	The Gold Diggers Warner Brothers
Page 100	The Eternal Struggle Metro
	Second Hand Love Fox
	The Six-Fifty Universal
	April Showers Preferred Pictures
	Red Lights Goldwyn
	Where Is the West? Universal
	The Gun Fighter Fox
	The Lone Star Ranger Fox
Page 101	The Eagle's Feather Metro
	The French Doll Metro
	Salomy Jane Paramount
	Bill Paramount
	The Power Divine Independent
	The Social Code Metro
	The Fair Cheat F. B. O.
Page 102	The Clean-Up Universal
	Desire Metro
	The Grail Fox
	The Destroying Angel Associated Exhibitors
	Shattered Reputations Lee Bradford
	Running Wild Educational
	Tea With a Kick Associated Exhibitors
	Does It Pay? Fox
	The Untamable Universal
	The Midnight Alarm Vitagraph
	A Chapter in Her Life Universal
	Daytime Wives F. B. O.
	The Silent Partner Paramount
	Blinky Universal
	Three Ages Metro
Page 103	A Knock at the Door Johnnie Walker
	His Last Race Phil Goldstone
	The Fighting Strain Steiner
	The Secrets of Life Principal Pictures

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Contents—Continued

"Let There Be Light"	44
Without the Kleigs There Can Be No Motion Picture Art	
The Life Tragedy of a Sennett Beauty	46
Herbert Howe It's Not His Eyes That Weigh Down Ben Turpin's Heart	
What Makes Them Stars? "Lure!" Says Fred Niblo	48
The Famous Director Reveals the Secret of Screen Success	
A De Mille "Paradise" (Photographs)	50
A Picturesque Retreat Only Twenty Miles from Hollywood	
M. Charles De Røche	51
Adela Rogers St. Johns The Life Story of a Coming Favorite of the Screen	
Betty and Jobyna	52
Adela Rogers St. Johns What Are the Misses Compson and Ralston Really Like?	
Photoplay's Hollywood Astronomers	54
"Our Herb" Adela Rogers St. Johns	
"Our Adela" Herbert Howe	
Analytical Sketches of Our Western Representatives	
Close-Ups and Long Shots	55
Herbert Howe Comment on the Activities of Screen Personalities	
Who and What Is Hope Hampton?	56
Bland Johaneson Baffling, but Unanswered, Questions	
Not in the Scenario (Fiction)	58
The First Installment of a Great Story <i>Illustrated by R. Van Buren</i>	
My Screen Lovers	63
Barbara La Marr Not a Triangle. Worse! A Pentangle!	
The Romantic History of the Motion Picture	64
Terry Ramsaye Chapter XX: The Great Story of Color on the Screen	
Rotogravure:	67
Mabel Normand, George Walsh, Percy Marmont, John Gilbert, George Hackathorne, Ann Pennington, Dorothy Mackaill	
"Be Yourself" (Fiction)	71
Roy Milton Iliff The Story of a Girl Who Wanted to Win Success in Her Own Way <i>Illustrated by R. Van Buren</i>	
The Shadow Stage	74
The Department of Practical Screen Criticism	
The Girl on the Cover	80
Mary Winship The New May Allison	
Gossip—East and West	82
Cal York Intimate Glimpses of the Film Folk	
Twentieth Century Meets the Fifteenth (Photograph)	86
A Striking Event During the Filming of Marion Davies' New Picture "Yolanda"	
Questions and Answers	89
Casts of Current Photoplays	108
Complete for Every Picture Reviewed in This Issue	
Why Do They Do It?	122
Screen "Breaks" Reported by Readers of PHOTOPLAY <i>Addresses of the leading motion picture studios will be found on page 20</i>	

What's Going to Happen to Jackie Coogan?

The future of this infant phenomenon, this child of eight years whose income is reputed to be \$500,000 a year, is arousing much speculation. Some extremely interesting opinions as to what will become of him have been contributed by his father, by Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin, Rex Ingram and Jackie himself. A feature that will interest every patron of motion pictures.

What Makes Them Act?

Rex Ingram, who brought Rodolph Valentino into the spotlight of fame, who made Alice Terry a star, and who has made a finished artist of Ramon Novarro, will tell in the December PHOTOPLAY how he did it. He will give his method of training inexperienced actors and actresses to get the marvelous results he has achieved.

Home Decoration Hints from Pictures

Also in the December issue PHOTOPLAY will begin a series of practical articles on home furnishing and decoration, as suggested by motion pictures, written by William J. Moll, a recognized authority on this subject. He will tell what can be done to beautify the home, effectively and inexpensively.

How to Write for the Screen

John Lynch, one of the foremost writers for the screen in this country, has arranged with PHOTOPLAY to answer in its pages all questions pertaining to screen writing. Mr. Lynch has spent years in adapting novels and writing originals, and is eminently qualified to advise ambitious writers.

All these features and many others of interest will appear in

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"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED"
By Rudyard Kipling. A George Melford production, with Jacqueline Logan, Percy Marmont, Sigrid Holmquist and David Torrence. Scenario by F. McGrew Willis and Jack Cunningham.

"THE SPANISH DANCER"
Starring POLA NEGRI. A Herbert Brenon production, with Antonio Moreno, supported by Wallace Beery, Kathlyn Williams, Gareth Hughes, Adolphe Menjou and Robert Agnew. Written for the screen by June Mathis and Beulah Marie Dix, from the play "Don Cesar deBazan," by Adolphe D'Ennery and P. S. P. Dumanoir.

"STEPHEN STEPS OUT"
Starring DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., with Theodore Roberts, supported by Noah Beery, Harry Myers, Forrest Robinson. Directed by Joseph Henabery. From the story by Richard Harding Davis. Scenario by Edfrid Bingham. Presented by William Elliott and Jesse L. Lasky.

"THE CALL OF THE CANYON"
A Zane Grey production, with Richard Dix, Lois Wilson and Estelle Taylor. Supported by Noah Beery, Ricardo Cortez and Charles Ogle. Adapted by Doris Schroeder and Edfrid Bingham. Directed by Victor Fleming.



If it's a Paramount Picture

—and the STARS DIRECTORS and Supporting Casts

Pictures

Continued from left hand page

"SPEE JACKS"

A motion picture record of A. Y. Gowen's famous voyage around the world in a 98-foot motor boat.

"WEST OF THE WATER TOWER"

Starring GLENN HUNTER, with Ernest Torrence and May McAvoy. Supported by George Fawcett and Zasu Pitts. Directed by Rollin Sturgeon. Adapted by Doris Schroeder from the novel by Homer Croy.

"WILD BILL HICKOK"

Starring WILLIAM S. HART (in an original story by himself), supported by Ethel Grey Terry and featuring Bill Hart's Pinto Pony. Screen play by J. G. Hawks. A Wm. S. Hart production.

"BIG BROTHER"

By Rex Beach. An Allan Dwan production, with Tom Moore and a distinctive cast. Adapted for the screen by Paul Sloan.

"FLAMING BARRIERS"

A George Melford production, with Jacqueline Logan, Antonio Moreno, Charles Ogle, Walter Hiers. By Byron Morgan. Adapted by Jack Cunningham.

"THE HUMMING BIRD"

Starring GLORIA SWANSON. A Sidney Olcott production. From the play by Maude Fulton. Screen play by Forrest Halsey.

"TO THE LADIES"

A James Cruze production of the play by George Kaufman and Marc Connelly. With Edward Horton and a great comedy cast.

"EVERY DAY LOVE"

A William de Mille production, with Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt and Nita Naldi. Supported by Theodore Kosloff, Robert Edeson and Rod La Rocque. From the novel "Rita Coventry," by Julian Street. Screen play by Clara Beranger.

"THE HERITAGE OF THE DESERT"

A Zane Grey production, with Bebe Daniels, Ernest Torrence and Noah Beery. Directed by Irvin Willat. Adapted by Albert Le Vino.

"PIED PIPER MALONE"

Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. Supported by Lois Wilson and a big cast. By Booth Tarkington. Directed by Alfred E. Green. Adapted by Tom Geraghty.

"MY MAN"

Starring POLA NEGRI. A Herbert Brenon production. Written for the screen by Fred Jackson from the play "Mon Homme" by Andre Picard and Francis Carco.

"WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD"

Starring GLENN HUNTER. Francis Wilson's famous comedy. By Charles Marlowe. Edited and titled by Ralph Spence.

"TRIUMPH"

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S production; with Leatrice Joy and Rod La Rocque, from the Saturday Evening Post story by May Edginton. Adapted by Jeanie Macpherson.

"THE STRANGER"

A Joseph Henabery production with Richard Dix, Leatrice Joy, and Lewis Stone. From the story "The First and the Last" by John Galsworthy. Adapted by Edfrid Bingham.

"ARGENTINE LOVE"

Starring GLORIA SWANSON. Screen play by Julian Johnson from the story by Vicente Blasco Ibanez. An Allan Dwan production.

"NORTH OF 36"

James Cruze's production with Jack Holt, Ernest Torrence and Lila Lee. By Emerson Hough.

"THE NEXT CORNER"

A Sam Wood production of the novel and play by Kate Jordan. Adapted by Monte Katterjohn.



William de Mille



James Cruze



Allan Dwan



Sam Wood



Herbert Brenon



Alfred E. Green



George Melford



Victor Fleming



Joseph Henabery



Irvin Willat



Rollin Sturgeon



Agnes Ayres



Jack Holt



Jacqueline Logan



Theodore Roberts



Lois Wilson



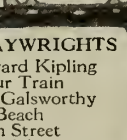
Charles De Roch



Julia Faye



Hale Hamilton



Edward Horton



Noah Beery



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Davis	George Kaufman
Kate Jordan	Andre Picard
Maude Fulton	Adolphe d'Ennery
Charles Marlowe	Monte Katterjohn
Tom Geraghty	Edfrid Bingham
Jack Cunningham	Clara Beranger
Jeanie Macpherson	Julian Johnson
Albert Le Vino	P. S. P. Dumanoir
Francis Carco	F. McGrew Willis
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Paul Sloan	June Mathis
Walter Woods	Forrest Halsey

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

The Law of the Flawless

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I saw "The Law of the Lawless," last night, with Dorothy Dalton and Charles De Roche. He is good-looking, one must admit. But he cannot be compared with Rodolph Valentino. With Valentino one cannot find fault, for he is perfect. But with De Roche one can find fault. His profile is terrible, his face is too thin and he is too tall for the screen. Charles De Roche cannot take Rodolph Valentino's place. For Rodolph is still loved by the public and many are waiting for him to return to the screen.

Will some of the men please tell me why they dislike Rodolph? I think they are all jealous of him because they know he is good-looking but they won't admit it. Many men ridicule him, but instead of ridiculing him, they had far better copy him. May he soon return to the screen!

MARIE THOMAS.

The Anti-Tobacco Movement

Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I'm "sore" on the motion picture. There are many not worth the wasted time, let alone the ticket! True, a few are good, but there should be a higher percentage of good ones.

What disgusts me most is the fiendish persistence of most producers in forcing the patron to look upon some one or more actors in nearly every film, sucking a cigarette.

Mr. Producer, there is nothing manly, elevating, educational, decent or entertaining about that and, in furthering the tobacco trust's propaganda for this brain-consuming menace you acknowledge your depravity or need of money—maybe both.

E. P. FERTE.

Sentimental About Tommy

New Haven, Conn.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: May I be permitted a bouquet for Thomas Meighan? This is not for his burial, either, for we cannot give him up—not for a long time. I agree with Ruth Hamilton in your September issue, "we fans must rally," and rally we will. Mr. Meighan knows the picture business from start to finish, but he also knows something about his fans and how they love him and his fine clean pictures. No,—with dear Wally gone, we cannot spare Tom yet. There are far too few pictures put out that a family may count on enjoying together. We need him on the screen. Let others do the directing.

To me Mr. Meighan is laying a sure foundation for better and more wholesome pictures and I want him to stay till his work is done and something lasting is accomplished. We need his high picture and moral ideals. So come on Americans, Irish or otherwise, and let us support our true blue Yankee.

ELEANOR M. BENTON.

Two Regular Fellows

Hartford, Conn.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I read Mrs. Lois B. Wilson's letter in your magazine and agree with her that we want to see more of Richard Dix in your magazines. I have been looking for months for a good-sized photo of Dix and have been unable to find one in the PHOTOPLAY.

I would also like to see more of Cullen Landis. I think he is the "nicest grown-up kid" on the screen.

BARBARA DAY.

Brickbats & Bouquets

LETTERS FROM READERS

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. 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 full name and address.

Be Yourself, Betty

San Jose, Calif.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I want to make one protest, that is Betty Compson playing crook rôles.

I have just seen "The Woman with Four Faces," and after seeing Miss Compson in "To Have and To Hold," I was very much disappointed. Not in her acting—that was splendid, but rather seeing her, the lovely heroine of that beautiful story, as a crook.

Please, Miss Compson, don't play that kind of a rôle. I (and I think other fans) would sooner see you as yourself, more like *Jocelyn Leigh*.

Now I wish to give her through this department, a great big bouquet for her acting in "To Have and To Hold." It was perfectly lovely: Mother and I have agreed to that!

Hoping to see her in another rôle like it soon.

RIA E. MCCANN.

For Gloria and Irene

Nashville, Tenn.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Just a few words of praise for Irene Rich. Oh, but she is lovely! I saw her in "Brass," and if ever an actress made a hit with me, it is she. Her naturalness has won her many friends in the South, and Nashville (The City of Opportunity) especially. They haven't stopped talking about her yet.

Monte Blue, as usual, was wonderful.

And why all the Brickbats for Gloria Swanson? Indeed she can act, and, if she can't, she can wear her clothes well, and that is more than some women can do! I think it is worth the price of admission to see the lovely gowns she wears so well.

"DINKIE" CLAIRE.

Dragging in the Fetes

Indianapolis, Ind.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I have just got home from seeing "The Girl Who Came Back," and I liked it: But—

We have here a good story, a good cast (Kenneth Harlan is great, and Miriam Cooper has always seemed to me the most beautiful woman on the screen, and a splendid actress, besides). Then why, in the name of all that's erratic, drag in the Oriental fete scene? It only served to divert the attention and weaken the story, since it just appeared suddenly without warning and without reason, unless it be to show the costumes.

I have noticed this in a good many pictures lately—suppose it is brought about by the success of several pictures recently in which such costumes and settings were all right, and a part of the plot. But I wish we didn't have to be annoyed by seeing it when there's no cause for it, and almost no excuse.

"The play's the thing," and the accurate portrayal of the characters in it.

NELLIE SHERMAN.

Ruddy's Place

Selma, Ala.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Like many others I have read "Brickbats and Bouquets" for ages and ages, but I have never before contributed anything to its columns.

I read Allan Smith's letter in the August issue and I thoroughly agree with him. Fans are entirely too quick to criticize a star for what he cannot do, instead of praising him for what he can do!

I couldn't possibly write a letter without saying some word for Valentino. Stars may come and stars may go, but Ruddy will live forever!

Ramon Novarro is a splendid actor and he is exceedingly handsome, but he will never take the place of our beloved Rodolph. Ruddy's world of admiring fans are waiting with open arms to receive him back when he comes.

I have just seen "Only 38" and I must admit that every single actor and actress who made that picture such a success is worth a diamond-studded gold medal (if there ever has been such a thing). May McAvoy was especially impressive. Taking it "all in all" it was a glorious production.

RUBYE L. RUTLEDGE.

Forgetting the Fundamental Thing

Yonkers, N. Y.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: It seems to me that the motion picture industry is artistically at a standstill—and has been for the last three years. I admit the boldness of such a statement, yet it is not a suddenly arrived at conclusion, being my frank opinion as a fan. Nor am I one of these detestable individuals who set up their thought as a criterion and admit no other argument; for while I say that the industry is at a standstill in so far as improvement is concerned, I do not see any irrevocable reason why it should be.

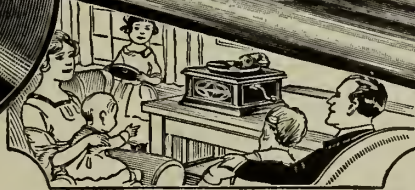
The motion pictures produced "Broken Blossoms." It was a work of art. What has been done can be done again, and improved upon. "Broken Blossoms" is now over three years old and, by universal acknowledgment, it has never been equaled. Why?

To be sure, we have had "Humoresque," which was perhaps the nearest approach to

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 24]



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When you see this splendid Phonograph and hear how clearly and wonderfully it plays the selections, you will wonder how we can sell it at such a low price, on such easy terms, and give the 12 records free. But we are going to prove that Hartman's prices are lowest and Hartman's terms most liberal—that's why we send you this splendid Phonograph at this smashed price.

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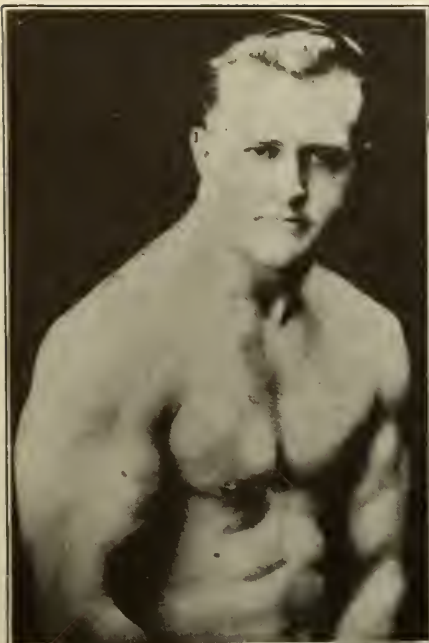


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Latest Photograph of Earle E. Liederman

If you were dying tonight

and I offered you something that would give you ten years more to live, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well, fellows, I've got it, but don't wait till you're dying or it won't do you a bit of good. It will then be too late. Right now is the time. To-morrow, or any day some disease will get you and if you have not equipped yourself to fight it off, you're gone. I don't claim to cure disease. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance!

A REBUILT MAN

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting hold of a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow stronger. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it and I like to give the other fellow the laugh. I don't just give you a veneer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big, massive arms and legs on you but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs. The kind that give you real pep and energy, the kind that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

ALL I ASK IS NINETY DAYS

Who says it takes years to get in shape? Show me the man who makes any such claims and I'll make him eat his words. I'll put one full inch on your arm in just 30 days. Yes, and two full inches on your chest in the same length of time. Meanwhile, I'm putting life and pep into your old back-bone. And from then on, just watch 'em grow. At the end of thirty days you won't know yourself. Your whole body will take on an entirely different appearance. But you've only started. Now comes the real work. I've only built my foundation. I want just 60 days more (90 in all) and you'll make those friends of yours that think they're strong look like something the cat dragged in.

A REAL MAN

When I am through with you, you're a real man. The kind that can prove it. You will be able to do things that you had thought impossible. And the beauty of it is you keep on going. Your deep full chest breathes in rich pure air stimulating your blood and making you just bubble over with vim and vitality. Your huge, square shoulders and your massive muscular arms have that craving for the exercise of a regular lie man. You have the flash to your eye and the pep to your step that will make you admired and sought after in both the business and social world.

This is no idle prattle, fellows. If you doubt me, make me prove it. Go ahead. I like it. I have already done this for thousands of others and my records are unchallenged. What I have done for them, I will do for you. Come then, for time flies and every day counts. Let this very day be the beginning of new life to you.

SEND FOR MY BOOK "MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It contains dozens and dozens of full page photographs of both myself and my numerous pupils. This book is bound to interest you and thrill you. It will be an impetus—an inspiration to every red blooded man. I could easily collect a big price for a book of this kind just as others are now doing, but I want every man and boy who is interested to just send the attached coupon and the book is his absolutely free. All I ask you to cover is the price of wrapping and postage—10 cents. Remember this does not obligate you in any way. I want you to have it. So it's yours to keep. Now don't delay one minute—this may be the turning point in your life today. So tear off the coupon and mail at once while it is on your mind.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
Dept. 111, 305 Broadway, New York

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
Dept. 111, 305 Broadway, N. Y. City

Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith 10 cents for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of my latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....



FRIENDLY ADVICE

From
Carolyn Van Wyck

PEGGY S., CONNECTICUT.

I am sorry that blond hair is not becoming to you, now that you have bleached your pretty brown curls. Why, oh why, didn't you come to me earlier for advice? I might have averted the disaster. However, now that the mischief is done, you will have to make the best of a bad situation. *Don't, by any means, dye your hair brown again.* Your suggestion makes me shudder! If you keep on experimenting with color schemes you'll end by having no hair at all. You'll have to go through the disagreeable mottled stage that attends all "growing back parties"! And probably, when the months have crept past, you'll be a sadder and wiser young lady.

A. H. K., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

You tell me that your husband is untrue—you are sure because you have opened letters addressed to him, and read them! My dear, don't you know that you yourself have done a dishonest thing in opening mail addressed to someone else? How do you know the circumstantial evidence, that you possess so unfairly, is true? Circumstantial evidence often lies! The best thing to do is to admit what you have done to your husband—and hope that he will have a logical explanation. Only remember that you have been in the wrong, too!

MRS. E. J. K., NEW YORK CITY.

So your daughter of fourteen wants to go to dances and theaters—wants, as you put it, "to have a beau every minute"! Well, the mother of today—with an ultra modern daughter—has an everlasting problem to face. The girls of yesterday were so different—they made their debuts at eighteen. And played with baby dolls at fourteen. My only advice to you, Modern Mother, is that you strive to be tactful. Don't forbid too forcefully—try rather to exert a pleasant influence! Keep the guiding hand gentle, though firm. Renew your youth to the extent of taking an active interest in the affairs of your child. If she insists on "beaux" let her have parties at her own home—so that she will not go after her excitement in a clandestine way.

MABEL S., NEWARK, N. J.

With fair hair and brown eyes, you will be charming in an evening frock of bronze and green. The combination is a happy one, and is unusual. You ask what sort of slippers you should wear with the frock. I think bronze slippers and bronze chiffon hose the logical

choice, with a band of bronze in your blond hair. As you are inclined to be plump, have the dress made simply, with never a frill nor a ruffle. Straight lines are your forte. They will add materially to your attractiveness.

VERY BLUE, CONN.

If the man of your heart cannot make up his mind in regard to marrying you, there is nothing for me to say—and little advice for me to give. The days of witchcraft—of love potions and the like—are past. Only I might suggest that you make your pride step into the picture. A bit of pride, an aloof air, may help now, more than anything else. Man should always be the pursuer. When he is the pursued, he loses interest. If the man in question is made to think that you are a trifle hard to get, he may become much more eager to claim you as his bride. Knowing that you listen prayerfully to his every word will only add to his confidence—and his conceit.

MOTHER-IN-LAW, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

You feel that you are losing your son's affection. That he is being influenced against you by your daughter-in-law—whom you confess you do not like. You are sure, you say, that she talks about you, that she uses unfair means of turning your own flesh and blood against you.

Perhaps you are right. But then, again, perhaps you are doing this daughter-in-law a great injury. Perhaps, because you do not like the girl, you suspect her unjustly. Perhaps, because you are suspicious, you imagine slights. Perhaps—and this is most important!—the fault is on your side.

You give me no reason for your dislike of your son's wife. Are you quite certain that your feeling is not based upon a world-old jealousy? Are you sure that you would not have resented any girl that your son married? Because, by marrying him, that girl would take first place in his life!

No man can be happy, and normal in his actions, if he feels that he is the center of strife, of discord. Your son would naturally be more formal, less demonstrative, with you if he sensed that you were weighing his every word, and forming conclusions against the girl that he loves. His constraint, while in your presence, is partly caused by embarrassment. Try to relieve his embarrassment, and your own heart-ache, by making friends with his wife. Meet her more than half way. Make your common love for the same man a bond—rather than a dividing line.

Let Carolyn Van Wyck be your confidante She will also be your friend

CAROLYN VAN WYCK is a society matron, well known in New York's smartest and most exclusive inner circle. She is still young enough fully to appreciate the problems of the girl—she is experienced enough to give sound advice to those in need of it; be they flappers, business women, or wives and mothers. She invites your confidences—she will respect them—on any subject. Clothes, charm and beauty, love, marriage, the dreams and hopes that come to every one, the heartbreaks and the victories—who has not wished to talk them over with some woman who would be tolerant and just, sympathetic and filled with human understanding? Here is the opportunity to do so.

—The Editor

If New Hair Doesn't Grow After Using My Method — I Don't Want a Penny!

I mean just exactly what I say! I don't care how thin your hair may be—I don't care how many treatments you have taken without results. If my new discovery won't restore your hair, I don't want to keep a cent of your money! Furthermore I'll send you the proof of what I have done for others entirely FREE! Just mail the coupon below.

By ALOIS MERKE

Founder of Famous Merke Institute, Fifth Ave., New York

AFTER 17 years' experience in treating baldness—which included long years of experimentation in Heidelberg, Paris, Berlin, Geneva, Cairo and other centers of scientific research—I have discovered a startling new way to promote hair growth.

At the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York—which I founded—I have treated scores of prominent stage and social celebrities. People are coming to me from all parts of the country to gain the benefits of my discovery. Many pay as high as \$500 for the results I have brought them.

Yet now, through a series of ingenious inventions, I have made it possible for every one to avail themselves of my discovery—right in their own homes, and at a cost of only a few cents a day!

My Unusual Guarantee!

I know you are skeptical. I know that you have tried perhaps dozens of different remedies and treatments without results. I know that you have wasted time and money on treatments which by their very nature could NEVER restore your hair. All right. Perhaps my treatment cannot help you, either. I don't know. But I do know that it has banished falling hair and dandruff for hundreds of others—often with the first few treatments. I do know that it has already given thick, luxuriant hair to people who long ago had despaired of regaining their hair. And I am so downright positive that it will do the same for you that I am entirely willing to let you try it at my risk—and if it fails to restore your hair, then I'll instantly—and gladly—mail you a check, refunding every cent you have paid me. In other words, I absolutely GUARANTEE to grow new hair on your head—and if I fail, then the test is free.

Entirely New Method

What is my method? It is entirely new. It is entirely different from anything you ever heard of. No massaging—no singeing—no "mange" cures—no unnecessary fuss or bother of any kind. Yet results are usually noticeable even after the very first few treatments.

Many people have the idea that when the hair falls out and no new hair appears, that the hair roots are always dead.

I have disproved this. For I have found in many cases which have come under my observation that the hair roots were NOT dead, but merely dormant! Through undernourishment, dandruff and other causes, these starving, shrunken, roots had literally gone into a state of "suspended animation." Yet even if the scalp is completely bare, it is now possible in the majority of cases to awaken these dormant roots, and stimulate an entirely new growth of healthy hair! I KNOW this to be true—because I do it every day.

Ordinary measures failed to grow hair because they did not penetrate to these dormant roots. To make a tree grow, you would not think of rubbing "growing fluid" on the bark. Instead, you would get right to the roots. And so it is with the hair.



In all the world there is only one method I know about of penetrating direct to the roots and getting nourishment to them. And this method is embodied in the treatment that I now offer you on my positive guarantee of satisfactory results, or the trial costs you nothing. The treatment can be used in any home in which there is electricity.

Already hundreds of men and women who only recently were bald or troubled with thin, falling hair, have through this method, acquired hair so thick that it is the envy and admiration of their friends. As for dandruff and similar scalp disorders, these usually disappear after the first few applications.

Remember—I do not ask you to risk "one penny" in trying this treatment. I am perfectly willing to let you try it on my absolute GUARANTEE—and if after 30 days you are not more than delighted with the growth of hair produced, then I'll gladly return every cent you have paid me. I don't want your

money unless I grow hair on your head.

Free Booklet Explains Treatment

If you will merely fill in and mail the coupon below, I will gladly send you—without cost or obligation—an interesting 32-page booklet, describing my treatment in detail.

This booklet contains much helpful information on the care of the hair—and in addition shows by actual photographs what my treatment is doing for others.

No matter how bald you are—no matter if you are completely bald, this booklet will prove of deepest interest to you. So mail the coupon now—and it will be sent you by return mail.

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(Dozens of letters like the following are received every day by the Merke Institute.)

"In the short time I have used your treatment I have gained remarkable results. Dandruff has disappeared entirely. My scalp is now all full of fine new hair. Would not part with my treatment for 10 times its cost."

A. W. B.

"The top of my head is now almost covered with new hair about one-half inch long. I have been trying five years, but could never find anything to make my hair grow until your treatment."

T. C.

"Ten years ago my hair started falling. I used hair tonics constantly, but four years ago I displayed a perfect full moon. I tried everything—but without results. Today, however, thanks to your treatment, I am pleased to inform you that I have quite a new crop of hair one inch long. My friends are astonished at the results."

F. H. B.

ALLIED MERKE INSTITUTES, Inc., Dept. 3911
512 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, a copy of the new booklet describing in detail the Merke Institute Home Treatment.

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French Specialist Makes Startling Discovery and Tells How She Lost 50 Pounds in Two Months

See Her Free Offer Below

So as to enable every fat man or woman to benefit by the amazing French discovery with which Europeans are now getting rid of flabby hips and double chins, I will explain, for a limited time only to every one who mails coupon below **FREE OF CHARGE**, how I took off 50 pounds in 2 months.



No matter how much or how little you want to reduce, or how many things you have tried in the past, you can **NOW** do just as I did and get a slim, beautiful figure without **DIETS, EXERCISES, DRUGS, ABSURD CREAMS or APPLIANCES.** I will tell you just what to do to reduce and give you the secret for which millionaires have paid thousands.

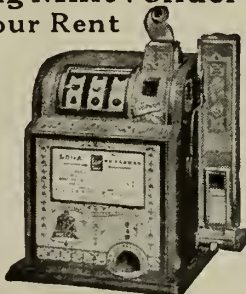
Madame Elaine, Dept. 25, 1819 Broadway, New York City—Kindly explain to me confidentially and absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE** what you did to reduce.

Name..... Street.....
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Install one in your store or any public place and get this money. Requires no attention. Always works. Machine's profits pay the rent. Write us about rebuilt machines. Finished like new. In excellent running order. Pay their cost in 10 days. Write or wire today. Price \$125. \$25 down payment. Balance C. O. D. Mints \$15 Per Case of 1000 5c packages.

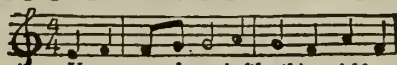


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Farmer Burns School, 1728 Railway Bldg., Omaha, Neb.



Lately there have come to me so many queries about stationery. "Just what sort of letter paper," I am asked, "do well-bred, fashionable people use?" It is to answer the many questions that I have had reproduced, here, a few samples of the personal correspondence paper that some of our leading stars affect!

At the top of the photograph, published here, you will see, opposite each other, the amusing letter sheet that Connie Talmadge uses, and the large business-like page of Douglas Fairbanks. Miss Talmadge's paper is white and gold, with a quaint little engraved cat—her pictured initials! The Fairbanks paper is tan, with engraving in a darker brown. The long monogram, directly below, is in rose and gold, on cream color—it belongs to Mabel Normand. The dresden-satin lined envelope goes with it. Mary Pickford's business stationery is simple, so is Pola Negri's. In velour finish and heavy linen, respectively. But Mary's personal letter head, a raised white monogram, on white (directly under the satin lined envelope) is as charmingly feminine as she, herself. Viola Dana uses a tan paper, engraved in brown—not unlike the stationery of the famous Doug. The crested correspondence card is from the house of Enid Bennett-Fred Niblo. It is an antique Italian paper, and the coat of arms is embossed in a bluish grey upon it.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

V. M. W., DETROIT, MICH.

Of course first love is an important and vital thing—at the time. No matter how young you may be. But it is foolish to set your affections so definitely upon one boy, at your age. There is plenty of time for love and romance; don't make any silly mistakes before you know the ways of the world—and the people in it. Go out with any of the boys who ask to escort you—with, of course, the permission of your parents. Do not cultivate the attentions of any boy that your mother does not like, or approve of.

You should weigh about one hundred and seventeen pounds. That is approximately the correct weight for a girl of five feet, three and one-fourth inches.

GLADYS-WITH-BLUE-EYES, DETROIT, MICH.

Yes, skirts will continue to be long. And the leading colors of the autumn will be mummy brown, a new green and black. Black satin is especially the mode—both the matron and the maid are wearing it. The mature woman appears in a simple, draped gown of black satin—the young girl wears a full skirted frock with a basque waist. A frock with a white gardenia on one shoulder, or white frills at the neck and wrist. Crepe satin is exceedingly smart, and so is canton crepe.

CORINNE, WAXAHACHIE, TEXAS.

Blackheads are distressing! I don't blame you for being annoyed by them. But they aren't very hard to get rid of.

First of all you must be sure that your diet is correct. And that your habits are regular. Clogged pores may result from poor digestion—or relative ills. And then you must be sure that, before you use powder and rouge, you apply vanishing cream. And that you also use cream—a cleansing cream, this time—when removing the rouge and the powder.

The Woodbury treatment is efficient, always, in beautifying the skin. And the complexion clays, that are so popular, will remove even the most stubborn blackheads. After removing them use an astringent, always, to tighten the pores. Use a cold cream powder, if your skin is oily.

You may promote the growth of your lashes by applications of white vaseline, or warm olive oil.

LOUISE, BRONX, N. Y.

Brown hair, brown eyes, and a clear complexion. You are indeed fortunate, for such a combination is charming in nearly every color.

For the autumn and winter the ruling shades will be green, brown and black. You can wear all three of them. You will also look well in dark or French blue, in tangerine, scarlet, orchid, rose color and all of the pastel tints. Use rouge in the ashes of rose shade, and Rachel No. 1 powder.

You can reduce through balanced exercise and diet. The Wallace exercises, and the giving up of candy, pastry and other sweets will work wonders. Your sister is about eight pounds overweight.

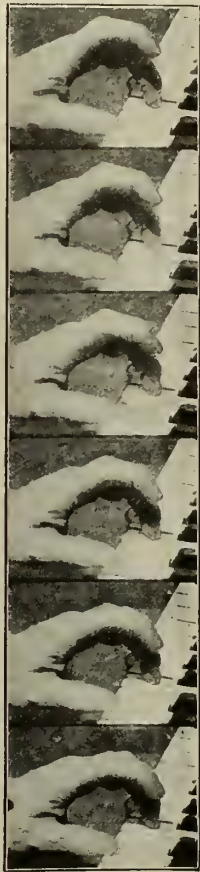
BOBBY G., SHREVEPORT, LA.

With dark golden hair and golden brown eyes you will be lovely in all shades of brown, in dark blue, in black, in green and in rose color. Decided colors will be more becoming to you than pale tints—although the pastel shades will be quite acceptable for evening wear. Five feet, five inches, is an ideal height for the type of dress that is so smart this season—the basque waist and the quite full skirt. Long, tight sleeves are more popular, now, than the short ones.

Any reliable skin food or hand lotion will keep your hands soft and white during the winter months. You will find several brands advertised in this magazine. Also—be sure, always, that you dry your hands carefully with a soft towel. Damp hands chap so very easily.



Stop Wondering How I Teach Piano I'll Show You, FREE!



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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

ABYSMAL BRUTE, THE—Universal.—A woman-shy young man with a wallop in his right fist and a come-lither in his eye, played by Reginald Denny in a way both manly and appealing. Jack London characters faithfully reproduced. This is a picture for everybody. (July.)

AFFAIRS OF LADY HAMILTON, THE—Hodkinson.—Lady Hamilton comes to a bad finish, but her road of life is not tedious by any means. Rather heavy German production. Not for children. (July.)

ALIAS THE NIGHT WIND—Fox.—A man unjustly accused, vanishes. Pursued by detectives, he has many hairbreadth escapes, and is finally captured by the blonde girl detective. That's all. (October.)

ASHES OF VENGEANCE—First National.—One of the first—and best—of the costume pictures. Norma Talmadge and Conway Tearle excellent. Should not be missed. (October.)

BAVU—Universal.—A gory tale of Bolshevick Russia, decidedly artificial. This doesn't apply to Wallace Beery, however, the double-dyed villain. Flappers may like the ultra-heroic Forrest Stanley. (July.)

BELLA DONNA—Paramount.—Pola Negri's first American-made picture does not fit her as well as those tailored in Berlin. Pola is more beautiful but less moving; a passion flower fashioned into a pointsettia. The picture is thoroughly artificial. (June.)

BLACK SHADOWS—Pathe.—A clever mixture of entertainment and instruction. Views of the strange people of the South Seas as they dance, swim and play. Colorful and interesting. (October.)

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE—Paramount.—Highly sophisticated and good entertainment with Gloria Swanson wearing gorgeous clothes as only she can. Put it on the preferred list. (October.)

BOSTON BLACKIE—Fox.—The inside of the world's most disagreeable prison, with a happy ending that arrives just in time. (August.)

BRASS—Warner Brothers.—Not for those who read the novel by Norris. A story which doesn't dare anything. Harry Myers excellent in small role. (June.)

BRASS BOTTLE, THE—First National.—A fantastic picture, amusing and well done. Sort of Arabian Nights entertainment. The Oriental prologue is especially fine. Barbara La Marr and Ernest Torrence in cast. (October.)

BRIGIT SHAWL, THE—First National.—A pretty play of distinct atmospheric charm, a tale of Havana intrigue with Cuban strugglers for liberty on one side and soldiers of Spanish oppression on the other. Well acted by Richard Barthelmess, Dorothy Gish, Jetta Goudal and William Powell. (July.)

BROADWAY GOLD—Truart.—A formula picture of the good little chorus girl; forced into marriage with a dying rich man. He gets well, of course, causing complications. A jazz party is well done. Just fair. (October.)

BROKEN WING, THE—Preferred.—A story of Mexico and an American aviator who crashes through a roof into the arms of a pretty girl. Moves rapidly and is interesting throughout. (September.)

BUCKING THE BARRIER—Fox.—Dustin Farnum beating up thugs who would thwart him from claiming his rightful estates. (June.)

BURNING WORDS—Universal.—The Canadian Mounted, and a trooper who gets his man. This time the man is a brother. (August.)

CHILDREN OF DUST—First National.—A pleasant little story of old Gramercy Square, but with too much childish love-making. And then, at the end, the war is dragged in. (August.)

CHILDREN OF JAZZ—Paramount.—A fast story, unique plot, quaint costumes and delightful photography. Altogether, good entertainment. (September.)

CIRCUS DAYS—First National.—Jackie Coogan's new one. This shows the lovable boy star at his best and funniest. It is all Jackie, of course, but none the worse for that. (September.)

CORDELIA THE MAGNIFICENT—Metro.—High society with everybody blackmailing everybody, even the heroine, who does it unconsciously, of course. Badly adapted story. (July.)

CRASHING THROUGH—F. B. O.—Not so bad—not so good. A Harry Carey jumble of heroics. (June.)

CRITICAL AGE, THE—Hodkinson.—Another Ralph Connor Glengarry story, well told. Lacking in the original force and spiritual element. (July.)

CROSSED WIRES—Universal.—And yet another little Cinderella. She prefers sassiness to the switchboard, and she achieves her heart's desire, not without some heart-throbs and much laughter. (July.)

A special service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments upon all photoplays of the preceding five months.

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PHOTOPLAY has always been first and foremost in its film reviews. However, the fact that most photoplays do not reach the great majority of the country's screen theaters until months later, has been a manifest drawback. This department overcomes this—and shows you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money.

You can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. The month at the end of each tabloid indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

CUCKOO'S SECRET, THE—Bray.—They say it took ten years to get this picture of the world's laziest bird. It is remarkably interesting and instructive. (September.)

DAUGHTERS OF THE RICH—Preferred.—High society, American heiress, decadent Russian duke and so on. Some novelty, but not much punch. Some of the settings are beautiful. (September.)

DAYS OF DANIEL BOONE, THE—Universal.—A serial with much interesting and historical value. Plenty of adventure and with many surprisingly real characters. (September.)

DESERT DRIVEN—F. B. O.—The best picture Harry Carey has made for a long time. It starts in prison and ends in the desert after many adventures and a good love story. (September.)

DEAD GAME—Universal.—Hoot Gibson does some hard riding and fast thinking. (July.)

DIVORCE—F. B. O.—Jane Novak is so beautiful, in this, that nothing else matters. Not even the plot. (August.)

DON QUICKSHOT OF THE RIO GRANDE—Universal.—A western that should have been a comedy. The small boy's delight. (August.)

DON'T MARRY FOR MONEY—Apollo.—Still the formula—and this time an old one. This one used to work out, but picture patrons are wiser nowadays. Just a programme film, that's all. (October.)

DOUBLE DEALING—Universal.—A stupid young man buys property of a confidence man, and of course the property assumes a great value. Otherwise how could it all end so happily? (July.)

ELEVENTH HOUR, THE—Fox.—Roaring melodrama for the youngsters, Shirley Mason sharing starring honors with Charles Jones. Everyone who likes adventure will enjoy it. (October.)

ENEMIES OF WOMEN—Paramount-Cosmopolitan.—An Ibanez romance filmed in Paris and Monte Carlo, decorated by Urban, dressed by Poiret and gilded by Ziegfeld. A million dollars' worth of beauty, including Alma Rubens, and superb acting by Lionel Barrymore. (June.)

EXCITERS, THE—Paramount.—A jazzy little comedy-melodrama with plenty of action and speed. Tony Moreno and Bebe Daniels at their best. Good entertainment. (August.)

FIGHTING BLOOD—(Second Series)—F. B. O.—Prize fight stuff, of course, with a new and blonde leading woman for the O'Hara boy. About the usual prize ring serial. (October.)

FLYING DUTCHMAN, THE—F. B. O.—An unusual picture which follows very closely the Wagnerian opera of that name. The tragic legend is well told and photographed, with Ella Hall doing good work. (October.)

FOG, THE—Metro.—A story of small-town ethics with the "how his soul was saved" angle played up. The cast is good, but the direction poor. (September.)

FOG BOUND—Paramount.—One of the formulas. Innocent man accused—lovely lady saves him. Good cast, fine photography, Palm Beach settings, and conventional ending. (August.)

FOOLS AND RICHES—Universal.—The handsome hero and his money are soon parted, but being a hero he wins another fortune, and being handsome wins the girl. (July.)

FOURTH MUSKETEER, THE—F. B. O.—Johnnie Walker at his best as a young prize-fighter who gives up certain championship for the little wife. (June.)

GARRISON'S FINISH—United Artists.—The old, hackneyed race track story, with the Southern colonel, the doped horse 'n' everything. Jack Pickford has the lead. Race scenes the best. (August.)

GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE, A—Paramount.—The story drags at the start, but picks up speed and becomes rapid and interesting. Jack Holt is featured, but the best acting is by Frank Nelson as a burglar. Above the average. (October.)

GIRL I LOVED, THE—United Artists.—We recommend this without a single qualification to the entire family. It deserves your attention. A fragile wistful little lyric inspired by J. Whitcomb Riley's poem of a country boy who loves his foster sister. Ray gives one of the best performances of the screen year, superb in its humanness and tenderness. We cannot recommend it too highly. (July.)

GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST, THE—First National.—Another return engagement, but the fine old story marred by difficulties of casting. Warren Kerrigan and Sylvia Bramer the leads. (August.)

GIRL WHO CAME BACK, THE—Preferred.—The dear girl doesn't come back, really, but she does get diamonds and two husbands. So everybody's happy, unless possibly the audience. (July.)

GLIMPSES OF THE MOON, THE—Paramount.—Beautiful sets, beautiful gowns and oh, such beautiful ladies! In a word, an eye-ful. But nothing much for the heart. (June.)

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GO-GETTER, THE—Paramount-Cosmopolitan.—The Go-Getter has lost much of his pep passing from magazine to screen, but it is a pleasant, well-round narrative for a' that. (July.)

GREEN GODDESS, THE—Distinctive.—George Arliss in a screen version of his famous play, which is as good as the stage version. One of the best of the season. (October.)

GRUB STAKE, THE—American Releasing Corporation.—Fifty-seven varieties of woodland creatures, ranging in styles from bears to porcupines. Also Nell Shipman. A unique forest picture. (June.)

GRUMPY—Paramount.—A superb characterization by Theodore Roberts. (June.)

HEART RAIDER, THE—Paramount.—Jazzy and often amusing, with Agnes Ayres setting the pace. An unbelievable story, but set in beautiful surroundings. (August.)

HELL'S HOLE—Fox.—Straight Western melodrama with Lefty Flynn and Charles Jones as cow-puncher buddies. Excitement is fast and furious. Good entertainment and a trick ending. (October.)

HOLLYWOOD—Paramount.—Dozens of the picture stars shown unconventionally to prove they are just humans after all. A rattling good picture, with lots of laughs and interest. (October.)

HIER FATAL MILLIONS—Metro.—A swiftly moving comedy of a girl's fibs—Viola Dana's—to a suitor whom she believes faithless. (July.)

HOMEWARD BOUND—Paramount.—Thomas Meighan as a salty hero in a lot of storms. Story is unconvincing and commonplace, and there is never any doubt that Thomas will embrace Lila Lee at the close. (October.)

HUMAN WRECKAGE—F. B. O.—Mrs. Wallace Reid's film protest against the drug evil. Not a cheery story, but one that will touch the heart and may do an immense amount of good. (September.)

ISLE OF LOST SHIPS, THE—First National.—A fantastic romance of derelicts in the Sargasso Sea, screened with imagination by Tourneur. (June.)

ITCHING PALMS—F. B. O.—Melodrama, stupid and badly told. (September.)

LAWFUL LARCENY—Paramount.—Most of the interest is in the production which is extremely lavish. Story is weak, but most of the acting is competent. Fairly good entertainment. (October.)

LAW OF THE LAWLESS, THE—Paramount.—A colorful drama of the gypsy borderland between Asia and Europe, with Dorothy Dalton and Charles De Roche in suitable roles. (September.)

LEGALLY DEAD—Universal.—Theatrically un-leavened, with adrenalin used to bring a dead man back to life. Not so much, except for the acting of Milton Sills. (October.)

LEOPARDESS, THE—Paramount.—Montague Love tries taming Alice Brady, a wild gal of the South Seas. He also tries to tame a leopardess—and gets tamed most effectively. The leopardess should have ended matters in the first reel. (June.)

LION'S MOUSE, THE—Hodkinson.—Blackmail, robbery, hairbreadth escapes, the papers and the poils! But entertaining for a' that. (June.)

LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER, THE—Warner Brothers.—A situation after the manner of "The Miracle Man," with a wealthy mine owner, a mine disaster and a minister. (June.)

LITTLE JOHNNY JONES—Warner Brothers.—Johnny Hines is very good in this George M. Cohan success. Realistic sets and a good horse race help a lot. Several novelties. Good entertainment. (October.)

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK—Cosmopolitan.—A charming picture with Marion Davies doing the best acting of her career. Well acted, beautifully staged and competently directed. (October.)

LOST AND FOUND—Goldwyn.—Hollywood hokum dropped in the South Seas. A beautiful background and good players wasted. (June.)

LOST IN A BIG CITY—Arrow.—Action all the time. The story doesn't amount to much, but there is so much going on, you don't mind that. A formula picture, but a good formula. (October.)

LOVEBOUND—Fox.—A well-knit, consistent story, with strong climaxes, of a district attorney who falls in love with his secretary. The girl's father is a jewel thief, and the conflict between her loyalty to father and love for prosecutor is well-developed. Shirley Mason draws sympathy. (July.)

LOVE BRAND, THE—Universal.—Spanish ranch owner, gang of crooked capitalists, beautiful daughter of rich man loves rancher, and plot fails. All right, if you like that kind. (October.)

LOVE PIKER, THE—Cosmopolitan-Goldwyn.—Anita Stewart in the old tale of the girl who loves her father's employee. A good story, with Miss Stewart doing some fine acting. (September.)



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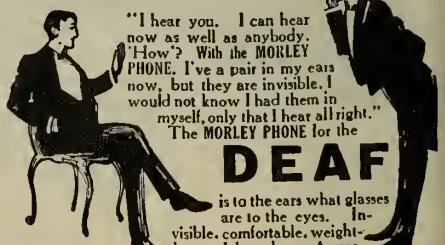
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LOYAL LIVES—Vitagraph.—Propaganda for the letter carrier. A simple story, filled with pleasant humor and kindly folk. Mary Carr excellent. Clean and interesting. (October.)

MADNESS OF YOUTH—Fox.—An engaging crook enters a home to rob a safe, meets the daughter of his victim, etc. Marriage and honor in the end. John Gilbert is sincere and with Billie Dove makes the affair almost plausible. (July.)

MAIN STREET—Warner Brothers.—A difficult story to screen and, therefore, not an entirely satisfactory picture. Starts off well, but slumps at the end. Florence Vidor the great redeeming feature. (August.)

MAN FROM GLENGARRY, THE—Hodkinson.—Ralph Connor's erstwhile best-seller has suffered in the screening, but the logging scenes are fine and the Canadian landscapes impressive. (June.)

MAN NEXT DOOR, THE—Vitagraph.—Not good. Story is illogical, and acting and direction both below standard. A dog wins the honors. (August.)

MAN OF ACTION, A—First National.—Likable Douglas MacLean as a society man playing a crook. Interesting, but incongruous. Perhaps, some day, MacLean will get a real story. Then, look out. (August.)

MARK OF THE BEAST, THE—Dixon.—Thomas Dixon wrote, cast and directed this as a challenge to "machine-made pictures." The machine wins. (August.)

MARY OF THE MOVIES—F. B. O.—Again the Hollywood stars trailing by in a story of a screen-struck girl. That is the only interest. The story is weak. (August.)

MASTERS OF MEN—Vitagraph.—Well-done story of the Spanish-American war. Cullen Landis fine. Earle Williams, Alice Calhoun and Wanda Hawley in the cast. (June.)

McGUIRE OF THE MOUNTED—Universal.—Another Northwest Mounted Police story, with the usual dauntless hero. Plenty of action and interesting to those who like these stories. (September.)

MERRY-GO-ROUND—Universal.—One of the best pictures in months. A Viennese story, with the atmosphere capably maintained, and exceptionally well acted. (September.)

MICHAEL O'HALLORAN—Hodkinson.—The too-sweet story of a Chesterfieldian street urchin, who shows a lot of rich folk how to behave. (August.)

MIRACLE BABY, THE—F. B. O.—Not much miracle, but a nice baby. Harry Carey up in the gold mines, a murder, a false accusation and, finally, vindication. Formula again. (October.)

MODERN MARRIAGE—American Releasing Corporation.—The team of Beverly Bayne and Francis X. Bushman return in a commonplace story smoothly screened. (June.)

MOTHERS-IN-LAW—Gasmier.—Many dresses cut short, top and bottom, jazz parties, lots of glitter—the usual thing. Not highly recommended. (October.)

MYSTERIOUS WITNESS, THE—F. B. O.—More formula stuff. The sweet and ailing mother, the self-sacrificing son and the rest of it. Sickeningly sweet. (September.)

NE'ER-DO-WELL, THE—Paramount.—Not altogether successful, nor altogether uninteresting, for Thomas Meighan is in it. Old-fashioned. (July.)

NOBODY'S BRIDE—Universal.—A runaway bride, a down-and-out suitor of other days, a bag of jewels, a band of crooks, etc., etc. (June.)

NOISE IN NEWBORO, A—Metro.—Cinderella of the small town goes to the city and comes home rich. Viola Dana gingers up this weak concoction. (July.)

NTH COMMANDMENT, THE—Paramount.—Cosmopolitan.—The brave little girl struggles to maintain her home when her husband falls desperately ill. The human note is missing. (July.)

OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE, AN—Metro.—J. Whitcomb Riley's poem screened with considerable charm and touches of melodrama. (July.)

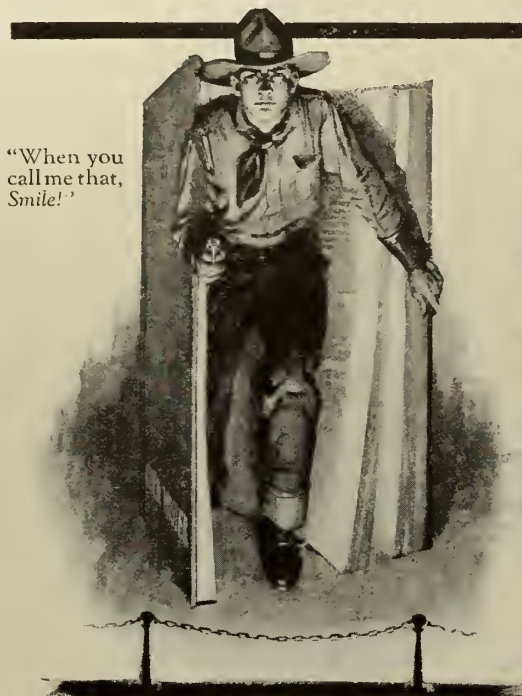
ONLY 38—Paramount.—A delightful handling by William de Mille of a most appealing story. Lois Wilson's role fits her admirably, and May McAvoy is a great help. (August.)

OUR GANG COMEDIES—Pathe.—One hundred per cent kid stuff—for the whole family. Don't miss Little Farina, age two, colored. (June.)

OUT OF LUCK—Universal.—Hoot Gibson as a young cowpuncher transferred to the navy creates a lot of fun. There are many laughs and much excitement. Good entertainment. (October.)

PENROD AND SAM—First National.—One of the entertainment gems of the month. Real boys with a story handled by William Baudine, who remembers that he was once a boy. Don't miss it if you enjoy kids. (August.)

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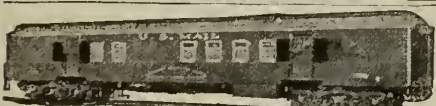
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For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

- ASSOCIATED FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES,** 6 West 45th Street, New York City.
Richard Barthelmess Productions, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Edwin Carewe Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 619 Pacific Finance Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.
Allen Holubar Productions, Union League Bldg., Third and Hill Streets, Los Angeles, Calif.
Thomas H. Ince Productions, Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.
John M. Stahl Productions, Mayer Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.
Norma and Constance Talmadge Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Maurice Tourneur Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Laurence Trimble-Jane Murfin Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 6 West 45th Street, New York City.
Louis Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.
Richard Walton Tully Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
- EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORPORATION,** 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Christie Comedies, Christie Film Co., Inc., Sunset at Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Hamilton Comedies, Lloyd Hamilton Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
Mermal Comedies, Jaek White Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
- FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION (PARAMOUNT),** 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
(s) Paramount, Plerce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.
(s) Lasky, Hollywood, Calif.
British Paramount, (s) Poole St., Islington, N. London, England.
Wm. S. Hart Productions, (s) 1215 Bates Street, Hollywood, Calif.
- FOX FILM CORPORATION,** (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City. (s) 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. (s) Rome, Italy.
- GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION,** 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; (s) Culver City, Calif. Marshall Nellan, King Vidor Productions and Hugo Ballin Productions.
International Films, Inc. (Cosmopolitan Productions), 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (s) Second Avenue and 127th St., New York City.
- W. W. HODKINSON CORPORATION,** 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
- MASTODON FILMS, INC.,** C. C. Burr, 135 West 44th Street, New York City; (s) Glendale, Long Island.
- METRO PICTURES CORPORATION,** 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) Romaine and Cahunga Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
Tiffany Productions, 1540 Broadway, New York City.
Buster Keaton Productions, Keaton Studio, 1205 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Calif.
Jackie Coogan, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
- PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION,** Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif., Producing at Thos. H. Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.
- PATHE EXCHANGE,** Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th Street, New York City; (Associated Exhibitors). Charles Ray Productions, 1428 Fleming Street, Los Angeles, Calif.
Hal E. Roach Studios, Inc., Culver City, Calif.
Ruth Roland Serials, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Maek Sennett Comedy Productions, Los Angeles, Calif.
- PREFERRED PICTURES,** 1650 Broadway, New York City; (s) Mayer-Schulberg Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif. Tom Forman, Victor Schertzinger and Louis J. Gasnier Productions.
- PRINCIPAL PICTURES CORPORATION,** 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
- R-C PICTURES CORPORATION,** 723 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (s) Corner Gower and Melrose Streets, Hollywood, Calif.
- ROTHACKER FILM MFG. COMPANY,** 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Illinois; Rothacker-Aller Laboratories, Inc., Hollywood, Calif.
- UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION,** 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
George Arliss Productions, Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Avenue, New York City
Rex Beach Productions, United Artists Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City
Charlie Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
Jaek Pickford, Mary Pickford Studio, Hollywood, Calif.
Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Calif.
- UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. COMPANY,** 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Universal City, Calif.
Century Comedies, Circle Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
- VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA,** (s) East 15th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York; (s) 1708 Talmadge Street, Hollywood, Calif.
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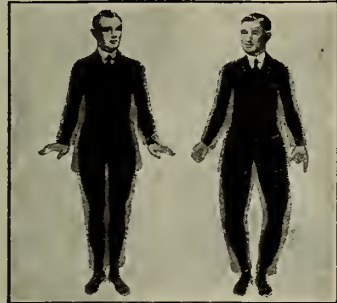
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PETER THE GREAT — Paramount.—Another foreign film, with that truly great actor, Emil Jannings, in the title role. This is a real picture and one that should not be missed. (September.)

PRODIGAL DAUGHTERS — Paramount.—Another tirade against the jazz babies of 1923. This time it is adapted to the girl who leaves the old homestead only to return in the snowstorm of Christmas-time. (July.)

PRODIGAL SON, THE — Stoll Film Corp.—Steeped in the gloom of church yards and deathbeds, lost loves and debts. (July.)

PURPLE HIGHWAY, THE — Paramount.—Rather a silly plot with overdrawn situations. Madge Kennedy is sweet as a little housemaid and is mostly wasted. Tiresome picture. (October.)

QUEEN OF SIN, THE — Not sinful but awful. The queen's sin is weight. (June.)

QUICKSANDS — American Releasing Corporation.—Drug smuggling across the Mexican border is stopped by Lt. Richard Dix and Helene Chadwick of the Secret Service. (June.)

RAGGED EDGE, THE — Goldwyn.—A Harold McGrath romance, with a lot of new blood in the cast. From China to the South Seas. (August.)

RAILROADED — Universal.—A lesson in how wayward sons should, and should not, be disciplined. Love finds a way. (August.)

RAPIDS, THE — Hodkinson.—A conventional story of the building of a town by a man with brains and foresight. The steel plant scenes are excellent. (September.)

RED RUSSIA REVEALED — Fox.—Half scenic and half educational. Shows the leads of Soviet Russia, a revolting group, but worth study. (September.)

REMITTANCE WOMAN, THE — F. B. O.—Ethel Clayton's loveliness shines out from the dim and mystic East, where Ethel gains a sacred vase and nearly loses her life. (July.)

RICE AND OLD SHOES — F. B. O.—A comedy of the honeymoon, with all the old situations worked overtime. (August.)

RUPERT OF HENTZAU — Selznick.—A lively, romantic tale, with lots of excitement and thrills, but far behind its Anthony Hope predecessor, "The Prisoner of Zenda." (September.)

RUSTLE OF SILK, THE — Paramount.—The triangle of a British statesman, his unfaithful wife and an adoring lady's maid, who loves the statesman from afar, isn't much of drama. But told with fine taste and discretion. Betty Compson, Anna Q. Nilsson and Conway Tearle excellent. (July.)

SAFETY LAST — Pathe.—Harold Lloyd's best—seven reels that speed like two. Prepare for laughter, shrieks and general hysteria. (June.)

SAWDUST — Universal.—Unconfined realism, starting with a circus and ending up in one of those palatial homes and an attempted suicide. (September.)

SELF-MADE WIFE, THE — Universal.—Three-fourths of this picture is good. The end falls badly. Also unnecessarily, just to work in a jazz party. (September.)

SHADOWS — Preferred Pictures.—An idea of delicacy and charm has been translated with great care to the screen and the result is a good picture. Tom Forman's direction of Wilbur Daniel Steele's prize story "Ching, Ching, Chinaman" is as inspired as possible in view of the fact that there are censors. The central figure, the Oriental laundryman, remarkably acted by Lon Chaney, is a fine and true conception. (January.)

SHADOWS OF THE NORTH — Universal.—William Desmond as a miner who fights off claim jumpers. Happy ending, after a good fight and some great shots of a canoe in the rapids. Fast melodrama. (October.)

SHOCK, THE — Universal.—Another hideously clever characterization by Lon Chaney as a cripple of the underworld. The miracle idea is brought in again. Strong, but unpleasant—and, of course, with a happy ending. (August.)

SHOOTIN' FOR LOVE — Universal.—Shell shock is the underlying theme of a swift Western. The hero, back from the war, walks into a feud which is fully as exciting. (September.)

SHORT SUBJECTS — Educational.—One and two-reel novelties, grouped together in interesting bill. "Kinograms," a Bruce scenic, "Speed Demons," Gene Sarazen demonstrating golf, and two comedies. (September.)

SINGLE HANDED — Universal.—Hoot Gibson as an eccentric musician who discovers a buried treasure. Hoot' better at handling hoses. (June.)

SIXTY CENTS AN HOUR — Paramount.—An ambitious soda clerk plans to marry the daughter of the bank president, and go into business—all on seven-fifty a week. A riot of laughter. (July.)



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SKID PROOF—Fox.—A racing picture after the style that Wally Reid made famous. Crooked driver, honest boy takes his place—you know the rest. Action is fast and picture runs smoothly. (October.)

SLANDER THE WOMAN—First National.—And still the formula! Beautiful heroine, wrongfully accused, goes to the Frozen North. There, in the great, open spaces, things happen. Mostly, good photography. (August.)

SNOW BRIDE, THE—Paramount.—A forced and artificial story of life in a Canadian village. Alice Brady, even, fails to register. (August.)

SNOWDRIFT—Fox.—A cooling Summer picture, with lots of ice and snow. A little waif, missionaries, Indians, impossible happenings. Marries a reformed gambler for the fade-out. (August.)

SOFT BOILED—Fox.—Tom Mix and Tony in a new type of comedy. Slight story, but plenty of action. One fight, in a shoe store, is exceptionally funny. Good, if you like Mix pictures. (October.)

SOUL OF THE BEAST—Metro.—Cinderella elopes with an elephant. Hard time has Cinderella, but all ends well, even for friend elephant. (July.)

SOULS FOR SALE—Goldwyn.—A Cook's tour of the Hollywood studios. A false and trivial story, but it takes you behind the camera and is very entertaining. (June.)

SPOILERS, THE—Goldwyn.—A new version of the Rex Beach Alaskan romance, with a capital cast. As thrilling as ever. Milton Sills and Noah Bery stage a realistic fight, and Anna Nilsson is excellent as the dance hall girl. (August.)

ST. ELMO—Fox.—A novel of the time of our fathers which makes a picture of about the same era. Attempting to modernize the story has not helped it. (October.)

STEEL TRAIL, THE—Universal.—A serial about the building of a railroad, interesting and full of thrills. The building of the road is very real and the villains very wicked. (October.)

STEPPING FAST—Fox.—Tom Mix mixes with desperadoes. He saves a girl from the rascals after a trip to China. The girl says "yes." (July.)

SUCCESS—Metro.—Sentimental melodrama. A screen version of a stage play which was not a success. (September.)

SUNSHINE TRAIL, THE—First National.—The story of a nice young man who wants to spread sunshine everywhere but gets under a cloud in his own home town. (June.)

SUZANNA—Allied Producers.—Mack Sennett tries plot instead of pies without so much success, but Mabel Normand stirs in some fine humor. Early California, missions, Spaniards—and Mabel. (June.)

TEMPTATION—C. B. C. Film Sales Corp.—Original in that the couple who are struggling unhappily under the weight of their millions do not lose the bankroll and live forever in a cottage. (July.)

THREE JUMPS AHEAD—Fox.—Tom Mix and his horse Tony leap a chasm and give you an hour of Western thrill with love interest. (June.)

THREE WISE FOOLS—Goldwyn.—A screen version of a stage success, with much loquac but with plenty of entertainment and appeal. (September.)

TIGER'S CLAW—Paramount.—Jack Holt goes to India, gets bit by a tiger, married to half-caste, and mixed up in poison plots. (June.)

TOWN SCANDAL, THE—Universal.—Gladys Walton is a chorus girl who runs out of a job and goes home to write her memoirs for the local gazette. Of course the poor girl's misunderstood. (June.)

TRAILING AFRICAN WILD ANIMALS—Metro.—This Martin Johnson picture is the best of its kind. The best animal close-ups ever made, and some tremendous thrills. (July.)

TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE, THE—Paramount.—Mountaineers, moonshiners, Minter and Moreno. Also Ernest Torrence. The players are the thing. (June.)

TRIFLING WITH HONOR—Universal.—The story of a home-run king, resembling Babe Ruth, who is the idol of the small boys. Intensely dramatic and worthy. (July.)

TRILBY—First National.—A careful and artistic production of the Du Maurier romance with Andree Lafayette, the French actress, as star. Entertainment value marred a little by the direction. (October.)

TRIMMED IN SCARLET—Universal.—Characters displaying their lack of sense in a way that may earn your pity but not your sympathy. (June.)

VANITY FAIR—Goldwyn.—Hugo Ballin's workmanlike visualization of Thackeray's novel. Not brilliant, but adequate. (June.)

VENGEANCE OF THE DEEP—American Releasing Corp.—Sharks, devil crabs, sea weed and treasure chests make the under-sea pictures interesting and thrilling. But the actors on dry land are not so interesting. (July.)



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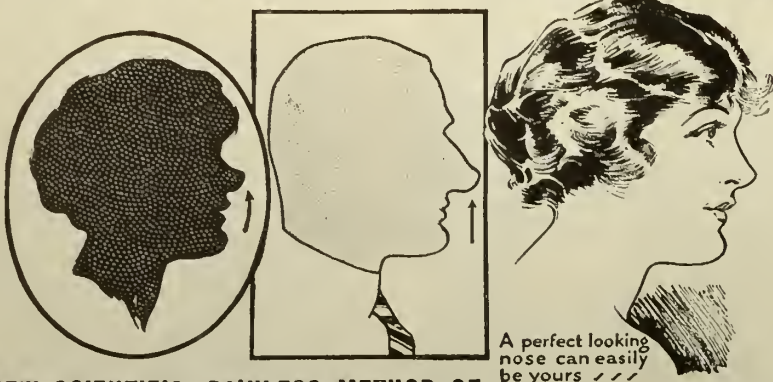
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A NEW SCIENTIFIC, PAINLESS METHOD OF CORRECTING ILL-SHAPED NOSES AT HOME

TIME ADVANCES—as does science succeed in perfecting each invention. My 15 years of experience in manufacturing and selling Nose Shapers have proven to me that I can now offer to the unfortunate possessors of ill-shaped noses the most meritorious Nose Adjuster of the age. My latest improved Model No. 25 (U. S. and many foreign patents) has so many superior qualities that it surpasses all my previous shapers and other Nose Adjusters by a large margin.

In the first place, my newest appliance is better fitting; the adjustments are such that it will fit every nose without exception—my apparatus is constructed of light weight metal, and is afforded very accurate regulation by means of six hexagonal screws, which are regulated with a key and the screws are then locked in the desired position. These screws will bring about the exact pressure for correcting the various nasal deformities—such as: long—pointed nose—pug—hook

or shrew nose—and turned up nose—and will give marked success in modulating the distended or wide nostrils. There are no straps to be pulled in order to exert pressure on the nasal organ.

Model No. 25 is upholstered inside with a very fine chamolite (covering a layer of thin metal) which protects the nose from direct contact with the apparatus; this lining of metal causes an even, moderate pressure on the parts being corrected, thus avoiding a harsh, violent pressure in any one place.

Model No. 25 is guaranteed, and corrects now all ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely, comfortably and permanently. It is to be worn at night and, therefore, will not interfere with your daily work.

If you wish to have a perfect looking nose, write today for my free booklet which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1940 Ackerman Bldg., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

VICTOR, THE—Universal.—Rather obvious story of titled Englishman, stranded in New York, and his love affair with a good little actress. Amusing but not worth wasting much time. (October.)

WANDERING DAUGHTERS—First National.—If you are a daughter, wander away from this picture and save your time and money. (September.)

WESTBOUND LIMITED—F. B. O.—A homely, sympathetic tale built about the railroad and its men. A love interest, too—though hardly necessary. (July.)

WHAT WIVES WANT—Universal.—After many reels the husband realizes that all business and no love will wreck any marriage. You probably will realize it from the first. (July.)

WHERE IS MY WANDERING BOY THIS EVENING—United Artists.—A Ben Turpin comedy, and as full of laughs as any of his nonsense. He is vamped in this one—and compromised. (September.)

WHITE FLOWER, THE—Paramount.—Hawaii and Betty Compson are alluring. Nothing else matters if you like them. And who doesn't? (June.)

WHITE ROSE, THE—United Artists.—D. W. Griffith's latest, bringing Mae Marsh back to the screen. The star's playing is wonderful. So are the sets and photography. The story is not so much. Ivor Novello, Mr. Griffith's new leading man, is highly decorative. (August.)

WITHIN THE LAW—First National.—An expensive production with big names, but lacking inspiration and vitality. Norma Talmadge seems afraid to act. The best work is that of Lew Cody as the crook. (July.)

WOMAN OF BRONZE, THE—Metro.—Clara Kimball Young as the wife, who after disillusionment and anguish proves to be the ideal woman for her husband. (June.)

WOMAN WITH FOUR FACES—Paramount.—A fast moving crook melodrama, always interesting, with some excellent acting by Betty Compson. A thrilling aeroplane escape from prison a feature. (September.)

YOU ARE GUILTY—Mastodon Films.—Mediocrity with a distinguished cast. (June.)

YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE—Paramount.—Good money and players wasted upon an absurd story. Again the husband on the edge of the restless forties, the neglected wife and the regulation vampire. (July.)

YOUTHFUL CHEATERS—Hodkinson.—A story of the country youth in the big city. Full of jazz and other modern features. Glenn Hunter is good. (September.)

Scenario Writers

With its March issue PHOTODRAMATIST of Hollywood, for years friend, adviser and desk companion of writers, broadened its scope, enlarged from 44 to 100 pages and put on a new dress. Its new name is

STORY WORLD and Photodramatist

Its increasingly brilliant list of famous contributors makes it more valuable than ever to all who write creative fiction.

You can not afford to be without this inspirational aid. Regular subscription price \$2.50. But we will send it 6 months for \$1 on receipt of this ad with your remittance.

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WALTERS, YOUNG & CO.
Dept. M117 CHICAGO

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

Griffith's masterpiece; and now "The Covered Wagon"—weakened, however, by a cloying love story; but what else? And from Griffith, to whom we look with eagerness, has come a succession of disappointing productions that would be mediocre if it were not for that hint of genius smouldering in each.

The drawback to the screen play, is, I suppose, that it must be a thing of physical action rather than of psychological. At least, that is what producers have been chanting for years. Just why this should be I cannot understand, for superficial action is of no value at all unless there be a fundamental guiding thought. When our heroine dangles by a rope over a yawning chasm, we don't give a rap for the picture; it is of what she is thinking, and the complications of the situation that are holding us breathless. Can producers be deluding themselves with the mere picture and forgetting the fundamental thing?

GEORGE T. RAYNER.

Thank You, Sheik

Akron, Ohio.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Thank heaven for some one who knows about sheiks and can say something in favor of the much talked of, poor, growled-about "Sheik." A thousand thanks, M. Yusef, for saying what you did for Valentino because so many have actually razzed the poor fellow since he played that wonderful part.

M. F. V.

Shapeliness

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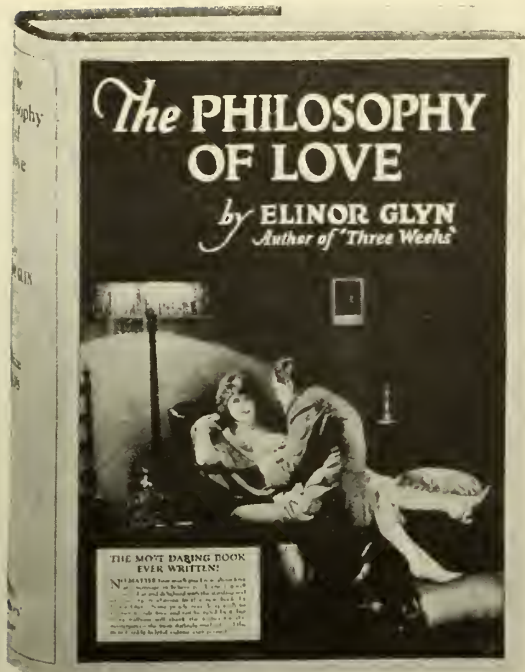
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Dr. Lawton's authoritative book, "WEIGHT REDUCTION," is sent with the Fat Reducer. This explains how to use it, also how to stay thin after the Reducer has done its work. Reducing results must show in eleven days or you may return the Reducer complete and receive back your full purchase price. This is Dr. Lawton's positive guarantee. Sent C. O. D. in plain sealed wrapper, or if you prefer remit \$3.75 plus 20c. for shipping costs. Order yours now. Free literature sent on request.

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What Every Man and Woman Should Know

- how to win the man you love.
- how to win the girl you want.
- how to hold your husband's love.
- how to make people admire you.
- why "petting parties" destroy the capacity for true love.
- why many marriages end in despair.
- how to hold a woman's affection.
- how to keep a husband home nights.
- things that turn men against you.
- how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon.
- the "danger year" of married life.
- how to ignite love—how to keep it flaming—how to rekindle it if burnt out.
- how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men.
- how to attract people you like.
- why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age.
- are there any real grounds for divorce?
- how to increase your desirability in a man's eye.
- how to tell if someone really loves you.
- things that make a woman "cheap" or "common."

you right about these precious things and you will be bound to admit that Madame Glyn, who has made a life study of love, has written the most amazingly truthful and the most downright helpful volume ever penned. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

We admit that the book is decidedly daring. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of real value, could not mince words. Every problem had to be faced with utter honesty, deep sincerity, and resolute courage. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade, while she deals with strong emotions in her frank, fearless manner, she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sacredly that the book can safely be read by any man or woman.

Certain shallow-minded persons may criticize "The Philosophy of Love." Anything of such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world-wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted!

Elinor Glyn Dares to Tell the Truth About Marriage

ELINOR GLYN, FAMOUS AUTHOR OF "THREE WEEKS," HAS WRITTEN A WONDERFUL BOOK THAT SHOULD BE READ BY EVERY MAN AND WOMAN—MARRIED OR SINGLE. "THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE" IS NOT A NOVEL—IT IS A HELPFUL SOLUTION OF THOSE PROBLEMS OF LOVE AND MARRIAGE ABOUT WHICH MOST OF US KNOW SO LITTLE AND CONCERNING WHICH WE SHOULD BE SO WELL INFORMED. READ BELOW HOW YOU CAN GET THIS THRILLING BOOK AT OUR RISK—WITHOUT ADVANCING A PENNY.

WILL you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame—the husband, the wife, or the "other woman?"

Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate?

Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?

IF you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affection—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or please your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

What Do YOU Know About Love?

DO you know how to win the one you love? Why do husbands often grow increasingly indifferent even though their wives strive tirelessly to please them? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims?

Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you **MUST NOT DO** unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn courageously solves the most vital problems of love and marriage. Her book will thrill you as you have never been thrilled before. It may also upset some of your pet notions about love and marriage. But it will set

SEND NO MONEY

YOU need not advance a single penny for "The Philosophy of Love." Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter—and the book will be sent in plain wrapper on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only \$1.98, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded instantly.

Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories or have seen them in movies. Her books sell like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below AT ONCE. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

Get your pencil—fill out the coupon below. Mail it to The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y., before it is too late. Then be prepared for the greatest thrill of your life!

The Authors' Press, Dept. 407, Auburn, N. Y. Please send me on approval Elinor Glyn's masterpiece, "The Philosophy of Love." When the postman delivers the book to my door, I will pay him only \$1.98, plus a few pennies postage. It is understood, however, that this is not to be considered a purchase. If the book does not in every way come up to expectations, I reserve the right to return it any time within five days after it is received, and you agree to refund my money.

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William Eglington

New Pictures

MARY EATON toe-danced her way into the spotlight and, incidentally, into fame via the Ziegfeld "Follies." A Washington girl, and very young, she will make her screen debut in "His Children's Children" as an erring daughter



Strauss Peyton

WISTFUL, elfin, elusively tender, quaint. Charming words—and they all describe May McAvoy who, as the perfect Barrie heroine, won the public's heart. She will be leading lady for Glenn Hunter in "West of the Water Tower"



Evans

WITH shyly down-cast eyes, and pouting lips, Colleen Moore belies the title of her next picture, "The Huntress." Just dimly one can glimpse the flicker of a brand new engagement ring on the slim third finger of her left hand



Abbe

TWIN reasons why diplomatic relations are so friendly between the United States and France. For the Dolly sisters were made in America—though born abroad—and for a seemingly endless period they have been lent to Paris



Alfred Chenev Johnston

NETTA WESTCOTT, who will lend the spirit of spring eternal to "Maytime," is the latest importation from England. There she is known as "the girl with the perfect profile"—but we aver that she is not hard to look at, head on!



Edwin Bower Hesser

CHARMING always—and always just a bit aloof—Enid Bennett. A lovely lady of a Tennyson idyl, with golden hair and a nose that is “tip-tilted like the petal of a flower.” She has just finished work in “Captain Applejack”



Hoover



LOUISE FAZENDA who—take it from the wee portrait in character—is always ready to sacrifice beauty for art. She will be one of the most enthusiastic of the gold diggers in the picture of that name

Before you wash precious silks and woolens make this test

BECAUSE we know from long experience that the most delicate silks and woolens can be safely washed, we ask you to avoid possible dangers by making a simple yet conclusive soap test.

Here is the test:

Before risking your precious garments, ask yourself:

"Would I be willing to use this soap on my face?"

That is the whole test for any soap, no matter of what kind or form. If the soap is pure enough and mild enough to be used *safely* on your skin, it is *naturally* safe for

the most delicate white and colored fabrics. If you suspect it might be too strong, we urge you to be cautious.

It is not by mere chance that Ivory Flakes is one of the very few soaps for delicate fabrics which can stand this test.

Ivory Flakes is Ivory Soap—the very same Ivory Soap that women everywhere use daily to protect and preserve lovely complexions. The only difference is in the *form*.

Since Ivory Flakes is pure, mild and gentle enough for the skin—yes, even for a baby's skin—it is, of course, safe for any fabric which can stand the touch of pure water. Just whip up the rich Ivory suds, as directed on the Ivory Flakes box, and dip the garment into it with perfect confidence.

In addition to having a real margin of safety beyond other soaps for the more delicate things, Ivory Flakes is economical enough for use in washing the heavier articles that need care and the protection of pure soap—linens, blankets, draperies, and so on.

If you will accept the offer made in the lower right-hand corner of this page, we shall gladly send you a sample of Ivory Flakes and the beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments."

Full size packages of Ivory Flakes are for sale in grocery and department stores everywhere.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Makes dainty clothes last longer

Silkiness Preserved in Washing Angora Wool

TWO lace wool shawls made of soft Angora yarn were bought in England several years ago. One was worn and washed over and over with Ivory Flakes, in spite of warnings against water. The other shawl was put away. After a while they were compared. Their owner says there is not the slightest difference—in texture, color, softness—and declares this is the highest tribute she can pay to the safety of Ivory Flakes.

(Shawl and owner's letter on file in the Procter & Gamble office.)



Tissue-thin Tan Crêpe WASHED PERFECTLY

THIS delicate blouse of tan crêpe, with its lovely embroidery, "was too costly a garment unless it could be washed," says its owner's letter to us. "I laundered it with Ivory Flakes with most gratifying results." She has washed it with Ivory Flakes six times, and the colors and texture are as fresh-looking as when it was first bought.

(Blouse and owner's letter on file in the Procter & Gamble office.)



Free—This package and booklet

A sample package of Ivory Flakes and the beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," will be sent to you without charge on application to Section 45-KF, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.



PHOTOPLAY

November, 1923

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

HARRY REICHENBACH, the highest salaried press agent in the world, is, with Wilton Lackaye and Will Rogers, very much in demand as toastmaster and after dinner speaker because of his lightning wit and ready retort. The other day I asked his opinion of a certain star now declining in popularity.

"She's a nice girl," he said, "kind to dumb animals and good to her mother, but she's so stupid that they had to burn the school house down to get her out of the second grade."

IT is announced that Peggy Joyce, she of the arm loads of diamond, sapphire and emerald bracelets, will shortly make a picture which is now being written for her. She is now the star of a New York stage revue, and if she doesn't do better on the screen than she does on the stage she won't get far. Once before exhibitors objected to commercializing her notoriety at the expense of the screen.

IT is with sadness that we record the death of Bernard Durning, one of the most promising of the younger directors and the husband of Shirley Mason. Not yet thirty, he was fast making a splendid reputation in his work and was loved by the whole motion picture colony because of his gentle character and unflinching kindness toward everyone who was associated with him. His death is a distinct loss to the motion picture.

THE past month also saw the passing of one of the most picturesque figures of the early days of motion pictures. Sigmund Lubin was the founder of the once famous Lubin Company, which he built up in that period of development when pictures were graduating from the fifty-foot train scene to one-reel dramas. Many of our best known directors and players of today started in his studios. He was one of the pioneers who blazed the trail that others followed, and he accumulated a substantial fortune. Then came a change in methods. The one-reelers ceased to satisfy and the more progressive producers left him far behind. Bad investments cost the kindly old man his fortune and when he died he was back where he started, conducting a little optical establishment.

HAROLD LLOYD'S newest laughograph, "Why Worry?" is worth the price of admission to anyone and incidentally will make more money for Harold than most of the big features which are coming out about this time. I recommend it to grouches, dyspeptic dispositioned folks, reformers and critics, censors, neurasthenics, hypochondriacs, professional prohibitionists, chronic naggers, unhappily married couples, and Ku Klux Klanners. It made me forget a headache caused by sitting through "Dulcy."

WITH some of the cleverest artists and artisans procurable working in the technical departments of the studios, it is natural that the motion picture should have a tremendous

influence on the American home. There have been many examples of bad taste in the interior decorative schemes of pictures, but there are also valuable lessons to be learned. Starting in the next issue of PHOTOPLAY, William J. Moll will write and illustrate a series of articles in which he will guide the readers of this magazine in their efforts to apply in a practical and inexpensive manner the ideas of the masters of interior decoration who are devoting their energies to the screen. If you take a pride in your home they will be well worth your close attention and application to your own surroundings.

THE REV. THOMAS DIXON became famous because his novel, "The Clansman," was made into a record-breaking classic by David Wark Griffith under the title, "The Birth of a Nation." Many a promoter has used the earning power of that picture to lure money into picture companies. Now the Rev. Mr. Dixon is using the same text to secure investors. In a circular letter he says: "I am asking a limited number of persons to share in the earnings of the company that is producing 'The Traitor.' I personally believe it will duplicate the success of 'The Birth of a Nation,' artistically and financially."

Rather a strong claim and very bad taste. Again we repeat—Do not invest your money in motion picture enterprises promoted by sale of stock to the public. Any man of experience and standing in the motion picture business can secure financial backing from the regular banking sources if he has a story, a cast and an organization that justify it.

CECIL DE MILLE was an extremely busy man during the making of his "Ten Commandments." Two of his leading actors in the film version of the Tablets were very anxious to see him concerning some of their work, but after repeated efforts gave up the attempt and sent him a note saying that Moses and Aaron would like to speak to God for a moment. Then they wondered why they got no reply.

WHEN we think of some of the excellent work Mae Murray has done in the past and then see her persist in those undraped rôles such as she has just perpetrated under the name of "The French Doll," we are puzzled and annoyed. No one is criticizing her figure. But by this time every picture-goer in the world is thoroughly familiar with every line of it and it's getting a trifle tiresome.

MANY are the stories told about Julius and Abe Stern, who make Century comedies and who are now celebrating their twelfth anniversary as producers.

A trade paper editor was discussing their work with them and criticizing them rather severely. "As comedies, some of your stuff is a joke," he said. Abe was indignant. So was Julius. They take their work very seriously.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 103]



*As if to drown her soul in melody,
She softly plays—
And from the past come wraiths, the burning loves,
Of other days.*

*And as the music gently dies away,
Too sad for tears,
She sees the vision of the might-have-been.
The vanished years!*

The Loves of Pola Negri

"Always I have sought love," she says, "and always there have been disappointments. I am a fatalist. I believe in my star. It is my fate to be unhappy in love"

By Herbert Howe

WHEN I facetiously asked Pola Negri in Berlin if she intended to marry Charlie Chaplin, she tossed back her head and laughed heartlessly. I felt a pang for Charlie, because even a comedian would not care to get a laugh like that.

When I met her in Hollywood I reminded her of her merry laughter. She smiled wanly. "Ya-as, I laugh there, but not here."

"Ah, I have much trouble since I see you in Berlin," she nodded ruefully. "I suffer much."

The Negri-Chaplin romance, in which the press gloried for so long, is ended, definitely.

"It end,"—Pola snapped her fingers—"like that!"

"I am very extreme. It is terribl'," she murmured, with a shadowy smile which was not in the least apologetic.

"It was a most unhappy affair. The truth has not been told. It was not the mad love that the newspapers say. Not at all.

"Charlie appealed to my mother complex. And his personality interested me. I study—I study—and then I study too much!"

A naive humor tinges her ardent brooding nature. She is faintly amused by herself in retrospect, with that detachment necessitous to the artist.

Perhaps she loved Charlie more than he loved her, she smiles. But she doesn't intend to say so. It would please his egotism too much!

Another Evening, Another Mood:

"Always I have sought love. And always there have been disappointments. So now I am cynical.

"I am a fatalist. I believe in my star. It is my fate to be unhappy in love."

Hard to believe that, looking at her. She was, that evening, the *gitana* incarnate who reads her fate in the cards, her black hair bound against the pallor of her face with a crimson scarf, a Spanish shawl flowing vividly over her shoulders, a rose the color of blood playing restlessly among pale fingers—more fascinating than Carmen — and more fatal, because intellectually whetted.

In the fascination of enchanting women there is a high element of danger. Two things are needed by the true man, says Nietzsche, danger and play. Therefore, he seeketh woman as the most dangerous of toys. The ecstasy of one of Cleopatra's nights was heightened by the thought of death at dawn.

Beneath the silken charm of Pola Negri there is the tigress-claw, with threat of instinctive cruelty.

She extended the rose with a smile of naive enigma. "Do you know of what it is the symbol? It is dangerous—filled with slow torture.

"When first I came to California an interviewer ask me what is the dangerous age of a man and of a woman. They ask such funny questions, so naive! I told him I did not know the dangerous age of man. I have not been one. The dangerous age of a woman is from one to a hundred."

She gives a true glint of the reason for the break with Chaplin when she says:

"Love must inspire me in my work or it must go.

"Love is disgusting when you no longer possess yourself."

She is utterly ruthless where her work is concerned, ruthless even toward herself.

It is for her the grand passion to which all emotions must contribute or clear out.

Yet she once sacrificed everything to love—but a quite different love than any she might feel for *le petit Charlot*.

She has no regrets, however, concerning the Chaplin interlude, "a most unhappy affair" though it may have been.

"I am glad for every experience in life. There is nothing I would not give for experience—nothing!" she exclaims with a sudden fierce ardor, recalling those lines descriptive of Michelangelo, who wrought with his blood the beings whom he created—

Piangendo, amando, ardeno, e sospirando—

Ch'affeto alcun mortal non mi e piu nuovo.

"Weeping, loving, burning and sighing—for there was no human emotion which he had not felt."

POLA NEGRI'S life has been a series of experiences more dramatic than those of any drama in which she could ever play. Hence, the truth of her portrayals. She has been

cast in scenes of the most horrible suffering, scenes in which she utterly collapsed, and she has been accorded triumphs that few women of her age have known.

She has been beaten with whips, she has fled in terror from the Cossacks, she has seen her father exiled to Siberia, her mother driven insane, her brother killed by the black plague. She has seen with the eyes of a girl the most demonic mutilations that man can deal to man as she ministered to dying Russian soldiers during a period which she calls "the loveliest moment of my life."

She has received the attention and the gifts of royalty while a girl, she has known



Pola and her "Sharlie." This picture was taken when the press, the public, and even the famous comedian himself, were wondering if there was going to be a wedding



La Negri—of the yesterday. A tiger woman with a strange slow smile and a world-old lure in her heavy-lidded eyes. Mysterious, fascinating, an enigma



The Pola Negri of today — sophisticated, sleek, carefully coiffed, pleased with her furs and her jewels and — perhaps just a trifle—with herself



A scene from "Passion," the picture that introduced Pola Negri to America. That proved her the emotional actress of the age —and one of its loveliest women

triumph before the age of twenty as an actress, she has been hailed in Europe as one of the greatest artists of a century and she has been received by America with an ovation that recalled the coming of Bernhardt.

And always she has been courted by men.

Ch'affeto alcun mortal non mi e piu nuovo.

SHE has had, too, the experience of marriage. It was a failure—save as an experience.

"I do not believe in marriage," she says with a candor that will forever differentiate her from the politic native star. "It is not for me. I am selfish,—no, not selfish, for I have sacrificed everything for love—I am independent. Freedom comes before everything. I am a gypsy, like my father."

The romance with her husband typifies a spirit impetuous and imperious.

She had paid a visit to her home in Warsaw following the completion of "Du Barry"—known as "Passion" in America—when, returning to Berlin to start another picture, she was halted at the Polish border, the customs officials declaring she could not take her jewels out of the country. The solution seemed easy. She offered to pay a tariff. But the officials were obdurate. There was no tariff under the new law.

Pola's temper exploded. She stormed. She had to leave for Berlin that very day, that very hour. She was starting a picture immediately. Not a moment could be lost. But leave her jewels she would *not!* She demanded to see the commandant of the district *oncel!* The trembling officials led her to his office.

"I burst through the door in flames," says Pola. "I could not contain my rage. The commandant arose from his desk and looked at me with surprise. I rushed furiously at him. Then, suddenly, I stop dead. My God, I love him!

"Ya-as," she mused, "that evening I dined with Count Eugene Dombbski, commandant of Sassnowice, at his castle, my jewels around my neck. I spent ten days there. And I couldn't spare a moment to get back to Berlin! But I did not care what happened to the picture. I was madly in love. Four months later I became the Countess Dombbski."

The marriage was little more than a honeymoon. In less than a year she parted from her husband.

"That is to be expected of love that comes at first sight. Such love is physical attraction. There must be mental companionship if love is to be real. I need intellectual stimulus.

"I can see an excuse for a brainless beautiful woman, but for a brainless man there is no excuse. It is the mentality of a man that interests me. Beauty in a man without intellect merely adds to the contempt for him.

"I loved my husband very much, but he could not give me the interest that my work gave. After a few months I realized my work was more vital than such love. I went back to it."

BUT once Pola made a different choice. She speaks of that love with less freedom.

"It was my first love, my greatest love," she says quietly. "It was platonic love, and that is the greatest love.

"I was just seventeen, just tasting the wonderful ecstasy of success. It was during my second year at the Imperial theater in Warsaw, where I made my debut.

"A young painter came to me and asked if I would sit for a portrait. It meant much to him. He was struggling, eager, idealistic, visionary.

"As I sat for him we talked of art. We were both pitifully idealistic with our illusions about life and love and success.

"He was in delicate health. I knew that. It did not matter . . . I loved him.

"He became worse. The doctors said he must go away to the country. Without a moment of hesitation I went with him.

"The theater managers were disgusted. They said I threw aside my chance of a career. My friends pleaded. Even my mother sternly forbade. But I left all—career, friends, comfort, mother.

"It was the dreadful quick consumption. I saw the life going from him. I thought I could save him somehow. I had overcome so much by my will, I thought I could even conquer death.

"Then, one night, he died. He died in my arms. . . .

"I was crazed with grief. All that I had in life was swept away. I was desolate. Alone, for weeks I wandered. I had no desire to return to the theater, to my friends, or even to my mother. They had not understood my love, they could not understand my sorrow.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]

Her Daddy Calls Her "Shrimp"

But her real name is
Miss Peggy
Montgomery
now that she's a star



BABY PEGGY'S rise has been meteoric; less than five short years ago she was such a sickly infant that her father, then a forest ranger, took her into the pine woods and kept her there until her health became normal. When she was a husky two-year-old she made her film debut in Century Comedies and her unique popularity has increased, by leaps and bounds, ever since. Now she is almost in the Coogan class, for she has just signed a contract with Sol Lesser, of Principal Pictures. She affixed some sort of a signature to the papers herself, and—after it was all over—she cried a little, just to show that she, like other female stars, has a bit of temperament. Mr. Lesser estimates that four pictures a year will be made, at a total cost of one million dollars, and that Baby Peggy's share, in salary and interest, will be close to \$200,000. Part of this amount was paid in advance, and will be put away, as a trust fund, for the child.

Baby Peggy works in the studio every morning, and spends some time each afternoon with a governess. She knows her entire alphabet and can count all the way to a hundred. She likes to romp, but she's something of a tom-boy, for dolls bore her unless they are gowned in the latest fashion. The starlet confesses, lispily, to a love of laces and ribbons and frilly hats and tiny fur muffs. She's all woman—although she does lack the maternal instinct! She likes to go shopping and—whisper it!—every week she receives a munificent allowance of four dollars, to spend just exactly as she chooses. That's a lot of money for one small girl!

The names of the four pictures, for this year, have not been announced. But it is said that they will be adapted from famous books. PHOTOPLAY—this is a suggestion—would like to see Baby Peggy cast opposite Jackie Coogan in that immortal tragedy of love—and extreme youth—"Romeo and Juliet."



By
Margaret E. Sangster

THE SPIRIT OF THE

HIGH on a cloud-hung mountain peak,
The camera tensely stands,
Doing the will of a gleaming soul,
And a steadfast pair of hands.
And somewhere out of the misty space,
Comes a voice that is touched with tears,
And sweet with laughter, and brave with faith
That has lived across the years.

“I am the soul of it all,” the voice
Is all a-thrill as it speaks—
“I am the spirit of forging on,
I am the brain that seeks.
I am the romance of all the world,
The drama and tragedy,
I am the hope and the vivid trust,
That the earth-bound seldom see!”



MOTION PICTURE

Illustrated by
William L. Dodge

“Out of the dark of the centuries,
The phantoms of living pass—
Wars and hatreds and peace and love,
Like shapes in a looking glass.
Factories tower through wreaths of smoke,
And ever the tramp of feet
Is heard on the dustless, long highway,
Where the fates and passions meet.

“I am the spirit of it. . . .” the voice
Goes thrillingly on, until
The click of the camera is caught
By its boundless, sturdy will!
“I am the garment Progress wears,
The soul of the Youngest Art—
I am the dearest wish that lies,
In each splendid dreamer’s heart!”



Princess Ouchtomsky, who fled from Russia through Siberia and China, and who appears in pictures with Constance Binney



Count Mario Caracciolo who, as Mario Carillo, is in Norma Talmadge's new picture, "Dust of Desire." He is the second son of the Duke of Melita, of Italy, was eleven years in the Italian army, decorated during the great war, became military attache at his embassy at Washington, and has an American wife, the daughter of former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Oscar Crosby



The Duke of Ducal, cousin and intimate friend of the King of Spain, famous sportsman and heart-breaker, who makes his screen debut in "The Thief of Bagdad" with Douglas Fairbanks



Count Charles De Rochefort, whose story as Charles De Roche, picture actor, is told on another page of this issue

Gaston Du Val, a descendant of the long line of Bourbon kings of France, who has a small rôle with Constance Binney in C. C. Burr's picture, "Three O'Clock in the Morning"



Some Good Titles at Last



Sir Gerard Maxwell-Wilshire is another titled actor who made his debut with Constance Binney. He is English. His former wife was an actress who appeared in "Afgar" some three years ago



Thais Valdemar, Hollywood's "Mystery Woman," who has been accepted as a Russian Princess and a relative of the late Czar. She is an exile, her estates confiscated, and she appeared in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" with Gloria Swanson. The photographer caught her trying to look like Gloria



Baron Henri Arnous de Riviere, of France, bears an illustrious name. He is now a Canadian ranchman and also an actor, appearing in Laurence Trimble's "Strongheart" pictures



As in the old song about the sailor: "I knew he was a noble, 'cause he had such noble legs." This is Viscount Glerawly, known in Hollywood as Pat Annesley, son of Lord Annesley, of the Irish peerage. His debut is in "The Ten Commandments"

"Let There Be Light"

WHEN the Great Director staged the opening scene of that wondrous drama, "Humanity," ages and ages ago, he said—"Let there be light!" It was an essential of the drama then. It is an essential of the drama now. And it will be a first essential in ages to come. It is a permanent member of the all-star cast, at least, so far as the motion picture is concerned. And no history of the development of the motion picture is complete without the part that light has played.

It is a great actor—light. And it is an important one. Directors are taking it more and more seriously. It is even more important than their thousands-a-week stars. It never gets tired, it is never temperamental, and if it does blow a fuse once in a while, that is easily fixed.

In recent years the art of lighting for pictures has made marvelous strides, but it is a mere babe in the category of the motion picture arts as yet. Hardly a week passes that some new discovery is not announced, and experimentation is going on all the time by directors and lighting experts. The day is coming—and coming soon—when the light expert will be as a skillful painter, using light rays as the artist does pigments.

But even now it is a far cry from the glaring sunlight or monotonous flood light of only a few years ago to the beautiful and effective lighting of today. Gone are the old-time diffusers, which were like window shades; the mirrors covered with cheesecloth with which light was directed to desired spots; the crude silver canvas reflectors. Almost gone is the sun, except for exteriors.

But given the artificial light, there came the problem of how best to use it. And it is in this direction that the greatest advances have been made. Today light is used to make drama more dramatic, comedy more comic, pathos more pathetic, tragedy more tragic. It can be directed by skillful hands to play upon the human emotions as a violinist can with sound. It picks out the vile corners of the dive, and it sends holy beams through the windows of the great cathedral.

It is a fascinating study, this development of this important branch of a great industry, and it responds nobly to all efforts to widen its field. It is a protean actor, is light. And it has a soul.

Below, one of the artistic sets designed by Cedric Gibbons for "Six Days," showing what expert lighting will do. At the left, the morning sunshine, and, at the right, the same set for an evening scene



A Rembrandtesque study of grief in which the light reflected from the lanterns plays a most important part



A beautiful "shot" of Corinne Griffith which gives the effect of silhouette without the usual loss of detail





This is said to be the greatest battery of lights ever assembled. It was used to photograph the great ballroom scene in "Ashes of Vengeance," in which more than 2,000 persons appeared in a hall 380 feet long

The artistic use of lighting to emphasize mood. An exceptionally fine "shot" of Corinne Griffith in "Six Days"



Here are types of the lights used. From left to right they are the Creco Broad; the 35-ampere "baby spot"; the 70-ampere spot; the 110-ampere spot; and the 120-ampere Sunlight arc. The human light is Carmelita Geraghty



But after all is said and done, Nature does its own lighting in a way that cannot be equalled by any art of science. Electricity cannot produce such lights and shadows



The Life Tragedy of a Sennett Beauty

or How to Cultivate Sex
Attraction

Ben Turpin, the \$2000-a-week prize beauty of the Mack Sennett gallery, who tells how it feels to be a strabismic Shriek at fifty-seven years of age

By Herbert Howe

I PRESSED the door button. And waited. I pressed again. Not a stir, though a light shone through the tight-drawn shades. Then, as I turned to go, the lower corner of a window shade lifted furtively, and I saw peering up at me two eyes that looked as one.

Need I add that I was at the portals of *Chez Turpin*?

For several minutes the eyes looked me straight in both ears until the lobes tingled as though pierced for pearls.

Then the curtain dropped. A pedal patter. A great clicking of locks and shifting of bolts. The door opened narrowly and out shot a head like a Jack in a Box.

"'Lo," it croaked, "'lo. Been waitin' up for you."

"What time is it?" I asked apologetically.

"Almost nine," croak. "C'm in."

Stepping across the threshold I was in the presence of Ben Turpin, the Mack Sennett beauty, famous as the Shriek of Araby. He towered to the romantic height of my top vest button, with his neck fully stretched. His head juts up like a turkey gobbler's. It looks to me as though his neck had intended to stop and form a head at the Adam's apple, but, suddenly growing ambitious, had abandoned the original plan and shot on up to the present knobby eminence. As a result, there is an intense rivalry between the head and the apple, both for size and animation.

Ben would make a lovely gargoyle for a cathedral, except for his language. He grows extremely Biblical at times when things go wrong. Ordinarily he is good-natured. He feels he is too good-natured. They don't treat him with no respect. It grieves him. Ben is a serious comedian.

"They don't treat a comedian with no respect any more," he deplores. "It hurts. I'm sensitive, I am.

"If they treated a five thousand dollar race horse like they do a comedian he'd go blooey. But they don't treat no five thousand dollar race horse like they do a comedian."

There was almost a sob in his croak. The sob of an artist unappreciated.

"They're always having me run and doing falls. I've done more falls than any acrobat alive. Falls! I've done so many falls I can't stand the sight of a sidewalk. I'm sensitive, I am. They don't treat a comedian with no respect.

"I can't stand falls like I used to. I'm fifty-seven years old." His croak became emotionally husky again, though he tossed his white mane proudly—a mane on a knobby head, like the tassel on corn.

He had conducted me to his den, pattering ahead in his brown-stockinged feet. It is his custom, I take it, to remove his shoes promptly after the final dinner course.

The den was what you might expect of a cross-eyed sheik. From the walls the beautiful eyes of countless sirens focus fondly on Ben, each fancying, no doubt, that Ben's glance is for her alone. In reality, his gaze is fixed steadily, though circuitously, upon his wife.

When he entered the lists as a rival of Valentino, and the theaters advertised "The Shriek vs. The Sheik," Ben haughtily called attention to the fact that he has held one woman for seventeen years, which was more than Valentino could say.

You may think this a jest, but Ben doesn't. He's incredibly serious, as serious as Merton. When he stoops to jest it is with obvious condescension; there's nothing funny about it.

When I referred to his competition with Valentino, he smiled deferentially.

"Oh, I don't pretend to be no Valentino," he chortled.

modestly. "He does his stuff and I do mine. There's room for both of us, I figger. There's room for ail of us in this bizness."

The women are crazy about him. He admits it. Ever and anon he makes shy reference to his fan mail, "mostly from women."

He accounts very simply for this. It's the old sex attraction.

"An actor's gotta have sex attraction these days," he croaks solemnly. "I don't claim to be no Valentino—I'm fifty-seven—but I'm gettin' just as big bizness in some places. That's what gets me. I make 'em the money, but they don't treat a comedian with no . . ."

I hastily interrupted to ask if his eyes had always been as sexy as they are at fifty-seven.

Ben bounded up, gestured for me to follow, and away we pattered to the front room. He switched on the front room lights. It was a regular front room with rose drapes, blue and rose shade on a gilt lamp, mahogany table and a mantel adorned with *objets d'art*, including the photograph of a Young Man in a Wing Collar, not a bad looking young man—quite a 'andsome 'Arry, in fact—with a slim neck arising like the Eiffel Tower from a highly-polished collar and crowned by a highly-pomaded dome.

"That's me," exhibited Ben, with an attempt at modesty.

"Taken in N'Orleans when I was nineteen."

The dark eyes of the youth looked squarely at me.

"But them eyes, Ben!" I gasped. "Them eyes are straight."

"Sure," he croaked. "That was afore I crossed 'em."

I learned then of the sacrifice Ben had made on the altar of art. He was not born optically askew. He crossed 'em for art's sake while playing the character of *Happy Hooligan* on the vaudeville stage over thirty years ago. He made as many as ten crosses a day. One day they didn't untwine. His fortune became permanent.

Since Nature did not endow Ben with this baffling, enigmatic expression, as it did Rodolph, it seems to me he deserves a great deal more credit as a sex attraction.

Ben, like all our sheiks, admits he came of noble family, the very flower of French aristocracy in New Orleans.

"My grandfather," he says, with a touch of old-world pride, "was the best auctioneer in Loozyana. And my old man kept a candy store 'til he went broke."

It was after his father's failure in trade that Ben, like many another scion of nobility, was forced to the stage. Then commenced the long series of falls that landed him in his present position and gave him his poignant aversion to sidewalks.

He's a rich man at fifty-seven, a millionaire, perhaps. Next

"Meet the wife," says Ben, introducing the lady whom he has held fascinated for seventeen years



The Shriek, in more or less modern attire, puts his theory of sex attraction into practice with Madeleine Hurlock

to his home in Hollywood he is erecting an apartment house, and he has many other property investments around Los Angeles that represent solid values.

His fame is world-wide. Tributes to his genius pour in from everywhere. If you have seen "Where Is My Wandering Boy This Evening" you will recall that, in carving a fowl, Ben dropped his bow tie in the soup. It was a tragic moment that touched the heart. A few days ago Ben received a big card fastened with six brilliant Grip Bow ties from the Grip Bow Tie Co. of Omaha, with an apologetic letter, saying: "Several members of this firm who recently saw your excellent production were genuinely distressed over the fact that you lost your Grip Bow tie in the soup. We have therefore made up a selection of offerings, expressly for your own use, which we are enclosing herewith."

Such tokens of esteem make up somewhat for the respect a comedian don't get no more.

But that which Ben desires above all else is denied him—a daughter. He offered to adopt his brother's child, to educate her in the best finishing school and, at the age of twenty-one, to endow her with twenty-five thousand dollars. The offer was gently refused.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]

What makes them Stars?

“Lure!”

Says Fred Niblo



Barbara La Marr—as artificial and enticing as a Parisian perfume. Vivid, vital, definite—yet ultra-civilized



Fred Niblo—director of “Blood and Sand,” “The Three Musketeers” and other great pictures, who analyzes the attraction of the younger actresses

Mae Busch—she spells temptation. A man might cut her throat, but he would never tire of her. Sex with her is a challenge



THE only business of an actress is to give herself on the screen so that she may win the love or the admiration of the whole world.

The average woman's business is to win and hold one man.

The screen star has to win and hold millions. That is the only difference.

Sixty-five percent of the success of a screen star is based upon personality. Thirty-five upon ability to act. This is the public's own decision.

The public wants personalities to love, to admire, to thrill over. Personalities that supply the hidden longings and imaginings of every heart. The greatest necessity for acting is to be able to register this personality upon the screen.

In the past year or two a great change has come over the public taste in screen personalities. It has not forsaken its old favorites,



Nita Naldi—the last word in primitive, pagan, obvious, mature lure of woman. A splendid creature in body; an utter pagan in mind



Lila Lee—the lure of the first kiss—that virginal, shy, hungering kiss that is never duplicated. The budding flame of adolescence



Marguerite de la Motte—the perfect flapper but, above all, an actress. Coaxing, cajoling, harrowing, devil-ing you always

but the new ones are chosen from a different basis.

I wish I knew a different word for sex appeal. But I don't. And sex appeal need not necessarily be coarse or crude. The appeal of woman for man and man for woman has many phases. Woman awakens the protective, the brave, in a man many times. Man awakens the mother in woman.

At any rate, to anyone who studies screen conditions today, sex appeal seems to be the chief requisite of the screen idols of the moment.

This is proven by a glance at the people public favor has taken from obscurity and, by popular choice, made reigning favorites. Rodolph Valentino is the best example of this. I have directed Ruddy and he is a very clever artist. A good actor. But he is by no means clever enough, or good enough,—by no means so much greater than any other actor—that he should be set upon such a lofty pinnacle merely because of his ability. No, Valentino has a tremendous and irresistible lure for women, and it may as well be acknowledged.

The audiences of today, you see, cannot be satisfied with the moderate, unseasoned, of-



Leatrice Joy—like a perfect dinner—exquisite and yet leaving you unsatisfied. The mysterious lure of forbidden fruit

ten unreal fare of yesterday. The conventional Dolly book heroine, the unvarnished but manly hero, have slipped into the past.

I believe this is because, in spite of the censors, we are no longer making pictures for the five-year-old intellect. While we are bound by censorship, we have progressed to a place nearer the stage in that we have portrayed on the screen the real drama of character, of actual human problems, of real things. Consequently, the motion picture is drawing people of more intelligence, of broader understanding of life, and of more sophisticated demands.

These people want personalities that have, to be a bit slangy, more spice to them.

Also, in the beginning, practically all the picture fans were women. Today, after careful investigation, I believe that a very large percentage of men attend pictures. And this has changed materially the type of screen actress who succeeds.

For, strangely enough, women are always interested

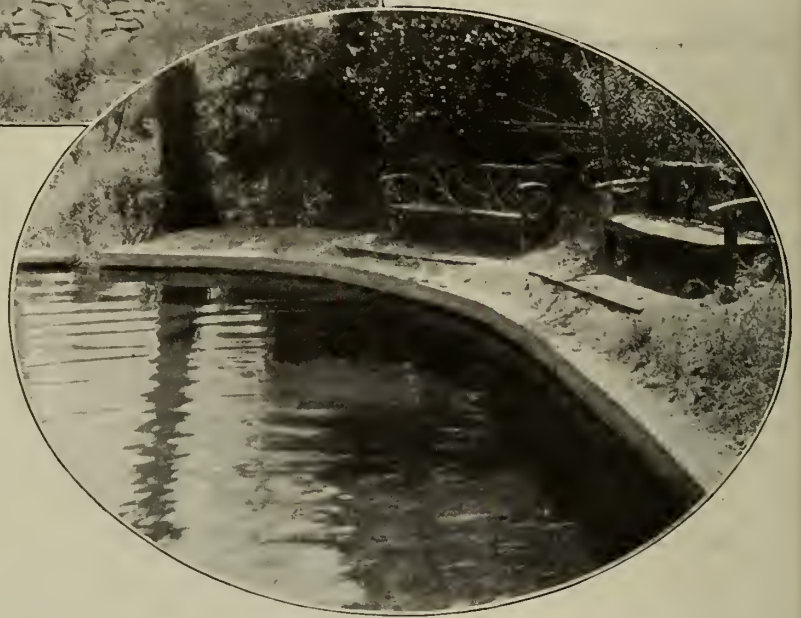
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]

CA
De Mille
"Paradise"

Up in the Sierra Madre Mountains, twenty miles from Hollywood and the studios, Brother Cecil has built this picturesque rest cure



Scattered about the 600 acres of the ranch are several of these charming dressing room bungalows, ready for use whenever needed



A turbulent mountain stream was dammed to make this swimming and trout pool, 5000 feet above the level of the sea



Cecil De Mille's favorite musical instrument is the pipe organ. This is "organ corner" on his "Paradise" ranch



And after walking over the 600 acres, swimming in the pool and hearing an organ recital, this is a setting for a guest



M. CHARLES DEROCHE

A real hero of romance who gave up a French title and a great fortune to gratify his love of acting. A hero of the war and—a real man

By
Adela
Rogers
St. Johns

YOU have probably heard of Monsieur Charles De Roche already.

If not, you soon will.

And there's a treat in store for you.

Because, besides being distinctly good to look upon and having all sorts of fascinations, this young Frenchman is an actor.

Charles De Roche is the French actor-athlete-war-hero imported by Paramount to fill the vacancy left in their ranks by the abdication of one Rodolph Valentino.

Naturally, everybody heard this and giggled.

The whole industry was trying to find a successor to Rudy. It was the favorite indoor sport of Hollywood and New York. Not to mention numerous young barbers throughout the nation who suggested themselves for the place.

Now it is an absurd and impossible thing to fill anyone's shoes—that is, when those shoes have fitted a particular public idol.

Paramount lost a large fortune trying to produce another Mary Pickford.

But it is undoubtedly true that the death of Wallace Reid, the abrupt departure into outer darkness of Rudy Valentino at the height of his popularity, the long screen absence of Bill Hart, have left an aching void somewhere at the top of the movie constellation.

We need new idols to worship, that is all.

Monsieur De Roche is the choice of the people who made Wallace Reid and, largely, Rodolph Valentino. He has been given some superb parts to play—some of the really great acting parts of the year, such as the *Hindoo* in Pola Negri's "The Cheat," the *Pharaoh* in Cecil De Mille's "Ten Command-

ments," and the *Faun* in William de Mille's "The Marriage Maker."

Naturally, I was tremendously interested to see what this young man had to offer. What distinctive appeal he could give.

It's very simple.

Do you remember when you were sixteen and you curled up on the sofa and ate chocolates and read all sorts of exciting and romantic tales? When you lived in all sorts of beautiful worlds, out of story books?

You were—maybe you are—too young to accept the bald realism of the day. You refused sophistication and disillusionment and ennui—at least, in your favorite novels.

In those days, you fell in love with the dashing hero of every book you read. The young American battling in far lands to save the throne of a Princess. The gallant knight setting forth with his lady's scarf upon his helmet. The ragged rhymster aspiring to be King of France.

Do you remember?

I do.

Well, Charles De Roche is that hero.

He is *Monsieur Beaucaire*.

He is *Francois Villon*.

He is *Charles Brandon* and the *Scarlet Pimpernel*.

There is picturesqueness about him. There is romance.

He seems to me to combine that clean, wholesome strength that was Wallace Reid's, with the continental allure of Valentino.

He has the physique which we love to think is typically American—the broad shoulders, the slim waist, the light, graceful movements.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 119]



Edward Thayer Monroe

Sweetness is the keynote of Betty Compson's personality

“MOSTLY,” said the girl behind the counter, “I don’t trust these here sweet women. But Betty Compson is so darn real.”

I might write you pages of flowery English or books of sonnets without improving on my little shopgirl friend a bit.

And she has waited on Betty Compson for three years, about the time that Betty swept to fame with that screen masterpiece, “The Miracle Man.”

Then she was a little comedy girl—a Miss Nobody. An overnight discovery. Her clothes were a bit shoddy and her manner self-conscious and shy. But we were all bowled over, even then, by her sweetness.

Now after these years—years when everybody has been tried in a whole lot of fire, years of hard work and hard play and constant growth—we’ve found out, just as the little girl behind the counter found out—that Betty Compson is darn real.

The sweetness is the surface keynote of her personality.

The reality is the deep keynote of her character.

The sturdy, fresh, invigorating sweetness of ripe strawberries.

The bright, heart-warming reality of a wood fire. The joyous reality of a child romping in the sunshine. The bitter, tragic reality of a woman weeping for her lover.

You see the sweetness in those starry, sparkling eyes—blue, blue eyes. In the upward curve of the rather large mouth.

Betty &

By

Adela Rogers St. Johns

In the eager, interested, warm expression of her face. The drawing, flexible tones of her voice.

And the reality—oh, I don’t know—in a lot of little things, and in the few big ones.

Just for instance, Betty hasn’t changed a bit really since the old days on the Christie lot. Oh yes—more polished. More sure of herself. More exquisitely gowned and coiffured and manicured. A woman of the world, now.

But Betty still likes to reminisce about those old days. She never forgets anyone she knew then. Her Christmas card list holds more names from the past than from the present. She doesn’t forget the days when she was broke and “hired out” as a nurse girl. She’s proud of it. She’ll tell you voluntarily about the time when she was getting her education and used to help herself and her family out summers by waiting table at a summer hotel with some other college girls. Fame and fortune, so quickly, miraculously won, haven’t given her a touch of the proverbial swelled head.

Why, I’ve known Betty to wait for an hour in line in front of a movie theater in Los Angeles to see a picture, when the merest whisper of her name at the box office would have brought managers out to erect special seats for her if necessary.

I remember one night when we all stood in line and somebody suggested Betty go to the window and tell them who she was.

“Oh, I couldn’t,” said Betty, flushing scarlet. “Walk up there and say I’m Betty Compson? Why, I’d feel like the girl ought to say, ‘Oh, are you? Well, what about it?’”

The kid comes out in Betty when she’s with her mother. She will beg pathetically for mother to go into the big white kitchen and cook some *real* fried chicken, or make some *real* cookies, or bake some *real* biscuits. Then she’ll scold her mother vigorously for overworking, because mother just can’t trust servants. That’s why, I suppose, you get such a sensation of home about Betty’s beautiful new \$75,000 house on Hollywood Boulevard. When I think of Betty Compson, I never lose sight of a significant and memorable conversation I had with the late George Loane Tucker, the day after “The Miracle Man” was released.

He told me how Betty came to see him at his club. It was late afternoon of a cold, drizzly day. Betty had been working hard. No shop girl was ever more tired. Mentally and physically, she was so near the breaking point that she was absolutely natural. Too low to make the slightest effort to please or to ensnare. And in that girl, the great director saw “a real woman,”—that’s the phrase he used. I can imagine Betty Compson doing anything that was perhaps passionately, humanly, strongly wrong. I can imagine her feeling any emotion that a woman can feel—from *Juliet* to *Nora Helmer*. But I just can’t imagine Betty Compson doing anything unkind or petty or unfair.

Because, after three years, my own judgment confirms George Loane Tucker’s that Betty Compson is “a real woman.”

Jobyna

This famous writer knows women better than Elinor Glyn and Leonard Merrick put together. When she says that Betty and Jobyna are real, you may consider the question settled. And that's that!

JOBYNA RALSTON is like the refrain of an old-fashioned song. If there is anything I particularly detest, it is poetical quotations.

If anybody puts one on my tombstone, provided I have such a luxury, I guarantee now to haunt 'em.

Nevertheless, Jobyna sent me away idiotically and sentimentally singing something about "She blushed with delight if you gave her a smile, And trembled with fear at your frown."

Certainly I had no intention of being poetical. Nothing, indeed, could have been farther and farther from my thought.

It was raining, and when I drive on wet pavements my flivver behaves like a hooked trout. My hair always comes out of curl in the rain and looks like the decrepit innards of an ancient mattress.

My best point is my feet, and when I am wearing rubbers I am at about the same disadvantage as a naval officer in cits.

Furthermore, I cannot abide fish and it was Friday and I had been lunching with Colleen Moore. Of course they had to have fish, but they didn't have to have jello for dessert.

I said to myself: "This young person will have to step some if she makes any hit with me. My present desire is to tear her limb from limb, to rend her utterly. I hate ingenues."

I gave Jobyna all that handicap, and I came away, babbling little rhymes and trilling little songs, all about the gambolling lambs and the primroses by the limpid brook—I admit it.

One no longer sighs for thrones and diadems. Even fame, it seems, has its thorns. But oh, sang I, to be eighteen and just fresh from Tennessee, and *pretty*. I tell you, there's not much you wouldn't trade for it—sometimes.

There were a lot of aspirants to the position of Harold Lloyd's new leading lady. Not only that Bebe Daniels and Mildred Davis, the only two girls to occupy that place so far, have become stars at their graduation. But Harold's such a nice boy and everyone wants to work with and for him if they can. His selection of Jobyna Ralston surprised a lot of wise ones.

"Who," quoth they, "in heaven's name, is Jobyna Ralston?"

Well, she's a little girl came out to Hollywood a couple of years ago to go in pictures. She walked onto the Roach lot one afternoon—and she's never walked off, professionally at least. She played extras a while—then was elevated to leads in two-reel comedies. And for a year or more Harold has been grooming her for his own productions.

Not one of those sudden "finds" that are just as abruptly lost again. Nor a newly discovered comet that somehow unaccountably quits scintillating in the middle of a big picture. Just a hard worker who knows what's expected of her and who responds at precisely the right moment.



Edwin Bower Hesser

Jobyna Ralston is the early springtime of the South

She lives very quietly with her mother and she's—well, Jobyna is so Southern (and if the linotype operator or the proof reader takes that capital S out, I'll murder him) she's right surprised to find out there is anything north of the Mason-Dixon line. She says "you-all" and "honey-chile" and "go 'long now"—and she doesn't know that isn't the way everybody talks. And no one would want to tell her it isn't, either. Trying to alter her speech would be just about as foolish as extracting the perfume from a rose.

She has an almost naive way of expecting the world to take her as she meets it—frankly, simply. And the surprised world, recovering from its confusion, does its prettiest to respond to her artless advances.

She's the sort of girl that can make you write love letters and sign your real name, if you know what I mean. I don't know whether she's got a brain in her head, but brains are just excess baggage to girls like Jobyna. They've got a sixth sense that covers more ground than the collective brains of Congress.

If she can get over, on the screen, what she got over to me in that tiny bungalow sitting room—watch that girl, that's all. Because the Nile, and the romantic slopes of Spain, and even the boulevards of Paris, haven't got anything on Tennessee when it comes to women that can stand a nation on its ear.

I don't know what to call it—but whatever it is, Jobyna's got it.

Photoplay's Hollywood Astronomers



ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

They
know
more
about
Hollywood
and
its
stars
than
any
other
two
persons
in
the
world



HERBERT HOWE

"Our Adela"

By Herbert Howe

"Our Herb"

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

SHE'S the most temperamental star in Hollywood. The Lasky studio was pale and shaken. The members of the publicity department were draped in attitudes of martyred saints. It was as though some hell-roaring tornado had swept through the place.

"What's happened?" I queried. "Has some one thrown a cat at Pola?"

Arch Reeve, publicity director, stared wall-eyed from out his two hundred and fifty pounds of quivering form.

"No," he shuddered. "One of the new fellows in the department talked back to Adela!"

I gasped. "To what undertaking parlor have they taken him?"

The only response was a low moan from the swooning saints.

If you pool the volatility of Pola, the chief features of a Mack Sennett sylph, and the literary energy of Alexandre Dumas *per* you will gain a faint conception of Adela Rogers St. Johns.

You would never recognize her as an authoress. Her complexion's too good and her ankles too trim. Yet she can reel off more romantic copy than Dumas and his regiment of aides.

At six-thirty she's breakfasting. Seven, at tennis. Nine, she's covering a murder case or interviewing the murderess for the Los Angeles papers. Noon, interviewing a star at lunch for PHOTOPLAY. Two, whirring off a fiction story for *Cosmopolitan*, *Harper's* or *Good Housekeeping*. Five, swimming at the beach or in Mrs. Wally Reid's pool. Seven, in cloth of gold, bob hair rioting or drawn tight in the Russian mode, she's fizzing up some stellar dinner party.

Retrouse nose, wit-shimmering eyes, a dramatic imagination—in a word, Irish.

From her father, one of the most famous attorneys of the West, she inherited dynamic energy and incisiveness of mind. At nineteen she was reporting for the Los Angeles newspapers.

She knows the heart of Hollywood. It's secrets and sorrows, mysteries and gayeties.

She has the faculty of dramatizing its bits of life in a style that is colloquially attuned—febrile, staccato, glittering, high-keyed. Her sentences snap.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]

HE dines with Pola Negri!
He reads French with Mabel Normand!
He swims with Alice Terry!

He teas with Mrs. Charles Ray!
He escorts Florence Vidor to Bowl concerts!
He dances with Corinne Griffith!

And who is this Lothario, this playboy of the movie world? Why, Herbert Howe, of course!

Many persons appreciate Herb Howe. But here is what was said about him at a largely attended luncheon at The Writers in Los Angeles recently by a serious literary critic, who is also a publisher and the discoverer of a number of "great ones" in the writing field:

"Herbert Howe is the finest epigrammatist of the present day. I don't know whether or not your readers appreciate the literary gems they get from him because his stuff is so entertaining. But it's the highest form of biography and the most polished form of wit."

And let's add a few of his other traits. He is a bachelor—from choice. He never gets up before noon. And he is constitutionally so lazy that some editors have found it necessary to lock him in and take away his—er—apparel—in order to get manuscripts in time.

He prefers to live in Europe. And has spent a great deal of time roaming about from Algiers to Petrograd, enjoying the real life of the people as he went. Incidentally, though his political opinions are decidedly Russian, he was in the Tank Corps during the war and looked very handsome in his officer's uniform.

When he returned to Hollywood from his last tour abroad, you would have thought the Prince of Wales had arrived.

He was born in Dakota and graduated from the State University. His uncle was a motion picture exhibitor and, through him, Howe eventually drifted to publicity. He was the first writer really to discover Charlie Ray.

His most intimate men friends are Malcolm McGregor, Rex Ingram, Charles Ray and Tony Moreno. And he has been for the past two years the most noted contributor to fan magazines.

Oscar Wilde once remarked: "To have the reputation of possessing the most perfect social

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]

C L O S E - U P S

& LONG SHOTS

By Herbert Howe

BIOGRAPHICAL DRAMA: The screen is venturing into dramatic territory which the stage has found fertile—biographical drama. Since there is little chance for novelty in plot, the principal hope for variation lies in development of character. And the most interesting characters are those who have lived. A picture with a background of authenticity never fails if competently done. The historical picture, particularly such as "The Covered Wagon," which plays patriotic chords on patriotic spinal columns, has far greater box-office value than an equally good story without historical reference. The reading public, too, is showing a greater interest in biography and biographical fiction. Consider the success of "Queen Victoria" and the superiority of "The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci" over fiction unsubstantiated by reality. A glowing, swash-buckling picture might be selected from the "Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini." And what love story could hold greater romantic interest than that of Napoleon and Josephine? Where is there a character more pictureful than Alexander the Great? Certainly Charles Ray will invite more attention as *John Alden* than as John Jones, and Richard Barthelmess as *Nathan Hale* will impress the multitude far more than as a Hergesheimer hero. Could any spectacle be more thrilling than that of Valentino, the Great, as Christopher Columbus, sheikung Isabella for the price to see America first?

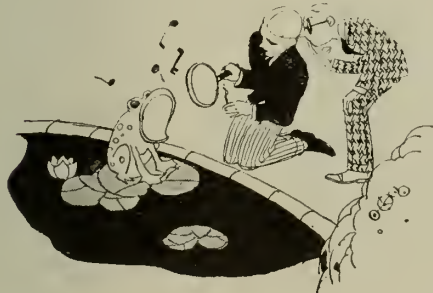
Clever Critics Only Criticize: Frances Marion, queen of the scenario writers, asks me why some of us clever critics don't write for the screen. The answer is, we're too clever. When Rex Ingram was just out of Yale he visited the old Edison studio to see a picture run off, and promptly criticized the bad handwriting in some letters that were used in the action. The studio engaged him to write them thenceforth. He wrote four and was fired. No one could read them.

The Art of Artificiality: There are three grades of artificiality:

The artificiality of Gloria Swanson.
The amusing artificiality of Barbara La Marr.

The sincere artificiality of Mae Murray.

Hollywood Parties: The fiestas of Hollywood have been falsely assailed and falsely defended. Parties here, as elsewhere in our desert of freedom, may be divided into two general groups: those where you get



politely pie-eyed and those where you get impolitely poisoned. There are also those unmentionable orgies where you get bored stiff with mah jong or guess games. Of the two deaths, I prefer poisoning. The highlights of Hollywood hospitality that glow incandescently in my memory are:

Champagne flowing gently over a peach in a crystal, after the Continental manner, and the absinthine scarf that bound the gypsy locks of the divine Pola. . . . The pink blossoms against the left ear and the tiny mole on

the left shoulder of Corinne Griffith, hostess at an Ambassador dinner. . . . Hamburgers confectioned by Malcolm McGregor at the dinner he cooked for four stags. . . . Toy balloons being pursued around the Ambassador dance floor by Bull Montana, who breathlessly captured them for a kid. . . . Luncheon with Mary and Doug when Mary took Doug's knife away for fear he'd put out his eye. . . . The best Italian food this side of Paoli's in Florence, with Mabel Normand at a restaurant which an Italian started with six hundred dollars borrowed from Mabel, and Mabel's astonished, "And he paid me back!" . . . Harold Lloyd making a half-dollar disappear through his trousers leg. . . . Dinner with Rex Ingram and Alice Terry, after which Rex spent the evening rapturously killing flies. . . . Daniel Frohman teaching new dance steps to the slow-footed Hollywood boys at Florence Vidor's after a dinner given by Carmel Myers. . . . Learning how to make millions easily from the most interesting off-screen star, Joseph Schenck, at lunch in Norma Talmadge's studio bungalow. . . . Luncheon with Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch at Montmartre, Mrs. Lubitsch forbidding Ernst to look around because Nita Naldi sat just behind. . . . An Italian dinner with the best accompaniment this side the vineyards of Tuscany, hosted by Signor Bully Montana. . . . The frog croaking on a lily pad at an evening party given by the Charles Rays in their exquisite gardens, and Charles lighting matches in an attempt to show us the frog's tongue, which he claimed was a musical membrane. . . . Listening to a radio bedtime

story about how the little lambs lost their tails during a solemn cocktail hour at the Tony Morenos. . . . The scientific discussion raised by a disturbing young sheba as to why gin bottles have glass stoppers and Scotch have only corks. . . . Relaying countless bottles of strawberry pop to the Follies-famed Lilyan Tashman at Blanche Sweet's box party for the Movie Exposition, Lilyan having dined with Nita Naldi, who likes her seasoning hot. . . . At Venice, the Coney Island of the Pacific, going "Over the Falls" with Alice Terry and



landing flat on the sidewalk outside as some one exclaimed, "Why, look at Alice Terry!" Alice looking as patrician seated there on the pavement with a hot dog in her hand as she would on a throne with a scepter.

The Limit to Realism: When Elinor Glyn came back from England to supervise the production of "Three Weeks" for Goldwyn, she brought pictures of palace interiors to duplicate as sets. When she showed the art director a picture of a queen's bedchamber with brass beds, he had the vapours and shrieked for a flask. Brass beds, as everyone knows, have not figured in a fashionable scandal since *la bonne grandmere* was a little jazz *enfant*. Let us solemnly pray that at least Madame in her devotion to royal fashions does not compel Eileen Pringle, the star, to copy the Queen's hats. Realism should never become greswome.

Hollywood vs. Salmon: Hollywood society is too tame for the society folk of Salmon, Idaho, according to Mr. Philip Rand, an exhibitor of Salmon, who renders the following critique in *The Exhibitor's Herald* concerning "The Ordeal," a Paramount picture:

"They say it was fine. I didn't see it. I lost \$10.50, which is some Ordeal to me. The society folk went seven miles in mud to a moonshine-jazz dance and left Agnes Ayres and Conrad Nagel to entertain a few stay-at-homes and a handful of kids. It's great to be a showman in a hick town—hick meaning hiccough. When I said I didn't see that picture, don't think I was at that wet and noisy dance. No siree! I was in bed at home—I can prove it. For further particulars write to Gus Brown, Mackey, Idaho."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 123]

Behold, An Actress!

We Celebrate This Month
The Re-Discovery of—



MISS BESSIE LOVE

Reversing the usual procedure, she abandoned stardom to become an actress. In "Human Wreckage" and "The Eternal Three" she is not of the celluloid, but of the flesh. Here is Greatness waiting on Opportunity.



Devorkin

That Hope Hampton is charming to look at cannot be denied

JUST who and what is Hope Hampton? Is she a star? Thousands have been spent in exploitation and publicity to establish this claim. With what has it been backed up? Is she an actress? Has she ever had a following large enough to make her pictures pay?

About four years ago Hope Hampton made her picture debut as the "star" in an old-school, vamp film, labelled "A Modern Salome." The story was frankly bunk, but it was pretentiously done, lively, intensely romantic, and curiously interesting as the gilded platter on which was served to the public a costly, dainty and delectable new "star," whose obvious qualifications for her job were prettiness and youth, and who carried off her sudden situation with entirely comprehensible inexperience and rawness, while the public and the picture world awaited with tolerance and patience some hint of the "possibilities" which might have justified this elevation to "stardom" of an actress heretofore totally unknown. But was Hope Hampton even an "unknown actress?"

Questions like this obtruded themselves into the public consciousness with her prominence. As only unsatisfactory answers were coming from authoritative quarters and the millions of followers of motion picture personalities, by some quaint trick of mind, expect and demand definite knowledge of the youth, training, antecedents and background of their

Who and What is Hope Hampton?

Is she a star?

Is she an actress?

Has she any following?

Does the public want her?

*Will the public pay to see
her pictures?*

*Why is she featured above
Lew Cody, Nita Naldi
and Conrad Nagel?*

By Bland Johaneson

favorites, strange legends or myths surrounding Hope Hampton came into active circulation.

Some had it that she was the daughter of a rich Texan ranch-owner and indulged by him in her whim of becoming an overnight picture pet. Others gave her the romantic O. Henry history of the Philadelphia Gimbel's bargain-basement, from which she gamboled, through the sunny pastures of the chorus "hoofers" and "ladies of the ensemble," into her screen glory and unlimited credit in any department store.

Obviously, such extravagant tales could not have gained credence in any circles not so accustomed to improbabilities and outlandish careers as that circle which follows the motion pictures. The silver screen has celebrated even stranger histories.

Still wilder and funnier stories were told. Hope Hampton's interest in letters and journalism was supposed to have led her into the writing cliques, where she made many warm friends among the clever little boys and girls who contribute to the papers and magazines. Gathering these playmates around her at luncheon, she is supposed to have entertained them with such cunning little *couvert* souvenirs as silver purses and flagons of rare perfume until their merry glee and pleasure with their pretty benefactress was communicated to all their reading public.

Feeling that no person more than Hope Hampton herself would rejoice to have all these silly delusions dispelled, the Editor of PHOTOPLAY asked me to see the star, form some estimate of her as an actress and a personality, and get from her, herself, if possible, her own account of her career (whether colorful or romantic, no matter, at least definite), in order to stem the flood of such questions as Who, What and Why is Hope Hampton?

My request for an interview was answered promptly by an invitation to dinner at the Ritz. Assuring Miss Hampton of

my inability to accept her unusual courtesy, I suggested a later day. She placed a perfect aeon of dinner hours at my disposal, as well as an unbounded choice of smart restaurants. Finally, however, she agreed to my seeing her in her own house, which is on Park Avenue.

Arriving before her door, casement windows were opened above, and I was greeted by a cheery "yoo-hoo." Her prettiness was dazzling. Running to open the door for me, she was daintier, livelier, more animated than I ever have seen her on the screen, and of a totally different type. In a picture she is very blonde, rather limpid as to personality, slightly mature. In life she seems a fiery, red-headed little Irishman, reckless, blunt, almost tactless in the frankness with which she voices her opinions of things and people.

Expressing her surprise and relief at finding me not quite an unfriendly ogre, she led me into her drawing-room and presented Mr. Jules Brulatour, the film-magnate who manages her and is credited by rumor, with her discovery.

Miss Hampton's house is tiny, unpretentious and furnished in exquisite taste, with the almost-perfect touch of the interior decorator suggested in the disposal of every chair and ash-tray. Only this ultra-perfection hints of youth in Miss Hampton's luxurious wealth.

Mr. Brulatour immediately assumed command of the conversational ship, turning it into the most general, social and casual channels, prompting Miss Hampton to chatter about her dogs, her fondness for dogs, the value of her dogs, her harrowing experience of losing by theft an especially valuable and especially beloved dog, her strategy in recovering said canine, and the subsequent joy of their reunion.

I was unable, without resorting to downright rudeness, to make either the star or her manager tell me anything about her girlhood, experience, parentage, ambition, struggles, or one single anecdote which could suggest her juvenile character and environment. My own inability as an interviewer may have been entirely responsible for this.

Miss Hampton did say that she was born in Texas, raised and educated in Philadelphia, from whose public schools she came directly to the Sar-



Miss Hampton in a Pavlova pose in one of her latest pictures



Miss Hampton in a classic pose, portraying Joan of Arc

gent Dramatic Academy, where she was "discovered" and selected because of her conspicuous talents to play the leading rôle in "A Modern Salome" as a featured star.

"Had you any previous experience in acting?"

"No. Only as an amateur with my class at the dramatic school."

"Had you ever before appeared in a picture?"

"No." (Miss Hampton later admitted that she had done a small bit; "just for fun," for which she had not been paid, in a Maurice Tourneur production which the director was making in some association with Mr. Brulatour.)

"Have you ever been on the stage?"

"Never."

"How do you account for the prevalence of the impression that you had?"

Here Mr. Brulatour answered for her: "It's because Hope makes such a wonderful 'personal appearance.' She makes a better one than any other star. Everyone thinks because of that that she has had experience, but she had never been on the stage." (He refers here to the Hope Hampton exploitation stunt which was so largely responsible for landing her before the public, the practice of touring the country and appearing in picture houses to talk to the fans about picture personalities and picture-making.)

This launched

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 125]

HERE is a thrilling mystery story of the adventures that befell a company of motion picture players while on location in the big woods of the great Northwest. Full of interest and suspense

CHAPTER I

IT was fortunate for Dave Mann and the Nonpareil Film Corporation that he was the only person in the company who possessed a temperament. Otherwise the combination of mosquitoes, swampy portages, black flies and smoky campfires would have wrecked Dave's expedition in search of realism the second day out.

As it was, things were going much as they did on any location. Peggy Dare and Fay Brainerd sat side by side in the middle of a big freight canoe, veiled and gloved and high-booted, Peggy growling and snapping and Fay laughing because she knew that Peggy's temper, unlike her beauty, was only skin deep and more often than not a mere vehicle for witticisms.

"The next time Davis goes after realism I hope he wants it in a Ritz setting," Peggy said. "He could have borrowed a moose from the Bronx Zoo and shot this stuff in New Jersey."

"But Dave gets inspiration when he sees the real thing," Fay protested with mock seriousness. "He rewrote half the scenario last night after talking with one of the guides. Says he has the real Canadian flavor now."

"Yes, and he'll rewrite it twice more before we're through, retake everything a dozen times and keep us here a month. By that time it will be winter and he'll get a new idea—all snow stuff."

"Ugh!" Fay shivered, and then she laughed. "But anyway, one of us is enjoying himself."

Peggy glanced across to the bow of another canoe in which knelt Larry Moncrieff. He was swinging a paddle with amazing skill when it was considered that he had never seen one until three days before.

"Yes, look at the million-dollar beauty!" she exclaimed. "You'd think the shore was lined with flappers."

"Peg! I never heard anyone accuse Larry of playing to the flapper gallery."

"That was rough. A black fly had just started a tunnel through my neck. But why does he work like that?"

"He has to do some paddling in this picture."

"You don't say! If he only sits in a canoe half the women in the country would believe it ought to move for that reason alone. It's a wonder Dave lets him do it. He might get a blister."

"As a matter of fact he has several," Fay answered. "And, stranger still, he's proud of them, or proud of the way he got them. He's a funny one."



Not in the

By Kathrene and Robert Pinkerton

"Funny's the word. I can never get quite used to him. When Dave first picked him up I thought he had nothing but a face. Even now you wonder if that isn't all except when Dave yells 'shoot!'"

"Yes, Dave is the only one who can wake him up. I suppose that's what's saved him from the flappers, and all the rest. Any other man would have been ruined by their adoration."

Peggy Dare's high-salaried eyes grew serious.

"I don't get him," she said. "For a long time I thought he was the usual doll and passed him up. Even now I can't quite

At last he went into a room off the kitchen and returned with a rifle



Scenario

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

see a man who lets someone double for him when he does anything so dangerous as lighting a gas jet."

"But why blame Larry?" Fay objected. "That's Dave's idea. He won't let him risk a finger in a stunt."

"Yes, but you've never heard Larry fighting for the chance. I don't suppose I would either if my name could fill the theater like his does. Still, I'd like to be sure he's a regular he-man."

"Give him time. He may surprise you."

"He certainly would. I suppose I'm the only female in the world who hasn't fallen for him. But I hate to see those

shoulders wasted in Dave's nursery. Right now he's doing the hardest work I've ever seen him do. Look at him."

Larry Moncrieff was paddling as steadily and as energetically as any of the canoemen. The two girls watched him as he snapped the blade forward and drew it back with quick, strong strokes. They could see that he was enjoying himself thoroughly but neither guessed that he reveled in the soft light of suddenly awakened imagination, that in his own mind he had ceased to be Larry Moncrieff, movie idol, and had become a colorful *voyageur* of old, fighting his way through an uncharted wilderness to the land of fur and adventure.

Even when the canoe turned shoreward he remained in the land of his dreams. The portage they were about to make was only another fascinating bit of the uncharted wild and, for Larry, all such trails possessed an unflinching charm.

"How far?" he asked the man behind him.

"It ain't how far, but how high," the canoeman answered grimly. "A half mile but straight up over that hill."

They landed, and when the next canoe touched the shore Larry helped the two girls.

"You poor boy!" Peggy Dare exclaimed. "Look at those blisters, Fay."

Larry sometimes thought he detected a keen edge of sarcasm in Peggy's dulcet voice. He grinned sheepishly.

"I'm having a good time anyhow," he said. "And I'm going to help pack across this portage."

But before he had lifted his load he was stopped by a hail from the lake.

"Dave's afraid he'll strain himself," Peggy whispered. "I'm surprised he doesn't have the men carry Larry across."

But Dave Mann was not concerned with Larry Moncrieff's safety just then. His canoe, the fourth, had lagged far behind and as it drew nearer the director stood up and waved excitedly to those on shore.

"Wait!" he called. "Don't carry that stuff across. Put it down. Don't touch it. I've got a new idea."

Some of the canoemen had already started, and not until they had returned with their burdens did Dave cease issuing his fervid commands. The moment his canoe grounded he leaped ashore.

"Come here, Bill," he called to the man in the stern. "Larry, I want you to hear this. I've got a wonderful new idea. A palace! Think of it! In this wilderness. Wonderful set. And it'll fit right into the story, with a few changes, of course. I'll fix those up tonight."

Larry joined him, as did Peggy and Fay, Phil Sherwood, the assistant director, and Roy Quigley, the camera man. No one ever knew what was going to happen when Dave got an idea.

"Now, Bill," Dave began. "Tell them about this place."

"I don't know much except what I've heard and what I've told you," the canoeman said, obviously unconcerned.

"It's a regular palace, built of logs, of course," Dave explained. "Some queer old gink lives there alone."

"He's not alone," Taylor interrupted. "There's someone around to do the work and —"



The girl, a lovely vision, stood back of the old man, watching the tableau with an amused expression and just a suggestion of wonder in her great, hazel eyes

"Think of that!" Dave cried. "No one knows about them. Mystery! Romance! An exile in the wilderness! There's a picture in that. We can introduce a girl and —"

"There is a girl there, too," the canoeman said.

"A girl! Wonderful! Why didn't you tell me?"

"I tried to and you got so excited I didn't have a chance. I never seen her but —"

"Where is this place?"

"It's on the next lake, about five miles from where we're going to."

"Know anything about the owner?"

"No one does, far as I can tell. He must a' come in from the other railroad to the north. Been there some years now but he's just as much a stranger as ever."

"And it's a big place, stunning set and all that?"

"I ain't never been close to it, just paddled by once. It's a mighty pretty place, half way up a hill with some big Norways around it, but they don't allow visitors. Partner of mine stopped there one day but they told him flat they didn't want him."

"Oh, we'll take care of that part of it," Dave said confidently. "Gad! Think of it! A girl living there! Prisoner, I'll bet. Idea for a corking picture. And a set like that ready-made. Come on, you fellows. Start lunch. We'll eat here, get across this portage and see the place before supper time."

Late in the afternoon four large freight canoes and a smaller one approached the north end of White Otter Lake. As they neared a point Bill Taylor turned and spoke to Dave Mann.

"It's right around here," he said, "down near the head of this bay."

"Fine!" Dave cried excitedly.

"But I want to warn you he never lets anybody land. Queer old devil."

"That's for me to worry about," Dave answered. "You lead the way. Run the canoes right up onto the shore and we'll get out before he can stop us. After that—well, I'll talk to him. What's his name?"

"I never could say it. Heard it only once. French or Italian or something."

"Wop, eh?" He turned and surveyed the other canoes.

"Any of you talk dago?" he shouted.

No one answered.

"Oh, well," Dave muttered, "a few bills with the right numbers on 'em talk any language. Hurry it up there, you fellows."

The canoes rounded a point but no signs of a house was to be seen.

"It's at the head of a little cove near the end of the bay," Bill Taylor explained. "You'll see it in a minute."

The canoes slid on, turned another point, and then even the paddlers ceased work to stare in amazement.

Set on a broad ledge thirty feet above the water stood a long, low building of logs. A broad veranda extended across the entire front and wide windows looked out across a beautiful bay. The underbrush and saplings had been cleared away but a score of tall Norway pines towered above the cabin like a squad of sentinels.

"Wonderful!" Dave Mann cried after he had gazed at it a minute. "Marvelous! Think of a place like that up here in such a wilderness! Why, we must be fifty miles or more from the nearest railroad."

He turned to Peggy Dare, whose canoe had drifted alongside.

"There's romance for you!" he exclaimed. "Palace in the wilderness. No one ever permitted to visit it. Beautiful girl kept prisoner by aged Italian exile. Just the part for you, Peg. And Larry as the rescuing hero! Wow! With just a few changes it will fit right into the story we've—"

"Better keep quiet," Bill Taylor whispered. "If he hears us he'll most likely come down and order us off before we get a chance to talk to him."

Dave motioned to the other canoes to hurry forward and in another moment all five had tied up at a log dock. There had been no sign of anyone on the shore as they slipped across the cove and even after they had landed no one was seen.

"I'll go up alone," Dave said as he started along a trail. "Rest of you stay here."

"If ever a man acted as if he had nothing but bats flying around the bells it's Dave," Peggy Dare said. "Here we're off again on a second picture. It'll be a month before we're out of this mosquito hole."

"Yeh, and we'll have some picture when we do leave," Roy Quigley answered. "Dave acts nutty but his old bean's working overtime all the time. Four knockouts in the last year and no flivvers. Huh! I guess that's being nutty."

"Lord, Quig, let me get some joy out of this!" Peggy snapped. "I know as well as anyone the sort of pictures he makes. I've been in them. But—"

She was interrupted by a hail from the ledge above them.

"Come up and see this, you folks!" Dave Mann shouted. "It's wonderful. Wonderful! And not a soul around. Bring a camera, Quig, and flashes. I want some interior stills right away while I can get 'em."

He turned and disappeared and the whole company hurried to the trail that led upward. Behind them, more cautiously and more slowly and yet fully as eager to inspect this strange place, came the dozen canoemen and helpers.

When they reached the top of the ledge Dave stood at the veranda entrance holding the screen door open.

"Shut it!" Peggy cried. "If there's a place up here without mosquitoes don't invite them in."

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" Dave cried, wholly unconscious of her protest. "The interior's wonderful. Never dreamed of one like it. We'll take some stills and reproduce it on the lot when we get back. And the outside! Look at it. Those big logs and the way they're fitted together."

"Isn't there anyone around?" Larry asked.

"Can't find a soul. Went out back and called. Get busy inside, Quig. We want to reproduce that living room. If we had the lights here we'd use it. And say, Peggy! There's a grand piano in there."

The entire group followed Dave inside.

"What an adorable place!" Fay Brainerd exclaimed.

"Yes, just look at it!" Dave added. "That fireplace! And those rafters. Nothing like you'd think a wilderness home would be and yet it has the wilderness touch. Unmistakably. And then add the mystery and the romance, the exotic nature of such a situation—"

"Clear out, all of you!" Roy Quigley ordered. "I'm going to take the stills."

The men left through a rear door but Peggy and Fay turned unerringly to a hall that led to several bedrooms and as unerringly, to one unmistakably a woman's. They entered, curiosity overcoming all sense of respect for another's privacy.

"Poor thing!" Peggy exclaimed after a brief survey. "Isn't it plain?"

"And yet it's nice," Fay answered. "She has everything she needs. Wonder why she's kept here."

"Wouldn't it be deadly? Think of it! Never seeing anyone, never—"

She had walked across to a table and was turning over several books.

"And look at what she has to read! What sort of clothes has she?"

Peggy opened the closet door but before she could look inside they heard Dave Mann calling.

"Probably ready to shoot right now," Fay said as she led the way out.

The Best Picture of the Year

THE winner of the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal of Honor for 1922 will be announced in the December issue. This will be the third medal awarded, and the number of votes received shows that interest in the contest is increasing steadily.

The first medal awarded, for the best picture of 1920, went to the Cosmopolitan Productions' "Humoresque," and the medal for 1921 was presented to Inspiration Pictures, Inc., for its production of "Tol'able David."

The task of counting the thousands of ballots sent in by PHOTOPLAY readers for the best picture of 1922 is practically completed, and the name of the winning picture will be announced

In the Next Issue

Out November 15

The men were gathered in the living room again, appearing dimly through the clouds of smoke from the flash lights.

"We're going to camp right across the bay," Dave said. "I want you all to go over there now and when the old wop gets back I'll talk to him. I'm going to make some changes in the scenario tonight and in the morning we'll start shooting. Come on, now. Hurry up. I don't want him to find us all here. Might make him huffy."

After supper, Dave, Larry and two of the canoemen returned to the cabin on the hill. A careful watch had been kept but no sign of the owner's return had been seen.

"He's sure to get here before dark," Dave said as they landed. "If we're here when he comes he can't throw us off until we talk to him. Besides, I want to get the outside of the house and the interior well fixed in my mind before I work over the story. Gad, this is luck! It's going to fit right in, with only a few changes."

"What if he won't let you use the place?" Larry asked. "He might be so crabby he'd drive us off with a gun."

"Oh, we'll get him some way. You fellows keep a watch outside and let us know if anyone comes," he told the canoemen. "We'll be in the living room."

Once inside Larry Moncrieff went to the piano, opened it and began to play softly while Dave paced up and down the room. "What's that stuff?" he demanded suddenly.

"Grieg."

"Huh! I don't see how you get the jazz into your work like you do. You never show it any other time."

Larry kept on playing without an answer and Dave turned again to a survey of the room. But almost immediately Bill Taylor burst in.

"Say!" he cried excitedly. "Come on out back! Quick!"

"What's happened?" Dave demanded as Larry whirled around from the piano.

"A man! We saw him lying in a dark corner of a shed. I think he's dead."

Dave and Larry, following at the heels of the canoeman, ran outside. Jack Gibson, the other woodsman who had accompanied them, stood near the open door of a small outbuilding.

"He's alive," Jack said as they approached. "I just heard him moving."

"Better be careful," Bill warned. "You never know what's going to happen in a place like this."

But Dave brushed past him and knelt in the dark corner beside the body of a man. He made a brief examination and then called to the others.

"Carry him outside," he commanded. "He's all tied up. Get a knife and cut those ropes."

Larry helped the two canoemen carry the man. He had been bound by an expert. His legs were lashed together, his hands tied behind his back and a big handkerchief held a gag in his mouth.

But even as they began to slash the ropes they saw that he was very much alive. His eyes, black and large, burned with a fierceness that caused Bill Taylor to draw back in alarm.

"What's happened here?" Dave demanded. "Where are the rest of the people, the old fellow and the girl?"

The man's legs and arms had been freed. Though his face was twisted by pain, his eyes stared fiercely up at Dave.

"Come! Can't you talk? We're friendly. What's happened?"

Still there was no answer. The man rolled over, stretched his cramped arms and legs and finally sat up.

"Gad, what a type!" Dave whispered. "Real brigand."

The man looked it. Very dark, with long black hair, fierce mustache, coal black eyes, gleaming white teeth and a face lined by passion and savage lust, he would have fitted well into any tale of southern Europe.

Even his clothes filled out the picture—the open blue shirt, the scarlet handkerchief about his neck, the corduroy trousers and the black slouch hat which had been lying just inside the door.

"Come, can't you talk?" Dave repeated irritably.

The man stared at him in a peculiar manner.

"Spika de Eye-tally-one?" Dave ventured.

Suddenly the fellow's face was contorted in a strange manner and he began to wave his arms about and make queer signs with his fingers.

"A deaf-mute!" Larry exclaimed.

"Don't you see? He's trying to talk to us."

"Gad, what a situation!" Dave cried. "A crime has been committed and not one of us can tell what he's trying to say. But wait!"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]

Do you wish to write for the Screen?

PHOTOPLAY has arranged with John Lynch, one of the foremost writers for the screen, a man who has spent years in adapting novels, writing originals and continuity, to answer the questions most frequently asked by people interested in screen writing, in the December issue of PHOTOPLAY, which appears on the newsstands the 15th of November. Among the questions he will answer are:

What attention does an original story get from producers?

What is the best form in which to submit a scenario?

Who are the best persons to whom to send scenarios?

What are the requisites of a good photoplay? Who can write a scenario?

What education is needed to become a screen writer?

Has the unknown writer a chance?

In the December Issue



"Stop it!" shrieked the old man. "My God! On my piano! You have defiled it!"

My Screen Lovers

By
Barbara La Marr

RICHARD
BENNETT

*"He'd play at
love, make a
game and a song
of it"*

LIONEL
BARRYMORE

*"With him you
are the plaything,
the dainty toy"*



BERT
LYTELL

*"He appeals to
the maternal love
that will hold,
after sex love is
gone"*

MONTAGU
LOVE

*"His love is pro-
tective, enfolding,
gentle, always
understanding"*

Barbara La Marr and her four "screen lovers" in "The Eternal City"

I SEEM always to be cast in parts where love is my whole existence. Even life has done that to me.

On the screen I never escape it. Perhaps it is because I've always been in love, in love with the great ideal of love itself—something too many men and women experience; something that makes us go on seeking through personalities and the years. The world calls us fickle, but that isn't true. We are merely the idealists of love, who search and very rarely find that for which we look.

Now, however, I have as close to the perfect state as any woman can hope to have. I have four lovers—four handsome, diversified lovers, simultaneously.

Don't be frightened, oh censors! They are only my screen lovers, the four male stars in "The Eternal City"—Lionel Barrymore, Bert Lytell, Montagu Love and Richard Bennett. And how very different each of them is from the others. Fancy having those four all to myself—I'm the only woman in the cast—with Rome as my background and summer as my season. Was ever a girl more fortunate?

Take Lionel Barrymore, for instance. He's one of the lovers every girl has in her imagination—cold, austere, forceful.

With a man such as he, your little vagaries, your baby whims and coquetries go for nothing at all. He only smiles at you, a very knowing smile. He says not a word and yet, much more plainly than words, he is telling you that your trick is an old trick, one common to all women for generations. He lets you realize that, with him, you are like a pretty, delightful child rather than a woman. You are a decorative, delightful morsel to be consumed at leisure. You feel that even without "you" he would live a complete life. You aren't particularly essential. You get a sense of filigree inferiority.

Lionel is the aristocrat of lovers, the blase and rather cruel being who always gets his way and gets it without any controversy. He is the lover who makes circumstances adapt themselves to him, never himself to the circumstances, insurmountable as they may seem.

There is no ecstasy of abandon in loving him. He is too reserved and removed for that. In his caresses there is the fire held always under control. He gives you the consciousness, how-

ever, that you are the weaker, the dominated being. However much you adore him, you still perceive that you are only the plaything, the dainty toy, the feminine sauce piquante to his definitely masculine existence.

Next comes Bert Lytell, my real lover and hero in "The Eternal City." As a lover, he's as different from Lionel as gold from gossamer.

Bert is basically a young lover, the visionary, the languid, the very sincere. Love is at once a fine and a fierce thing to Bert. You feel that no service would be too great for him. You know he would shower adoration and worship upon you. He has the air of being always just a little afraid that love is going to hurt him, stab him somewhere in his emotional expression. Yet, when he loves, he can not help but be prodigal with his devotion. He flings it about you like a bacchante scattering rose petals. Everything for the moment, the hour, the day, is joy. He never dreams for an instant that he can ever cease loving you or you him. He idealizes women, love, life and dreams. And, when he is hurt, his eyes become wells of bewildered heartbreak and his hurt, sensitive mouth is like a baby's.

Thus he appeals to the maternal that lies in every woman, the maternal love that will often hold you when your sex love is gone. It is the little dreaming boy in him that makes you love him, the little boy at whom you may smile wisely, but very tenderly.

Now Richard Bennett has something of this quality, too, only he is impish. He's a baby, too, but an impish, saucy, wise baby. You know you couldn't depend on him for anything. If you sent him to buy a pound of steak, he'd come back with a bunch of violets. He'd play at love and with love, make a game and a song of it. There is much of the poet in his love, but you don't know positively whether he is making

love to you or just acting for his own admiration. He is the egotist, the man who can love with only a fraction of his mind because most of his mind is concentrated on his own visions. I don't mean this disparagingly. Most of the creative men of the world are egotists.

Dick is the artist type, the irresponsible, the



[CONTINUED ON PAGE 123]

Highlights and Shadows in the History of Color

TURNER, first of the natural color experimenters of the screen, fell dead at his work over a laboratory bench in London—leaving his life work a jumble of secret formulae that none could read.

A PICTURE POSTAL card, one of those naughty ones from Paris, helped to solve the mystery of natural color photography and gave the world Kinemacolor pictures.

CHARLES URBAN, the patron and proprietor of the first successful color process, lost a knighthood for his attainments because of a mysterious stroke of desperate illness on the eve of his greatest triumph.

A CURIOUS LAWSUIT, instituted by a competitor, upset and in effect destroyed the basic patents of the natural color process, built up by painstaking years and vast expense, upon unhappy Turner's beginnings.

THE POKER GAME which changed the whole course of the history of natural color in the theaters of the United States.

LINDA ARVIDSON GRIFFITH became the first star of natural color pictures in America—in productions that never reached the screen.

THE KINEMACOLOR Company of America made "The Birth of a Nation" in natural color, years ahead of D. W. Griffith—and did not know it.

BRITISH SOLDIERS stood guard in India to protect the precious Kinemacolor pictures of the Durbar from threatened destruction by the agents of competitors with black and white films.

Chapter XX

NATURAL color in motion pictures has, for nearly fifteen years, glimmered on the motion picture horizon, occupying the speculative, dallying attention of the art of the screen and its followers, lay and professional.

Back of the intermittent color efforts that have, from time to time, come to the screen, is a tale of engaging romance, a drama high-lighted with scarlet successes and shadowed with purple failures. It is a tale which extends from the little cubby hole workshops of experimenters to the palaces of kings. Along the course of the story of color are startling incidents of fate, the intervention of sudden death and strange trivialities of yesterday rising up to determine the history of tomorrow. Greed, selfishness, jealousy and intrigue come in to play their parts, obscuring the paths of sincere endeavor.

Today, in 1923, the career of screen color has hardly more than begun, and the affairs of its twenty-year life are so closely involved with that which is yet to come that it is difficult to discuss them with all of that detachment and perspective that historical record should require. To tell the story of color now is somewhat like writing the biography of a promising youth as he nears the age of his majority, with his creative years all ahead.

As this chapter is written in the midsummer of '23, the natural color motion picture is sleeping. It is in something of the same state of apparent decadence and apathetic neglect as was the whole art of the motion picture in the dark days close to 1900, when its novelty of pictures that moved had been exhausted, and the photoplay, the story film by which the screen became articulate, had not yet been discovered.

To the many who feel that the career of color as a passing but expensive and complicated novelty has been run, it may be pointed out that just before E. S. Porter brought forth the first

The Romantic Motion

By Terry Ramsaye



A little more than ten years ago the first important colored motion pictures were made in India, the subject being the world-famous Durbar. This photograph shows the troops waiting for the royal procession at the camp near Delhi

adventure story picture, "The Great Train Robbery," at the Edison studios, the whole amusement world was fairly well agreed that the motion picture had reached and passed its zenith. The screen was then less than ten years old.

The beginnings of natural color on the screen are now about an equivalent distance in the past. And now, significantly indeed, the butterfly of screen color is again stirring in its cocoon, preparatory perhaps to a rebirth like that which came to the screen with the discovery of the story picture and the rapid development of the art which created the stars.

The story picture, born in the wee years of the new century, has enriched the world with a new kingdom and a new race, the actor-great, from Broncho Billy Anderson at the founding of Essanay of then, to Pola Negri of now.

Natural color, by all of the signs, may, in like manner perchance, bring to the screen new realms of glory, hardly yet to be imagined.

Color had about ten years of an amazing and all but unknown laboratory career, beset with curious circumstance. Then came ten years' sleep.

Turning back those twenty years to the remotest beginnings, we come to the year of 1901 when Edward R. Turner, a chemist with an idea, called on Charles Urban in London to enlist his cooperation toward applying natural color processes to the screen. Turner was a student of natural color photography as applied to the still pictures of the ordinary camera, under the celebrated Sanger Shepherd, a name high in the annals of the development of the photographic art in Great Britain.

Turner had been struggling with his problem for some years

History of the Picture

The Hitherto Untold Story of Colored Motion Pictures



Here is a scene from "The Ten Commandments," of which the entire prologue is in color. This prologue was photographed by the Technicolor process and shows to what a stage the colored motion picture has advanced

then. He already had a British patent, No. 6202, issued March 22, 1899, a date of interest in view of the general impression of the youth of color processes. The motion picture had been on the screen only four years. This patent, which had not been reduced to actual practice, was merely an idea on paper, about as significant in its way as the patented idea of Louis Ducos DuHaron, the Frenchman who dreamed the motion picture in the sixties, before film was born.

Turner seemed to be close upon the solution of the problem of making the screen present the colors of the scene that the camera recorded. He had an idea, still pursued today, by some experimenters, of making three images, each in one of the primary colors, to take the place on the screen of each single frame or image of the ordinary black and white film. This required a camera which would embody three-color separation filters and which would make at least forty-eight exposures a second, or three times the number required for the ordinary color blind camera.

Obviously, if this color record were to be projected on the screen at the same rate so that the images would be superimposed and blended together, the colors would reproduce the scene, just as the superimposed printing blocks of the color process produce the color effects on the cover of *PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE*.

Turner turned to Urban as the aggressive leader in British motion picture affairs. This same Urban had progressed a long way up the ladder since the day when he evolved and introduced the little portable motion picture projectors of 1897 in the wilds of Michigan. Turner needed not only expert motion

TODAY the motion picture has reached its great experimental period. With the art of the screen drama thoroughly founded and established with a consistent career ahead, many minds are now turned toward the technical betterment of the motion picture, and toward widening the scope of the powers of the camera. In the last very few years have come slow motion pictures, stereoscopic pictures and new ideas in talking pictures.

But oldest of all the experimental departures of the camera is the effort at reproduction on the screen of the colors of nature, a fulfillment of the optical record as the eye sees it.

Without delving deeply into the technical intricacies of the processes involved, this chapter sets forth the beginnings and something of the subsequent history of the art of natural color photography for the screen.

It is a story which, from its beginning more than twenty years ago, has involved a remarkable succession of triumphs and tragedies. It is laden with all the spectacular and unexpected turns of destiny which have characterized every phase of motion picture history. This story of the color efforts of yesterday brings a direct connection with the color work of now, which is rapidly growing out of the experimental laboratory onto the screens of the theaters. There is the promise of a new realism in the recording of the screen stars of tomorrow.

JAMES R. QUIRK.

picture cooperation, but money as well. He was a scientist with little interest in material affairs outside of his workshop. He was also just losing a backer.

Turning the records of the period over, it is found that the basic patent issue was to Lee & Turner. F. Marshall Lee, Turner's first backer, was a breeder of fast horses for the British turf.

Lee's participation in this early labor in screen color has decidedly the flavor of coincidence, when one recalls that it was another horseman, Senator Leland Stanford, of California, who financed and encouraged Eadweard Muybridge, one of the pre-Edison experimenters on the problem of making motion pictures, way back in the eighties.

The tedious and expensive pursuit of Turner's experiments had exhausted Lee's patience and interest. He did not care to go further. Urban acquired Lee's interest in behalf of the Warwick Trading Company, the picture concern which had developed out of his invasion of Britain in behalf of McGuire & Baucus, Edison agents.

Turner was set to work on a six-month program to bring his patents idea to practice.

When Turner's first six months were up he had made no appreciable progress, in the opinion of the somewhat impatient directors of the Warwick Trading Company, Ltd. They voted to drop the project and write off their investment of £500. Urban was more interested. With the permission of the directors, he took up the burden where the company left it and personally financed the experiments.

At last a camera and projector were evolved which gave a flickering promise of success, just enough suggestion of a color picture to justify a hope. As a color picture it was probably not quite as promising as the dancing shadows that Woodville Latham got on the wall back in the winter of 1894-5, when he was trying to put the picture on the screen.

But new optical problems arose. Zeiss, Goerz, Voightlander Ross, and all the great optical workers of Europe were consulted and contributed to the experiments at great expense and with little success. The Ross concern produced a lens which would be remarkable indeed even today, a color corrected optical system working at the amazing aperture of F 1.1. and with a focal length of five inches. This cost a hundred pounds. Meanwhile, three exactly matched lenses, equally corrected, were required for the proposed projection machine. To make and match three lenses within the degree of perfection required was declared impossible.

Turner went back to his workshop to battle with the problem. Another method must be found. Urban followed the process only as closely as his rather extensive interests elsewhere would permit.

One day in early 1902, as Urban sat at his desk, there came a crash from the workshop nearby where Turner was brooding over his baffling problem.



THE WORLD'S FIRST FILM MAGNATE.—Since the publication of "The Romantic History of the Motion Picture" began, Terry Ramsaye, the author, has received many interesting relics, among them this picture of Norman C. Raff, now of Canton, Ohio. This picture was made when Mr. Raff came in 1894 from Chicago to Broadway to sell the Edison peep show kinetoscope. The younger picture was made only ten years ago. Mr. Raff is younger today than in his motion picture career of the '90's

When Urban ran into the room Turner was stretched on the floor, stone dead. His heart had failed.

Turner's notes, models and formulae were scattered about, where he had been laboring over them, striving for a clue to the solution. No one else knew the meaning of half of them. The most of what Turner had attained died with him.

Urban had no chemical knowledge, and no time to spend on the mystery of trying to piece back the fragments of progress that Turner had left. But he acquired Turner's interest from the widow and then cast about for some one to continue the research.

G. Albert Smith, of Brighton, England, a photographer and scientific experimenter, was finally retained by Urban to go forward with the work. All of Turner's experimental devices and data were taken down to Brighton. Urban was to continue financing the work, and he and Smith were to share and share alike on any commercial benefits that might accrue.

Years went by. Week-ends, Urban journeyed to Brighton to help Smith and contribute to his efforts.

It became evident that the three-color process would probably never prove practical, even though theory demanded it. It was entirely too complicated and costly to hold a commercial future. The researchers were in despair.

Then, in its usual eleventh hour manner, fate again intervened, this time in their behalf.

Mr. Urban was in Paris on one of his monthly excursions to look into the affairs of the Urban-Eclipse studio, when, having color on his mind, he was interrupted on the boulevard by a street faker's display of novelty picture postal cards.

These cards, it must be blushing admitted, were decidedly Parisian. They were made in two transparent parts, one red and one green. Either viewed alone presented a simple and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 125]



ROBERT W. PAUL of London, the first man in Great Britain to see motion pictures on the screen



© Underwood & Underwood

CHARLES URBAN rose to success and millions with Kinetacolor, the first natural color motion picture process



Hesser

THE elfin child, the wistful tom-boy, the Peter Pan of the silver sheet!
A portrait of Mabel Normand that is really unique—for somehow the camera has managed to imprison the lady's personality and elusive charm!



Freulich

GEORGE WALSH was once a Fordham football star. He used to work in serials. Then came a big chance, in "Vanity Fair," another in "Rosita," and now, they say, he will play "Ben Hur"



Bloom

AS the *Mark Sabre* of "If Winter Comes," Percy Marmont met with a reception so warm that it almost melted the ice in the title. He is the human, wistful Hutchinson hero—to the life!



Hesser

JOHN GILBERT as a gentleman gambler—the *Cameo Kirby* of stage fame. Note the sheik look in his eyes, and you will see why he has been named as a Valentino successor



Seely

USUALLY cast as a cripple or feeble-minded, George Hackathorne may be counted upon to give a performance full of color and pathos. The most promising of the younger generation!



White

ANN PENNINGTON'S twinkling toes are, just at present, captivating the provinces. No "Follies" or "Scandals" cast seems complete without her vivid presence and fascinating dancing. But—whisper it!—she rouges her knees!



Burke

THE silver sheet lured charming Dorothy Mackaill from the "Follies." There were some unimportant parts, and then came the opportunity to play opposite Dick Barthelmess as the masquerading heroine of "The Fighting Blade"



"Now isn't
that too bad?"
she drawled

"Be Yourself"

By Roy Milton Iliff

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

An amusing tale of a "somewhat different" girl
who wanted to be a screen star

"NO, Flappo—," that was the way Bishop, casting director for the H-B Film Company, always addressed the second person singular of the *genus* flappers, "No, Flappo, we ain't got a thing. Full up on leading ladies and stars, and I wouldn't think of offering you anything less."

Bishop had heard another casting director pull that on an applicant who looked a little bit "upstage," and he had borrowed it for use on girls who didn't show the proper humility in his presence. He'd done lots of damage with it, too, but this girl—tall and straight, with cool green eyes—didn't register the right emotion.

"Now isn't that too bad?" she drawled, "And there must be such splendid opportunities here, too. Otherwise they wouldn't promote janitors to casting directors as quickly as they must have promoted you." Then she bathed him in a wide, sweet smile, turned on her heel and undulated out.

You couldn't get a "wham" like that under Bishop's hide with a hypodermic, but he knew by her smile and the mocking way she sauntered out that she thought she had left the iron in him somewhere, and he felt around for it.

"Say!" he demanded of me, "what kind of a crack was that? I ain't never been a janitor here. I was a property man."

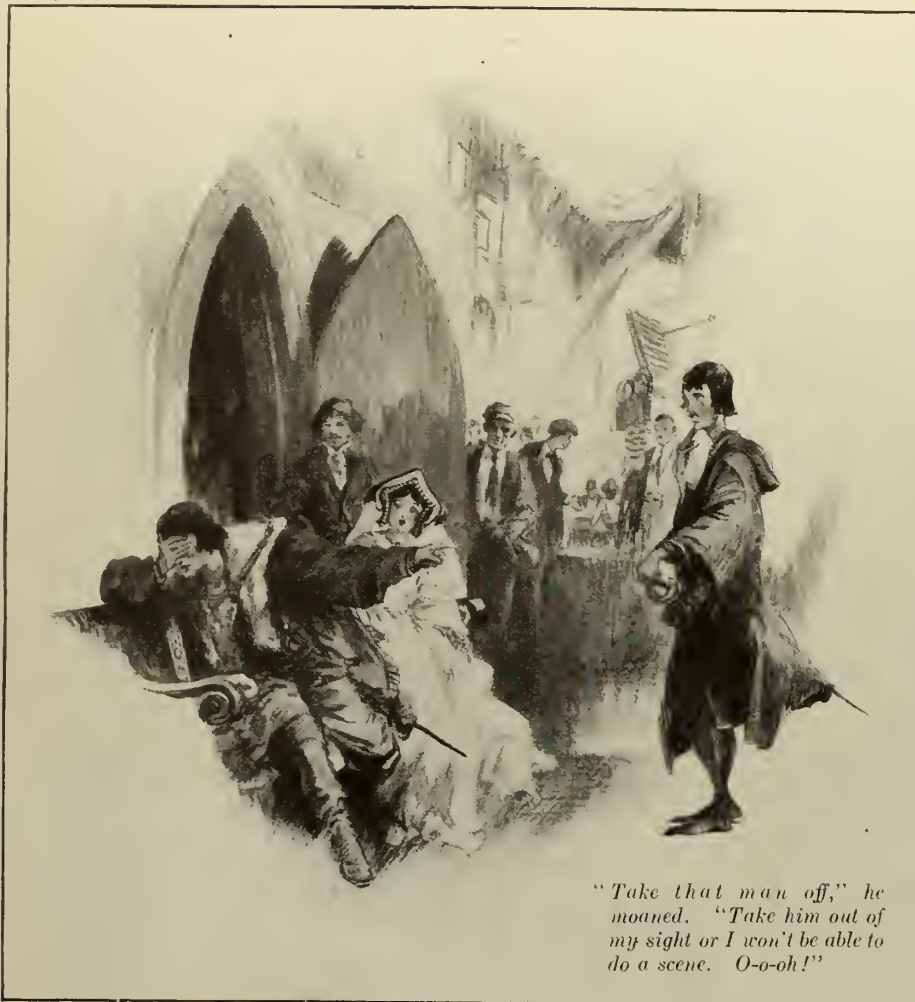
"I know it," I says, "but you see she don't."

"Guess not," he agreed. "Probably a new-comer and not up on who's who around the studios."

"That may be," I says, "but she's got the right system for finding out." Then I eased out to follow Miss Green-eyes. I had an idea she might be interesting.

I caught her waiting for a street car on the boulevard and I went up to her, doing my stuff as nice as I knew how. "Pardon me," I says, "but could I have one word with you?"

She looked me over with a slow look that made me feel mostly hands, feet, and foolish grin.



"Take that man off," he moaned. "Take him out of my sight or I won't be able to do a scene. O-o-oh!"

"One word is right," she says. "And that word is *girl!*" And she stamped it in with her foot—Wham!

"Excuse me, lady," I bleats. "You've got me wrong. I'm a casting director and I thought I might be able to use you."

"Oh," she says, smiling a little, "you're one of the men that get people into the pictures?"

"Well," I says, "mostly I keep 'em *from* getting in, but now and then I let one slip by."

"You talk my language," she says, turning on the full voltage of her smile. "What's your studio, and at what hour do you have your back turned?"

"The Beaux Arts. And the casting director's shanty at 2:00 p. m. The pass-word is 'janitor'."

And that's how Mollie Medford broke into the "Movies."

At first I had hopes that she might be one of them rare events that most casting directors live in vain for—a "find." She had personality, brains and nerve, and—aside from being a little thing—wasn't exactly an eye-strain, but somehow she couldn't be anything but Mollie Medford. "Be yourself!" That was her motto and she took it with her when she went in front of the camera. Not that she was camera-conscious or awkward—she didn't act like she had any surplus hands or had learned to walk in snow-shoes—but she had the odd idea that she ought to act in a picture just like she would in the same situation in real life. And that is all wrong, as you can tell by thinking over most any "movie" you've seen lately.

Another thing that didn't help her any was her habit of wanting to know what everything was about and why. Little Frank Steele told her how that went, one day. He'd been generous enough to give her a fat bit in a picture he was doing; told her how to make up, and all that, and when he got ready to rehearse the scene told her what to do, just as plain as anything. "Now, you see that old man lying there on the bed? All right, he's your father who has been murdered. You rush on; stop and register horror, then rush to the bed and fall over his body weeping. Get me?"

She studied the scene a minute; her forehead puckered up like the whole thing depended on her. "But why has he been murdered? What kind of a father was he, and what kind of a daughter am I?"

Frank snorted. "Hell! I'm not asking you to act the whole play! You're just doing this one bit in this one scene."

"I know—but don't you think I could do it better if I knew more about him and more about the girl I'm supposed to be?"

"No. You'd do it like you *think* it ought to be done. I'm the one that's getting paid to do the thinking; you're paid for acting."

Makes sense, don't it? But don't you know, she wanted to argue about it. Yes, *argue!*

Guess you can see now why she never got beyond "atmosphere" and little bits of general business that didn't call for any real acting. Directors have enough trouble with their leads, without having extra people worry them about little things that don't count nohow. She was stubborn, though, and hung on; black-jacking me into shoving her off onto directors that already hated me, and when she couldn't get anything on the lot she would go around to the office and do typewriter sonatas that sounded like rain on the roof. On top of that, she got to be something of a "wiz" at make-up—spent hours studying it, she told me—and the assistant directors found her handy when they were working gangs of extras in costume stuff.

"Oh, I'm versatile, I am," she said to me, one day. "Good at

everything but the one thing I came here to do."

"Maybe you'd be better at that particular thing," I suggested, "if you'd spend less time telling the directors how you want to do it, and more time trying to do it the way they want it done."

"Maybe I would," she admits. "But look what the directors would be missing. They'd never know that they'd been doing it wrong."

"Great Caesar's Ghost! Are you trying to be one of them, too?"

"One of what?"

"These high-brows that are trying to reform and refine the movies so that ninety per cent of the people won't know what they're about."

She shook her head. "Not me. But—what *are* they about?"

Now, I ask you—what could you do with a girl like that? And she'd talk that way to anybody that was big enough to hit back; directors, stars, leads, assistant directors—anybody at all.

Another thing I noticed was that she seemed to have the idea that there was only two kinds of people around the studio: the kind that was all wrong and needing spanking, and the kind that was all *wronged* and needed mothering. A lot of the time she was mothering some sad-eyed mistake that had wandered onto the lot, but she never was too busy doing that to stop and spank some spoiled darling that riled her. And knowing just where each particular spankee stung the easiest she was mighty successful in that line. But I begged her to lay off of it. I knew that sooner or later she would spank somebody who would tell Mamma—meaning the Old Man Himself—and then look where she'd be at! But, no. She wouldn't listen, and then come the day when she tried to spank Adolpho Antonio.

Adolpho, who had been borrowed from the Ne Plus Ultra for one picture, had more kinds of temperament than an onion has layers. Some people kinda intimidated that some of it was hypodermically induced, but however that was, he'd plenty of

it. Boy!—Yes! Well, on the second day he worked he came on a scene and found a character there wearing a purple robe. Now it seems that purple was the one color that made his soul-stuff jell, and he flopped down on a bench and covered his eyes with a trembling hand. "Take that man off!" he moaned. "Take him out of my sight or I won't be able to do a scene! O-o-oh!"

Mollie, who was doing a small bit in the scene, happened to be sitting on the same bench he flopped on, and she immediately lifted her voice in a long wail. "Mamma—Mamma!" She howled,—“That blue sky! Take it away—take it away and make it cloudy! If you don't, I can't cry a tear!”

That little stunt cost exactly nine thousand dollars, for Adolph flew away home and stayed there until everybody from the Old Man Himself to Yours Humbly had kissed his hands and wept on his feet. After he came back, though, he wasn't half bad to work with, but I think he must have been dirty enough to whisper something in the Old Man's ear. Anyhow, the Old Man called me into his office after Adolph went back to work, and told me just what he thought of Mollie. He also told me to go tell her as much of it as I dared, and then fire her when I'd told her. Yes, *me!*

Orders being orders, of course I went. But knowing Mollie like I did, I decided it might be best to be kinda diplomatic. So at lunch in the studio cafeteria I began moaning to her about my lack of success in the movies; complaining about my lack of push, pull, or whatever it was that I lacked—carrying on like that as long as I could without getting a stinging comeback—then I switched to her. "And you, too, Mollie—look at you . . . You've got brains and nerve and you're something of a type, but where are you after two years of the game? There's a stubborn streak of something in you that will keep you from ever being a real actress. I don't say it ain't a mighty fine streak, but it's one that queers you in this four-flushing game . . . What do you say, Mollie—let's chuck it? You're a cracker-jack stenographer and you could do a whole lot better as a secretary to some big business man, and maybe I could tie up with some big distributor. What's the use of plugging along here and eating our hearts out?"

She pretended that she was worried something awful. "What did you eat for breakfast, Mack?"

"My God, Mollie!" I yelps, "do I have to cry to make you believe that I'm serious? Use your bean! We're fools for sticking around here!"

"Why the 'we' stuff, Mack?" She asks, dry-like. "If you're sick of the game, go on and break away. Me, I like it, and I'm going to linger longer."

"But what are you getting out of it?"

She drew a deep breath and looked really serious. "A chance . . . See here, Mack! We're pretty good pals, aren't we?"

"We must be. You treat me just as brutal as if we was married, and we both seem to like it."

"Then maybe you wouldn't mind a little bit of biography—just between ourselves."

"Not if it ain't one of these 'and I learned about men from him' kind."

"It isn't—altogether—so here goes . . . Mack! I was a preacher's daughter!" She stopped like she expected some kind of an outburst, but I registered sympathy, and she went on . . .

"And such a preacher! New England, he was, and groggy with brimstone and sulphur all the time. A spiritual being if there ever was one, but he had many crosses. Among them being nine kids that just would be human, and a stomach that had to be doctored all the time with some kind of stomach bitters that he bought by the case. He did all he could for us—lammed the stuffing out of us everyday and prayed us out of hell

every evening, but I guess we were too hopeless for any good.

"Anyhow, by the time I was eighteen I'd fallen in the pit and been prayed out so often that I felt I must be singed beyond recovery, and I ran away—to New York. I thought New York probably wouldn't care how depraved I was, and I found out that they didn't. I also found out that they didn't care how hungry I got. Not New York. I cared, though, so just before my belt buckle sank out of sight in my spine, I wept myself into a job—pearl-diving in a Greek restaurant! Somehow my rustic beauty must have touched that bunch at Popolinkatos', for they started in on me while I was still hungry. My score the first day was one cook, one bus-boy, and one waiter. Most of the scoring being done with anything heavy or sharp that was handy, the boss complained about the casualties, but good New England dishwashers—the kind that wash 'em on both sides, you know—were scarce, and he let me stay on. After the first day the boys didn't have so much trouble making their hands behave, and I stayed there for six months—going from dishwasher to waitress, and waitress to cashier. After being compelled to make good on a counterfeit bill that had been slipped to me by a regular customer, I hopped off into 'trade.' You guessed it—Five and Ten Cent.

"Well, that got eight months of my life, at least eight years of my patience, and practically all of my love for the more or less human being. Next it was 'business.' A year and half of it, with night school as a light diversion; then the front office as a 'steno.' And that's where I got acquainted with these big business men you spoke of so tenderly awhile ago. . . . I may have been all wrong, but two years' association with them convinced me that there were only two kinds of them: the kind that thought a stenographer was a female 'Robot,' and the kind that thought she was a business college concubine.

"Having the idea that I had a [CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]



He'd got it all. I could tell that by the expression of his eyes. He simply was seething with poison

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



ROSITA—United Artists

THERE has been a lot of worriment over the fact that Mary Pickford was going to grow up. Don't worry. Mary has grown up in "Rosita," but she is just as charming, just as fascinating as ever and she does better acting than ever before in her career. There is probably no actress today who could portray the gay, graceful, coquettish, little street singer of Seville who "vamps" a king, as she does. The production is incomparably beautiful. The sets seem, many of them, almost fairy-like in their loveliness. The production shows why Ernst Lubitsch holds his place among the leading directors of the world. Except in one or two minor details, the direction is flawless and the story moves with a smoothness that is most satisfying. No, don't worry about Mary growing up.



THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME—Universal

IN spite of the liberties taken with the Victor Hugo novel, this picture is a superb and remarkably impressive spectacle. The Hugo story is pure melodrama, and the picture is just that, with the addition of some of the most stupendous and interesting settings ever shown. The reproductions of the Cathedral of Notre Dame and of the squares and streets of old Paris are extremely well done, as are the scenes in the bell tower.

The only fault that can be found is that the story suffers for the benefit of the spectacular features of the picture, the continuity being somewhat jerky. Setting aside even the marvelous spectacular features, the picture is very much worth while because of the acting of Lon Chaney in the title rôle. His performance transcends anything he has ever done, both in his make-up and in his spiritual realization of the character. He is weird, almost repellent at times, but always fascinating. He falls short, perhaps, in creating the sympathy which is the due of the *Hunchback*, but he more than atones for this by the wonderful acting. The scenes in which he hurls logs and boiling pitch on the mob attacking Notre Dame, and his wild glee at the effect of his bombardment must be seen to be appreciated. Director Wallace Worsley has handled the crowds with much skill. The scenes in which the mob flows up the steps of Notre Dame and batters in the doors of the old cathedral are extremely striking. Ernest Torrence contributes a masterful performance as *Clopin*, king of the beggars. And Patsy Ruth Miller is always appealing as *Esmeralda*. This picture should be placed on your list and not missed by any means.



THE WHITE SISTER—Inspiration Pictures

LILLIAN GISH scores another personal triumph in her much heralded production of the popular Marion Crawford novel. As a young girl, orphaned, turned out of her home by the cruel older sister, and finally bereft of her lover, she goes through every shade of emotion. When, after becoming a nun, the lover miraculously returns to her, the situation reaches an intensity, a passion, that calls for superb acting. The climax of the renunciation, and of the following volcanic eruption that gives the lover a chance to die as a hero, is well handled. Henry King's direction is good. Though Miss Gish may not reach the peaks of expression that she did under Griffith's supervision, her work is more evenly balanced and human. She is a woman, rather than a temperamentally high-strung girl.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME
SIX DAYS ROSITA
POTASH AND PERLMUTTER
IF WINTER COMES THE WHITE SISTER

The Six Best Performances of the Month

LON CHANEY in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"
PERCY MARMONT in "If Winter Comes"
MARY PICKFORD in "Rosita"
HOLBROOK BLINN in "Rosita"
LILLIAN GISH in "The White Sister"
CORINNE GRIFFITH in "Six Days"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 108



IF WINTER COMES—Fox

A NARRATIVE that, curiously enough, absolutely follows—both in continuity and titling—the author's text. It is told with a sympathy and a dramatic force that are the more poignant because of a lack of heroics!—this story of a man who, to follow his groping idea of the right,—allows himself to be broken upon the wheel of life. The cast is perfectly chosen—in physical characteristics as well as acting ability—and Percy Marmont, as the whimsical "puzzle-head," *Mark Sabre*, contributes one of the best screen performances of this year. Or, for that matter, of many others!

One doubts that the picture will be universally popular. It is almost too subtle—and, at the same time, too real. But the pull of the great dramatic moments will be felt by everyone. When old *Mrs. Perch* dies, when little *Effie Bright* (splendidly played by Gladys Leslie) cast off by the world, comes to the *Sabre* home with her nameless baby in her arms. When *Mark Sabre*, inarticulate and horror-stricken, faces the coroner's jury, after *Effie's* suicide, and when—able at last to be revenged upon his enemy *Twynning*—he finds that the death of the man's son has taken the matter out of his hands.

This is a fine picture. Cameo-like, in places; in other spots it has an almost brutal force. Not too much credit can be given to Harry Millarde, the director—and to that person who is responsible for the personnel and for the delightful locations in rural England. Ann Forrest, as *Nona*, is the wistful good sport that Hutchinson wrote into his story. No one who loved the book will be disappointed in this version of it. Nothing more need be said!



SIX DAYS—Goldwyn

THIS is a splendid picture—far better than any of Elinor Glyn's other attempts to write for the screen. It marks also, the debut of lovely Corinne Griffith in a non-Vitagraph production. As the daughter of a penniless but ambitious woman, she is nearly forced into a marriage of convenience—but she meets a young sculptor (Frank Mayo) and they fall violently in love. Though they get noble—and decide to give each other up—a remarkable adventure throws them into each other's arms. They are walled up, together with a priest, in a deserted mine, and are forced to stay there, for six days, with only the faintest hope of rescue. From then on the action quickens—and there's no let down until the final close-up. Excitement to the very end, an adequate cast, and some really unique scenic effects.



POTASH AND PERLMUTTER—First National

FOR many years a stage success, the famous cloak and suit partners have reached the screen at last. More than that, the characters are played on the screen by the two men who made them famous on the stage—Barney Bernard and Alexander Carr. Nothing is lost in the translation to the screen. Here is a picture which is always entertaining and interesting, filled with laughs, interspersed with a tear or two and with a story told straightforwardly and connectedly.

The cast throughout is excellent. Barney Bernard's work for the camera unquestionably is fully up to his stage reputation.

Briefly, this is a real picture—one that should be seen at any reasonable cost.



WHY WORRY?—Pathe

THE thrills of "Safety Last" have been replaced by laughs in this latest Harold Lloyd picture. As a millionaire hypochondriac, Mr. Lloyd goes to Central America for a rest and finds a revolution. He cures a giant of toothache, thereby making the colossus his slave, and the two wreck the revolution. So long as Mr. Lloyd can make comedies as good as this one, why worry?



WHERE THE NORTH BEGINS—Warner Brothers

A TINY puppy dog is lost on a northern trail, and is brought up by a wolf pack. Knowing nothing of civilization he sees his first white man, and feels the tug of a world-old friendship. From there on the story is commonplace, but the canine acting of Rin-tin-tin, the dog, is superb. One photograph of him, outlined against the gray sky, is worth the price of admission!



RUGGLES OF RED GAP—Paramount

JAMES CRUZE has made a most amusing picture of this Harry Leon Wilson story, aided and abetted by Ernest Torrence, Edward Horton, Lois Wilson and others. The Hollywood Paris scenes are extremely good, as are those of social activities in Red Gap. Mr. Horton is excellent as the English valet, won by *Cousin Egbert* in the poker game, and Mr. Torrence, of course, does wonderfully, as usual.



ROUGED LIPS—Metro

DELIGHTFUL Viola Dana brings to life a good little chorus girl who, to win the man of her heart, squanders her savings for lovely clothes. Unfortunately the man—being bred of Broadway—misunderstands the gorgeous plumage, and there's a lot of heartache and trouble. The story gets off to a slow start, but it shows considerable speed toward the end. Entertainment for everybody.



THE CHEAT—Paramount

WHEN it overcomes a slow start with cabarets and fashion displays and gets down to business the picture becomes convincing and absorbing. Pola Negri is glorious in looks and acting, but there is nothing inspired about Fitzmaurice's direction, considering the material he had to work with. It is, however, a mighty fine entertainment, just missing being a big picture.



THE SILENT COMMAND—Fox

A STORY of the navy and of the men who make up the personnel of the navy. A strong narrative of the sea, well told but in no way striking—except for the really wonderful bits of storm photography. There are some convincing fights, too—but no opus of the navy would be complete without fights! Betty Jewel is the prettiest thing in the cast. For the entire family.



“It gives
a jewel-like glisten
I like” —MARY NASH

Today beautiful women everywhere are adding the dainty refinement of gleaming rose lustre to their finger tips. Mary Nash, who is so famous for her beautiful hands, insists on having a jewel-like glisten on her rosy nails. That is why she is so enthusiastic about the new Liquid Polish which Cutex has perfected.

Besides, she says, “I find the new Cutex Liquid Polish so convenient. It spreads on thin and evenly and dries quickly.”

It has been planned so carefully that the polish will spread quickly and smoothly. It never leaves ridges or sticky brush marks, but gives an even and beautifully lustrous polish.

The rose brilliance of Cutex Liquid Polish will last for a week. No matter how often you have your hands in water, the shine will not grow dull or fade, and best of all it will not crack or peel off. You can always be certain that your nails will have the same jewel-like lustre.

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When you give yourself a fresh manicure with Cutex Liquid Polish, you need not bother with a separate remover to take off the old polish. Just one little touch of the polish itself, then wipe off each nail while it is still wet and you are ready for the new application with its smooth and shining rose surface.



“I find the new Cutex Liquid Polish so convenient. It spreads on thin and evenly and dries quickly. It gives a jewel-like glisten I like when I want my nails brilliant.”

Mary Nash



Photographs of Mary Nash by Nickolas Muray

*This new liquid polish spreads evenly and smoothly.
It lasts a whole week without cracking or peeling.*

If you wish to enjoy the same niceness of grooming that Mary Nash and many famous beauties find so delightful, you can buy Cutex Liquid Polish as well as any of the other Cutex preparations at any department or drug store in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England. You can get it separately at 35c or in the \$1.00 and \$3.00 sets. Sets with other polishes are 60c and \$1.50.

* * *

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STRANGERS OF THE NIGHT—Metro

THIS is the screen version of "Captain Applejack" and the camera takes advantage of many opportunities to make the picture even better than the play. It is a mixture of farce and melodrama, splendidly directed by Fred Niblo. The start is slow, but that makes the contrast with the later speed even more striking. Matt Moore, Barbara La Marr and Enid Bennett are all good.



TO THE LAST MAN—Paramount

ARED-BLOODED "Western" with a family feud mixed in for good measure, laid in the Tonto Basin in Arizona, and with all the thrill that Zane Grey can put into a story. As the title indicates, all the feudists except one are slain by knife or bullet and, of course, the survivor gets the girl. Good cast, acting and photography. If you like swift melodrama you are sure to like this one.



PURITAN PASSIONS—Hodkinson

TAKEN from Percy Mackaye's poetic drama, "The Scarecrow," this fantastic story of witchcraft in old Salem comes to the screen under the auspices of The Film Guild. Just a trifle too delicate and fanciful, it still has charm and beauty of expression. Glenn Hunter gives a wistful interpretation of the scarecrow who gains a soul through love—and Mary Astor is as lovely as a flower.



DULCY—First National

DULCY was a girl wife who wanted to help her husband but was such a dumbbell that her efforts in his behalf almost ruined him. The stage version was delightful. The picture is sad. All the joy of the characters is completely anesthetized, and, in the place of the lovable dumbbell with her merry platitudes, we are given a grown-up moron. Connie Talmadge works valiantly to save it.



DRIFTING—Universal

THERE'S little of the fire and magnetism that characterized the old Priscilla Dean in the majestic woman who stalks through this picture. Never is she the *Cassie Cook*, the vivid demi-mondaine, of the play. But there is excitement and interest in the conflict between sellers of opium and government agents, and the sets of the interior of China are charming. Splendid entertainment.



THE GOLD DIGGERS—Warner Brothers

THE screen version of this Hopwood comedy is the most sophisticated photoplay of the month. And Harry Beaumont, the director, has made an interesting and amusing picture. Hope Hampton is featured. In one scene when she feigns intoxication, she does capital work. But it is hard to see why she is featured above Wyndham Standing and Louise Fazenda. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 100]

Their skin kept young ·· fresh ·· supple ·· ··· season in and season out



What is the Society Woman's secret?

"A WOMAN'S complexion can be very nearly perfect. It should be smooth, supple and transparently fresh and it should not betray fatigue or the effects of weather."

This, if it were written, would be the society woman's code.

As proof of it, there is scarcely a woman of prominent social position whose age you can guess by any dullness of skin or lines.

That does not mean she does not motor or take part in whatever sports are in season. She can be a zealous sportswoman by day and appear in the evening with delicate skin unmarred. Season in and out her skin is kept delicately fresh. It is beautiful with the suppleness of youth.

Of course it requires daily care to keep their skin in this perfect condition. And perhaps this is the only "secret" of the lovely complexions that most society women are known to possess. Their skin is never allowed for a moment to deteriorate from neglect.

There are two fundamental needs of the skin that the society woman knows cannot be neglected without disaster—regular cleansing in the particular way that cannot possibly tighten or coarsen the skin and careful protection and freshening for *all* daytime and evening appearances.



If she is perhaps growing older she does not show it by a dulled skin or premature lines. If she is tired her face does not betray her. However much she is out of doors her skin is not roughened or reddened. What is her secret?



These two essentials are the basis of the famous Pond's Method of two entirely different creams through which so many lovely women keep their skin in just the fresh, beautifully supple condition that social usage requires.

Pond's Cold Cream not only cleanses exquisitely but restores the skin's natural suppleness. Pond's Vanishing Cream not only never fails in protection but gives each time the instant beauty of smooth fresh skin under the rouge and powder.

Try this famous method—yourself

Do this tonight. With the finger tips apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it softens your skin and penetrates every pore. Let it stay on a minute—now wipe it off with a soft cloth. The black that comes off shows you how carefully this cream cleanses. *Do this twice.* Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple.

Then in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face. Now if you wish, rouge—powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels to your hand. What a fresh and charming complexion smiles back from the mirror. The powder is even and smooth over this flawless base.

Begin today to use Pond's Two Creams regularly to give your skin that well cared for look that distinguishes the women who *must* be beautiful in spite of their active social life. Buy both creams in any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Company.

EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS

Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing, Pond's Vanishing Cream to protect and to hold the powder



Generous Tubes—Mail Coupon with 10c today
The Pond's Extract Co., 137 Hudson St., New York—
Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for introductory tubes of
Pond's two creams—enough for two weeks' use.

Name
Street
City State



May Allison has grown up. It is a long distance from "The Sign" back to her ingenuite days with Harold Lockwood. She comes back, after a prolonged and leisurely tour around the world, a mature and sophisticated woman



The Girl on the Cover

By Mary Winship

MAY ALLISON is back from her leisurely tour around the world, quite grown up and beautifully gowned.

But underneath, just the same old May that everybody in Hollywood has always liked and admired.

From the time she first came to pictures—she had been a year or two on the New York stage and had scored a hit as *Beauty* in "Everywoman"—she made a place all her own with the fans.

Everybody enjoyed looking at the lovely pictures of curls and dimples and flashing teeth that she made on the screen. She and Harold Lockwood were one of the most popular of co-starring teams, but then something happened to May Allison. Like a lot of people before her, she was too good-natured and too intelligent and too accommodating for her own good.

Her pictures were going extremely well. She had—as I remember finding out to my own surprise—the fourth or fifth largest fan mail in Hollywood.

But Metro was very busy. They had a lot of problems on their hands. And the one person they could always count on and always depend on was good-natured little May Allison. *She'd* never get them into any messes. She was extremely wise in camera lore. She knew almost as much about making pictures as the directors.

So, when they wanted to try to make a director out of a well-known playwright, they said, "Well, let May have him. She'll see him through. At least, he won't make a bad picture with her."

She broke in one new director after another, which is all very well as a recommendation of a lady's disposition, but extremely bad for her reputation as a star and as actress.

So, when May's contract was up, and her long-kept secret marriage to Robert Ellis revealed, she said: "I'm through with pictures for a while. I'm going vacationing until I wipe out the memory of all these funny things that have been done. I don't want to be a baby ingenuite any more. I'm too old. I think I can act, whether anybody agrees with me or not. When I come back, I'm going to be different."

She and her husband and Bob Vignola took a long and leisurely tour around the world.



Mlle.
Andréé
Lafayette—

the beautiful heroine of Richard Walton Tully's all-star production of DuMaurier's novel, "Trilby," a current First National release, gives unqualified endorsement to visible eyelets as a style essential and quality mark on dainty footwear.



The patent leather oxfords worn by Mlle. Lafayette are instantly identified as shoes of quality by the Diamond Brand (Visible) Fast Color Eyelets. Their genuine celluloid tops never lose their color. They promote easy lacing, retain their original finish indefinitely, and actually outwear the shoe.

ALL the world pays homage to the *chic* of the fashionable women of France. And yet the secret is simple. It is due to the unflinching attention paid to the minutest details of their wardrobe. Charming Andréé Lafayette, chosen as the actress having the most beautiful feet in all France, says: "Yes, indeed, it is the little details that make a perfect shoe, such as the tiny but visible eyelets so essential for style and quality in my footwear."

The fastidious American woman has this in common with the well-groomed women of France—she insists that her dainty shoes be finished with visible eyelets, the identifying mark of quality, distinction, and *chic*!

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY

Manufacturers of

DIAMOND BRAND (VISIBLE) FAST COLOR EYELETS



The world's leading moving picture magazine—business of bowing, modestly—as it appears upon the stage in New York's smartest and most popular revue, "Artists and Models." We're not saying anything, but do you notice which magazine cover is first in line?

JANE COWL'S presentation in Los Angeles of "Romeo and Juliet"—one of the finest things ever seen on the American stage—woke a storm of enthusiasm among motion picture artists.

The opening night saw a really amazing gathering in the big auditorium. Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford were there. Norma Talmadge, and Joe Schenck, Constance Talmadge—in a green frock with a little tight silver turban, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams, Mabel Normand, with Paul Bern, and wearing the most exquisite summer evening frock of organdy lace and embroidery over coral taffeta, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brabin (Theda Bara) in an exquisitely draped gown of yellow satin, in a box with Mrs. Leslie Carter. Pola Negri, in black with some artistic and fascinating dashes of Oriental color, Charles Chaplin, William S. Hart, Ethel Clayton, May Allison, Leatrice Joy, in apricot taffeta, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Meighan, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray, Mr. and Mrs. William de Mille, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo (Enid Bennett).

JANE MURFIN, for many years Jane Cowl's most intimate friend and co-author with her of several of her biggest stage successes, including "Lilac Time" and "Smilin' Through," had a box party and entertained later with a supper.

The immediate result of Miss Cowl's visit seems to be an immediate desire on the part of screen actresses to play *Juliet*. And it looks now as though we might have the great delight and artistic advancement of seeing at least two of our greatest screen actresses playing the rôle at the same time.

It is definitely announced that Norma Talmadge is to produce it in the fall, with Joseph Schildkraut as *Romeo*. And the whole picture industry sat down the morning after they had seen Miss Cowl and wrote enthusiastic letters begging Doug and Mary to do it together. It would be a fascinating and splendid thing if it happened.

The London season which once saw Bernhard and Duse in different theaters following each other in the same rôles will never be forgotten by those who saw it. Norma will have the advantage of type, if she does it. And of a greater experience in that kind of dramatic acting. But Mary will have the advantage of a tradition which clings about her as the ideal sweetheart, the ideal loved one. And of an exquisite ability to display the true reactions of youth. *Juliet* was but fifteen, you will remember.

Also, there will be something marvellously dramatic and appealing about seeing Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford as *Romeo* and *Juliet*, which Miss Talmadge will have to face. It should give them both the opportunity and the spur of their entire careers.

Gossip— East & West

By Cal York

A YOUNG and handsome Indian chief threatened to become Charlie Chaplin's successor by kidnapping Pola Negri during her recent visit to the Grand Canyon. The young chieftain paid his respects to Pola upon her arrival and she received him with such graciousness that he proceeded to pay court. When the hotel management sent Pola an ornate birthday cake, she cut it in two and sent a portion adorned with white angels to the youth. She couldn't remember the pronunciation of his name, but Kathlyn Williams, who was with her, had the impression that it was Chief Cock-Eye. It wasn't, and the chief was justly indignant. Nevertheless, his attentions were so plainly those of a Hiawatha seeking a squaw that it was deemed advisable for the Polish enchantress to take flight back to Hollywood before the tomahawks flew.

PICTURE Pola Negri as an Apache. That's her rôle in her next picture from the French play, "*Mon Homme*." Charles De Roche will be the Apache lover.

"I am going to give the real Apache," says Pola, "not the theater kind with velvet pants—not the Apache that tourists see at Montmartre—but the real Apache that I myself have known in Warsaw and in Paris.

"Ah, very interesting," nods Pola with a smile, and we believe her.

After "*Mon Homme*," she will do "*Madame Sans Gêne*." Then she insists upon New York as the scene of her film activity. "Give me opera or give me death," is Pola's dictum.

Next year she will return to visit her mother at her estates in Bomberg, Poland. Her mother has been ill, and she plans to take her to the home she is purchasing at Beaulieu on the French Riviera.

ELINOR GLYN was so dreadfully upset over the choice of Conrad Nagel to play her beloved *Paul* of "Three Weeks," she is said to have offered \$40,000 to the Goldwyn company for the privilege of casting the part herself in favor of one Derek Glyn. Derek is no relation to Madame, but he's H'English, and he

had gone to all the trouble of blinding his hair on the strength of Elinor's favor. Whenever Madame Glyn beholds Conrad in the Goldwyn cafeteria she has paroxysms of hysterical anguish over the desecration of *Paul*. While I also wonder why Conrad is being cast eternally for passionate youths, I cannot say that the golden-haired boy selected by Madame looks particularly torrid. It seems that *Paul* must be blond, and Conrad being the only blond on the payroll, he got the part. Poor Elinor, Poor Derek, Poor Conrad—Poor, Poor Paul!

JUST as the Hollywood producers ruled that no one could visit the studios—not even exhibitors, Doug Fairbanks ruled that everyone was welcome at his studio—even exhibitors. Doug is a shrewd showman. He has magnificent sets for "The Thief of Bagdad," and he figures that the tourists who see them will go back to their home towns and spread profitable propoganda for the "Thief." Visitors are not allowed, however, to watch Doug or Mary at work.

"I don't like to have even mother watch me during a crying scene," Mary remarked to me. "It embarrasses me to have people see me cry—it seems such a foolish way to earn a living."

MARY MILES MINTER, former picture star, and her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, have occupied more space in the newspapers during the last month than any other star ever received except Fatty Arbuckle. Since Mary came of age a few months ago, there have been frequent rumors of a break, a suit, as various veiled compliments have been exchanged.

Now the veil has been torn away to a degree almost of indecency. One feels rather embarrassed and pained by the degree of frankness with which this mother and daughter have discussed their most private and personal and sacred family affairs, problems and secrets in public print.

Mary Miles Minter, so she says, is going to sue her mother for \$1,300,000—or an accounting thereof. She said this at a time when her mother was in a hospital, recovering from an operation. Mrs. Shelby says in return that Mary has spent \$100,000 in a few months and that, if she gets her own fortune, she will be the victim of unscrupulous people who will reduce her to poverty in no time.

There has been much denial, accusation, weeping and recrimination on both sides. The truth of the matter of course is that through her extreme business sagacity, Mrs. Shelby secured for Mary Miles Minter a contract with Paramount some ten times in excess of what her services were worth. Having secured such a contract, by her further business ability, she invested and turned over Mary's earnings in such a way that they

Honeymooning in the Alps

THEY stepped out on the little balcony for their first look at the Alps in the moonlight.

"They are wonderful," she sighed.

"Not so wonderful as you—"

"—and so beautiful," she added, leaning against his shoulder.

"Not so beautiful as you," he added fervently. "You are always so complete, dear. Entirely aside from your pretty clothes—you always have such a flower-like skin, and there is a faint perfume about you too, like a flower—"

She glanced up shyly. "I like our honeymoon," she said quaintly.

For "Instant Beauty"

EVERY well-dressed woman today realizes that she must pay as much attention to the appearance of her skin as she does to her costume. These are women who appreciate the Pompeian Instant Beauty Quartet. The Quartet consists of Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom (a rouge), and Lip Stick.

Apply according to the following order:

Distribute the Day Cream over the skin, covering every exposed surface. It vanishes as soon as used, leaving a delicate coating as a foundation for powder and a protection against the weather.

Apply the Beauty Powder next, distributing over face and neck with equal thickness. This powder is exceptionally soft and delicate, and adheres with remarkable tenacity.

Next select the right shade of the Bloom and blend on the cheeks in the normal places. The Orange tint gives a more natural tone when blended with the *Naturelle* or *Rachel* shades of Beauty Powder.

The Lip Stick gives the slightly heightened tone to the mouth that is called for by accentuating the color in the cheeks with rouge. It is of a natural tone and of a consistency neither too hard nor "salve-like." Chisel-pointed end for easy, accurate application. Dainty telescoping gilt container.

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, 2131 PAYNE AVENUE, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Also Made in Canada

Pompeian

Day Cream · Beauty Powder · Bloom



"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

POMPEIAN DAY CREAM (<i>vanishing</i>)	60c per jar
POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER	60c per box
POMPEIAN BLOOM (<i>the rouge</i>)	60c per box
POMPEIAN LIP STICK	25c each
POMPEIAN FRAGRANCE (<i>a tale</i>)	25c a can
POMPEIAN NIGHT CREAM (<i>Cold Cream</i>)	60c per jar

GET THIS NEW 1924 POMPEIAN ART PANEL

"Honeymooning in the Alps"

and four Pompeian samples;
sent for ten cents

This newest and most artistic of the Pompeian art panels is now offered for the first time to the readers of this magazine. The picture, done in pastel by a famous artist, has been faithfully reproduced in the rich colors that impart to the original the very atmosphere of an Alpine night.

At the right appears a small illustration, giving the form of the complete panel. Actual size is 28 x 7 1/2 inches. For 10 cents we will send you all of these!

1. The 1924 "Honeymooning in the Alps" Beauty Panel as described above. (Would cost from 50c to 75c in an art store.)
2. Sample of Pompeian Day Cream (*vanishing*).
3. Sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder.
4. Sample of Pompeian Bloom (non-breaking rouge).
5. Sample of Pompeian Night Cream.

Please tear off coupon now.



A Powder and Rouge Chart for Various Types of Women

By MME. JEANNETTE

I have been asked many times about when to use certain tones of powder and rouge together. Though there are always exceptions the following rules are safe to observe:

The "pink" blonde, certain "brunze-haired" women, and the brown-haired, blue-eyed women with pink flesh tones can wear to advantage *Flesh* or *Naturelle* Powder at night—in most cases use *Naturelle*. The Medium shade of *Pompeian Bloom* is used.

The ideal Spanish type has the creamy skin that has been likened to "magnolia blossoms."

Naturelle or a mixture of *Naturelle* and *Rachel* powders gains the desired effect with this skin.

Gray eyes, hazel eyes, green eyes, or blue eyes accompany a light olive skin. It is a skin that may be very "neutral" looking, or may have the greatest vivacity of all.

In the daytime this type should use the *Naturelle* shade of *Pompeian Beauty Powder*. Some of these women can use the *Rachel* shade; all of them require *Rouge*. The new Orange tint is the most effective for such women.

The woman is fortunate who with the dark olive tone of her skin has a very clear skin. *Rachel Powder* was especially made for her.

She may have a lot of "gold" color in her skin. If she has she will find that *Pompeian Orange Bloom* brings out the warmth and glow that no other tone will do. But if she has rather the more definitely "olive" tone she should use the Dark shade of *Pompeian Bloom*.

Certain auburn or red-haired women, some ash blondes, and raven-black-haired women generally have the white skin that is almost opaque in its whiteness.

Such skins look well with the White shade of *Pompeian Beauty Powder*. It should be used with delicacy in the daytime, but as lavishly as desired for evening.

The blonde and red-haired women should use with this powder the Light shade of *Pompeian Bloom*, placing it as nearly as possible in the manner of natural coloring.

Mme. Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté

TEAR OFF, SIGN, AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES,
2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named in offer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

What shade face powder wanted? _____



Hollywood's bent upon marrying off one of its most popular children—Lois Wilson. First the lady's engagement to J. Warren Kerrigan was announced. And now rumor says that Richard Dix is the lucky fellow. In a scene, together, from "To the Last Man"

rapidly grew and multiplied. If Miss Minter is worth millions, it is not due in any way to herself, but solely to her mother's shrewdness and handling.

On the other hand, Miss Minter has probably been kept in a state almost bordering upon slavery during her minority. It isn't strange that she now wants a change.

On top of all this, Mary Miles Minter breaks forth and declares, without rhyme or reason, that—so far as she was concerned—she was engaged to William Desmond Taylor at the time he was murdered, that she would have announced it publicly long before and that she believes her mother wanted to take him away from her.

Then, a long hidden and unknown father pops up somewhere and declares that Mary is 30 years old instead of 21—which would have made her about 15 when she played "The Littlest Rebel."

Altogether it's a sweet little family row and the worst of it is that the motion picture industry will probably be blamed for something that is in no way its fault.

Mary Miles Minter is undoubtedly 21 years old. The Supreme Court of the United States, after competent investigation, declared her so. And the general assumption seems to be that

if anybody was engaged to William D. Taylor when he died it wasn't Mary.

As for the money, the courts will have to settle it beyond a doubt, which is very unfortunate in every way.

BOBBED hair is all very well *but*—when a lady with really gorgeous, full length locks comes along, watch the conveniently short ones turn green with envy and the men stare in complete admiration.

A group of delightfully bobbed movie stars were sitting on the sands in front of the Santa Monica Swimming Club the other day. There

A well-gowned woman may always be judged by the details of her costume. Her gloves, her veils, her stockings and her shoes. Especially her shoes! Andree Lafayette, famous for her perfectly proportioned feet, which won for her the title part in Richard Wolton Tully's production of "Trilby," is particularly careful in her choice of footwear. Her slippers, her sandals, her oxfords—all are selected with exquisite taste and discrimination

was Norma Talmadge, Eileen Percy, Viola Dana, and Teddy Sampson. Everybody had been raving about bobbed locks, how becoming they were and how sensible. When Bessie Eyton came along. Remember Bessie? She was the original heroine of the original "The Spoilers" with William Farnum and Tom Sanchi and Wheeler Oakman and she is now leading lady of the Morosco stock company in Los Angeles.

She had on a black bathing suit and over it a gorgeous mantle of glowing, bronze-red, waving hair, that fell in great curls almost to her knees. It rippled and shone in the sunshine and every man on the beach turned in frank admiration to watch it.

"I could just murder her," said Teddy Sampson frankly. "Doesn't it make you sick to see long lovely hair like that?"

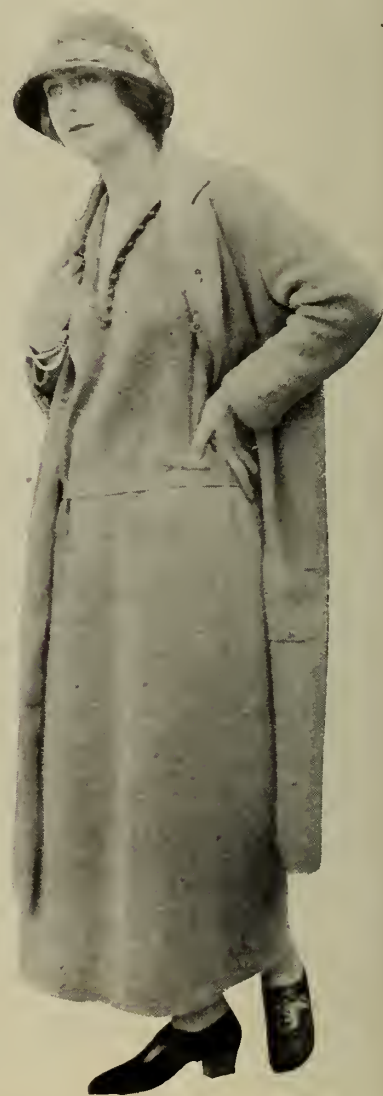
And the bobbed chorus admitted that it did. "Anyway," said Norma, "I'm letting mine grow."

"So am I," said the chorus.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has two of the best press agents in the business plugging for his "A Woman of Paris." They are Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks.

Mary goes busily about proclaiming Charlie the genius of the industry, the pioneer and the one who can never be excelled, while Doug is furiously engaged in writing letters to all his newspaper friends, beseeching them in the name of art to boost Charlie's picture to the limit. Isn't the jealousy among stars a terrible thing?

SOMETHING that has never happened in Los Angeles before in the history of the motion picture [CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]



The Quintessence of Charm

OF course you wear dainty, exquisite underthings—every smart woman does. Just to open a drawer and find piles of the softest, silken, feminine garments gives you a thrill of delight.

You smile now at the time you thought silk underwear was a luxury, something beyond your dreams. Then came Vanity Fair,—the silk underwear that represents real economy. Its dainty beauty captivates you and you will have it “forever” and still derive from it the greatest of pleasure.

The Plus Four Knickers are made two inches longer and two inches wider than knickers have ever before been cut. Notice in the illustration the extra fullness that assures the utmost in comfort and satisfactory wear. Another Vanity Fair feature is the splendid reinforcement where the hardest wear comes.

The Plus Four Vest is cut full and roomy across the bust, through the hips and wherever there is the slightest bit of strain. The extra four inches prevent the uncomfortable “riding-up” so often found in vests of regular length.

Do you know “Vanitisilk”?

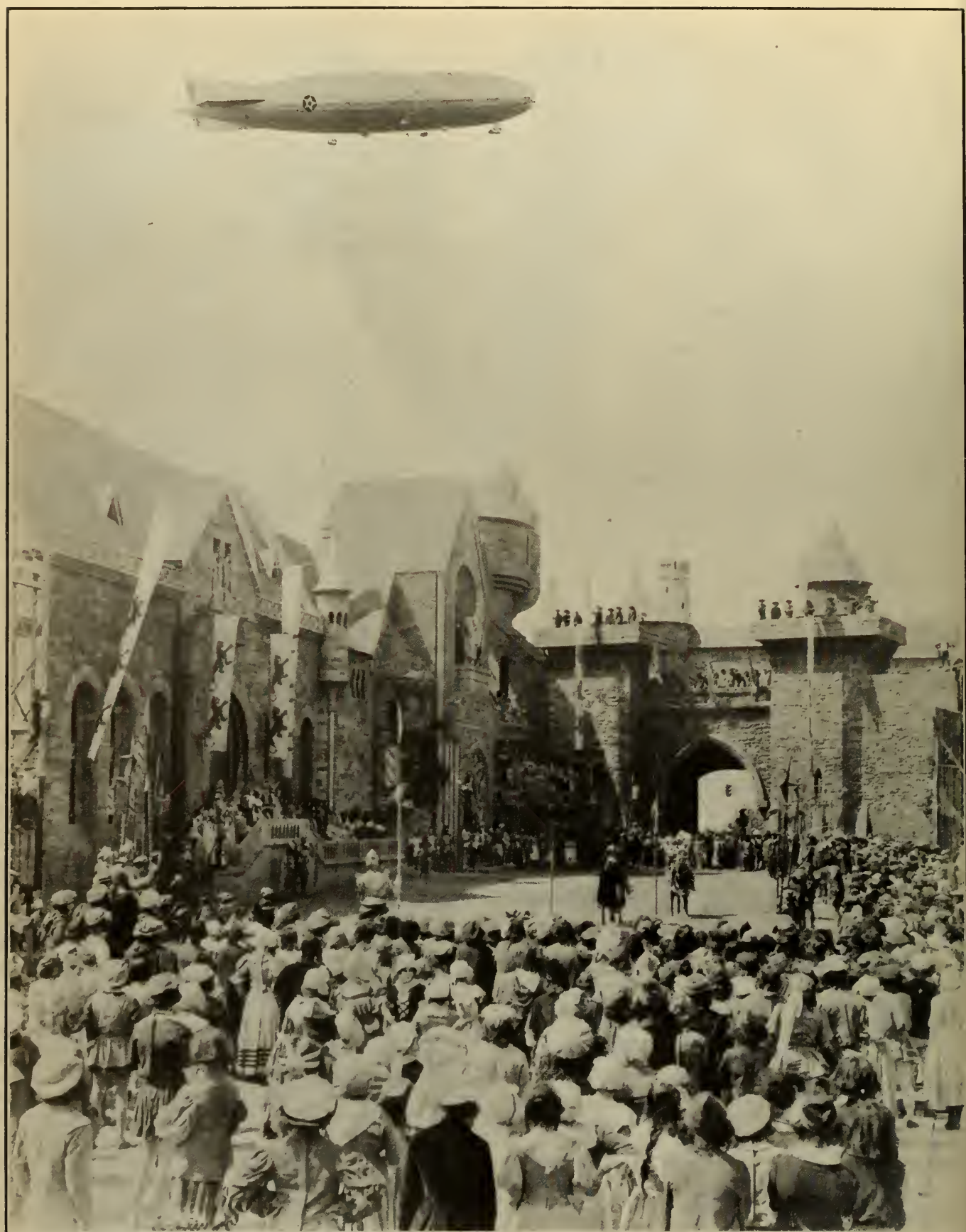
Besides three different weights of regular glove silk, these charming undergarments may be had in Vanity Fair’s own new weave, “Vanitisilk,” the most desirable fabric ever constructed for underwear. Ask for it by name. You can’t wash its length away. Its original charm will remain after months and months of service.

Vanity Fair is to be found at smart shops everywhere and you’ll find that they are most conservatively priced. We will be glad to tell you the name of the nearest distributor if you will send a postcard to the Vanity Fair Silk Mills, Reading, Pa.


Vanity Fair

SILK UNDERWEAR
AND HOSIERY





Twentieth Century Meets the Fifteenth

THE fifteenth and twentieth centuries were merged in most realistic fashion during the filming of Marion Davies' new picture, "Yolanda," when the new giant dirigible ZR1 soared above the Cosmopolitan Studios recently during the filming of a scene for the picture. The principals and 1,200 extras

were making a scene in the shadow of the mammoth castle that has been constructed behind the studios, when the drone of the air monster was heard. This remarkable photograph was made as the ZR1 circled over the set and brings into striking contrast the old civilization and the new.

Nature's Green

Palmolive takes its color from the palm and olive oil blend which is responsible for its mildness. It is as much nature's own color as the green of grass and leaves.

Remember this when you are enjoying its wonderful cleansing qualities and marveling at its mildness. Palmolive is a modern, scientific blend of the most perfect soap ingredients that the world has been able to discover in 3,000 years.



*Palm and olive oils
—nothing else—give
nature's green color
to Palmolive Soap.*



Reflecting Beauty Secrets of the Past

Women of ancient Egypt knew that cleanliness was the first aid to beauty. But they knew, too, that cleansing methods must be *mild, gentle.*

Famous Egyptian beauties solved the problem by using palm and olive oils. The same rare, natural oils are blended in Palmolive Soap today.

How it acts

This gentle, thorough cleanser never leaves skin dry and rough.

The smooth, creamy lather actually soothes as it cleanses. Yet it removes every trace of dirt, perspiration, and surplus oil accumulated in the tiny pore openings.

Your skin is kept free of imperfections which result from pore-clogging. It remains fresh, soft, radiantly clear.

How to use it

Never sleep without cleansing the skin. Wash

with this mildest soap at bed-time—massaging the creamy lather well in. Then rinse very thoroughly. Dry the skin well, and—if necessary—apply cold cream.

Mornings—just an invigorating rinse in cold water to bring the fine, natural color to your cheeks.

Supreme quality—low price

This scientific combination is within the reach of all—at the price of ordinary soap. Palmolive Soap is produced in such enormous quantities that the price is brought extremely low. Thus 25c quality costs but 10c.

Everyone can afford this thorough, gentle cleanser—for every toilet purpose, hands, face, and the whole body.

Supply yourself today with a cake of Palmolive Soap. Once you experience the effects of its profuse, creamy, smooth lather no other soap will satisfy.

*Volume
and
efficiency
produce
25-cent
quality for*

10c



Note carefully the name and wrapper. Palmolive Soap is never sold unwrapped.

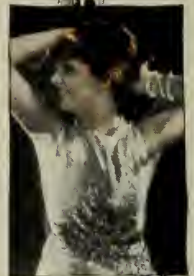


IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT (Epilation)

Note:—

Madame Berthé is the only manufacturer of a superfluous hair remedy who has specialized solely in superfluous hair treatments for eighteen years. The merits of ZIP were thoroly proven long before ZIP was sold to the public in package form. ZIP is not a depilatory—it is an epilator.

"ZIP is delightful, actually destroying the growth with the roots, simply and absolutely without irritation. I recommend ZIP."
IRENE BORDONI



Beyond a Doubt—

the most beautiful woman you know is beautiful because she is typically feminine. And to be typically feminine you must be free of every suggestion of masculinity—every tiny, unwanted hair.

Infinitely Better

It is better—infinitely better—to eliminate your superfluous hair by gently lifting out the hairs from under the skin (EPILATION) and in this way devitalize the roots and check the growth, than to continue using depilatories which merely remove surface hair, leaving the roots to thrive.

ZIP Lifts—Does NOT Pull Out

Pulling hair out is entirely different than the action of ZIP in lifting the hairs out—hundreds in an instant, gently,

quickly and painlessly. Indeed ZIP has found favor with Specialists everywhere and is also rapidly replacing the electric needle.

Necessary to Attack the Roots

To eliminate a growth of superfluous hair it is necessary to attack the roots. Epilation (the ZIP process) is the one method by which the hair is gently lifted out of the hair follicle. It is the scientifically correct method because it does not stimulate hair growths, but devitalizes and checks them.

ZIP is easily applied at home, pleasingly fragrant and absolutely harmless. It leaves the skin soft and smooth, pores contracted and like magic your skin becomes *adorable*.

For Sale Everywhere

Ask for ZIP treatment at your Beauty Shop
GUARANTEED on moneyback basis

Write for FREE BOOK "Beauty's Greatest Secret" or call at my salon to have FREE DEMONSTRATION.

And Remember—

Ab-Scent. The ideal liquid colorless deodorant. Destroys odors harmlessly. 50c
Balm-o-Lem—A FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH FOR YOUR SKIN. Softens and whitens. Makes face powder adhere twice as long. 75c



"I am delighted with ZIP. It is far superior to depilatories, shaving or electrolysis."
MARION DAVIES

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Specialist

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(Entrance on 46th St.)
NEW YORK



MME. BERTHE
Specialist
Dept. 929
562 Fifth Avenue
New York

Please send me FREE BOOK, "Beauty's Greatest Secret," telling how to be beautiful and explaining ZIP; also a FREE sample of your Massage and Clearing Cream, guaranteed not to grow hair.
(PLEASE PRINT YOUR NAME)

Name

Address

City and State



"You are indeed to be congratulated on bringing such a lenition of 'Island' to the old."
RUTH ROLAND



"ZIP is marvelous for clearing the skin of superfluous hair and destroying the growth. I am truly grateful to you for it."
MARIE PREVOST

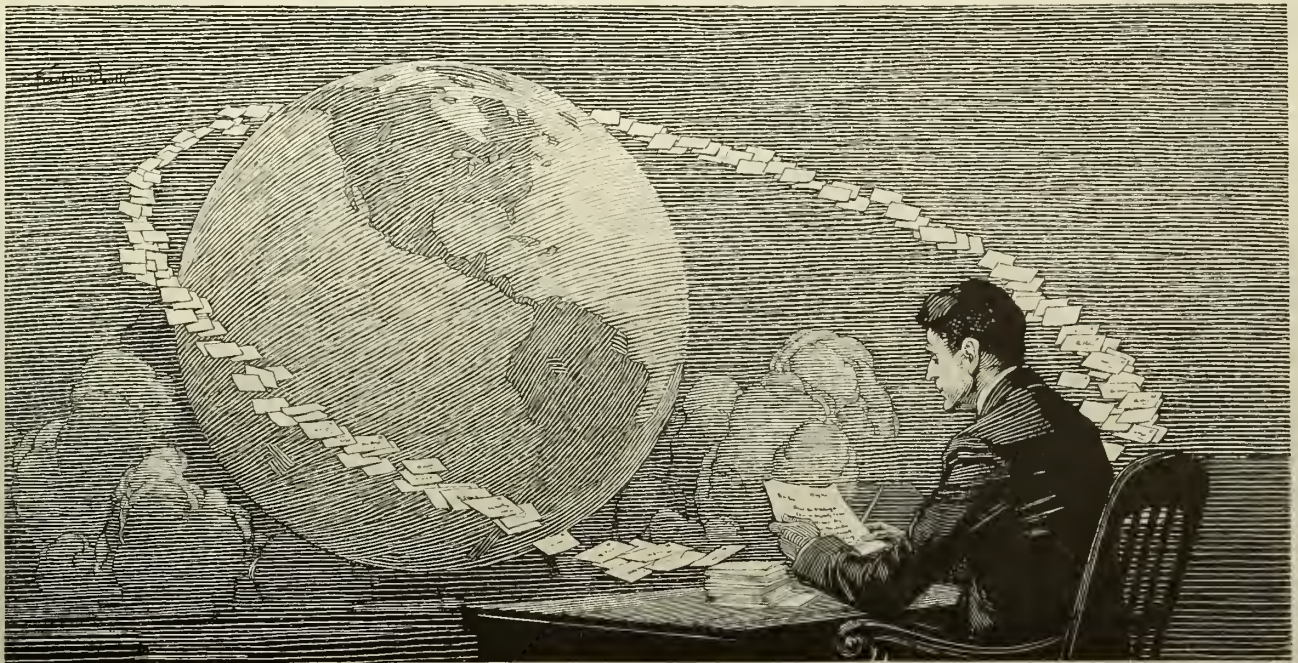


"Once a woman tries ZIP she will never use any other method for destroying objectionable hair."
HOPE HAMPTON

CREATIONS

JORDEAU

NEW YORK



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

COLLEGE GIRL, CHICAGO, ILL.—While you write me a letter of encouragement with a fringe of commiseration and say you will ask no questions, I, nevertheless, write an answer. That is that you are a dear dear. Yes, I meant to write the tender word twice. So your curiosity is assuaged. In this instance I do reply to a letter that contains no question, but, at its close, a piquant question mark.

H. E., FAR ROCKAWAY, N. Y.—Always glad to oblige. Marie Doro played in "The Lash," Kitty Gordon in "Tinsel," and Edna Goodrich in "Queen X." Miss Goodrich has been touring in a new comedy.

AN ENTHUSIAST, NEWARK, N. J.—"Beautiful and demure Agnes Ayres," as you characterize her, is about twenty-five. She was born in Carbondale, Ill. Pola Negri is thirty. You will have to wait until 1924 to send Mae Murray a birthday gift. Her birthday is May ninth. On that date she will be thirty-eight. Miss Ayres' last picture was "The Heart Raider."

MISS NED, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Shades of windblown whiskers! Now it's as Uncle Ben I am addressed. Because you think of me as "about thirty-eight, dark haired, sporty and with a dark moustache." For these reasons and because you are sweet seventeen you have labelled me mentally as "Uncle Ben." You are an original young person and not unentertaining, Miss Ned. Therefore Maurice Flynn should be grateful to you for liking him "best of all." I trust Glenn Hunter will respond with a low obeisance while his fingers fumble about his waistcoat pockets, for your rating of him as a "very very close second." Mr. Flynn's age is thirty-six and Mr. Hunter's ten years less.

ARDENT FAN, NEW YORK CITY.—You think the heroine of "Down to the Sea in Ships" is "one of the really beautiful women of the screen" and ask her name and what she is doing. Marguerite Courtot is at work on "The Steadfast Heart." She is now Mrs. Raymond McKee, having married the hero of "Down to

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, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

the Sea." Glenn Hunter's age is twenty-six. Douglas McLean is of the same age. He is married. Mrs. McLean was Faith Cole, a New York society girl.

A GIRL WHO LOOKS LIKE NAZIMOVA BUT LIVES IN PHILADELPHIA.—The ages of Buck Jones, Gaston Glass and Antonio Moreno are, in order, thirty-four, twenty-eight, and thirty-five. As I often have occasion to state, Ramon Novarro's address is Metro Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

E. A., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Even Tony, inured to compliments, could but thrill at your characterization of him as "The King of the Screen." You wrote an eyeful, even one of Tony's smouldering coal orbs. Just for that he ought to send you his best photograph with his nicely written autograph on it. Take up the matter with him, care the Famous Players-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Since you were prompted to crown him after seeing him in the play, "My American Wife," you will not remove the crown when you have seen him in "The Spanish Dancer" with Pola Negri.

MARIE, LATELY OF FRANCE.—Address Rodolph Valentino, 6 West Forty-Eighth St., care of Ritz Carlton Pictures, New York City.

He has been spending the summer season in Europe. You write very well, Mademoiselle Marie, especially for one who has "just now learned to write United States."

ELIZABETH OF TEXAS.—A charming letter yours, Miss Elizabeth, with more than the usual thoughtfulness in it. I agree with you that the South is "solid," and question, with you, the rest of the current assumption that it is slow. What you decide in women's clubs often determines the fate of a play. You want your "screen interpreters to be as sweet and simple as they seem" and, if they are not, "out they go." That is setting a standard, Miss Elizabeth. We should all have standards. The higher they can be, consistent with tolerance, the better. Barbara La Marr has been "promoted from your favorite vamp to the rank of one of the foremost all around actresses" and this by her acting in "Poor Men's Wives." It will be good news to Miss La Marr. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE bows its acknowledgment of your compliments and your statement that it "has brought California much nearer to Texas."

A PENNSYLVANIA GIRL.—You treat me to five pages of well written panegyric of Rodolph Valentino and end it with fine dramatic effect in the assertion, "I could die happy if I might see Rodolph Valentino return to pictures as Romeo to Norma Talmadge's Juliet." But I'm afraid he never will play in Norma's picture.

CANADIAN, HAMILTON, ONTARIO.—Um, marine colored note paper. Rather like it. The name of Agnes Ayres' former husband is Captain Frank P. Schucker. As I have said elsewhere, Miss Ayres broke her ties to him with the aid of the courts two years ago. Harrison Ford's wife was Beatrice Prentice. Divorced. Helen Jerome Eddy is twenty-six years old. Mae Murray's age, according to available records, is thirty-seven years. Mac Marsh is twenty-eight.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 135]

Is she preparing trouble



teeth and gums?

QUITE RIGHTLY, American women pay close attention to the nutritive values of the food they serve. "Delicious," says father, "melts in the mouth." And mother is pleased beyond words.

But often this modern food of ours is working a subtle harm. Soft and creamy, it does not give to the gums the stimulation that rough, course food once gave. Gums today are less healthy, and tooth-troubles, due to weakened gums, are on the rise. The prevalence of pyorrhea is one item in a long list.

Does your toothbrush "show pink"?

Thousands of dentists have written us that they combat soft and spongy gums by the use of Ipana Tooth Paste. For Ipana Tooth Paste is the great enemy of the "pink toothbrush." Because of its ziralol content, it has a decided tendency to heal tender gums and to keep gums firm and healthy. In stubborn cases a gum-massage with Ipana is recommended, after the cleaning with Ipana and the brush.

Send for a Trial Tube Today

Ipana stimulates and heals the gums, but do not overlook the fact that it cleans the teeth perfectly. And its taste, as a trial tube will show you, is unforgettably good.

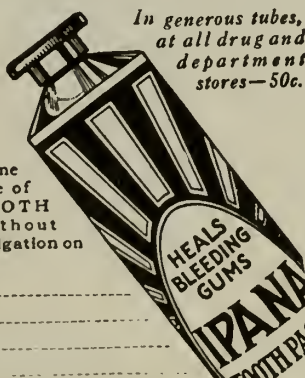
IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

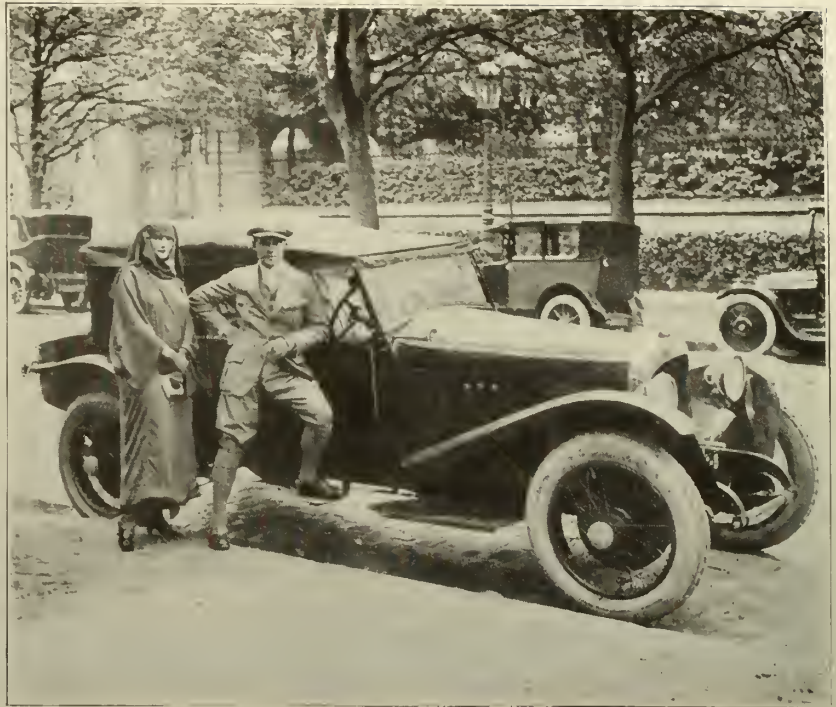
Bristol-Myers Co.
51 Rector St.
New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....
State.....



In generous tubes, at all drug and department stores—50c.



Sheridan, Paris

Rodolph Valentino and his wife, Natacha Rambova, in Paris. Mrs. Valentino is wearing the nun-like costume created for her by Poiret, which caused a sensation at Deauville. We see them leaving for their chateau at Juan les Pins

Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

industry and probably will not soon again, recently occurred there. A motion picture director had three first run pictures running in three first run houses at one and the same time. Jimmy Cruze is the director. And the pictures were "The Covered Wagon"—at Grauman's Hollywood, "Ruggles of Red Gap" at Grauman's Metropolitan, and "Hollywood" at Loew's State.

Which brings to mind a few remarks that might be made upon James Cruze, director. Here is a young man who is turning out great pictures. He is ringing the bell time and again, not only with the box office but with the critics. Yet he is the most businesslike, the least verbose man you ever met. He never talks about art. He doesn't take himself seriously. Generally, his pictures can be cut in a few minutes, because he has shot so close to what he needed that there is really nothing to do but make a selection of the best "takes" of a scene.

There is a tradition in Hollywood that he once shot a picture that only had to be trimmed 500 feet—this when most directors who make big features shoot hundreds of thousands of feet. Chaplin admits to 400,000 of film shot to get 7300 feet of picture for "The Woman of Paris."

Jimmy Cruze has just one gospel. Entertainment. He believes that the prime object of a motion picture is entertainment. He has no complexes, no inhibitions, he is not trying to change the world, or the industry.

He's making good, human, honest stories that he hopes are going to give mama, and papa, and the kids a good evening of enjoyment, clean wholesome enjoyment, that will make them forget their cares and troubles. Maybe he's right.

MARSHALL NEILAN is to direct Mary Pickford in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." It's a simple announcement, but there's a heart throb behind it. It promises lovely things for all motion picture fans.

For Mickey directed Little Mary in "Stella Maris," and in "Daddy Longlegs," and in "The Rainbow," and in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." All the things that we loved and still cherish in memory. Seems like he ought to take Mary Grown Up and make us just as lovely things.

OUR MARY is not afraid of competition. In "Rosita" she plays the same gypsy rôle that Pola Negri plays in "The Spanish Dancer." Now she has plans to do *Juliet*, and Norma Talmadge has said definitely that she will shortly make her appearance in the rôle with Joseph Schildkraut as *Roméo*.

Mary's "Romeo and Juliet" may be the next production to be made under her contract with Ernst Lubitsch, which calls for Lubitsch directing one Pickford production each year for three years.

A GREAT European artist, who has been visiting in Hollywood and whose name it is not fair to mention here, has been making an exhaustive study of the motion picture industry. He has seen thousands of films, visited most of the studios, and met many of the stars and directors.

"You have three great actresses on the screen," he said when leaving. "First of all, Mabel Normand; second, Mary Pickford. And third, Pola Negri. But Miss Normand is the only truly great one of them all—for she alone is free, free in expression and in development. Given a chance, she would have equalled Duse."

INSIDE and unofficial—but nevertheless authentic information—discloses that Theda Bara is to return to the screen in the fall. She is to make one enormous special production, to cost a fortune. And it is to be a decided novelty. There are to be nothing but women in the picture. This much of the story is known.

After that, she is to make her own productions.



WITHOUT KODAK PORTRAIT ATTACHMENT

Made with 1A Pocket Kodak, Series II, Kodak Anastigmat lens *f.* 7.7 *without* Kodak Portrait Attachment. Subject 15 feet away.



WITH KODAK PORTRAIT ATTACHMENT

Still the same camera and the same subject, but here the Kodak Portrait Attachment was used, and the picture made at only 3½ feet.

Close-ups with your Kodak

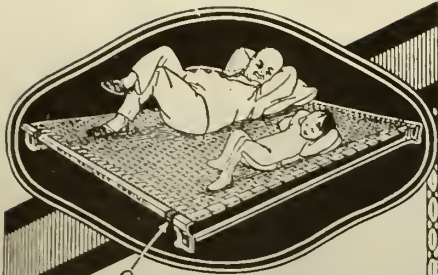
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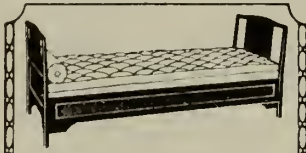
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The improved type of convertible daybed (also made in davenport styles) opens easily into a full size bed, equipped with genuine Way Sagless Spring. Attractive period designs, beautifully upholstered. Write for portfolio of styles.



This might be labeled the perfect family group—if only baby Zasu Ann Gallery were in the picture! The married happiness of Zasu Pitts and Tom Gallery is getting to be one of Hollywood's great legends. Their newest photograph, taken while on a flying trip to New York

CONSTANCE TALMADGE is taking French lessons. Nobody knows why, unless it is to amuse herself. She says two words, looks at the solemn and attentive French professor, and goes into wild bursts of laughter. So far in ten lessons, she has never succeeded in getting a whole sentence out without much intermediate merriment.

"It's so funny," she said the other day. "What'd you take 'em for, then?" said Norma.

"I have a good time," said the youngest Talmadge.

IWOULDN'T be surprised if Anita Stewart and her husband, Rudolph Cameron, were reunited shortly. They both show signs of being too much interested in one another and not interested enough in anyone else.

I met Rudy at Montmartre the other evening. He was making a flying trip to Hollywood for business. He expects to return in October to reappear in pictures. His last appearance on the screen was with Anita.

HARD LUCK VON STROHEIM and Good Luck Hughes, speaking of Directors Eric and Rupert of the Goldwyn forces.

Von Stroheim took his company of players for "Greed" to the sun-baked, inferno-heated Death Valley, and the day he arrived it rained. The first rain in fifty years, said the oldest inhabitant.

Rupert Hughes took his company of "Law Against Law" to Yellowstone to catch, if possible, the famous geyser, Old Faithful, in action. Old Faithful is erratic and temperamental, and Director Hughes expected to wait about nine weeks to coax him into pictures. But the very first day Old Faithful leaped right

out and made good. In fact, he was on the job before Lew Cody, and Jimmy Hogan, an assistant, had to double for Lew in some "shots," getting his feet cooked to blisters for the honor.

AGOOD deal has been written about what has to happen to make motion picture stars cry—real tears, not the glycerine variety. But what would you do to make a dog cry?

Laurence Trimble has a scene in "The Love Master" in which Strongheart, his dog star, weeps copiously and weeps very real tears.

How did he do it? A little low music—very, very sad music—and a lot of talk. Larry scolds Strongheart until, in abject misery, the great police dog hangs his head and the tears roll down his cheeks.

No, it isn't cruelty to animals. Strongheart likes it. He's a natural born actor. And I've seem 'em do much worse things to humans to get the same results. They had to.

WHEN they erected their beautiful new home in Beverly Hills, Wheeler Oakman and Priscilla Dean built a tennis court in the rear. But they found soon that they had all too little time to play on it. They were at the studio from nine in the morning until seven at night.

So they had the studio electricians install some giant lights about the court and now they play evenings. Often, after a dinner party, the guests dash home and slip into tennis clothes and come back for a set or two. Or else Priscilla gives tennis suppers on the lawn. So tennis as an evening amusement is becoming very popular in Beverly Hills, and we shall probably have any number of brightly lighted courts before long.



BEFORE

Photograph of the hand of Mildred McKamy of La Grange, Ill., showing hand before wearing Dr. Egan's Magic Night Gloves.



AFTER

Photograph of Miss McKamy's hand after wearing the Magic Gloves just four nights.

Like Magic- these Gloves Whiten Hands

Astounding Scientific Discovery—Dr. Egan's Magic Night Gloves! Make Rough, Reddened, Work-Worn Hands Soft and White Over-Night!

Results absolutely guaranteed in writing.
LEGAL GUARANTEE BOND WITH EVERY PAIR

JUST think of it—putting on a pair of gloves for a night and finding your hands exquisitely white and soft! That is the magic of Dr. Egan's amazing medicated gloves! Nothing like them ever known! These gloves of medicated fabric (not rubber) actually turn your hands white, as white as a lily and as smooth and soft.

No matter how red your hands, or how sallow or yellow or how deeply blotched with freckles or liver spots—no matter how rough or coarse or work-worn your hands, the magic of these medicated gloves will turn them white and soft, fresh and young-looking.

Just one night's wear of these marvelous gloves is enough to convince you. Wear the gloves four or five nights and you have a new pair of hands. It's the medicated fabric that does the work. The gloves are impregnated with a marvellous solution perfected by the famous Dr. S. J. Egan. The medicated fabric when activated by the natural warmth of the hands has



Wear them while you sleep, or an hour or two while doing your work.

a peculiarly potent whitening and softening effect upon the hands. The hands become white—a charming, natural white. They become soft and white as velvet. And all so quick as to be dumfounding.

The complete \$5 Dr. Egan Magic Glove outfit which we are offering for a limited time at the special introductory price of only \$1.95 consists of the following: one pair freshly medicated gloves, one bottle glove medicator; one jar Dr. Egan's Pore-Lax; one copy Dr. Egan's booklet, "The Care of the Hands"; all in a neat container. The Pore-Lax is a special cream to apply before donning the gloves to open the pores of the skin for

the action of the medicated gloves. The glove medicator is for restoring the potency of the gloves after a period of wear.

Try the Gloves FREE

See the magic of these medicated gloves for yourself! Test them at our risk. Send today for the complete outfit for five days' free trial.

Note the difference in your hands from just one night's wear. See the complete and amazing transformation in three or four days. Mark how lovely your hands, how white and smooth. If five nights' wear of the gloves doesn't make your hands more beautiful than you ever dreamed possible, don't keep the gloves. Return them to us and you won't be out one cent for the free trial. You are the judge.

SEND NO MONEY Just the Coupon

Send no money now—just the coupon. Pay the postman only \$1.95 (plus postage) on delivery of the gloves. If in five days you are not more than delighted and amazed with the results from the gloves, just send them back and your money will be promptly refunded in full. We give you a written guarantee to this effect. You run no risk. Fill out and mail the coupon now or copy it in a postcard or letter. If apt to be out when postman calls send \$2.00 now. Our guarantee assures you of your money back if you are not perfectly satisfied. Address Dr. S. J. Egan, Dept. 60, 220 S. State Street, Chicago, Illinois.

\$1.95

For Complete \$5.00 Outfit on This Amazing Introductory Offer

These gloves will soon be offered the public through the regular channel at \$5 the pair. But a limited number of sets are now being offered for advertising purposes at \$1.95. You can get this complete \$5.00 outfit for \$1.95 on this introductory offer. But you must act at once, as only ten thousand sets are to be distributed at the cut price. You may pay the postman, or, if you prefer enclose \$2 with coupon and receive package all paid for. Remember, every penny of your money back if you say so. Clip and mail the coupon now before you forget.

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220 S. State Street, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me (in plain package) for free trial, a pair of Dr. Egan's Magic Gloves for whitening and softening the hands, with Pore-Lax and Mediator. I will pay postman \$1.95 (plus postage) on delivery of the gloves. (If you prefer, send \$2.00 now in full payment.) If I am not perfectly delighted with the change in my hands in 5 days, I may return gloves and get my money back in full.

Name.....
Address.....
Glove Size.....



Dr. Egan's is the Original Magic Glove Outfit



Cleans every part of every tooth every time

WITH any tooth brush and some extra effort you can clean parts of all your teeth—or even all the surfaces of some teeth.

You can be sure that a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush does a thorough job for every tooth. The scientifically curved handle and the tufted bristles of the Pro-phy-lac-tic enable you to clean easily every part of every tooth.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes are made with hard, medium and soft bristles. In three sizes—adults', youths' and children's. They are all guaranteed. We will replace the brush you buy if it is not absolutely satisfactory.

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Downward
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Teeth Upward

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It was her ability to cry that won Jane Mercer, eleven year old star, a place upon the screen. Discovered by Lois Weber, she was permitted to sob her way through "A Chapter in her Life," as Jewel

MARY PICKFORD is buying Pola Negri's cast off clothes. That's the way James Cruze's "Hollywood" makes it appear. I was watching the picture with Pola in the Lasky projection room when the scene appeared in which a dress is delivered to Mary at Pickfair. When it was unwrapped, Pola cried: "Why, that's *my* dress—Mary's buying my Bella Donna dress!" However, Pola agrees not to sue inasmuch as the dress really belongs to the Lasky wardrobe and was purloined by Cruze to use in the scene.

RUMOR has it very strongly that Gloria Swanson has given up the gorgeous mansion which she bought a short time ago in Beverly Hills. The Gillettes, from whom she bought it, are living in it again, and will make no further statement than that "We're living in it. You'll have to ask Miss Swanson."

Miss Swanson is in New York and declares that she wants to stay there. She is making every appeal to the Paramount organization to let her live and work in the east as she declares the change and the need of new intellectual contacts will help her immensely. The question isn't yet decided.

THE Charles Rays have been keeping open house—or, rather, open gardens—on Sundays at their Beverly Hills home, entertaining with a series of barbecues. During the afternoon guests swim in the pool, and at twilight

dinner is served at a table twinkling with candles on the lawn. It is served hot by the cook from a brick oven in a corner of the grounds. At night the gardens are magically beautiful, tiny lights illumining the pools and the lily moat, over which rise tall cypresses, palms and rose trees, merging their shadows in a dreamy grandeur. After dinner the guests are entertained with music in the drawing room and the tea house, or left to drift as their fancy dictates in the scented shadows of the gardens. A charming home where charming people meet. Among the guests at recent barbecues I've visited were: Theda Bara and her husband, Charles Brabin, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lasky, Hedda Hopper (Mrs. De Wolf Hopper V), Carmel Myers, Earle Foxe, Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Wagner, Enid Bennett and Fred Niblo, Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno, Mitchell Lyson, Julianne Johnston, King Vidor, and Mrs. Leslie Carter.

ZASU PITTS walked into the office of PHOTOPLAY, the other day, with her handsome husband, Tom Gallery, in tow. The pair of them looked very young—not at all like the responsible and respectable parents of a lusty and growing daughter. Rather like nice kids, high school students, they were. Zasu wore a simple little tan polo coat and a modest dark hat, and she blushed when she saw that she was being looked at.

"TOM MIX'S Wild West Show!"

You'll see that line on your home town billboards before long. When Tom completes his Fox contract, he is going to organize a circus and take it over the country. He'll clean up. And he won't have far to go from Hollywood to get his freaks.

MOVIE stars suffer from stage fright on opening nights quite as much as stage stars do. Mary Pickford was a nervous young woman out in Hollywood the day her "Rosita" opened in New York. Mary is always pessimistic concerning her pictures, always imagining that she is about to slip. But she was bolstered back to happiness when the telegrams from New York began pouring in congratulating her on her new achievement as an actress.

One which particularly delighted her came from Marion Davies, who herself has been scoring so magnificently. Miss Davies congratulated Mary upon her beautiful and inspiring work, adding, "You are and always will be queen of them all."

IT happened at a dinner party, at which Elinor Glyn was a guest. She came in, late as usual, and—as usual—in her odd collection of clothes and make up. With her eyes accentuated by a greenish blue color that she affects, and her crimson mouth starting from the intense pallor of her face. And, crowning touch, a great tiger skin wrapped around her body.

It was Rupert Hughes who, turning to the lovely lady at his left, burst into impromptu poetry. As follows:

- "Do you care to sin?" he questioned
- "Like Elinor Glyn,
- "In a tiger skin?"
- "Or do you prefer to err
- "In some other fur?"

LOUIS MACLOON, publicity director for Cosmopolitan Productions, thinks he has discovered a new picture star, although he's not quite sure of either the acting or the business end. The candidate is Jack Balaber, chief office boy for Macloon. When Jewish New Year came around, Jack asked for the day off. Macloon agreed, but said:

"All right, Jack, but be sure you go to the Temple and not to a ball game."

Jack promised and left. The next day Mac-



Marion Davies and her little toy house, which was built in the Cosmopolitan studio carpenter shop, in New York, and shipped in sections to Connecticut—where Miss Davies is working on her new picture "Yolanda." Just big enough to hold a chaise longue, a dressing table, a victrola and a toy carpet sweeper!

Front view Back view

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WRAP-AROUND

The Corset Invisible

A thoroughly modern corset is this Warner Wrap-around, style 0409, which replaces lacings by 2 panels of unseamed elastic, has elastic gussets in a low top and a slightly raised point to control rebellious flesh at the diaphragm. And, like all Warner Wrap-arounds, beneath your frock, it is **INVISIBLE**.

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Send for folder of Warner's Wrap-arounds for stout-type, slender-type, average-type and curved-type figures.

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Early sailings are:

Pres. Harding	Oct. 27	Dec. 4
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Tod Browning, Goldwyn director, cost Ruby Lafayette as the mother of Edward Martindel, in "The Day of Faith." They liked the arrangement so well that adoption papers were made out—and now they're mother and son for life!

loon happened out on the set where Marion Davies was working in "Yolanda" and discovered Jack bouncing around in the garb of an "extra." Incidentally, he was getting \$7.50 for the day's work. Macloon grabbed him by the collar.

"Jack," he said, "I don't know whether you'll ever be another Valentino, but you certainly should become a great business man anyway."

ERNST LUBITSCH and his wife had a garden party the other day, at their charming Beverly Hills home. And all to celebrate the first anniversary of the wedding. The garden party was followed by a dinner and a dance for the more intimate friends of the family.

We can remember when Herb Howe interviewed Lubitsch, on the eve of his marriage, in Germany. Lubitsch was working on a production, and wondering how he'd ever get a few minutes off to have the ceremony, if we remember correctly. Well, times have changed. He was a hard-working director, then. Now he's migrated and has plenty of time for the garden parties of life!

WHEN Jackie Coogan completed his "Long Live the King," he left for his Nevada ranch to hunt bears and fish for whales. His mother and father accompanied him. Jackie's mountain retreat is two days' travel by pack train from the nearest railroad.

SHIRLEY MASON, the pretty little William Fox star, has been receiving condolences recently on the death of her husband, Bernard J. Durning, one of the best known directors in the industry. Mr. Durning contracted typhoid fever while directing a Fox production starring Gallagher and Shean. He was thirty years old and had been with the Fox studios for three years. Previous to that he was with Metro.

A REPORTER, doing a story in Hollywood, was being shown through the Powers Studio. Pausing beside a set, he asked what picture was being made. When they told him the name "The Mail Man" (Ralph Lewis' latest venture into the simple life of the people who work for the welfare of the nation, and all that sort of thing) he registered consternation: "My Gawd," he questioned, "when are they going to let up on this sex stuff?"

JAMES CRUZE, director of "The Covered Wagon," has fallen into the clutches of the law. He has been arrested for bootlegging—bootlegging crabs. Mr. Cruze was at Eureka, California, and, becoming enamored of the kind of crabs served there, he ordered several hundred shipped to Hollywood.

But there is a law in Humboldt county which forbids the shipping of these giant crabs across the county line, as it is feared the supply

might be depleted. Cruze knew nothing about this law until Chief of Police Clency arrested him as a crab bootlegger.

The members of his company missed him at dinner that night, and wondered at his absence. When he did appear, he was rather gruff—crabbed, in fact. And if you wish to insult Mr. Cruze mortally, invite him to lunch and order crabs.

RIN-TIN-TIN, the police dog who has starred in many a feature film, is a real hero. For he rescued a little girl, a few days ago, from a certain and horrible death.

It happened this way. The child, whose name is Harriet Stone, had made friends with the dog at the Warner Brothers studio, where a picture was in progress. They became great pals and used to wander off together for long walks. One afternoon, when they were together and the youngster was picking flowers, they strayed near a marshy spot. And before Harriet knew it, almost, she was sinking into a quagmire. At her sudden cry Rin-tin-tin ran to her, and the child grasped him around the neck. By that time she was breast deep in the mud, and too firmly embedded to be pulled out by the animal alone. The dog realized that and, holding himself absolutely rigid, with feet braced, he began to bark. Still barking hoarsely, still with his feet braced, they found him.



Ask Any Beauty

How she beautifies her teeth

If all women knew what millions know, they would all brush teeth in this new way. Ask anyone with glistening teeth. You see them everywhere today. You will probably learn that the reason lies in this new-day method.

Then you can see the results on your own teeth if you make this delightful test.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on new discoveries. These two great film combatants were embodied in it.

The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent. Careful people of some fifty nations now use it, largely by dental advice.

Clouded by film

The natural tooth luster is clouded by film. At first the film is viscous. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Food stains, etc., discolor it. If not removed, it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. And few things do more to mar beauty.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Very few escaped

Tooth troubles were constantly increasing. Beautiful teeth were seen less often than now. So dental science saw the need for better cleansing methods.

Research found two ways to fight film. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Corrects mistakes

Pepsodent also corrects mistakes made in tooth pastes of the past. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Former tooth pastes brought just opposite effects. They depressed these natural tooth-protecting agents.

Your home needs

Everyone in your home should adopt this method. They will when they see the results.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

The results in one week will delight and convince you. Cut out the coupon now.

Protect the Enamel
Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.



Mlle. Jean de Balzac, great grand-niece of Honore de Balzac, in California's most modest bathing suit. Not even an inch of white neck does the lady show!

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The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

10-Day Tube Free 1087

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fection for the entire
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All set for a good old Irish honeymoon—Mr. and Mrs. John McCormick. Not the famous tenor and his wife—no, indeed! This Mr. McCormick is the western head of First National, and the blushing bride was Miss Colleen Moore

JUDGING from recent remarks by Mary Pickford, she is developing into a sort of Pollyanna. Now she has promulgated a recipe for happiness. Here it is.

"To be truly happy, one must be grateful and keep harmony with one's self. The house you live in twenty-four hours of the day is yourself. Keep this a happy house. If you feel a crossness coming on, just keep still. Squabbles and quarrels, sulks and anger are habits. Keep from beginning them. Shut them inside yourself. Have a 'spat house' or 'mad office,' or run into a back lot somewhere if you must scold or cry or wrangle."

All of which is good advice, but it sounds familiar, somehow.

ANOTHER "ideal" screen marriage has met an untimely end. Dagmar Godowsky, screen actress and daughter of Leopold Godowsky, the famous pianist, has confirmed the report that the marriage chariot which she has been occupying with Frank Mayo, actor and director, is not running smoothly.

She admitted that she and Mayo had separated and that she had come to New York for that reason. Since her arrival in New York, she had consulted an attorney.

The Mayos were married in Tia Juana, Mexico, in 1921, three days after Mayo had been divorced. There was some question of the legality of the marriage, but that was finally adjusted, and the film world called the match an "ideal" one. Someone is always shattering ideals.

MABEL NORMAND was in the hospital some weeks as the result of a bad fall from her horse. The accident occurred at Coronado, where Miss Normand was spending the week end with friends.

The horse bolted toward the ocean, threw her heavily to the earth, and just missed trampling upon her. She sustained a broken collar bone, bad face bruises and a sprained knee. A special train was hired, when she was discovered by friends unconscious in the sands a few hours later, and she was rushed to a Los Angeles hospital.

MADAME Elinor Glyn has become a devotee of the dance. Almost every evening she is in the Coconut Grove, accompanied by some distinguished gentleman, and she rarely

fails to respond to the music. She dances exquisitely, with a grace and verve that are reminiscent of Irene Castle. She was there the other evening in a dance frock of apricot taffeta, a band to match in her glowing red hair, and accompanied by Craig Biddle, Jr.

Daytimes, Madame Glyn is supervising the production of "Three Weeks" at the Goldwyn studio. Aileen Pringle is to be "The Lady" and Conrad Nagel is to be *Paul*. Miss Pringle has beauty and much of that vague something called "class." Madame Glyn is much pleased with her selection.

ENID BENNETT NIBLO is a charming hostess and a lovely and competent actress, but, as a real estate agent, her husband, Fred Niblo, declares she is a total loss. The Niblo home in Beverly Hills is for sale—they are to build a new one on a bigger piece of ground up in the canyon—and Miss Bennett was showing it to a friend who thought of buying. The question of price came up. Miss Bennett named a figure.

"That seems fair," said the friend. "It's worth that."

"Oh, no, it isn't really, I guess," said Miss Bennett. "It's an old house and not in very good shape. But with the ridiculous boom in prices out here now, we feel we ought to get it."

HOOT GIBSON, Universal's prize cowboy star, and his wife, decided, after the arrival of a small daughter some time ago, to sell the honeymoon house they had built in Beverly Hills and buy one where there would be room for a proper nursery.

They put a price on their house and a tourist went to look at it. The tourist decided that, in spite of the beauties of the place, the price was too high. The next evening he happened to meet Hoot at a party in Beverly Hills. The cowboy looked extremely low in his mind. After some manoeuvring he got the prospective customer off in the corner and said: "You like that house? Nothing standing in the way but the price? All right—you can have it for \$4000 less."

They agreed. The next day the tourist called at the Gibson home, talked with Mrs. Gibson—and caught a bird's eye view of Hoot making frantic and Masonic signals in the background.

Mrs. Gibson mentioned the original price. Hoot signalled frantically—pathetically. Mrs. Gibson smiled placidly. The tourist gave up in despair.

Whereupon he discovered later that Hoot and his wife had had what is known as a tiff, that Hoot had set the lower price without her knowledge, and was afraid she might find out. Altogether it was a very intricate diplomatic affair and Hoot was perfectly willing to give the buyer his own check if the deal went through. It didn't.

WHEN Lillian Gish stepped out upon the stage of the Forty-Fourth Street Theater, after the first showing of "The White Sister," she was greeted with the sort of applause that shakes even blasé Broadway. Very slim and young she looked, with her fluffy light hair done in coils on each side of her head, as she wears it in the picture. And quite bride-like in her simple but exquisite frock of white satin. One almost felt that she was some wistful child, dressed up to play at weddings, but when she spoke her voice was so sweet and confident and her manner was graceful and poised!

SPLendid reports are circulating, among those who have been privileged to see it, about "The Life of Abraham Lincoln" which has just been filmed by the Rockett Brothers. It is stated that the film is a great dramatic presentation, beautifully written and acted, and that it makes Lincoln live and breath in all his glory before you.

Certainly it deserves to succeed. The Rockett boys sunk all the money they had in it—it was an ideal which they tried to make come true. Frances Marion worked for months, gathering material and spent an immense amount of time on the script—all on a gamble that they would make something big and fine for the American people. If it is as fine as they say it is, the American people are going to be mighty grateful.

BARBARA LA MAR, the siren in "Strangers of the Night," likes the job. She has no patience with actresses who say they don't like to play "vamp" rôles.

"I don't want to be an ingenue," she said the other day. "I think part of the joy of being a woman is to exercise fascinations on the male. The only male star that I've met who seems to be completely immune is Jackie Coogan."



One of the prettiest of the white hopes, in training. Helene Chadwick is going to be a regular fighter—take it from her pugilistic attitude! — but she's not going to spoil her camera face if she can help it!



"She overheard them talking and, sure enough, it was about her!"



Perhaps they say it behind your back

SHE had noticed something occasionally in other people—particularly in the case of one man who used to call on her and whom she had discouraged for just this reason.

But never had she suspected that she, herself, might be guilty this way. She was an extremely sensitive girl and even the thought of it would have humiliated her terribly.

Imagine her consternation, therefore, one afternoon when she happened to overhear several girls saying exactly this thing about her. It hit her like a thunderbolt!

* * * * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

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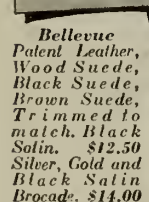
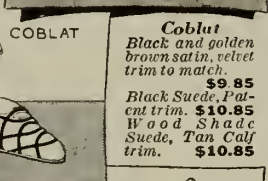
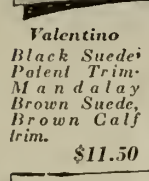
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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

THE ETERNAL STRUGGLE—Metro

ALTHOUGH this picture features the Northwest Mounted Police, it is not program stuff. And it brings forward the little French actress, Renee Adoree, in a new light. As the tomboyish girl, *Andree Grange*, and as the awakening woman who has found her man, she gives a nearly perfect performance. The situation is unique, for the Mounted Policeman is sent out to bring in the girl who has confessed that she loves him. Circumstances are complicated by the appearance of another member of the force—the hero's best friend and the man who has asked the girl to become his wife. The triangle reaches dramatic heights when the three are stormbound in a tiny cabin in the woods. Then it is that the old question of love or honor must be decided. Honor wins, eventually—and the three come back together, to a happy ending. Pat O'Malley and Earle Williams are the two men. The rest of the cast are equally good.

SECOND-HAND LOVE—Fox

A PICTURE of truly rural persuasion with the usual b'gosh and chin whisker attachments. The town villain has designs on "the girl," who is also cursed with a wicked husband. But Buck Jones in a Charles Ray make-up happens along in time and exhibits his w. k. "deep reverence for pure American womanhood" by depositing the worthless husband in a bed of quicksand. Love isn't the only thing about this production that's second-hand.

THE SIX-FIFTY—Universal

A WRECK on the six-fifty which passes the old homestead gives a discontented country wife her chance to have a fling at life in a big city, after which she decides there's no place like home, and returns to her husband. While there is nothing unusual or startlingly original about the story, it has sufficient variety and the virtue of not being dull. The acting is good and bad in spots.

APRIL SHOWERS—Preferred Pictures

COLLEEN MOORE and Kenneth Harlan spend most of their time quarreling. When there's a moment to spare, the young man studies for a job on the police force, or does a

little prize-fighting. A lot of stuff that used to be sure-fire, garnished heavily with the always popular shamrock, and served up to an audience that can't afford to be fussy. Not very much of a picture.

RED LIGHTS—Goldwyn

A DELIGHTFUL jumble of all the elements that go to make the complete mystery play. Not too skilfully done, perhaps, but so amusing that one scarcely notices the rough edges. The daughter of a railroad president, kidnapped in infancy, learns of her parentage, and is immediately menaced by a mysterious force that threatens her life—and comes in the form of a talking red light. The mystery is finally solved by one *Sheridan Scott*, a crime deflector, played charmingly by Raymond Griffith. Good entertainment.

WHERE IS THIS WEST?—Universal

BILLED as a rollicking comedy drama, but not half so mirth-provoking as it sounds. Jack Hoxie's serious efforts are always funnier than his comedy attempts. The lovely Mary Philbin is quite wasted in this Western. After her work in "Merry-Go-Round" she deserves better plays, and more of them! We always recommend Jack Hoxie to the small boys of the family. The smaller the better!

THE GUN FIGHTER—Fox

THE story of a particularly involved feud—with plenty of battles that range all the way from clan affairs to hand-in-hand encounters, and make necessary the use of guns, knives and fists. All of which is pie for William Farnum. This gentleman, as a traveling cow puncher, happens quite by chance into the feud-swept area—and fixes matters by killing off the chief villain and marrying the heroine.

THE LONE STAR RANGER—Fox

TOM MIX and his horse, Tony, go through the regular series of adventures. Jumping over chasms, and racing down mountain sides, they defy a great deal of death—with, we fancy, the aid of some clever double exposure. Finally they manage to break up the band of outlaws and win the beautiful heroine—which doesn't surprise anyone. A foolproof Zane Grey Western. The younger boys, especially, will like it.



This shows the interest taken by PHOTOPLAY readers in the cut puzzle contest. This pile of mail represents the replies received in two days. Such an enormous number of answers have been received that PHOTOPLAY has been obliged to engage extra space in its New York building and extra help to care for it. The winner will be announced in the January issue of PHOTOPLAY

THE EAGLE'S FEATHER—Metro

A RATHER absurd treatment of the "happy ending" mars what otherwise is an interesting Western. An admixture of common sense would have helped. The story, up to near the end, is interesting and well told, the cattle scenes, especially the stampede, being extremely well done. Mary Alden does a beautiful piece of acting, and James Kirkwood is very good. The photoplay is above the average. Good entertainment, up to last reel.

THE FRENCH DOLL—Metro

MAE MURRAY again boosts the price of chiffon—but that's about all, of any consequence, that she does do. She's quite too vivacious and youthful in this story of a fortune-hunting French family, with a thriving business in fake antiques. As the charming daughter, who puts over the sales on the *nouveau riche*, she tries to be alluring—and very, very much the Parisienne. There's the usual happy ending.

SALOMY JANE—Paramount

BRET HARTE'S story has been distorted into another one of those Westerns—brightened only by the illuminating presence of Jacqueline Logan. A really splendid, practically all-star cast is wasted in this futile effort to better a literary masterpiece. The scenery, however, is charming—and Lefty Flynn's cameo-like profile, against the majestic mountains, is something to look at at least twice. Not for the children.

BILL—Paramount

NOT a story at all, just the marvelous character study of an old man who has spent his life guiding a pushcart through the stone-paved streets of Paris. A kind old man with a simple nature and a groping mind—who gets, by a curious freak of chance, into the clutches of the law. The ways of justice are strange to him but, with only a dumb sorrow and with no resentment, he pays for a crime of which he was innocent. When he leaves prison he finds that his reputation has vanished but, on the point of suicide, he meets friendship at the hands of a small boy whom he has befriended. This is the sort of venture that the screen needs—a cross-section of a soul. From Anatole France's "Crainquebille," with Maurice de Feraudy giving a splendid interpretation of the title rôle.

THE POWER DIVINE—Independent

ANOTHER Kentucky feud. Evidently the chief possessions of these Blue Ridge mountaineers are Winchester's and a keen sense of the theatrical. From the moment Sally Slocum lays eyes on Bob Harvey, he's a married man. Feud or no feud. The picture is presented after the manner of a third-rate stock company. However, whatever it does or doesn't do, it proves that where there's love there's hope. A little bit of this sort of thing goes a long, long way.

THE SOCIAL CODE—Metro

A "FIND THE WOMAN" murder melodrama in which Viola Dana proves that social butterflies have souls. She has always been regarded as one of the ingenues born kittenish, but in this instance she only achieves it. She is consciously babyish, suddenly artificial, and frequently coarse. The company, barring Huntley Gordon, is very school-of-acting. One's feeling about the picture is that it should have been particularly good, and isn't.

**THE FAIR CHEAT—
Film Booking Offices**

THE story of a society girl who, in order to gain her father's consent to marry the man that she loves, agrees to support herself, under an assumed name, for a year. It works out, of course, that the man meets her, as a hard-working little Follies girl, and falls in love with her new personality. And then everything ends happily, with the father relenting.

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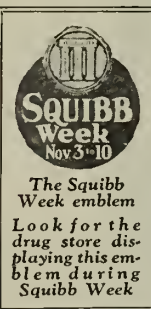
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THE CLEAN-UP—Universal

THIS is full of the sort of fun which authors are wont to extract from small town hotels, barber shops, matrimony and Brooklyn. It strongly suggests the George M. Cohan type of "hurrah" play in which the hero with only a dollar in reel one comes out with a fortune and "the girl" in reel five. It's just "another one of those things"—a notable case of Herbert Rawlinson—that's all.

DESIRE—Metro

A TWISTED attempt to prove something—nobody quite knows what! Certainly the members of the cast, who go heroically through all of the emotions, cannot understand what it's all about. The old idea of a society girl who marries her chauffeur, and of a society man who finds love in the modest flat of a music teacher. One story ends in tragedy, the other with extreme happiness—thereby striking an average.

THE GRAIL—Fox

IT may not be absolutely indispensable, but a plot is a handy thing to have around a picture. What home is without a mother, the average movie is without a plot. This might have been just another one of those Texas Rangers sent to "get his man," but George Scarborough, the author, found a preventative for dullness and saved the day—also the picture which is well played and made.

THE DESTROYING ANGEL—Associated Exhibitors

A SUCCESSION of the wildest improbabilities constitute the plot. But the picture is such frank "movie stuff" that it manages to be interest-compelling melodrama after the pattern of those which featured Leah Baird in the industry's "infancy." She seems to have changed not at all since then, and is convincing as the heart-breaking dancer who is called "the Destroying Angel" because of the tragedies which befall her various suitors. It is a film which may be seen without weariness or missed without regret.

SHATTERED REPUTATIONS—Lee Bradford

A QUALITY of artificiality, emphasized by bad acting, prevents this film from rising above mediocrity. Such plot as there is relates the story of an elderly man who is "father and mother" to his children. The girl meets the rich man, and the boy "the apple of a doting father's eye" becomes a thief and lands over the w. k. precipice. This is an effective substitute for trial.

RUNNING WILD—Educational

THE noble game of polo is made the excuse for this burst of comedy speed. A love affair, two hated rivals who play on opposite teams, and some exhibitions of poor riding. That's all there is, there isn't any more. Another Mermaid Comedy.

HIGH LIFE—Educational

A MERMAID Comedy, starring the curly-headed Lige Conley. There are some of the usual funny gags—but for the most part there is nothing to cause any undue excitement. There's the usual bootlegger episode, with a mistake in identities and a Hindu hypnotist is introduced to make things different.

TEA WITH A KICK—Associated Exhibitors

HERE is a chaotic mass of incident utterly without sequence, a generous helping of horseplay, and a lot of lugged-in lines, allegedly humorous, the perpetration of which must have been a severe strain on somebody's funnybone. And all because the poor girl's father is in prison for something he perfectly didn't do. Stuart Holmes turns comedian in this movie, an equivalent of a musical comedy which you might walk a block to see. But don't walk two.

DOES IT PAY?—Fox

FROM the point of view of the vampire of the piece, it does. She gets fame, money, jewels, everything—and all because she lures a pudgy, middle-aged man from the bosom of his family. The man, however, gets into all sorts of trouble and ends by losing his mind and going home to the aforementioned family. Not nearly so funny as it sounds, and it won't do for children.

THE UNTAMABLE—Universal

GLADYS WALTON plays a girl who is suffering—and making others suffer—because she is a victim of dual personality. Things are looking pretty black for her, until the hero appears upon the scene—for a wicked doctor is encouraging the bad personality—and trying to smother the good one. Love, however, finds a way—the physician meets with a violent death and the final close-up is sweetly affectionate. Hardly up to standard.

THE MIDNIGHT ALARM—Vitagraph

EVERYTHING from train wrecks to fires, from automobile crashes to abductions. And then some! Action from the word go, with probability thrown to the four winds. The result is a picture that will keep an unsubtle audience leaning forward—ready to clap at the appropriate places. Virtue triumphs in the end, and gets its just reward—vice, leaping from a blazing building, is crushed upon the sidewalk. Great stuff, if you like it.

A CHAPTER IN HER LIFE—Universal

THE little heroine of this classic is in the running with our old friend Elsie Dinsmore—misunderstood, abused, but always sweetly forgiving. Although the child actress who takes the name part shows flashes of genius, the character she portrays is too saccharine to win universal sympathy. The old plot of a hatred-filled house being transformed into a mansion of love by the touch of a tiny hand.

DAYTIME WIVES—F. B. O.

THE good little secretary shows up the inefficient wife—and finds time, in the interludes, to be a lady beautiful to the small children of the neighborhood as well. A demonstration of how a poor breakfast causes the downfall of a great building (by putting the foreman in a bad temper) should be a lesson to all married women who don't like to cook. A picture that tries to preach.

THE SILENT PARTNER—Paramount

WHATEVER Wall Street has taken from foolish men and women, it has given back to the drama. This picture narrowly escapes developing a new twist. George Coburn falls victim to the speculation mania, but discovers that his wife's extravagance has been pretended in order to save money. It is an interesting story, well done except that the solution is given away too soon, marring the suspense. Leatrice Joy is excellent.

BLINKY—Universal

HOOT GIBSON is at his best in army pictures—and this opus of the U. S. cavalry is the finest that he's had, to date. As the meek son of an old fire-eating colonel, he enters the army—knowing nothing about the business of being a soldier. The school in which he learns is a hard one, but he graduates at the head of the class. Laughter, love and adventure!

THREE AGES—Metro

BUSTER KEATON testifies that love goes bunchangingly on through the years—and gives demonstrations in the stone age, the Roman era, and the present. There are some good moments, but as a whole the picture is dull and stolid. Margaret Leahy, the Talmadges' English importation, is as wooden as a chubby little blonde girl can be. And Wallace Beery is wasted as the comedy villain. No chance for uproarious laughter!

**A KNOCK AT THE DOOR—
Johnnie Walker**

THE star of the month's pictures about nothing. The astounding vacuity of this piece may be understood when it is said that, after an hour, the story ends just where it started without having arrived anywhere, proved anything, or created the slightest interest. Eddie Polo is the star. The author was wise enough to conceal his identity. Unless you're a demon for punishment, skip this.

HIS LAST RACE—Phil Goldstone

AN astigmatic bat could see through the scoundrelism of Robert McKim who plots murder, strokes his black mustache, proposes to innocent girls in black, tries to wreck the winning horse, and does other dark and dreadful deeds in this good old-fashioned melodrama in which the splendid steed wins in a race none the less exciting for having been done in countless other plays and photo-plays. It will entertain two kinds of people: those who like Bertha M. Clay, and those who don't.

THE FIGHTING STRAIN—Steiner

THIS is an amateurish hodgepodge, starring Neal Hart in "America's Pal." It is the sort of entertainment that appeals to actors whose idea of stardom is a ninety years' lease on the center of the stage, and contains everything from the "claim swindle" right down to the kitchen stove. It will give you a chance to witness a company of the worst actors ever seen on land or sea. Also one of the worst pictures.

**THE SECRET OF LIFE—
Principal Pictures**

SOME searching inquiries, via a magnifying glass, and a new process of motion picture photography, into the private lives of the bees, the spiders, and the ants. These studies are extremely interesting—especially the chapter that has to do with the ants. The climax of intimate detail is reached with picture of a live flea crawling across the eye of a baby ant. It isn't the only climax, either.

Speaking of Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

"Stop right there," cried Abe. "I want you to know that our comedies are not laughing matters."

Another time one of their directors wanted to be artistic and get some real scenery into a comedy. He suggested taking the company to Catalina Island, near Los Angeles. It involved an expense of several hundred dollars. The result, he explained, would be some beautiful "shots" of rocks and surf and trees.

The Stern boys couldn't see the advantage. They ordered him to do the work in the nearby hills. "What's the difference?" said Abe. "Why spend money to go to Catalina? A rock's a rock and a tree's a tree."

HERR ERNST LUBITSCH has by his direction of Mary Pickford earned a high place in the ranks of motion picture directors. He was responsible for the German-made Pola Negri pictures, and we have been watching his work in this country closely. It is easy to see what a tremendous part he played in Mary Pickford's production of "Rosita." Incidentally Mary deserves considerable credit for her judgment in selecting the man at a time when many were doubtful of his ability to adapt himself to American methods and temperaments.

JAMES CRUZE, the Paramount director, is the Babe Ruth of pictures. He has hit home runs in his last three pictures, "The Covered Wagon," "Hollywood," and in "Ruggles of Red Gap." I wonder how many PHOTOPLAY readers remember him as the handsome actor in the old "Million Dollar Mystery" serial.

A seven days wonder in 1903, but already outgrown in 1909—so rapid is the march of electrical development.



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Not in the Scenario

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62]



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He took out paper and pencil, wrote "What has happened?" and passed it to the man.

The brigand looked at it, shook his head and then reached for the pencil. Painfully and slowly, for his hands were swollen and cramped, he wrote a few words.

"Pure wop," Dave said when he had glanced at it. "And none of us knows a word of that."

He shook his head and handed the paper back. The man seemed to understand and instantly a look of fear came to his savage eyes. He glanced toward the house and then arose and hobbled away.

The others followed. Once inside the deaf-mute searched quickly through the place. At last, when satisfied that the cabin was empty, he went into a room off the kitchen and returned with a rifle.

The four men surrounded him as he hobbled through the living room. Dave Mann tried futilely by signs to learn his purpose but he thrust them aside, walked through the front door and down to the shore. There he drew a small canoe from the brush, set it in the water and paddled away toward the open lake.

CHAPTER II

WHEN Dave, Larry and the canoe men returned to camp with their story of the bound deaf-mute there were as many explanations, and reactions, as there were people.

Dave alone seemed to look at it impersonally. His excitement was greater than that of anyone else but his interest was not in the mystery so far as it concerned the unknown owner of the palatial cabin and the girl. He did not even stop to think of what might have happened to them. Details would hamper his imagination.

"Come here, Phil" he called to his assistant as soon as he landed. "I've got the whole thing worked out. We want to get it all down tonight."

He led the way to his tent and, before Larry had told half the story to the others the "tap, tap, tap" of Phil's portable typewriter was heard.

"But Larry!" Peggy Dare exclaimed. "What has happened to the girl?"

"I don't know that anything has. I didn't see a sign of her anywhere."

"I did," Fay Brainerd said. "This afternoon when we were in her room. And she had been there just a little while before."

"Been there!" several exclaimed. "How do you know that?"

"She was there after lunch," Fay declared. "And I can tell you something more. She's a blond with long, very long, reddish gold hair."

"Haw! Haw!" Roy Quigley burst out scornfully. "Where'd you get that Hawkshaw stuff?"

"Shut up!" commanded Truman Harlow, the heavy. "Fay's right. They were there after lunch, or someone was."

"Trust Tru to find that out," Peggy laughed. "He made straight for the kitchen when we went into the house. What did they have to eat?"

"I don't know," Truman snapped, "but one of the canoe men told me there were some coals in the kitchen stove and that the dishes hadn't been washed and that they hadn't been standing there long. But what about the hair, Fay?"

"That was easy," she answered. "There was a cake of tar soap on the wash stand that hadn't dried. On a chair was a bath towel she had wound her hair in to dry. The towel was still wet and there were two long, reddish gold hairs in it."

"Not so loud," Peggy implored. "If Dave Mann hears us he'll start all over again and make a mystery story of it. We'll never get out of here."

"I don't think there's anything funny about this," Larry declared soberly. "This girl, whoever she is, was there for lunch. No one knows anything about her. I was asking Bill Taylor and he says that he learned of her presence from Indians, that white people have never seen her."

"And now we add a brigand lound and gagged," Peggy said. "The answer to that is going to keep Dave up half the night."

"The answer's easy," Roy Quigley interrupted. "The brigand is an Italian. So is the old man who owns the place. The brigand came to capture the girl, or may be rescue her, and the fellow who works for the old man got the best of him and then they all took a canoe and beat it. I bet they never come back."

"But I'm sure the deaf-mute is the one who works for the old man," Larry objected. "When he went to the house he looked all through it and then went to a room off the kitchen and got a rifle. He acted as if he were at home."

"Of course," Fay added, "and what happened is this. Someone came, bound the deaf-mute, captured the girl and perhaps killed the old man and then carried her off. The deaf-mute is trying to find her."

"Don't one of you breathe a word of this to Dave," Peggy implored them. "It would give him ten new ideas and he'd have to try them all out."

"I don't see where you find anything funny in this," Larry said. "We're the only white people in the country and I think it's up to us to do something."

Silence greeted this remark, a silence that became increasingly significant as it continued. Larry caught it at once and a flush crept up from beneath the collar of his woolen shirt.

He believed he knew what they were thinking, that since Dave Mann had lifted him from a clerkship in the office of a big lumber company to almost unprecedented stardom in the movies he had never been permitted to do anything that entailed the least danger. It was even rumored that Dave carried a large policy with Lloyd's and around the lot Larry was invariably referred to as "the million dollar beauty."

Only the fact that Larry was no different than on the day he had first appeared at the Nonpareil studio had saved him from the slightly veiled thrusts of his co-workers. Nothing seemed to have turned his head—success, the adoration of a million women or a fabulous salary.

"I know what's caught him," Peggy Dare drawled. "It's the long hair."

LARRY glanced at her uncomfortably because he did not understand and because he never knew what Peggy might say.

"I imagine it would be a relief to have something besides a shock-headed flapper groveling at one's feet," she continued when she caught his wondering expression. "By all means go over and rescue her, Larry. But you'll have to hurry. It's getting dark."

He flushed again, but only Fay caught the angry glint in his eyes as he arose and started toward the tent door.

"It just happens that I am going over there," he said. "I don't know what's happened but I'll find out if they need help."

"Wait and I'll go with you," Quigley announced.

But they did not leave camp that night. Everyone had been so absorbed in a discussion of the mystery that none had noticed signs of a storm that broke with a blinding flash and a concussion from which the very earth seemed to rock. Peggy screamed and even the men were awed.

Another flash followed and another roar and then the wind and the rain came in a crashing attack. For a few minutes conversation was out of the question. The tent was alternately

dark and brilliantly lighted and each moment the wind threatened to blow the flimsy shelter away.

Peggy and Fay cowered down together, thoroughly frightened. Then during a lull the sound of a typewriter came to them. "Dave doesn't even know it's raining," Roy Quigley said.

Everyone laughed and from the relief of laughing seemed to gain their self-control.

The lull was only momentary. It was as if the storm had paused to catch its breath. The thunder and the lightning ceased and the ferocity of the wind abated yet the rain drove down incessantly and with a vicious note that foretold hours of deluge. At last the men ran through the downpour to their tents and the girls were left alone.

"Poor Larry," Peggy laughed. "Even the weather won't let him be a hero."

BUT when the movie people were aroused by the cook's call for breakfast in the morning it was such a day as would gladden the heart of any director or camera man. Dave, though he had slept only three hours, was up with the cook. Phil Sherwood alone showed the effects of a long night on the new scenario.

"No gadding over coffee!" Dave cried when breakfast was nearly over. "I want to shoot that whole thing over there today. The folks haven't come back and maybe we can finish before they do."

He walked down to the canoes and Larry arose quickly and followed.

"Don't you think we ought to do something about those people," he began hesitantly. "That fellow being bound and gagged and the others not—"

"Larry, I've got the best part you ever had!" Dave exclaimed as he struck the actor on the shoulder. "And with that setting and all—"

Larry turned impatiently. "Yes, and while you're talking about that picture those people may have been murdered," he protested.

"And if we didn't work on the picture what could we be doing?" Dave demanded. "A lot of help we'd be, paddling around these lakes. Besides, things like that don't happen. What we want to do now is to get that stuff before the old fellow comes back."

He turned to call to Peggy and Fay. "Hurry up, all of you. Same costumes and make-up, everybody. Quig and I will go over now and get ready. The rest of you pile into another canoe."

Whatever delay Dave Mann may have caused by changing the scenario, inserting new ideas in an already tight story and apparently losing all sense of costs, time and proportion, he more than made up for it by the speed with which he conducted the actual work of filming.

He knew exactly what he wanted, he had assembled a capable company, he had a personality that drained his people of the last ounce of ability and then imparted a large part of his own, and he made pictures that filled the theaters.

And the strange part of it was that, despite his apparently reckless methods and temperamental flights, astonishingly few re-takes were necessary and the cutting room on the Nonpareil lot was known as a loafing place.

When the big freight canoe landed the principals, their make-up more grotesque than ever in such surroundings, Dave was ready. He drove them to their places, gave a few brief instructions, ran them through a quick rehearsal and then yelled:

"Ready! Get set! Go!"
There were many people who said that Dave's scorn of the universally accepted terms of the studio was part of an iconoclastic pose. "Go," "twist her," or "slam into it," were synonyms, but it is doubtful if Dave knew that every other director in the world yells "shoot!" when he wants the camera man to turn the crank. A real creative genius is too busy to pose and Dave Mann was never idle.

It was the first actual work that had been done since the party had left the New Jersey



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studio and Dave rushed things through with astonishing speed. He was like an orchestra leader of the eccentric type. Dancing behind the camera, he enacted the role and, monkey on a string though he appeared to be, he managed in some way to bring out hidden qualities in his people and to convert what appeared to be a burlesque into a finished piece of work.

Half the forenoon wore away and Dave continued to drive without cessation. The canoe-men and camp helpers, none of whom had ever seen a picture in the making, stood in a spell-bound group at a little distance. The people in the picture were as absorbed as Dave himself, for constant attention was required if they were to keep pace with his dynamic spirit.

"Now comes the big scene!" he cried at last. "Larry and Fay alone. Peggy! You and Harlow can go inside and take a rest. Stand up there on the steps, Fay. Your brother hasn't returned. You fear he would go through the Wolf-jaw rapids in his eagerness to get back quickly. You have always dreaded them. You picture what must have happened. You think he's dead. At last you wilt down there on the steps, confident the rapids got him.

"And then, Larry, you come in and find her. You arouse her and she's so glad to see you alive she forgets all about the bad news she has for you. Understand? All ready now. There! Twist her, Quig."

Fay Brainerd was an actress. Though they had just heard the story, though they knew what it all meant, though Dave Mann danced and swayed beside the camera, though Fay did not speak a word, the woodsmen were spell-bound. They stood gawking at the girl, fascinated by her pantomime, unconscious of their surroundings.

And through them, blustering, shaking his long white hair in his fury, burst a little old man. He rushed forward to Dave Mann, grasped his shoulder and whirled him around.

"Stop it!" he cried in a high, shrill voice. "How dare you? Do you know, sir, that this is my home?"

Dave took one glance at the interloper, shook off his hand and turned back.

"Great, Fay! Keep going, Quig! Ready, Larry! Oh, stop it! Stop it! Don't you see you are ruining this picture? Twist her, Quig. Now, Larry! Into it!"

But Larry did not move. He was staring past Dave and the stranger.

"Get away from my place!" the old man cried, and his fury was so great it seemed that he would attack the director.

"Just a minute!" Dave begged without turning around. "Larry! Into it! What's the matter, man?"

Larry was continuing to stare and remain wholly unmindful of his director's commands.

"Get off my place!" the old man shouted. "Are you barbarians that you think you can do this to me? Get off, I tell you, or I'll drive you off."

Larry's action had brought Dave out of his absorption and for the first time he realized who the white-haired old man was. He turned to confront him, but instantly he, too, was held by the vision that had distracted Larry.

AND vision it was. The girl stood back of the old man, watching the tableau with an amused expression and just a suggestion of wonder in her great, hazel eyes.

She was tall and slender, but round and with an amazingly deep chest, facts which permitted her to wear a light flannel shirt and a plain khaki skirt without anyone being conscious of her clothing.

So glorious a creature was she her hair, marvelous in itself, failed to be anything more than a detail in the picture. Fay Brainerd had said it was long, but she had not guessed that it fell to her knees, and she had said it was reddish gold without suggesting the elusive glints in it.

"Good God!" Dave Mann whispered

reverently. "And buried in this hole! Girl, what are you doing here? Why aren't you in pictures? You're robbing the public. You're robbing yourself. Quig! But I don't need any tests. I know 'em when I see 'em. She's perfect."

He had stepped to one side to get a profile, but as he finished speaking the old man dashed forward, shaking both fists.

"Such insolence! Such—such—Get out of this before I strike you. Get out, I tell you, before I—"

He stopped and whirled toward the house. Slashing, crashing, there came from the open windows the sound of a sudden, syncopated, jazz-fiend attack on the grand piano in the living room. Peggy Dare was resting.

The old man became apoplectic. He clapped both hands to his ears and shrieked. His face was so red it seemed purple beneath the long, white hair.

"Stop it! Stop it!" he cried. "It's sacrilege! Sacrilege! Have you people no respect for anything? Marguerite! Close your ears! Don't listen. After all these years that I should have to—"

He stopped as if overcome and then suddenly he dashed up the steps, across the veranda and into the living room where the unconscious Peggy, swaying on the bench to the rhythm of Tin Pan Alley's latest, was pounding out the barbarous and yet lilting and sensuous refrain.

"Stop it!" the old man shrieked. "My God! On, my piano! You have defiled it."

HE ran forward and, grasping Peggy by the shoulders, dragged her away and slammed down the lid.

"Such insolence! Such audacity! I never believed it possible. Get out of my house with your barbarian ways and the barbarian thing you think is music."

Peggy Dare's face and name were known to practically every man, woman and child in the United States and never, not even at the hands of a bull dog director, had she received such treatment.

"Barbarian!" she cried. "Insolence! Audacity! Well, of all the—"

She stopped, speechless because of her rage, but in a moment she found her tongue and began. It was scorching, so scorching the old man drew back in astonishment. His face became as white as his hair while she lashed him, but before he could break forth in protest Dave and the other members of the company entered the room.

"Lay off that, Peg," he commanded harshly. "Do you want to spoil everything for us?"

He thrust her to one side and confronted the old man.

"My name is Mann, David Mann of the Nonpareil Film Corporation," he began deferentially but with a note of certainty that the two names would bring instant and equal deference. "I am very sorry to have upset you so, but I was quite carried away by this wonderful home of yours. I have never seen anything like it and I simply had to have it in a picture."

"A picture!" the old man exclaimed. "I wouldn't care if you took a picture of the place. But all that foolishness out in front, that dancing around, that painted girl on the steps, and this—this painted—this painted woman here defiling my piano with such depraved sounds—Out! Out! All of you! Off my place before I throw you off."

He seemed to have lost control of himself and dashed back and forth, flinging his long white locks about his head and shaking his clenched fists.

"Painted woman, eh?" Peggy hissed as she started forward.

"Stop that!" Dave commanded sternly. "Keep away. I'll handle him. We've got to go on with this stuff. Take her out, one of you fellows."

"Now, sir," and he turned back to the owner of the house, "if you will permit me to explain—"

"Explain! Explain such insolence! I don't want to hear you. Out you go! You have forfeited all right. You can explain nothing."

He abandoned himself to his fur again, expressing it with quivering arms and tossing head as he stormed up and down the room.

"And Angelo!" he cried at last. "Where is he? What have you done to him? Why did he let you do this?"

"Let me explain," Dave pleaded.

"No! No! Nothing! Only leave!"

The girl who had accompanied him slipped through the crowd to his side.

"Maestro," she said in a low voice, "there is no need to distress yourself so. The man wants to tell you something and perhaps it would be well to listen."

"But *cara mia!* See what they have done. In my house! And on my piano!"

"But perhaps Angelo misunderstood and let them come. You know he cannot hear or read English."

"Angelo would never let them enter unless he were dead."

"I beg your pardon," Dave said, addressing the girl, "but is he referring to the chap who looks like a brigand, a deaf and dumb man?"

"Yes, he is an old retainer of the maestro's."

"Listen, sir," Dave said sternly to the old man. "We arrived here late yesterday afternoon. The place was deserted. We searched and could not find anyone. Last night we camped across the bay. After supper two of the canoemen came over with me and they found a man bound and gagged in an out-building. We released him, but he could neither speak nor write English and as soon as he could stand he went into the house, took a rifle and paddled away down the lake."

"Bound and gagged!" the old man repeated "What nonsense is this?"

Before Dave could reply there was a commotion at the door and the deaf-mute burst through the group. He ran forward and went down on his knees before the old man and the girl. There were tears in his eyes and his attitude was not unlike a fawning dog's.

The old man's fingers seemed fairly to twinkle as he held up his right hand and instantly the deaf mute leaped to his feet. While he communicated his thoughts with one hand he used his other arm, his whole body, his head and his mobile features as emphasis.

BOTH the girl and the old man watched him intently, the girl's eyes widening with horror while her companion's face became set and cold. The pantomime continued for a moment and then the owner of house turned to Dave. "Now," he began slowly and calmly, "I will ask you to take your people and leave my home."

He was no longer excited and there was a dignity and firmness in his manner which had been lacking before and therefore became doubly impressive.

"But my dear sir, you are in danger here," Dave protested. "Someone has attacked your place and bound your servant. If there is anything we can do—"

"There is nothing, and there is no danger. Some petty thieves have come. I do not fear them, now that we are on our guard, and I doubt if they return."

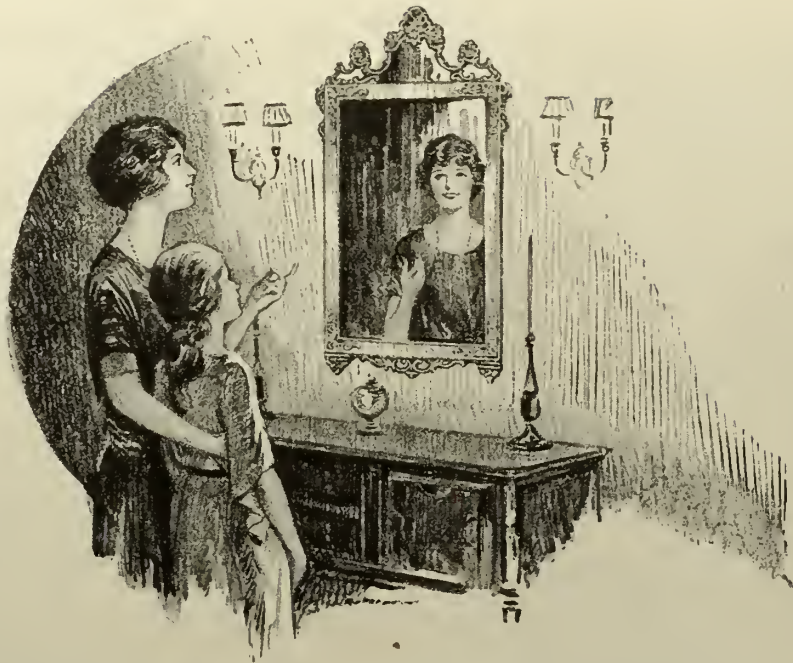
"But if you will permit us to remain," Dave pleaded. "We will do no damage. Another hour will finish our work. I assure you that it is highly important that we—"

"No! You came unbidden. You did what you had no right to do. You have desecrated my home. You have committed an unpardonable sin. Leave at once."

He stood there with his head thrown back and in his voice was an unmistakable note of authority. One arm was thrust out toward the door. Dave Mann looked at him for an instant as he stood there beside the girl and then to the surprise of every member of his company he bowed slightly and turned away.

"Back to camp, all of you," he commanded, and followed them out through the door.

[END OF PART ONE]



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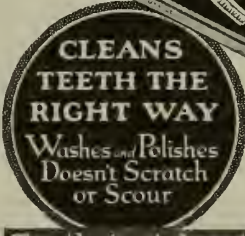
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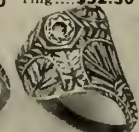
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Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"THE WHITE SISTER"—INSPIRATION—From the novel by F. Marion Crawford. Director, Henry King. The cast: *Angela Chiaromonte*, Lillian Gish; *Captain Giovanni Severi*, Ronald Colman; *Marchesa di Mola*, Gail Kane; *Monsignor Saracinesca*, J. Barney Sherry; *Prince Chiaromonte*, Charles Lane; *Madame Bernard*, Juliette La Violette; *Professor Ugo Severi*, Sig. Serena; *Filmora Durand*, Alfredo Bertone; *Count del Ferice*, Ramon Ibanez; *Alfredo del Ferice*, Alfredo Martinelli; *Mother Superior*, Carloni Talli; *General Mazzini*, Giovanni Vicolla; *Alfredo's Tutor*, Antonio Barda; *Solicitor to the Prince*, Giacomo D'Attino; *Solicitor to the Count*, Michele Gualdi; *Archbishop*, Giuseppe Pavoni; *Professor Torricelli*, Francesco Socinus; *Bedouin Chief*, Sheikh Mahomet; *Lieutenant Rossini*, James Abbe; *Commander Donato*, Duncan Mansfield.

"IF WINTER COMES"—FOX—From the novel by A. S. M. Hutchinson. Director, Harry Millarde. Photography by Joseph Ruttenberg. The cast: *Mark Sabre*, Percy Marmont; *Hapgood*, Arthur Metcalf; *Twynning*, Sidney Herbert; *Harold Twynning*, Wallace Kolb; *Rev. Sebastian Fortune*, Wm. Riley Hatch; *Nona*, Lady Tybar, Ann Forrest; *Lord Tybar*, Raymond Bloomer; *Miss Winfield*, Virginia Lee; *"Humpo"*, Leslie King; *Old Bright*, George Pelzer; *Coroner*, James Ten Brook; *Mabel*, Margaret Fielding; *Effie*, Gladys Leslie; *High Jinks*, Dorothy Allen; *Low Jinks*, Eleanor Daniels; *Mrs. Perch*, Eugenie Woodward; *Young Perch*, Russell Sedgwick.

"THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME"—UNIVERSAL—Story by Victor Hugo. Adapted by Perley Poore Sheehan. Scenario by Ed. T. Lowe, Jr. Director, Wallace Worsley. Photography by Robert Newhard. The cast: *Quasimodo*, Lon Chaney; *Esmeralda*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Phoebus de Chateaupers*, Norman Kerry; *Madame de Gondelaurier*, Kate Lester; *Fleur de Lys*, Winifred Bryson; *Don Claude*, Nigel de Brulier; *Jehan*, Brandon

Hurst; *Clopin*, Ernest Torrence; *King Louis XI*, Tully Marshall; *Mons. Neufchatel*, Harry Van Meter; *Grincoire*, Raymond Hatton; *Mons. Le Torteru*, Nick de Ruiz; *Marie*, Eulalie Jensen; *Charmolie*, Roy Laidlaw; *Charmolie's Assistant*, W. Ray Meyers; *Josephus*, William Parke, Sr.; *Esmeralda's Mother*, Gladys Brockwell.

"ROSITA"—UNITED ARTISTS—Story by Norbert Falk. Adapted by Edward Knoblock. Director, Ernst Lubitsch. Photography by Charles Rosher. The cast: *Rosita*, Mary Pickford; *The King*, Holbrook Blinn; *The Queen*, Irene Rich; *Don Diego*, George Walsh; *The Prime Minister*, Charles Belcher; *Prison Commandant*, Frank Leigh; *Rosita's Mother*, Mme. Mathilde Comont; *Rosita's Father*, George Periolat; *Big Jailer*, Bert Sprotte; *Little Jailer*, Snitz Edwards; *Serving Maid*, Mme. de Bodamere; *Rosita's Brothers*, Philippe De Lacy, Donald McAlpin; *Rosita's Sister*, Doreen Turner.

"WHY WORRY?"—PATHE—Story by Sam Taylor. Directors, Sam Taylor and Fred Newmeyer. The cast: *Harold Van Pelham*, Harold Lloyd; *The Nurse*, Jobyna Ralston; *Colosso*, John Aasen; *Herculco*, Leo White; *Jim Blake*, James Mason; *Mr. Pippis*, Wallace Howe.

"THE GOLD DIGGERS"—WARNER BROTHERS—Based upon the play by Avery Hopwood. Adapted by Grant Carpenter. Director, Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Jerry LaMar*, Hope Hampton; *Stephen Lee*, Wyndham Standing; *Mable Munroe*, Louise Fazenda; *Topsy St. John*, Gertrude Short; *James Blake*, Alec Francis; *Barney Barnett*, Jed Prouty; *Eleanor Montgomery*, Arita Gillman; *Trixie Andrews*, Peggy Brown; *Mrs. La Mar*, Margaret Seddon; *Wally Saunders*, Johnny Harron; *Violet Doayne*, Ann Cornwall; *Dolly Baxter*, Edna Tichenor; *Gypsy Montrose*, Frances Ross; *Sadie*, Marie Prade; *Cissie Gray*, Louise Beaudet.



Abbe

Betty Compson is in England, making a picture called "Royal Oak." She—and her terrier—are at an old inn at East Grimstead, where, to judge by Jimmy Abbe's photograph of her, atmosphere "is the thing they ain't got nothing else but," as Octavus Roy Cohen might say

"RUGGLES OF RED GAP"—PARAMOUNT—From the play and novel by Harry Leon Wilson. Adapted by Anthony Coldeway. Director, James Cruze. Photography by Karl Brown. The cast: *Ruggles*, Edward Horton; *Cousin Egbert*, Ernest Torrence; *Mrs. Kenner*, Lois Wilson; *Emily Judson*, Fritzi Ridgeway; *Jeff Tuttle*, Charles Ogle; *Mrs. Effie*, Louise Dresser; *Mrs. Belknap-Jackson*, Anna Lehr; *Mr. Belknap-Jackson*, William Austin; *Ma Pettingill*, Lillian Leighton; *Earl of Brinstead*, Thomas Holding; *Hon. George*, Frank Elliott; *Herr Schwitz*, Kalla Pasha; *Sam Unshaw*, Sidney Bracey; *Senator*, Milt Brown; *Judge Ballard*, Guy Oliver.

"STRANGERS OF THE NIGHT"—METRO—From the stage play by Walter Hackett. Adaptation by Bess Meredyth. Director, Fred Niblo. Photography by Alvin Wyckoff. The cast: *Ambrose Applejohn*, Matt Moore; *Poppy Faire*, Enid Bennett; *Anna Valeska*, Barbara La Marr; *Borolsky*, Robert McKim; *Mrs. Agatha Whatacombe*, Mathilde Brundage; *Mrs. Horace Pengard*, Emily Fitzroy; *Mr. Horace Pengard*, Otto Hoffman; *Lush*, Thomas Ricketts.

"THE CHEAT"—PARAMOUNT—Story by Hector Turnbull. Adapted by Ouida Bergere. Director, George Fitzmaurice. Photography by Arthur Miller. The cast: *Carmelita de Cordoba*, Pola Negri; *Dudley Drake*, Jack Holt; *Claude Mace, alias Prince Rao-Singh*, Charles De Roche; *Lucy Hodge*, Dorothy Cumming; *Jack Hodge*, Robert Schable; *Horace Drake*, Charles Stevenson; *Duenna*, Helen Dunbar; *Attorney for Defense*, Richard Wayne; *District Attorney*, Guy Oliver; *Judge*, Edward Kimball.

"TO THE LAST MAN"—PARAMOUNT—Story by Zane Grey. Scenario by Doris Schroeder. Director, Victor Fleming. Photography by James Howe. The cast: *Jean*, Richard Dix; *Ellen Jorth*, Lois Wilson; *Colter*, Noah Beery; *Gaston Isabel*, Robert Edeson; *Blue*, Frank Campeau; *Daggs*, Edward Brady; *Lee Jorth*, Fred Huntley; *Simm Bruce*, Jean Palette; *Guy*, Lenard Clapham; *Bill*, Guy Oliver; *Mrs. Guy*, Winifred Greenwood.

"DULCY"—FIRST NATIONAL—From the play by Geo. S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. Adapted by John Emerson and Anita Loos. Director, Sidney A. Franklin. Photography by Norbert F. Brodin. The cast: *Gordon Smith*, Jack Mulhall; *Mr. Forbes*, Claude Gillingwater; *Mrs. Forbes*, May Wilson; *Billy Parker*, Johnny Harron; *Angela Forbes*, Anne Cornwall; *Vincent Leach*, Andre de Beranger; *Schuyler Van Dyke*, Gilbert Douglas; *Blair Patterson*, Frederick Esmelton; *Matty, Dulcy's companion*, Milla Davenport; and *DULCY*, Con-tance Talmadge.

"DRIFTING"—UNIVERSAL—From the play by John Colton. Adapted by Tod Browning and A. P. Younger. Director, Tod Browning. Photography by William Fildew. The cast: *Cassie Cook*, Lucille Preston; *Priscilla Dean*; *Capt. Arthur Jarvis*, Matt Moore; *Jules Repin*, Wallace Beery; *Murphy*, J. Farrell McDonald; *Madame Polly Voo*, Rose Dione; *Molly Norton*, Edna Tichenor; *Dr. Li*, William Mong; *Rose Li*, Anna Mae Wong; *Billy Hepburn*, Bruce Guerin; *Mr. Hepburn*, William Moran; *Mrs. Hepburn*, Mare de Albert; *Chang Wang*, Frank Lanning.

"WHERE THE NORTH BEGINS"—WARNER BROTHERS—Adapted by Fred Myton and Chester M. Franklin. Director, Chester M. Franklin. The cast: *Felice McTavish*, Claire Adams; *Gabriel Dupre*, Walter McGrall; *Shad Galloway*, Pat Hartigan; *Marie*, Myrtle Owen; *The Fox*, Charles Stevens; *Scotty McTavish*, Fred Huntley; *The Wolf-Dog*, Rin-Tin-Tin.

"THE SILENT COMMAND"—FOX—Story by Rufus King. Director, J. Gordon



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Edwards. The cast: *Captain Richard Decatur*, Edmund Lowe; *Histon*, Bela Lugosi; *Menchen*, Carl Harbaugh; *Cordoba*, Martin Faust; *Gridley*, Gordon McEdward; *Admiral Nevins*, Byron Douglas; *Admiral Meade*, Theodore Babcock; *Mr. Collins*, George Lessey; *Ambassador Mendizabel*, Warren Cook; *Pedro*, Henry Armetta; *Jack Decatur*, Rogers Keene; *Butler*, *Decatur's Home*, J. W. Jenkins; *Mrs. Richard Decatur*, Alma Tell; *Peg Williams*, Martha Mansfield; *Dolores*, Betty Jewel; *Mrs. Nevins*, Kate Blancke; *Jill Decatur*, Elizabeth Mary Foley; *Maid*, *Peg William's Home*, Florence Martin.

"ROUGED LIPS"—METRO—From the story "Upstage" by Rita Weiman. Adapted by Thomas J. Hopkins. Director, Harold Shaw. Photography by John Arnold. The cast: *Norah MacPherson*, Viola Dana; *James Patterson III*, Tom Moore; *Mamie Dugan*, Nola Luxford; *James Patterson II*, Sidney de Gray; *Mariette*, Arline Pretty; *Mr. MacPherson*, Francis Powers; *Mrs. MacPherson*, Georgie Woodthorpe; *Billy Dugan*, Burwell Hamrick.

"PURITAN PASSIONS"—W. W. HOBKINSON—From the play "The Scarecrow" by Percy Mackaye. Adapted by Ashmore Creelman and Frank Tuttle. Director, Frank Tuttle. Photography by Fred Waller. The cast: *Lord Ravensbane*, *The Scarecrow*, Glenn Hunter; *Rachel*, Mary Astor; *Dr. Nicholas*, Osgood Perkins; *Goody Rickby*, Maude Hill; *Gillead Wingate*, Frank Tweed; *Bugby*, Dwight Wiman; *The Minister*, Thomas Chalmers.

"THE CLEAN-UP"—UNIVERSAL—Story by H. H. Van Loan. Scenario by Raymond L. Schrock, Eugene Lewis and Harvey Gates. Director, William Parke. Photography by Richard Fryer. The cast: *Montgomery ("Monte") Bixby*, Herbert Rawlinson; *Phyllis Andrews*, Claire Adams; *Mary Reynolds*, Claire Anderson; *Robert Reynolds*, Herbert Fortier; *Mrs. Reynolds*, Margaret Campbell; *Amos Finderson*, Frank Farrington.

"DESIRE"—METRO—From the original story by John B. Clymer and Henry R. Symonds. Director, Rowland V. Lee. Photography by George Barnes. The cast: *Ruth Cassell*, Marguerite de la Motte; *Bob Elkins*, John Bowers; *Madalyne Harlan*, Estelle Taylor; *Jerry Ryan*, David Butler; *Rud Reisner*, Walter Long; *Mamie Reisner*, Lucille Hatton; *Rupert Cassell*, Edward Connelly; *Hop Lee*, Noah Beery; *DeWitt Harlan*, Ralph Lewis; *Patrick Ryan*, Russell Simpson; *E. Z. Pickins*, Hank Mann; *Oland Young*, Chester Conklin; *Mrs. DeWitt Harlan*, Vera Lewis; *Patrick Ryan*, Nick Cogley; *Mrs. Patrick Ryan*, Sylvia Ashton; *Mr. Elkins*, Frank Currier; *The Best Man*, Lars Landers.

"THE GRAIL"—FOX—Story by George Scarborough. Scenario by Charles Kenyon. Director, Colin Campbell. The cast: *Chic Shelby*, Dustin Farnum; *Dora Bledsoe*, Peggy Shaw; *Rev. Bledsoe*, Carl Stockdale; *Mrs. Bledsoe*, Frances Raymond; *James Trammel*, James Gordon; *John Trammel*, Jack Rollins; *Mrs. Trammel*, Frances Hatton; *Susie Trammel*, Alma Bennett; *Sam Hervey*, Leon Barry.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 132]

"Be Yourself"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

human being's right to get tired now and then, and a woman's right to choose who should paw over me, I found myself going out the gate the wrong way oftener and oftener, and it began to look like I might use up all the jobs in New York before I found an employer that would know that I was human but not too human . . . Two or three of my late bosses had spoken feelingly of my temperament when firing me, and that gave me an idea. Temperament. That was what all artists had. Maybe I was an artist! . . .

"You know the rest. . . I picked on the movies, and here I am."

"And what comes next?"

"That," she says, "is what I'm sticking here to find out."

"But what do you expect?"

"Just the much spoken of *chance*. Give me that and I'll try to do the rest. I haven't any foolish ideas about my devastating beauty and scintillating talent, but I must have a brain or two more than most of these people because I often think of the same things they never think of, and I've got something under my Georgette besides an appetite. Maybe I can cash in on all that, someday.

"And, believe this, Mack—if that chance ever comes, nothing—*no nothing!*—will keep me from making the most of it!"

"It's sure a long shot you're playing, Mollie."

"I know it, but the long shots are the ones that pay big, and I've got to make a big killing—got to! There's two things I've got to do—or at least one of them. Get to be somebody so important that all of my crucifying relatives will crowd around to kiss my erring feet; then, get enough money that I can always be myself if I want to and never have to worry about hard work, old age, and the well-known wolf at the door. That's my mark. And, Mack—where else does a girl stand as good a chance of doing all that as she does in the movies?" She leaned across the table then, and patted my

hand. "And, Mack, old boy—I didn't mean what I said about your cutting loose. I'd rather you'd stay—stay and see me top the hill. You will, won't you?"

I squeezed her hand and nodded. "I'll stay if you stay; go if you go—" And that's as near as I came to telling her what the Old Man was figuring on doing to her!

After lunch I went back to the Old Man with as nonchalant an air as I could manage to work up. "Well, boss," I says, "I couldn't fire her after all."

"*Couldn't!*" says the boss, bristling a little. "Why not?"

"Well—mostly because I quit just after you told me to fire her. I forgot to tell you about it, though, till just now."

"See here!" he says, puffing out his cheeks, "what's the matter with you, anyhow?"

"Nothing, I guess. But we're pals-like, and I don't think you ought to ask me to fire her. Do it yourself."

The boss commenced rumbling and bubbling down inside and I thought he was working up one of his fits. But he wasn't. He was just winding up a laugh. Yes—the boss!

"My God!" he gobbled, "it'd be a crime to turn you out to the mercies of a cruel, unfeeling world . . . Your resignation is declined—and hers, too. Now get to hell out of here!"

Now, as you've probably suspected, I'm a timid, easy-going guy, and I hate to look for a job as bad as anybody living. So after leaving the boss's office that day, I got to thinking about having pulled that bluff to quit if he fired Mollie, and I wondered how in the name of The United Exhibitors I'd the nerve to do it.

Another thing that fretted me, too, was the down-deep feeling that I'd really have done it. . . . It wasn't like me at all, and I took the problem out to a bench on the lot and sat down to study it out. Well, as I said, I'm a timid guy, and when the answer to the puzzle popped over my head after a few minutes of the easiest thinking I'd ever done, I slid off that bench and

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started running for the care-free out o' doors. But I stopped before I crashed the gate. I knew it was no use to try to run away from what ailed me—not as long as I had a memory and Mollie was anywhere this side of the Pleiades! Yes, that was it! Without Mollie, the world would look to me just about like Eden would have looked to Adam if that apple had been Deadly Nightshade—and me scared to death of her! Can you iris that out?

Well, for the next month I went around as full of agitation as a crock of home-brew; dodging her all I could to keep her from probing me with them green eyes of hers, and thinking hard of all the mean things she'd said to me, hoping they might be an antidote. But it wasn't no kind of use, and gradually I quit struggling. If Mark Anthony and guys like that couldn't beat the game, what chance did I have? Feeling desperate and hopeless like that one day, and finding her alone a safe distance from any eager listeners, I made up my mind to do my stuff.

My idea was to talk about this and that till I got my pulse down under one hundred revolutions per minute, and my vocal chords un-kinked, but a snooping stage-carpenter kinda hurried me and I had to shove off. Mollie had just said something about what a "flivver" she had been in a part she was trying to do, and I took that for my cue.

"Mollie," I says, touching her hand timid-like, "we're both kind of 'flivvers,' ain't we?"

"I guess so. Why?"

"I was thinking, Mollie—er, that is, don't you think that—that two 'flivvers' teamed-up are better than one?"

"No," she says, "I think they're twice as bad. Why?"

It was no go. I couldn't get to her that way, so I swung my club. "Mollie—what would you say if—I asked you to marry me?"

She'd been kinda listless all the time, but she swung around on me then, and I never saw her eyes so hard to meet. She gasped, too, but she was game. "Be yourself, Mack. Be yourself!"

"Mollie!" I gulped, "I can't be myself—without you! So help me, that's straight! I can't!"

"Mack—!"

"Remember the word, Mollie," I begged, sliding my hand over hers,—"be yourself—"

THERE was some kind of an explosion then and she was gone—streaking it for the dressing-rooms on the run. She had run from me! And there'd been a mighty suspicious "click" in her throat when she jerked loose. Next time I'd hold her. Who could tell what mightn't happen, then?

But—there wasn't no next time! For three days I couldn't get a chance to talk with her—and then Wilkie Warren descended on the Beaux Arts with a contract to direct a bunch of pictures. At the first glance-off it may not look like the Great Wilkie Warren would cast any shadows over a casting director's love affair with an extra girl—but wait! Was any place ever the same after Wilkie had been there?

Wilkie probably wasn't the guy that discovered that ninety per cent of the people was morons, but he must have been the one that discovered that each one of them thought he was the original wise guy and would pay good money for a chance to laugh at the morons doing their stuff. Anyhow, it was on that discovery that Wilkie built his fame and fortune. The morons themselves called Wilkie's pictures comedies, and laughed themselves sick watching his characters behave just like "s-h-h-h! Uncle Bill behaves with his stenographer," or, "Ha! Ha!—just like Sam's wife behaves when he's on the road—" Honest!—never once did they get the idea that Wilkie was showing 'em themselves just like they were—or would be, if they dared to be themselves. All he did when he put them on the screen was to speed 'em up so they could do all their stuff in an hour or two instead of splattering it around over anywhere from fifty to seventy years. . . . And they thought he was making come-



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dies! Well, maybe he was—there's something funny about lots of us. I may be a little peculiar, myself, for all I know. . . .

But about Wilkie— Personally, Wilkie was a rusty, venomous little reptile with no more morals than a tomat, and he hated one person a half the time, and 4,450,971, 999 all the time—the "one" being himself and the other numerals being the rest of us. But he was something of a genius, at that. He wrote his own plays, directed every bit of business in them, and used chiefly the people he had picked up and trained himself. Then, after doing all that, he'd let anybody take all the credit they could while he went around to the box office and got about ninety-nine per cent of the receipts. For that was all success meant to Wilkie—money; money for his harems, his hooch, his hop, his alimonies, and his blackmailers. Oh, he was a ripe little vegetable, all right. But did Hollywood hate him? Not visibly. The day he came to the Beaux Arts that outfit—which hadn't raised my salary for three years—put on the biggest show I'd seen since Armistice Night in Paris in 1918. While it lasted, joy—and a number of other things—was unconfined, but the next day everybody looked as happy as a farmer paying for a dead horse. Wilkie had ceased to be the amiable guest then, and was looking 'em over with a director's jaundiced eye. Game to the core, the boss showed him all we had—from the blue ribbon prize-winners down to the reversible-cuff and washbowl-laundress brigade, but Wilkie didn't do any cheering. In the boss's office that afternoon he told us why.

"The man, or men, who picked this aggregation of talent certainly didn't get a thing that was more than skin-deep. Now I want people who have brains and a sense of humor; people who have read the old book all the way through and have laid it down to laugh. I don't care whether they are stars or stage hands; if they've lived long and deep enough to learn what a rotten mess of ignorance, hypocrisy, brutality and greed this world is, and still have saved enough of man's one divine attribute to laugh at it, they've got something to put over and I can show them how to do it. But remember this—that bars not only the ones who are crystallized around the idea of their own importance, but also those that have been rotten just for the pleasure of being rotten—like myself, for example," he finished with a nasty grin. "And another thing—for principals I want people who have a personality that kicks like a live bird in your hands. If you've got any people like that—good! If you haven't got them—get 'em!"

AND yet lots of people thought that Wilkie could pick up any old dud that came along and teach him all he had to do! I think the boss himself must have had that idea, because he looked like Wilkie had asked him to get the original cast of Hamlet.

"But Mr. Warren," he cheeped, "people of that kind would be starring—under contracts to other producers."

"Would they?" Wilkie wanted to know. "Well, I knew quite a few of that kind when I was shivering on the lots here in Hollywood years ago, and the few that got to be stars did it after I had broken in and opened the gate for them. If they were here ten years ago, they're here now. If you haven't got them in stock or under contract, rake the lots for them. I'll wait for you to get them."

The boss looked like he had just seen a million dollars go down for the third time. "But Mr. Warren—can't you be a little more specific? Give us an idea of just what types you want. Won't any of our people do?"

"Well, some of your older men and women may do. Life has hammered hell out of them and they may be anxious to get back at it, and therefore be workable from the inside out. But your younger women—your Paris dolls—Pshaw! If any one of them ever had a reaction that wasn't associated with sex or self it failed to register. Not one of them is an inch deep

at her mental flood-tide. Actresses—hell! Everybody is acting! I want a woman lead that was something real before she started acting. Type? What do I care! Type's another thing that's only skin-deep. What I want is *character*; and when I say character I don't mean personal reputation or anything produced by a lot of force-fed inhibitions. I mean something in a woman that makes her be herself in spite of everything the world can do to her, or that she can do to herself. Get me?"

I did. Yes—me! That "be herself" stuff was what did it. So up I came—rising right up and waving a fluttery hand at Wilkie.

"Pardon me, Mr. Warren, but does she need to be a star?"

"Are you deaf?" he snapped. "Didn't you hear what I said?"

"Uh—yes, sir. And—and I think I know a woman who might interest you."

"Where is she?"

"Here—on the lot."

"Send her in—now. But don't come back yourself if you've tried to put over some sweet mamma of yours."

That was the first time I ever saw Mollie get pale—when I told her that Warren wanted to talk to her.

"Is this it—what we've been waiting for, Mack?"

"It may be," I says, "but just to be on the safe side, I think you had better rub that horse-shoe over Barney's dressing-room door before you go in."

Well, that next hour was as long as a Kansas Sunday. That rat-eyed little devil wanted to know what she thought about everything from Einstein's Theory to the psychological cause of short skirts. He made her sore, and he made her laugh. He asked her personal questions until I felt like I was watching somebody paw over her laundry. But never once did he touch on anything connected with acting. Thinks I, "she's flivved," and just then he leaned over and tapped her hand.

"But, see here!" he says, "you haven't any sense of humor."

I guess she was getting tired by that time. "Maybe not," she says, "but I get a smile out of the idea of you making the dear public pay out good money to see itself spanked; and another smile out of the idea of a man like you making it his life-work to spank 'em."

HE looked around at the rest of us, grinning like a dried monkey. "Did any of you fat-heads ever think of that? Of course not! And that explains why you've kept this girl on the lot here for three years. Now I'll show you what to do with her."

And they all grinned and tried to act like it was a good joke on somebody else—me probably, from the way they looked at me. But, just the same, I knew the joke wasn't on me or Mollie. Not then—nor yet some weeks later when I heard Warren tell the boss that he'd better tie Mollie up with a long-term contract while he could get her cheap. "She isn't an actress yet," he said, "but she's going to pass for one pretty soon, and a good one, too. These other directors couldn't do anything with her because they had been used to working with putty, and she isn't putty. She's steel; steel already tempered, and just waiting to be turned and polished. And I'm the craftsman that can turn and polish her."

At the time, I thought a special providence had fixed it for me to overhear that conversation. It gave me a chance to put Mollie wise so she wouldn't be rushed into selling a lot of her future to them penny-blistering birds for a song. But when I rushed away to her with the news, I was pained to see how she took it.

"But, Mack," she says, "he's doing a lot for me—writing this first part to fit me so I'll get by in it, and he's got to spend so much time teaching me the things I've got to learn."

"And he's doing it just as a favor to you, I suppose? Believe me, no! Besides, it's the boss that'll have to pay—not little Wilkie."

"I know. But he won't like it—and this is



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my only chance. There'll never be anybody else who will see enough in me to go to all this trouble and work—"

"Be yourself, Mollie! Warren and the boss are satisfied that there's big money in you and they're spending a little to get it out. That's all. And you can bet that Warren will manage to go fifty-fifty on all he saves the boss by getting you cheap. You know his game. He doesn't pick up nobodies and train 'em just to give them a chance. Not that bird! He does it because it's cheaper than getting 'em ready-made, and he gets big money because his people don't cost the producers much. Look at Matson, Berry, and Blaine. He got two or three years of their very best, and they never saw any real money till they got loose from the contracts he had ribbed up for them. You don't want to be another one of his 'bound girls,' do you?"

"No, I suppose not. But—." Then she choked off and stared over my shoulder like she saw a ghost stalking me. I turned around—and there was Warren! He'd got it all! I could tell that by the expression of his eyes. He simply was seething with poison.

HE didn't pay me the compliment of saying anything to me, though. He turned on Mollie. "Is this—," he asked, jabbing his cane in my direction, "Is this something that belongs to you?" And his voice would have raised gooseflesh on a crocodile.

Poor old Mollie! For once, somebody had got her goat. "Why—why, that's Mr. McCain," she stuttered.

"Yes?"

"Well—he—he's an old friend. He's the casting director who first hired me. And—don't you remember?—he's the one who told you about me."

"I see. A part of your past that proposes to be a part of your future—your prosperous future. A provident young man but a crude workman. I'll tell you later what to do with him." Then he turned around, swinging his cane, and sauntered off toward the office.

I've always regretted that I didn't obey my impulse to reach out and get him then, and do some Indian club exercises with him. If I had, I'd a had one pleasant memory of my associations with him. But I let him walk off unharmed while I bleated around Mollie—looking as cheap as I felt, I expect. The result was that Warren had time to get to the boss and leave orders for me to be fired pronto, and get safely away before I found it out.

I don't suppose that I need to mention that they carried out his orders, do I? No, I thought not. But I might say that the official executioner did me the honor of suggesting that maybe I'd better run right on home and not try to make any adieux around the studio that day. "Of course," he says, "I'm sure you wouldn't get ugly or rough with anybody. But maybe you'd rather come around later—"

"The later the better," I shuts him off. "If there's anybody here that wants to weep over my getting canned they can loop me up to do it. And I'll tell you something else; them that come to weep will remain to laugh—at the Beaux Arts! Firing me is one whale of a joke—on the Beaux Arts. You'll find it out, by and by. And now," I says, throwing out my chest, "my personal compliments to the Boss, Warren, and all the rest of that pack, and tell them that I said they could all go to hell!"

Yes, I did—me! I told him that and I meant it. And I'll let you in on a little secret and show you how I got that way.

On the outside I probably looked about like I had for the last three years, but on the inside I was a different man. I had bowels of buckskin and a backbone of tungsten steel. A letter from Dad had done that to me. . . . Here! I'll let you read it.

Jack Rabbit Springs,
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Dear son:

Well son. I take my pencil in hand to write you a few lines today. Well son. I suppose you'll be surprised to hear from your old dad so soon after him writing you last spring when the cattle barns burned up but your ma kinda thought I otta write you about a surprise we got for you. Ben he wanted that I should tell-graph you but but I figured I couldnt tell you all about it in ten words. so I didnt. Well son. you remember where old spots pen was about forty yards south of the old elm tree which you and ben fell out of or maybe it was you and willie guess it must have been you and willie because ben wasnt no hand to hell around and climb trees. well son. just 80 foot north of the northeast corner post of old spots pen was where some pennsylvania fellers asked me could they drill a prospect hole. and I said yes. well son. yesterday saturday at 243 pM they gouged her through the mississippi lime and we heard her roaring clear over at the baldwin road where ben and me was trimming hedge and I says to ben ben they hit her and ben he was running. well son. it spouted higher than the old elm and splattered down fifty foot beyond the silo. somehow the news got out gossips proably and a hundered fellers have been here trying to buy me and get leases and one feller offered me a roo thousand for them five acres on the ridge which you know is so rocky you have to plant corn there with a shotgun. well son. Ive wore out all the pencils on the place figuring royalties on that one by the elm except this one and before they hit any more maybe you better come home and bring one of them adding machine so no more from

your aff. father

Mr. Grant McClain

PS Your ma has read this and she says to tell you it was oil we struck

Was you ever a barrel of homebrew that had been bunged-up before it had quit working? No? Well then, there's no use of me trying to tell you how I felt when I got that letter. It's enough to say that I had to hold onto myself with both hands to keep from exploding all over the landscape. But I held on and did a little thinking—a fellow gets that way when he's suddenly got too much money for one person and not enough for everybody—and I went to sniffing over my list of friends to see who could hear the news without thinking of a "touch" in the same breath. Well, when I got done I'd never felt so friendless before in my life. Of course there was Mollie, but it didn't look like "good business" to pull that news on Mollie just when I was trying to be something more than a friend to her and trying to be it on my own. Mollie might think I was trying to support my case with all that jack, and if she did—Wowie!

ANOTHER thing—Mollie was fighting the fight of her life just then and it might not make her battle seem any easier to see a dumb-bell like me sail by her on wings of luck, straight down the road to "home, sweet home." . . . Of course if I had had any real enemies, I could have got a barrel of fun out of paining them with the news, but—Gosh ding it!—I didn't have any enemies either—that is, not till afterward, when the Beaux Arts pulled that dirty trick on me, and then I was caught unprepared. Yes, sir. Like the dumbbell that I am, I'd left that letter at home that day!

That was one of the biggest disappointments of my life. But after I got home I sure got a lot of fun out of reading that letter and thinking what that gang would say when they found out that I could buy a studio if I wanted to. And maybe I would, too—buy a studio! Buy one, and star Mollie! But first, maybe I'd better run back to Kansas and get some of the stuff that makes the bankers cheer. That would be easy, and after I'd got it—

I'd got about half way through my packing when somebody rapped on the door. Thinking it was the landlady, I called out in merry mil-



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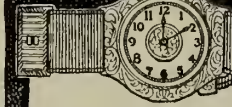
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itary fashion, "Fall in!" And in walked Mollie!—Mollie, looking like a ravaging tigress.

"For the love of Mike—" I hollered, hiding something I was folding up—

"Mack," she says, "—he had you fired!"

"Don't tell me," I says. "I know it."

She came on in and pushed the door shut.

"Well—I quit!"

"Mollie! Quit? Who—What—?"

"Warren—the Beaux Arts. The whole rotten game!"

"You haven't! You can't—!"

"I have!"

"But why—why?"

"They fired you, didn't they? Fired you because you tried to protect me—tried to be a good friend to me. Fired you—,ou, Mack!"

Then she dropped down on a chair and slammed her hat across the room. "And they thought they could get away with it!" she steamed.

"But, Mollie! You didn't quit just because they fired me?"

"Oh, didn't I? Ask Warren and the boss what they think?"

"But—but you didn't do it so it couldn't be fixed up?"

"Ask them that, too. But use the telephone—it'll be safer."

"Oh, Mollie!" I gulped. "Your big chance! Your one and only! The one you've waited three years for! Don't you know that no one else will give you a chance now? Don't you know that Warren's the one man in a thousand that could put you over?" I almost broke down—"Oh, Mollie! You make me feel like a dog!"

"That's better," she said, weary-like. "A dog probably would want to make a fuss over me if I'd kicked somebody for kicking him—want to show me how much he loved me for it—"

"Mollie!"—I was on my knees then, grabbing at her hands, "Mollie! If that's it—if I dared to think that you could—"

She smiled down at me, her eyes soft and misty. "Be yourself, Mack," she says. "Be yourself—and kiss me—"

And I was—and I did!



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I KINDA thought that no woman would want a better wedding present than that letter of Dad's, so I held it out on Mollie until "P. Valesquez, Justice of the Peace and Garage," had done his stuff over us the next morning. Our taxicab man had ambled off some place, and when we came out of the marriage shop and garage we had to wait for him at five dollars an hour. It wasn't a very open cab, but it was open some, so I tried to be discreet. But I had to do something, and I flashed that letter. Mollie read it over so quietly, and folded it up so carefully, that I thought she had missed the "wow" in it and I started to explain.

"It's like this—" I begins, then she kinda whimpered and came into my arms like a ten-year-old. "Oh, Mack—Mack! Never to be alone and tired—never to be afraid of being old and poor! Mack!—You're the best man in the world—the very, very best!"

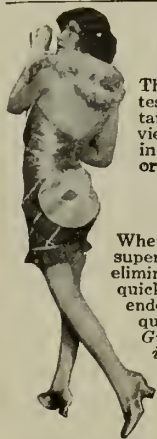
"That's all right, sweetness," says I, showing her what a powerful man she'd married. "I did it all for you—" And at that sacred moment somebody jabbed me in the side.

I twisted my head around and looked right into the face of the sourest "cop" I ever saw. "Here!" he says, breathing heavy and putting his eyebrows together, "Be yourself—be yourself!"

Now, how do you suppose he come to think of that?

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What Makes Them Stars?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

in, entertained by and greatly admire (at a distance) the sort of women who attract men. Their curiosity is awakened and their sense of the beautiful is satisfied.

Thus there has grown up a group of young screen actresses who, in the past year, have changed the face of the screen. They have risen to vital success and popularity, and they are indeed a new order of screen idol. In my work it happens that nearly all these girls have come under my direction, and the few I have not directed I have been in such close studio touch with that I could study them. I believe that I have been privileged to direct more of these new favorites than any other man.

And it is very interesting, in the close study a director must make of every actress he works with, to estimate what each of these girls has to offer, to understand what it is in their personality that gives them sufficient lure to win fame, fortune and the admiration of the whole world.

In this group I place Barbara La Marr, Mae Busch, Nita Naldi, Lila Lee, Marguerite de la Motte, Leatrice Joy and Helen Ferguson.

Not easy to analyze. By no means dismissed with the over-used term "vamp."

At home, in their personal life, they may be the most domestic, the quietest and most demure of women. From the standpoint of a director, however—here is what it seems to me has won them their selection by the public, for only the public can really select favorites. This is what I see in them on the screen—and what I judge the people see.

Barbara La Marr—as artificial and as enticing as a Parisian perfume. The most tremendous sex appeal of any woman on the screen. I do not even except Pola Negri. Her only competitor is Corinne Griffith.

Miss La Marr appeals to the eye—she fills the eye. Even on the neutral screen, she is a blaze of color. Her attraction is vivid, vital, definite, yet it is ultra-civilized. It suggests pleasures that only a land of advanced civilization can understand. Even a bad dress-maker cannot make Barbara La Marr look virtuous. Yet there is a sadness in her lovely face that prevents condemnation.

It is the very gorgeous, tinkling, scented, audacious artificiality of her that makes every man and every woman in the audience forget the drab, the commonplace, the dull things of real life. She arouses dreams—in woman, dreams of herself in such a role. In man, dreams of a romance with such a woman.

I have never worked with anyone so pleasant to direct. She is of a very nervous temperament and you must drive her as you would drive a nervous horse—with a light, but very firm rein. If you ever let her feel any insecurity in your handling of a situation, if you ever lose her confidence or get her into trouble—you can never win her back. Yet you must never be rough nor stern with her. She is a happy, pleasant person—almost too pleasant. She is always so sweet and smiling and gracious that you cannot be sure whether the part is actually working out as she sees it—or whether she is just normally good-natured.

There is a lack of force there—of that divine discontent that drives us to bigger things. Too easy to please—too anxious to please. Yet those are the very things that give her that velvety, sensuous softness on the screen; that smother your thinking in a dreamy, gentle appeal.

The difference between directing Mae Busch and Barbara La Marr is that, with Miss La Marr, the rain comes first emotionally, and then the lightning. With Mae Busch, the lightning strikes and then the rain pours down.

Mae Busch spells that ever-interesting, eternal, intoxicating thing—temptation. A man might cut her throat, but he would never tire of her. Sex with her is a challenge.

To me—and I am trying to analyze these things for women readers as I have had women analyze the charm of men idols for me—Mae Busch needs only one word to describe her. She is stimulating. The sort of a woman you love for her faults. There is only one thing you could ever be sure of with Mae Busch—that you could never be sure of anything.

Restless, impatient, changing moods as an opal changes colors, flaring from one emotion to another, she has yet back—way back, almost hidden—a great womanly warmth and sweetness. There is a 'cello note in her jazz—and that is the very thing that makes real greatness within her grasp.

She is the sort of an actress who must feel—actually feel—every scene she does, and whose work leaves her as exhausted as though she had lived the story herself. I have never known an actress more ambitious, more willing to work, or more earnest in her study and endeavor.

Nita Naldi—it is almost too simple to explain Nita Naldi's appeal. It does not take a connoisseur to appreciate a woman in the prime of her emotional capacity such as Miss Naldi gives the screen. She is simply the last word in primitive, pagan, obvious, mature lure of woman.

Of all the women I have ever worked with, Miss Naldi takes perhaps the most care and thought in directing. She is just a little suspicious of the world in general, and she must be convinced—absolutely convinced—of anything, of its whys and wherefores, before she can do it properly. Like all women of her type, she is imitative rather than creative, but her imitative results are tremendously vital and effective because she herself is so unaffected and courageous in her mental operations.

In "Blood and Sand" we had to work out every scene, and then she would ask me to do it for her, so that she might see exactly how it was going to look. There were moments when, languishing in the arms of Rodolph Valentino, I must have looked about as ridiculous as it is possible for a man to look, but Nita would watch carefully and then even if her emotions had not been entirely awakened to the scene, her understanding would enable her to present it perfectly.

There is something really superb—something of the daring and magnificence of ancient Rome, of the inspiration of pagan goddesses—in the artistic perfection of Nita Naldi's modelling. It sweeps an audience to reckless appreciation. She is a splendid creature in body and an utter pagan in mind.

In Lila Lee, I believe the world finds symbolized the first budding flame of adolescence. When I watch her I often think of Laurence Hope's delicious poem which ends—"For the month of marriages is drawing near." She is so young, so childlike and yet so full of the promise of glorious womanhood. It is the lure of the first kiss—that virginal, shy, hungering kiss that is never duplicated in all life. It awakens memories long hidden, stirs young dreams.

To direct Lila is a joy forever. She is like a scarf of many colors that you fling in the sunshine or in the shadow. Her emotions are facile, yet they ring true. You have merely to suggest to see your suggestion come to life in her hands.

Leatrice Joy is the most intriguing of all screen actresses. She has the attraction of the gaming table. Behind the exquisite sparkle of her fascinating little face is that grin that touches the lips of the imp of chance.

Romance, sex, love, life, work—all a game, a game to be played for the greatest stakes of fun and excitement and fortune and flattery. She is the type of woman who cannot take anything seriously, even herself. Yet she deceives you by her perfect simulation.

Leatrice Joy is like a perfect dinner—exquisite and yet leaving you unsatisfied. She has the mysterious lure of forbidden fruit. The trick of making the most ordinary thing tempting because it is secret, unattainable. She is a mirage in the desert. Sincerity would bore her, constancy—either intellectual or romantic—would suffocate her. (My apologies to her young husband, Mr. Gilbert, who, I am sure, understands I speak only of his wife's silver-sheet self.) For she is the coquette supreme—the many-faceted diamond.

Marguerite de la Motte presents to the world the perfect flapper. Yet of all these women, I believe Marguerite de la Motte is the most an actress. What a trooper she is! She goes beyond your dream of a part.

On the screen her personality is coaxing, cajoling, harrowing, exciting—and deviling you from first to last. She is naughty, and she dares you to be cross with her. She is wise, yet she is innocent. But combined with this utterly modern sophistication, this impudent sex consciousness, is the buried scent of sandalwood. That is what makes her more alluring than any other screen flapper. She might be the reincarnation of some dancing girl of the reign of King Tut himself. Her topaz eyes, her thin, olive-skinned face, have a touch of the Arabian Nights.

She possesses real dramatic imagination. She becomes the part she is playing, and I suspect her of acting it, even at home.

Helen Ferguson is a strange combination. It is this very combination that has kept her from achieving the heights her really great artistic ability should reach. She is difficult to direct because she is never quite sure, nor quite satisfied with herself, but it is always worth while. She should emerge a fine dramatic artist of breadth and vision. Behind every stroke of her portrayals is a distinctly human idea. She has the charm of intelligence on the screen, and it is a very real charm. And she can awaken sympathy without losing admiration, which it is sometimes hard for a pretty woman to do. Beauty is too often a screen that hides the delicate shades of emotion, but Helen Ferguson's beauty lends itself to express emotion and grows more charming in the process.

But she has established no definite type. At one moment, she has the fiery charm of a Slav peasant girl. At another, the cool sweetness of a young American college woman.

The point that comes to me in this new generation of screen actresses is—that they combine the startling appeal of the "vamp" with the womanliness and reality of the essential leading woman. But that they never suggest the ingenue at any time—any of them.

The Loves of Pola Negri

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

"I lived in the poor section of the city. There I learned to know people—in the slums, in the ghetto, in the cheap little cafes.

"In my greatest sorrow I turned to people. Not the individual, but humanity. Out of my grief I gained this saving interest: No matter how great the tedium of life or how bitter the disillusionments I have always that—my interest in people.

"NOW love is for my work. When you love your work there are no disappointments.

"I have my objective. I must follow straight to it. First, I must accomplish all that is possible for me in pictures, then the stage. My ambition was inspired, long ago, when I saw Duse. Duse!—I could get down on my knees and pray to her as I would to the Madonna.

"But a woman needs more in her life. One life is not enough to accomplish all.

"I am lonely. I want love—affection. Per-



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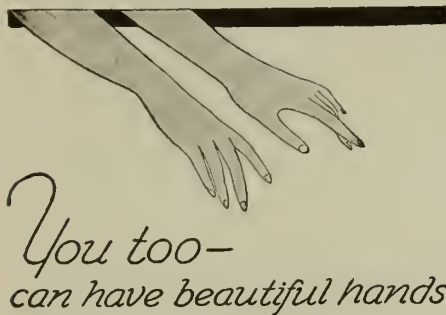
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haps my ideal is too exacting. Yet my nature is simple. I require so little. What we call love is so common, and friendship so rare.

"I have no intimate friends—just the conventional ones. And my mother. Next year I go to her. She is at my estate at Bomberg, in Poland. I will take her to the home I have ordered purchased at Beaulieu on the Riviera. I love France. My mother will be happier there than here.

"But I will come back to America. Here is the place for work. I love New York. All my life I wanted to be there. And when I came I found it wonderful. No place in the world today are people so eager for art and so appreciative.

"After I do 'Mon Homme,' the Apache story, and 'Madame Sans Gene,' I will go to work in New York. There I can hear the opera. Music for me is necessity, and I need intellectual contacts."

THERE remains for Pola Negri one great emotional experience, the greatest, she says, —motherhood.

"The maternal instinct is very strong in me. I want a child of my flesh to whom I can devote myself wholly for affection. It is the desire of my egotism."

Is Nietzsche again right when he says that man is for woman a means; the end is always the child?

Certainly he explains in part the fascination of Pola Negri, with her magnificent and unyielding ego, her nature of clashing contrasts, superbly sophisticated, childishly naive, disdainful, appreciative, pagan and idealistic, demanding everything and sacrificing everything, commanding with arrogance and subduing utterly with graciousness, and daring always to live dangerously:

"The qualities in woman which inspire respect—or fear—are her greater naturalness, her flexibility and craft, her tigress-claw, her naivete, her instinctive cruelty, her immense passions and virtues. In spite of this fear she excites pity by appearing more afflicted, more fragile, more necessitous of love, and more liable to dissillusions than any other creature. Man has been arrested before woman with one foot already in tragedy! Is woman about to be disenchanting?"

Such are qualities of the Nietzschean woman that figure in the fascination of La Negri.

The Passing of Sigmund Lubin

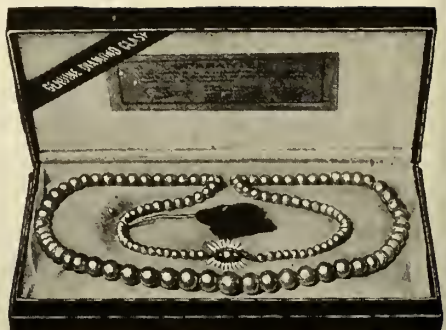
ONE of the real pioneers of the motion picture industry vanished with the passing on of Sigmund Lubin. A native of Silesia, Mr. Lubin came to the United States as an optician, and he invented many of the machines used for grinding lenses. This led to his interest in the then crude motion pictures. He started making short comedies, and also specialized in "reproducing" prize fighters. Every big fight was staged the following day on the roof of the Lubin studio with a couple of local fighters impersonating the stars, and the fight was put on from the description published in the newspapers.

Mr. Lubin built the first picture theater in Philadelphia in 1899, and followed this with other houses. In 1909 he sold out to the Isman interests. With this money he built what was then the largest motion picture studio, from which have come many of the leading actors and actresses of today.

He was the first to make "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for the pictures, and played *Simon Legree* himself.

"Pop" Lubin, as he was generally called, was one of the picturesque personalities of the business.

Always eccentric, but ever shrewd and lovable, he will long be remembered by the old-timers.



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Charles De Roche as the stern and all-powerful Pharaoh in "The Ten Commandments"

M. Charles De Roche

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

But his manners, his smiles, his conversation are all wholly European.

He is very far from the ancient but generally accepted concept of the small, dark Frenchman with the moustache and the excitability. He is blond, his eyes are hazel, he is big—oh, very big indeed. He is clean-shaven.

In fact, he is distinctly the type that Georges Carpentier succeeded in making so popular a couple of years ago.

And there is a romantic novel, too, in the story of Monsieur le Count de Rochefort, of the Faubourg St. Germain and Hollywood.

The title is an old and authentic one, but Monsieur Charles De Roche has long since abandoned it.

He was born in France. At the advanced age of one month—"I do not remember, it is true, but my mother have tell me," he said with his swift smile—he went to Monoca to live. His father was president of the French line, the greatest of French steamship companies.

For the first twelve years of his life, the boy lived amid the picturesque sunshine of Algiers. He knew the desert, the sun, the sea, and he loved them. He was raised rather like a young Arab chieftain. Everything about him was full of color, full of romance, full of warmth and battle.

BUT when he was twelve, they took him back to Paris, to begin his education as a French gentleman.

It was all planned. When his father died, he would take over the affairs of the family. He would be a business man.

"And from the time I am ten years old I want to be an actor," he told me, with swift intensity. "Why—I do not know. Nobody is actor in my family. Nobody even know actor. I have seen only—oh, maybe two, three actors. But when I am ten I make all my little friends to sit still in a chair and I—I am actor for them."

He tried, to please his mother, a business career for a short time.

It was no good. The call of the stage was in his blood.

At last there was a terrible scene in the home of the de Rocheforts.

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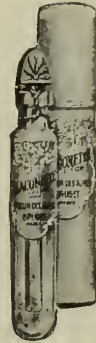
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"If you follow such a career as that," said his lady mother, "I will never see you again. You shall never cross my threshold."

He wept. He pleaded. She was adamant. He went, heartbroken yet determined.

"She have kep' that promise, oh yes," he said soberly, "I have not seen her for sixteen year. She live now somewhere in Corsica. I do not know how where—anything. I am very sorry. For myself, I have give up much money—two million, maybe more. I don't care." The smile came back. "The money you make yourself is more fun to spend. Besides, my mother have therefore give away all my money to the poor people and the priests and the church. So that is good. Maybe, it will get me some day into heaven. She spent it much better, no doubt, than if I had it."

Well, he left home and he went on the stage.

In a small, cheap theater, where the little audience hissed and shrieked bravos, and expressed their feelings by throwing carrots and cabbages.

It was his desire to be a tragedian.

But there were lean days, oh, very lean. He lived in a garret. He ate what and where he could. He went through many experiences.

HE was with a circus as a trapeze performer and acrobat. "How you call it—the man who jump from one rope to another high up in the air? Well, I am him. Oh, I was a strong young fellow."

Later he rose to vaudeville. "Yes, I am a song and dancer. Once, too, I am on the same bill at the *Folies Bergere* with a young man, also most unknown, whose name it is Charlie Chaplin. You have heard of him, maybe?"

At this time he won considerable fame and prestige in France as an athlete. He is still considered one of their greatest football heroes.

Then came the war.

For the first few months he was in the very thick of it.

He was at the battle of the Marne. He was at Somme.

Mostly, it was mud and water and cold. But—"It was all right," he said, "I get along fine. Too well. Once, a big English writer, he come to the trench where we are. He looked at me and say: 'What is this? All your soldier mad? They find it amusing then to live in the mud and have a hole shot under them like it is a house? They have an idea to laugh at that, eh?' But—it is to laugh or to cry. And I was too big then to cry."

Shortly after that he was captured and spent twenty months in a German prison.

"The first thirteen months—they are not so bad. I have something to eat. But the last seven. *Mon Dieu*. They are terrible. I have a room as big—" he looked about for a comparative—"as big as this table where we eat lunch. Not one little bit of the light of the sun or electricity she can come in there. I have no—no—what you put over you when you sleep"—I told him—"yes, the blankets. I have no blankets. And no fire and outside she is twenty-six below the zero. Once every day they give to me a piece of bread—oh, not such a big piece of bread she is either, made out of straw and I do not know what. And a little bit of water. Once, every fourteen days, I get me some food that they allow in a parcel because it come from neutral country—America. And while I eat that, German guard he walk up and down behind me, up and down, and clump his boots and whack his gun. It is not a good way to eat. Your stomach jump."

Finally, he escaped by feigning insanity—a very difficult and dangerous piece of acting in itself.

A commission came from Switzerland, and, after observation, declared him insane. He was released and returned to Lausanne.

"Then I have one devil of a time to make them know I am not crazy—oh, much worse than to make them think I was. Oh, that was happy time. The happiest time in all my life. To be free. To walk on the street when you want. That was a sensation."



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After the war, he went back to the stage. He had considerable success in the big Parisian theaters. He was with Sarah Bernhardt for a brief engagement before she went into pictures in France.

"And then they say will you come to America, and I say I will come, and here I am and I expect to stay—as long as you will let me."

He has none of the bored sophistication that is so marked a characteristic of our actors.

He is like a child about some things. He is not afraid to talk about the war, nor his part in it. It was a great game to him. He is all enthusiasm. And he has a delicious and flashing sense of humor. It behooves you, in conversation, to watch your step, or you will find that he is laughing at you, with friendly amusement.

He loves the studio, its atmosphere and its people. He has a five weeks' vacation before he starts the Apache picture with Negri, and he proposes to spend it watching Bill Hart make "Wild Bill Hickok." Bill Hart, by the way, is his favorite actor and his hero. He is immensely ambitious and quite frank about it.

And he has very high ideals of acting. It will be interesting to see his progress with movie fans. It will be interesting to see if they appreciate his characterizations. He has had no chance yet to play a "straight part."

The Life Tragedy of a Sennett Beauty

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

Sympathizing with Ben in his disappointment, his dog straightway brought two pups into the world. And to the inexpressible joy of the household, one of them actually was born cross-eyed. There's certainly something in pre-natal suggestion.

The dogs help to while away the long evenings from six until eight-thirty, when Ben precipitately retires.

Occasionally, when he feels the desire for cutting up, Ben goes out on a busy corner of the boulevard near his home and acts as traffic cop while the regular officer is having dinner. Within ten minutes after taking his stand he has worked havoc with his hands and eyes.

"You!" he'll croak belligerently, looking in two directions and pointing in another. "You! Drive on!" And six bewildered little Fords will leap at one another simultaneously. A frenzied melee ensues. Frightened Fords squeal and proud Pierces honk indignantly. When things seem as tangled as the European situation, Ben puts his hand over one eye, shakes his Lloyd-Georgian locks and, with a lift of the hand, quells the riot.

With such pastimes he gets his mind off the indignities to which a comedian is subjected these days.

"I started wrong in this business," he sighs. "I ought to be upstage. But I can't. It ain't in me. They don't show no respect. And that hurts."

ISOOTHINGLY suggested that his Sennett contract would soon expire and he could seek more respectful quarters.

"Leave Sennett!" he barked fiercely. "I'll never leave Sennett. Every dollar I made I made through Sennett. I owe everything to Mr. Sennett and Mr. Chaplin—and the public. The public is the one I owe most to. Yes, sir, I owe everything to the public."

He'll never leave Sennett! They don't show him no respect, but he'll stick. He's fifty-seven, and he'll stick till he's eighty. Die in the harness, he will, unrespected.

Before he dies he craves just one thing. A dying wish. He wants to make a serious drama. He says serious dramas are funnier than comedies. In serious dramas an actor is treated with . . .

"Nowadays they don't treat a comedian with no . . ."

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When you ask for incense, remember the name Vantine's Temple Incense, for Vantine's is the true incense of the East, bewitching,

alluring and mysterious in its appeal.

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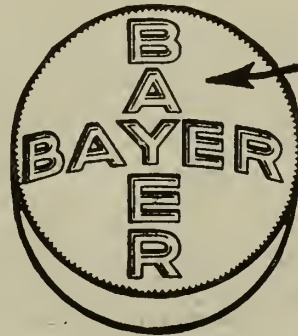
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Why-Do-They-Do-It

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, unlike like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.



A RUBBER CIGAR STAND

IN "Peg O' My Heart," Laurette Taylor, who is playing the part of Peg, must be a pretty slick kid or else the cigar stand must be spooky. If you pay close attention you will notice that when Peg comes rushing in out of the storm after rescuing her dog, she throws herself on the large sofa. Either accidentally or on purpose she knocks the cigar stand over. The next minute you see the cigar stand standing upright as though nothing ever happened to it. But why worry, strange things do happen nowadays.

E. D., Richmond Hill, L. I.

MOVING PICTURE OF A COMB

IN the "Ne'er-Do-Well," when Tommy Meighan and Lila Lee hold their "mass meeting," under the old trysting tree, she comes to meet him in floating chiffons and the usual huge Spanish comb. As she comes across the meadow the Spanish comb is in the side of her hair toward her right ear, but when she arrives at the old tree a few seconds later, lo, the comb is in the back of her hair pointing directly towards the heavens.

Mrs. G. G. Good.

TIME AND TIME PIECES

WHAT'S the big idea of "The Girl of the Golden West" wearing a wrist watch when the plot was laid in the early gold rush days?

M. A. C. and M. H. J.

A PROMISING FUTURE FOR JIM

IN "Divorce," when Jim Parker (John Bowers) is made General Manager, he receives a letter, dated September 20, 1923. I had the pleasure of seeing this picture July 4, 1923. Just another director's error, I suppose.

BOB H. JUTT, Louisville, Ky.

AS THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY

IN "The Pride of Palomar," Mike Farrel throws a Jap through a window, breaking the glass into atoms, even taking the sash along. But when Mike sits down to rest after the fight, the glass in that window is whole, though very, very dirty.

ELSE MONDRAGON, Flagstaff, Ariz.

A LESSON IN COURTESY

I AM glad, I am delighted, I am delirious with joy, I am pleased beyond measure that Bradley M. Mason had the pleasure of running those two missing titles in "The Kentucky Derby," because they were not in the version I saw. Possibly a time-saving local management may have had something to do with it. Besides, Brad, I never sleep in the movies. I can't, because the people who read the titles out loud won't let me. And you—oh, gallant knight of the typewriter who edits the "Why Do They's," you put a heading over Brad's snappy rejoinder in this wise: "Maybe She Couldn't Read." You have surprised my secret! I can't read. I'm only four years old and my nurse takes me to the movies. She's a very brilliant nurse, but she was so puzzled over the abrupt appearance of *Goldenhair* that she took me in to see it again, and to this day she's still puzzled. She says she's "willin' to take her affidavit that there were no titles in the version of 'The Kentucky Derby' which we went and seen. explainin' the age of that there child." My nurse also says that your heading over Brad's correction is what is called "The Retort Courteous." As I'm only four years old and can't read, I don't know what courteous means. Do you? Yes—you do not!

ALICIA KING TUYLER, Atlantic City, N. J.

CHECKING UP

IN "Hail the Woman," a sub-title reads: "In the year of Our Lord, 1921," but a few feet further a check is shown dated June 30, 1917.

E. N. R., Harrisonburg, Va.

HE NEEDED FOUR EARS

IN the "Woman With Four Faces," Martin Osgood is seated in his dining room eating a midnight supper, while in the living room (the door between the two rooms is open), Richard Dix and Betty Compton run about the room, tap on the woodwork, open the safe, and shuffle the papers around, but Osgood does not hear them until they upset a chair right in front of the door. He must have been slightly deaf.

R. M. K., Youngstown, Ohio.

UNITED STUDIOS

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Editor Photoplay Magazine:

May I take the liberty of registering a loud wail?

In your September issue, under the heading "Why Do They Do It?" there appears a criticism by one "R. A. P., Roanoke, Virginia," of "The Isle of Lost Ships." "R. A. P." does not seem to realize that there appeared a long lapse of time during the two scenes he mentioned, in which many things happened. These incidents we picture before we return to the cabin. Many hours have passed and it is taken for granted that, for the benefit of those who analyze with a microscope, it would be understood that the detective could have returned to the prisoner a hundred times to change his handcuffs.

Don't you think it would be a good idea to allow those who are criticized by the public the opportunity of replying to these remarks? It occurred to me that if these criticisms could be shown the director before they were printed, and then both versions of the situation printed together, it would not detract from the merits of this department. In fact, I think some of the explanations would be as funny as the criticisms.

As it is, we poor directors merely sit back and either feel foolish or else grind our teeth in just anger, as the case may be.

MAURICE TOURNEUR

Close-Ups and Long Shots

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

Covering Up Crime: Inasmuch as the censors consider any suggestion of motherhood conducive to crime, there is some doubt as to whether Pola Negri will get by in that scene of "Montmartre" where she is depicted sewing a baby jacket. She's a married woman in the picture, but that gives her no license to become a mother under the laws of censorship. Therefore Charles Eyton, the studio manager, suggests a title be inserted to read, "This is not a baby jacket, it's a blanket for the dog."

The Crime of Being an Elephant: Having killed several gentlemen who attempted to direct him, Charlie, the histrionic elephant of the Universal studio, was ordered shot on the charge that he was a bad actor. On the same ground a general massacre might be decreed in Hollywood. It is highly unfair to single out Charlie as an example. But nowadays it seems your sin is in proportion to your weight. Thus the martyrdom of Charlie and Fatty.

Hole-Proof Drama: For the most moving dramatic spectacle of the month I award the dramatic works of Euripides to Miss Mae Murray for that scene in "The French Doll" which she enacts entirely from the knees down.

Card of Thanks: The biggest money-making industry of Hollywood is no longer the motion picture; it's real estate. Everyone is growing bootlegger rich from investments. Mary Pickford says the scandals with attendant publicity have made Hollywood by putting it on the map. The other day I bought a lot and, before I made my first payment, sold it for five hundred profit.

Knocks 'Em Dead or Alive: Reading my statement in the September Close-Ups to the effect that Harold Lloyd is the most popular star of the day, Joseph Patrick Reddy, press agent for Lloyd, rushed in to tell me that Harold's "Safety Last" was booked for two weeks in a graveyard and played to capacity business.

Above Criticism: "I have never had an adverse criticism," remarked a young actress. "In fact," she added, to impress me further, "I have never had any."

My Screen Lovers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

bubbling, the careless, the electric. He is the man who would perpetually fascinate you. He would never be monotonous, no matter how long you might know him. There would never come a time with Dick Bennett when you would watch him with lack-lustre eyes, bored and very wise to him, for, long before that time, he'd be whistling down the lane after some other girl. You wouldn't expect constancy from him, not if you were a woman at all wise in the ways of love. But while it lasted, you would have a carnival love with him, a ridiculously impractical, vivacious, pagan love.

And last, Montagu Love. I think if I were that wise woman mentioned above I would choose a man like Monty Love to marry. For he is the real husband type.

He is just old enough to appreciate you, just old enough to know contentment and its worth. There is stability in his love, wisdom and kindness. There is a quiet humor that makes him recognize this fevered emotion as neither one extreme nor the other. If I may combine such terms, I should say his is the practical love, the well-wearing love, the love that is neither the sharp fire of passion nor the cold misery of indifference. His love would be protective, enfolding, gentle. You would get neither the adoration Bert would



Have you used Pert
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Apply Pert also to your lips and to the round of your chin. These added touches give an appearance of wholesome freshness that is quite irresistible. Pert is as becoming in daylight as under artificial light.

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WINX (black or brown) 75c. To nourish the lashes and stimulate their growth, use colorless cream Lashlux at night. Cream Lashlux (black, brown or colorless) 50c. At drug or department stores or by mail.

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WINX

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It did the work, but my how it burned and blistered!

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Made from pure oil of mustard, it is a clean, white ointment good for all the little household ills.

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.

To Mothers: Musterole is now made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

35c and 65c jars and tubes; hospital size, \$3. The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio



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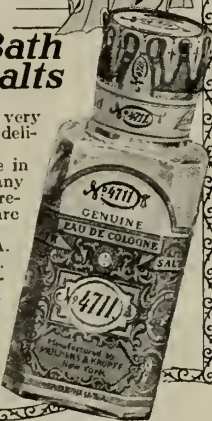
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bestow on you, nor the superior smile that Lionel would send fluttering your way. You are much closer to an equal with Monty Love than with the other three; neither a goddess, nor a purchased toy, nor a momentary play-fellow. You feel that, with him, it would be till death did you part. One of the great faults with marriage today is that there is so little friendliness in it. With Monty you'd get that friendliness. And oh, very definitely, you'd be "his wife."

Now if I could only roll the four of these men into one! Lionel would be the man you'd look up to, and all women want to do that. Bert would be the one you'd mother, and we all yearn for that, also. You'd play laughingly with Dick, safe as long as you didn't let your heart get really involved. But if you did, and you got hurt, you'd come back to the understanding peace of Monty Love and you'd be taken care of.

That's what I think, anyway. But I can't find out too positively, for, after all, they are only my screen lovers and I've got a perfectly good new husband that belongs to me really, and he's about all I can undertake to understand for some few years, at least.

"Our Adela"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54]

Her words drop singly as spice. Dramatic crescendoes. Attar of atmosphere. She is the most vivid of the young short story writers in America.

Through her work, first in PHOTOPLAY, then in Cosmopolitan, Harpers' and Good House-keeping, she has within two years entered the pale of the high-salaried few.

Her style is being studied by the young literati. It is a throw back to the French school of de Maupassant, yet as pungently American as O. Henry.

She doesn't know she has a style. It's her own unstudied expression, which happens to be in vibration with Hollywood. An evocation of Hollywood.

The stress, the dramatic tensi, the rich flamboyance are hers as well as Hollywood's.

She is given to the fanciful hyperbole of Gaelic imagination, to violent and mercurial extremes. She storms tempestuously and shrieks hilariously. She "adores" and she "loathes." Life is "hectic" and all humanity is divided into two parts, "eggs" and "peaches."

Hollywood calls her "Our Adela"—and the press agent adds, "The most lovable and the most unreasonable woman in the world."

When I stormed her Chula Vista bungalow to interview her for PHOTOPLAY I had to force my way past her colored butler, who shook his head with dark foreboding. She was, he warned me, in a hectic mood.

I found her passionately thrumming a typewriter in the vine-shadowed sun room. She was wearing black silk pajamas and scarlet slippers.

When I announced that I had come to interview her as ruthlessly as she had interviewed others, she shrieked, embraced me rapturously—and threw me out of the house. As I hurtled over the terrace, I was proclaimed, simultaneously, an egg and a peach.

Bewildered and breathless, I swooned into my car and commanded the chauffeur to drive to Pola Negri's. I felt the need of rest and quiet.

"Our Herb"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54]

tact, talk to every woman as if you loved her and to every man as if he bored you."

That is the secret of Herbert Howe's success as an interviewer. He knows—everybody worth knowing in pictures—and he doesn't care what he says about 'em.

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Who and What is Hope Hampton?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

the loquacious maiden into an animated recital of her experiences as a speaker in picture houses and how she never permitted the "razzers" to get her goat, although most stars were so fussed and confused before a not-quite-refined audience, the tough boys amusing themselves by throwing pennies to express their contempt.

"I give them back as good as they give me," said the Hibernian Hope, "and when they see they can't fuss me, they simply settle down."

Although it was delivered guilelessly, the pertinence of this line was not lost on me. Frankly, it is my strongest impression of Hope Hampton. She told me that she had no experience either on the stage or in the pictures, in fact, never had held any kind of a job at all prior to her debut in "A Modern Salome." She offered no explanation of the colossal piece of luck which had landed her without a single hard knock on the top of her particular heap, told no little human story of her meeting with her first Big Opportunity.

My failure as an interviewer is especially disheartening to me in consideration of these circumstances: When Miss Hampton, after our one and only meeting, sent me a set of photographs to be submitted to this magazine,

I found among them one inscribed: "To Bland, dear, lovingly Hope Hampton." I received a telephone call from Mr. Brulatour, who was anxious to tell me that I had made an awful hit with Hope, that, in fact, she really loved me and had found me the most charming, attractive and lovable creature God ever put breath into. Mr. Brulatour was not the only courier of this message. A few mutual friends of Hope's and mine betrayed the same astonishing confidence. They further instructed me to "say something nice about Hope." Why should this question be raised? Why should any one dream that things other than nice could be said about her? She is pretty, well-behaved, generous, fond of her mother, kind to dumb animals, and temperate. The Broadway phrase "a good kid" seems to fit her perfectly. But Hope Hampton, non-professional, does not concern this story.

What conspicuous ability and talent warrants her being featured above such serious and experienced actors as Lew Cody and Conrad Nagel in "Lawful Larceny"? Will the public pay for her pictures? Does the public want her? Do the pictures want her? Is Hope Hampton a star? Is she an actress?

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

perhaps commonplace view of scenery. When super-imposed and held to the light together, they presented scenery that was neither simple nor commonplace.

Urban invested a franc in these cards, hurriedly and furtively installing them in his inside coat pocket. He strolled on down the boulevard, trusting that he had not been observed in this seeming frivolity, and wondering if here in these silly cards might not be something related to the secret that puzzled the week-end conferences at Brighton.

With those cards as the beginning Urban and Smith tried a new attack on the color problem. Instead of continuing the three primary color process, as Urban puts it, "we jumped over the fence of theory," and sought the same result with two colors. They had been working with red, blue and yellow. Now they divided the yellow between the red and the blue, thus getting two colors to play with, a red-orange, and a blue-green.

This, if it worked, would immensely simplify the process and all of its related devices. Five tedious years had now elapsed. The solution seemed close at hand.

A Sunday in July, 1906, came and all was ready for the first test of the two color principle. Camera and projector were waiting. It was a beautifully sunny day in G. Albert Smith's garden at Brighton. He dressed his little boy and girl in gay clothes with a variety of colors. The little girl was in white with a pink sash, the boy in sailor blue and carrying the British Union Jack. They were posed on the green grass, with the red brick of the house as a background.

The camera was loaded with a fifty foot length of prepared color-sensitive film and in thirty seconds an exposure had been effected.

Urban and Smith went together into the little darkroom in a corner of the red brick house and put their precious film into the developer. Because the film was color sensitive, the process had to be carried on in absolute darkness, lest the ruby light ordinarily used fog the emulsion. When the film came out of the hyposulphite fixing bath it was at last safe to look at it. There was a flaming thrill as the experimenters held it to the light and noted the gradations of the alternate frames of the film, the red and green records.

At any rate, there was an effect. What it might be, remained to be tested on the screen.

Two feverish hours followed, while Smith and Urban dried their color negative and made, developed and dried a positive print for the projection test.

Then, with shades drawn to darken the experimental projection room, they put the test picture into the machine.

The projection machine was equipped with the same red and green filters as the camera, the color lesson learned from the absurd French picture cards. It was the hope that the picture just made, projected through these filters, would combine the colored light rays and endow the effect on the screen with the tints of nature.

The test film flashed through its fifty feet in half as many seconds. There on the screen for that half minute, was the little girl in white with a pink sash and the little boy with his sailor blue suit. And the grass was green and the bricks of the house were red.

FOR the first time in the world a motion picture in natural colors was projected on the screen.

The little picture was hardly half through the machine when Urban leaped up and yelled. "We've got it—we've got it!"

His voice rang out very loud in that little projection room.

Smith was more nonchalant. He smiled sagely.

"I thought so—in fact I was so sure of it I have taken out a patent on it in my name."

Urban gasped and swallowed hard. It was rather obvious he felt that the patent should have been taken in the names of Urban and Smith, in accordance with their agreement and in keeping with the spirit of their cooperation.

But ahead lay the bigger problems of manufacturing and marketing this invention. Urban's shrewdness and practicality made him hide his chagrin, and bide his time. He wanted Smith to go ahead, and swiftly decided there in the projection room that this was no time to come to an issue. Eventually developments may perhaps indicate that it would have been better to have had it out on the spot—perhaps it would have made no ultimate difference.



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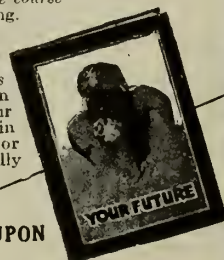
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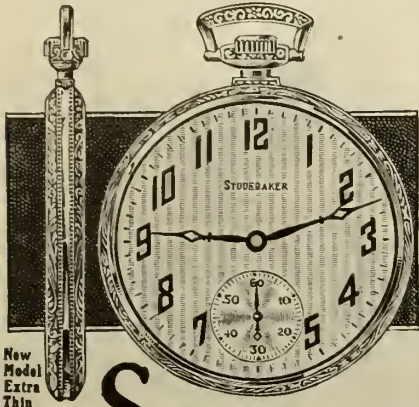
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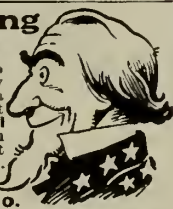
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Smith and Urban were to divide the profits of the new process. Urban was at that time the managing director of the Charles Urban Trading Company, Ltd., and in charge of the Eclipse concern in Paris. He resigned his posts with these concerns and sold his interest in them to withdraw and devote his entire attention to the color adventure, now named "Kinemacolor," from the obvious and simple combination of cinema or kinema, the established Greek or English adaptation for motion picture, and the word color.

MAY day of 1908 the first demonstration of Kinemacolor was made at the opening of Urbanora House, in Wardour Street, which was the first building in Europe especially constructed for the film trade. Urbanora House, by the way, was the beginning of the movement of the motion picture business of London to Wardour street, now known as Film Row, the successor to "Flicker Alley" of Warwick Court. The next showing soon followed, a special function for the Right Honorable Lord Mayor of London and the Sheriffs of London, accompanied by an array of civic dignitaries.

Following on the success of these showings, Mr. Urban presented his process for scientific consideration at an exhibition on December 9, 1908, at a meeting of the Royal Society of Arts, with Sir Henry Truman Wood presiding. Kinemacolor made a profound impression and the entire issue of the subsequent number of the society's journal was devoted to articles and discussions of this revolutionary development in the art of the motion picture.

Then Kinemacolor, walking closely in the footsteps of the infant motion picture of 1896, went on the screen for the public at the Palace theater in Shaftesbury avenue, London, upon the insistence of Alfred Butt, subsequently Sir Alfred. The opening was at a special matinee on February 26, 1909. After that, beginning March 1 for eighteen months, Kinemacolor was included on the Palace program.

Two weeks later Urban incorporated and financed the Natural Color Kinematograph Company, Ltd., with a nominal capital of 30,000 pounds. The logical next step of the concern was to acquire the patents on which the Kinemacolor process was based. G. Albert Smith, however, demurred at accepting half of the stock for his interest in the patent. He wanted cash. Then differences were arising between the erstwhile partners. Smith objected to Urban's deciding vote as chairman of the board of directors of the new concern. Urban apparently was more impressed with Smith's scientific ability than his business acumen. The subject was debated back and forth. Smith's lawyer suggested that he buy out Urban.

"There's not enough money in all of Brighton to buy me out," Urban responded. He made a counter proposal and Smith gave him an option for one week for 250 pounds at a total price of 5,000 pounds, or \$25,000, for his half interest.

By this time Mr. Urban had rather thoroughly invested his liquid resources in the development of Kinemacolor. He had little notion of where or how he was going to get that five thousand pounds, on such terms as would let him keep all of Kinemacolor.

He paid over the 250 pounds to Smith, who chuckled at easy money.

Then Urban went home to think it over. Mrs. Urban had an independent fortune. He propounded his predicament.

"You might buy out Smith's interest and become my business partner," Urban suggested at what he deemed the diplomatic moment over the after-dinner coffee. "I think we might get along better. Smith's hard to manage." This may or may not have been diplomacy.

"You mean," responded Mrs. Urban, "that you want me to buy something in which Mr. Smith has lost faith?"

"You do not have to put faith in Kinemacolor, just have faith in my judgment."

Of course, when a husband puts it that way,



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it is different. By the end of the week Mrs. Urban bought H. Albert Smith's interest in Kinemacolor for \$25,000—a fortune to the experimenter at Brighton.

A condition of the purchase included a contract for Smith's exclusive services for 500 pounds a year for five years. In that period he was not, according to the terms of the agreement, to participate in the efforts of any other experimenter in natural color photography.

A series of promotional showings of Kinemacolor followed. On March 24, 1909, the first exhibit in France was given before the members of the Institute of Civil Engineers in Paris. The showing somewhat sensationally included pictures of the Grand Prix motor races at Dieppe, photographed by Kinemacolor the day before.

A swift, world-wide career for Kinemacolor ensued, with engagements in Berlin at the Wintergarten, the Tiergarten and the Passage Theatre, Unter den Linden; the Folies Bergere in Paris, and others of the principal capitals of Europe. Foreign rights were sold in Australia, Argentine, Austria, Italy, all the Scandinavian countries, Russia and many lesser countries. Five road companies took the new color pictures through the British Isles.

But the United States was then, as now, the dominant factor of the world trade in motion pictures and Urban looked to America as Kinemacolor territory with a special interest.

A press and trade display of Kinemacolor was given on December 11, 1909, in the Concert Hall of Madison Square Garden, New York. This was America's first sight of motion pictures in natural colors. Internally and secretly, the motion picture industry of the United States was apathetic toward the revolutionary process. All of the makers of pictures were making enough money and enough trouble among themselves to absorb all their capacity for interest. It is true that the Motion Picture Patents Company group was supposed to have sent one of its members to London to look into the Kinemacolor process, but Urban is unable to recall that this emissary ever reached the Kinemacolor establishment.

THE ten members of the Patents company group occupied the choice seats at the Madison Square Garden showing. It was anticipated by Urban that this group would naturally desire to control and exploit Kinemacolor in the United States. It presented a new opportunity, and if the successes of the processes elsewhere in the world were to be taken as an index, it was a large commercial opportunity. Furthermore, since the products of Urban studios for the making of ordinary black and white motion pictures were sold through the licensed exchanges of the General Film Company, the political situation seemed favorable.

The showing of the picture was a pronounced success, largely attended. There were many strangers in the room, there with a casual curiosity. They sat and marvelled. Among them was one of future importance, G. H. Aymar, a real estate dealer, who had chanced into New York from Allentown, Pa. Some one had given him a pass to the showing of natural color pictures and he had come merely because the evening had offered nothing more interesting. He stayed through the show and perhaps lingered a bit afterwards to gather the fact that the American rights on the wondrous invention were for sale. Then he hurried away to Allentown, filled with an idea.

An outwardly enthusiastic and informal meeting of the Patents company group followed the showing. Urban was warmly congratulated. It was agreed that he should be paid a quarter of a million dollars for his American rights on Kinemacolor, each of the ten members of the Patents company aggregation to take shares in the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars. The formalities were to be concluded the next morning at an appointed time and place.

They shook hands all around and Urban was muchly patted on the back. The last man to leave the room was William F. Rock, the same

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"Pop" Rock of Vitagraph fame. He remembered with some sincere appreciation the event of years before when Urban's plea to McGuire and Baucus, Edison agents, had saved the little Rock picture show, storm-stranded in the South.

Rock edged up to Urban and spoke behind his hand.

"Charlie—let me slip you something straight. These fellows are just kidding you. I sat there along with the rest of them and promised to put up my twenty-five thousand, but they'll never ask me for it. They don't want Kinemacolor here and they won't go through with it. It's scared them. You'll never get away with it—you watch."

Urban was disturbed but not convinced.

The next day he turned up for the appointment to close the deal and waited two hours. No one appeared. Word came that the Patents company crowd was in an important conference over the projected making of some prize fight pictures. They would see Urban later. Repeated efforts through the day resulted in an appointment for dinner with the executive committee, at the Republican club, that fated spot where so much of the secret history of the motion picture has been enacted.

Seated at dinner, Urban tactfully as may be, opened the subject.

"Let's not talk shop at dinner," they reproved him. "After dinner we'll get at it and clean the thing up." This from the captain of an industry which does all of its work over the lunch table.

After dinner Urban again tried to open the subject of Kinemacolor.

"Now we want to relax a little, first. We don't like to talk business right after dinner. We'll just have a few hands of poker first."

Up in a private room in the club the august gathering seated itself for the consideration of what may happen with five cards, joker wild. The night wore on, with Urban more interested in his Kinemacolor contract than the cards.

"Just a couple of rounds more, and we'll go into that."

ONE in the morning came and the game broke up. Urban was conspicuous among the contributors of the evening's diversion in the sum of perhaps five hundred dollars.

"Now about that Kinemacolor contract," he remarked cheerfully.

"Oh, not now—we are all tired out now."

Urban went away to his hotel a trifle annoyed. In fact, he was so much annoyed that on second thought he decided to return to London at once and let the deal go hang.

The next afternoon he sailed.

The facts were apparent. The motion picture chieftains of the United States did not want any ventures in color. They were making easy millions in black and white pictures. This color process was to them strange, complicated and speculative. The status quo suited them immensely. Why disturb it? They were making money, why be concerned about making pictures?

Urban's ship was hardly clear of Ambrose channel when a stranger and an unknown in the motion picture world dashed into New York in a heated quest of the proprietor of Kinemacolor.

These men were Gilbert Henry Aymar and James Klein Bowen, the latter a wealthy wholesaler of groceries, who had arrived in haste from Allentown, Pa. They wanted to see the proprietor of Kinemacolor. At the hotel they were informed that Charles Urban had sailed. They booked passage and followed on the next ship.

Aymar had filled Bowen with his own enthusiasm for Kinemacolor. On their arrival in London they found Urban willing to dispose of his American rights with great dispatch. New York was a bad taste in his mouth and he was glad to be done with this thing promptly. Aymar and Bowen acquired Kinemacolor for the United States on an agreement to pay \$250,000 for the patents and certain royalties.



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The Kinemacolor Company of Allentown, Pa., was organized and the grateful organizers presented Urban with a certificate for a block of one hundred shares of stock, which constituted his sole connection with the concern. It was to operate entirely independently of Urban and his British company. Mr. Urban still has the stock certificate. Its value is doubtless very great—as a memento.

The Allentown concern rapidly encountered difficulties, and, under a new agreement dated January 16, 1911, George H. Burr & Co. of New York completed the purchase of the patents from Urban and organized the Kinemacolor Company of America. Large blocks of stock were distributed among investors.

J. J. Murdock, now a vaudeville magnate with the United Booking Office, and who appeared earlier in this history in connection with the International Film and Projecting concern of the early Independent days of '08-'09, was made the president of the concern, which also enjoyed a considerable succession of managers.

AMBITIOUS production activities were instituted with a flourish. Studios were established at Whitestone Landing on Long Island, and at Los Angeles yet other studios were put in operation.

David Miles, to be remembered as an early member of the Biograph stock company, became the director in chief. It was about this time that David W. Griffith and his wife, Linda Arvidson Griffith, parted company. Mrs. Griffith went to Kinemacolor as the leading woman for the West Coast studios. In the East, at Whitestone Landing, William Haddock was the principal director.

Many pretentious stories were put into production, among them Thomas Dixon's "The Clansman," which, a few years later under Griffith's auspices, was destined to mark a great milestone of the screen as "The Birth of a Nation." Kinemacolor produced "The Clansman" in the vicinity of New Orleans with the members of a traveling stock company in the cast. Legal complications concerning the right to the use of the story for the screen arose and the picture never saw the light of a theatre. The negative is still in existence, but no one knows its legal status, or whether it was really completed. Some day yet, by the whimsies of destiny, it may come to the screen.

Abroad, under Urban's administration, Kinemacolor was progressing to world triumphs and such a recognition as the motion picture had never before received, but in America the path was erratic and strewn with troubles.

The first theatre showings of Kinemacolor pictures were, naturally enough, of pictures purchased from the British concern. Amazing accidents overtook these exhibitions. Kinemacolor pictures were of necessity "Independent," being so thoroughly out-side the pale of Patents company sanction. Projection machines unaccountably got out of order. Films broke and burned. Operators made mistakes and so mal-adjusted their machines that the red and green images of the color picture were reversed with bizarre but trying optical effects on the screen. Licensed exhibitors who ventured to show Kinemacolor pictures found their licenses cancelled by the Motion Picture Patents company, which brooked no use of Independent film. Kinemacolor went through a career of costly failure in the United States in a period when it was making millions in a world success elsewhere.

The California studio was shut down and presently the eastern studio went dark, too. The Kinemacolor Company of America went into the limbo of glories that never dawned.

The most important and significant venture of Kinemacolor was its two-year run at the Scala Theatre in London beginning February 22, 1911. For the first four months, while London was finding the obscure Scala, the show ran at a loss of \$35,000, and in the next twenty months rose to the success betokened by gross receipts of \$320,000, this with only 920 seats.

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age of the nobility and became something of a furore of fashion. A large factor in the show and the great high light of the history of Kinemacolor was the Durbar picture, covering the Royal Visit to India and the barbaric splendors of the great pageant of Delhi.

Kinemacolor had won royal recognition before when Mr. Urban showed Kinemacolor before King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra, at Knowsley, in July, 1900, again at a command performance for Queen Alexandra at Sandringham in July, 1911, and subsequently when the Coronation Ceremonies and the investiture of the Prince of Wales were reproduced at Balmoral Castle by command of King George V and Queen Mary. This royal approval presumably influenced His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Japan, who made his first indulgence in motion pictures a three-hour Kinemacolor show at the Mikado's palace in Tokio the next year. A special showing was also given for his Holiness the Pope at the Vatican, in August, 1913.

The attainments of Kinemacolor in India gained notable attention. Sir John Hewitt, in charge for the British government at Delhi, was inclined to be a bit abrupt about the picture making. He announced that he would devote thirty minutes to making the arrangements for the Kinemacolor operators. He got absorbed in the plans and spent two days.

Rumors of hostile plots on the part of the black and white film competitors of Kinemacolor floated about. It was whispered that something would happen so that Kinemacolor would never reach London with its negatives. Whereupon a guard of British troops was stationed about the Kinemacolor tents, where Urban and Joseph du Frane, his chief of the camera staff, developed and guarded the precious films. A great pit was excavated under Mr. Urban's tent and there the negatives were buried in sand. The tent floor rug was spread over the spot and over it Urban's bed stood. He slept with his treasure.

BACK in London Urban made elaborate and pretentious arrangements for the presentation of the Durbar picture. A vast stage set reproducing the Taj Mahal was built at the Scala. Special musical scores were written for the pictures, for the first time in film presentation. The orchestra was augmented to forty-eight pieces. There was a chorus of twenty-four, a life and drum corps of twenty, and three Scotch pipes. Electric lighting color effects were installed, all on a scale of magnificence and detailed elaboration that is commonly supposed to belong exclusively to the present era of Broadway presentation.

Urban was laughed at a bit by his competitors with their black and white films, which had reached London in advance of Kinemacolor and had run their life in a few weeks. But he had plunged on Kinemacolor and went on to see it through. The opening at the Scala was a brilliant success and five road shows went out to play the back countries. In fifteen months the Durbar pictures grossed three-quarters of a million dollars.

Urban was on the high tide of success. Royal favor beamed. Arrangements were made for a royal visit to the Scala to see the Durbar presentation. The date set was May 11, 1912.

The word was quietly passed to Mr. Urban that it would be well for him to acquire court robes, since knighthood awaited him.

May 10 came and all was prepared for the presentation. Then, abruptly, Urban was stricken desperately ill in his office and went away to a hospital, on the verge of death. It was a tragedy strangely reminiscent of the unfortunate death of Turner, the first of the color inventors, in Urban's office some years before.

The night that the royal party was seeing the Durbar in Kinemacolor Mr. Urban was coming out from under the ether.

The party at the Scala included King George V, Queen Mary, Queen Alexandra, the Dowager Empress of Russia and some thirty other royal personages.

Kinemacolor scored a triumph and an unkind fate cost Urban a knighthood. It was one of the taps of fate. Many a chapter back in this story, the reader can recall that amusing day when the same Charles Urban, in a tall silk hat and frock coat broke into the office of Marshall Field and sold him a set of books. The American book agent had gone far on his way.

The Kinemacolor process, as might be expected, ran through the course of litigations and competing claims characteristic of well-near every invention. Kinemacolor had no more than well established its success when arose William Friese-Green, the perennial claimant to first honors in photographic invention, with a suit against the patents under which Urban was operating. His attack was financed by S. F. Edge, a motor car man, with whom the photographer had been associated in experimental screen work. There is again a curious coincidence in this. Turner's backer, when he started his color researches, had been a race horse breeder. Also it was a horseman who financed Muybridge in his pre-screen picture work. There seems to have been some obscure affinity between the film and the race track.

Edge called upon Urban prior to the filing of the patent suit.

"He said he had expended 6,500 pounds," remarked Mr. Urban, "in financing Friese-Green's color work on which a patent had been obtained and said he would upset my patent unless I put up 8,000 pounds."

Urban answered by indicating the location of the door.

WHEN the suit was brought Urban won the verdict. On appeal on a pinpoint technicality, specifically the charge that the Kinemacolor patent did not describe with sufficient accuracy the redness of the red and the greenness of the green used, the patent was upset. Urban took the case to the House of Lords, where the decision of the Court of Appeals was sustained.

This threw the basic patented process of color photography open to the world, free to any one to operate. Despite this, many patents have since been issued, both in Great Britain and the United States, with how much fundamental merit the reader may easily guess.

Kinemacolor went on its commercial way with increasing profits. Baron Henri Rothschild bought original rights on the continent and sold them at a handsome Rothschild profit.

Kinemacolor was a vital factor in motion pictures everywhere save the United States. In August, 1914, the World War began and the motion picture industry of Europe passed into virtual eclipse, Kinemacolor along with it.

Presently, abandoning the European field, Urban removed to New York, locating his Kineto Company of America at Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street in the Masonic Temple building, just across the corner from the spot where the Armat Vitascope introduced the motion picture screen to the amusement world in 1896.

The Kinemacolor library of negatives, with its remarkable collection of pictures of personages from Kaiser Wilhelm to the Gackwar of Baroda in the days of their magnificence and splendor, is probably the world's most valuable film from a historic point of view. It was destiny that Kinemacolor should record the last of the days of the monarchs, their trappings and panoplies and splendors, their great fleets and their gayly uniformed show troops and armies. The military world has become field grey and khaki since then, and the glory of the kings is gone. The one visual record of their past greatness is in Kinemacolor.

The end is not yet for Kinemacolor and there are indications as this is written that perhaps it will come to the screen again under the new name of Kinekrom, and still under the control of Charles Urban.

The story of color must include something of the annals of Prizma and similar processes, more familiar to the motion picture audiences of today than Kinemacolor.

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From an early chapter of the story of Biograph the name of William Van Doren Kelley may be recalled. Kelley, after leaving Biograph, went into the general field of invention and evolved a winking electric light for signs, which occupied his attention some years. In 1912, after an absence of nearly a decade, he comes into motion picture affairs again. Kelley, working in his experimental shop back of a garage in Hoboken, N. J., had turned again to the motion picture. He had a notion that there would be a wider market and a safer commercial future for color pictures if the color could be actually put into the film instead of depending on the operator's manipulation of a projection machine equipped with color filters. From this idea evolved a process, complicated and delicate, which promised success.

One day, while pondering his problems, Kelley was strolling Broadway when he encountered E. B. Koopman, the same Koopman who figured in that primeval period of the motion picture when the K. M. C. D. syndicate was organized to grow into Biograph. To Koopman, Kelley unfolded his ideas. Once again Koopman was aflame with a promotional idea.

Down in Wall Street, where he had gone to promote Biograph, Koopman found backers for the Kelley process and Prizma, Inc., was born. Approximately \$600,000 went into the concern by the time its commercial history began with the showing of pictures of Kilauaua's Lake of Fire, the old Hawaiian volcano classic, on the Rivoli theatre's anniversary program, on Broadway in 1918.

In 1921, Prizma's most pretentious product came forth in J. Stuart Blackton's "The Glorious Adventure," with Lady Diana Manners in the leading rôle, a success abroad and something less than that on the American market—but that is another story.

THE final verdict on the Prizma process, and the many similar ones, including Technicolor, Colorcraft and others, is yet to be returned.

Natural color on the screen has many skeptics, some who are aggressively opposed and a majority who are indifferent, among the makers of motion pictures.

The color-in-the-film processes of which Prizma was the first and perhaps the best example, were well calculated to command attention in the time when the cost of projection equipment was an important factor to the theatre. Kinemacolor with its special projection equipment, found this an obstacle. But with today's theatres costing from a quarter of a million up into multiples of millions, the special machines required for the original projection process would be considered a casual and incidental investment. This fact may considerably influence the future history of color. And the history of color has just begun.

Following the course of color has brought us far ahead of the main current of motion picture affairs. In the next chapter we shall pick up the main thread again, and uncover some forgotten pages of the wars of the screen kings, involving the amazing dramatic sequel of "The Luck of the Lathams," a story never told before.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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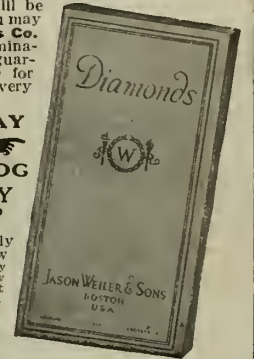
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Casts of Current Photoplays

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110]

"THE DESTROYING ANGEL"—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS—From the novel by Louis Joseph Vance. The cast: *Mary Miller of Fifth Avenue, New York, Sara Law, of the "Lip Stick Revue," Leah Baird; Max Wick, theatrical manager, Ford Sterling; Hugh Miller Whittaker, attorney, John Bowers; Curtis Drummond, his partner in the firm, Noah Beery; "Strangler" Olesen, Mitchell Lewis. Bathing Girls: Lotta Figure, Clarice Joel; Ethel Trimmer, Glad Surface; Mrs. Gerald Vanslack, Clara Norman.*

"SHATTERED REPUTATIONS"—LEE-BRADFORD—The cast: *Henry Wainwright, Johnnie Walker; Sis Hoskins, Jackie Saunders, Dave Hoskins, John Mordaunt; Joe Hoskins, Alfred Lewis; Charles Osborne, Fred Stonehouse; Stephen Wainwright, Arthur Bowan; Fannie Wainwright, Helen Grant; Vasco De Gama Byles, Torrance Burton.*

"RUNNING WILD"—EDUCATIONAL—Director, Norman Taugog. Photography by Francis Corby and George Neehen. The cast: *Lige Conley, Earl Montgomery, Cliff Bowes, Lillian Hackett, Jack Lloyd.*

"HIGH LIFE"—EDUCATIONAL—Director, Hugh Fay. Photography by Irving Reis. The cast: *Lige Conley, Lillian Hackett, Otto Freis, Jack Lloyd, Eva Thatcher.*

"TEA WITH A KICK"—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS—Story by Hugo Halperin. Director, Eric C. Kenton. The cast: *Bonnie Day, Doris May; Art Binger, Creighton Hale; Jim Day, Ralph Lewis; Aunt Pearl, Rosemary Theby; Napoleon Dobbings, Stuart Holmes; Irene, dancuse, Irene D'Annelle; Hesperis McGowan, Gale Henry; Mrs. Juniper, Dot Farley; Birdie Puddleford, Louise Fazenda; Kittie Wiggle, reformer, Dale Fuller; Editor Octovius Juniper, Edward Jobson; Mrs. Bump, reformer, Spike Rankin; Rev. Harry White, Harry Lorraine; Pietro, Sidney D'Albrook; King Kick, Tiny Ward; Convict Dooley, Earl Montgomery; Hazel, Hazel Keener; Gwen Van Peebles, Julianne Johnston; Napoleon, William De Vaull; Sam Spindle, Hank Mann; "Brainy" Jones, Zasu Pitts; Jiggs, the Taxi, Chester Conklin; Oscar Puddleford, Snitz Edwards; A Business Man, William Dyer; Kriss Kringle, Harry Todd; Convict Hooney, Billey Franey; Bellboy 13, Victor Potel.*

"A CHAPTER IN HER LIFE"—UNIVERSAL—From the novel by Clara Louise Burnham. Scenario by Lois Weber. Director, Lois Weber. Photography by Ben F. Kline. The cast: *Mr. Everingham, Claude Gillingwater; Jewel, Jane Mercer; Eloise Everingham, Jacqueline Gadsden; Madge Everingham, Frances Raymond; Dr. Ballard, Robert Frazier; Mrs. Forbes, Eva Thatcher; Zeke Forbes, Ralph Yearsley; Nat Bonnell, Fred Thomson; Susan, Beth Rayon.*

"DOES IT PAY"—FOX—Story by Beatrice Dovskie. Director, Charles Horan. The cast: *Doris Clark, Hope Hampton; John Weston, Robert T. Haines; Martha Weston, Florence Short; Jack Weston, Walter, Petri; Alice Weston, Peggy Shaw; Senator Delafield, Charles Wellesley; Marion, Mary Thurman; Attorney Alden, Claude Brooke; Harold Reed, Pierre Gendron; Francois Chavelle, Roland Bottomley; Mrs. Clark, Marie Shotwell; The Boy, Bunny Grauer.*

"THE UNTAMABLE"—UNIVERSAL—Story by Gelett Burgess. Scenario by Hugh Hoffman. Director, Herbert Blache. Photography by Howard Oswald. The cast: *Edna Fielding, Joy Fielding, Gladys Walton; Chester Castle, Malcolm McGregor; Dr. Copin, John Sainpolis; Ah Moy; Etta Lee.*

"THE MIDNIGHT ALARM"—VITAGRAPH—Scenario by C. Graham Baker. Director, David Smith. Photography by Steve Smith, Jr. The cast: *Sparkle, Alice Calhoun; Capt. Harry Westmore, Percy Marmont; Chaser, Cullen Landis; Silas Carrington, Joseph Kilgour; Aggie, Maxine Elliot Hicks; Mr. Tilwell, George Pierce; Mrs. Tilwell, Kittie Bradbury; Springer, J. Gunnis Davis; Mrs. Thornton, Alice Calhoun; Susan, Jean Carpenter; Mrs. Berg, May Foster; Bill, Fred Behrle.*

"DAYTIME WIVES"—F. B. O.—Story by Lenore Coffee and John F. Goodrich. Adapted by Wyndham Gittens and Helmer Bergman. Director, Emile Chautard. Photography by Lucien Andriot. The cast: *Ruth Hott, Derelys Perdue; Elwood Adams, Wyndham Standing; Francine Adams, Grace Darmond; Amos Martin, William Conklin; Ben Bronsloom, Edward Hearn; Betty Bransoom, Katharine Lewis; Larry Gilfeather, Kenneth Gibson; Celeste, Christina Montt; Jack Jagnar, Jack Carlyle; A Laborer, Craig Biddle, Jr.*

"THE SILENT PARTNER"—PARAMOUNT—From the story by Maximilian Foster. Scenario by Sada Cowan. Director, Charles Maigne. Photography by Walter Griffin. The cast: *Lisa Coburn, Leatrice Joy; George Coburn, Owen Moore; Ralph Coombes, Robert Edeson; Harvey Dredge, Robert Schable; Cora Dredge, Patterson Dial; Jim Harker, E. H. Calvert; Bertie Page, Maude Wayne; Mrs. Nesbit, Bess Flowers; Mrs. Harker, Lura Anson; Owens, Bert Woodruff; Chas. Nesbit, Robert Grey.*

"BLINKY"—UNIVERSAL—Story by Gene Markey. Scenario by Edward Sedgwick. Director, Edward Sedgwick. Photography by Virgil Miller. The cast: *Geoffrey Arbuthnot Islip (Blinky), Hoot Gibson; Mary Lou Killean, Esther Ralston; Mrs. Islip, Mathilde Brundage; Col. "Raw Meat" Islip, DeWitt Jennings; Priscilla Islip, Elinor Field; Bertrand Van Dusen, Donald Hatswell; Major Killeen, Charles K. French; Husk Barton, John Judd; Lieutenant Rawkins, William E. Lawrence; The Adjutant, W. T. McCulley.*

"THREE AGES"—METRO—Story and titles by Jean Havez, Joe Mitchell, Clyde Bruckman. Director, Buster Keaton and Eddie Cline. Photography by William McGann and Elgin Lessly. The cast: *Buster Keaton, Margaret Leahy, Wallace Beery, Joe Roberta, Lillian Lawrence, Horace "Cupid" Morgan.*

"THE EAGLE'S FEATHER"—METRO—Story by Katherine Newlin Burt. Adapted by Winifred Dunn. Director, Edward Sloman. Photography by George Rizard. The cast: *Delila Jamcison, Mary Alden; John Trent, James Kirkwood; Mrs. Trent, Rosemary Theby; Jeff Carey, Lester Cuneo; Martha, Elinor Fair; Van Breuen, George Seigman; Count de Longe, Crauford Kent; Parson Winger, John Elliott; The Irishman, Charles McHugh; The Swede, William Orlamond; Wing Ling, Jim Wang.*

"THE FRENCH DOLL"—METRO—Based on French play, English adaptation by A. E. Thomas. Adapted by Frances Marion. Director, Robert Z. Leonard. Photography by Oliver T. Marsh. The cast: *Georgine Mazulier, Mae Murray; Wellington Wick, Orville Caldwell; Pedro Carrova, Rod La Rocque; Madame Mazulier, Rose Dion; Monsieur Mazulier, Paul Cazeneuve; Joseph Dumas, Willard Louis; Snyder, Bernard Randell; Buller, Lucien Littlefield.*



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"BILL"—PARAMOUNT—From "Craque-bille" by Anatole France. *Bill*, Maurice de Feraudy.

"SECOND HAND LOVE"—FOX—Story by Shannon Fife. Scenario by Charles Kenyon. Director, William Wellman. The cast: *Andy*, Charles Jones; *Angela*, Ruth Dwyer; *Dugg*, Charles Coleman; *Detective*, Harvey Clark; *Deacon*, Frank Weed; *Dugg's Partner*, James Quinn; *Constable*, Gus Leonard.

"THE SIX-FIFTY"—UNIVERSAL—Story by Kate McLaurin. Scenario by Harvey Gates and Lenore Coffey. Director, Nat Ross. The cast: *Helen Taylor*, Renee Adoree; *Dan Taylor*, Orville Caldwell; *"Gramp"*, Bert Woodruff; *Christine Palmer*, Gertrude Astor; *Mark Rutherford*, Niles Welch.

"APRIL SHOWERS"—PREFERRED PICTURES—Story and continuity by Hope Loring and Louis Duryea Lighton. Director, Tom Forman. Photography by Harry Perry. The cast: *Danny O'Rourke*, Kenneth Harlan; *Maggie Muldoon*, Colleen Moore; *Miriam Welton*, Ruth Clifford; *Shannon O'Rourke*, Priscilla Bonner; *Mother O'Rourke*, Myrtle Vane; *Matt Gallagher*, James Corrigan; *"Flash" Irwin*, Jack Byron; *"Champ"*, Sullivan, Ralph Faulkner; *Lieut. Muldoon*, Tom McGuire; *Ring Managers*, "Kid" McCoy, Danny Goodman.

"RED LIGHTS"—GOLDWYN—Adapted from the stage play "The Rear Car" by Edward E. Rose. Adapted by Carey Wilson. Director, Clarence Badger. Photography by R. J. Bergquist. The cast: *Ruth Carson*, Marie Prevost; *Sheridan Scott*, Raymond Griffith; *Blake*, Johnnie Walker; *Norah O'Neill*, Alice Lake; *Roxy*, Dagmar Godowsky; *Luke Carson*, William Worthington; *Kirk Allen*, Frank Elliot; *Alden Murray*, Lionel Belmore; *Ezra*, Jean Hersholt; *Porter*, George Reed; *Henchman*, Charles B. Murphy; *Conductor*, Charles H. West.

"WHERE IS THIS WEST?"—UNIVERSAL—Story by George C. Hull. Scenario by Clyde De Vinne. Director, George E. Marshall. Photography by Clyde De Vinne and Ray Ramsey. The cast: *John Harley*, Jack Hoxie; *Sallie Summers*, Mary Philbin; *Bimbo McGurk*, Bob McKenzie; *Buck Osborne*, Sid Jordan; *Wild Honey*, Slim Cole; *Lawyer Browns*, Joseph Girard; *Indian Sergeant*, Bernard Seigel.

"THE GUN FIGHTER"—FOX—Story by John Frederick. Director, Lynn Reynolds. Photography by Jeff Jennings. The cast: *Billy Buell*, William Farnum; *Nellie Camp*, Doris May; *Joe Benchley*, L. C. Shumway; *Lew Camp*, J. Maurice Foster; *Marjorie Camp*, Virginia True Boardman; *Alice Benchley*, Irene Hunt; *Jacob Benchley*, Arthur Morrison; *William Camp*, Cecil Van Auken; *Henry Benchley*, Jerry Campbell.

"THE LONE STAR RANGER"—FOX—From the novel by Zane Grey. Scenario by Lambert Hillyer. Director, Lambert Hillyer. The cast: *Duane*, Tom Mix; *The Girl*, Billie Dove; *Lawson*, L. C. Shumway; *Poggin*, Stanton Heck; *Kane*, Ed Peil; *Laramie*, Frank Glark; *Mrs. Laramie*, Minna Redman; *Laramie's son*, Francis Carpenter; *Longstreth*, William Conklin; *Captain McNally*, Tom Lingham.

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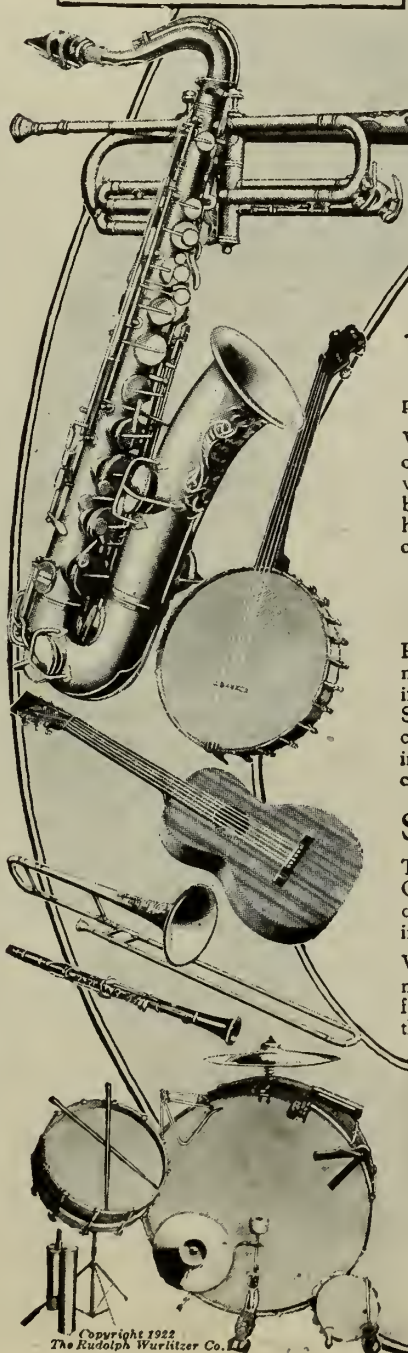
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"POTASH AND PERLMUTTER"—FIRST NATIONAL—By Montague Glass and Charles Klein. Scenario by Frances Marion. Director, Clarence Badger. The cast: *Morris Perlmutter*, Alexander Carr; *Abe Potash*, Barney Bernard; *Rosie Potash*, Vera Gordon; *Head Model*, Martha Mansfield; *Boris Andrieff*, Ben Lyon; *Feldman*, Edward Durand; *Irma Potash*, Hope Sutherland; *Ruth Goldman*, DeSacia Mooers; *Office Boy*, Jerry Devine; *Pasinsky*, Lee Kohlmar; *Wide-a-wake Salesman*, Leo Donnelly.

"THE ETERNAL STRUGGLE"—METRO—From the novel "The Law Bringers" by G. B. Lancaster. Adapted by Monte M. Katterjohn. Director, Reginald Barker. Photography by Percy Hilburn. The cast: *Andree Grange*, Rendee Adoree; *Sgt. Neil Tempest of R. N. W. M. P.*, Earle Williams; *Camille Lenoir*, Barbara La Marr; *"Bucky" O'Hara of Royal Mounted*, Pat O'Malley; *Barode Duane*, Wallace Beery; *Pierre Grange*, Josef Swickard; *"Oily" Kirby*, Pat Harmon; *Wo Ling*, George Kuwa; *Jean Cardeau*, Ed. J. Brady; *Olaf Olafson*, Robert Anderson.

"SIX DAYS"—GOLDWYN—Story by Elinor Glyn. Adapted by Ouida Bergere. Director, Charles Brabin. Photography by John Mescall. The cast: *Laline Kingston*, Corinne Griffith; *Dion Leslie*, Frank Mayo; *Olive Kingston*, Myrtle Stedman; *Lord Charles Chetwyn*, Claude King; *Clara Leslie (Gilda Lindo)*, Maude George; *Percy Jerome*, Spottiswoode Aitken; *Richard Kingston*, Charles Clary; *The Hon. Emily Tarrant-Chetwyn*, Evelyn Walsh Hall; *Dion Leslie (as a child of six)*, Robert Devilliss; *The Chef*, Paul Cazenova; *Guide*, Jack Herbert; *Marie, the peasant woman*, Margaret McWade; *The Aviator*, William Haines.

"THE FAIR CHEAT"—F. B. O.—Story by William B. Laub. Director, Burton King. Photography by Alfred Ortlieb. The cast: *Morgan Van Dam*, Edmund Breese; *John Hamilton*, Wilfred Lytell; *Camilla*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Gloria Starke*, Marie White; *Rutledge Stone*, William Robyne; *Crittenden Scott Buckley*, Harold Fashay; *Cloman Ziegler*, Bradley Barker; *Sam Miller*, Jack Newton; *"Bunk" Willis*, Tom Blake.

"THE POWER DIVINE"—Story by L. V. Jefferson. Director, H. G. Moody. The cast: *Bob Harvey*, Jack Livingston; *Sally Slocum*, Mary Wynn; *Luke Weston*, Al Ferguson; *Mrs. Slocum*, Carolina Brunson; *Doc. Singletree*, Ralph Parker.

"THE SOCIAL CODE"—METRO—From the story "To Whom It May Concern" by Rita Weiman. Scenario by Rex Taylor. Director, Oscar Apfel. Photography by John Arnold. The cast: *Babs Van Buren*, Viola Dana; *Dean Cardigan*, Malcolm McGregor; *Connie Grant*, Edna Flugrath; *Judge Evans Grant*, Huntly Gordon; *Colby Dickinson*, Cyril Chadwick; *District Attorney*, William Humphrey; *Attorney for the Defense*, John Sainpolis.

"THE FIGHTING STRAIN"—STEINER; **"HIS LAST RACE"**—PHIL GOLDSTONE; **"A KNOCK AT THE DOOR"**—JOHNNIE WALKER. No casts available.

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Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89]

M. L., ARCTIC, R. I.—No, I am not wearing a moustache this summer. Priscilla Dean's age is twenty-seven years. Agnes Ayres was the wife of Captain Frank P. Schucker. She was divorced July, 1921. Pauline Garon is twenty-three. I know I once told you nineteen. I had been misled—I mean misinformed. You want my photograph? Dear child, why not preserve your illusions? You may think I am a sweet little blonde with a sky-blue necktie. Think me thus, an' it please you.

B. R., NEWBURYPORT, MASS.—Back numbers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE can be secured by writing PHOTOPLAY Publishing Company, 750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Enclose a quarter for each copy requested.

NANCY LEE, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Kind you are, but wrong you are, Miss Nancy Lee. Tommy Meighan—everybody calls him Tommy sixty seconds after an introduction, even though he be of the imposing height of six feet—was not born across the sea. He first blinked at the sun at Pittsburgh. Thither he went only recently to pay a visit to his aged father. His filial visits to the Smoky City are many. Nor are they fewer since, three years ago, his beloved mother died.

RUTH, DES MOINES, IOWA.—Your wish came true, sweet Ruth. "The waste basket was out visiting" when I read your letter. Don't know how the smile-illuminated, dusky-skinned janitor has disposed of it. However, a letter so direct and honest as yours would find no place in it. Yes, I share your admiration of Richard Dix. You say he looks every inch the man. No man should want more genuine compliment from a sweet unknown.

BOOTS R., MACON, GA.—I shall tell Pauline Garon of your characterization of her as "that angel." No doubt her vacation will be pleasanter for your evidently sincere admiration.

G. W., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—George Thirsting for Information. Yes, Helene Chadwick is the true name of your idol of the screen. She was born in Chadwick, N. Y., a town named in memory of her grandfather. Her husband is William Wellman, director of William Fox's staff. Miss Chadwick's most popular pictures are generally conceded to be "The Sin Flood," "Gimme" and "Brothers Under the Skin."

G. K., NEW YORK CITY.—The gifted Talmadge sisters have been pursuing their well-rewarded vacations. The Norma and Constance Talmadge Productions, at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

D. A., DECATUR, ILL.—You are a charming skeptic, naughty D. A. Worldly Wise Answer Man (or Woman) you address me. What have I done to lead you to think that I may wear stays or dust my nose with powder, or that I might ever answer "yes" to the preacher's question, "Do you take this man to be thy wedded husband?" Nevertheless, I answer your queries with the greatest amiability. Jacqueline Logan is not a relative of May McAvoy's. Address Jacqueline Logan, Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine Street, Hollywood, Calif. Lila Lee, same address. Miss Logan was born in San Antonio, Texas, in 1903. Her hair is auburn, her eyes are the color of wood violets. She is five feet, five inches tall and weighs one hundred and twenty-two pounds. Miss Gloria Swanson's age is about twenty-six.

H. L. S., PINE BLUFF, ARK.—Little Dick Headrick is, as you say, a lovable juvenile. Your motherly heart will be gladdened by the knowledge that he has been signed by John M. Stahl, for a rôle that will give him much opportunity. The play is "The Wanters."

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Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 511 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 511 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont. English Agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E.C.4.



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1—If your skin is too oily, use treatment No. 1 given at the right.

2—If your skin is sensitive and easily irritated, use treatment No. 2 given at the right.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

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PHOTOPLAY

December 25c



Constance Talmadge

WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO
JACKIE COOGAN?

WHY MEN GO CRAZY ABOUT
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Solves Every Social Problem— Prevents Embarrassing Blunders— Gives Poise, Ease, Confidence!



What to Do—

It is rather late and she does not know whether she should invite him into the house or not. He does not know whether he should ask permission to call, or wait until he is invited. The Book of Etiquette would have told them both exactly what is expected of them. Throughout life this famous work acts as a guide, a silent "social secretary."



What to Say—

If you have ever been tongue-tied at a party you know how embarrassing it can be not to be able to converse with the other guests, to sit silent, uncomfortable, alone. One of the greatest values of the Book of Etiquette is that it tells you exactly what to say on every occasion—how to become a pleasant and interesting conversationalist.



What to Wear—

They are attending the opera for the first time. With what trepidation they enter—fearful that they may have made some error in dress! The Book of Etiquette would have told them exactly what is correct—just as it tells what is correct to wear on all other occasions. A social secretary for life! Be sure to grasp the rare opportunity explained on this page.

With the Book of Etiquette as your "social secretary" you need never hesitate to accept an invitation, no matter how formal. You need never fear the embarrassment of conspicuous mistakes. With this famous work to refer to, you will always know just exactly what to do, what to say, what to write, what to wear—on every occasion and under all circumstances.

It is really remarkable what poise and ease the Book of Etiquette gives to those who have been timid and self-conscious. It instantly banishes all doubt—makes you sure of yourself. And you find yourself assuming a wonderful new ease of manner, a new confidence in yourself, new dignity and self-possession!

With the Book of Etiquette as your guide, nothing will take you off your guard. You will not be subject to sudden embarrassments. Instead of being hesitant, embarrassed, ill at ease—you will be calm, well-poised. Instead of feeling "out of place" at parties or social functions, you will feel entirely "at home." You will find yourself becoming a better mixer, a more welcome guest. And instead of being "tongue-tied" among strangers, you will find yourself conversing smoothly, naturally, with ease and self-possession!

Complete and Exhaustive

The Book of Etiquette covers every phase of conduct that could possibly interest you. Indeed, it is recognized as one of the most complete, exhaustive and authoritative works of its kind ever published. There are chapters on etiquette at the dance, the wedding, the dinner, the tea, the week-end party, the theatre. There is some valuable information intended for the timid and self-conscious; paragraphs that

the bachelor will find useful; information for the business woman and country hostess.

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Paramount Pictures



The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

FRANK T. POPE
MANAGING EDITOR

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXV

No. 1

Contents

December, 1923

Cover Design	Constance Talmadge	
From a Pastel Portrait by J. Knowles Hare		
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures		8
In Tabloid Form for Ready Reference		
Brickbats and Bouquets		16
Frank Opinions from Readers		
Why Do They Do It?		19
"Breaks" Caught by Followers of the Screen		
Friendly Advice	Carolyn Van Wyck	22
The Department of Personal Service		
Rotogravure:		27
New Pictures: Charles Ray, Dagmar Godowsky, Barbara La Marr, Tony Moreno, Carmel Myers, Blanche Sweet, Zasu Pitts		
Speaking of Pictures (Editorials)	James R. Quirk	35
Why Men Go Crazy About Corinne Griffith	Adela Rogers St. Johns	36
Few, if Any, Can Resist Her Feminine Appeal		
What's Going to Happen to Jackie Coogan?	Herbert Howe	38
Film Stars Make a Forecast of His Future		

(Contents continued on next page)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine — refer to
the criticisms before you pick out
your evening's entertainment.
Make this your reference list.

Page 72

Scaramouche..... Metro
The Spanish Dancer..... Paramount
Zaza..... Paramount
A Woman of Paris..... United Artists
The Bad Man..... First National
Cameo Kirby..... Fox

Page 74

Going Up..... Associated Exhibitors
The Fighting Blade..... First National
Columbus..... Pathe
Thundering Dawn..... Universal
The Huntress..... First National
The Marriage Maker..... Paramount

Page 75

The Eternal Three..... Goldwyn
Lights Out..... F. B. O.
The Call of the Wild..... Pathe
The Right of the Strongest..... Zenith
Monna Vanna..... Fox
The Ramblin' Kid..... Universal

Page 102

Is Conan Doyle Right?..... Pathe
Forgive and Forget..... Apollo
Times Have Changed..... Fox
The Wild Party..... Universal
Shifting Sands..... Hodkinson
The Tailor..... Fox
The Love Trap..... Apollo
Haldane of the Secret Service..... Apollo
Polikuschka..... Russian Art Films
Gold Madness..... Renown
The Girl from the West..... Aywon

Page 103

The Dancer of the Nile..... F. B. O.
The Devil's Partner..... Independent
A Wife's Romance..... Metro
When Law Came to Hades..... Capital
Tipped Off..... Playgoers

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Contents—Continued

Myrtle Stedman and Her Son (Photograph)	40
And the Youngster's Big Enough to Play Romeo to His Mother's Juliet!	
Barbara La Marr's New Wardrobe (Photographs)	41
Paris Creations That Enhance Her Exquisite Charms	
Beefsteak and Onions (Fiction)	44
Frank Condon	
The Author of the Famous "Hollywood" Is Funnier Than Ever in This Story of a Cross-eyed Man Who Was "Vamped"	
<i>Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg</i>	
It Can Be Done—Sometimes	48
John Lynch	
Straightforward Facts on Writing for the Screen by a Distinguished Scenarist	
Fads and Fancies of the Film Folks (Photographs)	50
Some of Them Are a Bit Startling, Too	
How He Makes Them Act	52
Herbert Howe	
Rex Ingram's Methods of Bringing Out a Player's Best	
Not in the Scenario (Fiction)	54
Kathrene and Robert Pinkerton	
The Second Installment of This Enthralling Mystery Story of Motion Picture Actors on Location	
<i>Drawings by R. Van Buren</i>	
Lois Wilson Shows What Can Be Done with Cretonne	58
William J. Moll	
Dingy Homes Restored to Delightful Freshness at Slight Expense	
Medieval Burgundy, as Designed for Marion Davies' "Yolanda"	60
<i>Drawing by George A. Picken</i>	
"Robin Hood" Wins PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE 1922 Gold Medal of Honor	61
The Romantic History of the Motion Picture	62
Terry Ramsaye	
Chapter XXI: Real Tragedies as Great as Were Ever Filmed in the Make-believe of the Screen World	
Close-Ups and Long Shots	66
Herbert Howe	
Comment on the Activities of Screen Personalities	
Rotogravure:	67
Baby Peggy, Dorothy Gish, Madge Bellamy, Conway Tearle	
The Silver Crazy-Quilt	71
<i>"Stills" and Titles by Ralph Barton</i>	
The Shadow Stage	72
The Department of Practical Screen Criticism	
Nervous Prosperity and Klieg Eyes	76
Dr. William Engel	
A Physician's Story of His Movie Folk Patients	
Gossip—East and West	78
Cal York	
Intimate Glimpses of the Film People	
Napoleon, Danton and Marie Antoinette (Photographs)	86
They Live Again in Rex Ingram's Production of "Scaramouche"	
Filming the History of America at Yale (Photographs)	89
A Great Patriotic Series of Photoplays That Begins with the Picture "Columbus"	
Questions and Answers	91
The Answer Man	

Addresses of the leading motion picture studios will be found on page 23

Who are Mary Pickford's favorite stars?

She has made her decision, after devoting days of conscientious thought to the subject, and in the January issue of PHOTOPLAY, Herbert Howe has an interview with her in which she tells. She also makes known her favorite pictures and tells her reasons for her selection of both stars and pictures. But the interview tells much more than this. It tells of the great conscientiousness of Mary, of her business ability, of her remarkable insight and intuition—in brief, of all the marvelous traits that make her what she is—the Queen of the Screen.

Why has Bebe Daniels never married?

Many people—including a lot of young men—have wondered why, but not one has ever been able to learn. She is young, beautiful, charming, a talented actress, but she is still Miss Daniels. There is only one person who can tell why she has not married and that one is Bebe herself.

Cut puzzle contest winners

will be announced in the January issue. More than 30,000 readers of PHOTOPLAY sent in solutions and the task of examining these has been a tedious and laborious one, necessitating the engaging of extra floor space and an additional staff.

Sixty portraits of screen beauties

Portraits of sixty of the most beautiful women of the screen will appear in a special rotogravure section of the January issue of PHOTOPLAY. The editor wishes to know who the readers of this magazine consider the most beautiful woman on the screen and he wants them to write to him and express their opinions. They are to say who is entitled to this honor and each reader whose vote bears the name of the winner, will receive a photograph of that star, autographed by her.

Don't forget in the
January issue of

PHOTOPLAY

Out December 12



Who Else Wants a New Head of Hair?

No matter how nearly bald you are—no matter how many kinds of treatment you've tried without results—this method is *guaranteed to grow hair for YOU*—or your money will be *instantly refunded!* Simply mail the coupon below for free proof.

By Alois Merke, Founder of Merke Institute

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"I have been bothered with dandruff for twenty years and had lost nearly all of my hair. I have used your treatment 30 days now and have a good growth of hair coming in. I cannot say too much in praise of the Merke Treatment."

C. H. B.
Parsons, Kansas.

Bald for Years

"Kindly allow me to praise and recommend the wonderful Merke Treatment to any one who may be looking for a hair treatment which positively shows quick results. After five weeks' treatment a new growth of hair has shown on each side of the temple, where I have been bald for years."

C. B.
New York City.

Does Everything Claimed

"Am glad to say I can see such great change in my hair. It is growing longer and my head is full of young hair that has made its way through since I have been using Merke Treatment. I can't say enough for it. It will do everything you claim it to do."

Mrs. G. G.
Houston, Tex.

Improvement Daily

"After using the Merke Treatment as per your instructions, my scalp is now showing improvement daily, and I think in time I will have more hair than I had two years ago. I was practically bare on the top, but now it is gradually filling in from the back."

J. S. W.
Attleboro, Mass.

Was Skeptical Once

"I must frankly state I was decidedly skeptical as to your claims for the Merke Treatment, but a faithful use of it for a month has removed all doubt, and three of us are obtaining unbelievable results both in looks and steady growth. It has also worked wonders with the scalp, stopping all dandruff and falling hair."

L. W. F.
Chelsea, Mass.

Head Covered With Hair

"I am dropping you a few lines to let you know about your wonderful Merke Treatment. The top of my head is almost covered with new hair. I have been trying for the last five years but never could find anything that could make hair grow until I used your treatment."

T. C.
Cleveland, Ohio



FOLKS wonder how I can make such an amazing offer. No one ever dared to do it before—to guarantee absolutely to grow hair or the treatment costs nothing at all! Here's the answer. Read the letters printed on this page—letters from those who have tried this startling new method. These are just a few of the many that pour into my office every day—letters which show without a shadow of doubt that my home treatment—in the great majority of cases—positively **does grow hair!**

I don't say my treatment will grow hair in every case. There are some cases of baldness that nothing in the world can help. But I've secured such amazing results in so many other cases that I am perfectly willing to have you try my treatment at my risk! And if after 30 days you are not more than delighted with the results—if you cannot actually see a new growth of hair—then all you need to do is tell me—and without the slightest question I'll mail you a check refunding every bit of your money! **I don't want a cent of your money unless I can actually grow hair on your head—and you are the sole judge of whether or not it grows!**

Entirely New Method

My treatment is the result of 17 years of experience gained in treating thousands of cases of baldness. This included many long years which I spent in such famous scientific research centers as Heidelberg, Berlin, Paris, Cairo and Geneva. At the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York, many have paid as high as \$500 for the results brought. Yet now—through the Merke Home Treatment—these same results may be secured at home—for just a few cents a day!

My method is entirely different from anything known or used before. There is no massaging—no singeing—no "mange cures"—no unnecessary fuss nor bother of any kind. Yet results are usually noticeable after the very first few treatments.

My treatment proves that a big percentage of baldness, even of years' standing, is caused—not by dead hair roots—but by dormant hair roots which now can be awakened and made to grow again. Already scores of men and women who suffered for years from falling hair and partial baldness, have acquired a thick, healthy growth of hair through this amazing method, which for the first time provides a way of penetrating to the hair roots and furnishing nourishment direct to them. This treatment can be taken in any home in which there is electricity.

Free Booklet Explains Treatment

If you will merely fill in and mail the coupon below I will gladly send you—without cost or obligation—an interesting 32-page booklet describing my treatment in detail.

This booklet contains much helpful information on the care of the hair—and in addition shows by actual photographs what my treatment is doing for thousands of others.

If you are bald—or if right now you are merely troubled with falling hair and dandruff—this free book will prove to be of the greatest value to you. So mail the coupon now—and it will be sent you by return mail without cost or obligation.

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Bald Spot Growing Smaller

"Concerning the Merke Treatment will advise that it has undoubtedly benefited my hair and scalp. The 'bald spot' seems slowly but surely growing smaller, and Merke Treatment seems to be doing the work."

H. C. G.
Baltimore, Md.

Hair Growing Again

"I wouldn't take \$50 for your treatment. It was far beyond my expectations. My hair was dead and had no lustre. Now it is restored to its brilliancy and has begun to grow again. Thanks."

J. B. C.
Hillsboro, Tex.

New Hair in 20 Days

"Have been using Merke Treatment 20 days and have received great results. My hair has been falling out for four years and your Treatment has checked it. I had two bald spots on my head where there was not even any fuzz, and there is new hair growing on them now. I wouldn't take \$50 for the Merke Treatment. I think it's the best in the world."

J. M.
Smackover, Ark.

Satisfied With Results

"I am satisfied with results. Lots of hair is growing where I was bald. I mean in front where one mostly loses hair first. It was just as bare as the palms of my hands. Now hair is coming again."

C. F.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Dept. 3912, 512 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, a copy of the new booklet describing in detail the Merke Institute Home Treatment.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

ABYSMAL BRUTE, THE—Universal.—A woman-shy young man with a wallop in his right fist and a come-hither in his eye, played by Reginald Denny in a way both manly and appealing. Jack London characters faithfully reproduced. This is a picture for everybody. (July.)

AFFAIRS OF LADY HAMILTON, THE—Hodkinson.—Lady Hamilton comes to a bad finish, but her road of life is not tedious by any means. Rather heavy German production. Not for children. (July.)

ALIAS THE NIGHT WIND—Fox.—A man unjustly accused, vanishes. Pursued by detectives, he has many hairbreadth escapes, and is finally captured by the blonde girl detective. That's all. (October.)

APRIL SHOWERS—Preferred.—Colleen Moore and Kenneth Harlan in a picture filled with old material. Not highly recommended. (November.)

ASHES OF VENGEANCE—First National.—One of the first—and best—of the costume pictures. Norma Talmadge and Conway Tearle excellent. Should not be missed. (October.)

BAVU—Universal.—A gory tale of Bolshevick Russia, decidedly artificial. This doesn't apply to Wallace Beery, however, the double-dyed villain. Flappers may like the ultra-heroic Forrest Stanley. (July.)

BELLA DONNA—Paramount.—Pola Negri's first American-made picture does not fit her as well as those tailored in Berlin. Pola is more beautiful but less moving; a passion flower fashioned into a jointsetta. The picture is thoroughly artificial. (June.)

BILL—Paramount.—Not a story, but a wonderful study of a Paris pushcart peddler, done by Maurice Feraday. Very much worth while. (November.)

BLACK SHADOWS—Pathe.—A clever mixture of entertainment and instruction. Views of the strange people of the South Seas as they dance, swim and play. Colorful and interesting. (October.)

BLINKY—Universal.—The best picture Hoot Gibson has had. The meek son of an army colonel enters the army and finds trouble. Lots of fun. (November.)

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE—Paramount.—Highly sophisticated and good entertainment with Gloria Swanson wearing gorgeous clothes as only she can. Put it on the preferred list. (October.)

BOSTON BLACKIE—Fox.—The inside of the world's most disagreeable prison, with a happy ending that arrives just in time. (August.)

BRASS—Warner Brothers.—Not for those who read the novel by Norris. A story which doesn't dare anything. Harry Myers excellent in small role. (June.)

BRASS BOTTLE, THE—First National.—A fantastic picture, amusing and well done. Sort of Arabian Nights entertainment. The Oriental prologue is especially fine. Barbara La Marr and Ernest Torrence in cast. (October.)

BRIGHT SHAWL, THE—First National.—A pretty play of distinct atmospheric charm, a tale of Havana intrigue with Cuban strugglers for liberty on one side and soldiers of Spanish oppression on the other. Well acted by Richard Barthelmess, Dorothy Gish, Jetta Goudal and William Powell. (July.)

BROADWAY GOLD—Truart.—A formula picture of the good little chorus girl, forced into marriage with a dying rich man. He gets well, of course, causing complications. A jazz party is well done. Just fair. (October.)

BROKEN WING, THE—Preferred.—A story of Mexico and an American aviator who crashes through a roof into the arms of a pretty girl. Moves rapidly and is interesting throughout. (September.)

BUCKING THE BARRIER—Fox.—Dustin Farnum beating up thugs who wouldst thwart him from claiming his rightful estates. (June.)

BURNING WORDS—Universal.—The Canadian Mounted, and a trooper who gets his man. This time the man is a brother. (August.)

CHAPTER IN HER LIFE, A—Universal.—A child heroine is always abused and misunderstood, but sweetly forgiving. Rather saccharine, although well acted. (November.)

CHEAT, THE—Paramount.—Pola Negri in a tragic story that starts slowly, but gains in interest. Miss Negri's acting better than the direction. Good entertainment and just misses being a big picture. (November.)

CHILDREN OF DUST—First National.—A pleasant little story of old Gramercy Square, but with too much childish love-making. And then, at the end, the war is dragged in. (August.)

CHILDREN OF JAZZ—Paramount.—A fast story, unique plot, quaint costumes and delightful photography. Altogether, good entertainment. (September.)

As a special service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments upon all photoplays of the preceding six months.

PHOTOPLAY readers find this department of tremendous help—for it is an authoritative and accurate summary, told in a few words, of all current film dramas.

PHOTOPLAY has always been first and foremost in its film reviews. However, the fact that most photoplays do not reach the great majority of the country's screen theaters until months later, has been a manifest drawback. This department overcomes this—and shows you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money.

You can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. The month at the end of each tabloid indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

CIRCUS DAYS—First National.—Jackie Coogan's new one. This shows the lovable boy star at his best and funniest. It is all Jackie, of course, but none the worse for that. (September.)

CLEAN-UP, THE—Universal.—What Acton Davies, once a famous dramatic reviewer, used to call "another one of those things." That describes it. (November.)

CORDELIA THE MAGNIFICENT—Metro.—High society with everybody blackmailing everybody, even the heroine, who does it unconsciously, of course. Badly adapted story. (July.)

CRASHING THROUGH—F. B. O.—Not so bad—not so good. A Harry Carey jumble of heroics. (June.)

CRITICAL AGE, THE—Hodkinson.—Another Ralph Connor Glengarry story, well told. Lacking in the original force and spiritual element. (July.)

CROSSED WIRES—Universal.—And yet another little Cinderella. She prefers sassiness to the switchboard, and she achieves her heart's desire, not without some heart-throbs and much laughter. (July.)

CUCKOO'S SECRET, THE—Bray.—They say it took ten years to get this picture of the world's laziest bird. It is remarkably interesting and instructive. (September.)

DAUGHTERS OF THE RICH—Preferred.—High society, American heiress, decadent Russian duke and so on. Some novelty, but not much punch. Some of the settings are beautiful. (September.)

DAYTIME WIVES—F. B. O.—An amusing picture that glorifies the good little stenographer. Somewhat preachy, but you can stand that. (November.)

DAYS OF DANIEL BOONE, THE—Universal.—A serial with much interesting and historical value. Plenty of adventure and with many surprisingly real characters. (September.)

DEAD GAME—Universal.—Hoot Gibson does some hard riding and fast thinking. (July.)

DESERT DRIVEN—F. B. O.—The best picture Harry Carey has made for a long time. It starts in prison and ends in the desert after many adventures and a good love story. (September.)

DESIRE—Metro.—Emotional drama, stating that in love extremes may meet. Good cast quite thrown away. (November.)

DESTROYING ANGEL, THE—Asso. Exhibitors.—Leah Baird in a picture that is frankly "movie stuff." She plays a dancer whose suitors meet evil fates. Good if you've nothing better to see. (November.)

DIVORCE—F. B. O.—Jane Novak is so beautiful, in this, that nothing else matters. Not even the plot. (August.)

DOES IT PAY?—Fox.—Hope Hampton as a vampire who grabs all the valuables in sight. It isn't very good and it won't do for children. (November.)

DON QUICKSHOT OF THE RIO GRANDE—Universal.—A western that should have been a comedy. The small boy's delight. (August.)

DON'T MARRY FOR MONEY—Apollo.—Still the formula—and this time an old one. This one used to work out, but picture patrons are wiser nowadays. Just a programme film, that's all. (October.)

DOUBLE DEALING—Universal.—A stupid young man buys property of a confidence man, and of course the property assumes a great value. Otherwise how could it all end so happily? (July.)

DRIFTING—Universal.—Lots of excitement in this thriller, with Priscilla Dean playing a vivid demimondaine. Fine entertainment. (November.)

DULCY—First National.—A stupid picture from a most amusing play. Showing the futility of trying to make a picture from conversation. (November.)

EAGLE'S FEATHER, THE—Metro.—An interesting Western, somewhat marred by a straining for the "Happy ending." Mary Alden does beautifully. Worth seeing. (November.)

ELEVENTH HOUR, THE—Fox.—Roaring melodrama for the youngsters, Shirley Mason sharing starring honors with Charles Jones. Everyone who likes adventure will enjoy it. (October.)

ENEMIES OF WOMEN—Paramount-Cosmopolitan.—An Ibanez romance filmed in Paris and Monte Carlo, decorated by Urban, dressed by Poiret and girded by Ziegfeld. A million dollars' worth of beauty, including Alma Rubens, and superb acting by Lionel Barrymore. (June.)

ETERNAL STRUGGLE, THE—Metro.—A Northwest picture with Renee Adoree featured and justly so. Excellent story, cast and direction. (November.)

EXCITERS, THE—Paramount.—A jazzy little comedy-melodrama with plenty of action and speed. Tony Moreno and Bebe Daniels at their best. Good entertainment. (August.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 10]

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FAIR CHEAT, THE—F. B. O.—Rather hackneyed story, with chorus girl as heroine. Stern father who relents and allows happy ending. Just so-so. (November.)

FIGHTING BLOOD—(Second Series)—F. B. O.—Prize fight stuff, of course, with a new and blonde leading woman for the O'Hara boy. About the usual prize ring serial. (October.)

FIGHTING STRAIN, THE—Steiner.—Badly written, acted and produced. (November.)

FLYING DUTCHMAN, THE—F. B. O.—An unusual picture which follows very closely the Wagnerian opera of that name. The tragic legend is well told and photographed, with Ella Hall doing good work. (October.)

FOG, THE—Metro.—A story of small-town ethics with the "how his soul was saved" angle played up. The cast is good, but the direction poor. (September.)

FOG BOUND—Paramount.—One of the formulas. Innocent man accused—lovely lady saves him. Good cast, fine photography, Palm Beach settings, and conventional ending. (August.)

FOOLS AND RICHES—Universal.—The handsome hero and his money are soon parted, but being a hero he wins another fortune, and being handsome wins the girl. (July.)

FOURTH MUSKETEER, THE—F. B. O.—Johnnie Walker at his best as a young prize-fighter who gives up certain championship for the little wife. (June.)

FRENCH DOLL, THE—Metro.—Mac Murray in a typical Mac Murray picture—legs, lingerie and lure. Also she's very Parisienne. (November.)

GARRISON'S FINISH—United Artists.—The old, hackneyed race track story, with the Southern colonel, the doped horse 'n' everything. Jack Pickford has the lead. Race scenes the best. (August.)

GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE, A—Paramount.—The story drags at the start, but picks up speed and becomes rapid and interesting. Jack Holt is featured, but the best acting is by Frank Nelson as a burglar. Above the average. (October.)

GIRL I LOVED, THE—United Artists.—We recommend this without a single qualification to the entire family. It deserves your attention. A fragile wistful little lyric inspired by J. Whitcomb Riley's poem of a country boy who loves his foster sister. Ray gives one of the best performances of the screen year, superb in its humanness and tenderness. We cannot recommend it too highly. (July.)

GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST, THE—First National.—Another return engagement, but the fine old story marred by difficulties of casting. Warren Kerrigan and Sylvia Breamer the leads. (August.)

GIRL WHO CAME BACK, THE—Preferred.—The dear girl doesn't come back, really, but she does get diamonds and two husbands. So everybody's happy, unless possibly the audience. (July.)

GLIMPSES OF THE MOON, THE—Paramount.—Beautiful sets, beautiful gowns and oh, such beautiful ladies! In a word, an eye-ful. But nothing much for the heart. (June.)

GO-GETTER, THE—Paramount-Cosmopolitan.—The Go-Getter has lost much of his pep passing from magazine to screen, but it is a pleasant, well-rounded narrative for a' that. (July.)

GOLD DIGGERS, THE—Warner Brothers.—Sophisticated photodrama of New York. Chorus girls and their admirers not so black as usually painted. Good entertainment. (November.)

GRAIL, THE—Fox.—A well made and well played picture, but somewhat lacking in plot. It's more or less of a Western and is entertaining. (November.)

GREEN GODDESS, THE—Distinctive.—George Arliss in a screen version of his famous play, which is as good as the stage version. One of the best of the season. (October.)

GRUB STAKE, THE—American Releasing Corporation.—Fifty-seven varieties of woodland creatures, ranging in styles from bears to porcupines. Also Nell Shipman. A unique forest picture. (June.)

GRUMPY—Paramount.—A superb characterization by Theodore Roberts. (June.)

GUN FIGHTER, THE—Fox.—A feud picture with William Farnum in the midst of it, enjoying himself thoroughly. The title describes it. (November.)

HEART RAIDER, THE—Paramount.—Jazzy and often amusing, with Agnes Ayres setting the pace. An unbelievable story, but set in beautiful surroundings. (August.)

HELL'S HOLE—Fox.—Straight Western melodrama with Lefty Flynn and Charles Jones as cow-puncher buddies. Excitement is fast and furious. Good entertainment and a trick ending. (October.)

HER FATAL MILLIONS—Metro.—A swiftly moving comedy of a girl's fibs—Viola Dana's—to a suitor whom she believes faithless. (July.)

HIGH LIFE—Educational.—A Mermaid comedy with Lige Conley starred. A lot of old tricks, but rather well done. (November.)

HIS LAST RACE—Phil Goldstone.—Robert McKim as a most villainous villain in a Bertlia M. Clay story. Full of "movie stuff," but most exciting. (November.)

HOMEWARD BOUND—Paramount.—Thomas Meighan as a salty hero in a lot of storms. Story is unconvincing and commonplace, and there is never any doubt that Thomas will embrace Lila Lee at the close. (October.)

HOLLYWOOD—Paramount.—Dozens of the picture stars shown unconventionally to prove they are just humans after all. A rattling good picture, with lots of laughs and interest. (October.)

HUMAN WRECKAGE—F. B. O.—Mrs. Wallace Reid's film protest against the drug evil. Not a cheery story, but one that will touch the heart and may do an immense amount of good. (September.)

HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, THE—Universal.—A magnificent screen spectacle, with Lon Chaney, in the title role, contributing another of those diabolically fascinating portrayals for which he is famous. The sets are marvelous. A picture of a class seldom equalled. (November.)

IF WINTER COMES—Fox.—A remarkably fine piece of work, but brimming with tears. It follows the Hutchinson novel closely, and Percy Marmont as Mark Sabre does the best acting of his notable career. (November.)

ISLE OF LOST SHIPS, THE—First National.—A fantastic romance of derelicts in the Sargasso Sea, screened with imagination by Tourneur. (June.)

ITCHING PALMS—F. B. O.—Melodrama, stupid and badly told. (September.)

KNOCK AT THE DOOR, A—Johnnie Walker.—The film lasts one hour and ends just where it began. Much ado about nothing. (November.)

LAWFUL LARCENY—Paramount.—Most of the interest is in the production which is extremely lavish. Story is weak, but most of the acting is competent. Fairly good entertainment. (October.)

LAW OF THE LAWLESS, THE—Paramount.—A colorful drama of the gypsy borderland between Asia and Europe, with Dorothy Dalton and Charles De Roche in suitable roles. (September.)

LEGALLY DEAD—Universal.—Theatrically un-learned, with adrenalin used to bring a dead man back to life. Not so much, except for the acting of Milton Sills. (October.)

LEOPARDESS, THE—Paramount.—Montague Love tries taming Alice Brady, a wild gal of the South Seas. He also tries to tame a leopardess—and gets tamed most effectively. The leopardess should have ended matters in the first reel. (June.)

LION'S MOUSE, THE—Hodkinson.—Blackmail, robbery, hairbreadth escapes, the papers and the poils! But entertaining for a' that. (June.)

LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER, THE—Warner Brothers.—A situation after the manner of "The Miracle Man," with a wealthy mine owner, a mine disaster and a minister. (June.)

LITTLE JOHNNY JONES—Warner Brothers.—Johnny Hines is very good in this George M. Cohan success. Realistic sets and a good horse race help a lot. Several novelties. Good entertainment. (Oct.)

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK—Cosmopolitan.—A charming picture with Marion Davies doing the best acting of her career. Well acted, beautifully staged and competently directed. (October.)

LONE STAR RANGER, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix and Tony, his horse, have a lot more adventures, defying a great deal of death. A good Mix picture and fine for the boys. (November.)

LOST AND FOUND—Goldwyn.—Hollywood hokum dropped in the South Seas. A beautiful background and good players wasted. (June.)

LOST IN A BIG CITY—Arrow.—Action all the time. The story doesn't amount to much, but there is so much going on, you don't mind that. A formula picture, but a good formula. (October.)

LOVEBOUND—Fox.—A well-knit, consistent story, with strong climaxes, of a district attorney who falls in love with his secretary. The girl's father is a jewel thief, and the conflict between her loyalty to father and love for prosecutor is well-developed. Shirley Mason draws sympathy. (July.)

LOVE BRAND, THE—Universal.—Spanish ranch owner, gang of crooked capitalists, beautiful daughter of rich man loves rancher, and plot fails. All right, if you like that kind. (October.)

LOVE PIKER, THE—Cosmopolitan-Goldwyn.—Anita Stewart in the old tale of the girl who loves her father's employe. A good story, with Miss Stewart doing some fine acting. (September.)

LOYAL LIVES—Vitagraph.—Propaganda for the letter carrier. A simple story, filled with pleasant hookum and kindly folk. Mary Carr excellent. Clean and interesting. (October.)

MADNESS OF YOUTH—Fox.—An engaging crook enters a home to rob a safe, meets the daughter of his victim, etc. Marriage and honor in the end. John Gilbert is sincere and with Billie Dove makes the affair almost plausible. (July.)

MAIN STREET—Warner Brothers.—A difficult story to screen and, therefore, not an entirely satisfactory picture. Starts off well, but slumps at the end. Florence Vidor the great redeeming feature. (August.)

MAN FROM GLENGARRY, THE—Hodkinson.—Ralph Connor's erstwhile best-seller has suffered in the screening, but the logging scenes are fine and the Canadian landscapes impressive. (June.)

MAN NEXT DOOR, THE—Vitagraph.—Not good. Story is illogical, and acting and direction both below standard. A dog wins the honors. (August.)

MAN OF ACTION, A—First National.—Likable Douglas MacLean as a society man playing a crook. Interesting, but incongruous. Perhaps, some day, MacLean will get a real story. Then, look out. (August.)

MARK OF THE BEAST, THE—Dixon.—Thomas Dixon wrote, cast and directed this as a challenge to "machine-made pictures." The machine wins. (August.)

MARY OF THE MOVIES—F. B. O.—Again the Hollywood stars trailing by in a story of a screen-struck girl. That is the only interest. The story is weak. (August.)

MASTERS OF MEN—Vitagraph.—Well-done story of the Spanish-American war. Cullen Landis fine. Earle Williams, Alice Calhoun and Wanda Hawley in the cast. (June.)

McGUIRE OF THE MOUNTED—Universal.—Another Northwest Mounted Police story, with the usual dauntless hero. Plenty of action and interesting to those who like these stories. (September.)

MERRY-GO-ROUND—Universal.—One of the best pictures in months. A Viennese story, with the atmosphere capitably maintained, and exceptionally well acted. (September.)

MICHAEL O'HALLORAN—Hodkinson.—The too-sweet story of a Chesterfieldian street urchin, who shows a lot of rich folk how to behave. (August.)

MIDNIGHT ALARM, THE—Vitagraph.—Plenty of action but not the slightest probability. Everything happens, virtue is rewarded and vice punished. (November.)

MIRACLE BABY, THE—F. B. O.—Not much miracle, but a nice baby. Harry Carey up in the gold mines, a murder, a false accusation and, finally, vindication. Formula again. (October.)

MODERN MARRIAGE—American Releasing Corporation.—The team of Beverly Bayne and Francis X. Bushman return in a commonplace story smoothly screened. (June.)

MOTHERS-IN-LAW—Gasnier.—Many dresses cut short, top and bottom, jazz parties, lots of glitter—the usual thing. Not highly recommended. (October.)

MYSTERIOUS WITNESS, THE—F. B. O.—More formula stuff. The sweet and ailing mother, the self-sacrificing son and the rest of it. Sickeningly sweet. (September.)

NE'ER-DO-WELL, THE—Paramount.—Not altogether successful, nor altogether uninteresting, for Thomas Meighan is in it. Old-fashioned. (July.)

NOBODY'S BRIDE—Universal.—A runaway bride, a down-and-out suitor of other days, a bag of jewels, a band of crooks, etc., etc. (June.)

NOISE IN NEWBORO, A—Metro.—Cinderella of the small town goes to the city and comes home rich. Viola Dana gingers up this weak concoction. (July.)

NTH COMMANDMENT, THE—Paramount-Cosmopolitan.—The brave little girl struggles to maintain her home when her husband falls desperately ill. The human note is missing. (July.)

OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE, AN—Metro.—J. Whitcomb Riley's poem screened with considerable charm and touches of melodrama. (July.)

ONLY 38—Paramount.—A delightful handling by William de Mille of a most appealing story. Lois Wilson's role fits her admirably, and May McAvoy is a great help. (August.)

OUR GANG COMEDIES—Pathe.—One hundred per cent kid stuff—for the whole family. Don't miss Little Farina, age two, colored. (June.)

OUT OF LUCK—Universal.—Hoot Gibson as a young cowpuncher transferred to the navy creates a lot of fun. There are many laughs and much excitement. Good entertainment. (October.)



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PENROD AND SAM—First National.—One of the entertainment gems of the month. Real boys with a story handled by William Baudine, who remembers that he was once a boy. Don't miss it if you enjoy kids. (August.)

PETER THE GREAT—Paramount.—Another foreign film, with that truly great actor, Emil Jannings, in the title role. This is a real picture and one that should not be missed. (September.)

POTASH AND PERLMUTTER—First National.—As funny on the screen as on the stage, with Barney Bernard and Alex Carr in their original roles. Always interesting and filled with hearty laughs. (November.)

POWER DIVINE, THE—Independent.—Another Kentucky feud, proving that where there's love there's hope. Nothing to get excited about. (November.)

PRODIGAL DAUGHTERS—Paramount.—Another tirade against the jazz babies of 1923. This time it is adapted to the girl who leaves the old homestead only to return in the snowstorm of Christmas-time. (July.)

PRODIGAL SON, THE—Stoll Film Corp.—Steeped in the gloom of church yards and deathbeds, lost loves and debts. (July.)

PURITAN PASSIONS—Hodkinson.—A screen version of "The Scarecrow," delicate and fanciful. A charming production, but perhaps a little fanciful to please generally. (November.)

PURPLE HIGHWAY, THE—Paramount.—Rather a silly plot with overdrawn situations. Madge Kennedy is sweet as a little housemaid and is mostly wasted. Tiresome picture. (October.)

QUEEN OF SIN, THE—Not sinful but awful. The queen's sin is weight. (June.)

QUICKSANDS—American Releasing Corporation.—Drug smuggling across the Mexican border is stopped by Lt. Richard Dix and Helene Chadwick of the Secret Service. (June.)

RAGGED EDGE, THE—Goldwyn.—A Harold McGraw romance, with a lot of new blood in the cast. From China to the South Seas. (August.)

RAILROADED—Universal.—A lesson in how wayward sons should, and should not, be disciplined. Love finds a way. (August.)

RAPIDS, THE—Hodkinson.—A conventional story of the building of a town by a man with brains and foresight. The steel plant scenes are excellent. (September.)

RED LIGHTS—Goldwyn.—A corking good mystery picture, filled with excitement and thrills. Raymond Griffith scores again. (November.)

RED RUSSIA REVEALED—Fox.—Half scenic and half educational. Shows the heads of Soviet Russia, a revolting group, but worth study. (September.)

REMITTANCE WOMAN, THE—F. B. O.—Ethel Clayton's loveliness shines out from the dim and mystic East, where Ethel gains a sacred vase and nearly loses her life. (July.)

RICE AND OLD SHOES—F. B. O.—A comedy of the honeymoon, with all the old situations worked overtime. (August.)

ROSITA—United Artists.—The picture is as dainty and charming as the star—Mary Pickford—herself. Beautiful sets and photography, and the direction proving why Ernst Lubitsch has such a high reputation. One of the best. (November.)

ROUGED LIPS—Metro.—Charming Viola Dana as a good little chorus girl is delightful. The picture starts slowly, but gathers speed. Good entertainment. (November.)

RUGGLES OF RED GAP—Paramount.—A highly amusing comedy, the locales being a Western "cow town" and a Hollywood Paris. Ernest Torrence and Edward Horton provide the bulk of the many laughs. (November.)

RUNNING WILD—Educational.—A comedy film built around the game of polo. Hated rivals on opposing teams. That's about all. (November.)

RUPERT OF HENTZAU—Selznick.—A lively, romantic tale, with lots of excitement and thrills, but far behind its Anthony Hope predecessor, "The Prisoner of Zenda." (September.)

RUSTLE OF SILK, THE—Paramount.—The triangle of a British statesman, his unfaithful wife and an adoring lady's maid, who loves the statesman from afar, isn't much of drama. But told with fine taste and discretion. Betty Compson, Anna Q. Nilsson and Conway Tearle excellent. (July.)

SAFETY LAST—Pathe.—Harold Lloyd's best—seven reels that speed like two. Prepare for laughter, shrieks and general hysteria. (June.)

SALOMY JANE—Paramount.—Bret Harte's famous story made into an ordinary Western. Jacqueline Logan makes it worth while, but not for children. (November.)

SAWDUST—Universal.—Unconfined realism, starting with a circus and ending up in one of those palatial homes and an attempted suicide. (September.)

SECRET OF LIFE, THE—Principal Pictures.—The private lives of bees, ants and bugs laid bare by a new photographic process. Extremely interesting. (November.)

SECOND-HAND LOVE—Fox.—A picture of small town life for the small town. Buck Jones in a Charles Ray role. (November.)

SELF-MADE WIFE, THE—Universal.—Three fourths of this picture is good. The end falls badly. Also unnecessarily, just to work in a jazz party. (September.)

SHADOWS—Preferred Pictures.—An idea of delicacy and charm has been translated with great care to the screen and the result is a good picture. Tom Forman's direction of Wilbur Daniel Steele's prize story "Ching, Ching, Chinaman" is as inspired as possible in view of the fact that there are censors. The central figure, the Oriental laundryman, remarkably acted by Lon Chaney, is a fine and true conception. (January.)

SHADOWS OF THE NORTH—Universal.—William Desmond as a miner who fights off claim jumpers. Happy ending, after a good fight and some great shots of a canoe in the rapids. Fast melodrama. (October.)

SHATTERED REPUTATIONS—Lee Bradford.—Mediocre picture, artificial and badly acted. (November.)

SHOCK, THE—Universal.—Another hideously clever characterization by Lon Chaney as a cripple of the underworld. The miracle idea is brought in again. Strong, but unpleasant—and, of course, with a happy ending. (August.)

SHOOTIN' FOR LOVE—Universal.—Shell shock is the underlying theme of a swift Western. The hero, back from the war, walks into a feud which is fully as exciting. (September.)

SHORT SUBJECTS—Educational.—One and two-reel novelties, grouped together in interesting bill. "Kinograms," a Bruce scenic, "Speed Demons," Gene Sarazen demonstrating golf, and two comedies. (September.)

SINGLE HANDED—Universal.—Hoot Gibson as an eccentric musician who discovers a buried treasure. Hoot's better at handling hosses. (June.)

SILENT COMMAND, THE—Fox.—A story of the navy. Propaganda type of picture. A good narrative of the sea, well told. For the family. (November.)

SILENT PARTNER, THE—Paramount.—An interesting story, well done except that the suspense is not well sustained. Leatrice Joy excellent. (November.)

SIX DAYS—Goldwyn.—Lovely Corinne Griffith in a unique and absorbing story. Lots of excitement, a remarkably good cast and direction. Very fine throughout. (November.)

SIX-FIFTY, THE—Universal.—A train wreck near the old homestead sends wife to the city to see life. But she comes back. Nothing very original, but fair entertainment. (November.)

SIXTY CENTS AN HOUR—Paramount.—An ambitious soda clerk plans to marry the daughter of the bank president, and go into business—all on seven-fifty a week. A riot of laughter. (July.)

SKID PROOF—Fox.—A racing picture after the style that Wally Reid made famous. Crooked driver, honest boy takes his place—you know the rest. Action is fast and picture runs smoothly. (October.)

SLANDER THE WOMAN—First National.—And still the formula! Beautiful heroine, wrongfully accused, goes to the Frozen North. There, in the great, open spaces, things happen. Mostly, good photography. (August.)

SNOW BRIDE, THE—Paramount.—A forced and artificial story of life in a Canadian village. Alice Brady, even, fails to register. (August.)

SNOWDRIFT—Fox.—A cooling Summer picture, with lots of ice and snow. A little waf, missionaries, Indians, impossible happenings. Marries a reformed gambler for the fade-out. (August.)

SOCIAL CODE, THE—Metro.—A "find the woman" melodrama with Viola Dana as a society butterfly and not so good as usual. Could have been a good picture, but isn't. (November.)

SOFT BOILED—Fox.—Tom Mix and Tony in a new type of comedy. Slight story, but plenty of action. One fight, in a shoe store, is exceptionally funny. Good, if you like Mix pictures. (October.)

SOUL OF THE BEAST—Metro.—Cinderella elopes with an elephant. Hard time has Cinderella, but all ends well, even for friend elephant. (July.)

SOULS FOR SALE—Goldwyn.—A Cook's tour of the Hollywood studios. A false and trivial story, but it takes you behind the camera and is very entertaining. (June.)

SPOILERS, THE—Goldwyn.—A new version of the Rex Beach Alaskan romance, with a capital cast. As thrilling as ever. Milton Sills and Noah Beery stage a realistic fight, and Anna Nilsson is excellent as the dance hall girl. (August.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]

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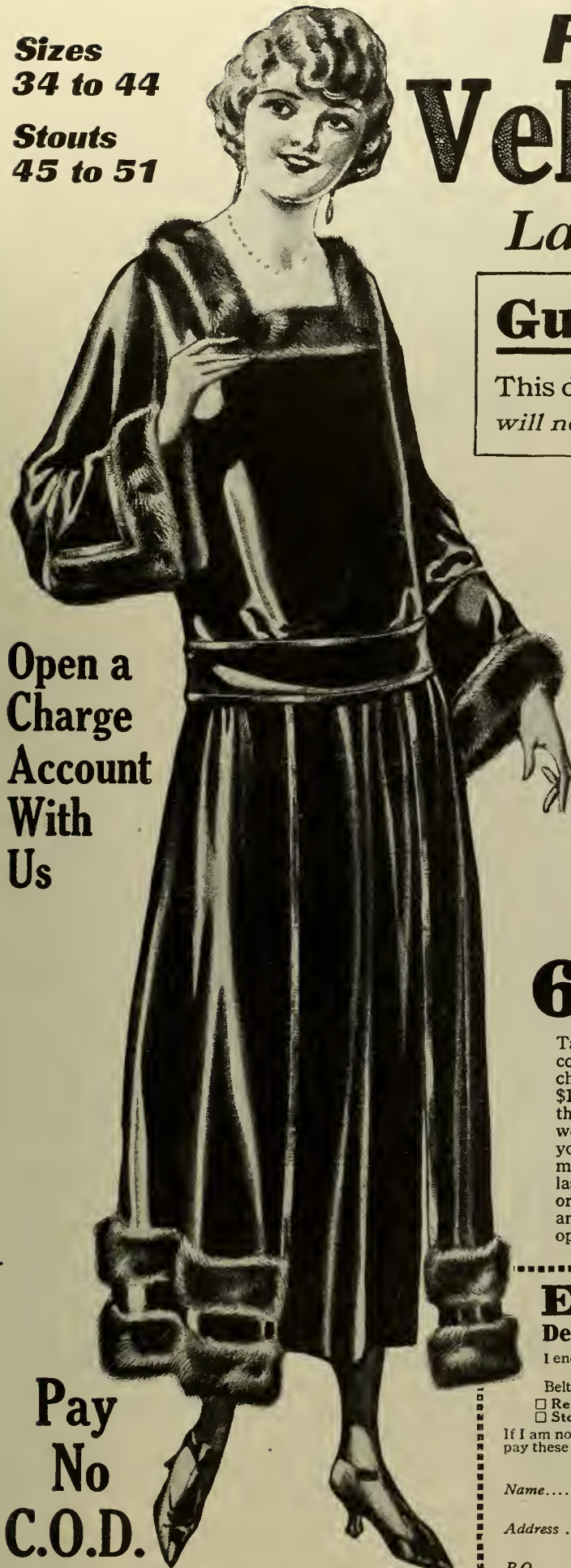
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

ST. ELMO—Fox.—A novel of the time of our fathers which makes a picture of about the same era. Attempting to modernize the story has not helped it. (October.)

STEEL TRAIL, THE—Universal.—A serial about the building of a railroad, interesting and full of thrills. The building of the road is very real and the villains very wicked. (October.)

STEPPING FAST—Fox.—Tom Mix mixes with desperadoes. He saves a girl from the rascals after a trip to China. The girl says "yes." (July.)

STRANGERS OF THE NIGHT—Metro.—A fine picture in every way. Even better on the screen than as "Captain Applejack" on the stage. Direction of the best. (November.)

SUCCESS—Metro.—Sentimental melodrama. A screen version of a stage play which was not a success. (September.)

SUNSHINE TRAIL, THE—First National.—The story of a nice young man who wants to spread sunshine everywhere but gets under a cloud in his own home town. (June.)

SUZANNA—Allied Producers.—Mack Sennett tries plot instead of pies without so much success, but Mabel Normand stirs in some fine humor. Early California, missions, Spaniards—and Mabel. (June.)

TEA WITH A KICK—Asso. Exhibitors.—The only feature is Stuart Holmes as a comedian and he's pretty awful. (November.)

TEMPTATION—C. B. C. Film Sales Corp.—Original in that the couple who are struggling unhappily under the weight of their millions do not lose the bankroll and live forever in a cottage. (July.)

THREE AGES—Metro.—Buster Keaton in the stone age, the Roman era and the present. It has its good spots, but is below Buster's standard. (November.)

THREE JUMPS AHEAD—Fox.—Tom Mix and his horse Tony leap a chasm and give you an hour of Western thrill with love interest. (June.)

THREE WISE FOOLS—Goldwyn.—A screen version of a stage success, with much lokum but with plenty of entertainment and appeal. (September.)

TIGER'S CLAW—Paramount.—Jack Holt goes to India, gets bit by a tiger, married to half-caste, and mixed up in poison plots. (June.)

TO THE LAST MAN—Paramount.—A real, red-blooded Western, filled with fights and other exciting episodes. Nearly the whole cast killed off. (November.)

TOWN SCANDAL, THE—Universal.—Gladys Walton is a chorus girl who runs out of a job and goes home to write her memoirs for the local gazette. Of course the poor girl's misunderstood. (June.)

TRAILING AFRICAN WILD ANIMALS—Metro.—This Martin Johnson picture is the best of its kind. The best animal close-ups ever made, and some tremendous thrills. (July.)

TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE, THE—Paramount.—Mountaineers, moonshiners, Minter and Moreno. Also Ernest Torrence. The players are the thing. (June.)

TRIFLING WITH HONOR—Universal.—The story of a home-run king, resembling Babe Ruth, who is the idol of the small boys. Intensely dramatic and worthy. (July.)

TRILBY—First National.—A careful and artistic production of the Du Maurier romance with Andree Lafayette, the French actress, as star. Entertainment value marred a little by the direction. (October.)

TRIMMED IN SCARLET—Universal.—Characters displaying their lack of sense in a way that may earn your pity but not your sympathy. (June.)

UNTAMABLE, THE—Universal.—Gladys Walton as a victim of a dual personality. Rather interesting, but inclined to be morbid. (November.)

VANITY FAIR—Goldwyn.—Hugo Ballin's work-mime visualization of Thackeray's novel. Not brilliant, but adequate. (June.)

VENGEANCE OF THE DEEP—American I. e. leasing Corp.—Sharks, devil crabs, sea weed and treasure chests make the under-sea pictures interesting and thrilling. But the actors on dry land are not so interesting. (July.)

VICTOR, THE—Universal.—Rather obvious story of titled Englishman, stranded in New York, and his love affair with a good little actress. Amusing but not worth wasting much time. (October.)

WANDERING DAUGHTERS—First National.—If you are a daughter, wander away from this picture and save your time and money. (September.)



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WESTBOUND LIMITED—F. B. O.—A homely, sympathetic tale built about the railroad and its men. A love interest, too—though hardly necessary. (July.)

WHAT WIVES WANT—Universal.—After many reels the husband realizes that all business and no love will wreck any marriage. You probably will realize it from the first. (July.)

WHERE IS MY WANDERING BOY THIS EVENING—United Artists.—A Ben Turpin comedy, and as full of laughs as any of his nonsense. He is vamped in this one—and compromised. (September.)

WHERE IS THIS WEST?—Universal.—A picture for the small boys. They will love it. Doubtful about others. (November.)

WHERE THE NORTH BEGINS—Warner Brothers.—Rin-tin-tin, the dog star, does his stuff again. It's a pity some of the two-legged players can't be as consistent. He makes this picture worth while. (November.)

WHITE FLOWER, THE—Paramount.—Hawaii and Betty Compton are alluring. Nothing else matters if you like them. And who doesn't? (June.)

WHITE ROSE, THE—United Artists.—D. W. Griffith's latest, bringing Mae Marsh back to the screen. The star's playing is wonderful. So are the sets and photography. The story is not so much. Ivor Novello, Mr. Griffith's new leading man, is highly decorative. (August.)

WHITE SISTER, THE—Inspiration.—Another triumph for Lillian Gish, shared by Henry King, the director. The picture, as a whole, is excellent, but the star overshadows everything. (November.)

WHY WORRY?—Pathe.—Another Harold Lloyd laugh-maker. This time, aided by a giant, Mr. Lloyd quells a Central American revolution. Fully up to his standard and that is praise enough. (November.)

WITHIN THE LAW—First National.—An expensive production with big names, but lacking inspiration and vitality. Norma Talmadge seems afraid to act. The best work is that of Lew Cody as the crook. (July.)

WOMAN OF BRONZE, THE—Metro.—Clara Kimball Young as the wife, who after disillusionment and anguish proves to be the ideal woman for her husband. (June.)

WOMAN WITH FOUR FACES—Paramount.—A fast moving crook melodrama, always interesting, with some excellent acting by Betty Compton. A thrilling aeroplane escape from prison a feature. (September.)

YOU ARE GUILTY—Mastodon Films.—Mediocrity with a distinguished cast. (June.)

YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE—Paramount.—Good money and players wasted upon an absurd story. Again the husband on the edge of the restless forties, the neglected wife and the regulation vampire. (July.)

YOUTHFUL CHEATERS—Hodkinson.—A story of the country youth in the big city. Full of jazz and other modern features. Glenn Hunter is good. (September.)



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720 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO

A Referendum for "Fatty"

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Having attended the movies last evening, which was showing "Hollywood" was positive that I saw Roscoe Arbuckle on the screen, and although it was mostly the back view, I seemed to see a sad expression when I caught a glimpse of his profile. This impressed me very much and so I was determined to drop a line with a suggestion.

Why could not the general public voice their opinion as to his fate by a country-wide contest, in that way fairness could be shown with the decision. Two wrongs never made a right, and I am sure the broad-minded people of the States would help him back to the place he originally held.

Let the public decide.

MRS. GRACE SWARD.

The Protective Instinct

Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: In defense of Miss Lillian Gish, "the supreme artist of the screen," I must say that Miss May, of England, whose letter recently appeared in PHOTOPLAY, is entirely wrong. She must have something against Miss Gish and D. W. Griffith, for who would knock that incomparable closet scene in "Broken Blossoms," the tremendous climax of "Way Down East" where Anna exposes Lennox, or Henriette's ride to the guillotine, in "The Orphans of the Storm"? I saw a woman faint viewing that scene, so vividly was it portrayed by Miss Gish. There are many girls who have appealing beauty, but they cannot "laugh through the tears." Miss Gish is a gifted girl and she must get credit for it. I know several English people and I know they are sensible enough to prefer Lillian to Gloria Swanson. Gloria only knows how to wear clothes. I am sure Lillian can play comedy as well as her incomparable tragedies. We men like to see Lillian because it arouses our protective instinct—and every man wants to feel that he is the protector!

RALPH HILL SALAZAR.

The Artist and the Crowd

Saskatoon, Sask., Canada.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Will you please publish this letter and oblige an old reader? I have just read, in the September issue, a letter from a Miss Marion May, of England, which has made me really indignant. Miss May first criticises the reception given English actresses in America. She mentions Gladys Cooper. Now, I have seen Miss Cooper on the London stage, and, while she is fairly good-looking, as an actress, she has as much talent as some of our animated clothes horses. So I can't blame New York on this point.

Secondly, Miss May questions Lillian Gish's title as our supreme artist. She states that Norma and Gloria draw greater crowds in her country. I wonder if Miss May thinks the greatest artists draw the largest crowds? How any one can think Dorothy's acting superior to her sister's in "The Orphans" amazes me. Dorothy as the *Little Disturber*, seems always, to me, our greatest comedian. But surely, Miss May, you were swayed by Lillian's work in the balcony scene? Did you watch the light in her eyes in that particular moment? It was the light from within, the light that comes from a beautiful soul! Perhaps Miss May enjoyed "Beyond the Rocks" more than the "Orphans of the Storm"? If this picture drew a larger crowd in Southport than "Broken Blossoms" and "The Birth of a Nation," does it speak well for our English friends' taste and appreciation of the great

Brickbats & Bouquets

LETTERS FROM READERS

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. 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 full name and address.

things of the screen? I do hope some readers in the States will notice my letter and let us have their opinions!

SYLVIA BURGESS.

My Indiana Home

Indianapolis, Ind.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I have just decided to write and defend my home town. It really makes me sick the way the screen portrays the life of Indiana people. After seeing James Kirkwood and Anna Q. Nilsson in "The Man From Home," I really believe people think everyone in Indiana drives a Ford and is a farmer. And oh—those frilly old-fashioned dresses that Miss Nilsson wore! Heavens, some of the clothes that Indianapolis girls wear would make those Paris dames sit up and stare.

Indianapolis is noted for her beautiful girls and well dressed women, and I guess Monte Blue, who was born here, isn't so bad. As for automobiles—some of the best in the country are manufactured right here!

Why not portray Indiana life as it really is, and that isn't any different from Chicago or any other town? Don't pick on Indiana, for all the hick stuff, 'cause it makes us laugh when we see the picture!

LENOREA JOHNSON.

The Retiring Favorite

Terre Haute, Ind.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I have just finished reading your October "Brickbats & Bouquets." The brickbat Mrs. Lamos Jamerson throws at Mary Pickford has aroused my indignation. But the bouquet "A Reader" hands her has partially made up for it.

How anyone can fail to appreciate Miss Pickford is beyond me. Her naturalness, first

of all, proclaims her a fine actress, she does anything but pose, while her beauty, intelligence, and winsomeness have placed her at the head of the list. As to her having "an air of aloofness," just because she is of a rather retiring nature and does not seek publicity! Mrs. Jamerson writes that "the effect is ridiculous." I hope the absurdity of her brickbat will make even more friends for Mary.

Just a word of appreciation for some others who rank very high in my estimation. "Doug," the Talmadges, Chaplin, Thomas Meighan, Marion Davies, Dick Barthelmess, Lillian Gish, Charles Ray and many more who are sincerely trying to give the public better pictures. I am looking forward to seeing a great many of them this winter.

M. T.

Call For Cal

Kankakee, Ill.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I sincerely hope that you will keep on publishing Cal York's "East and West Gossip" for years to come. Whenever you print things that "aren't quite nice" about players, at least you refrain from mentioning names, for which I thank you. The stars are "played up" enough by the newspapers. The public is sickening of this "mud slinging." If you could only have been in Chicago when Arbuckle staged his come back! A man who was guilty could never have impressed us as Arbuckle did. He showed us that the newspapers are cruelly unjust to the movie folk. Of course, I know that some players aren't just right, but we don't have to go to Hollywood to find people who aren't just right.

The second paragraph of the September "Gossip" impressed me very much, for I think it was written by one who understands what such a friendship as Hal Roach's and Lloyd's must mean. The writer must have known just such a friendship to realize the bigness and beauty of it. Our scenario writers have not played upon this theme as yet. Do you think they ever will?

DICK DURAND.

The Wand For Wanda

Tulsa, Okla.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I should like to give utterance to some of the things that have been on my mind for some time regarding the movies. I thoroughly disagree with the likes and dislikes of most of the young fans of today. Though only a young girl myself, I must say that the younger set are mostly fickle and blind to art on the screen. A pretty face seems to be worth more to them than an intelligent actor or actress.

I want to agree heartily with Agnes Lindsley that the late Wallace Reid far surpassed Rodolph Valentino in looks, physique, and acting ability. I, for one, am not a Valentino fan and never was. When he visited our city he made a perfect mess of himself. He is dead so far as most of us are concerned. I think such screen celebrities as Henry B. Walthall, Thomas Meighan, Eugene O'Brien, and Antonio Moreno far surpass him in acting ability and some of them in looks also!

I should like to say a word for Wanda Hawley. Why don't we hear more of her? Has she left the screen, and if not, why don't we ever see her any more? To my notion she is the most beautiful blonde in pictures and as capable as any. She has a charming, sweet way that appeals to the fan who likes to see anyone act natural on the screen, in preference to those more noted actresses who are constantly posing, or flying into unnatural fits of anger, passion or joy.

B. M. B.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 20]

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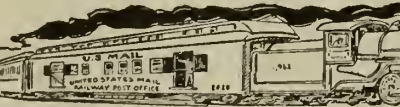
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Why-Do-They-Do-It

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, unlike like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.



SMASHING REALISM

I'D like to smash a few errors in William Duncan's picture "Smashing Barriers." It is curious how a stranger in a strange lumber camp, none other than Duncan himself, can find his way to the mess kitchen without having been told where it is! It is curious how much wealth a chap can pick up cutting logs and washing dishes—but Duncan did it. In a comparatively brief space of time he acquired enough filthy lucre by the sweat of his brow to buy up an option on an oil claim, buy an automobile, hire men and erect a derrick at the prospective well.

It is curious how hard the hero's head usually is. In an attempt to rescue a paper, Bill Duncan gets walloped over the head with a heavy Colt .45 revolver, which lays him out for about ten seconds! A moment thereafter he receives a second blow on the head with a clubbed rifle with a full swing, that was enough to brain an elephant and muss up the landscape generally. But inside of ten minutes he is fighting like a wildcat!

And to top it off he struck a well of refined oil! That is to say, it was gasoline, water, or something equally colorless. Personally, all the crude oil I ever saw was dirty—black! But his was clear and sparkling like spring water—and he got five millions for it!

HAROLD H. HARRISS, Berkeley, Calif.

THE BRIGHT DAGGER

IN "The Bright Shawl," after *La Caval* was stabbed, the dagger did not show a sign of blood. Was she made of sawdust? That is the only mistake I saw, and I can truthfully say, that I hope it is the only one!

H. F. O., Monrovia, Calif.

HER TEMPERATURE WENT DOWN

IN "Mary of the Movies" the star is sick in bed and the doctor puts a thermometer into her mouth. In the next flash she is speaking. How come? Did she swallow the thermometer?

ROBERT CLIFFORD, Jamaica, L. I.

PUTTING ON THE STEAM

WHY go against custom and the best interest of a progressive city and bring a steam engine into Grand Central station just to make "The Dangerous Age"? Didn't the director know that the New York Central Railroad never uses steam engines south of the town of Harmon, which is thirty-three miles up the Hudson river? To this point from New York the road is electrified and therefore uses electric engines. This mistake is magnified further when he has Lewis Stone racing in his car to overtake the train at Harmon, which is still being pulled by the steam engine.

SOPHRONIA J. TIMUS, New York City.

BETTER THAN BURBANK

I WENT to see "My American Wife" yesterday afternoon. It was a very good picture, except for one mistake that I noticed.

After Antonio Moreno had been wounded in a duel and was staying at his country home, some small Spanish boys brought him a bouquet of flowers which he gave to Gloria Swanson. It showed a close-up of the flowers and they are plainly daisies. But, later, when another close-up is shown, they are asters.

I. G., Kokomo, Ind.

THE PARTING OF THE WAVES

IN "Youth to Youth," Billie Dove and her guardian are discussing an important subject in one scene and her hair is parted on the left side. The very next scene it is parted on the right side though they are still talking as in the former scene. Why—and how—the sudden change of coiffure?

S. P. R., Syracuse, N. Y.

A BULLET AND A RING

IN "One Exciting Night," two shots are fired, one entering a man's body and the other going into the wood of the mantelpiece. When this evidence is dug out with a penknife, the whole bullet—brass head and lead—is there. I know a little about about firearms and such a feat is impossible. Also in "Anna Ascends," Alice Brady is supposed to be an unmarried immigrant girl, yet in several parts she wears a solitaire and a diamond wedding ring.

B. M., Atlanta, Ga.

TIME FOR A MARCEL

IN "Quicksands," a villain pulled off *Marian's* (Helen Chadwick) wig, revealing her hair almost straight. A few hours later, while locked in a room upstairs, her hair was as beautifully curled as though she had just stepped out of a beauty parlor. I wonder if the villains furnished her with a curling iron and mirror.

In the same picture, when the captain reported the time in Washington as being ten o'clock, the clock on the wall said five-thirty.

MABEL MCMURPHY, Sioux City, Iowa.

DOUG—THE ELOQUENT

IN "A Man of Action," Douglas MacLean has no trouble convincing anybody he is the *Chicago Kid* when he talks, as his English is very poor. However, when the men come in to deliver the diamonds, he talks so perfectly that they believe him to be *Bruce*, the man they are looking for. How come?

PEARL GROSSMAN, New York City.

WAY AHEAD

IN "Java Head," which was a story of 1840, when candles were used, the *Anmidon* family were seen dining.

As the meal progresses the maid is seen serving coffee from an electric percolator.

How come, when electricity was not used?

H. L. M., Aberdeen, Wash.

LIKELY BUT UNCONVENTIONAL

DON'T you think that in "Down to the Sea in Ships" it was extremely unlikely for a Quaker girl of long ago to go out to meet her lover in her nightgown? It would be odd even for a girl of this free and easy age.

H. LANE, New York City.

CALLING THE TURN

I HAVE been an actress for over ten years. In that time I have appeared in many companies, both Shakespearean and otherwise, and yet I have never heard back stage "second call for the curtain" as was put in the screen play, called "Success." The director evidently thought it was a Pullman dining car. Brandon Tynan, who appeared in the production, never saw that title, I'll bet. He must know the call boy always says "half hours," "fifteen minutes," then "overture."

MONA MORGAN.

Do You Believe in Luck?

Thousands waste the best years of their life waiting for some "stroke of luck" to make them successful. Two men starting exactly alike as babies with the same kind of attention—then as boys with the same advantages of education—then as young men feeling around for a start in life—and then after the final test as men, one is a failure, the other a big success. Is it luck? No indeed.

At the Age of 2



He believes in Luck He in Himself

At the Age of 20



He still believes in Luck —and He in Himself

At the Age of 30



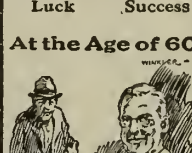
Beginning to doubt His Luck Sure of Himself

At the Age of 40



Out of Luck A Bit Success

At the Age of 60



Down and Out Well Provided

Luck vs. Self

The one who succeeded believed in himself. He grabbed his opportunities as he saw them and made good because he was prepared. He planned his progress step by step and fitted himself with special training for the line of work he wanted to follow and liked the best. The other fellow—the failure—blinded by his unreasoning belief in luck that never came, could only say: "That man sure was born lucky."

There Is No Luck

Luck is exactly what you make it. There is an old saying—"Those who have—get." The more you go after and get for yourself instead of waiting for "luck" to come, the more good fortune is forced on you. Those who are patiently waiting for something good to turn up are invariably disappointed in life—those who know that they can make their own good fortune always find plenty of it waiting.

Stop Idle Dreaming

Take action and make your dreams come true. Make up your mind to be a success in that line of work or profession you like best—get the special training that will fit you. Do this and you will make your own good luck. But remember, the big thing is to be prepared—to have the special training that will enable you to make use of the many opportunities that will surely come your way just as soon as you have unbounded faith in yourself. Now take the first and really most important step in making your own good luck by sending in the coupon. This puts you under no obligation and no agents will bother you.

American School

Drexel Ave. & 58th St. Chicago Dept. G71 © A.S. 1923

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Send me full information on how I can best succeed in..... (Write in here what line of work or profession you like best)

This request is to put me under no obligation and no agents are to bother me.

Name

Address.....

(Use margin of this magazine if you need more space to write)

DO YOU SEE YOURSELF AS OTHERS SEE YOU?



A NEW SCIENTIFIC, PAINLESS METHOD OF CORRECTING ILL-SHAPED NOSES AT HOME

TIME ADVANCES—as does science succeed in perfecting each invention. My 15 years of experience in manufacturing and setting Nose Shapers have proven to me that I can now offer to the unfortunate possessors of ill-shaped noses the most meritorious Nose Adjuster of the age. My latest improved Model No. 25 (U. S. and many foreign patents) has so many superior qualities that it surpasses all my previous shapers and other Nose Adjusters by a large margin.

In the first place, my newest appliance is better fitting; the adjustments are such that it will fit every nose without exception—my apparatus is constructed of light weight metal, and is afforded very accurate regulation by means of six hexagonal screws, which are regulated with a key and the screws are then locked in the desired position. These screws will bring about the exact pressure for correcting the various nasal deformities—such as: long—pointed nose—pug—hook

or shrew nose—and turned up nose—and will give marked success in modulating the distended or wide nostrils. There are no straps to be pulled in order to exert pressure on the nasal organ.

Model No. 25 is upholstered inside with a very fine chamois (covering a layer of thin metal) which protects the nose from direct contact with the apparatus; this lining of metal causes an even, moderate pressure on the parts being corrected, thus avoiding a harsh, violent pressure in any one place.

Model No. 25 is guaranteed, and corrects *now* all ill-shaped noses *without operation*, quickly, safely, comfortably and permanently. It is to be worn at night and, therefore, will not interfere with your daily work.

If you wish to have a perfect looking nose, write today for my free booklet which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost, if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1940 Ackerman Bldg., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

Two Older Stars

Tampa, Florida.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Will you do so many fans either throw bouquets or brickbats to the young stars? I think Lewis Stone is a superb actor, also Lionel Barrymore, the Beery brothers and men of their age—one really appreciates their acting, they are thorough and seem to live their parts—even as the younger ones.

MAE N. BACHMAN.

From An Old and Constant Reader

Saskatoon, Sask., Canada.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

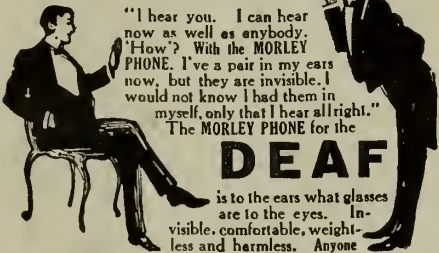
Dear Sir: Will you give an old and constant reader of PHOTOPLAY a little space in the Fan's Department?

Why don't you give us more in your magazine about Lillian Gish, the greatest of them all? Each month I look for an interview with her, something about her work, or some new studies. And I am nearly always disappointed. Surely, one who has done so much for the screen as Miss Gish deserves more attention than you give her. I must say you give us a good deal about her sister, Dorothy, which is just as it should be. Let's have more of these two charming girls as well as Leatrice Joy, Jacqueline Logan, Mae Busch, Ramon Novarro, Barbara La Marr and Valentino, and less of Pola Negri, Charles de Roche, Pauline Garon, Milton Sills and Wanda Hawley.

And when you are making your nominations for stardom in that excellent new department of yours, don't forget to include Mae Busch, Jacqueline Logan and Ramon Novarro. I like the Shadow Stage the best of any of your departments. You don't know how much time and money it has saved me. While handing out bouquets, I mustn't forget to thank you for putting an art supplement in the middle of PHOTOPLAY. It improves it immensely.

R. E. S.

"Don't Shout"



"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' With the MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in myself, only that I hear all right." The MORLEY PHONE for the

DEAF

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone

can adjust it. Over 100,000 sold. Write for booklet and testimonials THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 789, 26 S. 15th St. Phila.

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Play Jazz Right Away

Weights over 3 lbs. Beautiful, clear, ringing tones and delightful harmony. Supply Limited



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Overcomes WEAKNESS and ORGANIC AILMENTS of WOMEN and MEN. Develops erect, graceful figure. Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

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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, curvature, nervousness, ruptures, constipation, after effects of Flu. Comfortable and easy to wear.

Keep Yourself Fit

Write today for illustrated booklet, measurement blank, etc., and read our very liberal proposition.



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A Pleasing Outburst

Brooklyn, New York.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Usually I am in thorough accord with everything that is published in your magazine—news, gossip, interviews, etc.—everything. PHOTOPLAY to me always has been and is now the finest motion picture magazine on the market. But, for once, I must take exception to a news note which appeared in last month's issue (Cal York's department) in regard to Glenn Hunter.

Why should you infer that Mr. Hunter has a "swelled head" just because he is living at the Hotel des Artistes? Why even intimate it? Don't you think it reasonable that a young man, who, over night, has become a stage idol because of his own ability, and because of said ability has maintained a tremendous popularity, should be able to live at the Hotel des Artistes? I am quite sure the signing of his Famous Players contract had nothing to do with his residence there, and, even if it had, does it necessarily mean he has a "swelled head"?

You'll wonder, I suppose, about my interest. Yes, I know Mr. Hunter, but it is merely a passing acquaintance. Just the same, I gleaned from meeting him once that he will never reach the stage where success will make him "upish" or "swell-headed," as you term it. I met Mr. Hunter for the second time while he was in his sixth successful month of "Merton of the Movies" and he was just as democratic then as when I first met him some two years ago, and practically unknown.

TESSE MICHAELS.

"Spring, Youth, and Morning"

W. Philadelphia, Penna.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Here is a bouquet for "Where the Pavement Ends." Whether it satisfies the critic as an unusually good picture I neither know nor care. It gave me the most restful feeling I have had for some time. Such a change from housework, high prices and political propaganda! I think it an extraordinarily beautiful picture, poetic and full of charm. Scenery and people—the two principals, harmonize. Ramon Novarro not only has a beautiful profile but he has grace and he can act. To me he carried something of the atmosphere of old Greece, one was reminded of Endymion, or some other Greek peasant boy—"a metaphor of spring, and youth and morning." Others who saw this picture were equally delighted. Alice Terry is so lovely to look at one has not the heart to criticize her acting. Harry Morey is wonderfully good—but he cannot transport us to another and more restful world.

WANDA.

Our Own Perfect Lover

Louisville, Ky.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I have been wanting to write you for a long time and, since seeing Richard Barthelmess in "The Bright Shawl," I refrain no longer. I am indeed glad to see Mr. Barthelmess leaving the bare-foot country boy stories; he, of course, played them well, but he is capable of far greater rôles. The screen is suffering the loss of a perfect lover now since we no longer have Valentino, Eugene O'Brien and our beloved Wallace Reid. Mr. Barthelmess is one of the few men in the world who can depict love by every gesture of the hands, every move of the body, every expression of the mouth, eyes and brows, as is shown in the few tender love scenes in "The Bright Shawl." We forgive you, Dick, for the fencing scene—of course you had to have a little fighting—but you are far more charming in the rôle of a lover than always fighting. How wonderful to have our own American boy "the perfect lover" of the screen. Here's hoping he will have more rôles of this kind to portray.

B. B.

Consistently Thomas

Cingsion-on-Thames, London.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: As an ardent admirer of Tommy Meighan I feel I must answer those questions in "Close-Ups and Long Shots" in a recent issue.

Could true admirers of Tommy be other than consistent? Because he is neither the type nor the nature to attract people who would write a sloppy, mushy letter. His is rather a following of sensible, business-like people who prefer a true man to one who can merely make love. Although for love scenes, could any beat Tommy's? I think one of the finest endings was the one in "A Prince There Was." His expression as he held the child on the pony beat all the kissing scenes that usually mark the end of a picture.

As to why he is rated as the most consistent male attraction, I can only think there must be a considerable number of people who really can enjoy the performance of a thorough, genuine man, who, "If his face is any guide to his character," is a perfect gentleman in every sense of the word. I guess his salary and popularity are just tribute to his hard, untiring and conscientious work and his earnest endeavor always to give us of his best, whatever the story.

As to why he has progressed: I should say it was because he has always made the most of whatever he had been doing, always looked to the future, doing his best for employers and public and living a life that many of his profession might take a lesson from with great advantage to themselves.

B. DUNBAR.

Why Good Dancers Are Popular

Good dancers are invited to every social affair because dancing is the most popular form of recreation, and those who can dance all the newest dances and latest steps are always welcome.

Arthur Murray has perfected a method through which you can learn to dance, in the privacy of your own home, any of the latest steps in a few minutes—and all of the latest dances in a short time. Instructions are so simple that even a child can quickly master them without assistance, and an entire family can learn from the one set of instructions. In one evening you can master the steps of any single dance. Partner or music are unnecessary. After learning you can dance with the most perfect dancer and not make a single mistake.



Posed by Ann Forest, famous movie star, and Arthur Murray, America's foremost dancing instructor.

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These five free lessons are yours to keep—you need not return them. They are merely to prove that you can learn to dance without music or partner in your own home.

Write for the five lessons today—they are free. Just enclose 25c (stamps or coin) to pay cost of postage, printing, etc., and the free lessons will be promptly mailed to you. These five free lessons are

- (1) The Secret of Leading, (2) How to Follow Successfully, (3) How to Gain Confidence, (4) A Fascinating Fox Trot Step, (5) A Lesson in Waltzing. Don't hesitate. You do not place yourself under any obligation by sending for the free lessons. Write today—

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To prove that I can learn to dance at home in one evening you may send the FIVE FREE LESSONS. I enclose 25c (stamps or coin) to pay for the postage, printing, etc.

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Address.....
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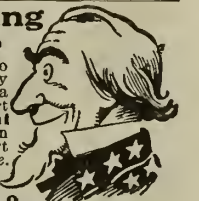
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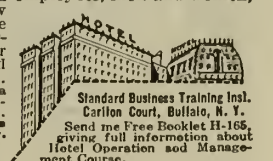
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Fine Position, Little Experience
One student, a clerk in a small hotel, was dissatisfied with salary and opportunities. Now he is chief room clerk in a big hotel, earns a much larger salary and his opportunities for advancement are very bright. He writes:

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NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

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and play any tune you can remember, by ear—without notes. Original method, wonderful, easy. No do-re-mi—no scales—just a few simple rules, a little practice—results are amazing. Letters from hundreds of enthusiastic pupils and interesting book SENT FREE. No other course like it—fully protected by copyright. Simply write your name, address. State if you have ever taken piano lessons.
Ronald G. Wright, Director,
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She did not have to go to the trouble of diet, exercise or unpleasant greases and salves. She found a better way, which aids the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone and sinew instead of fat.

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Thousands have found that the **Marmola Prescription Tablets** give complete relief from obesity. And when the accumulation of fat is checked, reduction to normal, healthy weight soon follows.

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FRIENDLY ADVICE

From
Carolyn Van Wyck

"WHAT color suits me?" It is a question that I read in many a letter. "What style of dress should I wear?" is the question that usually follows directly after it.

As a general thing these two questions may be answered in groups. Dark girls may wear the warmer colors—blondes can afford to affect the tints that hold the magic of moonlight and spring blossoms. Girls with the vivid red of health in their cheeks may dare any drab shade—and look charming. But women with muddy complexions must beware of the colors that are blended with yellow and green.

As to the style of dress. A tall girl, who wants to look less tall, may attain her desire by the judicious use of ruffled skirts and two-piece suits. A stout girl, on the other hand, must avoid frills—and rigidly follow the straight line. A woman who is inclined to be plump will look slender, almost, in a long, skillfully draped skirt. And a tall woman can afford to wear her skirt as short as even Paris dictates, if she is slim and has pretty ankles!

Any feminine person, with good taste, can judge which colors best suit her. By holding scraps of the color, of which she is in doubt, close to her face as she stands in front of her mirror. Many women make the mistake of wearing a color because it is fashionable—with never a thought to its becomingness. This should never be done—charm should never be sacrificed to style. If a current mode is not suited to a type—another style, picturesque enough to fit into any phase of fashion, should be adopted. And so on.

Of course many such questions cannot be answered in a group way. Some women combine the dark and fair colorings in an unusual manner. And some figures are quite contrary to the usual rule that governs the slim woman and her stouter sister. In the case of these special rules must be given—and a whole new system of color must be worked out.

M. K., FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

With dark brown eyes and dark brown hair that boasts a reddish tint, you should use powder in the shade naturelle, ashes of rose rouge, and a dark lip stick. You will look your best in all shades of brown, in black, midnight blue, lanvin, Nile or jade green, violet, gold, periwinkle and any of the pastel tints. Your weight is just about right, and I think, as you are quite small, you should wear simple, straight-line frocks, with the modishly long skirts.

ROSEMARY G., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

The blackheads will respond, in time, to treatment. Perhaps an occasional application of a good complexion clay, followed by an astringent cream, might help. If the soap that you are using is satisfactory, I should most certainly advise that you keep on with it.

A new evening dress—and you already have a white flowered georgette, and a pink silk one. Let me see, you have brown hair, a fair complexion and blue-green eyes. Why not a taffeta frock in green and silver, to be worn with silver slippers? Green is one of the winter's smartest colors, and I am sure that it would be very becoming to you. Made with a fairly full skirt, and a basque, sleeveless waist.

Any of the face creams advertised in this magazine are reliable. If the one you are using does not suit your particular type of skin I should most certainly advise a change, however. If I could write you a personal letter, and knew a trifle more about your complexion, I could give you more detailed help in the matter.

"DEKE," WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

If you are trying to reduce, and are overweight, you should wear dark shades rather than the light or vivid colors. But, because your complexion is muddy, you must be careful of the shades you choose. You should never wear taupe, tans, olive drab or the fashionable plum color. Black, dark brown, midnight blue and tweed mixtures will be much more becoming. Sweaters and skirts will make you seem heavier—in fact, any two-piece dress will. Flat heel shoes also make a woman appear more stout. One-piece dresses with long skirts and straight, simple lines will suit you far better.

TESSIE P., NEW YORK CITY.

You should weigh between one hundred and forty and one hundred and forty-five pounds, for you are quite tall. I cannot tell you whether or not you are overweight, for you have neglected to tell your present weight.

If you desire more slender ankles there are only two good ways that I know of by which they may be acquired—by exercise and the wearing of rubber reducing stockings. The stockings may be purchased in a first-class drug store—Dr. Jeanne Walker's are sure to be good. The exercise that I recommend is a simple one—simply standing straight, in gym shoes or the stockinged feet, and rising to the tip toes. Do this twenty-five times, night and morning.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 24]

Let Carolyn Van Wyck be your confidante
She will also be your friend

CAROLYN VAN WYCK is a society matron, well known in New York's smartest and most exclusive inner circle. She is still young enough fully to appreciate the problems of the girl—she is experienced enough to give sound advice to those in need of it; be they flappers, business women, or wives and mothers. She invites your confidences—she will respect them—on any subject. Clothes, charm and beauty, love, marriage, the dreams and hopes that come to every one, the heartbreaks and the victories—who has not wished to talk them over with some woman who would be tolerant and just, sympathetic and filled with human understanding? Here is the opportunity to do so.

—The Editor

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 FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES,** 383 Madison Avenue, New York City.
 Richard Barthelme Productions, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
 Edwin Carewe Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 619 Pacific Finance Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.
 Thomas H. Ince Productions, Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.
 John M. Stahl Productions, Mayer Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.
 Norma and Constance Talmadge Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
 Maurice Tourneur Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
 Laurence Trimble-Jane Murfin Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 6 West 48th Street, New York City.
 Louis Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.
 Richard Walton Tully Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
- EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORPORATION,** 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
 Christie Comedies, Christie Film Co., Inc., Sunset at Gover St., Los Angeles, Calif.
 Hamilton Comedies, Lloyd Hamilton Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
 Mermaid Comedies, Jack White Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
- FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION (PARAMOUNT),** 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
 (s) Paramount, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.
 (s) Lasky, Hollywood, Calif.
 British Paramount, (s) Poole St., Islington, N. London, England.
 Wm. S. Hart Productions, (s) 1215 Bates Street, Hollywood, Calif.
- FOX FILM CORPORATION,** (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City. (s) 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. (s) Rome, Italy.
- GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION,** 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; (s) Culver City, Calif. Marshall Nellan, King Vidor Productions and Hugo Ballin Productions.
 International Films, Inc. (Cosmopolitan Productions), 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (s) Second Avenue and 127th St., New York City.
- W. W. HODKINSON CORPORATION,** 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
- MASTODON FILMS, INC.,** C. C. Burr, 135 West 44th Street, New York City; (s) Glendale, Long Island.
- METRO PICTURES CORPORATION,** 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) Romaine and Caluenga Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
 Tiffany Productions, 1540 Broadway, New York City.
 Buster Keaton Productions, Keaton Studio, 1205 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Calif.
 Jackie Coogan, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
 Allen Holubar Productions, 1540 Broadway, New York City.
- PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION,** Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif., Producing at Thos. H. Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.
- PATHE EXCHANGE,** Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th Street, New York City; (Associated Exhibitors). Charles Ray Productions, 1428 Fleming Street, Los Angeles, Calif.
 Hal E. Roach Studios, Inc., Culver City, Calif.
 Ruth Roland Serials, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
 Mack Sennett Comedy Productions, Los Angeles, Calif.
- PREFERRED PICTURES,** 1650 Broadway, New York City; (s) Mayer-Schuberg Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif. Tom Forman, Victor Schertzinger and Louis J. Gasnier Productions.
- PRINCIPAL PICTURES CORPORATION,** 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
- R-C PICTURES CORPORATION,** 723 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (s) Corner Gower and Melrose Streets, Hollywood, Calif.
- ROTHACKER FILM MFG. COMPANY,** 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Illinois; Rothacker-Aller Laboratories, Inc., Hollywood, Calif.
- UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION,** 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
 George Arliss Productions, Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Avenue, New York City.
 Rex Beach Productions, United Artists Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
 Charlie Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
 D. W. Griffith Studios, Orlenta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
 Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford Studio, Hollywood, Calif.
 Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Calif.
- UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. COMPANY,** 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Universal City, Calif.
 Century Comedies, Circle Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
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 Whitman Bennett Productions, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, New York.
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 Take a tip that old Santa Claus knows—
 If your friends you esteem,
 Make their thankfulness beam
 From now until next winter's snows.

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Write now—TODAY—to the
ASTA STUDIO, 309 Fifth Ave., Dept. PH. New York

Friendly Advice

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22]

"TESS," BALTIMORE, MD.

No, I would not call you thin, but I might term you "slim." One hundred and eight pounds is indeed a small weight—but you are a small girl.

With dark brown hair and eyes, and a fair complexion, I should suggest the same combination in rouge, lipstick and powder that I have suggested to M. K., of Forth Worth, Texas. Powder in the naturelle shade (unless your skin is very pink and white—in that case use flesh), ashes of rose rouge and a dark lipstick.

A dark lipstick is almost always more satisfactory than a light one—unless the user is a decided blond.

You will look well in the pastel tints, in browns, greens and in dark or French blue. Orchid, rose, red, flame and tangerine will also be becoming. And the tweeds, so popular just now for sports, will be charming with your eyes and hair.

B. K., DUBUQUE, IOWA.

If you have pimples, occasionally, they may come from some internal disorder. Do you keep your system unclogged and healthy? Many facial disorders come from inside, and cannot be treated in the usual manner. You are right in not eating too much meat. I should suggest that you do not eat many fried foods, and that you have plenty of green vegetables and fruit. Also the coarser breads and cereals. Lettuce, spinach, greens, beet tops, celery and uncooked cabbage, grape fruit, oranges, apples and other fruits when in season, as well as stewed prunes, figs and apricots.

And bran breads and cereals. The enlarged pores may be treated differently—from the outside. A good facial soap, used regularly, occasional applications of complexion clay and an astringent cream will work miracles.

LIANE OF DALLAS, TEXAS.

I do not think that your nose is ugly—in fact I think that it shows more character than many of the more perfect features. In fact, in your small photographs, I see a resemblance to the lovely Pola Negri—a slight resemblance, but one that is worth cultivating. Has anyone ever mentioned this before?

Of course there are operations that may be successfully performed upon the nose. And there are appliances that may be worn—and which we recommend by our advertising. But I would, personally, think twice before undergoing an operation upon a feature that is nearly satisfactory.

If your mind is made up, I should suggest that you consult a physician—your family physician, if you have one—in regard to price and other details.

M. C., ROCKY RIVER, OHIO.

Your type is not unusual, but it is charming. Tall and slim, with light brown hair and dark brown eyes. I have no doubt that you are every bit as attractive as your older sisters—it is probably your pride in them, and your lack of pride in yourself, that makes you feel different.

The little dress that you have sketched on a page of your letter is both pretty and picturesque—the most important points in a dress, according to the lovely Alice Terry. I think that the style, with its tight waist and wide lace collar, will be most becoming. Made in deep, rich brown crepe satin, the favored fabric and color of the winter, with ecru lace collar and cuffs, and with a tiny knot of hand-made ribbon flowers, in shades ranging from yellow to orange and gold, at the waist—it will be adorable. And you will be sweet in it! Brown satin slippers (or kid and suede ones) and brown chiffon hose will add to the tout ensemble.

Reduce Your Bust during the Day

No longer need you have a large bust. You can easily make your figureslim, beautiful and attractive. Put on an Annette Bust Reducer when you get up in the morning. Before retiring you will be amazed at the remarkable change. You can actually measure the difference. No pain—no rubbing or massage. Used by society women and actresses everywhere.

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Free with every Vanity we give absolutely free coin and card pur designed to match the lining.

Send No Money Keep your money right at home; just send your name and address and your Vanity will come by return mail. When it arrives, pay postman \$4.82 plus a few pennies postage. You do not risk a single penny as our Sincere Written Guarantee to refund all your money if you are not fully satisfied, is attached to every Vanity Case. Send today.

E. FICHTELBERG CO., Dept. 739
19 W. Jackson Blvd. Chicago, Illinois

ZOE, OMAHA, NEB.

An oily scalp is certainly a trial, and should be treated carefully as it affects the beauty and the strength of the hair. If your scalp will not respond to a tonic for oily hair—and there are a number of good ones—I think that you had better get the advice of an expert in hair culture. If I had your name and address I would indeed be very glad to send you the names and addresses of some specialists that I can safely recommend.

BUNNY C., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The freckles probably will not bother you when the winter comes. But, with the approach of spring, I think that you should use the best freckle cream obtainable. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE mentions, in its advertising columns, some of the best of the many freckle treatments. Stillman's freckle cream, which you ask about, is very reliable.

A milk diet, baths that are not too warm or too enervating, and no late hours—they represent the easiest way to gain weight. Several quarts of milk and one-half pint of cream daily, will work wonders. With short black hair, and black eyes, you will look your best in the warmer colors—reds, browns, henna-rose, pink, yellow, gold and flame. But dark blue will also look well on you, and so will grey. Vivid dresses, made with full, not-too-short skirts, and large hats, will suit you. The hats in shades of color that are lighter than the frocks you wear them with. A tan hat, for instance, with a brown dress; a grey hat with a dark blue one. And so on. A dark hat, against your black hair, does not make enough of a contrast. Never wear very small hats or turbans. A small hat will make your face seem even thinner than it is.

D. LE ROCQUE, NEW YORK CITY.

If the collar bone, over both of your shoulders, is prominent, it is probably due to the fact that you are too thin. The bone formation, I have no doubt, is all that it should be. Many young girls and women have prominent neck and collar bones, and the prominence is greatly lessened by massage—electric is best—and the regular application of a tissue-building cream.

You should be proud to have some—even a tint bit—of the blood of the American Indian in your veins. The race is no longer supreme but it is still great in legend and tradition. Many of our best families are glad that they can trace their lineage back to the ones who first owned this splendid country of ours.

VENIDA, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

I think that, if you are not happy with your husband, you should have a real out-and-out talk with him. That you should try, between you, to arrive at some conclusion. I think—if I may speak frankly—that you have been a very silly and a very selfish little girl. In the first place, you should not have married if you felt that you were not ready to sacrifice certain good times. If you were not ready for the dear responsibilities of being a wife, you were being unkind to the man who loved you in taking them on.

As I understand your letter, you want to go back to the gayety and the parties—to the admiration of several boys. Sacrificing the love of a husband and a little home of your own for these things. Are you sure, my dear, deep down in your soul, that you really would give up your husband—if the test came? Are you sure that you are not making difficulties?

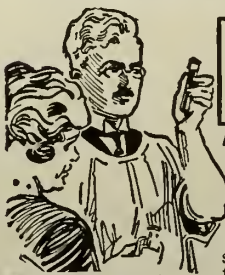
I have always felt that it is wrong to live with a man one does not love. But I cannot help thinking that you *do* love your husband! Maybe you are nervous—tired and overwrought—with the new cares and responsibilities. Why not go away on a little vacation by yourself. To visit your people, perhaps, or some close friend? I am sure that you will want to go home—to your own home, and your own husband—when the vacation is over.

At any rate, it is only fair that you talk matters over with the man who loves you.

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BANISHED!



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Superfluous fat over-burdens the heart and affects the lungs, kidneys, stomach and all other organs. Stout men and women are the easiest victims of pneumonia. Trivial maladies, such as ptomaine poisoning or bronchial infections, bring sudden and unexpected death to stout people where such a thing is unheard of when slender people are similarly affected. Realizing that obesity is a serious factor in shortening human life, Dr. R. Lincoln Graham, famous stomach specialist of New York, has devoted his life to finding a method for reducing obesity naturally without injury to the

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NO DANGER GUARANTEED HARMLESS

health of the patient in any way. Finally, after countless experiments in the laboratories of Europe and America, he developed and perfected his prescription known as NEUTROIDS.

No Creams—No Baths—No Diet—No Exercise

The fat in your body is caused by a simple chemical process. Yeast cells in the stomach combine with the starch and sugar of your food, causing fatty tissues instead of healthy lean muscle. Neutroids counter-act the action of these yeast cells and immediately overcome the formation of fat at its very source. Neutroids then aid nature in dissolving fatty tissue accumulated over a long period. Dr. Graham has prescribed Neutroids for thousands of people suffering from overweight who have visited his sanitarium. He personally guarantees that his prescription will give satisfactory results and that it contains no thyroid extract or habit forming drugs and can be taken with safety by all.

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Lost 5 pounds in one week
"In the first week's treatment of Neutroids I lost five pounds, lost my craving for food, feel lighter and more active."—Mrs. Madeline Gunther, New York City.

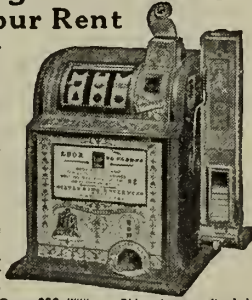
Lost 16 pounds in two weeks
"I lost sixteen pounds on the first two weeks' treatment and feel fine. I want to lose twenty-four pounds more."—L. G. Miller, Thermopolis, Wyo.

DR. R. LINCOLN GRAHAM, care of The Graham Sanitarium, Inc., 123 East 89th St., Dept. 712, New York City.—Send me two weeks' treatment of Neutroids which entitles me to free professional mail consulting service and free booklet on Obesity. I will pay postman \$2 (plus 15c postage) on arrival in plain package. Money to be refunded if not satisfied.

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Address.....Weight.....

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A girl's skin can be a constant humiliation to her—or it can be one of the loveliest things about her, so fresh and sweet that no one can see it and not admire it.

If you want to be attractive to other people—begin with your skin! Overcome its defects—learn to care for it in the way that will keep

it flawlessly clear and smooth, with a fresh, natural color. The satisfaction you will feel in having a beautiful complexion will more than repay you for the few minutes of regular care that you spend on it every day.

Your skin can be as lovely as any woman's —if you give it the right care

DON'T be a fatalist about your skin!

Don't say to yourself that you have a naturally poor complexion, just as some women have a naturally good complexion.

A poor complexion is never natural to anyone.

If there is something about your skin that keeps it from being attractive—if it is pale and sallow, or excessively oily, or disfigured with blackheads—with blemishes—then you can be sure that you are not giving your skin the right kind of care.

Begin now to overcome this condition! You *can* make your skin what you will, for each day it is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. Give this *new skin* the special treatment it should

have, and see how smooth and lovely you can keep it—how quickly the defects in it will disappear.

Use the following treatment to free your skin from blemishes—

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.

Special treatments for all the commoner skin troubles are given in the booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*" which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and begin to-night the right treatment for *your* skin! Within a week or ten days you will see a marked improvement.

A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular use, including any of the special treatments. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use. You can also get Woodbury's in convenient 3-cake boxes.

Three Woodbury skin preparations
—guest size—for 10 cents

Send 10 cents today for a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*."

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New Pictures

IT IS whispered that Charles Ray has almost decided to desert the screen—that he is planning to go on the stage in “The Girl I Loved.” Well, it should make a fine play! But we can’t help hoping that his success as *John Alden*, in “The Courtship of Miles Standish” will make him change his mind



Ball

DAGMAR GODOWSKY. In other words, Mrs. Frank Mayo. By her embroidered satin mandarin coat, and her lightly fingered Chinese lute, and her far-off expression, shall ye know that she is musing over a love song of the orient

PHOTOPLAY

December, 1923

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

A CHRONIC title reader in Nashville, Tenn., was murdered by a woman who happened to sit in front of her in a motion picture theater. Her objection being answered only by the continued loud reading of the offender, the impatient one in front reached around and swung a razor deftly across her enemy's jugular vein. On the way to the hospital, where she died within an hour after the argument, the unfortunate murmured to the ambulance surgeon, "Well, that certainly will be a lesson to me."

CECIL B. DEMILLE has carved for himself out of lights and shadows a monument far more enduring than granite or marble. "The Ten Commandments," which will be released soon, is appalling in its scope and a tremendous human achievement in its execution. Every theater in which it appears will be a temple and every screen a pulpit, not pouring a message of words into heedless ears, but burning with white light into the very souls of men and women and children the great lessons of God's infinite love, of the brotherhood of man, of peace on earth among men, and the futility of strife and hate. Wouldn't it be strange if, despised and censored and reviled for years, the motion picture should come to be recognized as the greatest interpreter of the Mosaic Law since the ancient prophet revealed the Tablets of Stone to the children of Israel?

MR. CHAPLIN'S serious effort at direction, "A Woman of Paris," met with universal acclaim on the part of the critics because of its qualities of simplicity and treatment, and deservedly so. Yet to my mind it does not surpass some of the handling of his own comedies. There is no standardized efforts at what is called "registering" emotions. His actors behave like normal humans. They do not make exaggerated grimaces to depict their feelings. One of the common faults of the novice in writing is to underline words to emphasize them and to smear on adjectives in a desperate effort to convey meaning. It is also a common mistake of most of our screen directors. Chaplin taught them a lesson. The story is nothing extraordinary. The direction was superb. We doubt that the picture will achieve great popularity because of the theme, but the screen owes a new debt of gratitude to Mr. Chaplin.

NORMA TALMADGE fell down in a scene so badly the other day that she cost her company six thousand dollars. She acted all right but she couldn't blow soap bubbles required by the scenario writer in "Dust of Desire." It looked as though Norma's childhood education had been neglected until everyone else on the set tried the bubble pipe and failed. In fact the entire expensive cast spent the entire expensive morning blowing bubbles while Joseph Schenck, the producer, calmly watched his money roll away. Finally some one brought forward the right kind of suds and pipe and Norma bubbled

beautifully. Anyhow it gave Harry Brand, the press agent, a chance to use his figurative imagination. Harry says the bubbles that appear in the picture cost one thousand dollars apiece, the most expensive bubbles ever used in any screen production!

MARSHALL NEILAN, I have a bone to pick with you. Knowing you well, appreciating your wonderful brain, your inherent artistry, your resourcefulness, your intimate knowledge of everything connected with the making of motion pictures, I am disappointed in your latest picture, "The Eternal Three." Why must you let your sense of humor eject itself at the most inopportune times and spoil an otherwise delightful piece of work? You are selling emotions and if those emotions have any value why did you poke a cheap snicker into some of the fine emotional episodes in that picture? With Mary Pickford, you made "Stella Maris," a great screen classic. No director of motion pictures has more God-given ability than you have. There is not a more lovable human being in all picture-dom. Yet I take a chance on forfeiting your highly prized friendship by telling you that you are permitting that sense of humor of yours to become a positive nuisance.

Mary Pickford, too, has a sense of humor but she does not permit it to make faces from behind her pictures as you do. You and she are one of the greatest combinations it is possible to find, and I am sure that you are going to help her make a splendid thing out of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

There, Mickey, that's off my mind.

MARY and Doug keep in training like a couple of athletes. They go to bed at nine-thirty and arise at six for a horse-back ride or a hike around their Beverly Hills estate. Every morning Doug weighs in on the scales, and keeps to the strictest diet. Nothing can divert Doug when the hour of bedtime arrives. One evening while entertaining a number of guests, including Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, Doug arose at nine-thirty, and, excusing himself, announced he was going to bed. A few evenings later the Lubitsches were guests at a party given by the Charles Rays. About nine-thirty, Charles disappeared from the drawing room to show some guests around the gardens. Noting his absence, Mrs. Lubitsch asked naively, "Has Mr. Ray gone to bed?"

Truly Hollywood is getting a terrible reputation.

MARY PICKFORD in the next issue of PHOTOPLAY says that the star who is to survive and to thrive must assume responsibility for the quality of his pictures. Mary's assertion is backed up by facts. The most successful and thriving stars of today are those who have been able to set high standards and keep to them. Unfortunately, the finest artists are not always endowed with the business [CONTINUED ON PAGE 133]



The lure of love, the hint of lost romances,
The perfume of pale lotus through the dark,
The mystery of slumberous, veiled glances,
The freedom of an uncaged meadow lark—

The murmur of a leashed emotion, sighing,
A wistful song, dim centuries away;
The call to chivalry, a call undying—
An altar flame where hungry souls must pray!

WHY MEN GO CRAZY ABOUT CORINNE GRIFFITH

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

ONE day Corinne Griffith came to Hollywood. Three weeks later every man in the place was in love with her. Quite a number of world-famous heartbreakers have settled down in our midst, one time and another. But that has never, never happened before.

Now that all the world knows Corinne is separated from her husband, there can be no harm in telling—that, in that time, she had almost broken up one of our most famous love affairs; that a young man whose engagement to a great beauty and star was practically conceded was openly at her feet; that a famous director and a well-known star had come to blows over a dance with her; that one of the greatest editors in the country had publicly insulted the president of a big film corporation by juggling the place cards at a luncheon so that he might sit next to Corinne instead of in the place of honor next to the president; that practically every film magnate was battling for her services on the silversheet; and that an electrician had become so enamoured of her charms that he dropped a large light from the wings upon the head of an unsuspecting scenario writer.

I knew that. Still, the fact remains that many a vamp on the screen is a complete flop as a temptress in private life, and that a girl may be successful with a certain coterie and not win a bet in another circle.

It didn't dawn upon me what had actually happened until the night of a certain big dance. When I say that everyone was there, you will know what I mean. In view of what I am about to relate, it isn't fair to mention names. There are enough divorces in Hollywood already.

My partner of the moment was a young, unmarried star, who is causing the ladies a good deal of concern. As soon as we were on the floor, he said: "I am perfectly crazy about Corinne Griffith."



Corinne Griffith's lovely hands are worthy of having madrigals written about them.



"May I call again?" asks Conway Tearle as he holds one of Corinne's beautiful hands in a scene from "Black Oxen," her newest picture

There was something familiar about it. I had a feeling that it was a well-known quotation, like "Yes, we have no bananas." Then I realized that I had danced some dozen times during the evening and every single man had said exactly that same thing. "I am nutty about this Corinne Griffith."

Now, that is even more startling when you realize that our men in Hollywood are a bit *blase* about women. The place is literally overrun with beautiful women and pretty girls. Besides, most of the men are pursued by women, for one reason or another. The actors by their feminine fans, the

directors and scenario writers by women who want to get in or up in pictures. It isn't what you'd call a nice, easy, warm audience for a woman. In fact, it's probably the hardest one ever gathered together in one place.

I made discreet inquiry and discovered three other ladies who had had similar confessions made to them repeatedly. We all glared at Corinne, sitting serene and lovely in a frock of coral and silver, with a big plumed fan waving gently. But when a hard-boiled young juvenile got me out in the corridor and burst into tears as he confided to me his hopeless passion for the fair Corinne, I said to myself: [CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]



What's Going to Happen to Jackie Coogan?

"Jackie was only four when I had him in 'The Kid,' " says Chaplin, "but what marvelous understanding, what delicacy of feeling!"

Chaplin, Ingram, Fairbanks and Mary Pickford discuss the wonder child and look into his future. Incidentally, Jackie's entire fortune, the hoardings of five years, has been swept away

By Herbert Howe

JACKIE'S busted. The veteran character actor of the screen, once known as the Millionaire Kid, totters on the verge of bankruptcy, a ruined man.

His entire fortune, the hoardings of a hard career, was swept away in a single hour.

It's the pathetic, world-old story of a get-rich-quick guy who suddenly turned spender.

I heard the tale from Jackie's own lips. Unquestionably aged, though bearing up well, he gave me the details of the grim disaster.

It's no easy thing for a man, after a life of toil, to face old age with a smile on his face, determined to build anew, but that's what Jackie does.

"It's all gone," said Jackie feebly. "Every berry."

They even threaten to attach his scooter and kiddie kar, he says.

But he's philosophical. He recognizes retribution. You can't be a Coal Oil Johnny without paying the price.



It's easy to see what will happen to Jackie if he dives into those rocks. He'll break his neck

Motion picture actors have the reputation of being notorious spenders, and Jackie's not behind anybody in notoriety.

This, in brief, is the way Jackie shot his wad.

"I had my first nickel until a few days ago," he said solemnly. "I was known as tight. Well, I guess they can't say that about me any more."

He heaved a sigh and a smile. "After all, I'm glad it's gone. Wealth is a burden."

As he admits, he had his first nickel. He was a hard-fisted old Silas Marner. He used to dump his bank on the floor and let the silver run through his hands. He would count it and recount it, chuckling with glee as he got a different addition every time.

People commenced talking. They always do. Particularly in Hollywood. They said: "Old Jackie is hoarding his dough in a sock in the cellar. Didcha ever see him pay a check? Didcha ever see him set up the crowd? I'll say you didn't!"

It got to the point where his own employees, his own business manager, even his own father, jeered at him.

Came the Dempsey - Firpo fight with Jackie winning ten cents on his old friend Dempsey.

Well, the gang framed him. They got him into the little restaurant across the street from the Metro studio — a crowd of them, including his own father, and they commenced to ride him. "Come across, old tightwad. Kick through," they said. "It's time for you to blow yourself. Buy the lunch or take the consequences."

Forced into a corner, but still fighting, Jackie finally agreed to flip a coin with his Dad to

Jackie seems to have recovered at least some of his lost fortune. Otherwise, whence came the ermine, the jeweled crown and sceptre he has in "Long Live The King"?



"My savings are all gone," says Jackie sadly. "Every berry. They framed me." However, he still has his scooter and kiddie kar

see who paid. He lost. His face blanched, but he pulled himself together and arose to the occasion, magnificent actor that he is.

"Boys, it's on me," he quavered. "Everybody eat!"

He not only invited his own crowd but everyone in the restaurant—seven people in all.

Now the gang knew exactly the amount of Jackie's fortune. They knew the vast sums he had been paid for thinking up gags. For every gag he ever thought up he's been paid all the way from ten cents to four bits. Some skulking hulk had seen him counting his money and knew that it amounted to exactly \$46.70.

Well, when the waitress presented the check for the luncheon it was for forty-seven dollars.

Jackie paled.

The gang laughed derisively. "Go on, get your jack. Dig into the old sock."

Jackie reeled out of the restaurant, tottered over to his dressing bungalow, unearthed his bank from its hiding place and returned.

He shook out the money and counted it. Counted it and recounted it. But it would only come to \$46.70.

His business manager, Arthur Bernstein, the whitest of the gang,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]





Myrtle Stedman and Her Son

MYRTLE STEDMAN'S son broke into the movies when he came to the studio, one day, to call for his mother. It just so happened that the director was looking for a fat boy to play a good-sized part and the son, whose name is Lincoln, was like a gift from the gods.

"What d'you want?" queried said director, and, in the next breath, "are you after a job?"

"No," answered Linc, sturdily, "I want my mother, and I'm still going to school!"

The director, being adamant, took the child to Mrs. Stedman, who

made him up, with her own pretty hands, for his first part. And he's been in pictures ever since. He's appeared with his mother in several productions—and once he had the audacity to play opposite her, in the rôle of a sweetheart!

Myrtle Stedman is slim and blonde enough to play a flapper—or even a baby vamp! But Lincoln only takes after his mother in so far as acting ability is concerned. He outweighs Firpo by fifty pounds, and keeps his waist measure a secret. His next appearance upon the groaning silver sheet will be in "Black Oxen," which stars Corinne Griffith.

Barbara La Marr's

Photographed for Photoplay by
Russell Ball

New Wardrobe



This speaks—but in a perfumed whisper—of the boulevard! A wrap of accordion-pleated, black georgette with narrow silk braid woven into the material. An inspiration of Renee, for the afternoon promenade. The collar is of the so smart monkey fur



This evening gown is constructed over transparent maline. The ashes of rose bodice is covered, but not concealed, by a drapery of brilliant cobalt blue satin—and the narrow sash, that accentuates the hip line, is of pale blue. A daring color scheme, but a charming one. By Callot

The Soul of Paris—of Daring, Mystery, and Love-



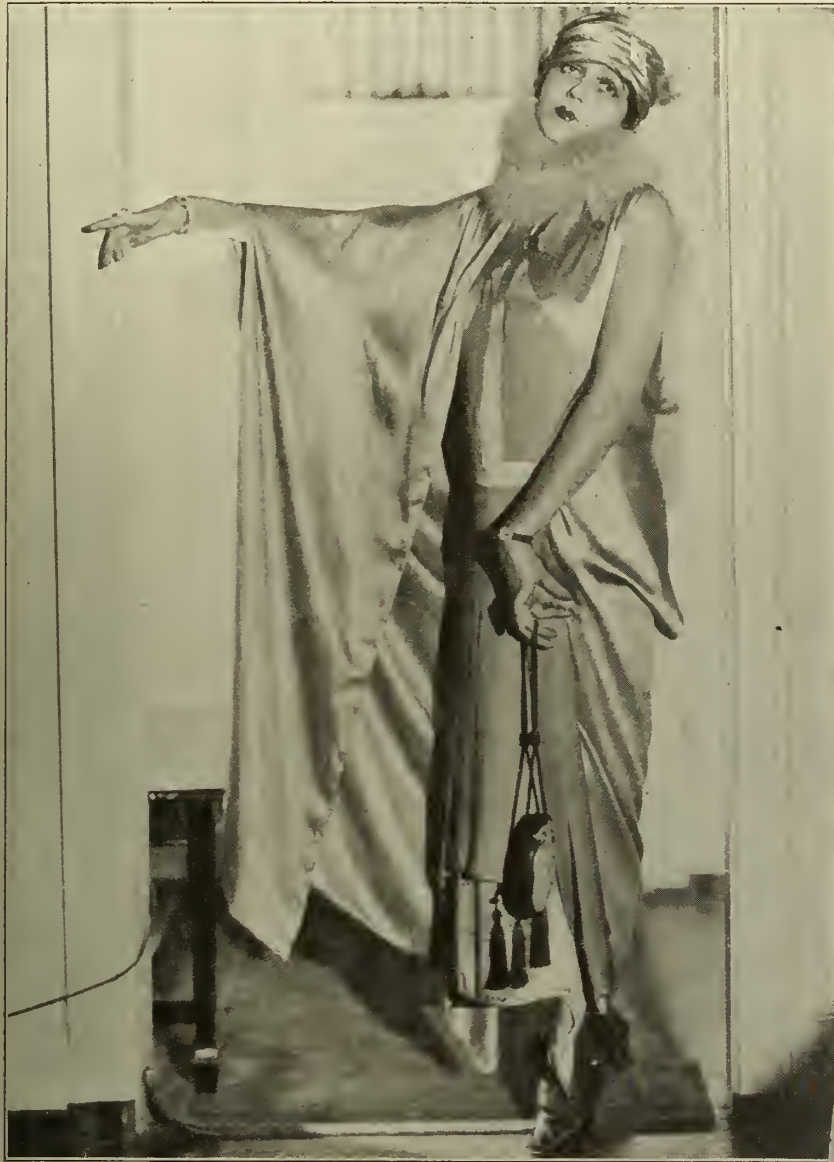
A Callot evening gown—black, spider-web lace over a tight-fitting, flesh-colored slip. The back is caught up with a heavy drapery of black silk fringe, and the figured turban—Barbara La Marr adores a turban!—is made gorgeous by two plumes of yellow Paradise

A traveling costume that follows the Russian influence! The bandings—in intense red—stand out, in relief, against the black velvet background. The collar, cuffs and border are of silver lynx. A wide black velvet hat with two red pins relieves any hint of the sombre

BARBARA LA MARR hurried over to Rome to beautify production of "The Eternal City." On the way back, she stopped off at that eternal city of the fashion world, Paris. And stayed just long enough to select some of the most unique and charming creations of the world-famous designers. Callot, Renee, and Frances—they vied with each other in earning for Barbara a new distinction—one of the best dressed women of the screen. From traveling costume to evening wrap they gowned her—cleverly fitting her for every hour of the day, or night. And the result—even Paris held its breath at the loveliness of Miss La Marr in her new clothes!



liness—is in Barbara La Marr's Every Costume



An afternoon tea gown, by Renee. In silver grey crepe-satin, it follows a line of straight and almost liquid beauty. The wrap is heavy purple satin, and so is the turban that depends, for trimming, upon a jeweled triangle. The scarf is of platinum fox



Black soutache braid traces an intriguing design across this traveling suit of heavy silk crepe. With it Miss La Marr wears a fox scarf, fastened snugly about the throat, and a small black velvet hat with a spray of glycerined feathers drooping from one side



This evening dress of crepe charmeuse, by Frances, has a wide bow upon the hip and a long, sash-like drapery. It is black — favored, this season, by both Paris and Miss La Marr! The black turban is trimmed with Paradise and a diamond ornament, and the cloak of brocade, in silver and American beauty, boasts a border of white fox

Beefsteak & Onions

Here is another amusing story of the studios by Frank Condon, author of "Hollywood," from which the famous picture of the same title was made. For his triangle in this story Mr. Condon has selected a cross-eyed comedian, a fat comedienne and a European "vamp." Again the course of true love runs over a lot of bumps, but finally strikes the concrete pavement

By Frank Condon

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

WE all know, from experience, that a great many stories contain a moral, or a lesson, or a concealed indicator, designed to improve the reader and make him a better man; and in almost all stories, the little kicker comes at the extreme end, just above the tail-light. This system forces the reader to go laboriously through the thing to the bitter end in order to get his moral.

In the present instance, the usual formula is directly reversed, and the moral is given immediately, thus entailing upon nobody the actual reading of the story. You take your moral and your hat at the same moment. There may be a good two-reel comedy down the street, and if so, who wants to stay in the house?

Moral of the story: If you are seriously thinking of giving your present woman the dispossess, be she sweetheart, wife or suchlike, and if you have another lady in your mind, do not cast aside and scorn your present woman, seeking strange joys and satisfaction with the new flame; for verily, my son, in the long run, you are bound to be bitterly disappointed, and the day is coming when you will sit under a linden tree, and wish you had your present woman back; because, after all, she was a pretty good scout and the new Sadie is not even remotely what you thought she was going to be.

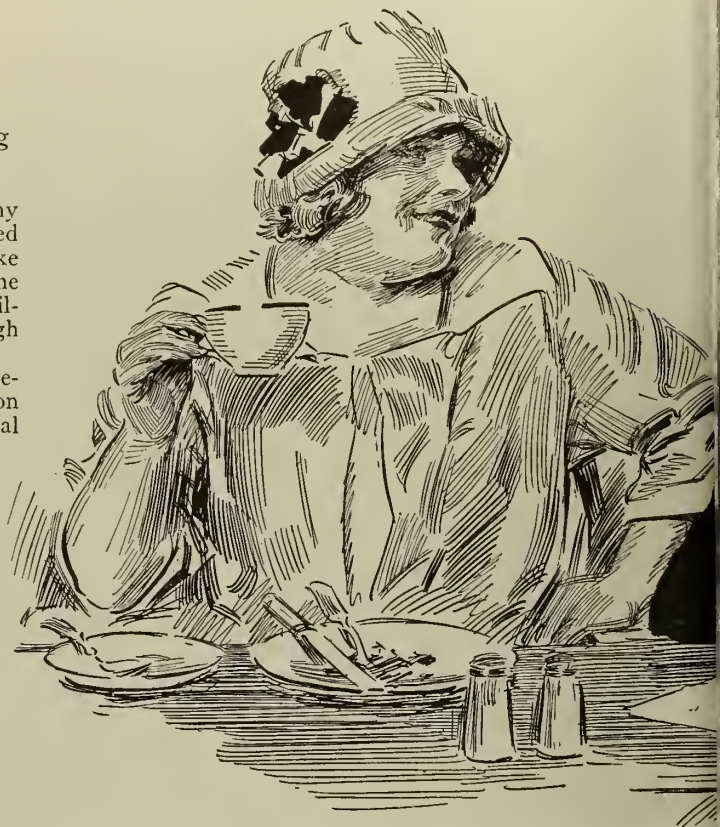
If this lengthy moral were to be pasted upon the wall and digested by husbands and wives, many a divorce judge would sell his toga and get a job. There is too much divorce. It is almost as common as marriage or lettuce salad with Russian dressing.

Wherefore, let us cease beating about and come immediately to the known facts concerning Fanny Fay and Homer Giffen, female and male respectively, unmarried, in love with each other, and both holding down good jobs in the thriving town of Hollywood, where the galloping photographs are started on their rounds.

Homer Giffen was not his cradle name and Fanny Fay was not put upon the lady in a church. The two were known to the giggling millions. Fanny's real and original title was Rosemary Rousch, but the motion picture people—Charley Zander, to be precise—made her change it to Fay because she was plump and played comedies. Plump is polite. She was stout. And she knew it. But she was a jolly, healthy, right-minded girl and everyone liked her. A girl can be mildly obese, and still be lovable, in spite of universal belief to the contrary.

Nobody ever knew Homer Giffen's correct name. It probably was O'Conner or Murphy. Long before he got his first job with the Fairfame Pictures, he was Homer Giffen, which was originally the name of a horse. Sixty per cent of the movie people in Hollywood bear the names given them in infancy. The others pick theirs off fences, out of the death columns, perfume advertisements or elsewhere.

Fanny Fay and Homer Giffen had labored, side by side, in Hollywood for several years, drawing salary from the Fairfame Corporation, and getting better, year by year. Fairfame Pictures are made in a huge temple of art and released through a subsidiary corporation, and the firm has expanded for the past five years, until it is now one of the giants of the industry,



art, business or whatever it is that Motion Pictures are.

The Fairfame studio produces forty pictures a year, mostly society dramas, with plenty of boiled shirts and colored maids to help undress madame. It produces likewise adventure features, three or four sea-tales and half a dozen westerns, wherein the stern-faced sheriff does the right thing by little Nell.

Realizing that even a serious-minded movie corporation ought to relax into occasional comedy, Fairfame began making two-reel laugh-coaxers. They named them Red Bird Comedies and sent them out, not expecting to startle civilization, but to everyone's astonishment, Red Birds began to hit the public on the nose. They grew. Father saw them and hurrying home, informed mother, whereat mother took Johnny and Sis, and the exhibitors called upon Fairfame for more and more.

Now then, the heart and soul, gizzard and innards of Red Bird Comedies are Homer Giffen and Fanny Fay. For two years, these short comedies have been pulling the public through the turnstile, and you will possibly recognize Homer Giffen, when I state that he is a thin, wistful-faced comedian with one eye slightly turned in towards the bridge of his nose. Mr. Giffen's strabismus is not as pronounced, in life, as it seems on the screen.

In front of the camera, he obtains a better effect by exaggerating his misfortune. He is only mildly cockeyed and has been so since a mere child. The way he became cockeyed is rather interesting. His mother, a careless soul, used to gad about nights, leaving little Homer in a crib, with an electric light to

Homer Giffen and Fanny Fay sat at their old table. Fanny's eyes were bright and she was laughing. Mother Quinn approached her chickens. "I'll take beefsteak and onions," said Fanny. "Gimme the same thing," Homer said



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Homer Giffen. They became her cherished children and as they grew more famous, her delight increased and she came to feel herself a direct influence in their lives. She believed that the fine success of Red Bird Comedies was a direct tribute to her culinary skill, and sage advice. In the early days, Fanny Fay's favorite dish was beefsteak and onions, a la Mother Quinn. Fanny adored beefsteak and onions. It was her noon-time dish and she revelled in it. The first time she indulged, she had been without food for several days, due to fiscal reasons, but her zest for that particular combination of foods has never decreased—until recently.

Mother Quinn concentrated her skill upon beefsteak and onions, until the dish has become a miracle. Beefsteak, in itself, is a bovine thing and humble enough; likewise, onions are rather lowly, springing meekly from the earth, but the combination, as Mother Quinn sets it forth from the fragrant pan, is a haughty and imperious triumph, which would bring the drip of eager water from the chops of Egypt's sublimest mummy.

Fanny Fay continued to cultivate the Quinn beefsteak and onions from that day to this, gaining in strength, rising in her art and drawing down, roughly, the same salary as the President of Harvard University.

FOR the last two years, things have been running along serenely for Fanny Fay and Homer Giffen. They were business associates, then friends, then sweethearts, and not so long ago, the two Red Bird stars idled in the Cue You Inn, as it is sometimes called, lingering over their coffee. It was shortly before noon and the big room was but partly filled. Fanny, ordinarily calm, on this day gazed at Homer with a gentle and sentimental eye.

"Homer," she said, "we've been talking about getting married for a year. Let's hop into it. One home is cheaper than two homes. With the money we save, we can buy real estate, and you know what real estate is doing in Hollywood today."

Homer put down his cup and considered. His good eye wandered to a pretty bungalow, with a housewife fussing about her veranda.

"I've been thinking the same thing, lately," he said. "We should have been married six months ago. There's a darned nice house out on Sunset. We'll go out there and look it over. Vines all over it. Double garage and everything. We'll just about buy that house."

Prosaic? you say. No warm blushes or the thrillings of ardent love? Nothing here concerning radiant blue eyes, lovely brown hair, soft tones of a dulcet voice and all the stirring stuff Robert W. Chambers worked into his love scenes in the good old days when Ford was trying to borrow money and a monkey could keep his glands. True. Yet Homer loved his plump partner and Fanny knew that Homer would be forever and aye, the only man in her life.

Love can not always be burning. You take two people who have been intending to marry, more or less for two years, and it is unlikely that the male will constantly inform the female that he trembles at the mere touch of her hand. Or that her smile gives him ecstatic gooseflesh. No sir. That sort of thing goes with the early and fevered hours of acquaintance, when lad has met lassie, and has taken to writing poetry on the back of the family milk bill.

The conversation in Mother Quinn's did not result in im-

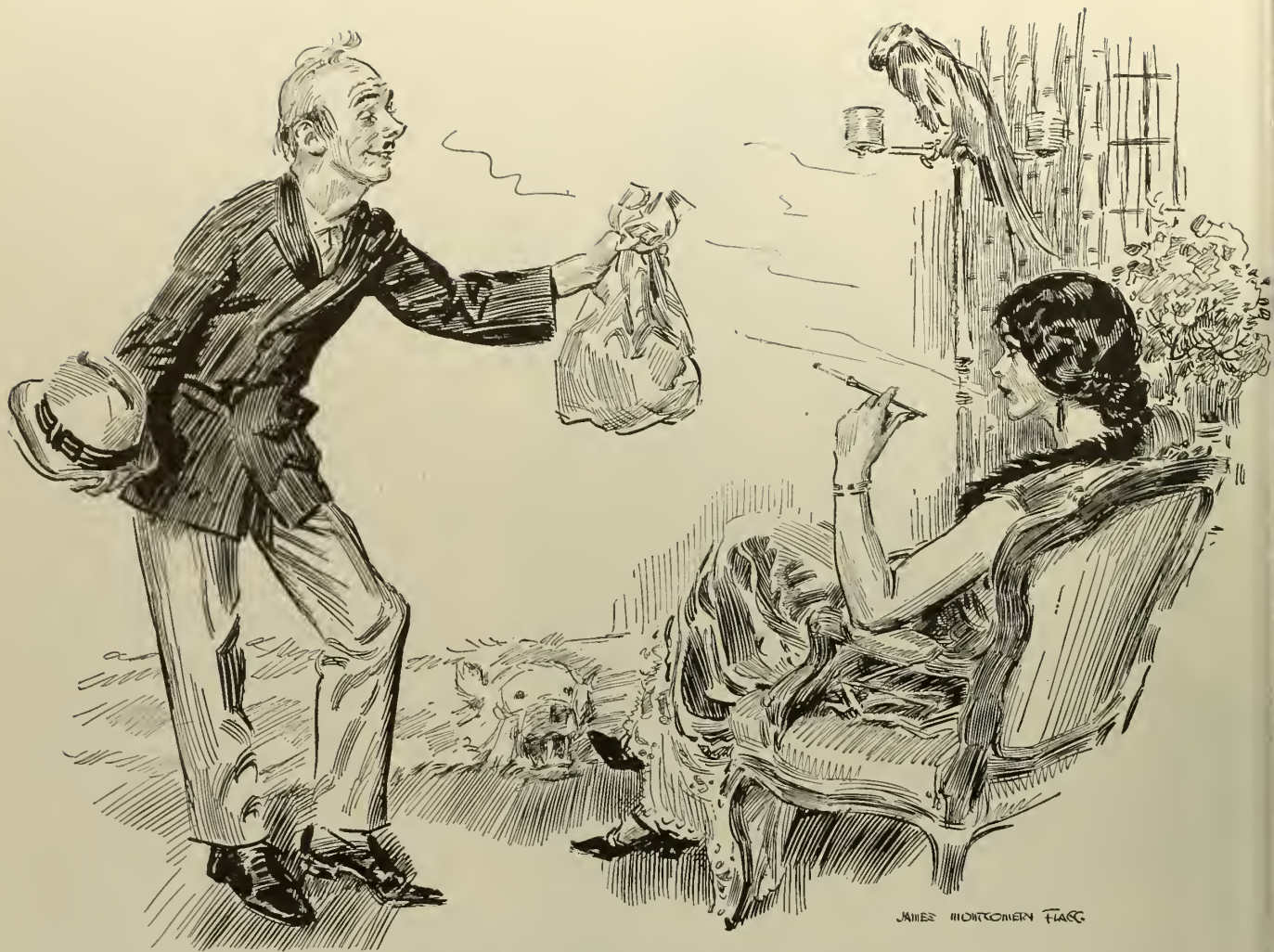
amuse him. Homer would lie and stare for hours at the lamp above his innocent head, crossing his childish eyes in order to see the thing.

His right eye became so accustomed to its oblique position that it stayed there, and thus a careless mother unwittingly wafted her only son into a job with the movies at four hundred dollars a week. It was not always, of course, four hundred.

When Homer started with Fairfame Pictures, he drew a modest fifty, and in those blithe days, Fanny Fay was a hulking extra, at twenty-five. They were thrown and grew up together. They became interested in each other. They ate daily in the cafeteria of Mother Quinn, opposite the studio, and it was Mother Quinn who took them under her ample wing and fed them along to fame, continued health and financial prosperity.

Mother Quinn's eating room is a Hollywood institution, a sort of landmark, the same as the hotel in which Charley Chaplin pasted the producer on the chin. Mrs. Quinn is a kindly, generous and deliberate old soul, who knows well the sorrows of extra girls, and the occasional long pauses between pay checks. She is a cook *par excellence*. She could almost cook a parsnip so you could enjoy it.

From the beginning, the old lady was fond of Fanny Fay and



He began dropping into her dressing room, and he brought her oranges, of which she was insanely fond

mediate action or the signing of a deed. It slipped from Homer's mind, in a rush of complications over a new comedy. Fanny said nothing more and the days passed into weeks, with the two comedians eating daily at the Quinn menage and business as usual.

Then, as happens to us all, old lady Tragedy put on her goloshes and blundered into the serene affairs of Fanny and Homer. Rosa Posdrovna arrived in Hollywood, fresh from New York, with her white face, her scarlet lips, her gleaming black hair and forty-seven trunks filled with the spoils of war. She was as interesting and romantic a figure as Hollywood had seen, and all southern California sneaked over to the Fairfame studio to steal a look.

Rosa came into town with a flourish of banners, and the shrilling of trumpets, because Fairfame Pictures saw to it. The publicity department, run by Joe Woodward, uncorked a can of fresh adjectives and spilled information about Rosa into the daily newspapers, causing timid wives to tremble in their kitchens. Charley Zander, general manager of the Fairfame Corporation, took personal charge of Rosa's arrival and almost made it a state holiday.

They coaxed the chief of police to meet the lady with a cordon of guards. A parade passed through the principal streets, and only for a slight hitch, the mayor would have made a speech on the steps of City Hall. Rosa Posdrovna came from Europe, and from the mystic, fascinating parts of Europe. She wore her hair slick and black. Her manner was languid, and all mankind was the dust under her ornamental feet.

Rosa had made fugitive movies in Europe and was admittedly a wild creature, though strictly innocent. She was a royal princess and had her castles. Kings had knocked their heads upon the ground and begged her to come in and take charge. One young princeling had shot himself, through the head, hitting it after three attempts, and all over Rosa the Magnificent. I wish to pause here and state that Joe Woodward is a highly deserving young squirt.

Two days after Rosa entered Hollywood in state, it was discovered that she carried a high voltage and was as temper-

amental as tipped-over hornets. She could pass from low to high shrieking without shifting gears and everybody in the studio annoyed her. She was

a tigress, fresh from the jungle, yearning for trouble.

Somebody in Europe had told her that great actresses should scorn Americans and treat them with vast contempt, because they understood nothing else. Americans should be stepped upon, kicked in the ribs, pushed into the ditch and otherwise assured of their contemptible inferiority. Rosa followed her instructions. She looked, her first day at work, at the dressing room used by Mary Carter, the leading female star of Fairfame Pictures, sniffed, and demanded something better for herself.

"This dame," observed Charley Zander, who is a granite-faced old veteran, "is going to give us a heap of trouble. She looks like a fence-jumper to me."

It so turned out precisely. Fairfame Pictures have had their trials, in their five years, with fevered females, but they didn't meet real trouble until the royal Rosa moved in and took her quarters. Took them is what she did, too. She scorned the honest, humble dressing rooms generally assigned to ordinary stars. Bigger and better was what she demanded. So she confiscated the scenario department—actually stepped in and commandeered the entire department of letters. The meek and despised gang of scenario writers had always toiled in a neat little building with a chimney. It was full of rejected manuscripts, books that ought to be read, books that nobody could or would read, glassy-eyed continuity writers, men and women full of ardor and words, and young girls who wore spectacles and expected to have careers. Rosa passed this quaint building.

"What is those?" she demanded, meaning the scenario building.

"That," said Charley Zander proudly, "is our scenario department. That is where we prepare our continuities."

"I shall have him," announced Rosa in her clear voice.

Charley glanced at Rosa and it dawned upon him that Rosa desired the department to have and to hold.

"Oh, no," he said, assuming his pleasantest manner. "We

have a fine dressing room, all prepared for you, Madame."
"I do not wish the dressing room," proclaimed the leveller of kings. "I shall make the dress with him." Which meant that Rosa desired to have the scenario boys and girls thrown out of their home.

Consequently, within twenty-four hours, the entire brain department of the dignified Fairfame Picture Corporation was hustled out into the air. Typewriters were to be seen lying dismally upon the ground. Leaves from manuscripts fluttered and were forever lost. Jimmy Wilmot, who has been writing scenarios for ten years, viewed the shift without any increase in temperature. He merely grinned.

"This goes to show you," he said to Miss Lewis, who was carrying her belongings away, "what I have long contended; namely, that the movies are striving earnestly to find good stories, and that the story is the main and foremost thing. A Swedenborgian stoop-washer shows up with a reputation accumulated from six rancid Italian pictures, and a hot love affair with a Serbian nobleman, whom she stabbed in the stomach, and they throw us all out. This proves effectively that after all, Art cannot be fettered."

WHILE Charley Zander struggled with the fair Rosa and tried to get her actually to work, which she declined to do, for various reasons, Homer Giffen and Fanny Fay jogged along, producing their jolly Red Birds. Fairfame had long realized that in these fun-makers they had a tidy gold-mine. Mr. Zander and others searched diligently for good stories and offered fair sums therefor. Homer was petted and praised. Officials were pleasant and complimentary to Fanny. There were vague talks of larger salaries. In a word, everything was delightful, with the public yelling for fresh comedies, and plenty of Homer, the cock-eyed.

Rosa Posdrovna eventually began work, after dallying and dodging for weeks. She had toothaches that kept her from working. Charley Zander hustled out and found a dentist. He found a maid for her bungalow. He found the bungalow. She required constant attention and coaxing and eventually Mr. Zander announced that he would either commit suicide or murder.

When she did begin work upon her first picture for Fairfame, she made everyone miserable and became, almost immediately, the most detested worker in the vineyard. The cameramen hated her and the script girls said terrible things. Honest, sweating electricians poured their baby spots upon her dead white face and consigned her to the lowermost depths of the well-known limbo. To man and boy, woman and girl, Rosa was anathema.

On her side, Rosa scorned them all impartially. They were toads in her path. She stared at them over the bridge of her patrician nose and smiled superciliously. One poor carpenter, laboring on a board and smoking a pipe—a pipe which he had smoked since childhood—was instantly discharged because the smoke touched Rosa and polluted her. She demanded the carpenter's head and got it.

The Posdrovna declined to hold any communication whatever with other actors or actresses. They, also, were worms. She swept by hard-working officials of the corporation and ignored them. She demanded and obtained a special entrance in the fence, so that she would not have to come in with the vulgar herd. When she acted, her sets were segregated, shut off from prying eyes by walls of cotton and wood. Her director stood in awe of Rosa and whispered his directions. She referred to him as Fishface, which came eventually to the ears of his wife, who desired to know if he was a man or a clod.

Into the middle of all this there strayed one morning the shuffling figure of Homer Giffen, the pie-caster. Passing across, from one stage to another, towards his own, Homer paused long enough to peek through a hole in the cotton barricade, and behold Rosa Posdrovna in the throes of emotionalism. Homer lingered and forgot his own company, two stages away, and busy with the intimate details of a black and blue comedy of genuine merit. Rosa was at the top of a paper staircase and was acting her way downward. Overcome with admiration, Mr. Giffen nudged his way through a pile of discarded scenery and entered the sacred precincts where all were forbidden and the sign read brutally "KEEP OUT—THIS MEANS YOU." An attendant sought to halt Homer, but he brushed by, shuffling along in his extra-large shoes and baggy pants.

Presently the staircase scene ended and Rosa's director observed Homer. So did Rosa. She stared at the thin comedian, whose straight eye was bent upon her admiringly.

"Who he is?" Rosa asked. The director procured Homer and led him forward.

"I am ver' glad to meet you," said Rosa, shaking Homer by the hand and looking perplexedly into his eyes.

"I heard a good deal about you," Homer returned, truthfully. "It's a great thing to have you working in Fairfame pictures."

"Sure," Rosa agreed. She continued to gaze, with a certain degree of fascination at Homer's right eye. They talked amiably for several minutes, while her director stood by in dumfounded astonishment.

"I got to get back on the job," said Homer bashfully. "I'm over on four. Glad to meet you, Miss Posdrovna."

"So I get on the job, too," said Rosa, smiling her ravishing smile—the same smile that sent the young prince gunning for his own head. Her beautiful, white face was close to Homer's. He could feel an electrical thrill running down the calves of both legs. "You come back some time," she said. "Ha! I like you."

"I should say so," agreed Homer. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 125]



Rosa fell into one of her justly celebrated rages. After knocking over two spotlights, she fell in a faint

It Can Be Done—Sometimes

By John Lynch

ONE day, a good many years ago, I had a great piece of luck. I lost every penny I had in the world. Some gentlemen in the Republic of Mexico, men with puckered dispositions, attended to the matter for me. They did their work well. Their own esteem for soap and water was a negligible thing. But they cleaned me most thoroughly.

I was not in the first blush of effulgent youth. My ancestors had been industrious and I had been reared to the trade of being their descendant—and living upon the fruits of their labor. I had no other trade. And—I had to eat.

The state of things was painful, but comic. It made an appeal to my sense of humor. I spent a long day thinking matters over. I decided to go to work. I had written all my life, not so much as a way to bread and butter as because I liked to write. I resolved to write now, to a large extent because I didn't know another thing in the world I could do.

I wrote. I wrote cook books, sermons, special articles, short stories, epigrams, reminiscences, essays—anything and everything I could think to write. I wrote about twenty sketches for vaudeville—and managed to get one produced. I was the fortunate possessor of a dinner-pail type of mind. I went at the thing systematically, welding myself to my typewriter for about eight hours every day.

The pay was not much and I accumulated a collection of rejection slips that would have papered a fair sized house. But I did succeed in keeping up a bowing acquaintance with food. And, consciously or unconsciously, I did learn that, when a thing is gone about in the right way, it is never hard to do.

Then I had another great piece of luck. I secured a job writing for moving pictures. I went to work for Thomas H. Ince. He paid me fifty dollars a week. That wasn't so bad. But Mr. Ince did a good deal more for me than that. He is a great moving picture maker and I have every reason in the world to be eternally grateful to him.

My associates were C. Gardner Sullivan, J. G. Hawks and Monte Katterjohn. Julien Josephsen joined us a little later. We worked very hard and we had a lot of fun doing it. I wrote fifty-four original stories for the screen in eleven months. And we made pretty good pictures. Sometimes I think we do not make very much better moving pictures nowadays. But I suppose we do. Old times are apt to seem best. And the game was young then. Even we who were not so young in years could feel the enthusiasm of youth. We didn't get enough money to tempt us into primrose paths of diversion.

All we had to do was to make moving pictures. We did—and liked it.

As I have said, this was a good many years ago. I have been

John Lynch, author of this article, is one of the prominent and successful scenario editors of the motion picture industry. He is at present production manager and scenario editor for Distinctive Pictures. Recently he was editorial director for Famous Players. Here is a partial record of his writings for the past six months—"Enemies of Women," "The Go-Getter," "The Bad Man," "Lawful Larceny," "Broadway Broke," "Cain and Mabel," "The Flaming Forest," "Second Youth," and "The Weavers"



writing for the screen ever since. I have been very fortunate. I have never been one week without a salary check—and I have received more than fifty dollars a week. I like pictures. I think they are the greatest things on earth and I have no patience with those mole-brained beings, inside the business and outside of it, who apologize for them and throw stones at them. Pictures and picture makers may not be perfect, but they aren't so bad, after all is said and done. Perfection is rather a lonely state of being. Our faults are the things that keep us human.

All this is by the way. It is far from my purpose to become autobiographically discursive. I know the individual is never important. I know the man who insists upon telling the story of his own life is the most boring being on earth. I tell this much of my own connection with picture-making just to try to show that I have been at it a long while and that I ought to know a few things about it. And, by the same token, I know that there are a great many things I do not know about it. I am not Sir Oracle. I do not worship at the shrine of Saint Little Jack Horner. I hope I'm becomingly humble. Pictures have been very good to me. I hope I do not fail in doing the best I know how to do for them.

If I tried to get together all the men, women and children on earth who have tried to write stories for moving pictures, I should have to hire all the halls in all the cities of the world and, having done this, spend the rest of my life in holding overflow meetings. Almost everybody has done it. And almost everybody thinks he could write better stories

than are now shown on the screen. Perhaps almost everybody may be right. At all events, it can't do any harm for almost everybody to have a try at the thing.

But—

If I wished to bring about me the men and women who have made a real success and a good deal of money from giving their time and efforts to writing for moving pictures, I could entertain them all in my not very large dining-room. And I think I would have to call in a few outsiders to fill the seats. I would be in no danger of having thirteen at table. There are not thirteen successful picturewrights on earth.

I do not say this by way of discouragement for the persons who aspire to writing for the screen. I think the day for the original story is not far off. It is not yet here. But the endless round of adaptations from plays and books is not giving thoroughly satisfactory results. We must have screen dramatists if we are to get out of the rut and really do things. The picture industry, so called, is too big a thing to depend for its source of supply upon a by-product. And an adaptation is a by-product. We must raise up a class of writers who will learn

our game and work for us wholeheartedly and undividedly. The screen has an audience of some ten or fifteen million people every day. That's a big enough thing to command the interest of any man.

What's the best way to write a story? I should say the best way is to write a story. Tell what you have to tell in story form. Get down on paper everything you have to say. Don't high-falute and don't try to indulge in fancy writing. But don't be afraid of words, if you feel that you need words. Pictures nowadays cost a great many thousand dollars to make. The producer who will not give an hour to reading a synopsis is a hopeless kind of being. The story is the foundation of every picture structure. And, no matter how good a roof a house may have, it can't stand up very well without a good foundation.

Don't tell how you think the story ought to be screened. It is the melancholy pleasure of the trained continuity writer and the director to do this. Just tell your story. If the persons who put it on the screen are going to make a botch of it, they'll do it anyhow. You can't help that. And it won't help you a bit to try to get over to them what jackasses you believe them to be and how sure you are that you know their business better than they know it. It may even hurt your chances a little.

Remember that the creed of the moving picture is, or ought to be, just this—NOT WHAT THEY DO, BUT HOW THEY DO IT. Get action into your story. Do not write stuff that must depend upon narrative titles to get it over. Sweat your brain to work out your ideas in action. Don't toss things wet at a scenario editor. Let them get dry and work them over again. Try hard. Don't think writing for the screen is an easy job. It isn't. It's about the hardest job in the world. The making of pictures is about the most technical task imaginable. The limitations of the screen are enormous. Go to a theatre and see a picture. Then go home and try to write down what you have seen. It may help you a little. It may. At all events, it can't do you a bit of harm.

Your story will be read. You need have no fear about that. All companies of any size employ large reading staffs. Readers wade through enormous masses of matter every day. Once in a blue moon they strike something worth while. And, when they do, they rejoice. Your story will be read. Whether or not it will deserve to be read, is quite another matter.

Always send the story you write to the scenario editor of the company you desire to honor with your efforts. Don't send it to an actor. Most actors can read—but very few actors care to read. And they would give the story to the editor in any event. So you might as well send it to him direct. In nine cases out of ten he's a patient sort of an individual and it doesn't jolt him very much to know the worst early. He's used to punishment.

Education? Well, I don't think education will hurt much. And, at that, it's rather hard to say just what education is made up of anyway. I'm quite sure it doesn't consist of book-learning. But reading is a mighty good thing for a writing man. And thought and observation are rather essential. Most of the men and women I know who have made big successes writing for the screen have been persons of rather broad education. They're always studying and they're always trying to acquire knowledge. They rather like to do it. They haven't much time for playing, the real winners at the game.

They mean business. I'll say it again—it isn't an easy life. I'm quite sincere in saying that I think the newcomer has a chance—if he will work hard and not get discouraged and take the thing seriously enough—and not too seriously. But everyone cannot win. Can everyone paint a great picture or compose a great piece of music or build a great bridge? The ability to do these things is more or less of a gift. You have it or you haven't it. And the only way to find out whether you have it is to make the biggest try that you know how to make.

If you fail, it won't do you a bit of harm. Just try again. Any man who gives up in despair before he has at least fifty stories rejected has no place in the moving picture business. If the knack is yours, you will prove that fact in the end. But don't expect to begin cutting coupons the day after you have

put your first story into the mail-box. It can't be done. Writing is a trade. You'll have to learn the trade. And it will probably take you a very long time to do so. It ought to. To stub your toe into success is the greatest misfortune in the world.

Write clean stories. A bath is a good thing. But it's an error of judgment to take a bath in dirty water.

Write simple stories. The screen play has to follow a straight line. To wander into side paths gets things woefully mixed up. Be direct. And use as few characters as your conscience will allow.

Don't write about things of which you have no knowledge. It has been said that every man has at least one story hidden away some place in his being. I don't know. I'm inclined to think that, if he has, it's probably a rather dull story. But I'm sure that's the story he should try to write. I don't mean to write it literally. He'll have to draw on his imagination a good deal to make it interesting. Fiction is fiction because it is not fact. Tell of things as they might be and as they should be—and not just as they have been. Paint the lily and scent the rose. And try to see your story on the screen as you write it. If its events can't be photographed, it would be wiser to let them remain within the depths of

your typewriter. There, at any rate, they are altogether harmless.

And, above and beyond all things, believe in pictures, think they're worth while, be proud of them, let your greatest ambition on earth be to do your part for them and in them. It isn't a mere tripping phrase to say they're the biggest force in the world. They do play an enormous part in the existence of millions of human beings. They've made life a little easier for a lot of people. If you can help along, you ought to be very glad.

And if you can make a lot of money writing for the screen, that's not to be despised. Money's a mighty important thing—not so much for what it gives us as for what it saves us from.

But the best thing about writing as a means of livelihood is that the money gained is not the only thing. There's a lot of joy in seeing the products of your brain machinery in print or on the screen. I know I can still get a thrill out of it. That's something I'd hate to lose.

I like the money as much as any living man and I'm not going to speak ill of an old friend.

But money isn't the all in all, in this world. There's something to consider besides that.

Writing is a good trade. Get to it.

Expert Advice for Beginners

THE day for the original story is not far off. Adaptations from plays and books are not thoroughly satisfactory. We must have a class of writers who will learn our game and work for us wholeheartedly and undividedly.

What's the best way to write a story? I should say the best way is to write a story. Tell what you have to tell in story form.

Remember the creed of the moving picture is, or ought to be—NOT WHAT THEY DO BUT HOW THEY DO IT. Get action into your story.

Don't toss things wet at a scenario editor. Let them get dry and work them over again.

Send your story to a scenario editor—not to an actor.

The newcomer has a chance if he will work hard and not get discouraged.

Write clean stories, and simple stories, and write about things you know.

Writing is a trade and you have to learn that trade. It probably will take a long time. It ought to. To stub your toe into success is a great misfortune.

Fads and Fancies of Film Folks



Julia Faye is sporting a vanity fan, made of red chiffon and gold cord. It bears a good-sized mirror in which Julia may watch herself using the aids to beauty that are carried in the silk bag on the handle

Here is Nita Naldi's latest coiffure. That girl spends half her life thinking up new things. This style shows the Chinese influence and is being done by Hattie Tabourne, who is the favorite hairdresser of Hollywood



One article of apparel that has come down from the ages, practically unchanged, is the garter. They wore garters a few thousand years ago, even if not much else. Here are Julia Faye as the modern lady of the garter, and Grace Martin as the ancient

How He Makes Them Act

Rex Ingram himself
is the most interesting
personality of them all

By Herbert Howe

‘HEY there, YOU! And where do you think you’re going? Report to the station house, you’re under arrest.’

The little Ford, which had been coyly bounding up Broadway, stopped dead with a shivering chug.

The driver sat with hands paralyzed to the wheel, panting an accompaniment to the motor.

But the youth at his side leaned out of the car and yelled at the arresting traffic cop: “I say, and where might you be from?”

“And what is it to you, I’d like to know?” bellowed Hiz Majesty of the Law, belligerently eyeing the law-heedless droshky.

“Sure, I thought you might be from the old country the same as I.”

“What’s that you’re saying?” blustered the cop, leaving traffic flat and approaching with interest. “And where might that be?”

“Dublin.”

“You don’t say!” puffed The Law emotionally. “Hey, YOU!”—pointing the official shillalah at the driver—“Drive on! But I’m saying it’s lucky for you that you have a gentleman with you.”

So America officially recognized Rex Ingram as a gentleman the first day he arrived in America, carrying a shotgun with which to fight Indians.

And so, too, Rex demonstrated the qualities which he declares most essential in a director—quick wit and an understanding of human nature.

After watching him in action you feel you couldn’t have had a better time at a Sinn Fein celebration or a guillotine party. It’s a carnage of wit and fury.

Not that he’s jocular. On the contrary, he’s the most entertaining when he’s the most in earnest. It’s then, too, that the Irish brogue is thickest.

“For the love of God, will you listen to me!” he wails from his high directorial platform as he lashes into frenzy the mob of “Scaramouche.”

“Drag up the cannon—it looks like an ice cream wagon back there.

“That soldier that looks as though he were going to slap some one on the wrist—get into the background!

“Still picture! I want

stills!” he howls. Most of the mob being Mexican can’t understand, so they just smile oozily. He turns frantically to the interpreter. “How do you say ‘stills’? Translate it into twelve languages, please!

“For the love of God, will you be still! That man with the whiskers that looks like Mark Twain, quit rubbing your nose and hold the flag!

“Still! Oh, my Lord!” he turns desperately upon the orchestra wailing *La Marseillaise* for the French revolution, and sobs: “For the love of God, play some Irish music.” They play “Mother Machree” as Danton comes swinging through the Paris streets. Rex is soothed. Reviving, he hurls a few more remarks, like hand grenades, into the mob and sends it seething on to the Tuileries.

No other director can evoke the individuality of a player with such telling effect. Valentino has never been so essentially Valentino as in “The Four Horsemen,” Barbara La Marr never so silken and subtle as in “Trifling Women.”

Classifying directors as to their respective abilities for handling men or women, Mary Pickford was stumped when she came to Ingram. It is difficult to say with which he excels.

He has an instinct for the vibratory key of an individual. He can establish a contact with every man in the mob. He knows how to play on emotions to get the desired pitch.

I watched him direct Ramon Novarro in a scene of “Scaramouche.” Novarro has more of the genuine artistic temperament than any actor I know. He gave a superb performance in the first rehearsal. But Ingram fairly scorched him. What he wanted out of the boy was a mingling of grief and rage. He lashed him through twelve rehearsals and then, when he seemed utterly despairing, he turned to me with the exclamation, “Isn’t that boy a wonder? He’s the greatest actor on the screen—I have never known anyone like him.”

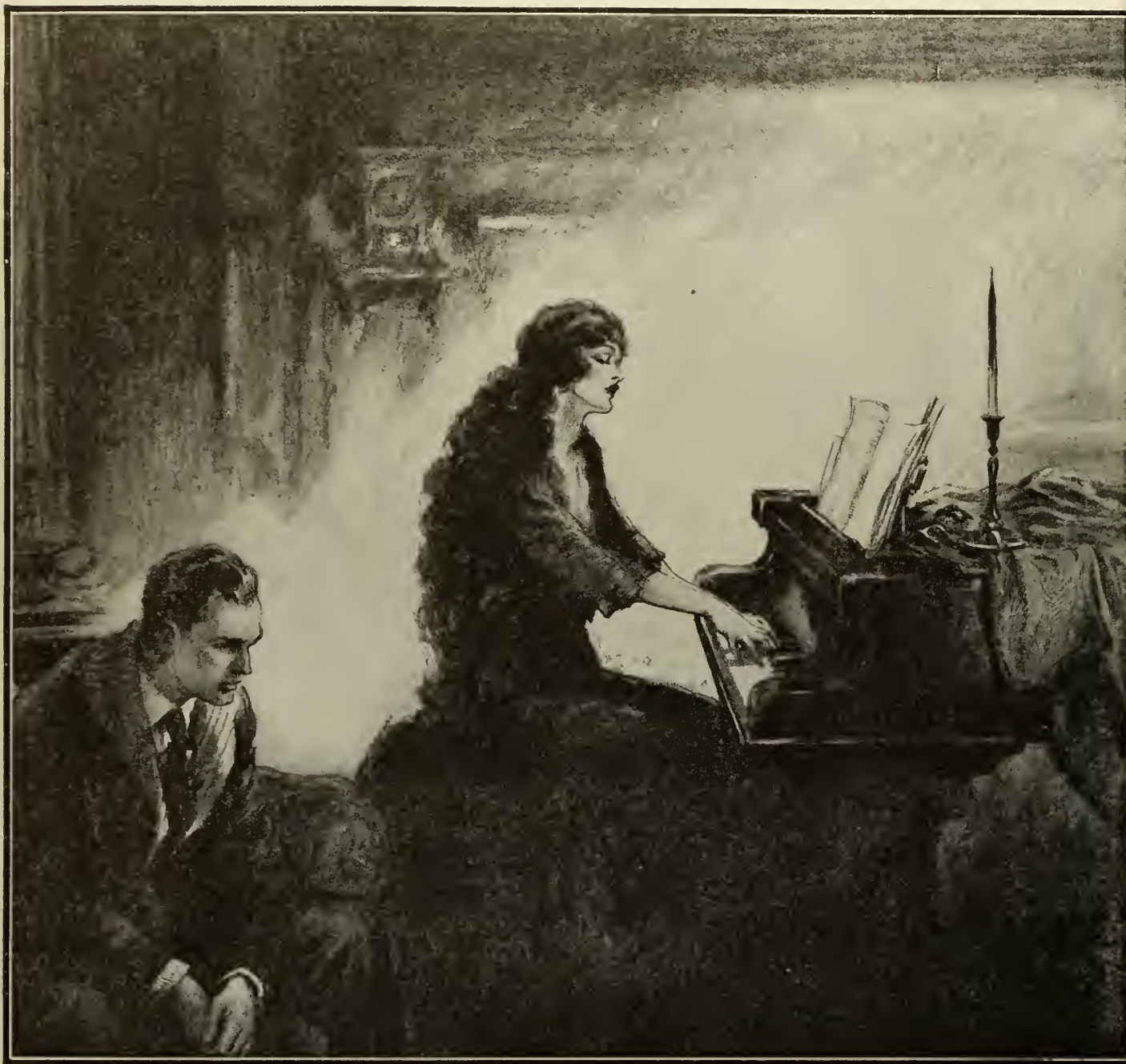
“But you thrashed him through twelve rehearsals!” I remonstrated.

“Yes, but did you notice that I had the camera grinding all the time? I’ll use his most spontaneous moments.”

Merciless to the individual, he brings forth the artist. On the set he shows no regard for [CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]



Rex Ingram is filled with superstitions. Naturally, being Irish. He believes that dwarfs bring him good luck, and here he is with two of his mascots



He had no thought but that he and this girl were alone in a world of their own. The wilderness, the movies, the mystery of her presence there, everything faded

In Preceding Chapters

DAVE MANN, a director of the Nonpareil Film Company, has started off on a search for realism that leads through a Canadian wilderness. In his party are Larry Moncrieff—a real person, strangely shy and silent, even though he is the idol of feminine America—Peggy Dare and Fay Brainerd, popular leading women; Phil Sherwood, an assistant director; Roy Quigley, the camera man, and a number of guides. Mann hears, through one of the guides, of a mysterious log palace that stands on the shores of a lonely lake—a palace where an old man and a beautiful girl live, with a single retainer for company. Seizing avidly upon the idea of such a strange setting, Mann hurries to the place and finds it even more wonderful than he had hoped, although apparently deserted. Searching through the empty rooms, the party comes upon a man, bound and gagged,—a man who looks like a brigand and who, after examination, proves to be not only a foreigner but a deaf mute. After vainly trying to make them understand, the deaf mute goes down to the shore, steps into a canoe and paddles away. Larry Moncrieff expresses anxiety for the safety of the old

man and his daughter, saying that he feels they ought to investigate the matter and start a search. But he can not get the rest of the party to share his apprehensions. The company goes back to camp, where a thunder storm keeps them all night in their tents. But in the morning they return to the still deserted house, and begin "shooting." While they are at work they are interrupted by a strange old man with long white hair, and an amazingly lovely girl who addresses him as "*maestro*." He orders the company off the place, bitterly reviling them, and will not listen to any explanation. But as he is speaking the deaf mute bursts upon the scene and goes down on his knees, in dog-like devotion, before the old man. There are tears in his eyes and the girl and man are apparently shocked and frightened by the message he communicates to them by means of his agile fingers. Though Dave Mann offers help, in the name of the whole company, the help is refused. And they are again ordered to leave the place. Acknowledging defeat, at least for the time being, the director leads his company back to camp.

Not in the Scenario

By Kathrene and Robert Pinkerton

Drawings by R. Van Buren



"Through the girl, of course. Didn't you see the way he quieted down when she spoke to him? She can twist him around her little finger, and you can twist her."

"Me! Why—why—"

Larry stammered, partly from confusion, partly from anger.

"Yes, you!" Dave exclaimed harshly. "You've kept clear of all this mash and flapper stuff ever since you came onto the lot. Don't I know it? Haven't we passed up all sorts of chances for publicity because you'd never stick your head out of your house after dark unless there was one of those symphony concerts on?"

"And look here, Larry." He put a hand on the actor's shoulder with sudden affection. "I understand. I know you don't care for that sort of thing and I respect you for it. I've gone to the mat for you more than once when the publicity man had won over the big boss. They were going to drag you out whether or no. But I stopped it. I knew how you felt. I stopped them."

"But Dave!" Larry protested helplessly.

"Now, listen, son. I'm going to put this on the grounds of a personal favor. I've never asked anything of you. I picked you out of an office at twenty-five a week and now you're getting more money than you thought there was in the world. I don't say you're not worth it, mind you. You are. You earn every cent of it."

"But Dave!"

"Listen to me. I'm asking you to do this as a personal favor to me. That girl can win the old man over. A girl with her looks can get anything. And you can win her over. Just whisper your name and—Why, there's nothing to it. There isn't a woman under forty-five on the whole continent who doesn't know all about you. And just because this is the first time you've fallen it'll be all the stronger."

"But Dave! Listen!"

"Will you do this for me?"

"It isn't that. Of course I would. But I can't—can't—"

"Can't what?"

"I can't put it over. The honest truth is, Dave, I'm scared to death of women. I can't talk to 'em. They make me sick, chasing men they've seen in pictures. And I'm a fish when I'm not working. You know that. When I see myself on the screen I can't believe it's me."

Dave stared at him for a moment without speaking. He knew what Larry meant. It had puzzled him before and it had been the cause of endless discussions among people who worked for the Nonpareil Film Corporation.

There was something weird about it. On the screen Larry Moncrieff possessed more magnetism than any man is entitled to. The adoration of several million women attested to his ability to enact romantic and sentimental rôles. Cynical critics confessed that his work was excellent. Some even went so far as to say he was one of the few people in the films who possessed real histrionic ability.

Yet always, whenever the camera man ceased grinding, Larry relapsed into a rather stolid, decidedly diffident and easily embarrassed young man. His sudden rise to fame and his enormous popularity did not seem to have touched him in any way. He never hung around the studio, rarely associated with movie people. Many a woman, attracted by his salary,

Chapter III

THERE was no mistaking the fact that Dave Mann was in a bad humor as the canoes crossed the bay to the camp. Peggy Dare alone risked speech. She was still sputtering because of what the old man had said to her.

"Oh, shut up!" Dave snapped at last. "Nothing happened to you and look what's happened to me. The best picture I ever did and stopped right in the middle of it."

When they landed he went at once to his tent, but a few minutes later he sent for Larry Moncrieff.

"Now," he began at once, "we've got to finish that stuff over there. Understand? Got to. I know now what this picture's going to be and that house has got to be in it."

"When the old fellow calms down he'll probably let you," Larry suggested.

"Calms down! He has. And when he did he set hard. I know his sort. Something queer about him in the first place or he wouldn't be living there. We've got no chance with him."

"Then how are we going to do it?"

"We're not. You are."

"Me! How can —"

had tossed a Parisian creation into the ring without his ever having seen it.

The mystery of Larry's case was heightened by the fact that he always had a double for difficult rôles. The general opinion in filmland was that he lacked nerve for hazardous stunts. Even those who worked with him never were certain this was not true. They knew Dave Mann always provided for the double and was zealously vigilant of his star's welfare. Only Fay Brainerd sensed that it was a matter to which Larry had given little heed either way, and yet Fay, who probably understood him better than anyone else, had never reached a definite conclusion.

All these things flashed through Dave Mann's mind as he looked at the young actor. There were no secrets hidden from him in the Nonpareil studio and yet he suddenly realized that here was something that was a little beyond him.

"I tell you, Dave!" Larry burst forth. "I'd do anything for you. You know that. But I'm afraid I—"

"All right," Dave interrupted. "Then all I'll ask you to do is to make the try. See her. Talk to her. Ask her to use her influence to get the old man to let us finish that stuff."

Larry turned toward the door. He looked exactly as might a man who was starting for the electric chair.

"All right," he said. "After lunch. I'll go over and do the best I can."

"Fine! I knew you would."

True to his word, Larry started an hour later, going alone in the small canoe. He said nothing, but he had not reached the center of the bay before his destination aroused the curiosity of everyone in the company.

"So that's it!" Peggy Dare exclaimed as she turned to Dave Mann. "Working your resistless male vamp off the lot at last, are you?"

"Keep quiet, Peg!" Dave snapped irritably. "I've got to finish that stuff and Larry's got the name and the face to win out if anyone has."

"Name and face, yes. But he won't know what to say when he gets there. He'll be too fussed to speak."

"You didn't help any this morning when you lit into the old man the way you did."

"Well, if you think, Dave, that I was going to stand for what he called me without—but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll bet—well, anything you say up to a week's salary, that 'Handsome Larry' is back here in half an hour."

Dave glanced at her and she caught the fear in

his eyes. He turned away with a grunt and Peggy smiled as she walked to the tent she shared with Fay.

But Larry did not return. Dave watched impatiently. Peggy watched. An hour went by and his canoe was still tied up at the dock across the bay.

"Huh!" Dave chuckled as he walked past his leading woman. "Who's the wise one now?"

"He hasn't brought home the bacon yet," Peggy retorted.

Meanwhile a somewhat terrified and completely embarrassed young man had paddled a canoe across a half mile of water to the most difficult task of his life. The girl he was going to see had jerked him out of the picture that morning in an astounding manner. The combined attractions of all the stars of filmdom could not have had so strong an effect upon him. Never before had he experienced such emotions.

Yet it was not of these things that he thought. He was conscious only that in a few minutes he would be face to face with her, that he must speak, that somehow he must enlist her aid for his friend.

Larry watched the big, sprawling cabin closely as he paddled. For a time he could not see anyone and then to his delight the old man and the deaf-mute crossed the clearing at the rear. When they disappeared in the forest he went on a little faster.

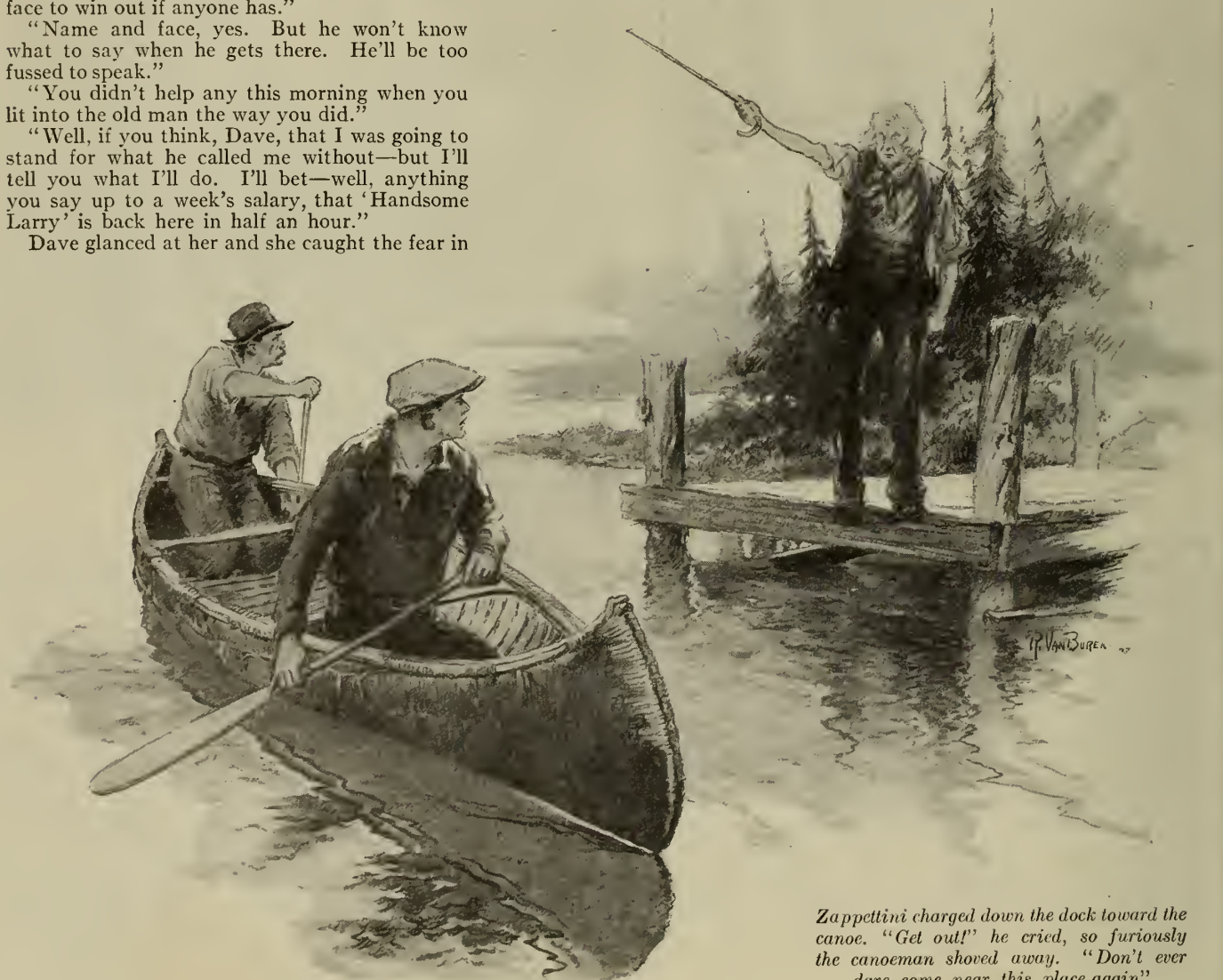
Just as he was about to land the girl herself came out from behind the brush along the water's edge and stepped onto the dock. She stopped, startled, when she saw him. Larry jerked off his hat.

"How do you do," he said.

She smiled and walked out onto the dock as he drew alongside.

"You are very brave to come so soon after what the *maestro* said this morning," she laughed.

"It wasn't exactly—well, bravery," he stammered. "You see—I'm Larry Moncrieff and I wonder if I could talk to you a few minutes."



Zappettini charged down the dock toward the canoe. "Get out!" he cried, so furiously the canoeman shoved away. "Don't ever dare come near this place again"

"Certainly you may, Mr. — I didn't quite catch the name."

"Larry Moncrieff, of Nonpareil Pictures."

There was no change whatever in her expression and Larry stared at her in astonishment. The name that would have thrilled any woman in the country had meant nothing to her.

"Pardon my asking it," he burst forth, "but—but—you never heard of me, did you?"

"Should I?" and there was a twinkle in her eyes.

Then she added quickly,

"But I'm glad to know you just the same, Mr. Mon—Moncrieff. My name is Marguerite Temple."

Larry leaped out of the canoe and stood before her. His face was beaming, his embarrassment was gone.

"Good Lord!" he cried exultantly.

The girl stared at him in such astonishment he got control of himself.

"I'm awfully glad to meet you, Miss Temple," he said impulsively. "I didn't think—I didn't know that—have you lived here long?"

"Eight years."

"But you have been away, out to a city?"

"No, not since I came."

"And you never go to picture shows or see the fan magazines?"

She shook her head in bewilderment.

Larry threw back his head, straightened his shoulders and stared up at the hillside. "Gee, this is a wonderful place to live!" he cried. "I never knew there was such a country. I—I've thought about the woods ever since I was a boy and I've always wanted to see them. But the nearest I ever came to it was clerking for a big lumber company. It was in the city office and I never even saw a board, let alone a pine tree."

There was a longing in his words and manner that touched the girl.

"I know," she said. "It is terrible to be shut up in a city. I was once."

"You!"

"Yes, before the *maestro* brought me here."

"The *maestro*?"

"Yes, Signor Ettore Zappettini. You saw him this morning."

"Zappettini," he repeated slowly.

He stared past her, his brow wrinkled in an effort to remember, and then suddenly his lips puckered and he began to whistle softly.

"You know that, his first *capriccio*!" she cried.

"Know it! And his one symphony, especially the third movement. I have searched and searched for more and wondered why I could find nothing."

"You will," she said, and her voice thrilled in a manner that



R. VAN DUSEN

"Rather stay with a murderer than go with your own kin, would you?" the man snarled. "What's he done to you that you act like this?"

was not only significant but started Larry's heart to beating as if he had been running. "And oh, it is wonderful!"

She stopped speaking and glanced quickly around. Her face was flushed and her eyes were bright with excitement. Larry wondered if it were possible for any woman to be more beautiful than she was at that moment.

"Come!" she exclaimed suddenly. "You shall hear some of it."

She leaped off the dock and led the way up the twisting trail to the cabin. She ran so lightly and so swiftly Larry had difficulty in following her to the great living room.

But without pausing the girl went to the piano, sat down and began to play. For a moment Larry stood there and then unconsciously he dropped into a big arm chair.

For half an hour the girl played. She rarely finished anything. It was a succession of stray movements, of fleeting bits of many things, and yet so well ordered was her selection, so easily did she drift from one to another, not once was Larry aroused from his ecstasy.

When at last she turned to look at him he seemed to be still in a daze and did not speak.

"What do you think of my *maestro* now?" she asked.

"I—I can't tell you," he faltered. "Why, I haven't even breathed since you began. And that is all his?"

"All. Done right here in this room."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]

Lois Wilson in "Only 38" shows you



Photoplay

announces a monthly article on

Home Furnishing & Decoration

INTO the capable hands of William J. Moll—nationally known as one of the most inspired, and yet most practical, of interior decorators—we have put the responsibility of this new department. A department that will help you with your problems of home-making and home beautifying. A department that will take, as a constant source of supply, the rooms that are being pictured—from month to month—in current photoplays.

Clear, concise, easy to follow, Mr. Moll's articles will embody simple facts; inexpensive, effective methods. A clever arrangement of furniture, a bit of drapery, a color scheme—the things that so count, and are so easy to miss!

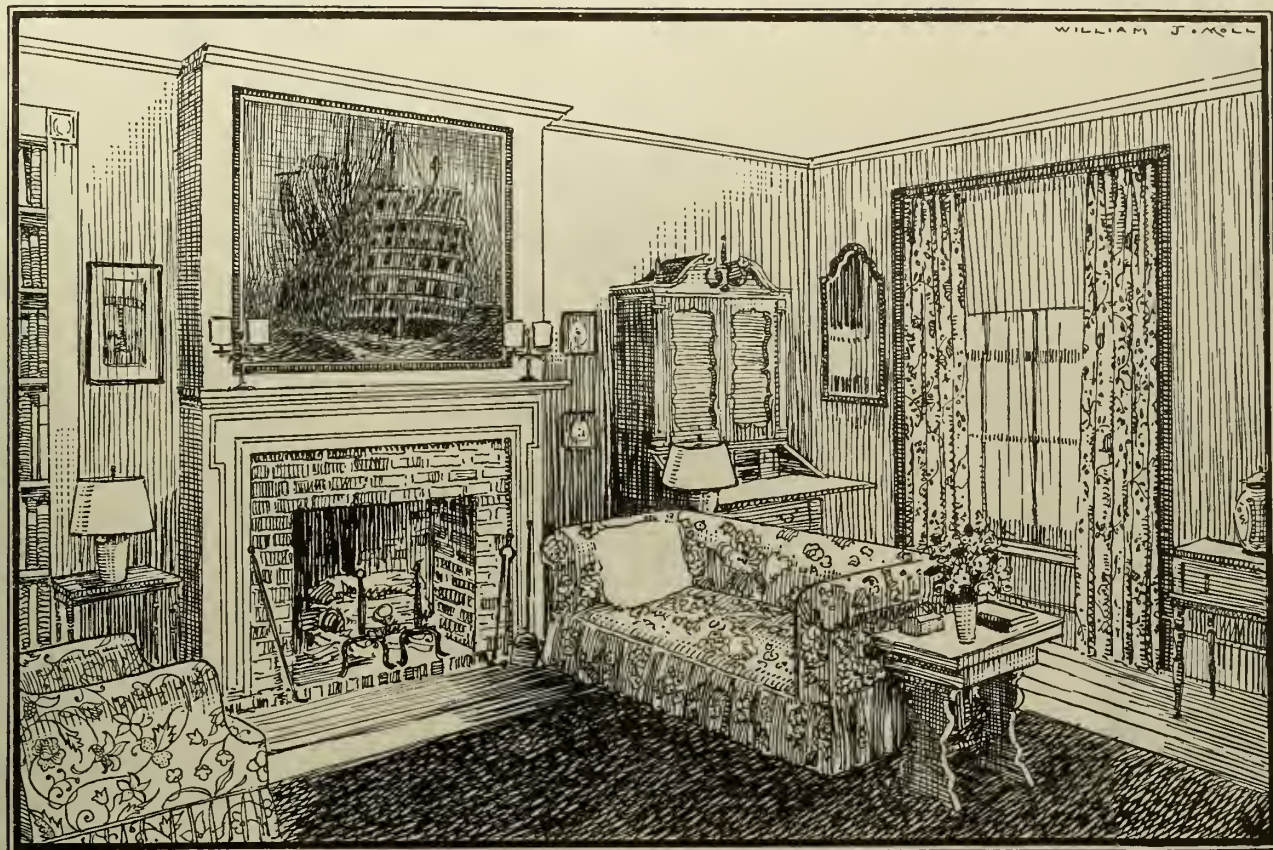


Lois Wilson, as the mother in "Only 38," contemplates a drab room—furnished in the mid-Victorian manner. She realizes that the solemn pictures, the hangings that are heavy in both color and fabric, and the horse-hair-covered furniture are draining the youth and joy from her heart. Working alone, and with not very much money to spend, she must think of a solution—something that will put the sparkle of youth into a dingy place!

The same room, transformed—just as the mother has been transformed. Suitable pictures, a fresh coat of light paint, sunshine and—flowered cretonne! And it is the flowered cretonne that makes the greatest difference. Many a wistful housewife has found the happy answer to an ugly interior by the use of cretonne. From the cheapest domestic fabric to the most expensive imported material—it is all charming!



what can be done with Cretonne



Winter or Summer, Cretonne has a Place in the Home

You can build beautiful rooms
on the proper use of well-selected patterns

WE speak here not only of the new homes, resplendent in glistening paint and fresh wall surfaces, into which cretonnes

would fit admirably, but more especially of the home long established, whose furniture is worn by years of use and whose freshness has been dimmed by seasons of sun and coal dust. Cretonne fits into any home, be it old or new. But its dainty, practical use is felt more keenly when it is employed in refurbishing the wornout rooms and furniture.

Color and cheer should be introduced into every home, and every life. To every one of us these things are due in some measure. No matter how hard the daily tasks that confront us, there is abiding comfort in the knowledge that we can seek, at nightfall, comfort and pleasantness in a home that reflects cheerfulness first, and characterful color next. Successful mothers and wives have recognized the truth of the above. Thousands of homes throughout this country bear testimony to the fact that they have used the simple methods and materials at hand, to create in their homes the atmosphere that will bring happiness to the family.

Generally it is the simple things of life that effect the greater degree of happiness. A home does not have to be furnished throughout in new furniture to make it pleasing. Nor does it have to be filled with the expensive things. Most home equipment, used rightly or in the proper decorative spirit, would make changes you so often desire after you have seen the home that is tastefully and cheerfully furnished.

By William J. Moll

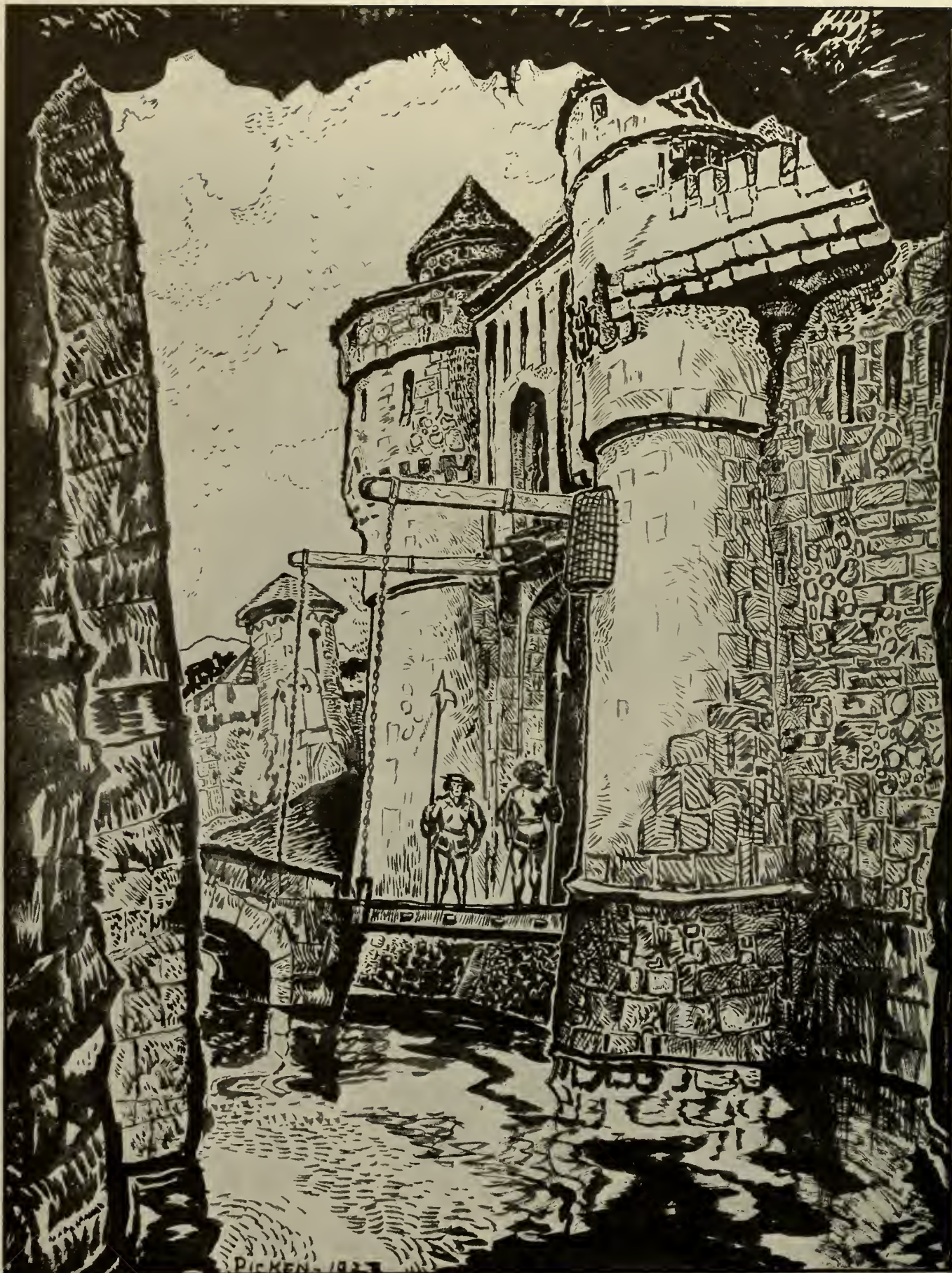
So then, what are the things in home decoration which most effect a pleasing result? Proper placement of furniture, yes. There are certain principles in the placing

of furniture in a room that should be followed for the best results. But, first of all, furniture should be placed in groups that will afford most comfort to those who use the rooms. Though this is done, there still is lacking the greatest of all elements. In the accessories of a room—in the draperies, the furniture coverings, and the things we usually consider minor—are found the keynotes that give life to our surroundings. And here we come to a consideration of cretonne in its application as a tone-builder and cheer-giver in the home.

There are many uses for cretonne. But perhaps the main thing we are considering here is its adaptability to window draperies, furniture coverings and slip covers. And for all these things it is admirable. There are thousands of patterns, and almost hundreds of fabrics from which to choose, from the simple cotton print to the hand-blocked linen which is usually classed as "cretonne." But each of these patterns and fabrics is peculiarly adaptable to the tasks in hand. The first thing one should do is carefully to consider the room as a whole, the type of furniture, the treatment of the walls, the coloring and pattern of the rug, before selecting the pattern and fabric to be used in either hangings or furniture covering.

A few simple observations may help here. If the pattern of the wall paper and rug is small, then a large patterned cretonne may be used. If the pattern of

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 93]



THIS sketch of medieval Burgundy was made by George A. Picken in the depths of Harlem in this year of our Lord, 1923. For it is an Urban-designed set that will be used in "Yolanda," Marion Davies' next feature for Cosmopolitan. The scene is accurate in all details, from the huge drawbridge

to the imposing towers, and it depicts the castle of the Duke of Burgundy. The duke had a daughter, the Princess Mary, who masqueraded as a burgher girl, Yolanda. It is this part, so well suited to her charming personality, that Miss Davies will portray.

"Robin Hood" Wins Photoplay Magazine 1922 Gold Medal of Honor



Douglas Fairbanks, who conceived the idea of "Robin Hood," produced the picture and starred in it



Allan Dwan, who directed "Robin Hood" and to whom goes a large share of the credit for its great success



PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S third gold medal of honor, for the best motion picture of the year 1922, has been awarded to Douglas Fairbanks' "Robin Hood." The award was made by the readers of PHOTOPLAY, thousands of ballots having been cast to decide the mooted question. From the torrent of votes, "Robin Hood" emerged a winner by a safe margin.

The first PHOTOPLAY gold medal of honor was given to Cosmopolitan Productions for "Humoresque," adjudged the best picture of 1920. The winner of the honor for 1921 was "Tol'able David," produced by Inspiration Pictures, Inc. "Robin Hood" now finds himself a member of the most distinguished and exclusive gathering in the film world.

When PHOTOPLAY first announced its intention to present a gold medal for the best picture each year, it defined the qualifications of a great picture as a combination of theme, story, direction, acting, continuity, setting and photography. It believes that its readers, in awarding the 1922 medal of honor to "Robin Hood," took all these features into consideration and displayed excellent judgment and keen discrimination in making their choice.

"Robin Hood" differed from the earlier winners of the PHOTOPLAY medal in that it was a super-spectacle, while in the others the story was of paramount im-

portance. In spite of the fact that a dozen or more men and women played important parts in the production of this picture, the credit for the conception and the execution of the idea goes to Mr. Fairbanks. The story of the historic Earl of Huntingdon, known as Robin Hood, was adapted by Elton Thomas, and the scenario was prepared by Lotta Woods. The stupendous sets were designed by Wilfred Buckland and his assistants from the results of the most painstaking research by Dr. Arthur Woods.

PHOTOPLAY is proud to award the medal of honor to this exceptionally praiseworthy picture and proud of its readers to whose discriminating taste the award is really due.

The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor is rightly recognized as the supreme mark of distinction in the world of the motion picture. It is the first attempt ever made to bestow credit for meritorious work, to give honor where honor is due.

The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor is an award of impressive beauty. It is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights. It is two and one-half inches in diameter and is made by Tiffany and Company, of New York. It is inscribed on the obverse side: "THE PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE MEDAL," and on the reverse the names of the winning picture and producer.

The vote for the next medal will be announced in ample time for every reader to take advantage.



Douglas Fairbanks as Robin Hood and Wallace Beery as King Richard I. in a scene from "Robin Hood"



This is how the "Imp" company advertised Mary Pickford's first independent release after she left Biograph and Griffith. She was just "Little Mary" then. Owen Moore, with whom she is shown, and Mary were secretly married about this time

Brown

Chapter XXI

THE glint of romance and flashes of the intense melodrama of life shine through all the dusty annals of the evolution of the motion picture. In this chapter the specters of love and death and the tragedies of fruitless, shattered ambition haunt the paths of progress toward the screen of today.

Picking up the tangled skein of film affairs again in the now forgotten year of 1910, we find war still the absorbing major concern of the screen chieftains. It was war to decide whether the motion picture industry was to be a free field or the private and particular property of the Motion Picture Patents Company, owner of every essential patented process of film making.

Largely this war was in the courts, a dry, technical affair of injunctions and motions, complex beyond the understanding of many of the litigants, a matter only for the experts of patent law.

But, fortunately for the interest of this chronicle, the biggest and most vital of these legal conflicts brought with it the incidental development of some of the most amazing dramatic sequences in all the tragedy-bespangled history of the motion picture.

It is an all but unknown story that we have pieced together here from more than a score of obscure sources, many of them far afield from the obvious channels of motion picture information.

The Patents Company among its many injunction suits against the makers of films singled out the "Imp," as Carl Laemmle's Independent Motion Picture Company was known, for the principal offensive in the patent war.

There was a continual rattle of musketry against the smaller

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

By Terry Ramsaye



Where Woodville Latham, first to project motion pictures, rests in peace at last. His funeral was his only reward for his discovery of the empire of the screen

fry of the independent field, but the strong commercial position and the persistent efrontery of the "Imp," with its cartoon advertisements and ridicule and defiance of "the trust," drew the fire of the big guns of heavy bombardment. If the "Imp" could be crushed in the courts, the rest could be attended to in short order.

The fight on the "Imp" had its legal and technical focus on a charge of infringement of the "Latham Loop" patent. It was the slack film or loop, first applied in Woodville Latham's picture machines, which enabled the successful manipulation of long films. This one patent was definite and specific. The Motion Picture Patents Company had many others, but experience and legal advice made it seem advisable not to risk some of those other frailer claims in the courts. A whole series of separate and successive court actions were brought against "Imp" but

they can now be considered as one.

By the autumn of 1910 the action had reached a critical point in which basic evidence pertaining to Major Latham's invention became vital. Parker W. Page, of counsel for the Patents Company, made a search for proof of the date of invention of the patent in suit. Turning through the files of the United States Patent Office in Washington, he found that the exhibits of papers, records and machines which had figured in the old patent interference hearings of years before when Latham was fighting for recognition of his rights had disappeared.

These historic relics and now again important pieces of legal evidence had been delivered to the Anthony Scovill Company which, in time, as we have seen, became the AnSCO Company, of Binghamton, N. Y. AnSCO sold the Latham patent to the Biograph and the Latham records and devices lay forgotten in a warehouse until one day a janitor, looking for more room for newer discards, burned the old Latham eidoloscope and papers in a vacant lot.

Now the only hope for equivalent evidence was in other possible surviving relics and, perchance, the memories of

EVEN fiction cannot equal this chronicle of murder and suicide; of secret marriage; of rise to fame and fortune almost over night; of financial ruin in the same brief time. It is unbelievable—but it is true.

Read

- How "Little Mary" was secretly married.
- How Thomas H. Ince became a director.
- How ruin overtook Major Latham, inventor of the projection machine.
- How death in violent forms came to his three sons.
- How his daughter-in-law, a noted artist, committed suicide.
- How "comedy relief" always comes in real life as in pictures.

Latham's relatives. Some years before, proof had been introduced of Latham's death and that was an accepted legal fact.

Page, the attorney, cast about for relatives of the old inventor. He employed Raphael Netter, who had once been a draughtsman in Latham's employ, to aid in the search. The name of Latham had become only a legal memory in the motion picture business. Among the independents there was a hazy notion that he was some obscure foreigner like Mr. Homer, the star of Homer's "Odyssey," or Isaac Newton, the fellow who lobbied through the law of gravitation.

Presently reports from the investigators came into the offices of Page, Kerr & Cooper, carrying an amazing tale of death and disaster in the Latham family. All of the Lathams were reported dead.

It was learned and verified that Otway Latham, youngest son of Major Woodville Latham, had been stricken with appendicitis in the brokerage office of his brother, Grey Latham, a few months before, and died that same day on the operating table in St. Luke's.

And there was a startling sequel to this abrupt termination of the career of the dashing youth who had pioneered motion picture showing on the day the screen was born. But this was a story that never came to court or legal record.

It will be remembered from an early chapter that, away back in 1896, Otway Latham and his bride of a few weeks, Natalie, went to Mexico City on the first foreign picture-making expedition, and there parted in a lovers' quarrel of jealousies. They never saw each other from that day, when Natalie left for Paris and Otway started back to New York alone.

Down in 1910, when Otway died, the cables carried the story to the



Here is the old "Imp" company of 1910-11 when Mary Pickford left Biograph, lured away by the unheard-of salary of \$175 a week. Nearly every person in this array has become famous on the screen. They are:

- | | | | | | |
|------------------|------------------|--------------------|----------------------|-------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Mary Pickford | 4. Thomas Ince | 7. Lottie Pickford | 10. Mrs. David Miles | 13. Mrs. Joe MacDonald | 16. David Miles |
| 2. Owen Moore | 5. Jack Pickford | 8. Joe Smiley | 11. Joe MacDonald | 14. John Harvey | 17. Mrs. Pickford |
| 3. King Baggot | 6. Isabel Rae | 9. William Shay | 12. Hayward Mack | 15. George Loane Tucker | 18. Robert Daley |
| | | | 19. Tony Gardio | | |

The Most Remarkable True Story of



Watterson R. Rothacker founded the Industrial Motion Picture business. He had good luck at precisely the right time. There was luck in the initials, I. M. P.

Paris edition of an American newspaper, and this paper found its way to the studio where the beautiful and recluse artist, Natalie Latham, painted her bizarre pictures.

For fourteen years Otway Latham's bride had remained true to the memory of their blighted romance.

The morning that the newspaper came with the New York dispatch of her husband's death, she set her studio in order. She dressed with elaborate care and fixed her hair, just the way he had liked it best.

Then she locked her doors and sat down on a silk divan under the big studio window.

An alarmed old French caretaker thought he had heard a shot. He ran clattering in his sabots after a gendarme.

Natalie Latham was dead with the fatal newspaper clutched in her hand. This was the end of the romance that had blossomed in New York so long before. This was the end of the heartache that started with the parting in the hotel patio down in Mexico City in 1896.

The search of the lawyers for Latham evidence now turned to a hunt for Grey Latham, Otway's older brother. This concluded in a few days with the discovery that he, too, was dead. It was but a matter of a few weeks after Otway's death that Grey Latham was found dead on the pavement in Ninth street, near Broadway, one night. He had been killed by a blow on the head and his pockets had been rifled.

Again the investigators were sent out to seek Percy Latham, an older son of the Major. Percy Latham had had no direct connection with his father's motion picture affairs. He had made and lost a fortune in the drug business in the West and, at last reports, was employed as a chemist by a New York drug house. But, shortly, it was discovered that he also had come to a tragic death at the end of his once prosperous career.

Considerably disconcerted, the lawyers again turned to Washington, which had once been the Major's home. There they at last found some encouragement. In a directory they

NO novel ever written contains more of the drama of life than the remarkable story of the Lathams of motion picture fame included in this chapter, and here told for the first time.

This chapter delves deep into forgotten romances and affairs of the motion picture which have remained secrets through all the years and in spite of the superficial attentions of less persistent investigators of screen history.

You can not understand the screen of today without a knowledge of what it was yesterday and back through all the complicated yesterdays which The Romantic History of the Motion Picture is unfolding from month to month. In this narrative love and death, triumph and tragedy ride side-by-side. It is a tale of absorbing interest.

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor.*

found the address of the Misses Ella G. Latham and Sallie Evelyn Latham, aged sisters of the Major.

S. S. Durham of the office of Page, Kerr & Cooper, hastened to see them.

"I would like you to tell me all that you can about Major Latham's motion picture inventions," he began.

"Of course we would be glad to tell you anything we know," came the answer, "but why don't you talk to our brother and let him tell you himself?"

The lawyer was dumfounded.

"But—but he has been dead for years!"

"No, you are mistaken. He is living." They were emphatic.

"Where?"

"In New York."

Up in 116th street, in a drab little furnished room, Parker W. Page found Major Latham eking out his days in dire poverty.

While all the breathless search had been going on for months, leading the investigators into every corner of the country, the one man who held the key to all the obscurities of the patent situation was within ten minutes of 80 Fifth avenue, the Patents Company's office.

Since 1897, thirteen unhappy years, Major Latham had been dead so far as the world of the motion picture was concerned. His health was broken, his ambitions destroyed. This proud old man, a chivalrous relic of the old South, a one time valiant officer of the Army of the Confederacy, and a scientist of repute, was ending his days as a book agent. When bright, sunny days came, he struggled out on his wearying rounds, ringing the doorbells of Harlem. But mostly he kept to his room and lived, after a fashion, on the tiny allowance that his sisters in Washington were able to send him.

The motion picture screen which he, first of all men, had brought into being in his Frankfort Street workshop in January of 1895, had grown up into an industry of millions. Now other men, men to whom he was hardly even a name, were fighting over the millions of this empire of the screen.

One can imagine what must have been the emotions of the proud but broken old man, when he trudged the streets, passing

Film Romance and Tragedy Ever Written

the countless garish and blatantly prospering motion picture theaters of 1910. Years before he had lost his last claim on the new art for a mere thousand dollars, borrowed against his patents, to be loaned to his son Grey.

Now the motion picture, in the flush of its riches and battles, had forgotten him—and he had all but forgotten it.

On April 25, 1911, to the surprise and amazement of all the litigants, Major Woodville Latham in his own proper person, feeble but courageously erect and brave as in the old days, entered the courtroom. He was sworn as a witness and took the stand.

For some days he gave his testimony under the examination of Page, the attorney, and against the raking fire of cross and re-cross examination by the relentless lawyers for the defendant "Imp."

Major Latham stood the ordeal with fortitude. His testimony, to be found in the records of the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York, is an example of crispness and clarity. And here and there the printed lines carry the glow of the Major's heat when he departed momentarily from the cold routine of facts to defend himself and his sons against implications in the statements of other witnesses.

In a strict legal sense, the Motion Picture Patents Company, having acquired the Latham patents by due right of purchase from the AnSCO company, had no obligation to the old inventor. But even corporations have their sensibilities and emotions. The Patents Company, cautiously phrasing its suggestion to avoid possible offense to proud Major Latham, asked him what he required for a living. This, at least, they thought was due him. His patent had, after all, not yet passed through the final test of the courts, the action then in progress. If, in the end, they triumphed on the basis of his patent, perhaps then a substantial sum could be set aside for him by way of a belated but welcome recognition. Meanwhile he should be maintained in comfort.



George Loane Tucker, a member of the original "Imp" company of 1910, who later became a famous director. His greatest picture was "The Miracle Man"

Major Latham flushed and hesitated. "I should be able to do nicely with fifteen dollars a week—I—I have done with much less."

Gruff J. J. Kennedy, the iron boss of the Patents Company group, choked back an exclamation.

"We'll give him twice that."

So Major Latham was paid thirty dollars a week thereafter. But the old inventor's stormy life was about ended.

He declined rapidly in health and spirit. The sessions in court had given him a glimpse of the golden land of the motion picture, which he had discovered and never enjoyed.

Thanksgiving Day, 1911, Major Latham died. The Patents Company gave him a funeral.

Two years ago the writer of this history went one snowy winter day on a lone pilgrimage to Rock Creek Cemetery, near Washington, D. C., seeking the grave of the tragedy-haunted old pioneer of the screen.

The quiet cemetery office was empty. Out among the graves in the distance a gnarled old grave digger was at work. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 118]



Thomas H. Ince, taken when he was managing director of the Broncho, Kay-Bee and Domino films, and his wife, who was Alice Kershaw. Mr. Ince was in the old "Imp" company and Miss Kershaw with the Biograph



Hoover

C L O S E - U P S

& LONG SHOTS

By Herbert Howe

THE ARTISTIC URGE: Art is individual expression. The creation of a motion picture is a collaborative business, approaching art as it narrows to the expression of an individual artist. When you consider the restrictions imposed upon a director by the producing company, the distributor, the exhibitor and the censor, you marvel that a genuine piece of work ever slips through the machinery.

Charlie Chaplin comes closest to being an individual creator. He conceives his story, produces it, directs it and distributes it. He is as free as the laws of the land, censorship and popular prejudices permit. Thus the greatness of "A Woman of Paris," with which he deliberately smashes film conventions.

Time is another element in its perfection. Chaplin devoted eight months to it, a period few companies would allow a director. For all his genius for picture story telling and his com-



mercial value, Chaplin has had to fight for freedom. Only a short time ago he was at the mercy of the distributors. They have the bartering talent. When a little independent producer creeps out of the West with a picture they look at it in stony silence and groan over it until the little producer gets so low he's willing to sell for the price of a revolver with which to commit hari kari.

Chaplin submitted one of his finest and most successful comedy gems to such a group not so long ago. They looked at it as though viewing the final remains of a relative who had died intestate. When the picture had been run they continued to sit in a grim death watch.

Finally the silence was pierced by a shriek. "For God's sake," wailed the little Charlot, "why doesn't somebody say something?"

The pallbearers heaved ghoulish sighs. "Vell," muttered one of them, "vere's the punch?"

Charlie with hysteric restraint turned upon the company:

"I'll knock off forty thousand dollars on the price," he shrilled, "if you'll let me spit in that guy's eye."

There you have the reason for Charlie's greatness as an artist—he obeys his inspiration, cost what it may.

The Hypocrisy of Movie Folk: You can't trust any friend in this business. For instance, Rex Ingram, who knows full well that I am the official traveling representative for PHOToplay, wires me at the moment of sailing: "Am sailing for Europe to work on an assignment from Jimmie Quirk to make six pages of sketches in London, Ireland, and Cairo."

False friend!

Our Over-stuffed Screen: Ernst Lubitsch, the jovial little German director, eagerly praises American pictures and players, but he blinks in bewilderment at the way in which we furnish houses on the screen.

"I see picture the other night with room that has six pieces of furniture in line dis way and four pieces furniture in line dat way und—My! My!

"I think houses here are furnished much different as in Europe. No? When I come

here in Ambassador hotel I see big room full of chairs. I think this must be the furniture department. I do not wish to buy furniture so I ask a man where is the hotel? He say, this is the lobby of the hotel. I say, My! My!"

After Dinner at Ernst Lubitsch's: We had just finished dinner at Ernst Lubitsch's home in Beverly Hills and were comfortably settled with cigars when Ernst observed: "In Europe after dinner you go to cafe on the boulevard, you have your coffee, you sip your liqueur, you talk and listen to the moosic. Life in America is much different as in Europe? No?"

"Yes," chirped Mabel Normand. "And life here was much different before prohibition."

Ja, verily, prohibition has driven us all to drink.

Tony to Follow Rudie? After his brilliant performance of *Don Caesar* in "The Spanish Dancer," for which he was congratulated by Pola Negri, Herbert Brenon and officials east and west, Tony Moreno was thrust into a light comedy rôle, of the Wally Reid genre, in a George Melford trifle. Tony didn't care for it and intimidated as gently as a Krupp gun that he didn't.

"Because I have Wally Reid's dressing room I suppose it follows that I can play Wally Reid parts," remarked Tony ironically. "Well, I can't. That boy was too clever in his line for me, or for anyone."

Tony also made it plain from the outset that he did not intend to give screen imitations of

Valentino. But I wouldn't be surprised if he took it into his head to follow in Rudie's footsteps off screen.

These Latin lovers certainly can fight!

Pola's Temperament: Just before leaping my snow white charger for Hollywood I made a solemn vow that I would learn the truth about Pola Negri's temperament and reveal it to the gasping world.

Pola swears that before she came to our shores she was a very spoiled girl. I regret that I cannot vouch for the truth of the lady's statement. When I saw her in Berlin I felt a greater exaltation than when I gazed upon St. Peter's in Rome.



As for Pola's demonstrations in Hollywood, one of the most celebrated of her pyrotechnic picnics occurred when she was handed the script of "The Cheat." She read it and gently tore a hole in the roof with it. The powers were horrified at such temperamental rebellion and cajoled her back on to the set. Now I leave it to you, after seeing "The Cheat," as to which side was right.

As near as I can make out, impartial devotee of the queen that I am, La Pola's gravest mistake was not in battling, but in compromising. She has been a great deal more tractable than Valentino, who stood for one flivver and one only. A great deal more patient than Ernst Lubitsch who, after seeing the queer ending they had glued to his "Montmartre," made in Berlin and starring Pola, reeled off the lot with dazed exclamations of *Mein Gott!* His contract was terminated as swiftly and as amiably as possible.

When Pola saw the ending of "Montmartre" in the projection room she calmly announced that she would give battle in the morning. *Mais . . .*

"It is all so complex over here," she says, shrugging wearily. "You must think of exhibitors, of the Eastern office, of the censors and of the public. In Europe we were free. We thought of nothing but our work. We did not even have to think of the public because we knew the public liked us and would be interested in any work into which we had put our hearts. Here you become so tired arguing, arguing, arguing, that you almost give up."

Brenon's Estimate of Pola: Pola is much happier now than while posing for the Fitzmaurice-Bergere valentines known as "Bella Donna" and "The Cheat." She is a wild and volatile Apache under Herbert Brenon's direction in "*Mon Homme*."

"I am in my milieu again," she cried gaily. "This is a character, not a society woman."

Mr. Brenon declares she is the greatest artist with whom he has ever worked. "The greatest actress on either stage or screen today. And when you understand her she is the easiest person in the world to direct."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]

A Star Predicts a Star

Upon advice of counsel, Miss Corinne Griffith, we predict stellar glory for—



MISS CLARA BOW

Because she coruscated brilliantly in a bijou rôle of "Down to the Sea in Ships" and because Miss Griffith, the star of "Black Oxen," in which Miss Bow next appears, predicts a great future for her.

NEXT MONTH

ANOTHER DISCOVERY!

BABY PEGGY, small feminine runner-up to Jackie Coogan, registers an emotion. It may be joy, and it may be expectation, and it may even be fear. Or—taking the ruffled dress and panties and the snappy cut-out sandals into consideration—it may even be extreme satisfaction!



Freulich

Who is the Most Beautiful Woman on the Screen?

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will ask its readers to answer this question.

In its January issue *Photoplay* will publish a special rotogravure section containing the portraits of sixty beautiful screen actresses. *Photoplay* readers will be asked to make their choice and to send their ballots to the *Photoplay* office. Each person whose ballot bears the name of the winner of this contest will receive a photograph of the screen's greatest beauty, actually autographed by her. Remember—this is not to decide the greatest actress nor the most popular, but the most beautiful woman ON THE SCREEN.

Beauty may be divided into two classes—beauty and beauty plus distinction. There are women of such distinctive beauty that they rise above ordinary laws and establish new standards.

Such beauties were Cleopatra, Madame de Pompadour, Pauline de Biguiere and Elizabeth Duchess of Hamilton.

Has the screen today a beauty of this type?

Naturally beauty cannot exist without harmony of features but next to this must rank the expression of an inward loveliness. This is particularly necessary when considering beauty in photographs where coloring cannot be the great factor.

There are stars of the screen whose inward loveliness glows even through their photographs. Is one of these your choice?

There are beauties who remind one of jewels. There are blazing diamonds, deep colored glowing rubies, vivid many-shaded opals and softly radiant pearls. Which do you prefer?

Many ideals of beauty have been established by artists of the past and of the present. In the gallery of sixty portraits which *Photoplay* will offer practically every type is represented. The readers of *Photoplay* have the deciding voice as to which one stands preeminent as the most beautiful woman of the screen.

Remember, this gallery of beauties which has never been paralleled in any publication will appear in the January issue of *Photoplay Magazine*.



Richard Burke

DOROTHY GISH in her best role—being herself. That wistful tom-boy and comedienne— who plays even the merriest scenes with a hint of pathos. And who finds time, off stage, to be a highly successful wife and home maker

THE SILVER CRAZY-QUILT

"Stills" and Titles

By
Ralph
Barton

A Woman of Paris

IF you'd like to know what Charlie Chaplin's like in private life;
If you'd like to know the oddities with which his soul is rife;
If you'd like to end the parley that is centered on our Charlie,
You will come extremely near it
If you'll just absorb the spirit
Of the realistic picture he has made.

In his picture, as in life, every climax peters out.
(For it's only in the pictures that an evil-liver dies
With an operatic flourish and an opportunity "here lies."
While in life an evil-liver goes on living—with the gout.)

It is life devoid of high C's, stripped of histrionic crises;
It is Zola *pianissimo*,
A less dramatic, muffled Poe;
It savors of Gaboriau,
With a certain undercurrent of the Chaplin that we know.

Not a single weeping close-up,
That the other movies dose up,
Turns the tummies of the faithful movie clients.

To offset this lack of science,
There is Edna—la Purviance;
There is Menjou—splendid actor—
As the lady's benefactor.
It's a trifling circumstance if it's not at all like France—
It is simply a depiction of the calm but caustic strife
That we generally substitute for Tragedy in life.



Scaramouche

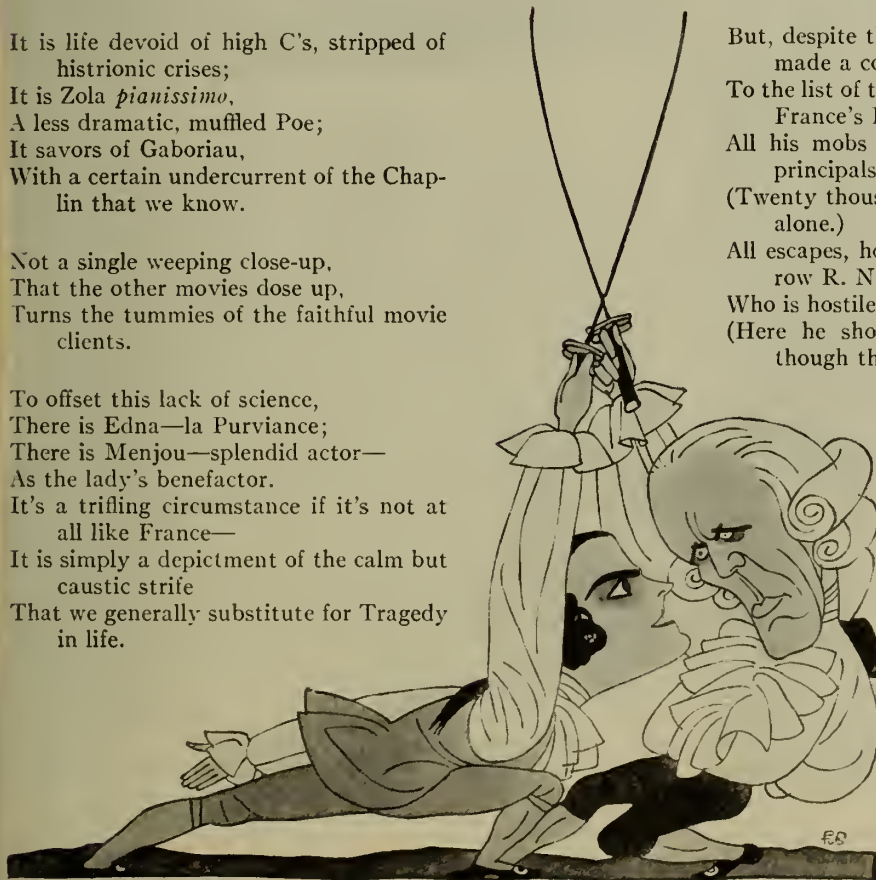
ON the other hand, there's *Scaramouche*.
(It rhymes with either *ruche* or *hootch*.)
The program says it cost some billions;
The cast is reckoned in the millions.
The simple manor of the heiress
Is forty times as big as Paris.
In fact, enough was spent on sets,
On wigs and dresses, coats and pants,
To liquidate the Allies' debts
And rebuild devastated France.



But, despite this stingy outlay, Ingram's made a contribution
To the list of thrilling films that deal with France's Revolution.
All his mobs are amply frantic, all his principals romantic;
(Twenty thousand went for beauty-spots alone.)
All escapes, however narrow, fail to harrow R. Novarro,
Who is hostile to his father, Lewis Stone.
(Here he showed a lack of judgment,
though the fault lay in the plot;

Lewis Stone is quite the most convincing actor in the lot.)

Then, there's pretty Alice Terry, in the epoch's millinery.
"Ain't she sweet!" I hear the gentlemen a-sighing;
If the ladies dispute that, they can blame it on the hat—
Anyway, that's only half your money's buying:
For there's a picture in the program not propelled through the projector,
That will set the lady customers exclaiming;
It's a photo, 8 by 7, of the modest young director
That is admirably suitable for framing.





THE SPANISH DANCER—Paramount

AFTER being wasted in "Bella Donna" and "The Cheat," Pola Negri comes back to her own in this picture. She is again La Negri of "Passion." She has shed the veneer of sophistication and has reverted to the primitive woman type. As the gypsy girl in this adaptation of "Don Caesar de Bazan," she gives a magnificent performance. She portrays almost every emotion conceivable, and does each and every one admirably. Herbert Brenon, the director, shares the honors. Tony Moreno is a lovable scapgrace as the hero, playing the rôle in a dashing, devil-may-care fashion. Wallace Beery adds another to his long list of fine characterizations as the king of Spain. With this production Paramount is keeping its promise of bigger and better pictures.



ZAZA—Paramount

GLORIA SWANSON in this picture definitely takes her place among the leading actresses of the screen. She leaves no doubt as to her talent. Many liberties have been taken with the story, but the picture, while not so dramatic and absorbing as the play, is still extremely interesting. *Zaza*, as played by Miss Swanson, is more like *Kiki*, a gamine of the French stage—childish, petulant, given to fits of temper, kicking, biting, scratching, but always lovable and fascinating. The star is at her best in her quieter moments. The production is lavishly mounted and the supporting cast, headed by H. B. Warner, is exceptional. Mary Thurman and Lucille La Verne deserve special mention, as does Allan Dwan for his careful and intelligent direction. A picture very well worth seeing.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



SCARAMOUCHE—Metro

THIS is one of the great pictures of the year. The French Revolution is a big subject for any motion picture director to tackle. Mr. Griffith did it successfully in "Orphans of the Storm," and Rex Ingram has done it again, fully as effectively, in "Scaramouche." Mr. Ingram has rather turned the Sabatini novel upside down. The author made the French Revolution incidental to the love story. In the picture the love story is the incidental part. As a result of this, the first half of the film, to those who have read the book, seems a bit jerky. But when Mr. Ingram swings into the scenes of the Revolution, the picture has a wonderful breadth and sweep. The scenes of mobs of half-crazed men and Amazonian women racing through the streets of Paris, waving their rude weapons and singing the "Marsellaise," are marvelously done. Nothing more striking has been seen on the screen than *Danton* leading his terrible army to attack the Tuileries. The night scenes also, lighted by bonfires, are almost terrifying. Mr. Ingram has used all his great skill in making this picture and it is the best thing he has done since "The Four Horsemen." Ramon Novarro, who plays the title rôle, has developed into an actor of power and charm. He is ideal for the rôle. Praise of him in this production means even more because he is playing opposite such a splendid actor as Lewis Stone. Mr. Stone, as the villainous *Marquis*, gives a performance that ranks with his finest. Alice Terry has little to do, but she does that little well and is always beautiful. Special commendation is due Mr. Ingram for his fidelity in casting. *Danton*, *Robespierre*, *Marat*, the *King* and *Queen*, and *Napoleon* are all true to life. Settings and photography are remarkably good.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

SCARAMOUCHE	ZAZA
A WOMAN OF PARIS	THE BAD MAN
THE SPANISH DANCER	CAMEO KIRBY

The Six Best Performances of the Month

RAMON NOVARRO in "Scaramouche"
POLA NEGRI in "The Spanish Dancer"
ANTONIO MORENO in "The Spanish Dancer"
ADOLPHE MENJOU in "A Woman of Paris"
GLORIA SWANSON in "Zaza"
HOLBROOK BLINN in "The Bad Man"



THE BAD MAN—First National

HOLBROOK BLINN is *The Bad Man*, just as he was upon the legitimate stage. That's the main reason for the picture's charm. His murders are as playful as his robberies or his love affairs.

The plot deals with a nice young man who owns a border ranch which, because of an overdue mortgage, is in a precarious position. Upon the date of the foreclosure, fate brings his one-time sweetheart and her rich cad of a husband upon the scene. Adding a triangle to his other troubles. And then—enter *The Bad Man*. And the troubles are brushed nonchalantly aside. Next in line to Mr. Blinn's performance as *Pancho Lopez*, the Mexican bandit, comes the work of Charles A. Sellon as *Uncle Henry*, a querulous old cripple. The titles help, too—they're splendid!



A WOMAN OF PARIS—United Artists

THIS picture is significant because, in its production, Charles Chaplin proves that he is one of the greatest of all directors. But it is not great, and it is for the sophisticated rather than for a strictly family audience. Any fifteen-year-old child who appreciates it should be taken home and spanked. But we do recommend it most highly to readers of PHOToplay who are interested in the technique of motion pictures, for in it Mr. Chaplin has given other directors a post-graduate course in the use of simplicity for the achievement of effectiveness. Chaplin wrote the story, and you are inclined to be angry with him for not permitting a good writer to furnish him with a subject that would have been worthy of his skill in direction. The critics have raved about this new revelation of Chaplin's genius, but the truth of the matter is that he has demonstrated his peerless qualities in that respect in dramatic episodes in many of his comedies. In brief, it is the story of a young French girl from a small town who becomes the mistress of a wealthy Parisian, but who learns too late that "Rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake." As a result of her work Edna Purviance will probably be sought after by other producers, and Adolphe Menjou, always a good actor, will be given the opportunities he has long deserved. Fortunately Mr. Chaplin is not to forsake the comedies which the world needs. He indicated that in his little talk the night the picture opened in New York, when he said he hoped the public would not take his effort too seriously. But how we would like to see him essay a serious rôle like "The Music Master"—once anyhow. We feel confident he would surpass any actor on the stage or screen in such a performance.



CAMEO KIRBY—Fox

A ROMANCE of the river boats that once plied up and down the Mississippi, of a man who had forgotten his name and his social standing to become a professional gambler, and of a girl who gives his ideals back to him. A period seldom pictured, packed though it is with possibilities for both stage and screen.

Cameo Kirby joins in a dishonest card game for the sake of saving the fortunes of an old man who is being fleeced. He wins everything—with the intention of giving it back—but the old man, not realizing his opponent's altruism, commits suicide. And then it turns out that the orphaned daughter is the woman of *Cameo Kirby's* heart. Of course, in the end, she is made to understand *Kirby's* real nobility of purpose and generosity.



GOING UP—Associated Exhibitors

ONE of the most amusing comedies that has recently come to the screen—the best chance that Douglas MacLean has had, since he became a star. The story of a novelist who, because his book has to do with flying, is rated as an aviator. And, because the girl he loves is mad about aviators, he has to make good. Enough chuckles, for the whole family, to fill three pictures!



THUNDERING DAWN—Universal

THE story of a man's downfall—and of his regeneration through love. The scene is laid in Java and, when the island is in the grip of a typhoon, there are some very unusual effects. There is something tremendous in the giant rush of water that carries a whole town away. A well chosen cast, headed by Anna Q. Nilsson and J. Warren Kerrigan. But not quite a family picture.



THE FIGHTING BLADE—First National

IT'S difficult to put over a picture in the Cromwellian period. It's hard for the average actor to look manly in satins and plumes! Richard Barthelmess, as the gallant swordsman who joins the forces of Parliament for the sake of a woman, does as well as could have been expected. The love scenes are the best, by far. And the torturing of *Von Kerstenbroock* gives a chance for a fine bit of acting.



THE HUNTRESS—First National

A YOUNG girl, brought up by a band of Indians, suddenly learns that she is white and goes in search of an equally white husband—using Indian methods. The lady has a temper and knows how to use her fists, and her feet, when she meets a party of adventurers. Good comedy and excitement—with Snitz Edwards giving one of the month's performances as an old brave.



COLUMBUS—Pathe

THIS should be invaluable to children who are studying history. For it pictures, very truly, the struggles of the brave mariner who discovered America. It is the first of a series of 30 pictures of American history, sponsored by the Yale University Press, and it marks a stride ahead in the non-theatrical field. The pictures are based on Professor Johnson's "Chronicles of America." For the grown-ups, too.



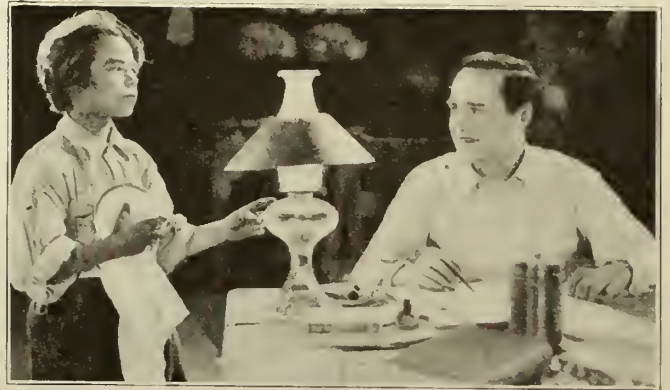
THE MARRIAGE MAKER—Paramount

CHARLES DE ROCHE walks away with this picture—despite the fact that Jack Holt and Agnes Ayres are the featured players. The story is a fantastic one of a faun who leaves his mythical Roman garden to teach mortals a lesson—that they should follow their natural impulses and emotions. Needless to say he succeeds—the average mortal requires all too little encouragement!



THE ETERNAL THREE—Goldwyn

NOT a great picture, but an extremely interesting version of the old story, and worth your evening because of the way that Marshall Neilan has produced it. Ray Griffith and Hobart Bosworth do excellent work, and Claire Windsor is delightful to look at as always. Neilan comes near out-doing Cecil De Mille in picturized versions of millionaire bachelor parties with wild women.



THE RIGHT OF THE STRONGEST—Zenith

FRANCES NIMMO GREENE'S novel of the Alabama hill country picturized with E. K. Lincoln as the engineer, and a strong cast of favorites including Helen Ferguson. Faithfully and entertainingly produced, it combines the careful characterizations of "Driven" with a regular Dempsey-Firpo battle between Lincoln and George Seigmann that is reminiscent of "The Spoilers."



LIGHTS OUT—Film Booking Offices

A MELODRAMA of the underworld and the movies—with an extremely clever idea back of it, and more than its share of suspense. This picture marks the return, to the screen, of Ruth Stonehouse—who does very well in the rôle of *Hairpin Annie*, a lady who makes her living by picking locks. How a crime is exposed, and the criminal brought to justice, through the medium of a serial picture.



MONNA VANNA—Fox

EVER since the unpleasantness that started in 1914, Germany and Belgium have refused to mix. Perhaps that is why this ambitious German translation of Maeterlinck, the Belgian, is so unsatisfactory. Lee Parry is attractive but the actors are too heavy and Teutonic for American taste, and the ancient feud becomes so boring in this version that you wish they would all kill each other off.



THE CALL OF THE WILD—Pathe

THOUGH not as arresting as some of the dog pictures that we have witnessed, the work of *Buck*, the magnificent St. Bernard, seems nearly perfect. And the snow scenes, in the far north, are very lovely. The plot follows quite faithfully, in spots, the famous story by Jack London. And the cast—with Walter Long as the villain, and Jack Mulhall as the hero—is good. For the family.



THE RAMBLIN' KID—Universal

A STORY of rodeos and the great west. With quite some riding and excitement. Incidentally, the lovely heroine does some of the riding—with the hero as her innocent victim. She thinks him guilty of violating the eighteenth amendment, and there's the dickens to pay until his innocence is proved. Hoot Gibson, as usual, has something real to offer.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]

Nervous Prosperity & Klieg Eyes

These are the most prevalent diseases in the motion picture industry, says Dr. William Engel, who has treated more movie folk than any other physician in the world

By Dr. William Engel

ON numerous occasions people have asked me what my specialty is and, somewhat facetiously, I invariably answer that I am a motion picture specialist.

This usually produces a laugh; but the truth of the matter is that I have probably attended to the physical wants of more people connected with the motion picture business than any other physician in the world. I say this in due modesty, as I have treated from time to time during the past fourteen years actors, actresses, producers, directors, motion picture magazine editors and writers, publicity men, camera men, carpenters, electricians, advertising managers and newspaper writers, all associated with the picture industry.

From the beginning of my acquaintance with people connected with the motion picture industry I have found that they are not only human, but that they are normal in every respect, except in the tremendous interest which they show in their work.

While I am supposed in this interview to tell you what I think of people in the motion picture profession from the viewpoint of a physician, I am taking advantage of this opportunity to say that I believe that there is no single profession the people of which are misunderstood more than those in the motion picture business.

A physician, like a priest, is very often the friend and father confessor of his patients, and in my relationship with people in the picture industry I feel that I know them as well as anyone can; and after fourteen years of association with them I admire them tremendously, not only for their stoical attitude toward pain and illness, but also for their charity, their industry, their sincerity and their devotion to their art.

If I were asked if there is any particular disease or illness which is peculiar to the motion picture industry, I should say that there are two—one being Klieg eyes, which affects all people who are connected with the actual making of pictures, and the other is what I have chosen to call "Nervous Prosperity," which affects the people who have to do with the financing and distribution of pictures.

Klieg eyes is a term applied to an inflammation

of the eyes as a direct result of an exposure to the lights which are used in studios. The result of these intense lights is a very severe inflammation of all of the exposed parts of the eye, which is excruciatingly painful.

Nervous prosperity is self-explanatory and is the result of quickly acquired fortunes and an overwhelming amount of business activity, together with financial worries, and is responsible for a long list of medical ailments which are too numerous to mention.

The motion picture actors and actresses have always appreciated the value of health in their work, and many of them have retained me on the so-called Chinese system—to keep them healthy. Like successful people in all walks of life the motion picture success of today is sufficiently intelligent to take means of preventing the so-called preventable diseases and also to live normal, healthy, hygienic lives so that they can give the best that is in them to their work.

Besides treating actors and actresses for the ordinary ailments to which the normal individual is subject, I have also done some very interesting and gratifying work in keeping them looking fit. Along these lines I have had to remodel faces, remove corpulent abdomens, large hips, fleshy arms, etc., and it has been my experience that, the more successful the actor or actress, the more particular he or she is about appearance.

The average person will be surprised to know that most of the successful people in all branches of the motion picture profession either have gymnasiums in their homes, or handball courts, tennis courts, swimming pools and even golf courses on their private estates, where they keep themselves in good physical condition. Those who cannot afford these luxuries patronize gymnasiums and other public places where they can keep their bodies in condition to fit them for the tremendous volume of work which they all do. A great many of my friends in the motion picture industry employ a physical trainer, who gives them at least a half-hour's workout every morning before they start

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 103]



Dr. William Engel, the "motion picture specialist," from a painting made during his army service

Put them on your Christmas List

Everyone likes to have lovely nails

PRICES and SIZES
FOR EVERY
CHRISTMAS NEED

*Gay Christmas packages at the
right range of prices.*

FOR the fastidious dressing table the fascinating Boudoir Set with its cunning little compartments for cotton, buffer, Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Cuticle Cream (Comfort) and three different Polishes, including the marvelous new Liquid Polish. This makes a substantial gift of worth and distinction. The buffer, stick and file alone seem almost worth the whole price, only \$3.00. For \$5.00 there is the still more elegant De Luxe set. The Cutex Ivory Case at \$7.50 is luxuriously packed in a charming box of fine quality imitation Ivory.

Cutex Boudoir Set

FOR the greeting that must be more personal than a card—the square little box at the bottom contains half sizes of everything essential for the nicest manicure. The Cuticle Remover, Cake Polish, Paste Polish (with the fashionable new rose tint), Nail White, emery board and the daintiest little orange stick, all gay and cordial in their little black and rose boxes. This compact set is almost indispensable for the week-end, the over-night visit or the office toilet kit, and it costs only 60c.

Cutex Compact Set



CUTEX TRAVELING SET, \$1.50



CUTEX BOUDOIR, SET, \$3.00



CUTEX FIVE MINUTE, \$1.00



CUTEX COMPACT SET, 60c

EACH WITH A SPECIAL
HOLIDAY WRAPPER

FOR the friend who is always dashing off somewhere the special Cutex Traveling Set at the top slips in the dressing case. The Cuticle Remover, the cake of white Polish, the jar of pink Paste Polish and the convenient Nail White are tucked in securely with a separate pocket for the steel file, the emery boards and the orange sticks. This handsome lasting set is only \$1.50.

Cutex Traveling Set

THE third set, for convenient use at the dressing table. How trim and complete it is. And it contains the Cuticle Remover, of course, absorbent cotton, emery boards, and manicure stick, and both the wonderful new Cutex Polishes, the Liquid Polish for speed and brilliance, the Powder Polish for a delicate rose-pearl lustre—all so conveniently arranged not a moment is lost in using it. \$1.00.

Cutex Five Minute Set

You can get these Cutex Manicure Sets with the special holiday wrappers at any drug or department store in the United States and Canada and at chemist shops in England. Northam Warren, 114 W. 17th St., New York.

CUTEX



ERIC VON STROHEIM took a company of people into Death Valley, during the middle of summer, against the advice of all natives and travellers, to photograph the ending of Frank Norris' "McTeague," which is to be released under the title of "Greed."

There is no doubt that the expedition was full of hazard, the greatest hardship and discomfort. No other location ever made probably came so close to the border line of real danger for everyone involved. The desert sink, absolutely without water and filled with poisonous reptiles and dangerous sands, has been the end of many an adventurous explorer. But von Stroheim and his party came out, lean and very brown, but safe.

"Why did you do it?" he was asked at a luncheon given in his honor shortly on his return. "Couldn't you have gotten the same effects right in the studio, or up at Oxnard or somewhere easier?"

"No," said von Stroheim, "I couldn't. How could I ever have achieved the look in those two men's faces, if they hadn't been out there, right in the spot, in actual danger, exposed to the terrible sun, knowing what it was to have only a little water in canteens between us and—many unpleasant things? I wanted them to get the actual tan of the desert, deepening day by day, which no make-up artist could achieve. I wanted them to get the strain in the eyes, the horror on the lips. I got something real, terribly real, and I believe it means everything to my picture."

Well, you have to hand it to von Stroheim that he was willing to face the dangers, too, in order to get it.

MRS. Harold Lloyd is to return to the screen, after all. You remember when little Mildred Davis married the famous come-

Gossip— East & West

By Cal York

dian less than a year ago, she retired as her husband's leading woman and declared she was through with pictures. She was going to be just a wife. In fact, it was understood that Harold insisted and that she refused to marry him for some time because of that condition. Now, Harold has decided he was too hard hearted.

One night he came home and said, "Mid, I don't want to stand in your way. It's a shame to take your work and your success away from you, and so if you want to do more pictures, it's all right with me."

And the very first offer she had was to go to Italy to do two pictures with Rodolph Valentino.

Harold was adamant about that. "If there's going to be any Sheik in this family," he told his pretty bride, "I'll be it. I may not look the rôle, but I'm going to be it, just the same."

So Mid refused to be Mr. Valentino's leading lady and instead will return to the screen in an all-star comedy drama, with Edward Horton opposite her.

The banquet scene from "The Eternal City," one of the finest examples of grouping and lighting ever shown. Note Barbara La Marr with Lionel Barrymore on one side and Bert Lytell on the other. Arranged and photographed by Alfred Cheney Johnston

WHEN Charles Spencer Chaplin goes on a vacation he doesn't like to be bothered—not by anybody. He doesn't often have a vacation, and when he gets one he likes to spend it in his own way. That's why it upset him, when he was sitting on a raft, somewhere off Catalina Island, to have four little mermaids bob up, out of the briny deep, and insist upon meeting him. They didn't want to get on the screen—that helped, some. But they did want to meet one of its most glamorous personages, when they had a chance!

Charles Spencer didn't want to meet the mermaids—who proved to be sub-debs of the most romantic sort. But he bowed to the inevitable. And, when the mermaids boarded his raft he invited them to dine with him.

At the dinner party the four insisted upon talking love and adventure and chivalry. And so Charles, to cure them, put on his most cynical manner and his most woe-begone expression. Nobody in the whole world can be as pessimistic as the stellar Mr. Chaplin—when he wants to be! By the time the sub-debs had reached their demi-tasse they were on the verge of tears—with all of their illusions shattered. Whereupon C. S. C. delivered them to four waiting, and slightly apprehensive mammas, and spent the rest of the evening gaily dancing with a couple of very decorative picture actresses. And that's that.

For Milady's Modern Whims



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AT LAST! Underthings of beauty and irresistible charm designed to fill the needs of the woman of today. Underthings that conform to the dictates of that delightful tyrant Fashion, at the same time giving real comfort, and long and satisfactory wear

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The most beautiful and practical glove silk made is "Vanitisilk"—a Vanity Fair fabric creation and found exclusively in Vanity Fair garments. The lovely shadow striping in this fabric will delight you and you'll find that you simply can't wash its length away. In addition to "Vanitisilk" there are four weights of glove silk in which Vanity Fair garments may be obtained

We will gladly send you the name of the nearest dealer if you will send a postcard to the Vanity Fair Silk Mills, Reading, Pa.

The tremendously popular Pettiskirt answers the petticoat question. The shadow-proof hem which almost reaches the hips makes it hang well and permits it being worn under your sheerest evening frock.

The Pettibocker originated by Vanity Fair is for sports and general wear. Slim and trimly tailored with two extra inches in the length and two in the width to insure comfort and freedom.



*"The Brand You Know
by the Cameo"*

Vanity Fair

SILK UNDERWEAR
AND HOSIERY

brought one hundred and fifty suits of clothes back to the village with him. He had more clothes than all the rest of the town put together. People rushed up to him, as he descended from the car, and felt the cloth of his coat, his trousers. Another great moment.

ALTHOUGH ever so many people have advised against it, Lillian Gish announces that she will appear in the title rôle of Mark Twain's "Jeanne d' Arc." There is no doubt that Miss Gish has all of the emotional ability, the inspiration and the finesse that is needed to portray the Maid of Orleans—but it has been pointed out that Jeanne was a hardy peasant girl—whereas Lillian can, at best, be referred to as fragile. However, the lady's mind is made up, and as soon as "Romola" is finished—Lillian and her sister Dorothy are making this picture in Italy—a company will go to France to begin production there.

One cannot help wondering how the *Jeanne* of Miss Gish will measure up to the fiery and robust performance that was given, some years ago, by Geraldine Farrar. That picture was a milestone, in many ways—and Miss Farrar looked the part, and was a superb actress, too. Will the art of Lillian Gish be great enough to surmount the physical discrepancy?

NO one was supposed to know when Mrs. Wallace Reid slipped quietly into the Hospital for Wounded Veterans, and the convalescent homes of the American Legion, and distributed Wally's enormous wardrobe to the boys. Everything, except the few personal gifts to Wally's intimate friends who wanted to have something of his to remember him by, went to the service men who needed assistance—and they were so delighted with the gifts, that they told.



Norma Talmadge has a portable dressing room that can be raised on wheels and propelled all over the studio, or lot. Like a wee house, it is, and the satin-hung walls speak eloquently of a charming and dainty owner

THE romancers are predicting the engagement of Charles de Roche and Estelle Taylor. They are seen together regularly. De Roche, by the way, has become very popular in Hollywood, where he is listed as one of the "regular" guys.

IT would seem that Pearl White might have lost weight, this past year. Goodness knows, she's had more than her share of troubles.

What with suffering a nervous breakdown, retiring to a convent for the sake of her tortured soul, and being pursued all over the face of France by a hectic count—who was wildly in love with her—she certainly had adventures enough to make her a mere shell of her former healthy self. But, believe it or not, Pearl did not reduce. In spite of her many problems and perplexities she managed to gain a number of pounds. So many, in fact, that Edward Jose—who directs her next production, which, by the way, is sponsored by a large French distributing company—ordered her to reduce. And to reduce at once, by rapid and efficient methods. Placing the pearl of serial queens upon a set of white enameled bath-room scales, he tore at his hair and used many expressions of Latin frenzy.

"But it is too much," he shrieked, when he had exhausted the warmer of the expletives, "Such *embonpoint!* I cannot fit you into the film! Feet is terrible! You are ten pounds more than you were a year ago!"

Pearl joined into the conversation, at that point. But, in the end, she submitted to reason. And she is now off, somewhere, getting thinner and thinner.

The picture, by the way, is a mystery melodrama, and is to be made in Paris, the South of France, and in Northern Africa. The author of the story is Felix Orman—who was connected with the production of the London-made picture version of Locke's "Beloved Vagabond."

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S customary salutation of Viola Dana is: "Anything laying around the house?"

Vi has gone in for raising chickens and rabbits. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 84]



ALMOST swamped with mail, PHOTOPLAY is struggling bravely to determine the winners of our cut puzzle contest. The accompanying picture gives a faint idea of the amount of answers received. The winners will be announced in the January issue of PHOTOPLAY. Over 30,000 solutions were received, and a score of clerks and stenographers have been busy for weeks under the direction of the Editor, making every possible effort to give every single solution the utmost consideration.



Corinne
Griffith,

the beautiful and
exquisite star of the
feature picture,
"Black Oxen," holds
up "production" to
admire her new
Whiting & Davis
Mesh Bag.

"Gifts That Last"



*Whiting & Davis Mesh
is used in the beautiful mesh
scene in Irving Berlin's New Music Box Revue,
staged by Hassard Short and presented by Sam H.
Harris at the Music Box Theatre in New York.*

*Hand engraved Solid Silver
Mesh Bag with beautiful hand
worked Renaissance Fringe—above pictured.*

No Christmas gift touches the heart of a woman so appealingly
and so surely as a beautiful Whiting & Davis Mesh Bag.

She will treasure it for the exquisite loveliness
of its shimmering beauty and the air of refined
elegance and smart correctness it imparts to
her costume on all occasions—Opera, Dance,
Wedding, Street, Business—anywhere. And she
will love its everyday companionable usefulness.

Make your selection now while jewelers and
jewelry departments have the most complete
stock of the new and alluring holiday designs.
There is a charming Whiting & Davis Mesh
Bag for every type and age—even for the
little girl. Prices range from \$5.00 to \$500.00.

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Cook Books are enemies



of teeth and gums

THE DENTISTS of the United States are engaged in a daily struggle against the cooks.

For the most delicious conceits of the cook books are, in general, exactly the kind of food that is doing the greatest harm to teeth and gums.

Soft and creamy, the food which you eat daily does not give one-tenth the stimulation—the exercise which rough, coarse food once gave.

Does your tooth-brush "show pink"?

Lacking stimulation, lacking a good healthy circulation of blood, gums are growing less robust, and tooth troubles, traceable to the gums, are increasing all the time.

Dental authorities are not insensible to this condition. Today they are preaching and practicing the care of the gums as well as the care of the teeth. Thousands of dentists have written us to tell how they combat soft and spongy gums by the use of Ipana Tooth Paste.

In stubborn cases, they prescribe a gum-massage with Ipana after the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana Tooth Paste, because of the presence of ziralol, has a decided tendency to strengthen soft gums and keep them firm and healthy.

Ipana is a tooth paste that's good for your gums as well as your teeth. Its cleaning power is remarkable and its taste is unforgettably good. Send for a trial tube today.

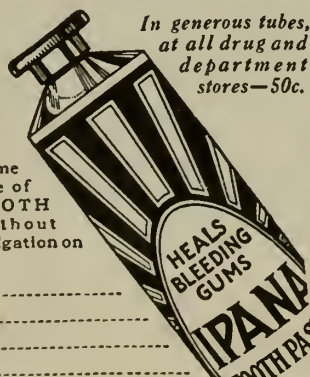
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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

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State.....



In generous tubes,
at all drug and
department
stores—50c.

HEALS
BLEEDING
GUMS

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

bits. She has bought up a block of ground for the purpose and reads the poultry journals with all the avidity of old Si Perkins.

Vi also takes all the automobile trade papers. She has a garage on Hollywood boulevard with her chauffeur installed as manager.

Recently she signed a contract with Metro for a salary around \$75,000 a year. All in all, Vi is eking out a very decent livelihood.

CORINNE GRIFFITH has bought a house in Hollywood and is planning to settle down permanently in the West, much to the delight of everyone in Hollywood. She says that as soon as she can get her new dining room furniture she's going to give a lot of dinner parties, too. Her stunning new dark blue limousine has just arrived.

Very naively, Corinne remarked, "I wanted a French car but I found out they hadn't any second hand value."

In the meantime, young Walter Morosco continues to be her escort upon all occasions, and now that she has secured a quiet divorce in Texas from her husband, Webster Campbell, Hollywood is beginning to speculate as to whether she has selected young Morosco for her second matrimonial venture.

CONRAD NAGEL, as you know, has been selected to play Paul in Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks." And after the announcement was made, every time Madame Glyn looked at Conrad, she gave a little shudder and buried her face in her hands. All of which amused poor Conrad immensely. There was a great deal of difficulty in casting the rôle, and Conrad wasn't Madame Glyn's choice, nor was the part Conrad's choice. Probably he wouldn't be anybody's choice for Paul. But, as always, he'll give an acceptable and interesting performance, though he may not be exactly the Paul of the book.

I wonder if Conrad is ever going to have the sort of rôles in which he would shine? It does seem such a shame that this able actor, with his fine interpretations and his intellectual appeal, should continually be buried in the sort of thing that any good-looking extra man could play.

THIS magazine offers its most sincere sympathy to the De Mille brothers, William and Cecil. They have just suffered the loss of their mother, Beatrice M. De Mille. Indeed, with her passing the whole theatrical world has suffered a loss. Mrs. De Mille has been, for years, the head of the great DeMille Agency,

which sold plays for production. Through her capable hands have passed many of the successes of this generation—and the last. She it was who sold the first plays of Avery Hopwood and Mary Roberts Rinehart. And she has been associated, in business, with both Daniel Frohman and David Belasco.

THE opening in Los Angeles of Marion Davies in "Little Old New York" absolutely surpassed anything that has ever been done in the way of an opening here before. The most brilliant audience ever gathered under one roof in the city, was the unanimous verdict of everyone who attended. The crowds packed the streets for blocks and policemen had to be called to get the stars through the jam and into the theater safely.

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford attended, and Mary, as usual upon any public appearance, was cheered frantically by the mob in the street. She wore a charming dinner frock of black, with a little close fitting black hat, ornamented with white flowers. Norma and Constance Talmadge were there, Norma with her lovely hair held about her head by a fascinating band of jet and wearing an elaborate evening gown of cerise and gold. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd occupied a loge, and Mrs. Lloyd wore white under her ermine evening wrap. William S. Hart attended, and Pola Negri came, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eytan (Kathleen Williams). Pola was wrapped in an opera cloak of chinchilla, with one of these new rolled collars framing her face. Madame Elinor Glyn was there, and Rupert Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo (Enid Bennett), Priscilla Dean, Mrs. Wallace Reid accompanied by her mother, Florence Vidor, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean, Agnes Ayres, Bebe Daniels, Eileen Percy, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Coogan and Jackie Coogan, Viola Dana, Mr. and Mrs. Eric von Stroheim, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil De Mille, Mr. and Mrs. William de Mille, Nita Naldi, Colleen Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leonard (Mac Murray)—and Miss Murray wore white, with the most fascinating little wreath of white ostrich feathers in her lovely blond hair. Jack Barrymore was there, with Monte Blue and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lloyd, Corinne Griffith, Kathleen O'Connor, Richard Dix and Lois Wilson, May Allison and Robert Ellis, James Cruze, Laurence Trimble, Frances Marion, Marshall Neilan and Blanche Sweet, Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]



Mr. and Mrs. Strongheart with their five children—and their official chaperon, Larry Trimble. The whole family will appear in the next Strongheart picture, "The Love Master"



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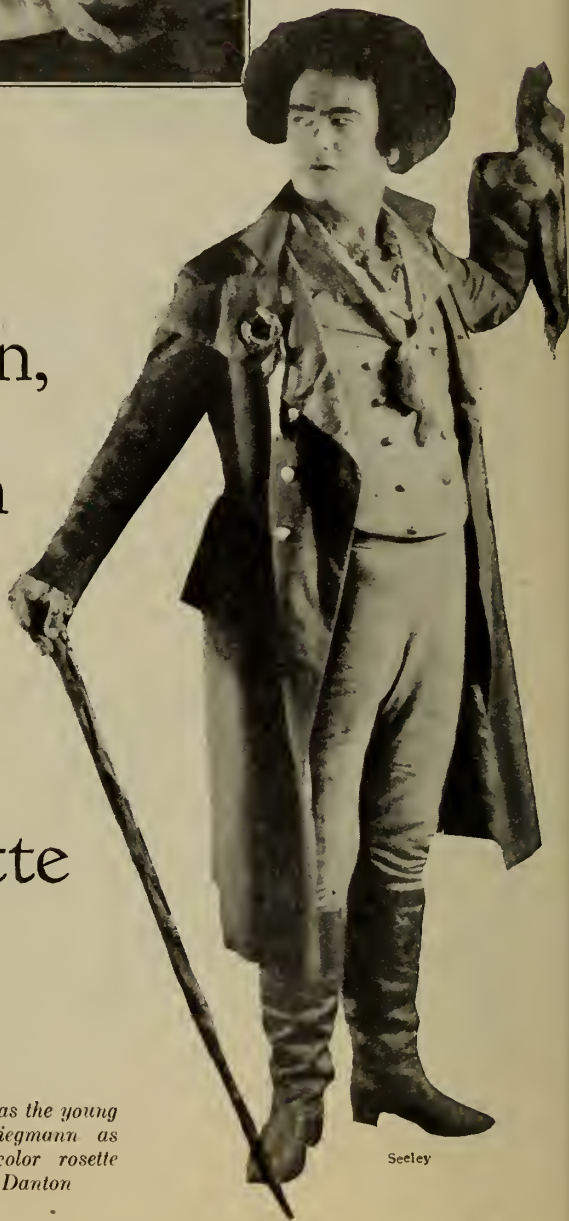
Rex Ingram's production of "Scaramouche" is notable for the fidelity to type shown by Mr. Ingram in casting. The Napoleon is a bit strange, but is a faithful portrait of the young lieutenant of artillery at the time of the French Revolution



Clotilde Delano as the ill-fated Queen Marie Antoinette. There is a striking resemblance between this and portraits done by noted artists of her time



Napoleon,
Danton
&
Marie
Antoinette



Slavko Vorkapich (at left) as the young Napoleon, and George Siegmann as Danton, wearing the tricolor rosette owned by the original Danton

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Filming the History of America at Yale

THE accompanying pictures are taken from "Columbus," the first unit of the film history of America, which is being made under the auspices of the Yale University Press. There will be 30 of these units, the material being taken from Professor Allen Johnson's "Chronicles of America." This is the greatest stride yet taken to develop the educational value of the motion picture, and the originators of the idea believe it will do much to promote good and intelligent citizenship. It is intended to depict every important phase of American history.



The "Santa Maria," the flagship of the squadron of three vessels with which Columbus discovered the New World

Dolores Cassinelli as Queen Isabella, of Spain, offering her jewels to finance the voyage of Columbus



Fred Eric as Columbus on the deck of his flagship, taking an observation





Are you making the most of your hair? Here are six pictures of the same girl showing her hair dressed in six different ways. Notice how the various arrangements change her appearance.

The way you dress your hair and the way you care for it, means the difference between looking attractive or just ordinary.

Why you *must* have beautiful well-kept hair— to be attractive

WEAR your hair becomingly, always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, and it will add more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm.

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It tells the world what you are.

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You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly.

In caring for the hair, proper shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

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 cocoanut 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.

When oily, dry or dull

If your hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch; or if it is full of

dandruff, it is all due to improper shampooing.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo.

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Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

H. H. COBOURGH, CANADA.—As I understand it, Rodolph claimed that Famous had broken its contract, while Famous claims Rudie did the breaking, if any. At any rate, Valentino can not come back to the screen until Feb. 1925, when his contract expires, unless J. D. Williams, of the newly-formed Ritz-Carlton productions, makes some settlement with Famous. Lady Rumor says that such a settlement is near, but you know the Lady's reputation. The present Mrs. V. has never acted in pictures. You may reach your idol by addressing him P. O. Box 19, Station, N. Y.

MISS CHRISTMAS.—No, I never did hear of a girl named Christmas, but if you were born on the twenty-fifth of December I think it was a bright and worthy thought on the part of your preacher father. If you admire a star and her work and personally has given you happy hours there is no bad taste in sending her a Christmas greeting, and I am sure Bebe Daniels and Shirley Mason would appreciate it. Miss Mason's husband died a few months ago. Yes, motion picture stars have made records, and it is strange that you should ask this question at this time because both your favorites have made special Christmas greeting records, and you may be able to find them in your town. If not, write the Starr Piano Co. at Richmond, Ind. They call them Gennett Christmas greeting records.

SWEET SIXTEEN, SIOUX CITY, IA.—You address me as Miss, Mrs. or Mister. Well, those are three fair guesses. Johnny Walker is twenty-seven, stands five feet eleven inches, and tips the scale at 165 lbs. But he is married. I agree with you that it's glorious to be silly when you're sixteen. It's glorious to be anything when you're sixteen. I haven't been sixteen for a long time now, though another nice note from you would help to restore my youth.

DOROTHY K., NEWARK, N. J.—Anna Q. Nilsson is her real name. Address her at United Studios, Hollywood. Milton Sills is 38 and that's his real name, too. Some day somebody may be writing me to ask if that's your real name.

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 synopsis 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, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

IOLA E.—The beautiful May McAvoy was born in New York City in 1901, which makes her just—but figure that out for yourself, she weighs 94 lbs. and is just one inch under five feet. She has curly dark hair and blue eyes that give the blues to all the men who can't marry her. Some of her best pictures include "A Private Scandal," "Everything for Sale," "Morals," "Only Thirty-Eight" and "Her Reputation." She can be reached at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

JEAN EILEEN, ZANESVILLE, O.—You ask why the girls send me such silly letters. They may seem silly to you, but they're very precious to me—both the letters and the girls. Richard Dix played the rôle of *Richard Templor*, the district attorney in "The Woman with Four Faces." I'll tell Rich that if he still wants "a clinging vine with brains," I have your address. And invite me to the wedding, won't you? Also better invite Lois Wilson. They do say they're engaged, you know.

Watch for the winners of the Cut Puzzle Contest in the next issue. Order your Photoplay in advance

H. R. H., SANTA BARBARA, CAL.—J. Warren Kerrigan's eyes are hazel, and that may be why all the girls are nutty about him. He is thirty-four. His three pictures before he retired temporarily from screen work were "Coast of Opportunity," "House of Whispers" and "The Green Flame." You can see him at present in "The Covered Wagon," "The Girl of the Golden West," and "A Man's Man."

HARRY R. L., DETROIT, MICH.—Pauline Garon isn't married. She was born Sept. 9, 1900, and, though she was a tiny infant on that day, she now towers five feet and one inch. I think she will be glad to send you a picture if you write her care of Arthur Jacobs, United Studios, Hollywood.

CLARINES, DETROIT, MICH.—Lady, the effect of your typing on pale lavender note paper is not only distinctive, it is devastating, but so would anything you write be. Please send me immediately a note on your bright tangerine note paper, and don't forget the Nile green sealing wax. My aversion to bright-colored paper is done away with, if the fascinating epistolary is yourself. You can reach Rodolph by addressing him in care of Ritz-Carlton Productions, 6 West 48 St., New York. The cast for "Les Miserables" follows: *Jean Valjean*, William Farnum; *The Bishop*, George Moss; *Javert*, Hardie Kirkland; *Fantine*, Sonia Markova; *Cosette*, aged 8, Kittens Reichert; *Cosette*, aged 18, Jewel Carmen; *Marius*, Harry Spingler; *Eponine*, Dorothy Bernard; *Gavroche*, Anthony Phillips; *Thénardier*, Edward Ellis; *Mme. Thenardier*, Mina Ross.

AUDREY J., BERKELEY, CAL.—Gloria Swanson has brown hair, blue eyes, is five feet three inches tall, and weighs 112. Alice Terry is twenty-seven. Madge Bellamy isn't married yet, though she says she is giving my proposal serious consideration. Jack Holt is thirty-five. Address Harrison Ford at the Mayer-Schulberg Studio, 3800 Mission Road, L. Angeles.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]

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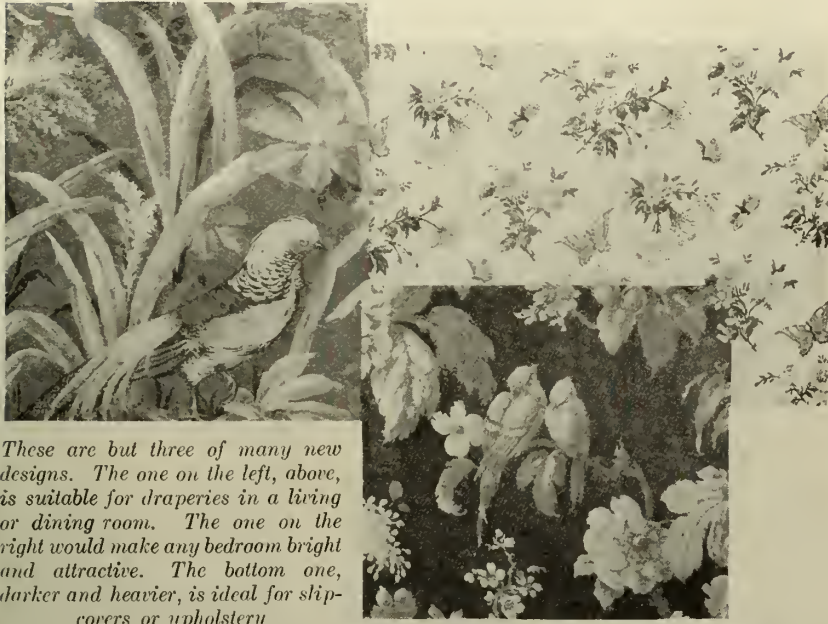
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Cretonne Has a Place in the Home

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]



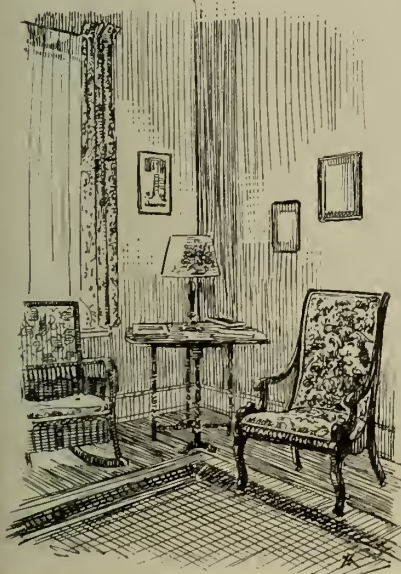
These are but three of many new designs. The one on the left, above, is suitable for draperies in a living or dining room. The one on the right would make any bedroom bright and attractive. The bottom one, darker and heavier, is ideal for slip-covers or upholstery

the wall paper and the rug is large, then a simpler pattern in the cretonne is preferable. The pattern and coloring of the cretonne should harmonize with the pattern and coloring of the walls and rug, but they need not necessarily match. The dominant tone in the walls and floor covering should be reflected in the colorings of the hangings.

If a room is dark, then light, gayly colored fabrics should be used in both hangings and furniture coverings. If the room is light and sunny, then quieter fabrics should be selected. Several different patterns of cretonnes may be used in one room, but care should be exercised in this to get the colorings somewhat harmonious, else the result will be "patched" in appearance.

No great number of definite rules can be given governing the selection of fabrics. If the matter cannot be settled in your own mind,

Two types of chairs, covered with cretonne. Utterly different in line and treatment, they are both charming. Notice the cretonne curtains and the lamp shade



then you should seek the advice of the dealer from whom you buy the fabric. Or else write to the manufacturers who have prepared booklets showing color schemes for their various fabrics. Above all things, do not rush into buying a cretonne without carefully considering its use, and the room in which it will be used.

Of the variety of window hangings several volumes can be written. For hangings, cretonnes can be used as simple drapes over some thin glass curtain fabric. These drapes can have plain shirred or French headings and be hung from single rods. Or the hangings can have a valance of shirred, box-pleated, or shaped type of the same material, or of some plain colored material that reflects the primary color of the pattern. This is all governed by personal taste, and the size of the window, and the type of room. Small windows should be treated simply. Large windows can stand a valance. Formal rooms demand a shaped valance, in all probability. Homey rooms should have the hangings simple.

The illustration at the head of this article shows the wonderful adaptability of cretonne to the average room, and the use that can be made of it in several units. The patterns in the hangings, the couch cover, and the slip cover of the big chair are all different, yet well chosen for harmony. In all, the room has a "homey," lived-in look which is the essence of its charm.

We are often prone to think of cretonne as purely a summer fabric, and consequently of slip covers as the only use to which this fabric can be put. But the old order has changed, and new habits of thought and decoration have made cretonne an all-year-round material. Which brings us to the thought that slip covers are not merely utilitarian. They are the camouflage that gives a cheerless room a note of color, and lends a decorative touch. How charming the big arm chair, or couch that stands out in glorious color against the neutrality of wall and floor covering, the dark surface of mahogany or walnut! What a ray of sunshine a gayly colored cretonne brings into any room.

And just as there are numberless ways to use cretonne in window hangings, so are there many ways in which slip covers can be made and used. Plain colored fabrics, with brilliant pipings, can be used to match the coloring of fig-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]



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Gossip—East & West

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

The opening of Charles Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris," of Mabel Normand's "The Extra Girl," and of Charles Ray's "The Courtship of Miles Standish" were also well attended.

AND now the pictures have lost three promising young applicants—we use the word promising in a large manner! Craig Biddle, whose love affairs couldn't even get him a good part; his brother Drexel, who was attempting to follow through; and Park Benjamin, Second. All three of them have decided to leave the overcrowded profession to the poor stars who really need the money. Being millionaires, they were only in it for the fun of the thing, anyway. Craig is now selling real estate—or

trying to. While Drexel and Park have gone into the oil business—where there's room for every corner.

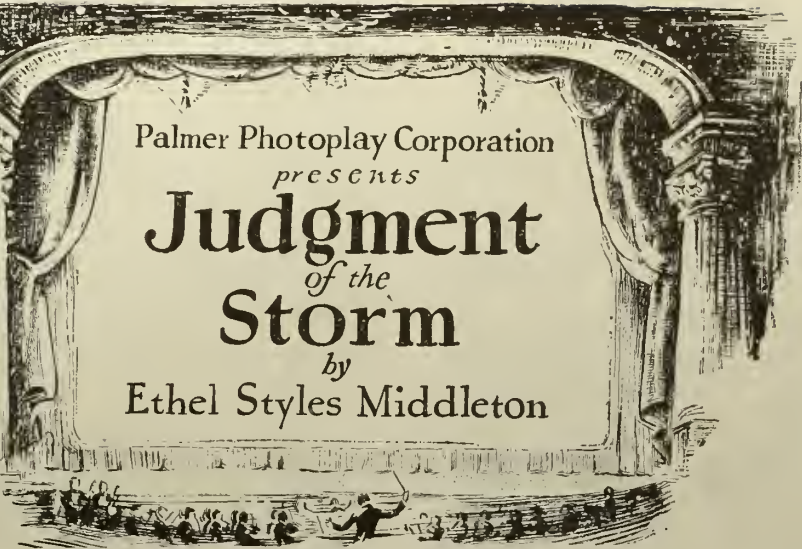
THE rumor that Cecil and William de Mille may leave Paramount and begin production together upon their own grows in intensity. The fact that they have recently purchased a large site in Hollywood which has long been regarded as a great location for a studio has added weight to the rumor.

IF they give him just one more picture to do in Arizona, Richard Dix is going to leave pictures flat and go to digging ditches or something easy like that. The last three pictures



MRS. ETHEL STYLES MIDDLETON
Pittsburgh housewife, author of the original screen play, "Judgment of the Storm."

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Millions await this advance guard in the national movement inaugurated by its producers to open wide the studio gates to undiscovered creative genius. It symbolizes the realization of an ambition shared by millions, to find self-expression through the universal medium, the motion picture screen.

It is the first of the most talked of series of pictures ever announced by a producer. Mrs. Middleton's story was created directly for the screen, but it is drama so gripping that Doubleday Page & Company have written a novel from the scenario, which will be on sale in book shops wherever the picture is shown—exactly as the late Emerson Hough wrote his novel, "The Covered Wagon," from the scenario of that title which he first conceived for the screen.

A Housewife with Pluck

The author is a Pittsburgh housewife who wanted to write for the screen, and *did* it; just an intelligent, ambitious woman who had never written before, but who did not hesitate on that account to *try*.

She has brought to the millions a screen play of vital force; so vital that a great publishing house immortalizes its drama between the covers of a book.

Her characters might be *you*, as they move through tense situations which hold the spectator spellbound. They think as you would; they react to universal emotions as everyday people.

And the great snow storm is the peak of

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ALL STAR CAST

LLOYD HUGHES
MYRTLE STEDMAN
LUCILLE RICKSEN
GEORGE HACKATHORNE
CLAIRE MCDOWELL
PHILO MCCULLOUGH
CASSON FERGUSON
CLARENCE BURTON
BRUCE GORDON

Directed by DEL ANDREWS

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it will be shown

Coming Releases:
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screen realism. It is the kind of blizzard you have heard your grandparents try to describe, but, like the real, it beggars description.

How Did She Do It?

Last year Mrs. Middleton clipped a coupon like the one on this page and through the creative test which that coupon brought her, satisfied herself that her desire to create screen drama was backed up by natural ability.

Mrs. Middleton was paid \$1,000 advance on royalties based on the profits of "Judgment of the Storm" for five years.

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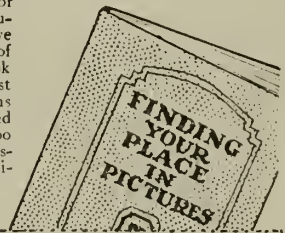
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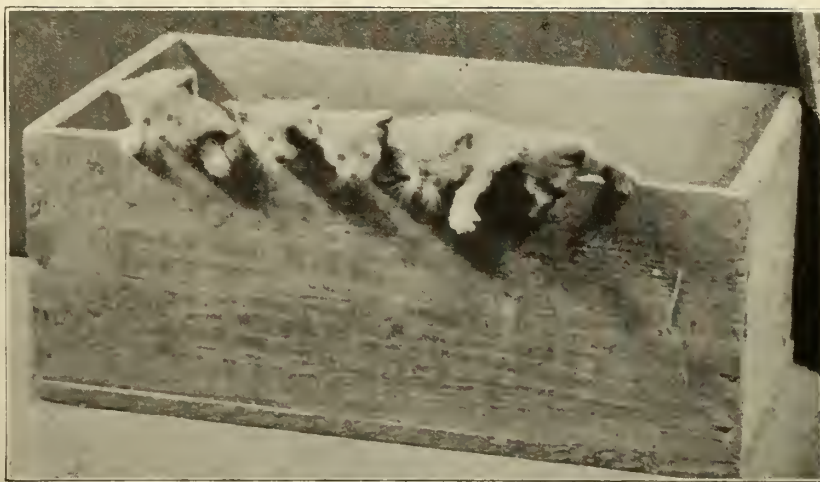
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Here are those charming "shots" from Charles Ray's "The Girl I Loved" which show the mother cat carrying her kittens up to the barn loft and which have made many ask how it is done. Well, here's how. That sequence is what is known as "stock stuff." This cat's kittens were born in the barn loft and someone moved them down. She started to carry them back, someone saw her and ran for a camera. But before the camera was set up she had moved all but one and she wouldn't make the trip again. So the one picture was taken, and the rest of the sequence was made the next time a litter of kittens was born. Then the "shots" were put away and brought out for the Ray picture

Richard has made have been in the heart of some wild and woolly country, and wild west locations are about as disagreeable and difficult as anything can very well be. Ten weeks apiece on "To the Last Man," and "The Call of the Canyon," and young Mr. Dix shys at the street cars when he comes back to Hollywood. We still can't give you any definite word about the Richard Dix-Lois Wilson engagement. It seems to be in abeyance.

ONE of those most distinguished premieres ever given a picture was that of Rex Ingram's "Scaramouche," in Washington, D. C., under the auspices of the American Red Cross for the benefit of the Japanese disaster victims. Mischa Elman played and diplomatic society attended, including a party for which Mrs. Woodrow Wilson acted as hostess. Mr. Ingram, who was called upon for a speech, occupied the box of the French ambassador. Other embassies holding boxes were those of Great Britain, Italy, Belgium, Japan, Norway, Switzerland, Peru, Argentina, Roumania, Cuba, Panama, Poland, Siam, Czecho-Slovakia and Persia.

But, Rex, oh where, oh where was Ireland!

ERIC VON STROHEIM has a lot of hard luck. He took his "Greed" company out to Death Valley to shoot some scenes and all of them suffered real privations because of shortage of food and water. Then, one day, von Stroheim thought he'd give the boys and girls a treat. So he took a car and a shotgun, ran

about 100 miles to a lake and shot enough ducks to give the entire company at least one good meal. And before he could even cook the ducks, he was arrested for shooting wild ducks out of season. He threatened to discharge any member of the company who appeared in court to hear what the judge said to him, so that part of the story remains shrouded in mystery.

JACKIE COOGAN has compiled a list of the seven wonders of the world and the seven deadly sins, at least, so far as his personal interest goes. The wonders are: Charlie Chaplin, locomotive engineers, Babe Ruth, Jackie's horse, Diamond, aeroplanes, his air rifle and Douglas Fairbanks.

The seven sins are: temperamental directors, soap, getting his hair cut, new clothes, people who say "Isn't he cute?" clocks that strike loudly at bedtime, and, worst of all, castor oil.

A LITTLE girl walked shyly out of her home, in Flushing, Long Island, the other day. She stepped out for the purpose of watching a scene made—a scene from Glenn Hunter's "West of the Water Tower." She was Alice Adikes, seventeen years old and—of course—pretty. Just as she happened on the set, the director discovered that he was short one girl—and Miss Adikes was drafted into service. And so, quite without meaning to, she made her entrance into the charmed circle—that is the dream of nearly every seventeen year old girl. The next day she appeared in

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2

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K19 Three fine diamonds in 18 K. white gold top, lady's mounting, 14 K. green gold. \$75.00

K20 Lady's seven second watch, 14 K. white gold mounting. \$62.50

K21 First quality diamond in lady's engraved ring, 18 K. white gold. \$30.00

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Trial bottle with valuable booklet on the hair will be sent on receipt of 10c to cover postage and packing.

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Na Tone Lemonated Shampoo,
nature's hair wash, cleanses
and beautifies. At dealers
or direct, 50c.



The living room of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks' Beverly Hills home. Not an awe-inspiring room at all, even though it does belong to rather awe-inspiring people! The deep chairs are cosy, the couches inviting, and the oriental rugs pleasantly worn. A room to enjoy, beyond a doubt!

other scenes for the same picture. And the next day she brought her sister Catherine to the studio, and they both appeared in still other scenes. And now they're on the casting director's list—and there's no telling what may happen. Stories do come true, sometimes.

BEBE DANIELS is home in California once more—and almost as glad to see Hollywood as it was to see her. She's getting ready to move into a new house—and stay there, she says. New York was all right, but Bebe is a California born and bred, and she likes it better than any place else on the globe. Her first party was given for Jim Kirkwood and Lila Lee, to celebrate Jim's recovery after his serious accident when he fell from his horse. Mr. Kirkwood is up and around now and will soon be able to go back to work. And Lila Lee Kirkwood, who never left his bedside during the long days when he lay unconscious and doctors despaired of his life, looks as though a good rest were next in order for her. However, they are to do a picture together very soon for Thomas H. Ince.

MUCH excitement and many legal complications have resulted from an altercation between Mrs. Adelaide Burns, mother of Gloria Swanson, and a young man by the name of Howard E. Watt and accusations on both sides, aired in court and in the newspapers, have been extremely pointed.

The legal phraseology is much too complicated, but Mrs. Burns alleges a blackmailing plot by Watt against herself, her daughter and Marshall Neilan. Mr. Neilan, it appears, made some report to the district attorney's office in Los Angeles, claiming a possible blackmail plot against himself and Miss Swanson. And Mrs. Burns withdrew her application to have Watt appointed administrator of her husband's estate.

Watt claims that he was engaged to Mrs. Burns and that he had handled all her business affairs for some time, when suddenly he received a brief note from her, breaking the engagement and severing all connections.

Whereupon he wrote her a note, which he claims was merely the heartbroken protest of a discarded suitor who has been given no explanation, warning her to be very careful. Mrs. Burns took the threat as an intimation of blackmail. And there you are.

In the meantime, Gloria's own divorce suit has been settled and Mr. Somborn given a decree on the grounds of desertion.

THERE is something marvelously fascinating about seeing some of the very first screen efforts. The distance travelled is so unbelievable, and yet those first pictures had so much that was vital and real.

Frances Marion entertained the other evening with a "cat party," at which the guests were Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Constance Talmadge, Mrs. "Peg" Talmadge, Mae Murray, Blanche Sweet, Florence Vidor, Priscilla Dean, Eileen Percy, Ethel Grey Terry, Mrs. William S. Hart, Mrs. Wallace Reid, Kathleen O'Connor, Mrs. Niles Welch, Mrs. Roy Stewart, Colleen Moore and Mrs. Harold Lloyd.

Afterwards she ran in her projection room some films made fifteen and sixteen years ago. In the first one, a one reel Biograph feature, Mary Pickford played a gipsy heavy, and in a later one she played what was actually her first part—a small page, rather like a Puck. In this same feature Wallace Reid was an extra man, in a suit of armor, and Mack Sennett was also in the ranks. Later, Anita Loos' first scenario, "The New York Hat," showed the Mary Pickford who began to win the hearts of the world. It was amusing in this to see Mae Marsh trailing around in the background as a vicious old gossip, and Lillian Gish in the merest flash as a member of the church congregation. The first two-reeler, starring Blanche Sweet, with Marshall Neilan as her leading man and Lionel Barrymore as the heavy, and Dorothy Gish as the child, was extremely interesting for the force of Miss Sweet's dramatic work and the flashes of vivid direction. It was directed by James Kirkwood, and "made him." Among the extras in a ball room scene, you could locate Priscilla Dean and Dorothy Davenport Reid.

The most amazing thing is that, to Mary Pickford, clothes, atmosphere disconnected, and unfinished stories seem to make no difference. The exquisite charm of her personality, the wistful appeal, the delicious smile, the lovely, spiritual face are just the same in those funny old pictures and those funny old clothes as they are today.

And Norma Talmadge's vivid charm and

warm, bright beauty survive anything that can be done to it. Seeing these old pictures it is more than ever easy to understand why Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge won first places and have held them against all comers.

FRANCES MARION has certainly been deserted by Lady Luck just recently. After recovering from a severe attack of whooping cough, which threatened to develop into something more serious, the famous scenario writer and director was hit by a falling arc light and knocked unconscious on the set, while directing Norma Talmadge. When she had recovered from that shock, her husband, Fred Thomson, was thrown from his horse while making a serial, and so severely injured that for a time they despaired of saving his life. He is now completely recovered however, and Frances is keeping out from under lights which careless electricians might drop. In spite of all this, however, Miss Marion wrote and co-directed "Dust of Desire" for Norma Talmadge, wrote the scenario for her next story, "Secrets," supervised and wrote the story for Constance Talmadge's "The Dangerous Maid," titled and edited "The Life of Abraham Lincoln," and assisted Mary Pickford in the preparation of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

AND now they're searching for a young couple to play in the screen version of that Broadway success "The First Year." It will be hard to find a young husband who will come anywhere near the mark set by Frank Craven, the author-actor, who made the part so intensely human. It will also be difficult to



One thing seemed to stand between her and marriage—a thing she didn't even dare mention to him.

"Could I be happy with him in spite of *that*?"

SHE had announced her engagement to him. Her friends were beginning to be quite curious as to when the wedding would occur. And he, more insistent than any of them, was pleading with her to set a definite time.

One thing seemed to stand in the way—something she didn't have the courage to talk to him about—something she feared might interfere with her happiness.

She simply didn't know what to do.

* * * * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis. You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle.

It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these peculiar properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily toilet routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*



Charlie Ray gives his boon companion, Whiskers, a little lesson in reading. Whiskers may scratch on the door, and bark to come in, when the sign registers properly. But when the fatal word "out" appears, Whiskers must crawl under the porch, and sob himself to sleep

For
HALITOSIS



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LISTERINE

! fear

Are you self-conscious about the impression you make on people?

FEAR is probably the greatest handicap anyone can have in life. It keeps you from being your own real self—from doing your downright best and from getting on in life as you should.

Personal appearance has a lot to do with the way you feel. Clothes count, of course. But still there is one thing so many people overlook—something that at once brands them as either fastidious or careless—the teeth.

Notice today how you, yourself, watch another person's teeth when he or she is talking. If the teeth are not well kept they at once become a liability.

Only the right dentifrice—consistently used—will protect you against such criticism. Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth a new way. The first tube you buy will prove this to you.

You will notice the improvement even in the first few days. And, moreover, just as Listerine is the safe antiseptic, so Listerine Tooth Paste is the safe dentifrice. It cleans yet it cannot injure the enamel.

What are your teeth saying about you today?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, U. S. A.



Col. Fred Levy, "discoverer" of Jackie Coogan, has built this house in Louisville with his profits from the young star's "Peck's Bad Boy." On the front door is a brass plate, bearing the inscription shown at the right



THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT JACKIE BUILT

locate a girl who can fill Roberta Arnold's place, in the script. It will be remembered that Roberta Arnold was once the wife of Herbert Rawlinson—and though that matrimonial venture did not turn out as happily as the problems of "The First Year," the blame scarcely lies with Roberta.

It would be interesting if Preferred Pictures might take a chance—giving the parts to a pair of young people who, though happily married, were new to the pictures. Al Lichtman and B. P. Schulberg have just about decided. After a veritable series of conferences, that they shall entrust the coveted rôles to married folk—and married ones, only! But there's the rub—there aren't so very many married couples who come up to the qualifications. The applicants narrow down to Wallace MacDonald and Doris May, May Allison and Robert Ellis, the Carter de Havens, Frank Mayo and Dagmar Godowsky, the Ingrams—who are out of the question, necessarily—and that's about all!

But no—is it? How about Zasu Pitts and Tom Gallery? Fine upstanding young people with a comedy sense—who are very much in love.

BILL REID has gone on tour with his mother, who is to visit the principal cities of the northwest and Canada in support of her great anti-narcotic film, "Human Wreckage." After her personal appearance with the film in many important eastern cities, Mrs. Wallace Reid returned home expecting to rest. But the call for her services and her personal appeal in connection with the picture was so strong and was sent to her by all the people who are conducting the war against dope, so that Mrs. Reid finally decided to go out once more. But she insisted this time upon taking her six-year old son with her. His grandmother, Mrs. Davenport, is also making the trip, to care for Bill, while little Betty, Mrs. Reid's small daughter, was left at home with a governess.

IT only took twelve days for the news-reels, containing Japanese earthquake pictures, to cover the distance between Japan and New

York. Which, even in this day of records, is something to conjure with.

In the first place, Paramount's representative, in Japan (for the Paramount reel was the first to reach New York), was injured in the disaster. But, despite injuries, he walked twenty-four miles to the nearest city that had been spared. And from there his assistant walked sixty-five miles to Tokyo to get the film. By the time he returned to his starting point, Kobe, the mail steamer had sailed, and so the film was taken to sea in an aeroplane and dropped upon the steamer's deck. It was taken off at Quarantine and rushed to Seattle by seaplane, and was taken across the continent by aeroplane—two aeroplanes, in fact, for the film changed hands somewhere in Montana. Five hours after the machine settled down on the flying field at Mincola the film was being shown in the Broadway theaters.

Sounds something like "A message to Garcia," doesn't it?

A REPORTER walked on the lot at the Fox Hollywood studio recently, approached Charles Jones and announced that he desired to interview him.

"All right," said Jones. "Go and write your interview and let me see it."

"Here it is," countered the reporter.

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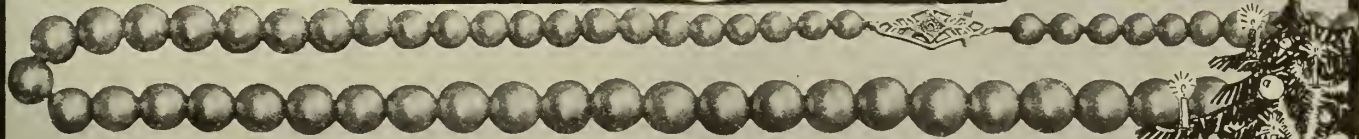
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656AD—Famous 19-jewel Illinois in 20-year Engraved case with Engraved gilt dial \$39.75



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The makers of Deltah pearls are now celebrating their 30th Anniversary. For this occasion they have created many new necklaces—specially cased and specially priced at from \$10. to \$350. Each packed with maker's price guarantee and Anniversary Certificate entitling purchaser to Surprise Gift. Jewelers everywhere are displaying them, making this a particularly opportune time to purchase an elegant necklace of Deltah Pearls—always the most acceptable of gifts to any woman.

Pictured below, the Anniversary feature necklace, with Diamond set safety clasp and mirrored jewel cabinet—24 inch necklace, regularly valued at \$35., Anniversary price \$22.50. Other lengths at similar prices.

1893-1923

30 years ago in a modest office in New York—Today the largest business of its kind in the world, in Paris, Geneva, Toronto, Chicago, Providence and Los Angeles. Such is the history of L. Heller & Son, Inc., famous for having rivaled nature by producing "Hope" Sapphires and "Hope" Rubies—which equal the genuine in all respects—and yet more famous for having created the supremely magnificent Deltah Pearls.

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558 Fifth Ave.
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Deltah PEARLS

The
Diamond
Special



THE forthcoming production of "The Life of Abraham Lincoln" is one of the most important things that have happened in the motion picture industry in several years. It is in the nature of a test.

Does the public really want "Bigger and Better Pictures?" Is it worth while to concentrate upon a splendid theme and devote months of serious effort to making a great film treatment of a great subject?

"Abraham Lincoln"—its success or failure, is going to be an answer to those questions. The film has been shown to some of the greatest stars and directors of the screen, and they have all agreed that it is a magnificent screen effort. Frances Marion, one of the greatest screen writers of the day, spent months of research and continued effort in preparing a perfect script.

I have seen the picture and consider it a step in the art of motion pictures that cannot be

over-estimated. Its historical value, its wonderful picturization of a great ideal and a great hero, its dramatic intensity—these are qualities that cannot be denied.

WE got just a peek at some of "The Thief of Bagdad" the other day—just enough to make us long for the rest. In this story, gathered from the very best of the "Arabian Nights," Doug appears to have the perfect motion picture story. The screen lends itself in every way to express the delightful fantasies, the charming romance, the fairy tale drama of those immortal tales. Why no one else thought of interpreting such stories on the screen before, we don't know. The magic rug is much in evidence, and, via the silver sheet, it operates perfectly. You feel like a small child, thrilled and happy once more, breathless and wide-eyed before your Grimm's fairy tales.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 134]

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

IS CONAN DOYLE RIGHT?—Pathe

HERE is a very interesting picture. It exposes photographically the tricks of the fake spiritualistic mediums, which have been so often exposed in type. It was made with the assistance of the Society of Psychological Research and shows the methods of these charlatans more thoroughly than mere words ever could. Whether you are interested in spiritualism or not this film is worth seeing.

FORGIVE AND FORGET—Apollo

THE banality of the title leads one to expect just another "one of those things," but on the contrary it's an uncommonly effective melodrama. The neglected wife, compromising letters, a stolen jewel, blackmail, murder and such like things move about the ever-faithful triangle, but with several ingenious twists which make it continuously interesting. It is well acted, well directed, and well worth the price of admission.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED—Fox

NOT very much of a picture, with William Russell starring. The story is in the conventional mold—it deals with the adventures of a man in uniform, and out of it. We should say in civilian clothes, to make the last sentence have a moral ring. Mabel Julienne Scott is *Marjorie*, the heroine, and she looks more attractive than she has in some time. A family picture.

THE WILD PARTY—Universal

SHE started off as a newspaper reporter, and got herself all mixed up in a very jazzy affair with libel suits and jail sentences and love tangles and all the rest of the things that go into the average comedy drama of so-called society. Nothing to get excited about, although the eyes of Gladys Walton—who creates the title rôle—do help. Robert Ellis is the leading man.

SHIFTING SANDS—Hodkinson

DESERT stuff, with the usual camels silhouetted against the sunset sky. The story of a man who—through an ideal of honor—insists upon losing himself upon the sandy wastes. Of course there's a woman who loves him, and at last she sets things straight. But only after a great storm, an attack by bandits, and a couple of near-ruinations. An importation, and not much of a picture.

THE TAILOR—Fox

AN Al. St. John comedy, with the usual amount of slap stick and some of the clever mechanical devices that stand out of his two

reelers—making them different. Not much of a plot—what comedy does have a plot?—but there's a pretty leading lady, and there's plenty of action. For the family—especially the younger members of it.

THE LOVE TRAP—Apollo

IT is said to be the privilege of every woman to shoot at least one husband—the prerogative which starts the plot boiling in this melodrama. Detectives and dictaphones do the rest. There are complications galore and mitigating circumstances; a perfect network of side-tracks to one or another of which the story is forever getting switched. This might have been a good picture.

HALDANE OF THE SECRET SERVICE—Apollo

HOUDINI as a detective wends his way unerringly through the mazes of a gang of counterfeiters. The mystery in the film remains a mystery to the very end. Written loosely and amateurishly with half a dozen trails that lead nowhere, the piece nevertheless will prove entertaining to people who witness it with the declaration: "No questions asked." Houdini does one stunt that's worth the price of admission to see.

POLIKUSCHKA—Russian Artfilms

THE days of Russian serfdom are herein depicted. The life, the tragic death of a poor stableman, are sympathetically played by Ivan Moskvina, of the Moscow Art Theater. The film, made in Russia, contains a full assortment of misfortunes including a suicide, a drowned baby, and a double funeral. It would hardly be chosen to while away an evening pleasantly.

GOLD MADNESS—Renown

GUY BATES POST, who recently gave up doing something he did capably, to undertake something for which he seems entirely unsuited, is the star of this exceedingly verbose and generally cloudy combination of two or three stories in which mixed motives and arbitrary conclusions lead to a denouement foreseen from the start. It is a Curwood story of the Far North containing a great deal of everything in general and nothing in particular.

THE GIRL FROM THE WEST—Aywon

THIS offering neither requires nor deserves much attention. It is an inane, and, in the main, witless imitation of "Merton of the Movies," and proves that successes are not written on carbon paper. The story is com-

monplace and merely carries one past so much scenery to the theatrical climax.

THE DANCER OF THE NILE—F. B. O.

WILLIAM P. S. EARLE, instead of moving his players to Egypt, tries moving the Sahara to them with painted scenery—a new experiment, though not an altogether successful one. Scenery is worth-while only in so far as it creates illusion and brings out the values of a play. In this case it does neither. The actors seem to be competing to see who can give the worst performance, which added to florid titles and poor lighting gives the piece a distinct Hollywood flavor.

THE DEVIL'S PARTNER
—Independent

ONE of the season's crop of films to feel the blighting influence of frost is this absurd and wholly artificial melodrama of the Great Northwest. It is so like hundreds of others that have gone on before that every twist and turn of the plot is known to the picture-goer as soon as he identifies the theme. It is best described as unimportant.

A WIFE'S ROMANCE—Metro

YOUR opinion of this picture depends entirely on how much you enjoy Clara Kimball Young, and upon your sentiment concerning love-hungry wives with busy husbands. Judged strictly on its merits, it is not a good picture. Impossibility piles upon impossibility, the characters are puppets, and there is not a single reasonable motive. It is a problem play without a problem, but with a moral. The moral is: "If you can't be good, be careful." Not a family picture.

WHEN LAW CAME TO HADES
—Capital

THIS is a second squeeze of the orange left over from "The Covered Wagon." It is a stupid and trite story of an old plainsman who finds a baby and raises it on maudlin sentimentality. The wonder about pictures like this is that any producer could hope to profit from such an exhibition. It makes you feel that it is not the public that has the nine-year-old intelligence.

TIPPED OFF—Playgoers

APPARENTLY the Chinese are indispensable to the underworld. They figure conspicuously in every movie that boasts a gang of crooks, a missing necklace, and a couple of dope fiends. Of equal importance is the den to which the innocent girl is lured. The suspense is so well sustained in this amateurish hodge-podge that you never do find out what it's all about—nor do you care very much.

Nervous Prosperity and Klieg Eyes

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

their day's activities. I believe that this is largely responsible for the good health and vigor of most of them.

It has also been my experience that, although as a class they are not hypochondriacs, they consult doctors more often than people in other walks of life, and I feel that in this way they very frequently prevent minor ailments from becoming worse and rapidly check serious illnesses by early attention to themselves.

The importance of both these facts cannot be too forcibly expressed, and if the rest of the world would adopt the methods of the motion picture profession with regard to attention to health, I believe that there would be very much less illness.

My profound respect, particularly for those



Teeth Like Pearls

Don't leave that film-coat on them

Wherever dainty people meet, you see prettier teeth today.

In old days most teeth were film-coated. Now millions use a new-type tooth paste which fights film.

Make this free test, if only for beauty's sake. Ten days will show you what it means to you.

Those cloudy coats

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it. Much of it clings and stays under old-way methods.

Soon that film discolors, then forms dingy coats. That's how teeth lose luster.

Film also causes most tooth troubles, and very few escape them. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

The new-day method

Dental science has found two effective ways to daily fight that film. One acts to disintegrate the film at all stages of formation. The other removes it without harmful scouring.

After many careful tests these methods

were embodied in a new-type tooth paste. The name is Pepsodent. Leading dentists the world over began to advise it. Now careful people of some 50 nations employ it every day. And to millions of homes it is bringing a new dental situation.

Other discoveries

A way was also found to multiply the alkalinity of the saliva as well as its starch digestant. Those are Nature's agents for neutralizing acids and digesting starch deposits. Pepsodent with every use gives them manifold effects.

Thus, without harmful grit, Pepsodent is doing what grit could never do. It has brought a new conception of what clean teeth mean.

A delightful test

We offer here a delightful test which will be a revelation.

Send coupon for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film coats disappear.

What you see and feel will very soon convince you. You will learn the way to benefits you want. Cut out coupon now.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.



The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

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Only one tube to a family.



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TIME was when a precise watch was cumbersome, and a beautiful watch sacrificed dependability to appearance.

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6714—18 kt. solid white gold engraved case; 17 Jewel BULOVA Movement \$45.00
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engaged in actually making motion pictures, is due to the fact that very frequently I have seen actors and actresses get out of a sick bed to complete their work in a picture; I have seen them continue in a picture with broken bones, and I have seen them working when the severity of their illness and the excruciating nature of their pain was such that no one but a stoic could have gone on.

Surely such devotion to one's profession is worthy of the admiration not only of their physician but of the countless millions of people whom they amuse and entertain. My experiences with motion picture folk have been numerous and varied. The night before Prohibition went into effect, my brother and I were the guests of Mme. Nazimova at the famous Ship Cafe in Venice, California. During the evening, a famous screen star was taken seriously ill and her escort asked me if I would attend her. Naturally, the facilities for attending a sick person in a cafe were limited and, added to my other handicaps, I was annoyed by the persistent interference of a middle-aged woman who claimed to be a friend of my patient, but whom no one seemed to know. I finally ordered her out of the ladies' room, where we had taken the patient, and, eventually, with the help of the star's escort and friends, we succeeded in restoring her sufficiently to get her back to the table. Again, the persistent, mysterious stranger insisted on forcing her attentions on my patient who suddenly noticed the loss of her gold mesh bag and bar pin. The mysterious stranger promptly produced them from the depths of a large handbag which she carried, explaining that she had taken them for safe-keeping.

SHORTLY thereafter the party broke up and, after escorting my patient to her car, I volunteered to call the following morning to attend her further. On telephoning the following day, I was informed that she had recovered sufficiently to go to the studio and I was also informed that the bar pin which she had worn on the preceding evening was a cheap affair of silver and rhinestones, but that the one which was returned to her by the lady of mystery was platinum and diamonds. Your explanation of that situation is probably as good as mine.

One evening a man, who gave his name as Underwood, asked me to come immediately to the Hotel Majestic in New York City to attend a girl who was seriously ill. Although the message was mysterious and the nature of the illness which I was supposed to treat, very vague, I called. On being ushered into the

rooms where my patient was supposed to be, I was greeted by a strikingly handsome Turk, whose immaculate Occidental dress was set off by a turban headdress. Across his shirt bosom was the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and suspended from his neck was a medallion of some order. He greeted me in perfect English and, with all the effusiveness of the Orient, bade me enter the reception room, where I beheld a group of distinguished looking Turks engaged in their evening devotions to Allah, chanting and singing in their native tongue. On the completion of the ritual, I was formally introduced in both Turkish and English, after which I was invited to partake of Turkish coffee, sweetmeats and cigarettes. Feeling somewhat strangely about my surroundings, I made inquiries as to my patient. I was ushered into a bedroom where I saw a beautiful girl in a state of hysteria, receiving the attentions of a trained nurse. I was about to make professional investigations when the door opened and my good friend and patient, Harry Reichenbach (motion pictures' highest salaried publicity man), entered and introduced himself to me as the mysterious Mr. Underwood. This was a publicity stunt for the exploitation of the picture, "The Virgin of Stamboul." I succeeded in keeping my name out of the publicity that followed.

Several weeks after this occurred, I received another emergency call to the Lyric Theater to attend a girl who became hysterical from laughing at the picture called "The Connecticut Yankee." This, too, proved to be a publicity stunt of my friend Reichenbach, and although the girl, a wonderful actress, laughed incessantly for hours even after the administration of narcotic and anaesthetic drugs, this "stunt" never appeared in the newspapers as it happened to be coincident with the suicide of a prominent banker. These two experiences have made me very wary of mysterious calls for my services.

Those of you who have been movie fans for some time will recall a picture which appeared shortly before the war, called "Her Obsession." This was written by one of my patients and was inspired by treatments which she took at my office for the reduction of weight. Many of the scenes were actually taken in my offices and of the patient while taking treatments. Although this picture was made at least seven years ago, it is but recently that this type of treatment received publicity in the newspapers when Queen Mary of England took the treatment to become slimmer for the wedding of her daughter.

Who is the Most Beautiful Woman on the Screen?

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE asks its readers to answer this question. In its January issue PHOTOPLAY will publish a special rotogravure section containing the portraits of sixty beautiful screen actresses. PHOTOPLAY readers will be asked to make their choice and send their ballots to PHOTOPLAY office. Each person whose ballot bears the name of the winner of this contest, will receive a photograph of the screen's greatest beauty, autographed by her.

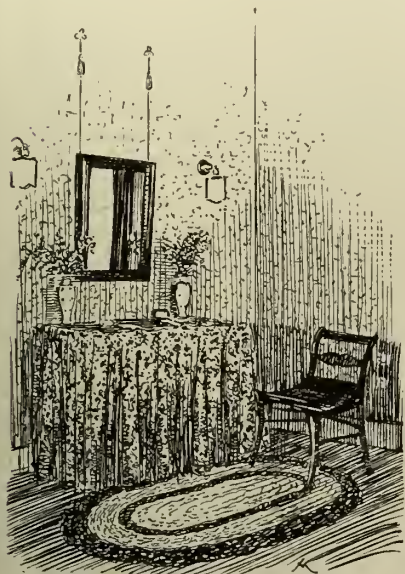
REMEMBER—this is not to decide the greatest actress nor the most popular, but the most beautiful woman on the screen.

Don't miss the January issue of PHOTOPLAY
Out December 12

Cretonne Has a Place in the Home

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93]

ured walls and patterned rugs. They can be severely tailored to fit the piece, or they can be made loose, all depending upon the type of furniture and room. The bottom can be box-pleated, or shirred. A flounce gives quite a distinctive old-fashioned effect.



As a dressing table cover, this cretonne blends in with the chintz figured wall paper and the quaint, braided rug. The effect, with the cord hung mirror, is pure colonial

Usually, slip covers should harmonize with the hangings, and they can even be made of the same materials. But the most important thing about slip covers is the fit. The making of them is exacting, whether they be tailored or loose-fitting. Patterns should be carefully made, before the goods is cut. Get a quantity of wrapping paper, lay it on the chair or piece in question so that every outline can be traced to follow the lines of the furniture. Get the

By contrasting the brilliance of cretonne with the flat shades employed in book bindings, one may attain a remarkable sense of harmony. A pleasant library corner



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COLD CREAM POWDER

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A GIFT, no matter how slight the cost, that carries with it the friendly message of thoughtfulness, is always appreciated.

That is why Armand Cold Cream Powder has become the happy gift choice of so many women. This wonderful Armand powder—the original cold cream powder, was the first to show women how they could be sure of looking their loveliest, at all times. Armand is giving them the joy of an attractive appearance, every day the year through. As a gift, it expresses your message graciously, perfectly.

Included in every dainty little pink-and-white hat-box, is the Armand "Creed of Beauty," a little booklet that is helping women the world over to possess the charm of a beautiful complexion.

Armand Cold Cream Powder is always \$1.00 everywhere. Armand Compacte, in handsome gold-lacquer box, is \$1.00 also. Other Armand toilet things are 50 cents to \$10.00.

ARMAND—Des Moines

AMERICAN STATIONERY

Of all Christmas gifts, none is more tasteful than this.

The original printed type of note paper—for informal correspondence and household business uses. Noted for its sterling quality. Used in better homes everywhere. Name and address printed on National Bank Bond in rich, dark blue ink. Size of sheet 6 x 7, envelopes to match. Sold only by mail from Peru, Indiana. No branch plants. Special facilities insure prompt service. Order a package now. Remit with order—or, if inconvenient at the moment, we will ship C. O. D. West of Denver and outside of U. S. add 10%.

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200 Sheets
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PRINTED WITH ANY
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Send me a pack of 200 sheets and 100 envelopes of American Stationery to be printed as shown on attached slip. (Note: To avoid errors, write or print copy plainly.)

MONEY REFUNDED IF YOU ARE NOT WHOLLY SATISFIED

A New Perfume

As a lover of rare perfumes, you will be charmed by the indescribable fragrance of Rieger's new creation—

Honolulu Bouquet

Perfume \$1.00 per oz. Toilet water, 4 oz. \$1.00. Talcum, 25c. At druggists or department stores.

Send 25c (silver or stamps) for generous trial bottle. Made by the originator of—

Rieger's
PERFUME & TOILET WATER
Flower Drops

Flower Drops is the most exquisite perfume ever produced. Made without alcohol. Bottle with long glass stopper, containing enough for 6 months, Lilac or Crabapple \$1.60; Lily of the Valley, Rose or Violet \$2.00. At druggists or by mail. Send 25c stamps for miniature bottle. Send \$1.00 for Souvenir Box of five 25c bottles—5 different odors.

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RED, CHAPPED HANDS
made soft and smooth
by anointing freely
with gentle, antiseptic
Mentholatum

Write for free sample
Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N.Y., Wichita, Kans.

BOBBED HAIR CURLED

with our **BOBBIE BOBBED HAIR CURLER** will last from 1 to 3 weeks. Once tried always used. Send us 10 2c stamps with the name of your druggist for full sized package.

THE BEAUTY LABORATORIES, Elkhorn, Wis.

outlines of the back, sides, arms, seat, and other parts. Allow enough margin for seams, and then use this paper pattern for cutting the goods. Baste it together and fit it before finally sewing it together. You will probably find that it needs an opening here and there in order to get it on the chair. These openings can be held together by snappers. If the chair has a separate cushion, it is better to make a separate cover for the cushion.

Or if the covering is to be permanent, then the yardage needed should be estimated, laid on the piece in much the same manner as the pattern mentioned above, the edges cut to fit, turned under and tacked with upholstery tacks. The corners should be neatly turned, and the whole finished with a braid fastened on with tiny gump tacks.

Cretonnes can be used for bedspreads, in which case they should be of the same materials as the draperies. It can be used for lamp shades, for screens, for radiator covers, for cushion cases, and a thousand and one other things. It can be had in the brilliant colorings of modern designs, or in the quaint patterns of antiquity: soft, pastel shades for bedroom use, or the more definite colorings and patterns for living room and dining room. And withal, cretonne is inexpensive.

If your home lacks that necessary note of cheer in its furnishings, why not introduce it with this simple fabric? It truly is surprising what a wealth of color is added to a room by a well chosen chair cover, or properly made draperies. Winter or summer, cretonne has a place in your home in the building of beautiful rooms.

How He Makes Them Act

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

Novarro, yet actually he admires him above all players he has directed and is determined that the world shall recognize in him a great artist. If you venture the remark that the boy's talent has been developed by direction, he will retort that it was there all the time, only you didn't realize it. "Scaramouche" simply gives him greater opportunity—he has always been great."

With Alice Terry, Ingram's method is different. He will rehearse her just as many times, but he doesn't storm. For the most part he simply suggests. Abrupt criticism only invites calamity with Alice. She is hypersensitive. Upon one occasion, when he had been a little more vigorous than usual, the tears welled into her eyes—and tears were not in demand just then. The rest of the scenes were carefully punctuated with, "That's fine, Alice dear." And, as Ramon puts it, in every scene in every way Alice grew better and better.

REX is a hard master on the "set," but his favorites swear by him. Ramon, of singularly appreciative nature, would lie down and be kicked to death if it would add any realism to the action.

During one of Rex's frenzied moments directing the mob of "Scaramouche" when it seemed fatal to interrupt him. Crazy Mary, one of the freak extras about Hollywood, screamed: "Mister Ingram! Mister Ingram!" And Mister Ingram stopped to listen to her advice. When she had babbled to her soul's content, he insisted that she do an Irish jig. With shy protests she finally executed it in the palace of the Tuileries while Marie Antoinette and King Louis patiently waited upon her.

Crazy Mary always has a job in Rex's pictures. She brings him holy medals and blesses him. It is her prayer that he may one day be converted, even though his father is a Protestant Episcopal clergyman.

John George, the dwarf, is another who always gets a bit. And Ingram will not make a picture without Ed. Connelly, the old character actor. If there isn't a part for him, he has him walk through.

Rex is full of Irish superstitions. He believes

Milder Musterole for Small Children

Thousands of mothers tell us they would not be without *Children's Musterole*, the new and milder form of good old Musterole especially prepared for use on babies and small children.

In the dead of night, when they are awakened by the warning, croupy cough, they rub the clean, white ointment gently over the child's throat and chest and then go back to bed.

Children's Musterole, like regular Musterole, penetrates the skin with a warming tingle and goes quickly to the seat of the trouble.

It does not blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster and it is not messy to apply.

Made from pure oil of mustard, it takes the kink out of stiff necks, makes sore throats well, stops croupy coughs and colds. In jars, 35c.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio



In the Center of Everything!

SYLVANIA

Philadelphia's Newest Hotel

Guaranteed Electric \$2 Curling Iron

Sold in Stores Everywhere at \$5

Heavily nickel plated electric curling iron with ebonized handle, complete with cord and plug. A fine Christmas gift. Every woman should have one. Send \$2 and address NOW. Money back if not satisfied.

MANUFACTURERS' DISTRIBUTORS
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For Lovely Skin

This magic skin lotion is from the famous formula used by the ladies of Queen Antoinette's court. Keeps hands soft, smooth and firm in spite of outdoor winds or indoor work. See directions for other uses. 60c and \$1. Generous sample bottle for six two cent stamps.

Use **Zanforan**

that dwarfs bring luck. When he started making pictures at Universal several years ago, Pat Powers, one of the Eastern officials, wired him: "Davis says you have put all the dwarfs in California in the stock company." Soon after Rex was fired.

Recently as he was driving down Hollywood Boulevard with a friend, a black cat ambled into the street. "Oh, my God! stop the car!" he gasped. The car stopped, and so did the cat. Traffic piled up, and horns commenced screaming in protest. Fortunately a little boy rushed out and carried the cat back to the curb.

It was all right to drive on—the cat hadn't crossed Rex's path!

In the days of his poverty, when he was struggling for a chance to express himself directorially, Rex drove a gay Stutz speedster around Hollywood. Now, with success and fortune, he rides in a Ford—and it isn't his own, either. He says he hasn't time to drive.

Around Hollywood he always wears a khaki shirt and a pair of ancient trousers or breeches. The first time I ever saw him with a collar on was when he left for New York. They were photographing him at the station. He wore a pearl grey felt hat and a stick, but his coat was wrinkled behind and his cuffs were turned back over the sleeves. I remarked the stunning effect.

"Oh, I feel terrible!" he groaned, with anguish.

Jack Meador, Metro official in the East, wired to ask if he could attend the premiere of "Scaramouche" in Washington, D. C., which was to be given in complimentary honor to the French ambassador, with many American and foreign diplomats present.

Rex wired back: "I can but I hate to. I'll have to buy a dinner jacket."

He's probably the handsomest man in the movies—and the worst dressed.

NO power, not even that of the seductive Alice, can drag him into a Hollywood social event. When he goes to the Montmartre cafe with Alice, who loves dancing, it is with a sacrificial air becoming to a martyr.

I have never known anyone so absorbed in work. It is his life. Yet when he lets down for a moment of relaxation he declares he detests it and that he is miserable. "There's nothing to it," he laments. "One year of ecstasy is worth a life of this drudgery." . . . He is going back to sculpturing. Accomplish something worth while. He'd rather have one beautiful marble torso, his own nameless work, discovered after he is dead, than a million miles of film. So he asserts. And yet he has more stories he wants to film than is possible in six lives of drudgery.

He mourns dolefully that life is nothing, all is futility, he wishes he were dead. And the next minute wishes he could live five thousand years so he could accomplish something.

I don't know anyone who has solved the problem of living so satisfactorily as Rex Ingram.

He is absolutely absorbed by his interest in art.

He is as nearly self-sufficient as a human being can be; people mean little and material things less.

I might not consider him a genius by his pictures alone—I'm not certain just what constitutes a "genius" in the movies—but in person he is my idea of one. He has the temperament and fine frenzy.

Yet if he could have his secret wish he would be king of Ireland!

Planning a trip back to Dublin, he found he did not have to pay the customary ten dollars to the English government for passport vise, but only a dollar fee because he is still a subject of Britain.

"They'll let you in for a dollar," remarked a friend, "but I'll bet they'll pay five hundred to get you out."

Such is the Irish Scaramouche—a glittering figure of singular fascination.



THE DANGER LINE

Receding gums expose THE DANGER LINE on your teeth

Where Acid-Erosion causes decay, pyorrhea and many serious dental troubles

DO you ever notice that your gums become inflamed and swollen at times? This is a warning that you should heed. It is often caused by trouble at The Danger Line—where teeth meet gums.

The hard, protective enamel on your teeth stops there. Below it is a sensitive, soft, bony structure that decays easily.

A little triangular pocket

The edges of your gums do not cling flush to the surface of your teeth. They are rounded, and form a little V-shaped crevice.

Tiny food particles are forced down into this crevice when you eat. They cause irritation and inflammation, which results in a gradual recession of the gums, exposing The Danger Line.

These food particles ferment and acids are formed which eat into your teeth. This is Acid-Erosion—the forerunner of decay and pyorrhea.

Once decay reaches the soft, bony structure of the teeth it spreads rapidly. When the inside pulp of the tooth is affected, it aches and soon dies. Bacteria from the diseased pulp and from The Danger Line are carried to the

apex of the root and form abscesses.

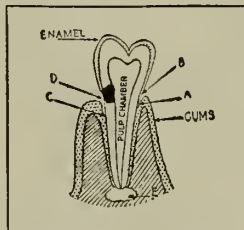
Poisons from abscesses and diseased gums spread infections over the entire body, often causing rheumatism, heart-disease and serious illness.

Squibb's Dental Cream stops Acid-Erosion

Brushing your teeth with Squibb's Dental Cream is a safe and positive preventive for Acid-Erosion. This remarkable new dental cream is made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—for years recognized by dentists and physicians alike as the ideal antacid. It gets into crevices that your tooth-brush cannot reach, preventing decay. It gets into the gum-pockets at The Danger Line, neutralizing all acids there and protecting teeth and gums from disease.

Squibb's Dental Cream also cleans the teeth thoroughly, removing stained dental mucin and keeping the teeth as clear, bright and attractive as nature intended them to be. You will like its pleasing flavor and the delightful clean taste it leaves in your mouth.

If your druggist hasn't Squibb's Dental Cream, mail us the coupon below with ten cents for a generous trial size tube.



Sectional drawing of an ordinary tooth and gums "A" is The Danger Line. "B" is the V-shaped crevice. "C" shows recession of gums. "D" is decay at The Danger Line. Abscesses form at "E."

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

Made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia

THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

E. R. Squibb & Sons
80 Beekman St., New York, N. Y.
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Enclosed find 10 cents to cover wrapping and mailing of a generous size sample tube of Squibb's Dental Cream.

Name
Address
City State

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E. R. Squibb & Sons

Not in the Scenario

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]



About sore throat *this winter*—

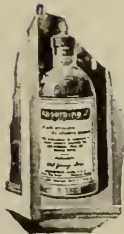
An early start with the daily gargle may ward off this troublesome infection. With Absorbine, Jr. the gargle is a double precaution. To its germ-destroying property as an antiseptic are added its soothing and healing properties as a liniment—quick to relieve irritation at the first signs of rawness or hoarseness.

Rapid headway, sometimes gained after undue exposure, should be promptly combated by the application of Absorbine, Jr. to the outside of the throat. This aids to scatter the congestion; draw out the inflammation; reduce any swelling; restore normal circulation.

Of a clean, agreeable odor, Absorbine, Jr. is pleasant to use. It has many other emergency uses.

At most druggists', \$1.25 or postpaid.
Liberal trial bottle, 10c., postpaid.

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cleansing, soothing
healing

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

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Ask the Advertising Manager of the leading newspapers in your city, anywhere in the United States, Canada, England or Australia about the Meyer Both Company—let them tell you about us. Write for our illustrated book, telling about the success of our students—for one-half the cost of mailing—four cents in stamps.

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MENTHOL COUGH DROPS



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"But surely—" he began in quick protest. "Some day, when he is ready, and satisfied. But listen. Most of that is finished. He is working on an opera now, the big thing in his life."

She turned and began to sketch certain parts of it, and as Larry listened he became conscious of only two things, of the enravishing quality of the music and of billowy clouds of reddish gold hair that tumbled to the floor behind the bench.

He had no thought but that he and this girl were alone in a world of their own. The wilderness, the movies, the mystery of her presence there, everything faded. For a full minute he was not even conscious that the soft, entrancing aura that had pervaded the room had dissolved, and then suddenly his eyes were jerked to one side and he saw Signor Zappettini standing in the door.

Without thought, Larry leaped to his feet and bowed in a manner that was nothing less than reverent. At the sound of his boots on the floor Marguerite turned.

"Oh, *maestro!*" she exclaimed in confusion. "You are not angry? But he knew of you. He was whistling that first *capriccio* when I saw him at the dock."

"Hush, child," the old man said gently as he came forward. "You have disobeyed, but I forgive because I saw his face as you played. He loves what is our life and that is enough."

He turned and extended his hand to Larry. "My name is Moncrieff, Larry Moncrieff," the young man said.

"A name means nothing, sir. I saw your face as she played, and that is enough. Are you, too, an artist?"

"I'd give anything if I were. I can only listen."

"A gift in itself, and you excel in it. But will you do me a favor, sir?"

"Anything!" Larry exclaimed eagerly.

"Then please do not, when you go to the world outside, mention having seen me. For eight years I have been hidden, not because I had to but because I wished to. And I am not ready—yet."

"I understand," Larry said. "But it will not be long, *maestro?*"

He spoke the word haltingly. It was the first time he had ever used it, or had met a great musician.

"Perhaps not long," Zappettini answered slowly. "There are several things, and I am not satisfied yet."

Marguerite had risen from the piano and crossed the room to the two men.

"You are very good, *maestro*, not to scold me," she said softly as she slipped an arm through his and squeezed it affectionately.

"If you had not the spirit to break a command I could not love you, little one," he answered. "But listen," and he strode forward to the piano.

"The thing that bothered me. Remember, *cara mia?* I got it this afternoon. It is like this."

HE played a few bars and then turned, radiant and exultant, to the girl. She applauded joyously and in a moment they were deep in a discussion, often too technical for Larry to glimpse their meaning, but one which held him nevertheless.

And for a long time he listened as both the girl and Zappettini played and talked. Sometimes he was drawn into the discussion but usually to his discomfort. He was content to sit and listen, and to marvel, until a slanting sunbeam touched his face. He looked at his watch and jumped to his feet.

"It has been very wonderful of you to be so good to me," he said awkwardly. "I have never enjoyed an afternoon so in my life."

"Be silent, sir," the *maestro* said gently. "In eight years there has been no one to

listen. An artist without an audience, well—" and he shrugged his shoulders significantly.

"And may I come again?" Larry ventured timidly.

Instantly Zappettini's manner changed. "Once more," he said somewhat sharply, and he bowed slightly in dismissal.

Fifteen minutes later Larry grounded his canoe on the little beach before the camp. Dave Mann was waiting impatiently, and confidently. Behind him were the members of the company.

"Well?" the director demanded. "How about it? Did you fix it up for us?"

Larry, still under the spell of his three hours across the bay, stared at him blankly.

"Old fellow give in?" Dave asked eagerly. "Ought to. You must have made some sort of a hit to stay there so long. Can we shoot the rest of it tomorrow?"

"Why—why," Larry stammered in embarrassment, "I didn't ask him."

"Didn't ask him!" and Dave grew apoplectic. "Why in the name of hell didn't you?"

"I forgot all about it. I—I—"

Larry stopped, suddenly aware of what he had done and of the spectacle he was making of himself. Peggy Dare tittered.

"Well, I'll be—" Dave began, and then he turned and strode away to his tent.

CHAPTER IV

AFTER supper that night Dave calmed down enough to trust himself to talk to Larry.

"Didn't you know that I sent you over there for that alone?" he demanded.

"I know, Dave," Larry pleaded, "but he wasn't there until later. And when he came he talked music all the time and I didn't get a chance."

"But the girl? Won't she put in a word for us? How did she act?"

"She was very friendly, and I think she would."

"Of course. I knew your name and your face would turn the trick."

"But she had never heard of me. My name didn't mean anything to her."

Dave stared at the actor in amazement.

"Never heard of you?" he cried. "Well, they are dead ones. I think I had better go over there myself."

Larry remembered the gentle, gracious *maestro* as he had first seen him that morning and he felt certain of what would happen if Dave intruded again. Moreover, he had sensed added mystery that afternoon. The fact that these two had shut themselves off for eight years was in itself significant and there was that final concession by Zappettini when he had said, "Once more."

"You'd better leave this to me," Larry urged. "You got him all stirred up this morning, remember."

"Yes, and the girl got you so fussed up this afternoon that you forgot what you went for. I can't waste any more time here. Hey, one of you fellows! Paddle me across to that house."

One of the canoemen came forward, and, in spite of Larry's whispered pleading, Dave departed.

But the director never reached the cabin on the hillside. Signor Zappettini evidently had seen him coming, for he met him at the dock.

"I want to apologize," Dave began at once, "for the manner in which we took possession of your house this morning. But I assure you we believed the place was deserted and perhaps, as a fellow artist, you can understand how I was carried away by the beauty of your home."

Zappettini raised a hand.

"Just a moment. Did you say 'fellow artist?'"

"Of course. I saw all that music and the piano and the blank pages you'd been writing on. And I thought you'd understand. I know

my art is newer, an infant compared to yours, but no art has grown and expanded, has assumed such far-reaching proportions, as that of the moving picture. Nothing has—”

Again Zappettini raised a hand. “Just a moment. What art is this?”

“The motion pictures, the cinema, the movies.”

“And this morning when I found you here you were making motion pictures? You call that monkey-shining art? You claim to be an artist because of those queer capers and unintelligible shouts? Bah!”

“I’ve seen orchestra conductors act far worse and to no purpose,” Dave retorted angrily.

“Because you are not an artist and do not understand the artistic soul. And those women painted so foolishly, and one of them desecrating my piano with such sounds! Bah! There is no art in you.”

“But listen,” Dave pleaded. “We have gone to great expense to make this picture. An hour is all I want. It means thousands and thousands of dollars to my people. Let me use your veranda for only an hour more and I’ll not bother you again.”

“Thousands of dollars, eh? I thought so. That is the art in the motion pictures. I have always suspected it. I saw one twelve years ago.”

“I’ll pay well for the use of your place. I’ll guarantee you against all possible damage. I’ll not take more than an hour. I won’t disturb you further.”

DAVE had sensed violent opposition and he was ready to debase himself to gain his end.

“No,” Signor Zappettini answered emphatically. “You came without permission. You took what you had no right to take. The consequences are on your head.”

“But the house was deserted. There was no one around, no one to ask.”

“We were detained by a storm or we would have been back last night. No! Your request has become an impertinence.”

“By gad!” Dave exclaimed. “You can’t come that on me. You’re in none too good a position yourself, living up here alone with a pretty girl like this. I knew there was something funny about it. And when I get out I’ll—”

Zappettini charged down the dock toward the canoe.

“Get out!” he cried so furiously the canoe man shoved away. “Don’t ever dare come near this place again.”

He waved a stout cane above his head, his face became red with fury, he forgot the perfect English he always used, perfect except for a slight accent, and resorted to his more fluent Italian that he might express himself fully.

And he made Dave Mann understand.

“Go on back,” Dave muttered to the canoe man in the midst of the tirade. “Nuts. Pure nuts. Might as well argue with a rattlesnake.”

Dave himself was black with rage when he returned to camp. He stormed past the assembled members of his company to his tent and they did not see him again that night.

The next morning he aroused them with orders to pack up immediately, and after breakfast the flotilla of huge freight canoes streamed down the shore of the bay to the open lake. An hour and a half later they arrived at the gorge of the White Otter River, the spot which had drawn them all the way from New Jersey to make a picture, and found a camping place on the lake shore near the mouth of the stream.

Once Dave Mann had inspected the site for the big scenes in his picture, the Wolf-jaw rapids, the falls, the narrow, dangerous portage trail upon which the battle was to be fought, all backed by the rugged, savage beauty of the Canadian wilderness, he seemed to forget completely the fact that he had failed at Signor Zappettini’s cabin.

He became wildly enthusiastic and with Phil Sherwood, Roy Quigley, Bill Taylor, the head canoe man, and Nat Haskell, Larry’s double, he



Crossroads of Conversation

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began at once to scramble over the rocks and down the cliffs to determine the advantageous spots for the camera and for the principal bits of action in the story.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" he repeated. "The stills didn't do this justice. Gad! The scene fits into the very spirit of the picture, savage yet beautiful, primitive, forbidding, ruthless, and yet always with the peace of the Canadian forest in the background."

He raved with increasing enthusiasm as they went from one spot to another until a stranger would have believed that Dave had lost his head completely. But Sherwood and Quigley knew his mind was functioning rapidly and surely despite the outward evidences of excitement. His questions gave them an indication of his thoughts and when at last they returned to camp and the luncheon that was waiting for them they knew the main details of the picture had been decided.

"All preliminary work this afternoon," he announced when the meal was finished. "Peg, you and Fay and Larry and Truman can give the mosquitoes a treat. Nat, I'll want you again to decide on those stunts. Bill, bring a couple of your good men along, and we'll need one of the big canoes at the foot of the rapids."

As was often the case, Larry was soon left to himself. Truman Harlow promptly went to sleep and Peggy and Fay retired to their tent to escape the insects. Larry climbed to the rim of the gorge and walked along it, watching the boiling, rushing water beneath. He came out at last at the lower end and walked along the lake shore to the camp.

The small canoe lay on the beach and he set it in the water and paddled out into the lake.

It is doubtful if Larry's plan had yet been formed. To him the canoe had become a symbol of the entrancing wilderness which he had just entered for the first time. He had taken naturally to the paddle, had delighted even in the weariness of a long day's journey, and now, with an empty afternoon before him, he turned to the water as eagerly as a boy.

But once he had started, creeping slowly along the shore, reveling in the wild beauty, grasping delightedly at the suggestive symbols of this land of fur and romance, other thoughts came to disturb him.

First, and he believed it the chief, was the fact that he had failed Dave Mann. He knew the moment had been auspicious when Signor Zappettini had become so gracious the previous afternoon and that he, enthralled, had failed to take advantage of it.

BUT while he conscientiously went over these facts his thoughts kept reverting to Marguerite Temple. He still thrilled to that delicious moment when he discovered that she had never heard of him, that here was a woman he could meet without thought of the two hundred mash notes that arrived each day, one to whom he could be a plain, ordinary man in a wool shirt.

He thrilled also to the thought of her beauty, her naturalness and her love of music. The mere absence of rouge was a matter of exquisite delight. Somehow, he felt, this girl seemed to fit so perfectly into her surroundings, seemed so much a part of this entrancing land of which he had dreamed since boyhood and which in the reality had exceeded his dreams.

A half-mile slipped by, and a mile, and at last he turned a point to find himself facing an open stretch of water they had crossed that morning. Beyond that, he thought, through a narrow opening and across another open place, was the mouth of the bay on which stood Marguerite's home. He glanced at his watch, hesitated a moment, and then began to paddle vigorously.

"I owe it to Dave," he muttered. "I'll square it with him."

The open stretches and the narrow passages were far longer than he had supposed and it was an hour before he turned into the now familiar bay. At last the cabin appeared through the Norways, but as he approached the dock he suddenly ceased paddling.

A sound, so high, so clear, so enravishing it held him spellbound, had flashed across the water like a shaft of silvery moonlight through a dark forest. For a moment he did not understand and then, when it came again, more softly and yet with such amazing force and volume, he knew he was listening to a woman singing and that the woman was Marguerite Temple.

He recognized the song at once. It was from the opera she had sketched for him the day before, but this was of little significance, entrancing as the music was. The thing that impressed him most was the fact that he was hearing a voice that would have caused a furore even in Paris or Milan.

Each winter in New York, even before he had entered the movies, Larry had rarely missed hearing grand opera. He was familiar with the voices of all the prima donnas, could have named each in the dark, and now, he knew, he was listening to one more wonderful than he had ever heard before.

FOR ten minutes he sat there in the canoe without moving. At last the girl ceased singing and, still in a daze, he paddled quickly to the dock, tied his canoe and ran up the trail toward the cabin. Half way there he heard her begin again and he went slowly, walking softly that he might not miss a note of it. He made his way cautiously to an open window of the living room on the side hill and stood there, waiting until she had finished.

Closer now, with the song pouring from the window like a flood of brilliant moonlight, he knew that distance had not lent enchantment, that the first surprise had not led him to over-estimation. He began to sense something of what Zappettini had meant when he had said that he was not quite ready to take his music to the world. It was not of his own work he had been thinking, but of this girl's voice.

Before Larry had time to carry this thought further Marguerite broke off in the middle of a high note. In the silence that followed Larry believed he heard a little gasp of fear, but before he could move she spoke.

"Who are you?"

It was barely more than a whisper and again Larry caught the note of terror. He started quickly toward the door, but at the first step a man's voice halted him and he heard:

"Don't you know your own father?"

It was almost a whine, and in the silence that followed Larry stood motionless beneath the window.

"How did you find me here?" Marguerite asked at last.

"Find you? I've done nothing for eight years but look for you. Did you think I was going to let a man steal my own daughter and make no effort to get her back, the little girl I loved and was all I had in the world?"

Larry recovered enough to realize that he was eavesdropping, but as he started to steal away her voice arrested him.

"It has done you no good. I am not going back. I've always been glad I was stolen from you."

"Rather stay with a murderer than go with your own kin, would you?" the man snarled. "What's he done to you that you act like this?"

"Murderer!" Marguerite gasped. "What do you mean? The *maestro* never—you don't know what you are saying. He couldn't! He's too kind, too good."

"*Maestro*, eh? So you call that wop piano player that? And you think him kind and good, eh? But he could fool you like he fooled the rest. He's a keen one. He gave the slip to the best detectives in the country even if it was three years before they stopped looking for him and there was a big reward out. Kind and good, eh? And he stuck a knife between a man's ribs."

Larry no longer thought of eavesdropping. Horror held him to the spot, horror and fear, for he had detected a note in the man's voice that he did not like, a hidden threat, and he felt that Marguerite was in danger.

"You lie!" the girl cried furiously. "The *maestro* could not do such a thing. Go away from here! You can't say such things to me. Go away!"

"Tut, tut, little one. You must not talk that way to your father. And when I go, remember that you are going with me. I haven't hunted these eight years for nothing."

"I'll not! I'll not leave the *maestro*."

There was a silence, and Larry's muscles tensed as he believed he heard footsteps, soft and stealthy, on the floor of the living room. And then again came the man's voice.

"You'll not go with me?" and there was a note of cruelty as well as a threat in his tone. "Do you think I'm a fool? Do you think I spent all this time hunting for you on the chance you'd turn me down?"

"I don't care what you did," Marguerite interrupted. "I will not leave the *maestro*. He is the only person in the world who has been kind and good to me. I love him. I'd die if I had to leave him. And as for what you say of him, it's a lie. He never did such a thing. He never did!"

Larry heard a low chuckle, and then the man spoke.

"Listen, girl, and stop that silly talk. Tomorrow morning at six o'clock I'll be waiting for you on the point down the lake, the one on this side of the bay, just at the mouth, where there's a short stretch of sand beach."

"I won't come, I tell you!" Marguerite cried.

"Wait a moment. You'll be there. I've seen to that. You'll be there or the bulls will come in and get your *maestro* and take him away to the electric chair."

Larry heard a gasp of horror and then the girl burst forth furiously.

"It's a lie! All a lie! He never did such a thing. You can't scare me with a story like that."

"Lie, eh? You're lying. You weren't so young that night that you didn't know what was going on. I saw you myself, coming out of your room. And there in the hall, lying right across your door! What was it? You know."

He stopped speaking to laugh.

"A body, wasn't it? A dead man. A man who had been alive only a few minutes before. And there was a knife on the floor, wasn't there? A thin-bladed one, the sort wops use."

"You saw the body there, all right. You had to step over it to get out. But let me tell you something you didn't see, something I saw from a door down the hall, something nobody but me knows. I saw your wop friend standing over that man with the wop knife in his hand and I saw him take things from that man's pocket. Letters, they were, letters written by a woman."

"You lie!" Marguerite cried.

"Lie, eh? Listen. The police have that dagger yet, and they have the fingerprints on the bloody handle of it. And there's still that reward. The dead man was a lawyer, a big one. He had a lot of friends."

"And those letters that were in his pocket. Do you know where they are now? They're in the wop's trunk, in his room there, that old leather one. Go see for yourself. Go to the bottom of it, down past all those papers and things. You'll see them, five of them, in blue envelopes."

"Do you think I am a fool?" Marguerite cried contemptuously. "How do you know what is in that trunk?"

"I didn't know until two days ago."

LARRY'S own mind leaped back to his first visit to the cabin and the bound and gagged deaf-mute in an outbuilding. That the same thought had come to the girl he felt sure, for she remained silent.

"The wop and what he did to the lawyer don't matter to me," the father continued. "But he stole my little girl, all I have in the world, and I want her back. I've spent eight years looking for you. If you think as much of him as you say you'll be down the shore at six o'clock in the morning."



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"I won't! I won't!" Marguerite cried. "I won't leave him like that!"

"I'm not worryin' but what you will. I've got to go now. Risky staying here so long. But look in the trunk when I'm gone. See if you find what I said. And then be there tomorrow morning at six o'clock. If you ain't there I won't wait. I'll go right on out and tell the police."

Marguerite did not speak and Larry heard the man walk across the room to the rear door.

"Better leave the wop a note saying you've discovered all, or you're tired of it here, something like that," he advised. "If he follows us I'll turn him over sure."

CHAPTER V

THE Larry Moncrieff of the screen would rush in at that moment, give the terrified girl a reassuring embrace and then dash on in a thrilling pursuit of the villain. The young man under the window did not move.

More than that, he didn't know what he should do. His desire was to go to Marguerite at once, but common sense told him that no matter how much his sympathies had been aroused he was to her nothing more than a stranger. An inherent diffidence accentuated by the fact that he had been eavesdropping added to his confusion.

And as he stood there while emotions, impulses and repressions warred, he was startled by an exclamation above his head. He looked up to see Marguerite in the window.

"You—you—did you hear?" she whispered.

Larry nodded and then he burst forth.

"I didn't mean to! I was listening to you sing. I think I was in some sort of spell. And then when he came in and said he was your father I started to leave. But you seemed afraid and—"

"It doesn't matter," she said dully. "Only you must not tell the *maestro*."

"But look here," Larry protested. "You can't handle a thing like this by yourself."

"I'll have to. Don't you see? It's got to be the *maestro* or myself and I can't let the *maestro* sacrifice anything more for me."

Larry stared at her.

"You don't mean—?" he gasped.

"I must do it. It's the only way. You don't understand. You don't know my father."

"I know enough to understand he's a crook. You can't put yourself in the power of such a man."

"Life did that, and even when I thought I'd gotten away from him I carried the fear that some day he would come back."

Larry hesitated. He was sickened by the thought of Marguerite, the girl of the glorious voice, of the wonderful hair, the girl who could go on to such triumphs and such a marvelous life, being the victim of this man.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I'm going to talk to you."

He ran around the corner of the house, through the front door and into the room.

"You can't do this!" he cried as he approached her. "It's—why, it's not to be thought of for a moment. You don't even know the *maestro* needs your protection. Ask him first."

"And have him give himself up for me? He would do just that. You don't know him."

"I know he's not a murderer. It's impossible."

The girl looked away.

"What do you know?" Larry demanded.

"Why are you so sure?"

"I shouldn't tell you. It seems a piece of treachery even now. And I was only a little girl the night it happened—the night he took me away with him."

"I was living with my father. I know he must have been a criminal, and out in the ball I heard voices and quarreling and then everything was quiet. I was frightened, but soon the *maestro* came in. When we went out together a man was lying there on the floor. He was dead.

"Since then I've known nothing but love and

peace, and now I'm going to pay him in the only way I can."

"By making him unhappy? By spoiling the work of years?"

"But he need not know it. He could think I was unworthy."

It was an orgy of self-sacrifice and Larry was helpless in argument. He turned to a show of force.

"I'm not going to let you do it!" he cried as he approached her. "I won't let this thing happen."

He spoke with such determination, Marguerite looked at him in amazement.

"I'll be there at six o'clock to meet him," Larry rushed on. "I'll settle this matter for you."

"But you could do nothing."

"I can keep you from going with him."

"And make the *maestro* the victim of his revenge?"

"That's a matter the *maestro* and I will settle."

He was too intent to see the quick look of fear which crossed the girl's face or note the sudden change which came to her.

"No! No! Promise you will not meet him."

"Will you promise that you won't?" he countered.

"But he'll call in the police."

"He'd be the first criminal who did. Of course, he won't. He doesn't want to do it any more than you want to have him. He was just trying to frighten you and you almost let him do it."

"You saved me from it," and Marguerite looked up at him with a quick smile. "I am so glad you came and heard."

"And you won't see him in the morning?"

"No. But you won't tell the *maestro*? Promise that you will never tell anyone what you heard today."

"Of course not," Larry replied. "You can trust me, can't you?"

"Yes, I can trust you," and she held out her hand.

Larry took it, and he held it longer than was necessary and without being conscious that he had done so. Nor did she draw it away until both heard a step on the veranda. They turned as Signor Zappettini entered.

HE bowed to Larry without speaking but his eyes did not leave Marguerite's face and there was a question, almost an accusation in them.

"Oh, *maestro!*" the girl cried. "I am so glad you came. Mr. Moncrieff just arrived to say goodbye and he has only a few minutes. The party he is with is going on and he was so afraid he would miss you. He was wondering if he could wait."

"I am glad I came, sir," Zappettini said as he stepped forward to shake hands with Larry. "It has been a pleasure to know and to have you here. In eight years there has been no one who could give the appreciation you have."

Larry did not reply. He had been startled by Marguerite's statement, the unmistakable hint that he must go at once and must not return. He glanced quickly at her, but she was smiling as if nothing of any consequence had happened.

"I am only sorry that Mr. Moncrieff could not have remained longer," she said, covering his awkward silence.

"If I come next summer I hope I may see you again," he ventured, looking at her as he spoke.

"We would be glad to see you," the *maestro* said. "Only I doubt if we are here. By then, I think, our silence will have ended."

In the *maestro*, too, Larry sensed something baffling as well as a desire that he be gone. He didn't understand. He felt that he shouldn't leave without making an offer of assistance. And then as he hesitated he caught a reassuring glance from Marguerite.

"But perhaps we will be here," she said. "and if we are we will be so glad to see you. Won't we, *maestro*?"

"Yes, yes," the musician replied somewhat absently.

Larry saw that he could gain nothing by remaining. Reluctantly he bade them goodbye and went down the trail to the lake. As he paddled away he glanced back several times, but he saw nothing of the man or the girl.

He reached the camp near the river just before supper. No one seemed to have noticed his absence and he sat down with the others and listened to the chatter of the day's happenings.

"Everything's in shape," Dave Mann said. "We've worked out each scene, all the stunts, everything. And it's going to be some picture. Wonderful! I'm going over it all again after supper. Better come along, Larry, to see what you must do."

He led the members of the company to the rim of the gorge at a bend from which a view up and down stream could be had. Beneath them the river dashed and roared among the rocks.

"Here's the way it works," Dave began. "These are the Wolf-jaw rapids. Well named, aren't they? See that place near the top? See those sharp, jagged rocks sticking out and the foam all around them? Just like the jaw of a wolf, isn't it? There's a ledge down below where we can get a slant at them that makes them look like Niagara Falls. We'll get that over in a title, the insatiable maw of the Wolf-jaw rapids which has devoured the lives of men.

"And on the other side of the river! See where the portage trail dips down from the top of the gorge? In one place, right over the big eddy above the falls, it's only a narrow ledge.

"NOW, here's what happens. The hero's in a hurry. Time means everything to him. He paddles down the river, intending to portage, and then he thinks how long it would take him and of a sudden he decides to run the rapids as far as the falls, lift his canoe around those rocks and go on.

"Nat will do that, or part of it, down at the falls, but maybe Bill Taylor will have to take the canoe through. Sure you can do it, Bill?"

"I'd have done it today if the boys had gotten back from the Indian camp with that birchbark sooner," the woodsman answered.

"Can Nat do it?"
 "I could tell him how. The rest is up to him. Rips ain't never as bad as they look. They're like barkin' dogs. I've run these a dozen times and there's only one ticklish place. The Wolf-jaw itself isn't bad. The current takes a canoe right around the first rocks if you let it go. But when you get right here and it looks smooth, that's where it's bad. You've got to shoot over to the left and let that big wave lift you over the ledge."

"But what are you going to do when you get down to the falls?" Nat Haskell demanded.
 "You can't go over them."

"Not and tell about it afterward," Taylor drawled. "You just catch the eddy right, on that side, and it takes you into the pocket. You step out onto that flat boulder, lift the canoe down into that backwater behind that long point of rocks and go on your way."

"Huh! Roy Quigley snorted. "On your way!" Bill was born with paddle blisters on his hands. 'The Wolf-jaw ain't bad.' That's what a puncher told me at Cheyenne after he'd ridden Steamboat. Said the old horse was losing his pep and I'll swear that fellow's liver had three knots tied in it before he got out of the saddle. This fellow Einstein is as clear as a third grade reader compared to Bill telling how he can slip through that mass of forty-mile water."

"Shut up!" Dave snapped irritably. "Nat says he's not afraid of it."

The double grinned in embarrassment and turned away, but no one noticed him. Long ago the company had become accustomed to his complete lack of nerves and had ceased to sympathize with him because he took all the risks and Larry Moncrieff reaped all the glory in the pictures.



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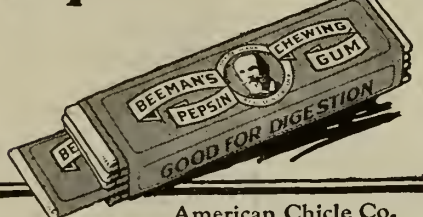
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"Anyhow," Dave continued, "the hero goes through to save time, to get the girl, but the villain, never dreaming anyone would try it, is waiting for him on the narrow ledge up above. He never thinks to look down in the rapids and never knows what's happened."

"And all the time he's got the girl hidden up there. After a while the hero comes back looking for her and he meets the villain laying for him on that ledge. They fight, the girl gets loose and comes down to help him and she gets knocked off into the eddy above the falls. The hero throws the man over onto the rocks and jumps after the girl, catching her just before she goes over the falls and pulling her out."

Dave led them on upstream, outlining his story and becoming more and more enthusiastic as it progressed. He had devised many thrilling scenes and daredevil stunts.

"And always," he proclaimed, "we will have this wonderful background, a wild, rugged, ruthless setting for a story of wild, rough, ruthless people, and yet with the beauty of the Canadian wilderness, a beauty so like that of the girl herself, gentle and yet savage, primitive and yet lovable. Huh! And yet they say there is no art in the movies. Some people make me tired."

Only the mosquitoes ended his discourse. The nightly swarms came in with twilight and drove everyone back to the shelter of the tents.

Yet Larry did not sleep. Ever since he had left Signor Zappettini's home he had thought of little else than the tragic story he had unearthed. He tried to tell himself it was none of his affair, that he had been dismissed by both Marguerite and the *maestro*, and yet he could not drive out the thought that he should do something—that his help was needed.

At last he drifted off to sleep, but at dawn he awakened. He found his mind startlingly clear and that he was able to recall every detail of that story he had heard through the open window and of his conversation with Marguerite afterward. And out of all those statements, glances and fleeting expressions there came to him the conviction that he had been duped, that the girl had sought only to get him to leave, had promised she would not meet her father at six o'clock with the sole intention of allaying his fears and keeping him away.

In an effort to disprove what he feared was true he went over the conversation word by word, only to reach the opposite conclusion. He was certain that Marguerite had striven to get a clear field that she might sacrifice herself for the *maestro*.

Larry looked at his watch and found that it was half past four. He arose quietly, dressed and slipped out of the tent. No one was awake and he walked down the trail to the lake, set the little canoe in the water and paddled away.

[END OF PART TWO]

Close-Ups and Long Shots

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

Valentino's Fate: The question most often hurled in this direction is: Will Valentino return to the screen with the same prestige as he had when he left it? Certainly not. Valentino left the screen a movie star; he returns a national figure.

A Question for League of Nations: Famous Players sues Rudie. Rudie sues Famous Players. Agent sues Rudie. Rudie sues agent. Rudie's lawyer sues Rudie. Rudie sues the lawyer. Latest bulletin—Rudie sues beauty clay employers. Now the question is, is Rudie more sued against than suing?

Big-Hearted Bull: In appreciation of the story I wrote about him, entitled "The Tragic Romance of Luigi Montegna," Bull Montana announced that he intended to give a party for me and Jack Dempsey—at Jack's house!
Big-hearted Bull!

Advance of Art: As an instance of the tremendous progress in the art of the motion picture I submit the following title from a Goldwyn picture: *I'm as pure as the do my mother bore me.*

Another Milestone: With an all-star cast and whole-hearted expenditure Goldwyn is producing "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model."
That's what critics call epoch-making. Goldwyn is picking up where Fox left off.

Why Costumes Prevail: Explaining the vogue of the costume picture. Willard B. Mack, directorial counsel for the Talmadge productions and quondam husband of Pauline Frederick, Marjorie Rambeau, Etc., remarked to me: "It's simple enough. The public craves romance, and there's no romance in modern life."

Bill certainly should know after being married four or five times in this one incarnation.

The Exhibitor as Critic: Most producers hold that the exhibitor is the only critic worth considering. Mary Pickford doesn't feel entirely that way. She had been reading some exhibitors' reports in the trade papers.

"My Goodness! something ought to be done about them," she exclaimed. "One exhibitor says Nazimova is the cat's pajamas!" Mary was horrified.

Personally, I find them very enjoyable. The following are among the critiques that have charmed me most:

"Home Talent"—This is the worst hunk of cheese we ever put on the screen.—Lyric theater, Strawberry Point.

"Bits of Life"—I tell you that Chink stuff of that kind won't do if we expect to stay in the game.—Electric theater, Centralia.

"Three Who Paid"—Outside of two suicides, three killings, a projected lynching and some altercations this was a peaceful little picture.—Fad theater, Brookings.

"Souls for Sale"—It certainly paints Hollywood with the white lily. Catchy advertising will put it over.—Garfield theater, Chicago.

"Hungry Hearts"—No drawing power to it and nothing to it but a bunch of Russian immigrants coming to this country.—Liberty theater.

"Grumpy," with Theodore Roberts—Star doesn't look natural without his cigar and teeth.—Palace theater, Blackwell.

"The Young Diana"—Too long and it would be no good if it were shorter.—Cresco theater, Cresco.

"Speed"—A joke from end to end. Lucy was not cleared of the murder; in fact, it seemed that the director forgot that a woman had been killed in the excitement of finishing the serial. It is "punk."—Wigwam theater, Oberlin.

"Where Is My Wandring Boy Tonight"—We didn't get all this one. A reel short, but got by, and pleased about 75 per cent.—Strand theater, Perry.

Conversations: The chief topics of conversation in Hollywood are: Self, Sex and Scotch. Whereas in New York they are: Scotch, Sex and Self.

Our Idea of Box-Office Attraction: To Fred Niblo we give credit for assembling the strongest co-starring boxoffice attraction of today: Ramon Novarro and Barbara La Marr in "Thy Name is Woman."

Critics vs. Commentator: The thing that interests me least in the motion picture industry is the motion picture. The characters I see on the screen interest me far less than the characters I see in Hollywood. To be an absolutely impartial critic one must keep aloof from these characters. Ergo, I shall not become a serious-minded, quotable critic until I feel old enough to enter a monastery.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91]

L. C., JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Another designation for the humble Answer Man. I like this one too, "The Oracle." Regarding your communication, we must learn the lesson of tolerance, little one. It is a good and needed lesson in this whirling age of high fever. Jane Novak is the Novak sister who is married and has a little daughter.

LEILANI MAPUANA ELE FROM HONOLULU.—Don't forget to send me your picture. I'm not married. Address Florence Vidor at the studio of Principal Pictures. Lila Lee was recently married to James Kirkwood, not James Quirkwood. That shows you read our editorial page. Neither Madge Bellamy nor Betty Compson is married. Address Enid Bennett at the Metro Studios.

BLUE EYED BLONDE, BUFFALO, N. Y.—I could not ignore a plea so pathetic. When a woman says, "Poor little me," a man's heart, as the poet hath it, "turns to water." I am glad to illuminate the dark places of your memory as to Joe Striker. He is about twenty-four years of age, is five feet nine and a half inches tall, and is unmarried. His chief appearances have been in "Flapper Love," "Madonna in Chains" and "The Steadfast Heart." Not yet a star.

H. F. D., MONROVIA, CALIF.—Another original soubriquet, "Knowledge Man or Woman." Thank you. You saw "Orphans of the Storm" three times, the last two times "being for his sake alone." Honored Joseph Schildkraut! You rank him as "the handsomest man or actor you ever saw. You saw Walter McGrail in Los Angeles and think him "as good to look at off the stage as on." Both interesting. What you say of another generally praised player proves you to be a discriminating maid.

KATHERINE OF SAN FRANCISCO.—A loyal admirer of your favorite star are you, Katherine. Your estimate of her ability may be correct. You can communicate with Patsy Ruth Miller, by way of The Vitagraph Company of America, 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood, Calif. Jack Pickford's address is the Mary Pickford Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

ROSE OF PADUCAH, KY.—Ah! A whiff of fragrance from the South. You are gifted with the divine fire of enthusiasm. A girl who saw "The Young Rajah" four times and "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" six times and, not having an opportunity to see "The Sheik," read it seventeen times, should be called Fan—nie. Patsy Ruth Miller is communicable by way of the Vitagraph Company of America, 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood, Calif. Lila Lee's address is Famous Players, Lasky Co., Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Write Mae Murray, care Metro Studio, Romaine and Cahuenga Ave., Hollywood, Calif; Conrad Nagel, Vitagraph Company of America, 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood; Richard Dix, Famous Players-Lasky Co., Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Joseph Schildkraut is with Norma Talmadge in "Dust of Desire."

K. M., JANESVILLE, WIS.—Miss Clayton's latest picture was "The Remittance Woman." Miss Clayton should be addressed care F. B. O., R.—C. Studio, Grove & Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Calif.



"THE MOST
PHOTOGRAPHED
HANDS IN THE
WORLD"

Miss Helen June Drew of Elmhurst, Long Island, is sought by photographers and artists all over the country whenever a picture of beautiful hands is needed.

She tells here how she has made them—and kept them—so marvelously white and smooth.

Miss Drew's hands only fifteen inches from the camera. Note the extraordinary absence of any coarseness or grain to the skin. Photo not retouched in any way.

Making Hands Soft and White And Keeping Them So

A Scientific Method That Works Like Magic for Anybody

By HELEN JUNE DREW

I MAY as well confess at the outset that my hands were not always in the perfect condition which has seemed to make them such good subjects for the camera. Nor can I claim credit for discovering the simple means by which I have made them so unusually white and smooth.

If your hands are "a sight" (mine were once), if they are red from household tasks, yellow from age, creased—chapped—or otherwise "weathered," you can do what I did. You can turn them white as a lily—and as soft and smooth. Furthermore, you can do it so easily and quickly you will think it magic! How?

With a pair of gloves of amazing powers!

Nothing like this method was ever known, or dreamed of, I guess, until a Quakertown doctor turned his scientific mind to the problem of rough, unsightly hands. He finally found a way to impregnate gloves with a solution that has an amazingly potent action set up by the warmth of the hands. The way hands turn white under the magic spell of this contact with the impregnated glove fabric is simply astonishing. The skin becomes so wonderfully softened and smoothed that everyone you know will notice and remark the difference. These "night gloves" as they are called, will show results on any hands, and with a single night's wear. Four or five nights is all the most "hopeless"

hands seem to require. My own mother's hands which were positively toilworn are truly attractive as a result of wearing my night gloves just a few times. (I now find it necessary to use them only occasionally, perhaps once every ten days or two weeks.) Some wear them only when working about the house for an hour or two.

If you want hands of the whiteness and softness that make anyone's hands beautiful to behold, you can prove this method on your own two hands without any chance of failure—without risking a penny. For Dr. Egan, who perfected the remarkable medicator and porelax with which the gloves are impregnated permits their use until you see the results with your own eyes. And what do you suppose this transformation of your hands costs? The small sum of \$1.95! If you continue to have hands that close scrutiny makes you want to hide—well, it is your own fault according to my notion!

(Note: the \$1.95 price Miss Drew mentions is a special, introductory arrangement; the magic glove outfit's regular price is five dollars. See coupon below.)



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Please send me (in plain package) for free trial, complete Magic Night Gloves outfit, including porelax and medicator. I will pay postman \$1.95 (plus postage) on delivery. If I am not delighted with the change in my hands in five days I may return gloves and have my money back. (If apt to be out when postman calls you can enclose \$2 and receive gloves prepaid.)

Name.....
Address.....
Glove Size.....

**A danger signal —
tender and bleeding gums**

HEALTHY teeth cannot live in diseased tissue. Gums tainted with Pyorrhoea are dangerously diseased. For not only are the teeth affected, but Pyorrhoea germs seep into the body, lower its vitality and cause many ills.

Pyorrhoea begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the poisonous germs that breed in pockets about them.

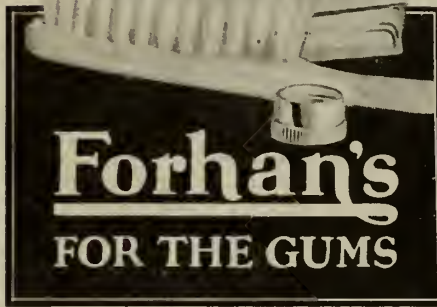
Four out of five people over forty have this disease. But you need not have it. Visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection. And keep Pyorrhoea away by using Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhoea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums hard and healthy, the teeth white and clean. If you have tender or bleeding gums, start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. No greasy sediment to make your hair stringy or streaky, nothing to wash or rub off. Restored color even and perfectly natural in all lights, no danger of streaking or discoloration. Faded hair or hair discolored by unsatisfactory dyes restored just as safely and surely as naturally gray hair.

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Send today for the special patented Free Trial package which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer and full instructions for making the convincing test on one lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. Print name and address plainly. If possible, inclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Please print your name and address
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Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name.....
 Street..... City.....

MARIE, DAYTON, OHIO.—You want to write J. Warren Kerrigan and don't want a soul to read it save himself. Suppose you write him, care Universal Studio, Universal City, Calif., draw a skull and crossbones on the envelope and write, "This is for anyone save Mr. Kerrigan who opens this letter." That should frighten all save the incurably reckless.

IRENE OF CAMDEN, N. J.—Thomas Meighan was born in 1879. Are you good at arithmetic, my dear?

**Why Men Go Crazy
About Corinne Griffith**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

"What is this? Nothing like this has ever happened in Hollywood before."

Investigation seemed to prove that every man from six to sixty was crazy about Corinne Griffith. Men who usually adore blonde flappers and respond to baby talk. Men who prefer 'em dark and dangerous. Married and single, light and dark, rich and poor, fat and thin. There wasn't a dissenting voice.

Now, if you were a woman and every man you knew agreed that a certain woman was the most attractive, and desirable, and lovable woman he'd ever seen, wouldn't you want to know why?

I did.

You bet I wanted to know why. I wasn't entirely selfish. I thought of my sisters all over the world. I thought of the awful problem: "What kind of a woman do men really admire, all men?" If I could say, "Here you are, ladies. The one woman all men admit they are crazy about. Let's find out as nearly as we can why and profit thereby."

This is why.

Her greatest charm is that she lends herself so exquisitely to your creative instinct. She is like an opal that shines in different colors from whatever viewpoint you look at it. To hear two different men describe Corinne Griffith is a treat. You would think one was describing Pola Negri and the other Mary Pickford.

For instance, one man told me she was wearing orchids and that they exactly suited her personality. And another whispered that it was exactly like her to wear violets, because nothing else really belonged to her. As a matter of fact, it was a lovely corsage of pansies and lilies-of-the-valley. And one man called the coral she was wearing burnt orange and another called it sea-shell pink.

A woman who happens to be a lady and is still seductive is in an enviable position. And Corinne Griffith is a lady—a southern lady. There is something luxurious about her, luxurious and yet restful, that makes a man draw a long sigh of contentment.

Her personality is languid, soft, unobtrusive, almost negative. And it appeals instantly to the imagination. Her eyes are full of dreams, but they are not labeled. You can mingle them with your own pet, secret, dearly loved dreams.

JUST as some women delight dressmakers because they can wear any gown and display it and increase its beauty, so Corinne Griffith can wear any air castle you may build, be it a cottage with twining roses over the door or a villa on the Riviera.

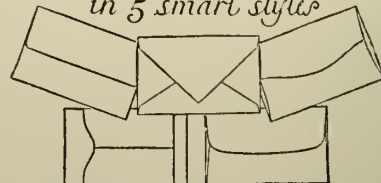
An artist could use her as a model for *La Belle Dame sans Merci* or for a Madonna.

And she has a habit that I have never seen except in men—men who understand women. When she talks to a man, she has a little air of being particularly delighted with him, a little intimate sweetness, as though he were just the only man in the world she wanted to be talking to; as though he were really the only man she was interested in.

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No woman is helpless any more. Except Corinne Griffith. When a man helps her into her carriage (it's really a limousine) he feels somehow that without his great, big, manly assistance, she would have fallen by the wayside, or been attacked by bandits. And he stands bare-headed in the rain as she drives away. Honestly, I've seen them.

Have you ever noticed how positive are the personalities and opinions of most women of today? They know so much. They are either definitely vamps or definitely ingenues. They are either flappers or business women. There is no sweetly scented veil of illusion about them. No mystery. No suspense. The cards are all on the table. The average Twentieth Century girl is either a vampire who overwhelms a man with sex appeal, or she is superhumanly efficient and intelligent. She discusses eugenics and obstetrics, she leads the way.

Not Corinne. She is passive, receptive, unattainable and mysterious. There is nothing assertive about her opinions. She is quite ready to be overwhelmed by the tremendous intellectual prowess of her dinner partner. And from all anyone is able to find out about her, she is innocence personified. Strangely enough, in this day and age, no one would be apt to tell a *risque* story in front of Corinne Griffith.

Furthermore, she is reserved. In a land where last names are forgotten overnight, she is still "Miss Griffith." It would be a delicious thing, a thing to dream about, to suddenly call her "Corinne." Her little air of aloofness forbids familiarity. At a party one night, where everyone was in a gay and festive mood and much jesting was in progress, a young man who knew her very well started to kiss her. She drew herself up and gave him one reproachful look, and he went crimson to his hair and apologized.

And yet no man but is sure of the fires to be awakened, the glorious joys of actually winning her, of obtaining her favors.

She is essentially lazy. New Orleans, her birthplace, has stamped her with its own charm. Consequently she is the best audience I have ever seen. Oh, how well she listens. Most men will talk for hours to a homely woman, if she has sense enough to keep quiet. Can you imagine how they feel when they see those delicious, wide gray eyes, half smiling in appreciation, that sweet mouth softly parted in wonder? How Corinne stops them, I don't know.

ALL men declare that she is supremely intelligent. Results talk. It takes intelligence to make men think you are intelligent, whether it's the particular brand women are bragging so much about just now or not, I don't know.

Her physical charms are too obvious to mention. In the old days, her little, slender feet, and her lovely hands—have you ever noticed her hands?—and her white teeth and her soft hair would have been the subject of poems. And, in passing, do you know she's the only woman in a long time whose hands any man has mentioned to me? In the old days, indeed, she would have been a belle and a toast.

There's exactly the note of her appeal. A belle and a toast. The adored of gallants. The inspiration of sonnets. The subject of duels.

Corinne Griffith is—Woman. Woman as we used to dream her when she was the heroine of romance, and not of problems. Woman as we used to love her when she was a slave and a queen, not an equal. To men, she brings back the dear, dead days before the last two amendments made our Constitution perfect. And yet, being Woman, she can arouse in a man everything that we have learned to discuss so freely.

Boccaccio and Tennyson might write of her. She can play a courtesan or a housewife. She is that ever-sought, ever-dreamed creature men whisper of when they are alone—the woman who is a harem all in one.

That's why she is—The Toast of Hollywood.

Would You Think from this Photo that I Ever Weighed 200 Lbs?

By JESSICA PENROSE BAYLISS
(of Bryn Mawr, Penna.)

"I HAD just about all the *avoirdupois* I could carry around when I first heard of getting thin to music. I am only 5 ft. and 5 in. in height and not of large frame, and 191 lbs. made me positively conspicuous as you can well believe. It was beginning to tell on my arches; I had difficulty in walking any distance. Dancing became out of the question, and I had become a regular stay-at-home when a friend prevailed on me to try the much-talked-of reducing records.

"The first session with this method was a complete surprise. I had expected it would be something of a bore—the things I had tried in the past had all proved so. But the movements that first reducing record contained, the novel commands and counts, and the sparkling musical accompaniment made it extremely interesting. I used it for over a week for the sheer fun of doing it. I felt splendid after each day's 'lesson.' Even then I scarcely took the idea seriously. Surely, this new form of play could not be affecting my huge superfluity of flesh; it must have been ten or twelve days later that I weighed myself.

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"No one had to urge me after that! I secured all five of the records and settled down in earnest to reduce. A week later the same scale said 174 lbs. Another week only showed a six pound loss; but the week following I had taken off nine more pounds.

"As I progressed in the lessons I found them growing more and more interesting, and each new and unique movement began improving my proportions in new places. The over-fleshiness at my neck was a condition I never dreamed could be affected by these methods, but it was; even the roll of fat that had foreshadowed a double-chin disappeared in time.

"In six weeks I was dancing, golfing and 'going' as of yore. I got another saddle horse. I started wearing clothes which did not have to sacrifice all style in an effort to conceal. And it is quite needless to say I was delighted and elated. At the end of nine weeks I weighed exactly 138 lbs.—a reduction of fifty-three pounds. I submit my experience in gratitude for what Wallace's wonderful records have done for me. I am humbled by the recollection of how I once fairly scoffed at the enthusiasm of others in what I deemed at the time a mere fad. I shudder to think that I might have remained indifferent to this method. Only a woman who has been over-whelmingly fleshly can appreciate what my new appearance and feelings mean to me. As for those who need reduce but a few pounds to make their figures what they would like them to be, it is pitiful to think that they do not know this easy way—or perhaps do not believe it."

What more can be said of reducing? Mrs. Bayliss' start was made with the full first lesson record which Wallace sent her without cost or obligation. The same offer is open to you. If you, too, do not see remarkable results in only a few days, don't keep the record, and don't pay Wallace anything. Why not use the coupon now?



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The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]



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"I am looking for a grave—" I started to suggest after engaging his reluctant attention.

"Well, there's plenty of them about," the old grave digger answered, bending again to his work.

"But it is a special one I want—Major Woodville Latham's."

The grave digger clambered out of his excavation and dropped his shovel.

"Yep, he's here—way over yonder. Come along and I'll show you. Buried him ten year ago—cremated—didn't need no permit."

The digger of graveyard would led the way through a half a mile of the crowded cemetery, thick with headstones, until he came to a granite shaft bearing the name of Latham.

I marvelled at the old man's memory in this city of the dead. "Do you know where they all are, like this?"

"Sure—they don't move around on me much."

"This man," I volunteered, "put the motion picture on the screen."

The grave digger filled his pipe and regarded the headstone with a new interest.

"He did—well I reckon he didn't get nothing out of it—them inventor fellows never does."

And thus passes the name of Latham from the affairs of the motion picture.

THE war over the patents in the case against the Independent Motion Picture Company, in which Woodville Latham became so important a witness, brought in another personality of more interest than importance, William Friese Greene, of London.

As has been indicated in the prior chapter, Greene was a persistent claimant to past honors as the original inventor of the motion picture. And it will be recalled from that chapter that Greene figured in the litigation which wrecked the patent protection of Kinemacolor, a procedure which reflected no shining credit on himself.

Because, in their efforts to discredit the Motion Picture Patents Company, the independents had made much of the claims of Greene to a priority over the American inventors, he became on this wave of propaganda a personage of promised importance in the fight. P. A. Powers, of the independent forces, planned to spring a surprise upon the Patents Company. He communicated with Greene and arranged for him to come most quietly to New York, prepared to take the witness stand and explode the entire American patent situation.

All went nicely. Greene came to New York, and was stowed away at a hotel with considerable secrecy. Then the lawyers for the independents went into secret session with the imported star witness.

Greene expanded and expounded at length on his claims and talked glowingly of his invention of the motion picture camera.

But there was just that little technical matter of proof, a documentary presentation of facts about these important British patents of which he spoke.

Alas and alack! Mr. Greene was much annoyed—for, said he, he had forgotten and left all of his patent papers in London.

So, just as quietly, just as secretly, Greene was bundled off to London, before the Patents Company could discover him. The Patents Company would doubtless have put Greene on the stand and ventilated his patent claims for the moral effect on the independent trade, which had been taking courage out of his supposed priority.

After the Kinemacolor litigation which followed this episode, William Friese Greene disappeared from the motion picture affairs of England. In 1915 he was discovered in want and the concerns of Film Row in London raised a fund of about seven hundred dollars to supply his immediate wants. The British

picture men were beginning patriotically to desire an original "inventor-of-the-films" all their own.

But tragedy followed fast on the footsteps of Greene. On the night of May 5, 1921, he was invited to a dinner in London given by the film trade. As "the father of the industry," Greene was called upon to make a speech. He rose and once again he told his story—and at the end of it fell dead across his chair.

Due largely to fictions built about the name of Greene, there are many in the motion picture industry today who feel convinced that the art was born in England.

WHILE the battles of the courts raged on, the "Imp" merrily proceeded to make pictures and profits. The producing organization was developing to keep pace with the widening independent market for films.

"Imp," as the leader of the independents began to draw heavily on the trained forces of Biograph, the most advanced of the producing concerns in the Patents Company group. Biograph under Griffith was, in effect, the training school for actors and directors and the experimental research establishment for the evolution of the art.

Harry Salter, a director who had been associated with Griffith on the stage and on through his Biograph connection, was taken over by "Imp" at the same time that this aggressive independent took away "The Biograph Girl," Florence Lawrence. And the early payrolls of "Imp" include the names of many others who had appeared in early Biograph casts.

In the late fall of 1910, Joseph Smiley, a member of the "Imp" stock company, was strolling Broadway at the lunch hour when he encountered his friend, Thomas H. Ince, an actor. Ince was in off the road at the end of an indifferent summer season, broke and "resting," as they say on Broadway. Smiley volunteered the information to his stage associate that he was now working in the pictures. Ince made a wry face to indicate his sympathy with this sad plight and in the next instant eagerly inquired:

"Any chance for me?"

"Sure," Smiley answered. "come on."

Salter, the director, took Ince into the cast of the picture in progress as a "heavy" at five dollars a day.

This was the screen debut of the man who, as a maker of pictures in the years to come, was to build up the largest personal fortune among the directors of the screen. In less than fourteen years this five dollar a day "heavy" is credited with something between five and six million dollars.

Ince came of a stage family and grew up in the Thespian life. As a youngster he appeared in many of the plays which took the road from New York, most notable among them perhaps being James A. Herne's production of "Shore Acres." There was an interlude in his stage career one summer when Mr. Thomas H. Ince was a bus boy, carrying the dishes at Pitman Hall, a White Mountain resort. He took the ups and downs as they came, probably never dreaming of the ups that were to come. In the cast of "Hearts Courageous" at the Broadway theater in New York, Ince met William S. Hart and struck up a friendship that was filled with potentialities of the future for both of them.

One of Ince's smiling reminiscences is of the gloomy Christmas Day of 1905 when he, Hart and Frank Stammer, also an actor, found themselves cheerless and broke, at the Barrington hotel in New York. Just when the day seemed the most dismal, Stammer received a present of a roasted turkey, accompanied by fitting decorations. In the years ahead it was on the cards that Ince and Hart were to share a good deal of "turkey."

While Ince was working on his first picture

at "Imp," Mrs. Ince, known to the stage as Alice Kershaw, found an engagement playing in Biograph pictures under the direction of Frank Powell. The director suggested that she might bring her husband to the studio. So Thomas Ince made his one and only Biograph appearance in a comedy, entitled "His New Lid," the Biograph release of November 24, 1910.

But when Ince next encountered Smiley he was invited back to "Imp."

"You made a hit," Smiley informed him. "Go see Tom Cochrane—he likes your work."

By this time the shrewd young Mr. Ince had made a discovery for himself. He was rather short and unheroic of proportions. He decided that he was not of the architecture of which stars of the screen would be made. He therefore decided that he would be a director and plotted deep to that end. Now was his opportunity.

Ince argued with Cochrane that, if he returned to "Imp," he should be given the first opening as a director. This was reluctantly agreed.

Then came the day when, overhearing a telephone conversation, Ince discovered that a director had quit. He marched up to Cochrane.

"That makes me a director," Ince announced.

Cochrane hesitated. Presumably he had not intended this development at all, but Ince was cocky and insistent.

"Yes, sure." A smile spread over Cochrane's face. He had to see it through. "You start now."

The actors of the "Imp" company had seemingly less enthusiasm for Ince as a director than Cochrane. The cast gave the new director the cold shoulder. Ince was annoyed with the amateurish high school girl scenarios available and resurrected a bit of verse, entitled "Little Nell's Tobacco," for his first production. Hayward Mack, later a director, played the lead.

When the picture was completed, Carl Laemmle, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Ince, went down to Fourteenth street to see it in the "Imp" projection room. Throughout the screening of the picture Ince plied Laemmle with rapid conversation and expounded vigorously on the super-merit of the picture. It seems to have been a masterpiece that needed a good deal of boosting. Then, as it finished on the screen, Ince seized Laemmle by the arm and rushed him out of the room before any adverse comments from the rest of the audience could be overheard.

In this fashion Ince made himself a director. "Imp" was growing more and more courageous.

THE raiding of Biograph for Florence Lawrence had proven a decidedly profitable move. Now an emissary was sent down to Biograph again to see if "Little Mary," a rising screen favorite, could be lured away from Griffith. She could—for \$175 a week, a most amazing salary.

Owen Moore, with whom Miss Pickford had been playing at Biograph, came along. They were assigned to the direction of Thomas Ince.

Presently "Imp" announced for release "Their First Mis-understanding," with "Little Mary" in the leading rôle. The name of Pickford was yet unknown to the screen public. She was just "Little Mary."

But the Patents Company's lawyers were pressing hard and "Imp" faced the immediate possibility of being shut down by injunction overnight. Carl Laemmle had been planning to send Ince and his company to California, but an escape from the jurisdiction of the United States courts seemed advisable. Hastily, plans were made for a flight to Cuba.

C. A. Willat, known in all the motion picture world as "Doc," laboratory chief for "Imp," was sent ahead to make studio arrangements.

It was an expedition of many adventures.

The vessel on which Ince and his company sailed had hardly cleared Ambrose channel

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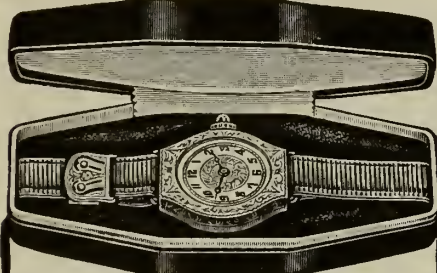
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See Page 129

when Mrs. Pickford, mother of Mary, in great excitement demanded of Ince and the captain of the ship that it be put about and returned at once to New York. She had discovered, not entirely to her pleasure, that "Little Mary" and Owen Moore had been secretly married in New York, shortly before the sailing.

Peace was restored with difficulty and, in due season, the party was landed in Cuba—followed by the sleuths of the Motion Picture Patents Company and J. J. Kennedy's intelligence service.

Doc Willat had leased a forbidding stone structure as quarters and studio for the company. There was that about the place which seemed chilling and inhospitable to the actors. They were vastly reassured, however, when it was explained that this was nothing less than the Palacio del Carneado of Vedado. Joseph Smiley and King Baggot, however, did some inquiring on their own account and found that, in spite of its sumptuous name, the Palacio was in fact an abandoned jail. They moved.

The company had been at work but a few days when everyone became mysteriously and desperately ill.

The situation was doubly critical. "Imp" in New York was dependent for its very existence on the uninterrupted output of the company in Cuba.

Ince, recovering, first made a searching investigation. He found that Charlie Weston, the property man, with an eye to business and personal profits, had taken to Cuba with him a very large wholesale tin of cold cream. Weston calculated that there would be no drugstores in Cuba and that he would make a fortune out of selling his cold cream to the actors for the nightly removal of their make-up. So far so good. But he stored his drum of cold cream in the kitchen ice box. The Cuban cook decided it was just a fancy perfumed American lard and proceeded accordingly.

"That," remarked Ince, "explains everything—fried chicken a la Colgate."

In Havana, Ince met J. Parker Read, who had been adventuring about Cuba as a salesman. He employed Read as an interpreter for his dealings with the Cubans.

THE cold cream catastrophe had hardly passed when internal diplomatic troubles arose. Owen Moore and a property boy developed a feud, resulting in a lusty battle. Swearing vengeance, the somewhat disfigured youth announced to Ince that he was going to prosecute Moore in the Cuban courts.

"Don't do it—we've got troubles enough, now," Ince interposed. "But go ahead and talk about it all you want to. Make a noise about it." Ince had a bit of a scheme for producing peace by intimidation. Also Moore was not high in the friendship of Ince and the company.

At Ince's instance, J. Parker Read called in an ornate Havana policeman, in gold lace and grim visage.

In a loud voice to be heard all over the studio, Ince exclaimed: "No, Mr. Moore is not here. I do not know where he is. I think he has gone back to the States."

Whereupon Read, the interpreter, apparently translating, spoke long and earnestly to the policeman about the weather and ended by presenting him with a package of cigarettes.

After this performance had been repeated a few days, Moore became apprehensive.

Ince meanwhile talked ominously about the desperate character of Cuban courts and Cuban justice. Anything, it seemed, might happen to a man if he were once arrested. The lighter offenders were merely burned alive. Serious affairs naturally took more serious attention.

The hoax gathered momentum and at last Moore yielded to what seemed discretion. Without removing his make-up, he departed from the harbor of Havana and returned to New York.

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The feeling that grew out of this incident led in time to the return of Mary Pickford to Biograph.

The war of "Imp" against the Motion Picture Patents Company had an incidental result of interest in the formation of totally unrelated business. Watter-on R. Rothacker, the Chicago representative of *Billboard*, an amusement journal, in the opportune year of 1910 was struck with the possibilities of a business devoted to the making of motion pictures for industrial and advertising purposes. He looked about for backing and discussed his project with Carl Laemmle and Robert Cochrane, of the Independent Motion Picture Company.

This was at one of the many moments when another Patents Company injunction blow was about to fall.

Cochrane and Laemmle were not especially interested in advertising pictures, but they saw a handsome legal loophole in sight. They agreed to finance Rothacker's project if he would name it "Industrial Moving Picture Company"—thus giving it those same valuable, trademarked initials, I.M.P. In the event the Independent Company was shut down by the courts, the producing activities could, at an instant's notice, be shifted over to the Industrial Company and the trademark would be saved along with the product—at least until a new injunction should issue.

Meanwhile the trend of the court war shifted. The emergency situation which gave Rothacker his opportunity passed without a crisis and, two years later, he purchased the "Imp" interests. Presently the concern took on its present name, the Rothacker Film Manufacturing Company.

Many advertising and industrial pictures were made before 1910. As we have noted in earlier chapters, Haig & Haig put whiskey advertisements on a street screen on Broadway as early as 1897. But Rothacker was first to see the serious business possibilities of the advertising picture. His first release, back in 1911, was "Farming with Dynamite," a one-reeler calculated to show that nitroglycerine is mightier than the plow.

The prosperity of the "Imp" concern and Laemmle's film service in defiance of the trust increased the general courage of the independent field, and others rapidly rose to cooperate and compete. A brand new war, a desperate civil war among the independents was brewing, long before the main issue with the Patents Company had come to a conclusion. In our next chapter we shall see some of the humor and desperation of this conflict among the independents and trace some of its consequent effects toward the making of the great names of the screen of today.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

What's Going to Happen to Jackie Coogan?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

finally said, gruffly: "I'll stake you to the difference if you haven't enough."

"I guess I'll have to borrow thirty cents, then," perspired Jackie. Then turning to his Dad he said: "My goodness, Daddy dear, this place is more expensive than the Ritz. Forty-seven dollars for seven people. My goodness!"

The ruffians howled, and the waitress, who had framed with the monsters, came forward with the correct bill; it was for seven dollars.

Jackie wiped his brow and smiled wanly. "I thought somebody was framing on me. But I'm through. Here, Daddy dear, take it all—I'm through with money. It has only brought me trouble." And with a prodigal gesture he swept his finances across the table to his father.

Today Jackie Coogan is a happy man. He still demands fifty cents for every gag he thinks up for his director, but he spends it as fast as he gets it. His particular vice of ex-



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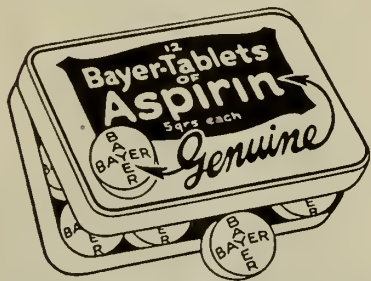
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penditure is buying presents for people. Particularly for his mother.

And so Jackie Coogan at eighty will never be the spendthrift that John D. Rockefeller is, giving away nickels on his birthday.

Though financially defunct at the ripe old age of nine, he's hale and hearty. I wouldn't go so far as to say he was a socialist. There's nothing radical in his attitude to lead you to suspect that he's a secret emissary of the Soviet, but he certainly is won over to the idea that the love of money is the root of all evil.

And let me say here, in tribute to Coogan *pere* and Coogan *mere*, Jackie has never been allowed to know of his wealth. His mind is absolutely free from any appreciation of money, any worldly taint or false valuation.

I have never encountered a child so unspoiled, so beautifully trained, so spiritual and lovable of nature as little Jackie Coogan.

Will he continue to keep this rare quality of mind and spirit? Will that fine spark which Charlie Chaplin beheld with ecstasy and brought to a beautiful glow be preserved through the transition from child to man?

Judgment is easily blurred by sentiment in the presence of such a child as Jackie. He evokes not only love, but a strange reverence, almost awe. You treat him not with the condescension of man toward child, but with deference due an equal. And he responds in kind.

After meeting him several times with his serious little manner, his courtesies and profound remarks, you wonder: "Am I hypnotized? Can I be deluded by the aura of celebrity that surrounds him? Is he genius or child—just child?" Always upon leaving him your mind queries, "Genius or child?"

Three years ago I spent an afternoon with Jackie, playing games on the floor. We talked. He danced for me. And recited with a reverence close to holy the words of "My Madonna." I thought of the Young King who stood in rags on the steps of the altar. . . . And lo! through the painted windows came the sunlight streaming upon him, and the sunbeams wove round him a tissue robe that was fairer than the robe that had been fashioned for his pleasure; he stood there in king's raiment, and the glory of God filled the place, and the trumpeters blew upon their trumpets, and the singing boys sang, and the Bishop's face grew pale, and his hands trembled. "A greater than I hath crowned thee," he cried, and he knelt before him. . . . I thought of Jackie as the Young King. And I went away wondering. Three years later I returned, still wondering, and again I found the Young King.

For me Jackie Coogan is a masterpiece of life. Can the world change, or time alter, such a masterpiece? Is he an artist inspired at birth or just a phenomenon, a precocious child?

I sought the answer from his *maestro*, the greatest of our artists, the man whom Jackie respectfully salutes as "Mr. Chaplin."

Chaplin Talks About Jackie

Chaplin's face illumined when I spoke of Jackie, and his eyes shone. "Ah, Jackie, wonderful Jackie!" he exclaimed, and then I knew that the story is true—Charlie Chaplin loves Jackie.

"When I had the little fellow he was just four. It was hard to get his attention, but what a marvelous understanding, what delicacy of feeling!

"Jackie is inspiring and inspired. Just to be in his presence is to feel inspiration. His personality is beautiful, lovely. It's spiritual. You feel close to spirituality.

"I was all enthusiasm about him when I directed him in 'The Kid.' I tried to have him do the things I thought a child should do. A child should be joyous and free—not sentimental or emotional—joyous and sunny and natural. He was that in 'The Kid.'

"I saw him recently in 'Daddy.' I didn't like some of the things they had him do. I don't like to see a child in scenes of mature emotion—weeping over a deathbed and such. Yet such scenes were lovely just because

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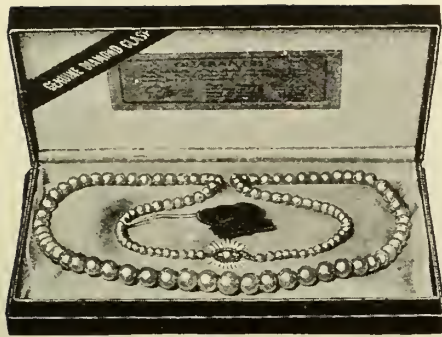
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Jackie did them. He can't do anything that isn't beautiful and true.

"He has a personality that humanizes every situation. His personality is like Mary's. Mary can play the most awful, sentimental, Pollyanna things and they're charming just because it's Mary. Her personality is like that.

"I must say I like the way Jackie's parents are rearing him, naturally and simply. He is just the same as he was at four so far as his quality is concerned. In 'Daddy' he shows the same talent and personality as in 'The Kid.' I really think he is greater. His mind is developing, unfolding.

"He is an artist, unquestionably an artist. He can take you so delicately across the line from reality to fantasy and back again.

"The essential thing is to keep his little mind clear of all opinions, prejudices, creeds, religions and manufactured thought. It is such a fine, sensitive mind that it mustn't be twisted.

"And I don't like to see him attending Chamber of Commerce banquets, press lunches and all such, sitting at the head of the table, receiving homage and applause. So far he hasn't been affected, but there's a danger.

"It isn't easy to predict his character. The only thing that makes character is a kick in the pants. A lot of kicks. Hardships. And life will be very easy and comfortable for Jackie.

"The only thing against him, really, is what people would call his good fortune. He has a wonderful personality. Great spirituality. And he is an artist. Yes, little Jackie has a very great gift."

Mary and Doug

Although Mary Pickford is less familiar with Jackie's work and personality, her view is similar to that of Chaplin.

"I do not see why he cannot continue as an actor right through. It's quite possible. I did. I wasn't much older, when I started my career, than Jackie was in 'The Kid.'"

"No, and you're not now," interposed Doug. "You're still playing child roles."

"Of course a great deal depends on the way he is educated and upon the influences about him," continued Mary. "I think his father is very wise in a business way. He is seeing to it that work does not crowd out play. Jackie is getting his full measure of healthy play and education, I believe.

"I'm sure Jackie has real talent. And I believe he will continue as an artist if fate, in some form, does not interfere. I truly hope he does fulfill his wonderful promise, not only for his sake, but for Charlie's. We mustn't forget in our appreciation of Jackie the wonderful genius that has inspired him."

Doug is characteristically emphatic. He believes that the child can continue as an actor as long as he chooses.

"I can't see that he has been spoiled in the least in five years, and he's nine now. Why should he change in the next few years, except to develop further?"

Jackie's Next-Door Neighbor

"Being Jackie's next-door neighbor I have a chance to see a great deal of him," remarks Rex Ingram, whose bungalow is next to Jackie's on the Metro lot, "a lot of opportunity to observe him—and to dodge his golf balls, base balls and sling shots. I sometimes doubt whether Jackie will be an actor when he grows up. It looks to me as though he would be a sportsman. The time he spends before the camera is little in comparison to the time he devotes to sport.

"He's all boy, utterly natural. While he has all the joy of a real artist in working before the camera, he'd rather play, and as soon as the camera stops he's off the set playing ball or running a race with one of his buddies.

"He certainly is an extraordinary personality and a born actor. His future as an artist depends entirely upon the way he is handled. He is not primarily a comedian, as some suppose. The poetic quality is stronger in him than the comic spirit. He's not one of those

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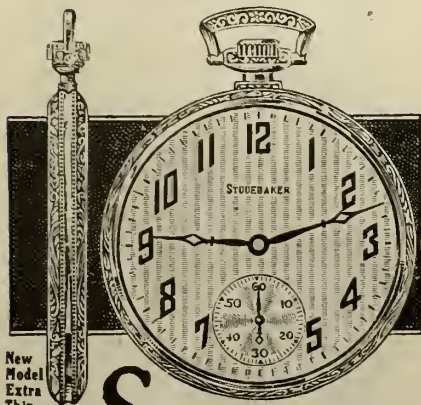
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smart, wise-cracking kids. He has nice taste, inherently. Very fine sensibilities. There is danger of over-directing him, causing him to imitate rather than create. Since he is so alert mentally, the scene should be explained to him and left largely to his imagination to interpret. I have noted some tendency in one or two of his past pictures toward directing him to act like an actor, an adult. When he does this he becomes an impersonator, an exceedingly clever impersonator, too, but not the artist that he is capable of being.

"With nice discretion in the matter of selecting stories and directors, Jackie will, I think, undoubtedly develop into one of the greatest adult actors of the screen, just as he has proved to be the greatest of all child actors."

As Seen by Harold Lloyd

"I'm not qualified to pass judgment because I have only seen Jackie in one picture since 'The Kid.' I perhaps underestimated the child's talent, feeling it to be a product of Chaplin's directorial genius. He certainly has a most appealing quality in him, and his intelligence is obvious in the way he responded to Chaplin's teaching. Time alone can answer the question, but the best prophet you can consult is Charlie. He knows the soul of the child."

Jackie's Father and Supervisor

Jack Coogan, Sr., is the supervisor of his son's productions and career. A vaudeville performer, a rather clever inventor of the gags that get the laughs from vaudeville crowds, he also negotiated Jackie's present contract with Metro which brought an advance payment of half a million for Jackie's services in four productions.

"We are taking our time making these pictures," says Mr. Coogan. "We probably will not make more than two a year, so Jackie's actual working time before the camera is only three or four months out of the year.

"What's going to happen to Jackie? That's impossible to answer. We have no plans. We never have had. We want him to develop naturally. If he wants to become a farmer, we'll be just as happy to have him one as to have him a star. We never dreamed to be in our present position and never realized Jackie's possibilities.

"As soon as Jackie finishes work in a scene he is off the set playing. We always have kids of his own age around for him to play with. He has a tutor and is studying reading, writing and arithmetic just like any other child his age, except that I think he is in advance of his age in aptitude."

Jackie, Himself, Replies

Three years ago when I saw Jackie I asked him what he intended to be. "A camera man," he replied promptly. He refused to consider the profession of actor as a permanent means of livelihood. "I have three more pictures to make, and that's enough," he said shortly, referring to the pictures required under his former contract with First National. Oh, yes, he liked to act well enough, he said—but he liked to play better. Much better.

When I was talking with his father in the studio bungalow, Jackie in overalls came dashing in, very flushed, in quest of his base ball mitt. A highly-freckled friend was waiting outside, his nose flattened against the screen door.

I caught Jackie as he dashed out, having located the mitt.

"What are you going to be when you grow up, Jackie?" I asked.

"That's very hard to say," replied Jackie tersely.

The screen door slammed, and Jackie's voice enthusiastically rent the air: "Come on, let's play ball!"

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Beefsteak and Onions

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

He walked away, filled with strange emotions, holding up his baggy pants and wondering how the lordly creature, who despised even the proud leading men, could stoop to treat him kindly.

"I must have made a hit with her," he muttered. "Gee! What a woman she is. Suffering snakes! What a pip."

Whereupon, without any preliminaries whatever, Homer Giffen proceeded to fall desperately in love with the Balkan siren, who had come from Europe to dent her name upon the fair face of American Art. Being gifted with ordinary intelligence, Fanny Fay discovered this catastrophe within two days. She encountered Homer making his way ecstatically out of the Posdrovna set, walking upon unseen bubbles.

"Say," said Fanny, a blunt girl. "What's the big idea?"

"Finish it," said Homer. "What are you talking about?"

"How come you to be hanging around this Posdrovna woman?"

"Oh," Homer grunted. "That's it? We got to the point where I have my conduct edited, hey? I got to ask somebody which set I can hang around, huh? There ought to be a laugh in that somewhere."

FOR the first time, Fanny stared at Homer without kindness in her eyes. She was both angry and fearful. She had seen men slip their moorings before. There was no further conversation about Posdrovna—in fact little conversation about anything. The big chill had set in and as the days moved majestically by, Fanny understood. She and her sweetheart were splitting wide asunder. Their little candle had been blown out by a foreign breath. The house on Sunset became a sad dream of past days.

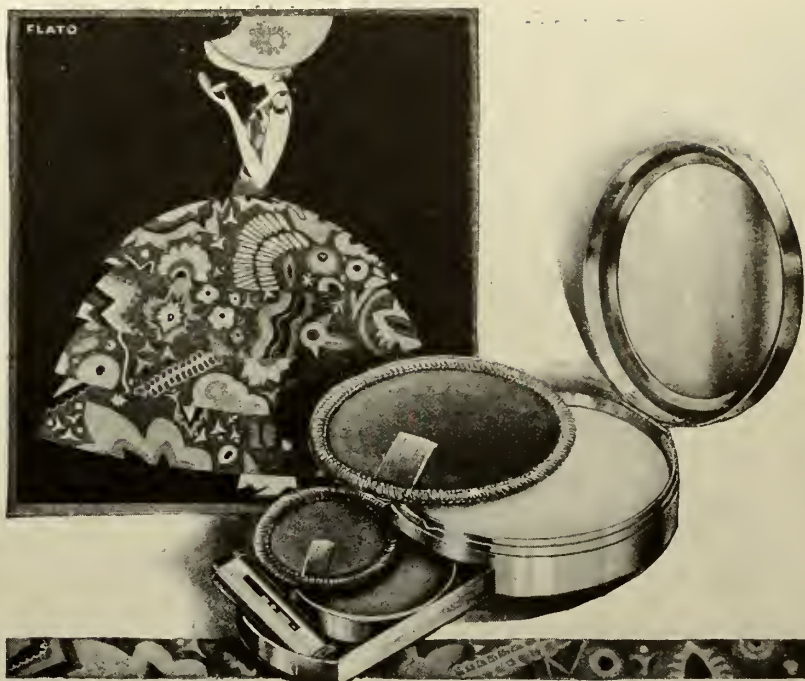
Everyone in the studio was presently aware of the incomprehensible thing that had happened. A haughty Balkan actress, sneering at the Fairfame Corporation and all its moguls and stars, had smiled benignly upon Homer Giffen, who had never been to school and certainly was not the figure of a Great Lover. He was not beautiful and he liked to chum with prize fighters, yet he was the only one who could stroll casually in upon Posdrovna and talk over the time of day.

He began dropping into her dressing room, formerly literary headquarters, to the wonderment of her maid. He brought her oranges, of which she was insanely fond. At eventide, with the day's work ended, it was runty Homer Giffen who walked out with Rosa, through her private hole-in-the-fence, and stepped proudly into her gray limousine.

He rode with her to her beautiful villa, and her servants waited upon him, feeding him little sardines and strange viands from Sicily. They went in state to the beach and swam in the surf, with the populace gazing from a distance upon the beautiful form in its flashing silks. Hollywood began to buzz. Hollywood can begin to buzz easier, with less effort than another city, because its buzzings come so often.

It was the general understanding in the studios and elsewhere that Royal Rosa found Mr. Giffen amusing. How could she love him? Highland Avenue asked Hollywood Boulevard. As a matter of truth, Homer could entertain anyone, when he desired to. His mind was nimble enough. In his heart he had always regarded himself as a genuine actor, a true artist, whose qualities were concealed under rough comedy. Some day he would show the Fairfame people. He would cease tossing pastry, step forth and take his place, his proper niche. They would all be astonished, including his public.

"I can act," he said earnestly, explaining to Rosa, after their association had ripened.



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"You probably listened to them and think I'm a slap-tick comedian, but there's a lot of things you don't know about me. I've got the goods, and some time I'm going to deliver them."

"You are a fenny fellow," replied Rosa, smiling up at him gently. "You make me think of the leetle monkey with the stick."

"Never mind the funny stuff," he said. "I don't feel funny. I'm serious and mostly, I'm serious about you, Rosa." He was now calling her Rosa, and other names, which he invented.

"Why are you serious about me?" she inquired, fixing him with a bright, blue eye.

"Well," he said, and his manner was solemn, "I'd like to marry you, Rosa."

"Oh, ho!" she laughed. "Oh, no, Homaire! We should marree!"

"Oh, yes," he insisted, "and quit laughing about it."

"What fenny thoughts," she said, still smiling. "You are not for to marree with me. You know me so young, Homaire. Last week, you walk in ze door, but where you were last month?"

"Yeh," he continued undisturbed. "What you mean is we don't know each other, but that's something time takes care of. I know when I'm in love with a woman, and I'm in love with you, for keeps. I'd cut my right leg off, if you asked me to."

"Oh, fine, Homaire," Rosa gurgled, patting his cheek gently. "I like dat. I adore you should be in loaf with me, because you are one grand little skeezix. You are the onlee man I should talk with. But marreege—that is not for now."

"I didn't say now," he argued. "In the future. And I'm not going to keep on being a comedian. It's the bunk. I'm a legitimate actor, and I'm going to quit comedies and step up where I belong. You're going to help me do it."

"Oh, fine, Homaire," Rosa said again. "I like when you talk crazee."

THEY continued, as time passed, to be together, to discuss love, matrimony, art, pictures and the general debility of directors. Homer elucidated a few of his plans, which would have violently upset Charley Zander and the corporation, had they known.

"I'm not going to make any more Red Bird pictures," Homer declared, lounging on the arm of Rosa's chair and sipping a bright glass of wine. Now and then he touched Rosa's midnight tresses and glowed within him.

"No?" she cried. "For why you not?"

Which was also precisely what Charley Zander would have inquired, adding a few words of his own.

"Because I'm above such junk. I'm a leading man, by rights. I can act, Rosa, but they don't know it here. I've got something in me that never has come out."

"Yes," agreed Rosa wonderingly, "but how you can act nice, to make love? You are fenny man. Your eye, she always look inside."

"I know," he answered patiently. "She look inside now, but she won't. I'm going to have her fixed—see."

Rosa the Great stared incredulously at her adorer.

"You have him straight?" she demanded.

"Sure. There's nothing to it. I could have had it done any time. A good eye doctor can set it straight in fifteen minutes."

Rosa pondered over this information. In her wild Balkan mind was the uneasy feeling that if Homer had his eyes straightened, perhaps she might not like the change. He might not be precisely so fenny.

"And," continued the little man enthusiastically, "I want to work with you, Rosa."

"In my pictures?" Rosa asked, amazed.

"Certainly. I want to be your leading man. You and I together will make the finest pictures ever produced in America. We'll show them. You may not think much of me, but you've never seen me act."

"You can act good?" the lady questioned.

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Department P. 12

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He beamed. His eyes glistened with honest zeal.

"You fony man," Rosa said again.

"Wait till I have my eye fixed. Then tell me. Look at my figure. I'm a pretty good looking guy."

There was a pause, while Homer paced to and fro in meditation.

"About us getting married," he resumed, "I suppose we oughtn't be in any hurry."

"No, I should say so," agreed Rosa readily. "Theenk of Sharlie Zandaire—she have a fit."

This was unquestionably true. Charley would have had, at the very least, four fits. Fairfame Pictures, in their voluminous advertising, had been at great trouble to indicate the youth, beauty, virility, fire, passion and virginity of Rosa Posdrovna. She had come, chorused the advertising, practically fresh from the convent, with bits of veil still clinging. She was innocent of the vile ways of man, a delicate, but, as D. H. Lawrence would put it in his mild way, a passionate lily, plucked in her purity from the damask field.

Further, she was of noble blood, which accounted in Hollywood for her peculiar ability to make tempestuous love on the screen. Rosa's pictures, as you probably know, are the sort that make a man go home and stare at his wife accusingly. Hollywood knows nothing of foreign nobles, except that they refuse ice-water and seem careless about their finger-nails.

Thus did Homer Giffen and Rosa Posdrovna idle away the changing hours in the stately mansion found for her by Charley Zander. Golden hours they were for Homer. He talked of love and marriage and of how he was to become another Valentino, side by side with the beautiful Rosa. They would make their masterpieces for Fairfame and send them out to a delighted world. There would be no more Red Bird comedies to disgrace a true artist. The days of slapstick were ended for Homer Giffen. He would scale the artistic heights, but always reverently a step behind the lovely Rosa. She would eternally be the queen.

"And I will love you always," he swore. "We will have a beautiful home and all the money we need."

Rosa listened smilingly, her beautiful eyes hidden behind half-shut lids. Homer made very fair love, when warmed up. When she shut her eyes entirely, there was magic in his voice, a soothing quality that pleased her. True, Homer used occasional subtitles, which he remembered from Jimmy Wilmot's pictures, but many a love-sick youth does the same.

"You can kiss me, Homaire," Rosa sometimes said. On such occasions, Homer would carefully put out his cigarette, tighten his cravat, take a long breath and step forward. But we draw the veil. We fade out. Who are we, to be staring at such a kiss—a kiss from the Balkans, with no censor to snip a single foot.

AS time slipped along, and the weeks mounted, Fanny Fay viewed the changes and grieved steadily. Two observed that Fanny was far from prospering. One of them was Mother Quinn and the other was Charley Zander, the G. M. He sent a pink memorandum to Fanny's dressing room and the comedienne called at his office.

"Say," he said, leaning back and clasping his fingers behind his head. "What's the matter with you?"

"All right," retorted Fanny calmly. "Now I'll ask one, seeing we're doing conundrums. What is the matter with me?"

"I was looking at you the other day. You're shrinking. Say, kid. You're getting thin."

"Not so thin," she answered. "On a sunny day, I still cast a shadow."

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She laughed, but there was little mirth in it. Very well, Fanny knew that Charley spoke facts. She was thinning out. Her mirror mentioned it to her mornings. Plumpness was her all, too. She knew that. She was up in the movies because she was a stout girl. Take away Fanny's obesity, and you took Fanny smack bang off the screen. As a thin extra girl, she would be worth roughly about a dime. It was not a particularly jolly interview, and it closed with a managerial warning, a blend of friendliness and business.

"You watch yourself, Fan," said the studio boss, with those cold eyes of his upon her not-so-plump cheeks. "You can't afford to lose weight. Jim was talking to me, only yesterday, about you. He's noticed it. He says if you keep on thinning, he'll have to play somebody else opposite Homer."

So that was it. Fanny knew the "somebody else." Elsie Ryan, and Fanny loathed Elsie. Jim was the director of Red Birds, and what he wanted, he got—instantly. Fanny walked alowly out of the offices, and as her thoughts were still on the subject, she drifted naturally enough into Mother Quinn's. That grey-haired and kindly dame greeted Fan. The sharp old eyes saw the same thinness that had begun to fret Fairfame Pictures.

For many weeks, the corner table near the window had been used by anyone at all—even strangers. It was no longer reserved for Homer and Fanny. They had stopped eating together, of course, and although Fanny still came in for meals, they were but ghostly things.

SHE ate so little that Mother Quinn wept. A few crackers and a cup of tea. A mouthful of celery soup. Now and then, a couple of boiled eggs, but never—never beefsteak and onions. That sturdy dish was gone from Fanny. She refused it petulantly when Mother Quinn sought to bring it forward.

"Listen to me, honey," said Mother Quinn, when Fan had seated herself and asked for tea. "You're making a fool of yourself. No man's worth it. Come on, now. How about a nice bit of steak and onions. Just once. I've got some nice young onions, just in fresh."

Fanny shook her head. She folded her hands and stared through the window at the bungalow across the road. The little housewife still fussed about her veranda and Fan swallowed a lump in her throat. Mother Quinn argued and then sat down beside her protegee. Fanny's eyes were filled with tears that fought for freedom.

"You're getting thinner every day," mourned the old lady. "I declare, I never saw the like of it."

"So Zander says," Fanny replied dully. "He further says that if I don't fatten up, they're going to ditch me."

"Another girl play opposite Homer?" Mrs. Quinn exclaimed. "No!"

Fanny nodded.

"It's a dirty shame, after you working so hard to make something of yourself. Here you're droopin' away. That dang fool of a Homer!"

Mother Quinn knew the story, of course. Fanny had told her.

"He's my Homer," Fanny said miserably, and the held-in tears ran over and trickled down the cheeks that were a bit paler than of old. "I love him. No woman can love him like I do. And he loved me, too, until this woman came. I'm awful unhappy, Mother. I can't sleep and I can't eat. I've already lost Homer and now I'm losing the job. And if I lose it, that's the end of me."

"No, no, no," Mother Quinn soothed the girl, stroking her shoulder. "Maybe if I gave him a good talking to," she continued weakly. "It wouldn't do any good," Fanny sniffed. "He's crazy about her. I'm just a fat girl. Is it any good to talk to a man when he's crazy about a woman?"

Mrs. Quinn admitted the general uselessness of such a talk.



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"I've got some nice onions, Fanny," she teased. "Let me fix you up just a little dish."

Fanny refused, gently, but firmly. She sipped her tea, ate the half of a cracker and started for home, with Mrs. Quinn following her to the door. As Fanny departed, the gaunt and familiar features of Johnny Appetite framed themselves in the entry and Mother Quinn sighed afresh. Johnny was her principal credit customer.

He was now, as always, frankly on the trail of food, and any kind of food. No stickler or chooser was John Appetite. In a manner of speaking, he attached himself some time ago to Mrs. Quinn and they have got along well as provider and providee. Johnny is a Hollywood character and by some is described as quaint.

He is a tall, saturnine individual, with whiskers and a hopeful expression. Years ago he drifted in with the tide of movie extras and became a pathetic figure, always to be found at studio doors, eager for the scraps. All he has ever had in the way of histrionic equipment is his undeniable set of dundrearys. They give him a benign manner, almost courtly. They hang from his chin carelessly, and yet with a certain dignity. Their color seems to change, but never their length or raggedness. When he speaks, Johnny's forehead wrinkles in uni-on with his words. His eyebrows move on separate circuits. He is a strange old character, poorly dressed and ever on the edge, and when the companies require whiskers, Appetite John has employment. Between jobs, he starves. Hence his title.

Nobody ever knew his name or anything about him, or where he lives. His main ambition is food and Mother Quinn has befriended him since he first appeared. She "trusts" him, which is the same as trusting a canary.

"Well, Johnny," the old lady said, as he entered the cafeteria. "Where you been? Things improving?"

"What I need," answered Johnny in a hollow voice, "is a bowl of lamb stew. I will recompense you in good time."

"Sure," said Mother Quinn. "Go over there and get what you want. You look like a scarecrow."

An instant later, John was standing before the food counter, deeply engrossed.

ABOUT the Fairfame Studios there were sudden rumors of strange things to be, none of which could be traced or made into facts. It was reported that certain interesting things were to take place within the Posdrovna unit. That imperious creature had the right to select her own leading man, as well as her stories. She was dissatisfied. Things were going to happen.

Too, there were whispers about the Red Bird Comedies of an alarming character. It was passed about among friends that something had got into Homer Giffen and that Fanny Fay was coming down with a serious illness. The director, Mr. Jim, had been ready to start for a week, yet no start was made.

On a certain famous Saturday morning, Mr. Giffen, wearing a new checkered suit, carrying a blond cane, adorned with spats and generally decorative, strolled casually into Charley Zander's office and tossed a bombshell. Half an hour before, he had telephoned Zander that he wished a private conference. In itself that was disturbing.

Homer sat down at the mahogany desk, across which so many hopeful ones have heard their doom. He twiddled his hat for awhile, coughed, played with his cane and stared out of the window.

"Well?" asked Charley. "What's on your mind?"

"Mr. Zander," replied Homer—always before, it had been Charley—"Mr. Zander, I am not going to make any more Red Bird Comedies."

Charley lighted a cigarette, slowly and carefully, examining the end with needless scrutiny.



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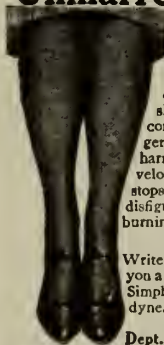
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"Why?" He tried to hide his concern. "I'm through with comedies. No more. In the future, I am going to be a legitimate actor. I shall play leads in emotional dramas and build myself up to the position I rightfully deserve."

The general manager breathed smoke and grinned. Homer Giffen was forever joking and this was, obviously, one of his queer japes.

"Is that so?" asked Charley, still smiling.

"Yes, that's so."

"With that eye?" Charley chuckled aloud. "With that eye, you are going to be a leading man! Have sense, Homer."

Mr. Giffen smiled the superior smile of one who is dealing with a child.

"I am to be operated upon Monday," he said, simply. "My eyes will be perfectly straight Monday afternoon."

"Quit kidding."

Mr. Zander's smile slowly melted away.

"I'm not kidding. I'm telling you cold facts. With my eyes straight, I'm a good-looking leading man. You don't know it, but I'm an artist."

Charley made hacking noises in his throat, indicative mainly of disbelief.

"I've got the same stuff that put Valentino where he is," Homer continued. "People who see me playing leads in Fairfame Pictures are going to recognize that Homer Giffen is top-notch. I've got youth, sex appeal and good looks, and that's what gets 'em."

"Fairfame Pictures," grunted the manager. "You don't think we're going crazy with you, do you?"

"You are," said Homer

"In your hat," said Charley. "You quit Red Bird Comedies, and you quit the company. That's straight."

Mr. Zander stormed for a moment in his best manner. When he finished, Homer was laughing.

"What you don't know, Mr. Zander," he said pleasantly, "is that I'm to play leading parts with the Posdrovna unit; and what you do know is that Rosa Posdrovna, according to contract, picks her own cast, story and director."

Charley Zander mullied over this undeniable fact and exploded aghast. To him the prospect was ridiculous. A pie-thrower cannot casually have his eyes lined up and begin playing romantic leads. It was nonsense, and Charley so declared.

"I'm going to see Posdrovna," he said. Afterwards, I'll talk sense to you."

"It won't do any good. Rosa and I have made our arrangements, and we will not permit any petty official to interfere."

Charley waved him out of the office. As he departed, Homer longed to add that he was going to marry Rosa, but she had warned him against spreading news. He went away, leaving Mr. Zander lighting cigarettes that were lighted.

The paralyzing news spread through the studios within an hour. Red Bird Comedies were no more, for without Homer Giffen and his pigeon-toed eyes, the public would have none of them. Fanny Fay got the information in her dressing room and sank numbly upon a trunk. Wild telegrams left Hollywood for the New York offices of Fairfame Pictures, and Charley Zander dashed hither and yon in search of the Posdrovna. She had started for the mountains to spend a week-end, heedless of the tumult behind her.

HOMER spent Sunday contemplating his future. He was finished with the comedies and glad of it, but he thought of Fanny Fay with a little tinge of remorse. Too bad about Fanny. A mighty nice girl. His decision would throw her out of a job and she might have a time getting another. He would try to help her, later on, for old sake's sake.

After all, there was one big fact in his life, and only one. He loved Rosa Posdrovna, and that wild, alluring woman loved him. She had told him so in her chopped-up English. They would mount, side by side, to dazzling success.

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They would eventually be married—two notable and romantic figures of the silver cloth.

Fanny drifted down to the beach on Sunday morning and spent the day miserably, sitting on the sands and looking forward to the collapse of everything. Her professional career was gone, for without Homer they didn't want her—nobody wanted her. Her future husband was gone, the victim of a Balkan vampire. Fanny studied the ceaseless surf and wondered how it would be to jump in and end everything.

So Monday morning came, and the royal Rosa entered the studio through her private gate. In the cafeteria, Mother Quinn pattered over her dishes, and on the boulevard a certain Dr. Hill, a youngish man with a pale mustache, chucked a number of bright knives into a leather bag and prepared to call on Homer Giffen and sever such optic cords as might be necessary.

Charley Zander strode into Rosa's set in anger, asked her four questions and was about to ask her a fifth, but never reached it. Rosa fell into one of her justly celebrated rages. After knocking over two spotlights, she dropped in a faint and the interview was ended. Mr. Zander retired, a bit pale about the gills, and extra men carried the limp Rosa from the scene.

IT was a feverish morning in the Fairfame Studio. Towards noon, Fanny Fay walked into the cafeteria, looking pinched and wan. Mrs. Quinn patted her shoulder and shed a few tears.

"Today's the day," Fanny said unhappily. "Homer has his operation at one o'clock."

"What operation?" asked Mother Quinn.

"On his eye. He's having it straightened. That ends him in comedies. And it ends me, too."

"Merciful heavens!" said the gray old lady who had brought them up. "His cock eye is all he's got."

"No," returned Fanny mournfully. "He's going to be a Valentino. He's to play leads with Posdrovna. I wish she was dead."

Fanny said it earnestly. She drank her coffee and returned to the studio. There were pink memorandums on her desk, notifying her that, for the present, Red Bird Comedies would be discontinued, and that as a consequence the company was forced to retire her from the payroll—temporarily, it hoped.

Mrs. Quinn busied herself with the frankfurters and sauerkraut, but her mind rambled afield uneasily. She poked a ladle into the baked beans and arranged the dill pickles in neat rows, but her thoughts were elsewhere. Homer and Fanny were the apples of her eye, so to speak. She had builded them up with discreet foods and gloried in their rise. They had fallen in love with each other, which was right, and now the whole structure was tumbling down about her head. She cried a little, good soul, over the tomato soup.

Appetite Johnny strayed into this melancholy scene, with the room still vacant, and began his usual gentlemanly negotiations for a bowl of fodder, with coffee and sinkers. He pawed at his whiskers, moved his oscillating eyebrows, and observed the distress of his benefactor. Mrs. Quinn began automatically to put food for him into a dish.

"You have trouble?" Johnny inquired gently.

"I got a lot of trouble."

"I am sorry," he said. "You are my friend. I would that I could help you."

"You can," grumbled Mrs. Quinn. "Go across the street and poison that Posdrovna."

"Oh," smiled Johnny of the Appetite. "She . . . She is your trouble. That is not astonishing. She is the trouble of all mankind."

He slowly stirred the mixture before him.

"What do you know about her?"

"Quite a great deal," Johnny answered. "She is my wife."

"Your—your what?" Mrs. Quinn's voice quavered. She knocked over a small tower of biscuits and they rolled about her feet.

"My wife. We were married, many years

ago, in Vienna. I am her castoff. When she became a genius, I was dismissed. She has had five other husbands, but not legal, because the church does not permit divorce. One of them died. The others wished they had. Not often do I discuss this. And her name is not Posdrovna."

"Good grief!" said Mother.

She stared at Johnny's gently moving eyebrows. He continued to eat.

"Now and then she gives me money. Not often. Surely, one's old husband is deserving a few dollars. I shall pay you for this food in a few days."

"So you come from Vienna," said his hostess. "And you're her husband. Good grief!"

"I do not often talk. But you are my friend, and you are in trouble. If I can do anything—"

"You've done plenty," cried Mrs. Quinn, suddenly moving into action. "Stay here till I come back. Eat your lunch and stay right where you are."

Johnny looked up, mildly surprised, but Mother Quinn was on her way through the door. Two minutes later, she burst in upon Fanny Fay, who was packing hats into a trunk.

"Come on," shouted Mother Quinn. "Drop that. Get Charley Zander. Get an automobile. We may be in time to save that damn fool."

"What damn fool?" asked Fanny, startled.

"Homer Giffen. If he ain't lost his eye, we may be in time to keep it in his head. Come on. Hurry!"

"What is it, Mother?"

"I've got her husband across the street eating gruel. Nobody knew she had one, and she's got six. She's been kidding him. Wait till he hears about the five other husbands. A fine sweetheart. The darned chump. Come on, will you?"

FANNY stared in bewilderment, but Mrs. Quinn took her by the arm and they passed rapidly down the corridor towards Charley Zander's office. Mr. Zander was at his desk when Mrs. Quinn burst in upon him, defying office boys. She poured a torrent of words. Charley grabbed his hat and the three of them hurried out and stepped into a company car. Mother Quinn paused at the door of her eating place, collared the astonished Johnny and dragged him into the seat beside Charley Zander. The car started for the Sisters' Hospital.

Mrs. Quinn talked and urged Johnny to talk. Charley Zander listened, while the car bounced rapidly onward. On the front seat, Fanny Fay prayed for the first time in years. Mrs. Quinn wrung her hands and called on the patron saints to step in and use their influence. If the doctor and his knives had beaten them, all was lost. Homer Giffen would be a comedian of a past era, his one gift gone forever.

A little parade dashed up the steps of the gray hospital. There was a violent conference with nurses and an attempt to halt this unusual interruption to the orderly calm of the institution. Charley Zander brushed by, and his retinue followed. They ran down a long hallway, pounded upon a door and it opened slowly.

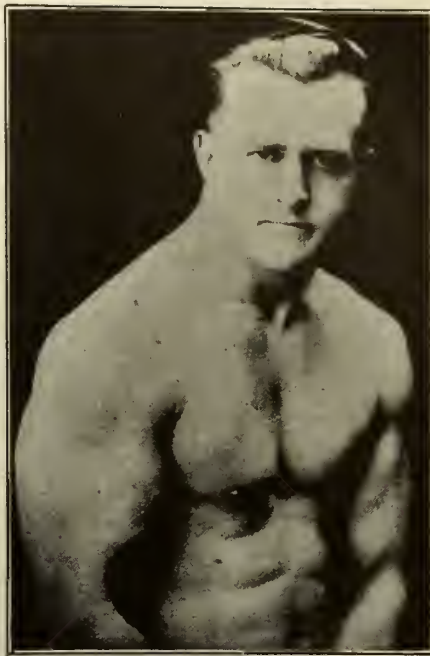
The sight that greeted them was a small group of surgeons, an operating table, instruments, nurses, and Homer Giffen, smoking a cigarette at a window. He turned and stared at the little group in angry astonishment, but he stared with only one eye. The other—the right eye—turned in, as usual.

"Glory be," muttered Mother Quinn. "What is the meaning of this?" Homer asked.

"It means we're in time to save you," responded Zander.

The surgeons were obviously annoyed. "You will oblige," one of them said, "by explaining a call at the moment of a rather serious operation."

"Sure, I'll explain," snapped Zander. "We're here to stop the fool thing. And we just got here in time, too."



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"Well," interrupted Homer Giffen, "I'll be eternally damned if I ever heard of such impertinence. Bursting into a hospital is new stuff. I told you I was going to have this done, and it's my affair."

"Yes," shouted Charley, "yours and Posdrovna's."

"Certainly," yelled Homer. "What of it?"

"Whom you're going to marry, later on."

"I'm not talking about that," grunted Homer, his face a dull, angry red.

"You better talk about it, you simpleton. Meet Posdrovna's husband."

Charley reached for the open-mouthed Johnny Appetite and pushed him into the group. Johnny held the end of his beard and stood before Mr. Giffen. It was a morning of surprises to John. If they had started in to cut off his leg, it would not have amazed him. Homer glared at Johnny, who was known to him as a dub of an extra, useful when whiskers were needed. Scorn was in Homer's eye—his good eye.

"Husband!" he snorted. "What's the joke? Rosa Posdrovna's a single woman."

"Single hell," replied Charley. "All she's had in the way of husbands is Johnny, and four or five others. You'll be about six—and a left-handed one, at that."

"It's a dirty lie."

"No," said Johnny, faintly comprehending the rookus, "it is the truth. Why should I lie? Posdrovna gives me money. I am like her old shoe, but I am her husband these many years. If you doubt me, ask her."

Homer turned furiously upon Zander.

"Didn't the company advertise her as a young girl from the Balkans?" he asked.

"Sure," replied the G. M. "Advertising. Bunk. You think we're going to print a list of her husbands?"

"And she was going to marry me," Homer muttered.

"She was going to kid you," said Charley. "You're easy to kid, I'll say. You pretty nearly tossed away a career. Get down on your knees and thank Mother Quinn."

"No, no," said Mother. "Thank Fanny. She's the one."

Johnny Appetite moved to one side and leaned against the wall, feeling important for the first time in his life. He was a central figure in something. Mr. Zander talked to him, which was an event in the life of an extra man.

Homer paced to and fro in the sunlight and thought rapidly. He was turning Rosa over and over in his mind. Sweetness within him was turning rapidly to gall and wormwood. He grunted and then swore bitterly. He suddenly commanded the surgeons to pack their tools and be gone. They did so, looking more indignant than ever.

"I'm going to see her," said Homer coldly. "I've got plenty to say."

"It won't do any good," responded the studio boss. "You'll only make people laugh harder. Keep your face shut. Forget it and go back to work."

Homer looked into the granite countenance of the man who has more trouble than anybody in Hollywood.

"Are you going to go on making Red Birds?" he asked.

"What do you think I'm here for?"

Homer breathed hard and turned his good eye toward a window.

"Gee," he said. "That was a shave. I must be a sap."

"You are," said Charley. "That's why you're good."

THE party presently dissolved. Zander departed, taking Mother Quinn and the cheerful Mr. Appetite, formerly of Vienna. Fanny Fay remained in the room, and Homer went to her with a shamefaced grin.

"Say, kid," he said, "will you forgive me and take me back?"

"As Charley said," smiled Fanny, "that's what I'm here for."

Fadeout, and a short fadein for the tag.



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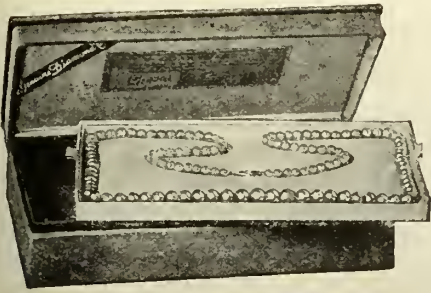
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The same afternoon Charley Zander wired New York that Red Birds would be resumed, starting immediately. The next morning, Homer Giffen, in his ridiculous costume, strode by the set of Rosa Posdrovna—a huge temple, with Olympian guards. Rosa was on the scene.

"Oh! Homaire!" she cried, "I have not seen you!"

"You see me now, you Swiss cheese. If you ever speak to me again, I'll knock your block off. Tell that to your six husbands."

Homer passed on without another word, leaving Rosa petrified. Nobody had ever before called her a cheese, Swiss or otherwise. Presently, she burst into peals of laughter and returned to her Olympians.

"Oh, my God," she shrieked, "now I have no monkey to amuse me."

The incident was ended.

At noon, the usual file of troopers banged into Mother Quinn's and found her smiling widely. Homer Giffen and Fanny Fay, fresh from an enthusiastic interview with Director Jim about the new Red Bird, strolled through the crowd and sat at their old table. The sunlight bathed them as they took their seats. A miracle had taken place. Fanny Fay actually seemed to have taken on flesh overnight. A pleasant pink was in her cheeks and they seemed to have bulged a bit. Her eyes were bright and she was laughing. Homer was in fine fettle and Mother Quinn approached her chickens. "Well, kids, what'll it be?"

Fanny looked up with a hungry glint in her eye.

"I'll take beefsteak and onions," she said cheerfully, "and make it an extra large shot."

Mother Quinn heaved a happy sigh.

"Gimme the same thing," Homer said. The gray-haired mistress of food hurried off to the kitchen, to prepare the dish with her own skilled hands, and Homer took up conversation with his partner.

"Now, Fan," he said seriously, "about that place out on Sunset—"

Speaking of Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

acumen necessary for independent production. Thus the fate of Charles Ray, the finest of them all in my opinion, hangs in the balance. Nazimova, a superb actress, has failed as a producer. And Rodolph Valentino has not yet demonstrated such ability.

A POPULAR star asked her husband why he didn't invite gentlemen to play poker with him instead of uncouth cronies.

"Because, my dear," he replied, "gentlemen couldn't afford to."

H. O. DAVIS is now at the helm of Cosmopolitan Productions as general manager. PHOTOPLAY looks for great things from the former head of the production activities of Universal and Triangle. Working under difficulties, harassed by faulty established standards, and petty jealousies, he introduced into the manufacture of motion pictures innovations of efficiency that to smaller minds seemed visionary and impracticable. He always insisted that the story was paramount to everything else, and some of the pictures produced under his supervision in those companies will always be remembered as photo dramatic gems that outshone the more pretentious pictures of the day.

YOU can't keep a good picture down. Mae Tinee, the delightful lady who tells the readers of a great Chicago newspaper what's what in the current screen attractions of that city, did not like "The Covered Wagon," and stood right up in meeting and said so. Her criticism retarded the onward march of the picture in her city for awhile, but in a week or so every seat was occupied day after day.

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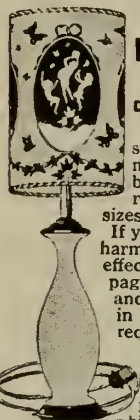
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Gossip—East & West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102]

MY, my, but it does seem like old times to go over on the Pickford set and see Marshall Neilan directing Mary. Mickey and his wife, Blanche Sweet, have been spending many evenings with Mary and Doug at Pickfair, working out the production. Ethel Barrymore, who closed her vaudeville tour in Los Angeles, has also been the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks for several weeks. And now that Jack Barrymore has arrived, he is also much in evidence at the home of Doug and Mary.

BLANCHE SWEET is to play the lead in Allen Holubar's new picture, "The Human Mill."

"And I'm going to do it for just one reason," said Miss Sweet, who had just finished the terribly difficult rôle of *Anna Christie* "because I want to ride to the rescue at the end. All my picture career I've wanted to ride to the rescue and I've never had a chance. In this, the heroine has to ride miles, ford rivers and everything, to bring back the United States Cavalry in time to save—well, I won't tell you what. But I wanted to do it."

In the meantime, Blanche is spending most of her days riding, with Connie Talmadge, to get in trim for the great finish.

TENNIS has hit the motion picture colony with a bang. And Florence Vidor has just won the silver cup, first prize, in a tennis tournament held on Priscilla Dean's courts.

The entrants for the ladies' singles in this tournament included Priscilla Dean, Enid Bennett, Katherine Bennett, May Allison, Florence Vidor and Mrs. Douglas MacLean. Among the men who made up the mixed doubles were Fred Niblo, Wheeler Oakman, Bob Ellis, Jack McDermott and Douglas MacLean. The mixed doubles were won by Florence Vidor and Wheeler Oakman, in a hard fought set against Priscilla Dean and Fred Niblo.

IT'S almost impossible to entertain at luncheon in Hollywood. Most of the women work so hard that the luncheon hour is merely a brief respite at the studio. But May Allison did manage a delightful luncheon party for Mrs. Dick Rowland, wife of the vice-president of First National, when she was visiting in Hollywood recently. May invited everyone down to the Swimming Club, and the table was bright with many colored balloons and favors. The guests included Norma Talmadge, Eileen Percy, Priscilla Dean, Blanche Sweet, Bessie Love, Ethel Clayton, Florence Vidor, Enid Bennett, and Mrs. M. C. Levee, besides the hostess and guest of honor.

LAURENCE TRIMBLE has just hired two famous Holland Dutch kindergarten teachers. After holding classes for kindergarten teachers in many large cities in America, these Dutch educators were preparing to return to Holland where their father is an important member of Queen Wilhelmina's government, when Mr. Trimble persuaded them to stay in Hollywood and instruct twelve police dog puppies, the children of "Strongheart."

Now, every morning, on Mr. Trimble's big ranch, the twelve little Stronghearts may be seen having their three hour morning instruction in deportment and field work.

MARJORIE RAMBEAU, who has been playing a season of summer stock in "The Goldfish" and also trying out several new plays for New York, is the idol of the Hollywood screen stars. It must be rather flattering to find your adoring matinee girls include most of the celebrities of the screen. Norma Talmadge, Florence Vidor, Mabel Normand, Leatrice Joy, Bebe Daniels, and dozens of others flock to see her several times in the same play.



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MAY McAVOY has been signed up by Inspiration Pictures—and those friends of the wide-eyed little star who have been sympathizing with her because of poor stories and not very good direction, are giving sighs of relief. For May's first picture will be "The Enchanted Cottage" and she will be Richard Barthelmess' leading lady. And the director, John S. Robertson, is the same who made "Sentimental Tommy"—which first brought Miss McAvoy, as *Grizel*, to the attention of the public.

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THERE was quite a gang down to meet Barbara La Marr when she stepped off the train from New York on her return to Hollywood. But Barbara didn't see anybody but young Malvin La Marr, her adopted son. She has been gone some months, and she and the youngster had a great reunion on the station platform. It was something of a shock to find that "Bobby" had cut off her beautiful, long black hair. It was sacrificed to the cause of art in "The Eternal City," which she went to Rome with George Fitzmaurice to make.

SHIRLEY MASON, whose husband, Bernard Durning, died recently in New York, has returned to Hollywood and is making her home at present with her sister, Viola Dana. As soon as she had sufficiently recovered, Shirley went back to work, declaring that hard work was the only panacea she knew for her grief.

JAMES CRUZE, not being content with making the best pictures of the year, has entered a new field. He is heading a syndicate that plans to build a million dollar theater on the coast that will house the latest and best legitimate productions. The theater will be modeled after the pattern of an ancient Aztec temple, and will have a huge disappearing stage.

While Mr. Cruze will head the syndicate that will build the theater, and though he proposes to own the controlling interest in the venture, he says that he is not going to allow the venture to steal any of his time away from the silver sheet. It will be only a hobby—something to fill his leisure moments. We didn't know that the busy director had any leisure moments!

A DOUBLE come-back, this time. Pauline Frederick and Lou Tellegen will return simultaneously in Vitagraph's picturization of

Basil King's "Let Not Man Put Asunder." Although the author is a minister, we're told that the picture will be a very pash affair—with much emotional acting from both stars. Miss Frederick returns after the absence of over a year; Lou has been away even longer.

THERE seems to be no question that Cecil De Mille actually believes that he was inspired when it came to making certain portions of "The Ten Commandments." In the filming of "The Exodus" a number of "impossible" things were accomplished, and Jeanie MacPherson found parts of the modern story already complete in her mind without any effort or thought on her part.

Well, it's an inspiring theme.

WHILE "Born of the Cyclone"—a Film Booking production—was being filmed, director Emile Chautard was hard pressed to get a certain light effect. He wanted to show that weird, dim, half twilight that is characteristic to the Kansas cyclone territory, just before the approach of one of their terrifying storms. For many days he kept his company until six o'clock—but the moment wasn't just right—somehow. And then, as if to suit the director's convenience, along came the tenth of September. Bringing with it the sun's eclipse—and, incidentally, the exact light that M. Chautard had been trying so very hard to capture.

Owing to the fact that the darkness was continually changing and varying in intensity, the director had to work quickly. But two scenes were taken—one as the eclipse was coming on, and one as it was passing off. Each time the sky color was the same shade.

POLA NEGRI has gone in for Hollywood real estate. She recently purchased a corner on Hollywood boulevard valued at over a hundred thousand. Incidentally, Pola is one of the wealthy women of pictures. She owns large estates in Poland and is buying a chateau on the French Riviera.

HELENE CHADWICK has just been granted a divorce from Billy Wellman. The fact that each had a career seemed to be the stumbling block upon which their matrimonial bark was wrecked. By the way, the decree brought forth the fact that this was Helene's second venture. Before coming to Hollywood, she had been married to some young man in her eastern home town. Upon seeing the news of her second divorce, Husband No. 1 remarked, "Helene ought to be spanked."



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State of Illinois) ss.
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Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Kathryn Dougherty, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the business manager of the Photoplay Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of her 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., 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Editor, James R. Quirk, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Managing Editor, Frank T. Pope, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. Business Manager, Kathryn Dougherty, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 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. E. Quirk, Chicago, Ill.; J. Hodgkins, Chicago, Ill.; Wilbert 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 the 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 her. 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.)

KATHYRN DOUGHERTY, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of October, 1923.

[SEAL] M. EVELYN McEVILLY, (My commission expires January 3, 1927.)



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