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# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE 

JAMES R. QUIRK, Editor

No. 2

## Contents

July, 1920

## Cover Design,



Martha Mansfield

From a Pastel Portrait by Rolf Armstrong.
Rotogravure
Gloria Swanson, Betty Compson, Dorothy Phillips, Kathryn Perry, Betty Ross Clarke, Louise Huff, Marguerite Samara and Lillian Gish.19
The Power of Selection Editorial ..... 27
Shirley Tomboy Nadeyne Ramsay ..... 28
But Miss Mason Has Some Feminine Traits.
Making Over MarthaDelight Evans 29Miss Mansfield Flits from Follies and Frolics to Films.
Around Our Studio Morrie Ryskind and John Barbour ..... 30A Lilting Skip Over the Lot.
Force of Habit C. W. Anderson ..... 32
Drawing
Broadway's Royal Family
The Remarkable Story of the Barrymores.
The Girl Who CriedAda Patterson 33Carmel Myers' Tearful Triumph.Gene North 36
Heroine of 2,730 Romances37
Doris Keane the Star of Them Ail.
Let's Be FashionableNanon Belois38

Pictures 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 70
Humoresque
Cosmopolitan-Paramount-Artcraft Page 71
The Devil's P'ass-Key....... U' Universal Page 72
The Toll-Crate... Paramount-Artcraft Passersby .......... Blackton-Pathe Page 107
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde..... Pioneer
The Round-Up... Paramount-Artcraft Page 108
Sex
. Hodkinion
Page 109
The Woman and the Puppet. Goldwyn The Cost. ....... Paramount-Arteraft Don't Ever Marry. Neilan-First Nat `l Page 110
The Love Expert...... First National The Prince Chap.. Paramount-Artcraft A Man There Was... Radiosoul Films Down on the Farm. Sennett-United ArtistChildren Not Wanted....... Republic Dangerous to Men. ...............Metro The Mother of His Children.....Fox Page 111
The Blood Barrier. . . Blackton-Pathe Black Shadows ......................Fox The Heart of a Child. ........... Metro Dollars and the Woman... Vitagraph Page 116
Below the Surface..
Ince-Paramount-Artcraft
Nurse Marjorie ...............Realart
The Yellow Typhoon. Mayer-First Natl Passion's Playground...First National Page 120
The Sacred Flame. . . . . . Schomer Ross Alias Jimmy Valentine. . . . . . . . . . .etro Miss Nobody . ............. National The Veiled Marriage....... Hallmark Published monthly by the Photoplay Publishing Co., 350 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

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Hodkinson

The Miracle of Money.......... Bathe The Gift Supreme........... Republic Would You Forgive? ................For Lifting Shadows . . . . ............ Pa the
Page 123
Terror Island.... Paramount-Arteraft

## Contents-Continued

Intimate Snapshots Drawing
Starring the Director A Close-Up of George Fitzmaurice.
The Pure Bad Woman Good Intentions vs. the Box Office.
The Morals of the Movies
All About That "Gay Studio Life."
Open Air Movies Another Family Circle Talk.
Playtime Clothes PHOTOPLAY'S Fashion Editor's Second Article.
West Is East
Meet Terry Ramsaye, and a Couple of Others.
Close-Ups
Speaking Movies of the Bowerv Theodore Marcone 52 How the East Side Knows What It's All About.
Human Stuff
Gene Sheridan 53 A Thrilling Romance of the East and West.
Movies Is Movies
Ellis Parker Butler
56 The Author of "Pigs Is Pigs" Hopes He'll Recognize His Novel.
"Here's How!"-Says Bud
Bud Fisher58 How Mutt and Jeff Perform in the Pictures.
Rotogravure
Olive Thomas, Mary Garden, Dorothy Dalton, Anita Stewart and Marie Prevost.
Syd Says: Charlie Chaplin's Brother Also Soars a Bit.
The Grand Young Man of the Screen Sydney Valentine 64 Both Stars and Directors Can Take Pointers From George Fawcett.
Not in the Scenario
Norman Anthony
66 Drawing.
Why Bob Your Hair?
Arabella Boone67 "Don't Do It!" Pleads Corinne Griffith From Experience.
Why Do They Do It?
$\begin{array}{lll}T & \text { The Shadow Stage } \\ \text { Reviews of New Pictures. } & \text { Burns Mantle } & 70\end{array}$
What Does Your Handwriting Reveal? May Stanley 73 Maybe You're a Griffith or a Marguerite Clarke?
$\begin{array}{ll}\text { He Likes 'Em Wild } \\ \text { Al Santell Knows His Lions' Moods. } & \text { Emma-Lindsay Squier } 76\end{array}$
We Take Off Our Hats ToA Quartette Who Shoved Themselves Right On Up
An Unfinished Story Death Takes Clarine Seymour From the Screen.

Betty Shannon 81
The Twelve Best Motion Pictures
The Latest Winners and a New Photopiay Contest.
Questions and Answers
The Answer Man 87
The Squirrel Cage
A. Gnut 96

Nothing Serious.
Plays and Players
What's Doing l3ehind the Silversheet

Norman Anthony 42
Delight Evans 43
Frank M. Dazey 45

Margaret E. Sangster 47
Norma Talmadge 48
Delight Evans 50 Editorial Comment 51 2


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## Trector ${ }^{2}$ M



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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 be ow. The first is the business office: (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address



ROBF:RT \&RI'NTUS STIHIOS. 5300 3lerose Are.. Los Augeles, Cal.

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Sorma and Constance Talmadge Ntullo, 318 East 48 th st.. New York.
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 ial.

## SELERNICK



## The

THE soft, appealing charm of a fresh, lovely skin-of course you want it. Every girl does. Every girl wants to be attractive, lovable, ad-mired-
And unless your skin is right. nothing is right. Haven't you often felt that? What use to wear the prettiest frock, if your skin is pale and lifeless. marred by blackheads or ugly little blemishes?
You can make your skin so noticeably soft, so exquisitely fresh and clear, that at first glance it will awaken admiration and delight. By studying it-learning its possibilities-then giving it every day the kind of care that suits its particular needs, you too, can win the charm of "a skin you love to touch."

Is your skin pale, sallow, lifeless? Begin tonight to give it this special steam treatment and see how quickly you can rouse it to freshness and color:

One or two nights a week fill your washbowl full of hot water -almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the bowl and cover your head and the basin with a

heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds.

Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this, wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into your skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse your face well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Dry carefully.

The other nights of the week wash your face thoroughly in the Woodbury way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold water.

## You can feel how much good this treatment is doing your skin

This is only one of the famous Woodbury treatments for the care of the skin. Yon will find special treatments for each different skin condition in the little booklet that is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake today-begin, tonight, the treatment your skin needs. Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada. A 25 -cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, and for general cleansing use.
"Your treatment for one zeek"
A heautiful little set of the Woodbury facial preparations sent to you for 25 cents.
Send 25 cents for this dainty miniature set of Woodhury's facial preparations. containing your complete Woodbury ireatment for one secte.
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If you live in Carada, address The Andrere Jergens C'o., limited, 507 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.


Alfred ('heney Johnstom

GLORAA sild Nsion has illustrated a weat truth: that an atress camot be judged by her coitlure. (itoria taid azide her oriontal hedderes to show mo that she can he just as comincing with her hair smoothed back. We are cominmed.






tAlfreal ("heme Juhnation

D

(Alfred ('heney Johnstum)





THE girl with the patrotic name, is the way her press-agent wanted to admortas \& her. But Betty, not Betsy Ross (larke chase rather to be recongizad for her fortheming performance in "Romance". in which she phay with boris keam.







(Alseal :hency Johnetons
 trayer of appealing childhood she is secomd only to Mary Pockford, her friend me Kiograph lays. 'The tragic (ioh sinter is appearing in "Way Down East."

# PHOTOPLAY <br> Vol. xvili <br> July, 1920 <br> No. 2 



## The Power of Selection

TF cultured men and women chose books as they choose photoplays the choicest libraries would be bult on foundations of Bertha M. Clay and Nick Carter, with a sundry assortment of Joe Miller's joke-book in a variety of bindings.
"Come on--let's go to a picture!" exclaims the head of the family, after dimer.
Just as reasonably he might say "Come on-let's go buy a book!" But several centuries have passed since men bought a book just to own a collection of type marks on white paper. Excepting the proverbially useless Yule-gift, and the searches of the connoisseur, men go to a book-store to gratify a specific taste in reading. Culture and refinement entered the world of letters only when men had learmed the power of selection.

Comparatively speaking, there is no such thing in the contemporary observation of motion pictures. This is not surprising. When print-type was as young as film is now, doubtless many a family was as glad to have "a book," regardless of the text, as that family's far-sprung descendants are to see a "picture," regurdless of its make or message.

It is time to quit "going to the picture show." It is time to begin going to particular photoplays, or particular comedies, or particular educationals. Your exhibitor will make it his business to do one of two things-supply what you'll choose, or palm off what you'll accept.

The power of selection, individually exercised, is the only power on earth that can compel the manufacture of good photoplays. The power of selection should and will be the supreme power in motion pictures.


Shirley Mason adores babies and sweet peas and she likes to plant things in the ground.

# Shirley Tomboy 

She believes in marbles, "catch" and early marriages.

## By

NADEYNE RAMSAY

GUD keep her from ever frizzing her hair," some one remarked almost prayerfully after sceing Shirley Mason as the adventurous Jim Huwkins in "Treasure Island." "She"s the spirit of all the little girls who would like to be boys in the world."

It is unnecessary to tell you, after you have felt your fingers twitch to pull shirley Mason's thick brown bobbed hair, that its owner is the sort of young person who believes in playing marbles in the spring with the boys; nor that there is nothing dangerous or difficult to elimb in her vicinity that she hasn't climbed at the risk of her pretty young neck, or at least wanted to climh; nor that she loves playing "cateh," that she goes fishing, and that her vocabulary smacks vigorously of small boy slang.

Of course even tomboys-since they really are girls-have their feminine traits. For instance. Shirley adores habies and sweetpeas and planting things in the ground-the last trait may not lee entirely "feminine," but at least it is not one小-b:lly arsociatcoll with young boys.

Then also. there is her husband-an undeniable concession to temininity: They say all sorts of unkind things about matri-mony-that the cares of a husband on one"s shoulders make a woman old, that husbands interfere with careers, that no employer wants to give a married woman work. For Shirley Mason it has done nothing but keep her young and a tomboy, and make her ever increasingly successful.
Bernie Durning was Shirleys assistant director when she was little Leonic Flugrath, playing child roles at Edison years ago. That was before she did "The seven Deadly Sins." or played opposite Ernest Truex in pictures for Famous Players or created the screen Jim Hawkins, or made her more recent "Her Elephant Man" and "Molly and I" for Fox.

She was sixteen when she married Bernie Durning-she is nincteen now.
"I believe entirely in early marriages," says Shirley wiecly: "You can stand anything when youre young-I mean we are more adjustable when were goung. You grow up married and always stay that way. Isn"t that simple?"


She has perhaps posed for more cameras than any other girl in the world.

## Making Over Martha

A process aided by her own deter~ mination and a very small hat

By DELIGHT EVANS

SHE went into a little Broadway shop. For the umptieth time that day, she uttered "Have you a very small hat-so-flat-so-with a feather?"' This time, after all her search, she was to be rewarded. For she saw unmistakably the object of it, a hat of her description, in a show case. But the saleslady smiled, and brought out a willowy hat with plumes, and said:

Try this on, Miss Mansfield. It's more like the type you wear on the Roof."

Only by the most admirable self-control did Martha Mansfield retain her habitual poise. "But-but I don't want that kind!" she cried. "I tell you, I have been uptown and downtown and all over town trying to find a very small hat, flat-so-with a feather-so. I want it for a picture, an ingenue part: I'm not on the Roof any more!"

The glitter that a Ziegield girl gives off lives on after she has passed-into private life, or pictures. But Martha got the hat. Martha transformed herself from the gorgeous peacock who parades from eleven until two $l^{\prime}$. M. on the roof of the Amsterdam Theater, where Mr. Ziegfeld makes good his
boast that he has the most beautiful girls in the world working for him. Martha became the sweet, unspoiled Millicent Careiu in John Barrymore's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"-the one ray of light in that masterpiece of crime and horror. Nartha wore old-fashioned gowns. old-fashioned hats, and an old-fashioned mien. The hat is the hat she wore in the final scenes. during the murder of 1 )r. Jekyll by Mr. Hyded during the heroine s last dim tryst with her fiance. Nartha simply made hersolf over; and incidentally, Nartha made good.
she tried both Follies and films for a while. When you have been a beauty of the theater, in Winter Garlen and D)llonerham Century productions and in Follies and Prolics it"s a hit hard to settle down to regular hours and carly-to-loed-and-early-to-rise rules. At first. Martha Mansfiekl would act in the Follies and the midnight revues-snatch a bit of -leep and a bite of breakfast, and get down to a motion picture stiblio at nine the next morning. But when she would return to the theatre in the evening she eneountered the friendly kidding of her co-workers. "Wake up. Martha!" they"d laugh at her. (Contimued on puge 121)


OUR STUDIO

THE DIRECTOR

DIRECTORS, so it seems to me, D Are just as granil as they can bel They never talk in quiet toneslou see, they all use megaphones.

They know what's what; they know They tell the stars just what to do! And when they talk, the stars are mute!
They tell the camera when to shoot.
They're fond of laying clown the law, And, oh! the salaries they draw! Ill say they lead a grand existence The work is done by their assistants.


THE PRESS AGENT

AA.W of superhuman knowledge. With six deerects from every col-

Who knows the tars well, and can speak
Of them in Latin and in Creek.
He tell- the workl aloout the - 1 ir: Some day he hopes to sind to Mars A piece of real, important bew-: Some star has boucht hereelf new shoes.

We never, hane-t hope-fordie.
(Take this from hiin), concoct: : lie. bet there are times, tive hearel it whaterl.
Wher he has-well - enocemerater).

Verse by Morrie Ryskind

Illustrations by
John Barbour


THE STAR

## Male of the Species

T WO hundred perfumed notes a day And though the weather's down to zero, These notes bring warmth unto our hero.

He holds the female population Completely under subjugation;
They love his pictures on the screen, And clip 'em from this magazine.

He's married-happily, they say.
But still they hope-do Sue and May.
Oh, would I had a handsome chin
That showed a dimple when I'd grin!

## THE CAMERA MAN

A XD now, dear friends. come let us thank
The camera man who turns the crank: Who gives us cloce uns, and whose soul Meets unafraid the dual role.

If incomplete the picture drama Without al city panorama,
Ife hops into an airplane and
Takes photographes to heat the hand.
He newer boats, hut I, for one
Say he"s the Man behind the Gun.
Ind that's a fact there's no disputing:
Fior doesn't lie the all the shooting?

THE STUDIO CHILD
Thoterif I am young, I work each day;
I'm seen in every picture play:
Bly parts. like me, are rather -mall:
Sometimes I qrin, sometimes I bawl.
I am the heroine, ased three:
The leating man, at two that's me! Sev doesn't hother me at all;
They shy it doesn't when you're small.
But though I only have a bit.
Kiou bet 1 make the most of it!
Although the plot makes people hoot,
They always say my work is rute.

THE STAR

## Female of the Species

T'S terrible to be a star-
1 Some of them only have one car! And where's the woman could take pride in
Her work with but one car to ride in?
Each morning the stroke of ten They 'phone that they" 11 be tate again. They make the studio by two
And work an hour before they're through.

So don't you think it's better far
To be a salesgirl than a star Who gives her life to art for merely A paltry half-a million yearly?


## PROPS"

H Is name is never on the screen (Which he regards as rather mean),
And yet without his help, l'll bet The picture would not boast a set

Without his necessary work,
Alas! Miss Billie could not Burke; Without him, Charlie sould not Ray Without him, Doris could not May.

Unsung, unhonored and unknown. He may not climb to screendom's throne
Yet drop no tear upon these pages For him; he draws the union wages.

## THE INGENUE

B EHOLD our little ingenue With golden hair and eyes of bluel She's pretty, charming, dear and cuteOr, if you'd rather, she's a beaut!

She is the hero's teading lady,
Is Maude (whose parents named her Sadie):
Ind in the fiftlo and final reed
Their elinches make the "heart appeal."
Naude seems so young . . . and yet they say
That she was not born yesterday.
I looked it up-and it is true:
she has at daughter, twenly-two.

## THE VAMPIRE

H
ERE:S she whose sacrifice to Art 1 Has left her with a broken heart;



# Broadway's Royal Family 

> Second and final instalment of the all_absorbing story of the Barrymores.

By ADA

## PATTERSON

ACELEBRATED magazine writer whom Ethel Barrymore had promised an interview on her theory of clothes went to the great actress' apartment at the appointed hour. She rapped. Silence. She knocked. More silence. She hammered. An engulfing quiet was the only response. She rapped on an adjacent door. A round head and fresh complexion enwrapped with preternatural solemnity appeared.
"I have an engagement with Miss Barrymore," sa:d the visilor, "but no one answers."
"No, ma’am. Miss Barrymore's hout, ma'am."
"When did she go out?"
"I should say a quarter of an hour, ma'am."
"Where can I wait for her?"
"I don't know, ma'am."
"Who are you?"
"I am Mr. John Barrymore's man."
"Is that his apartment?"
"Yes, ma'am."
"Can't I wait there?"
"But Mr. John isn't up yet."
The magazinist disposed herself with what dignity she could upon the stairs. Sixty minutes cramped her limbs. Ninety did the same with her temper. She rapped upon the door adjacent to Miss Barrymore's. The round head reappeared.
"Do you know where Miss Barrymore has gone?"
"Yes. ma'am," replied the servant blandly.
"Why didn't you tell me?", demanded the magazinist.
"You didn't awsk me."
"Well, I awsk you now." Her patience was exhaustecl.
"She's having her picture painted."
"Where?"
"At Bryant Park Studios. Here's the name of the artist."
There the writer found her. Miss Barrymore smiled. Cold


To her children - Virginia, Sammy and John Drew Colt - Ethel Barrymore is a muther as devoted as was her own mother.


I never gave such an interview," being amplitied meant "I never said it ior publication. She who violates a pact should be punished.

The $s$. Loui- new-paper defended its representative. Questions of veracity were asked. But society. Miss Barrymore's fervent admirer, was pacified

H
E.R keen sensitiveness to the printed page is no greater than her sensitiveness to eyes that are curious and may become critical. Decause the gaze of her company makes her seli-conscious. she rchearses her scenes behind a screen.

The conquering will that accompanies genius is hers The mounting flesh that was hiding her girlish lines annoyed her but little until came the possibility of playing Camille. Who would lose the chance to portray the tormented tubercular heroine: Miss Barrymore had heard of a physician who melts flesh as an April sun a lingering snowlank. She rose before a window as the tlesh dissolver entered.

What do you want?" asked the gruff lord of lissomeness.

I want to play Camille.
"Good Lord! When?"
In Ma!: This is December. You must get me ready for it."

To his credit and hers, be it said that he did.
A fine recrudescence-or it were truer to term it a survival-of Ethel Barrymore the girl in Ethel Barrymore the woman, remnant of the girl who would be a pianiste and give concerts, in the transcendent artiste of today; is her superb loyalty to her own. Though Mrs. Russell Colt and mother of three fast growing children. she is still. as in her maidenhood. the head of the Barrymore family: Still she thrills with a pride half maternal in the success of "the boys."

When you walk upon the stage are you conscious of your heredity? Does it bring a sense of power?" I asked her.

I don't ieel it myself." was her answer. "but I do for my brothers. I know they can't go far wrong. I feel that with three generations of experience behind them, all the way from Great Grandmamma Kindlock, ther can't make many or great mistakes."

Family loyalty is one of the Barrymore characteristics. John and Lionel as co-stars in "The Jest."

Lioncl's marriage was a success and now he and his wife. Doris Rankin, are together in "The Letter of the Law." She played with him in the screcn version of "The Copperhead."
was born there. I like its self better than New York's self."

She is sensitive to the printed word. She is hurt fathoms deep, by unfavorable criticism. She declined to receive for an interview a man whose critique of her Camille displeased her. She severely punished a St. Louis writer for what she deemed a breach of confidence.

Miss Barrymore was playing in St. Louis. A young woman came from one of the newspapers secking an interview: It was granted, given. finished. "I liked the girl and inbited her to come next day and lunch with me," was the Barrymore version of the tak: "I tok her we hould simply talk as woman to "uman."

There appeared next day Miss Barrymure's alleged opinions of that sroup) of unhurried fork loo-ely characterized as "society:"
Comsequence: perturbation deeply and foudly expresed in the maniager's office. Further consequence: a publithed denial by Miss Barrymore of the sentiments imputed to her


Photoplay Magazine


In their latest plays, John in "Richard III.," and Ethel in "Declasse" - both at their best.

Beside this grace of abiding family loyalty, there dwells in her heart fellow' ship with her brother and sister mimes.

In that remembered girlhood on which I have dwelt she was addressed by one of the mimes.
"It's splendid that society is so kind to you." she said. "It is a tribute to your personality and to the guild that was once described in the statutes as 'rogues and ragabonds'."
"Yes, it is pleasant." Her arm went around the woman's shoulder. Her fresh young cheek was pressed against the sallow, older one. "For a little while I enjoy it. But for real happiness, give me the companionship with you, mine own people."

It was this spirit that led her into the Actors' Equity strike. It was what placed her on the platform with her shy nonosyllabic speeches, her Jean d'Arc command: "Stick. You will win, for you are right." It led her into the final conferences wherein the five weeks war was ended.

She is the actors' daughter, the actors' sister, the actors' friend.

LIONEL, second of the shining, disappointed ones, served his apprenticeship to the art of the brush. He served it in a narrow rue across the Seine and near the playground of the Gardens of the Luxembourg.

May Irwin visited him and his bride, Doris Rankin, in their wee, high studio.
"You ought to see those dear young things beginning a painter's life in the Latin Quarter. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry," was the comedienne's summary of her visit.

But Lionel Barrymore learned that the rabbit's foot is swifter than the brush. He set his easel in the corner ant tossed his brushes and paint tubes into a trunk. Swift is stage
ascent to the fect of the gifted. Successively in "Peter Ibbetson," "The Copperhead." "The Jest," and "Th" Letter of the Law," he demonstrated that latent talen" quickly reaches fruition. He shares the family gift of personal beauty and quick wit. His power is rugge and volcanic. His wit is of the swiftness of a swor and the crishing power of the bludgeon.

Lillian Rusell and he were companions in motion picture
"Talk! Talk! Ňo matter what you say! cried the stage director: liarrymore leaned toward her and simulated conseration. antirely to the director's satisfaction MioRussell says he invented a story that was the best she cier heard. She declines to tell the story:
"He has the quickest wit I ever knew," is Miss Russell's appreciation.
(Continued on page 121)



## The Girl Who Cried

## Carmel Myers floated to success in a flood of her own tears.

## By GENE NORTH

WH1\% one is born of a long line of dark-eyed, lusciusslipped femininity who might all have been called Roses of sharon, when one has lised all of one's brief life in golden California-is it any wonder that, when the Big Chance comes, one simply loses control and lets one's emotions have everything their own way? Carmel Myers says it ismit
Carmed isn't old enough even yet to reason it all out. In fact if she did, a fellow-philowopher wouldn't pay much attention to her, he would be so busy watching her timed skin thu h
as she laughs, her olive-green eyes perform a hula-hula whenever she smiles. liut it is true that as she comes across the hig places in her professional-and personal-lite, she becomes almost an Oriental Niobe or, to be more modern, a Calitorniahred Alice in Wonderland, who tloated to success in a tlood of her own tears.

When Wavid Grittith asked her how she would like to go into pictures under his direction, she looked up at him, her lip quivered, and she burst into tears. And later on, when another director tried to get her to cry for the camera. she
couldn't. Until she ran to her mother and said, "גama, I simply cannot cry"-and cried then and there, and was pushed back in front of the camera by her mother before the fountain dried.

Universal wanted to star her. Mr. Laemmle called her into his office and talked over a contract.
"Would you like to be a star?" he asked, kindly. Carmel, again, seemed about to burst with joy. Mr. Laemmle looked at her in alarm. "There, there, little girl," he said, distressed to the point of withdrawing his offer-"don't cry!"
So one may imagine her perfect flood of tears when she was approached with an offer to become a legitimate actress. Something she had never done and accordingly yearned to do. lou see. her only theatrical experience before her Griffith engagement was playing show with a small group of children. Carmel always managed to be the leading lady and the shows in which she starred were always well attended. She was, in fact. Hollywood's foremost amateur actress.

She and her mother were in her dressing-room at the Shubert Theater, where a Broadway success was playing-a musical comedy--"The Magic Melody." (Note: it's a "Broadway" theater and a "Broadway" attraction if it plays on any one of the middle-Forty side-streets that sprout from the Great White Way.) Carmel had made unto herself a little vow: that she would find a place for herself, no matter how small, in a Broadway cast, and stay there until she wanted to go back to pictures. She found it-and it wasn't so very small, either. She weathered a winter-her first-in New York, slid on the ice and plowed through the slush and got jammed in the sub-
way and crushed in the cars. After a winter in New York, California's native daughter is homesick.

I should have called this story "Back to the orange groves." She longs to be back, and when I talked to her she was on the cee of signing a picture contract that would take her hometo the Myers' big Hollywood house, to her own little car, and to her father-who is a learned rabbi of Loc Angeles. It is said the waiting-list for a position as chauffeur and gardener to the Myers menage is exceedingly large: it seems that C'armel drives the car most of the time, doubles as the mechanician, mows the lawn, and is a general handy-girl around the house. All the chauffeur has to do is look the part. That's what Mother says.

She's going back to pictures as soon as the Eastern tour of her play has ended. After her song-and-clance on Broadway, she decided that while she would look seventeen across the footlights five years from now. the camera is kind only to the really youthful. So she's taking advantage of her suringtime years to make hay in California sunshine, with U'niversal, the company she was with prior to her desertion of the films.
She was born in San Francisco, but was brought up in the City of the Angels and moving picture studios.
But if you think the way has been rather easy for this little brunette, consider that she has never stopped studlying a minute-that when she is at home, she spends a certain time each day, or evening, in her father's study, wrestling with a ciead language or a live problem in adwanced algebra. In addition. she takes dancing lessons, and she also sings. So the hasn't much time to cry'.


# Heroine of 2,730 Romances 

ROMANCE," it would seem, is to Doris Keane what "Mother Macree" is to John McCormack.
Miss Keane has recently returned from London where during the last five years she has been the heroine of 2,000 "Romances." And there were anyway 730 performances of the same play to her credit in her New York and Chicago seasons, before she packed up her marmoset and her hoop skirts and went over the ocean to play. Now people have grown so used to thinking of her and "Romance" in one breath, that they won't let her do anything else. As soon a "Mother Macree"-less McCormack Sunday concert!

Since David Wark Griffith and Miss Keane have set out to make a motion picture production of "Romance" every one is waiting eagerly to see how our international star will fare at the hands of the screen. It has not been particularly kind, as we all recall, to a number of our more mature, though still very beautiful, actresses. Miss Keane's husband, Basil Sydney, will appear as her leading man -as he did in London. She intends to make this picture her one and only adventure into filmland.
"Romance," by Edward N. Sheldon, is the story of La Cavallini, an opera singer who loves a clergyman. It is said to have been founded on a romance in the life of Jenny Lind. What will those shownen who contend that "a costume picture can't get across -the public won't stand for it" say to the 2730 profitable performances of "Romance"?

Miss Keane was born in Michigan, and educated in New York, Paris and Rome. She made her stage debut in 1903 in "Whitewashing Julia." Clyde Fitch's "The Happy Marriage" was her first starring vehicle. "Arsene Lupin," "Decorating Clementine" and "The Lights o' London" are other pieces in which she will be remembered.



Bruce Grey had not counted on that Baxter Street conscience that blazed up suddenly in Evelyn Langdon.

AND so they were married! But matrimony was not the end of romance for hose two marrying infants. Henry and Evelyn Langlon: mercs no! For a whole solid year after that clean cut youns business man and pride of the neighborhood, Henry Langdon, had taken sweet Evelyn to be his wedded wife, they were just as foolishly and hopelessly in love with each other as any two silly, cooing doves.

They had their quarrels, yes indeed. What lovers do not have their quarrels and love each other all the more at the making-up time? But all this year our Henry never so much as knew that there was another girl alive. and Evelyn went her demure little way fully convincerl that no man in the world was so handsome, so clever, so unutterably perfect, as Henry Langlon.

They dic! not spend much thought on the future-and they did not remember much of the past, except that there was the weekly "anniversary" of their weckling day to celebrate by a trip to the movies, or a box of candy. They were alive, and life was sweet. That was enough-for the first year.

It was Exclyn who first discovered that Baxter Street did not offer everything a street might in the way of social advantages to a young business gentleman, who was making good in the sleel machinery business and his wife.

You know how it is when a girl has been married a whole year! I dozen months have served to make her acquainted with the fact (aummented ho the assurances of other wives) that a husband is after all only a mere child, and that the dectails of a successful future-from the ties he wears to the business policy he pursues-are bastly depentent on her choosing them for him. A sort of mothering instinct springs up in her, and makes her feel a deep responsibility for her man(lear, (lear, she must help) him get on: she has been taking life is a morry game long enough!

And this is the moment when she is convinced that nothing will do for them but a more select enviromment. where hushand will be thrown with business men of attluence, where she may artfully direct them into desirable social chame's by a tactful plating up to just the right laties, and by the maintomance uf a cozy home. Where her own special brand of ingenuity as a hostess will make them sought.

And unually you will wherse, they do what the bride of a yoar kecides.
Henry and Exclyn Lamguton did. Henry who really wanted nothing in the world so much as to keep his rosechecked, star-reged bride radiant with happiness, consented to

## Let's Be

## There is a problem that faces every young married couple. Read this story and see if it is your problem.

By NANON BELOIS

move any place Erelyn's little heart desired, provided it was not beyond their modest, but gradually expanding pocket book.

And so in a year and two months after the Baxter Street minister had pronounced them Mr. and Mrs. Henry Langdon in the midst of adoring. thoumh, it mast be admitted, unfashionable, friends, they were established in a snug litile house, purchased on the ten-year plan, in one of the wide, shady streets of that very fashionable suburb, Elmhurst-by-the-Way.
Now, there is something about two very young people who are very much in love with each other, and who tell it to the world in every glance of their honest eyes, that appeals to every one-even to fashionab'e persons with most appaling positions in society to live up to.

The sight of our Erelyn, driving the snorting runabout up the main street of Elmhurst-by-the-Way so that Henry would not miss the 8:07-the train, by the way, that the most prosperous business men took into town-the sight of her tlinging her soft young arms unashamed about his neck in farewell. greeting him with kisses upon kisses when he returned on the 6:04 -that was something new for this wealthy suburb, where most of the men went to and from the stations. lone figures in great, spinning limousines.

THE Elmhurst men noticed this daily periormance first naturally, because the women were fewer at the station. They chuckled to themselves over the two wide eyed babes that had strayed into their woods, then chuckled to each other. They began to take notice of Henry on the train, to nod to him, to drop down beside him-and finally to include him in their morning smokers. Then some of them spoke of "the children" to their wives-when their wives were feeling pleasant at dinner and wanted to be entertained. And next the wives called, some of them more through curiosity. others out of friendliness.

Coon, through the invitation of Mrs. Trude, a friendy older woman. Henry and Evelỵn were invited to become nembers of the Elmhurst Country Cluh. It is needless to say that. though both Mr. and Mrs. Menry knew they could hardly afford it just yet, they accepted the invitation.

And to celebrate, that very night after they recejed word that their membership had gone through. Henry and Evelyn went into the city to baxter Street to calt on several of their most intimate friends of former years.
"Oh, Exelyn," gasped the girls who had known her in kindergarten when she wore pig tails down her hack. "pretty soon gou'll be so fashionable that you won't know us any more.
"Sillies." Evelyn laughed back. throwing her arms about them. But that was not what she told herself. The song that sang itself over and over agan in her unsophisticated young heart all the way home was this-"We"re going to be just "-xactly as fashomable as I know hom to make us be."

The Elmhurst country club was macle particular use of bex the younger-and somewhat lax-married set. with a sprinkling of the odder people, like Mrs. Trude, who liked people

## Fashionable

for what they were and was rather content so let what they did go unquestioned.

If one judged by appearances at most of the parties held at this meeting place of fashion, it would seem to be very bad form for husbands to express any fondness whatsoever for their own wives, or vice versa. Gentlemen who wore pained, bored expressions on their faces during the first dance with their spouses, blossomed into regular cut-ups when, having completed this concession to convention, they were free to mingle with the other ladies. It was just so with the women. The passion for "kindred souls" and "affinities" ran high.

The evening came for Henry's and Evelyn's first dance at the country club. Excitement, enchantment-and yet oddly a trace of fear-seized their unsuspecting, unworldly hearts as the hour drew nearer! Evelyn took two hours doing her hair, and spent another hour deciding whether to wear her blue evening frock or the orchid colored one trimmed with black net and ostrich feathers, and when the orchid gown had it. it took her another aeon putting it on! Henry destroyed four collars-though be it said he kept his temper in better manner than most husbands do during such a trial-in his eagerness to look the presentable gentleman.

It was late when they arrived at the country club, in their own car, Henry acting as chauffeur. The orchestra was playing a fox trot. They hurried to their respective dressing rooms, then met at the door leading into the ball room. Arm in the arm the radiant pair paused between the portieres to gaze on the scene before them-the room bathed in rosy light, the

If you're young, and married (or going to be) and in love, and ambitious, and all that sort of thing -this very human story of a very human young couple is something you can not afford to miss.
beautiful women in glittering gowns, the men handsome and immaculate in evening dress.
"If the girls in Baxter Strect could only see me now; thought Evelyn as a picture of her last party in the Baxter Street Auditorium came to mind.
"Oh, Henry, isn't this wonderful! Who ever thought we would be here?" she whispered to her husband, squeezing his hand.
"Uh huh," sighed Henry happily, squeezing back. Both believed this was the supreme moment of their lives. From now on the road to fashionability shone clear and unobstructed before them. The Road to Fashionability!
"And darling." Henry's voice fairly vibrated love for the wife who had been responsible for bringing him here, "the next ten dances are mine!"

But the next ten dances were not Henry's. He had exactly two-and supper-with Evelyn.

Then Mrs. Trude drew them tactfully aside and intimated that she would think it advisable for them to mingle a little bit more with the other guests, to divide up their dances, as it were.
"You can dance together at home," said Mrs. Trude, "Remember. a young wife mustn't appear to be too much in love with her husband in this day and age."


"I don't know where this came from, but I'm going to drink it all." Henry went into the next room.
careless little swing to her head. and a daring frankness in her eyes that took her partner more or less by surprise.

Before they were through with this particular one step and the three more that followed Bruce Grey had told her that she was "a cute litile thing." that he knew he was going to like her very. very much, that life was lonely for a bachelor of his home-loving type. and that he hoped Mrs. Langdon would think his new car was nice. He would like to take her for a spin very: very soon.
Back in Baxter Street Evelyn Langdon would no more have accepted a similar invitation from a man than she would have accepted a diamond tiara Such conduct simply did not go with the morals of the street.

But this-was Elmhurst-by-the-Way: Even so. Evelyn's Baxter Street training almost made her turn off Bruce Gres's invitation. And that training might have succeeded had not Evelyn at that very moment seen her husband being vamped-obriously almost will-ingly-by Mrs. Hammond of the black gown and the fan.

As they whirled past the corner where Henry was seated. Eselyn looked up into her partner's face in an imitation of Mrs. Hammond's manner with Henry and said that she would be delighted to go-any time.

As the party drew to a close. Henry looked rather sheepishly across the lloor at Evelyn. and Evelyn looked rather sheepishly at Henry-they had not spoken to each other since Mrs. Trude = intrusion-though they tried to hide their embarrassment in off hand light. ness.

Ill meet you at the door," they signalled to each other, and went to get their wraps.

But if Henry and Evelyn expected to jog along home in their own little car together, they did not know the ways of Elmhurst etiquette.

Mrs. Hammond and Bruce Grey were both waiting at the door when Henry and Evelyn emerged from the dressing rooms-and some way or other, the Langdons could never figure out just how, it was suggested that it would be
"But I want to dance lots of dances with Henry. Nobody" in the world can dance so well as Henry." Evelyn managed to whisper to Mrs. Trude. The older woman laid a worldly wise hand on the arm of the brite of a year and a half, and smiled at her unsophistication.

Vou can dance with Henry at home-remember a young wife mustn't appear to be 100 much in love with her husband in this day and age. little girl. There's no way to keep a huband interested like flirting just a wee bit with the other men. Kun along now and have a good time."

EVELY'N had never thought it necessary to figure out ways and means of keeping her husband in love with her. Henry just zues in love with her, and she with him. But perhaps Mrs. Trude was right. Anyway, Mrs. Trude was rich and fashionable and intluential and had managed to keep a huskand hersedf for some forty years.

So Evelyn sighed rather unhappily as she saw Henry being terl off, as a lamb to the slaughter, in the direction of a fiscinating lady gowned in black and armed with a coquettish emerald-hued fan. But Evelyn realized that her views on things were entirely provincial. so she swallowed the lump that rose in her throat, and stepped into the embraces of the bowherer Mr. Bruce Greg, blase and worth a million, with a
a pleasant diversion for Henry to "plivier" his companion of a good share of the evening home in his car. while Bruce Grey drove Evelyn home in his sporty roadster. Who were Henry and Evelyn, mere novice. in the ways of fashionability: to complain against such an arrangement? Though their hearts sank deep. deep down. Evelgn trilled in what sounded like a merry laugh straight from her heart, and IIenry's deep "IHa-ha" was sincere enough appearing to convince anyone that he was delighted at the idea

Fut the tears trembled on Evelyn's long silken lashes a she saw her Henry drive away in their own belosed little car. which was still not entirely paid for. with Mrs Hammonel. Two of them fell on the orchid colored ostrich feathers that trimmed her frock-but Bruce (irey did not notice them as he was occupied with an adjustment on his rear tire holder. By. the time he was through, and she was comfortable in the car. the had mastered her tears and her voice.

YYOU゙RE just a little kitten-now purr nicely for me." sail Grey playfully as he sat down beside her Evelyn: naiise attempts to appear grown up and filled with worldly wialom amused him. hored and satiated with society and artificiality as he was. It was a new senation to hase this sweet. fresh creature near him. He sat back and enjoved her. being careful not to frighten her with ang attempt at familiar-
ity: He dropped her at her door without any repetition of the invitation he had extended earlier in the evening. Grey knew how to play the game with woman's pride and woman's curiosity.
"That little kitten is going to lose her mittens, I am afraid," he mused as he raced home.
"I wonder if I shall see him again," ran Evelyn's thoughts. She both hoped and feared that she would. She wanted to be fashionable, and it certainly was an honor to be singled out by Bruce Grey for a whole evening. Mrs. Trude had said it was. On the other hand-those confounded unfashionable Baxter Street ideas of the correct conduct for husbands and wives, instilled into her by generations of strict adherence to them, would not be quieted.
"Would you want Henry to want to see Mrs. Hammond again?" asked the still small voice.

Mrs. Henry Langdon refused to acknowledge the protest that leaped up in her heart at the very thought of such a thing.
"How silly I am," she reasoned with herself. "If two grown up persons cannot trust each other, what is the use of being married?" She had heard some one else use that argument. But it failed to satisfy her, when, after several hours of waiting. she still could not see the headlights of Henry's car.

HALF way home to the Hammond estate, which was located in the country some three miles away from the country club, Henry discovered from the cloud of steam that arose from under the hood that all was not well with the flivver. Henry interrupted his attempts to impress his companion with his scintilating cynicism to climb out and investigate matters.

In his excitement over the party and Evelyn's eagerness to be gone, he had neglected to fill the radiator with water. There was still a little water leftenough to make a trip the rest of the way to Mrs. Hammond's home in perfect safety, no doubt. But the car was new, it was not yet entirely paid for, and Henry had not reached the stage of violent abandon where he was willing to risk the ruin of his automobile to cut a dashing figure with any woman.
So, instead of going straight on, he asked Mrs. Hammond to excuse him while he ran down with his bucket to the farm house nestling some quarter of a mile on a cross road, and left the lady sitting alone in the middle of the road.
A Henry arproached the yard of the farm house, a huge dog bounded out at him from the gloom of the trees Throwing the pail at the dog, Henry fled to a nearby tree, and started to knee his way up. The dog leaped at him, setting his teeth in Henry's trousers. There was a loud tearing sound and the beast was back on earth again with an alarming portion of Henry's apparel in his teeth. But it was not satisfied with the damage it had done. It sat itself down on its haunches and snarled, white teeth gleaming through the darkness. It remained, and so did Henry, until the gray of morning came, then the creature ambled home.

Henry slipped down from the limb where he had been interned, and twisted about to determine what proportion of his clothing was no longer with him. The damage was appalling. He could not return to the fashionable Mrs. Hammond in that condition. Down the road he spied an oil station. He dashed to it, discovered that one of the windows opened easily, and crawled inside. On a nail hung a pair of trousers, many sizes too large for Henry, but anyway whole trousers. Henry slipped into
them, scribbled a note telling the owner the story of their disappearance, gave his name and address and promised to return them safely-then hurried back to the place where his car hat stood. It stood there no more-neither it nor $\mathbf{M r}$. 1 Lammond was in sight.

Henry's heart leaped into his mouth at the thought of the hundred and one things that might have happencel to Mrs. Hammond. Then the rim of the sun crept over the hills and shed its accusing beams in his eyes, and made his heart stop beating altogether. In his anxiety to get out of the predicament in which he had found himself, he had forgoten that there was a sweet young wife who would want to know just why it was that it had taken her husband until morning to see another woman to her home not five miles away.

Perhaps it was Henry's "pride" that whispered to Henry that it would be better to make up some gorgeous lie to teil Eve yn about the evening's happenings instead of coming out with the rather ridiculous truth. The truth would have been so much more sensible. But anyway, when he arrived on foot, swathed in enormous trousers, and sans the Langlon flivere, to meet a tearful wife, he plodded in, breathless and worn, as after a terrific struggle.
"I don't know how many of them there were-but they were all armed with guns-," he began, then flowed e!oquently, as husbands can and do, into a recountal of a tale of highwaymen that made Mrs. Henry hug the husband of her bosom to her in an ecstasy of pride and horror at the thought of the odds he had overcome.
(Contimued on page 1I7)
She heard her husband remark. "By Jove, Miss
Turner, you're looking awfully pretty today."



Intimate Snapshots
The masculne vampire at home. He is rough with "The Weaker Sex" - in the pietures.


Mr. Fitzmaurice directing Mac Murray.

# Starring the Director 

HIs idea oi hell is a studio where they use mid-victorian furniture in an old-Italian set.

You probably recognize a Fitzmaurice picture by its sets. That is the trouble with being an artistthe audience decides forthwith that that's all you are. Fitzmaurice's drama happens to be as good as his period furniture. His India is India. "The Witness for the Defense" brought India to Indiana-and maybe Indiana didn't enjoy it! His
Turkey is the real Turkev: And a Broadway chorus girl India to Indiana-and maybe Indiana didn't enjoy it! His
Turkey is the real Turkey. And a Broadway chorus girl would instinctively take on the air of an English duchess if she ever stepped into one of George's baronial halls.

Fitzmaurice made a picture of New York life for Famous Players; it was not made as a "special production" or anything fancy like that. When it was shown for the first time, some officials sat in judgment. Result, "On With the Dance" was released as a widely-heralded special, the first of the "George Fitzmaurice Special Productions." His company approached him with a contract. A contract to make Fitzmaurice himself the directing star of four de-luxe to make Fitzmaurice himself the directing star of four de-luxe
pictures a year, with his players only secondary. Fitzmaurice signed. One month later he went to his officials and asked if he might direct a star. The star was John Barrymore and the play,", "Peter Ibbetson."

## But George Fitzmaurice

 places true art before any stellar prerogatives.By DELIGHT EV'ANS

That, as "Dere Mable" might say about "Bill." "that's lim. all over." He is his own star: but you would never know it. You would think, to see him on the sidelines of his set. that he was a Wall Street man come to look "em over. But-he goes through every bit of action himself. He is a director who doesn't let his assistant do much except draw his salary He is on the job every minute: he is the hero, the heroine the villain and the vamo.
) He is important because he is one director who has never been an actor or a stage-manager, who has, in fact. had nothing at all to do with or on the stage. He is absolutely untutored except in so far as he was born with a keen dramatic sense and had a thorough worldly training, received in the humanityschools of Cairo and Paris, Constantinople and a villa ly the blue sea, in Southern France.

He is French in appearance, French in speech. Anerican in preference,-and Irish in wit. As a matter of fact he is Celtic, but he was born and brought up in France His home was a villa where everything that is told of France in sone and story came true. One day when he and his mother happened to be enjoying a singular solitude-usually the place was overrun with guests-a man came to the door and asked politely if the estate might be used as a cinema location.


French in appearance, French in Spech, and lrish in wit.

George's mother demurred at first but finally yielded to the wishes of her son, who wanted to learn, firsthand, what actors were like, anyway. l'ictures in France did not then have much prestige. So the company came and camped on the grounds. and spilled their make-up and their props all over the place, while (ienrge looked curiously on and wondered.

The director thankel them, when his company hat finished. for their courtesy, and bowed himself gratefully out, whiskers and all-
Not many years later, George Fitzmaurice-the same, but having learned that there is more in life that polo, sunshine and deloutan'es -was looking for work. He sought it in the studios. The man who fine ally engaged him was the same director who had expressed himself as grateful for his courtesies, long ago in France! For, you see. Gieoree came to America and went into trade, and trade failed him, and he turned to the pictures-



# The Pure Bad Woman 

## A tragedy in several cerebrations.

By FRANK M. DAZEY

Scene: Interior of the large and werl furnished brain of a successful scenarioist. Nicely balanced on the cerebrum is the idea of a large box-shaped something like a child's penny savings bank. Standing on the Medulla Oblongata, rather ill at ease, are the nude figures of Art and Knowledge. Gazing at them with all the complacency of a happy bride who has brought two potential sweethearts together is the Eternal It of the scenarioist himself.

Scriarioist. So happy to be able to bring you two together. Knowledge, I want you to meet Art. Art, this is Knowledge. Kiowledge. Why, we're old friends. I don't know why people nowadays always think of us as strangers.
Art. Charmed to see you here, Knowledge.
Scenarioist. I daresay you hardly expected to meet each other here. Well, I've always been known as daringly different, and this time I'm going to be more daring and more different than ever before. I'll let you in on a secret. (Art and Ksowledge bend forward as Scenarioist continues impressively) Pres. Oodlesovitz of the Great Jazz Film Co. has asked me to write a new picture and I want to put both of you into it.
Knowledge. This is a bit unusual, but we're always willing to oblige.

Scenarioist. Oodlesovitz wants the picture to be about a
bad woman who reforms and makes good; they never fail-the pictures I mean.
Art and Krowledge. (looking uncomfortable and speaking almost simultaneously) Sorry, but it's quite late. I think we d better take this up another time.
Scesarioist. No! No! Please stay! Oodlesovitz was most insistent. Aren't there any thoughts you can give me?
Knowledge. (after some hesitution selects a thought and hands it gingerly to Scentrioist) Well. if she's a bad woman I suppose the man is neither her first nor her last.

Art. (enthusiastically) Fine!
Scenariorst. (takes thought and examines it critically. Thanks. I'll see what I can do with this. (Ine goes tow tred the idea box.)

K wowleder What's that?
Scenarioist. "That's the Box Office llea. I'll have to see if this fits into it.

K*owledge and Art. (rather taken aback) (Mn!
(After some trouble Scicilrioist crams the thought into box:)

Scenarioist. (sighs and turps tozurds Art) And you, An?
Art. (speaking brightly and much encouraged by kvowr fodee's success, hands Sceivarioist a small but glittering piece of truth) And He will gain no happiness, nor She, either

Scexiarloist. (tukes the piece of truth and examines it curiously as though he had never seen anvthing quite like it before) I don't know about this. I'll have to follow the Easiest Way and you know that's quite hard.
(After a good deal of manipulation Scenarioist manages to force the truth into box which quivers reproach fully.)

Art. Wonderful! Why, this seems to remind me of other times, long, long ago!
K.owledge. Of course it does, Art. only you die and are reborn so often it's hard for you to remember. Try to think -Aeschylus-the Law of Dramatic Catastrophe.

Art. It's all coming back to me. The inevitable punishment of the Transgressor. How our poor woman will suffer, not in one splendid sacrifice, but through all the sordid details, of quarrels, deceits, disease, and mutual infidelity.

Scenarioist. (greatly alarmed) Stop! Stop! This is much too much! Suppose Oodlesovitz should come in and hear you!
(Art and KNowledge continue talking, paying no attention to him, until, suddenly, lid of Box Office Idea falls with a loud click.)

Art. Did you hear that?

Kxowledge. (looking at box) Why, it's shut, tight!
(Together they rush touards box, and shake it, trying to force ideas and pieces of truth into it.)

Scenarioist. Children! Children! Do be careful! Oodlesovitz says it's never safe to monkey with the Box Office.
( U'nfortunately Scenarioist's warning comes too late. The Box Office Idea stirs, then suddenly topples over on Art and KNowledge, flattening them out completely.)

Scenarioist. (looks at them sudly and shakes his head) Too bad! Too bad! But really they ought to have known better than to come here in the first place! (Without more ado he drags them of by the heels. Returning a little later he reverently raises the Box Office Idea to its accustomed niche. Speaks thoughtfully.) Well, I've written all my other pictures without them, so I guess I can do this one all right. (He begins to compose.) "Shedda Teare, a pure bad woman." No! No! That won't do! "Shedda Teare, a bad woman with pure thoughts and a good heart." Fine! That ought to drag 'em in!
(He looks hopefally at Box Office Idea. It responds uith a sweet tinkling as of gold struck by silver. Darkness falls.)

# The Morals of the Movies 

> Mr. Karl Kitchen discusses, after investigation, the truth about the alleged "gay studio life."

YOU have been hearing the "morals of the movies" discussed pro and con--mostly con-for a number of years. Last spring the New York World sent Mr. Karl Kitchen, one of its most able writers and investigators, to California to gather information on the motion picture game. In the following article, taken from Reedy's Mirror, Mr. Kitchen lays the gist of his discoveries of the motion picture's morals before the reading public:

"IT is a common thing for 'gay dogs' to wink slyly when discussing conditions in the motion picture studios," says Mr. Kitchen. "And these sly winks are usually accompanied by knowing looks and equally comprehensive elbow nudges in the ribs. For there is widespread impression that artistic endeavor and immorality often go together and that motion picture studios, while not surfeited with art, are nevertheless 'hot beds of vice,' as well-paid reformers would put it.
"The writer did not go to Los Angeles to investigate the morals of the movie folks, although a rumor to that effect did give some of them a pretty bad scare. If he had been asked about the morals of the film people some months ago, he would have replied that in his opinion they didn't have any.
"It is always easier to give a flippant answer to evarle the facts.
"But a month spent in and about the studios of Southern California has caused him to revise his opinions about the morals of the movie makers.
"Not that I would give the movie colony of Los Angeles a clean bill of health. But the stories about the gay life in the stulios have been greatly exaggerated.
"The most common charge of immorality in camera-land is that young women are not advanced in their chosen profession unless they sulmit to the adrances of studio managers, directors or influential male stars. Stories are constantly being circulated to that effect. I have heard them at first hand from young women in manicure parlors, singers in near cabarets and other unnecpssary places. All the stories are the same.
"While I hold no brief for the studio managers, directors and others in authority in California's film factories, I do not hesitate to say that nine-tenths of these stories are downright lies. They are the pitiful excuses of the unsuccessful. Being unable to get employment in a studio, or being discharged for incompentence, it is much easier for a young woman to make charges of this kind than to admit the truth.
"In the days when the directors in the studios were all-powerful, when they had the power of hiring and firing young
women-there were many abuses of this nature. Young women. unless they were financially independent, were more or less at the mercy of the director under whom they were working.
"But the motion picture industry" has undergone a great change in the past three years.
"At the present time the big studios are conducted as efficiently and with as strict attention to business as any manufacturing plants. The directors have nothing to do with the engaging of actors or actresses. Nor have they the authority to discharge anyone. At each studio there is a casting director, so called, whose sole business it is to engage the players for each picture. Of course the stars, where they are not making pictures of their own. are engaged by the big officials of the film companies, but the directors do not meet the minor players until an actual start is made on the picture.
"As the studios are run today, there is not time to bother with amateurs or incompetents. Players have to be engaged strictly on their merits and a casting director who takes advantage of his position is very soon replaced. Only the high officials of a producing company have the power to engage or advance a personal favorite. From which it will be seen that favoritism of this kind is considerably restricted.
"Naturally, there have been several glaring examples of favoritism of this nature. There are several stars who are before the public only because of the so-called film magnates. But as a rule their careers are very short. They are so conspicuous by their lack of talent that nobody in the profession takes them seriously. And all of the advertising space that is lavished on them does not sell their pictures more than once.
"I know one important producer who gave a certain Broadway chorus girl a big contract to oblige a New York broker who held his I. O. U. for $\$_{15} .000$ as the result of a gambling debt. I know two or three producers who have adranced certain actresses because they happened to be fond of them. But where it is possible to point out three or four cases of this kind, one is able to point out sixty or seventy stars who are where they are today solely on their merits.
"There is a popular catch line in Southern California, Are you married, or do you live in Los Angeles?' But this is current hecause of the frequency of dionrce and its attendant evils among members of the movie colony: There are doubtless quite as many divorces among cloak and suit manufacturers, if authentic statements were oltainable. Matrimonial infelicity is not peculiar to any class of people these days. And of most of the motion picture stars it may be said that if they have any faults they make virtues of them."

# Open Air Movies 

A heart to heart talk with the Family Circle

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER



IT was midsummer and breathlessly hot-so hot that even the twilight hour did not bring relief. P'eople sat upon the stone steps of every city stoop-the men quite shamelessly devoid of coats and waistcoats, the women waving listless palm leaf fans. Somewhere down the strect a fretful baby cried out; somewhere, farther off, a droning hurdygurdy played a slow waltz-tune.

The woman on the stoop of the next house spoke suddenly, impatiently-with an impatience born of the oppressive weather.
"I think," she said petulantly, "that I'll go mad if I have to sit, for very much longer, on these steps being sorry for myself because I'm so hot. I think that I'll go marl."

From his place at her feet her husband answered her. His voice was comfortably lazy.
"Well," he suggested, "we can always go to the movies. How about it?"

The woman's voice was still petulant when she spoke.
"I'd like to go," she said, "It would take my mind away from myself, that's sure! But I couldn't endure the stuffiness, of a crowded, badly ventilated theatre."

The man rose slowly to his feet and stretched both white shirted arms high above his head.
"If that's all that's worrying you," he to'd his wife, "I'll go into the house for my coat and we'll get started. Have you forgotten, woman," this dramatically, "that there are open air movies, nowadays?"

And a little later I saw them going off together, quite happily, toward a certain picture theatre that throws open its roof in the summertime so that the real stars in the sky can twinkle cosily down upon the reel stars that flicker across the surface of the silver sheet.

Open air movies are like a cool breeze to the heated population of the summer city. They point an avenue of escape from heat and humidity; from discomfort and discontent. And they should! For open air movies are the greatest invention of the age-plus. Plus good ventilation and freedom from germs and the boundless inspiration of the night-time sky.

And yet, though oren air movies mean a great deal, they do not mean all that they should mean. The term "Open Air Movie" applies only to the building that is the home of the motion picture play-it stands only for a freedom from stifling roofs and too closely encircling walls. It stands only for a shell-for a building made of wood or stone. And it might stand for infinitely more, for many vitally important thines.

It might, for instance, have some connection with the motion picture play, itself. It might mean that the picture had been sweetened by contact with the out-of-doors: it might mean that wholesome sunlight had been put into the film-sunlight and the fragrance of flowers and the sweetness of bird songs. It might mean that the pictures were cleaner, better. bigger than other pictures. The term "open air movie" might mean that a picture, so advertised, could be endorsed as the sort of a picture that folk could take their children to see-and their mothers!

The motion picture is, perhaps. the greatest agency for good in the whole world. It has limitless possibilities-a limitless


Margaret E. Sangster
audience, a limitless circulation, a limitiess fielc. The message of the motion picture can travel much farther than either the spoken word or the printed page can travel. It can be the most potent sermon in the world, the most convincing argument for right doing. And, oftentimes, it is.

But there are occasions when the motion picture is neither a sermon nor an argument for the right. There are times when it is frankly an appeal to the senses-when it is a menace to morals (particularly very young mora's) and an offense to good taste. There are pictures that win great publicity on account of a barbaric lack of costume, and there ar other pictures that owe their fame to splendidly acted bits of violence-to vivid portrayals of passion. And these pictures are the ones that remind-or shou'd remind-an audience of a tightly shuttered, ill-ventilated room. I went to a dinner once, at which Mr. and Mrs. Sidney I)rew were the guests of honor. Because they were, at that time, the motion picture ido's of a continent. I could not help watching them narrowly-and with a very great interest. And I was surprised and delighted, as the evening wore on, to see how natural and unaffected they were. They weren't at all as one, unacquainted with the movies, would picture popular stars. They were just charming, "folksy" peop'c.

It was after dinner, when the toastmaster was introducing the speaker of the night, that he struck the secret of the Drews' popularity.
"They are," he said slowly, "enshrined in the hearts of a nation. And the nation isn't ashamed to admit it!"
That, it seems to me, is the most sp!endid compliment that could be paid one who has a part in the country's public life.

The Drew comedies were never blatant or vulgar. They never overstepped the bounds of propricty. They never won their laughter and applause by being risqué. And yet they were more in demand, from the first one to the very last, than any of the other comedies! For they were, in the truest sense of the word, open air movies.
Look arout you at the plays that are the tremendous successes of the season. C'ean plays they are, every one of them, with plenty of fresh air and sunlight, and with a worth while moral tucked in for good luck. Look at the books that reach the best-seller class, and you'll find that they are stories that you wouldn't be ashamed to leave openly upon your library table. And-last of all-look at the motion pictures that play to packed houses! Look at the audiences that flock to see Mary Pickford-who has never relied upon anything stroneer than open air to make her plays a success. Look at other stars who have reached the top rung in the ladder of motion picture fame. And you'll see that they are the sort who give healthy fun, and wholesome thrills and love scenes that make you remember vour own love story.

Photoplay Magazine stands for the biggest and hest entertainment that the motion picture can give. It stands for a measure of value that is pressed down and runnine over. And, most of all, it stands-with every bit of its knowledge and its clear headedness and its power-for the open air movie and all that the open air movie may mean!


This is the second of Miss Talmadge's fashion articles. She is now Photoplay's Fash-
ion Editor and will write each month on some subject pertaining to good dressing.

IH.IVE a bathing suit at home that's guaranteed to raise laugh no matter what's gone wrong. It's a very lovely bathing suit-or, at least, it was. It was made by a jewel of a French dressmaker. one of those women who can just take one look at you and then go away and create a dress that makes you want to spend the rest of your life in front of the mirror-you know what I mean.

Well. I went to Madame last spring and told her I wanted a new bathing suit

Oh, yes, of a certainty Madame would make one.
And of a certainty she did.
It was a beauty; a lovely glowing red dress with the cunningest shoes to match and a red cap with perky bows-the sort of bathing suit that every girl dreams about when she's getting ready for her vacation.

I put it on the first time I went to the beach and was soon out beyond the breakers having a glorious swim. I didn't notice anything wrong until I came ashore, and then I saw queer red streaks running down my legs and arms. When I got to a looking glass l saw the same kind of streaks adorning my face-the colors in my new bathing suit had run!
It took two days hard work to discourage those streaks and get my face back to normal. Then I went to Madame and in cold tones told her what had happened.

Madame threw both hands toward heaven.
She exclaimed!
She wanted to know why I had gone in the water!
I told her that was my usual custom when I went swimming.
"But did Mademoiselle not realize that it was a beach costume? In the water! Ah, heaven!
You see. it was another case of a dif ference of opinion in the French and American iflea of athletics.
I believe that "hang your clothes on a hickory limb but don't go near the water was written to a little French miss-and she rook it to heart. Lovely costumes, ves to sit on the beach. But io wear in the water-non, non!

## I hope that when you

 star! away this summer to the wools or the mountains or the seaside you will remember my experience and take along the sort of clothes you are not afraid to wear when you swim or ride or walk or play tennis this summer and so diversified that you will be

if you go down town to earn your bread and butter every day. If you are a home girl you have a still better chance to win real roses for your cheeks. It's surprising how you can walk away the blues, or a disappointment or a bad complexion. If you don't believe me, try it yourself.

SHOULD you happen to have plenty of money to spend on walking clothes there are some wonderful English things over this year-smart doggy tweeds, that combine comfort with good looks. And if you take your exercise in a motor, you will find some exquisite motor wraps over from Paris. They are designed this year in all manner of bright colors and many of them have leather trimmings that are really beautiful. I saw a polo coat the other day that Jean Patou-that wizard of clothes-sent over to a New York house. It was white polo cloth stitched in red silk and with a red patent leather belt. (You might tip your tailor off to that.)
If you are a very busy girl and can only get away to the country for week ends, there is a new device just out that will considerably lessen the work of packing. It is a pleated skirt that can be made in any material-the one I saw was done in navy blue taffeta. It hangs from a thin silk underwaist that can be adjusted to any length the wearer wishes, and it is ideal for the sensible girl who has eliminated corsets from her wardrobe. There are three blouses designed to go with this skirt-for morning, afternoon or evening wear. So, if you select this costume, your packing of dresses may narrow itself down to putting in two extra blouses.

By the way, I wonder if you have heard that the makers of riding habits haven't it all their own way in the matter of breeches this year? A great many of the new sports clothes are shown with the divided skirt and pantalette cuff, and this type of skirt has the adrantage of being good looking and equally adaptable for walking, mountain climbing, tennis or golf. Practically every important creator of clothes has turned out some phase of the divided skirt and pantalette cuff this season. In habits, the latest thing is to have the breeches a shade lighter than the coat. Riding habits in Shepherd checks are always good--especially so this year.

The girl who is clever with her needle can have plenty of pretty summer clothes at a small expense. One skirt of sports silk, in white or any of the bright tones, may be worn with half a dozen different blouses. These blouses for summer wear are long, straight affairs that can be easily made at home out of some of the lovely materials now being shown. The blouse that costs from $\$ 20$ to $\$ 35$ in the shops can be made for $\$ 5$ or $\$ 10$. And if you cover a ten-cent hat frame with some of the same kind of material from which


Riding habits in Shepherd checks are always good-especially so this year.

No one can be unhappy long if she dons a gaily colored smock. Miss Talmadge prefers batik ones-but she has others of red, and sapphire blue, and burnt orange.

you made your blouse you will have a pretty sports rig that you can wear at any of the summer places.

FOR my own wear I adore smocks, and always have a number of them, mostly batik, for I love bright colors. I have a little theory of my own that no girl can be unhappy very long if she dons a pretty red, or sapphire blue or burnt orange smock. Speaking of blue, there is a lovely shade the French call pervanche that is being used a great deal this summer, and there hasn't been so much red used in ages-perhaps a lot of people are finding out how much happier they are in brilliant tones than in dull black, or brown or gray.

There is also a new shade of red, a wonderful flame color, that the French dressmakers are using considerably, both in materials for sports clothes and for embroidering on contrasting colors. Next in favor, is green in high jade and emerald tones.

For porch wear we are going back to gingham and dimity, and there is, after all, nothing quite so girlish and charming as gingham for wear on hot mornings. I saw last week in one of the smart shops a little gingham frock that had been made for a lucky girl who will spend the summer at Newport. It was a brown and white check, exactly the same kind that our mothers used for kitchen aprons. The skirt was gathered on softly all around at a rather longe waistline and had two $V$-shaped pockets on either siele embroidered in wool in tones of red, green and brown. The plain, straight bodice had a square neck
(Continued on page 115)

## WEST Is EAST

## A Few Impressions By DELIGHT EVANS

YOU Can Remember The Time When
The News-Reel was Something Like Medicinc: You Knew
It Did You Good, but
You Hated to Swallow It.
You Tried to Miss it; but
If you Couldn't, it became
An Entertainment Evil
That You Slept Through, or
During which you Iiscussed
Hats, Babies, or
The Latest Books.
Along Came an Irishman,
Named Terrence,
Who Changed All that-
Terry Ramsaye,
The Kinograms Man.
He decided
There was Something More
To a News-Reel Film than-
"Great Revolution Among
Pearl-Divers" or
"U. S. S. Bunko Launched."
He Made his News-Reel
A Mixture of the Parts lou Like to Read In a Newspaper:
The Ladies' Column. the Kids' Page,
And Real News.
Somehow or Other, he
Never Exhausts his Vocabulary
Telling you About a Baby-show.
No-he does it
In a Crisp Short Sentence that
Gets a Laugh-even from
The Solemn Man
Who Plays the Trombne
In the Orckestra.
He Hears of a
New Kind of Chrysanthemum
Down South, or
A Queer Character
On Catalina-and Sends
His Camera-man. Tracy Mathewson, Down to Investigate.
Ramsaye Talks
Like O. Henry.
He was a Re-write Man
In Midthe-western Journalism.
He can Tell You Stories
That Would Make De.Maupassant
Jeatous.
Among other Things,
Mr Kinograms is
A Rug-maker,
1 Painter, and
1 (iood Hushand.

Besides, he Could Teach
Most Photographers
A Lot About their Own Bu-iness
That They Don't Know.
And Just Wait
Until he Begins to Wirite thoze Stories!

I
SAW Alice Joyce
Just after she was Married.
I went out to her Studio and
Alice was Made Up with
Long Hair and


He pulls a laugh even from the solemn trombone player.

A Purple Gown and
Looked more Queenly than Eser. But-
She ordered some Ice-cream and
We ate it before she Went on the Set. Later on I had a Ride
In her New Car, with its
"d. J. R." marked on the door.
I Bumped Into Marry Morey
Out in Brooklyn, Too.
He is one of those Thoughtul Gentlemen That John Galsworthy likes to Write About : With Chiseled Lips and Ihair
That is Faintly Gray at the Temples. He likes Scrious Things,
Particularly Plays.

I Know, Becaure
Whenever I Go
To the Theater for a
Really High-brow Fsening, there
Is Harry Morey-
And his Wife.
FV'ERIBODI is Going Oii To Europe.
Pearl White Just Sailed
For a Little Vacation Over There
She Almost Missed her Boat. They
Were Rushing Around
At the Studio
Trying to Finish
The last Scenes of her Picture and Pearl Didn't have Time
To Scrub off her Make-up. even, but
Ran for her Low Car, and
Put it in High.
She Made it. All
The Traffic Cops Know her
Imagine what a Tine one oi them
Would Have at Home
If he Stopped Pearl White
From Going where she Wanted to Go. His Children
Would Never Forgive him.

KAY LACRELL Sailed with Pearl-he who Helped Make the Follies Famous.
She went to Make a Picture in Rome, for
The Leading Italian Film Company-
You Couldn't Pronounce it, even if
I Could Spell it.
And we mustn't forget
C. Gardner Sullivan,

Mr. Ince's Scenario Chief.
Bound for Europe
In search of New Ideas.
But the passport officials
Were so Slow
That He Missed His Steamer.
Ill bet he writes
A Scenario and roast:
The Department of State.

THE Circus Came to New York The Birds and the Beaste were There. Also Mr. and Mrs. Enrico Caruso and
Dorothy Gislı and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Meighan and
Lots of Others You Know.
Dorothy Said she was Getting
New Ideas and that shed Like to 10
A Circus Satire.
Bird Miltman-billed as
The Queen of the Wire.
Makes her Entrance
In a Rolls-Royce: and ju-t to prove further
How different Circus Queens of Tollay mas
be.
She is Doing a Picture.

# CLOSE-UPS Editorial Expression and Timely Comment 

## Brickbats and Glass Houses.

Whence comes the thanks for uplift? There are several pretty disgusted actors among those the sincerity of whose ideals has prompted the stage to put on real plays year after year-plays too good to last-in the hopes that those people who proclaim loudly that they want good things and write letters to the papers, decrying the present state of theatrical affairs and bemoaning the fact that the drama is going to the bow-wows, will come out en masse and make those efforts pay!

One of these actors, a very fine gentleman of the old school whose name has been associated for years with the best in the theater, let the cat out of the bag at quite a fashionable dinner for Lord Dunsany, the Irish poet-playwright, a few weeks ago.

He told of a federation of women's clubs of greater New York that has always made a great to-do about "better plays" and "uplifting the drama" and the like. The club bought out the entire downstairs for a matinee performance of "Aphrodite," the spectacle play featuring Dorothy Dalton-a play which, however decent it may be in reality, was blared into New York with a fanfare of unquestionably suggestive advertising.

At that very moment, there was more than one play of real merit that was dying a slow death from lack of appreciation. The patronage of these women would have given new courage to players and producers who were trying to do things inspiring. But what they did drowned out their shoutings.

The pictures, as well as the legitimate stage, suffer from busy-body reformers who do a lot of talking and interfering, but who are always missing when it comes to the vital point making worthy effort pay for its bread and butter.

Them Was John Barrymore, the most the Days! successful legitimate actor on Broadway, ran into Sam Bernard, Broadway's most successful musical comedian, recently.
"Do you remember, at the old Famous Players on Twenty-Sixth Street-" Bernard got no further, for Barrymore interrupted him.
"Yes, I remember a very hot day in summer. You were playing a gentleman in evening dress and a fur coat. You were perspiring away a pound a minute. I was playing a souse who had fallen under a shower bath. You were new to the film business, and you struggled over to the edge of my scenc and perped in, whispering something."
"What did I say ?" asked Bernard.
"You said: 'How long must I be in the film business before I can get a part like that?" "

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Western West of the Mississippi river the Hustle. presentation of motion pictures has taken a dominant business note in two entirely different ways, each characteristic of its section.

On the Pacific Slope the architectural features of the leading cities are actually being changed ty the literal picture palaces that seem to be going up in profligate abandon, and then, stranger still, are prospering as profligately. In San Francisco-that American Paris-architects predict that in another year the photoplay the ater will be the ruling edifice of the principal strects.

In Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa, on the other hand, the small-town theaters and even "neighborhood" houses at country cross-roads are speculative material alike for the opulent farmer and the equally opulent village banker. Dozens of really powerful combinations have been formed, and many a straw-chewing Reuben owns a string of little theaters in addition to his hogs and his corn and his wheat stored in the great elevators of Chicago.

Very new, and very interesting, isn't it ?
And quite a far, far cry from the little mutoscope peep-shows of less than twenty years ago!

Shadow This form of pugilistic art has alBoxing. ways heen deemed more developing than profitable; but now, developed daily in tanks of hypo, it is proving about as compensating as two minutes' sparting in Toledo on the Fourth of July.

The reference is to the pugnacity picture ex-ploiting-usually in serial form-the successful public slugger. The popular delusion which makes a fellow an actor just because he has seen the third man counting a solemin ten over his prostrate fellow-debater is a little hard to analyze, but . . . . there it is, anyway, like the unjailable lawyer in jail.

Mr. Dempsey, who probably thinks Irving just the name of a High School, is one of the most illustrious of these biceptrions at the moment. His contract is probably greater than that of Bennic Leonard, who only got a measly $\$ 100,000$ for showing up Barrymore. Jess Willard, now as historic as Johannes Barleycorn, made an enormous sum.

The movies, through public curiosity, are making today's fighters as much mency as the really great fighters of yesterday earned throughout their careers.


# Speaking Movies of the Bowery <br> By <br> THEODORE MARCONE 

DOWN on our East Sile, a few blocks from the East River, where eishty per cent of the community are Hebrews, there is a movie house in Clinton Street which employs two lecturers as a bass and treble to accompany the films. This is a relic of the days when the kinetoscope was number " I " on the continuous variety program. Those were the days when an elucidator was necessary to explain the choppy career of the film in its St. Vitus' dance stage when no sub-titles were counted up in the footage.

There are two of these "speelers" who have learned to run the gamut of every tone and expression in a running conversation accompanying the film, so that the audience not understanding the titles, may yet know the story:

Suddenly from the dark an explanatory voice in heavy bass thunders: "Ah, girl! So you refuse to press my pants?" and a loud slap stick illustrates "Erstwhile Susan" in the form of Constance linney on the screen, being slapped by her father. The conversation is in the vernacular of Clinton Street and as most of the audience presses pants for a living, it is a very wise and human touch.

The Odeon"s "Speelers" must know the psychology of their audiences.


Miss Binney turning into the kitchen, is followed by the wailing female voice: "Oh dear! How 1 do hate to wash them dishes!" $\lambda$ remark which brings forth sympathetic sighs from the stooped, beshawled figures in the clark.

If some of our film stars had any idea of the words likely to be put into their mouths, their imagination would never carry them as far as does that of these two lecturers who have to keep up a conversational ad lib performance for a different film every day in the week without even a rehearsal. It takes some presence of mind to see a film for the first time and follow it with extemporaneous lines suitable to the continuous action. No wonder as the picture winds off, mistakes are hurriedly turned into jests to comply with the action on the screen such as when the heroine rushes into a young man's arms and the female voice purrs forth: "Oh, Lionel, I do love you-I do," and just then flashes the approach of the real lover while the lecturer seeing that she has mistaken the brother for the real lover, nothing daunted continuous: "But as a sister. You see here comes my fiance now."
But the audience is quick in discovering these ventriloquial changes and the lecturers not only must be fine diagnosticians of movie gestures and gesticulations, but they must know the neychology of their audiences.

Titles are especially annoying to them; they limit their imagination and they could get along much better, they say, without any reading matter whatever. Even the "Birth of a Nation" would hold no fears for them, for each one is capable of assuming any number of parts within the range of the human voice. This is truly exemplified when the aristocratic lady in "Erstwhile susan" brushes away Susan's hand with a female roice denouncing the act of an aristocrat by saying:
"Ion't touch me, you "lirty woiking goil!"
And oh, how that proletariat audience smacks its lips over that wise appeal to its understanding! No title denied the words, so why not interpret the action to your audience's satisfaction?

They know their audience and the Odeon audience is the same year after year. If you doubt it. ask any motorman or conductor going through the East Sile where the theater is with the film lecturers and he will put you off at the "place he"s been going to fer years."


Jim Pierce found himself left alone with Lee Tyndal, whom he now knew was the one girl who really counted.

## Human Stuff

JAMES PIERCE. SR.. was hard as nails and twice as practical. He had a one-track mind heavily freighted with business. By keeping everlastingly at that business he had amassed a fortune of vast proportions from a product of extreme humility, to wit the lowly washboard. The Pierce washboard works covered more land than lots of farms and the dividend crops were exceedingly regular. "Old W"ashboard" Pierce knew the business backwards and he kept it going forward with a farsighted efficiency.

So the Pierce residence was a place of efficient grandeur. with its servants and motors and money. Mary, daughter of "W"ashboard" Pierce, was a creature of delicate grace and culture. Also there was little probability she would ever see a washboard other than the gilded model that graced her father's study.

Somewhere off on the other side of the world was James Pierce, Jr., her brother, busy polishing off his college carcer with a five-year travel tour. James, Jr., was scheduled to step into his father's place at the head of the business and the young man was making it his business to postpone the solemn day as long as possible.

Reflecting on that fact and weighted with a newly discovered problem of the washboard industry, the old man rolled home early in the afternoon. He paused in the hallway to address the butler grumpily.
"I will not be disturbed-by anyone. Understand?"
"Old Washboard" stood a moment appraising the new butler, with evident doubts, then turned into his sacredly impenetrable study.

## A romance of the East and West with excitement at both ends.

By GENE SHERIDAN

Hardly an hour had elapsed when a taxi-cab came snorting down the avenue and paused before the l'ierce mansion. The old man in his stud! heard it and frowned, but diel not look up. Then came a violent and continued ringing of the dourbell. broken now and then by staccato jabs at the button.

The butler. running on silent tiptoes. openel the door narrowly. He heheld a jaunty young man with an air of great self possession. his hat on the back of his heal and al wite smile across his face.
"Is 'Old W"ashboard' in?"
The frigid butler chilled down a couple of degrees more
"Mr. Pierce is not in. sir."
The genial young caller started to enter anyway, while the butler pushed him back with protesting hands.
"Mr. Pierce is not in."
In a flash the butler felt and saw a large revolver pushed into the pit of his stomach. Is he wilted in a heap, the visitur strode over him into the house.

Quaking with fear, the butler followed, protesting in a high pitched voice. "Old Washboard" heard the commotion and growled-without. of course. interrupting his work.
The butler a moment later burst into the study. trembling and voiceles. $\mathrm{He}^{2}$ drew very close to Pierse amd huskils whispered:
"He's in the drawing room, sir! He* in the drawing romm. sir!

The old man scowled into the butler's face- "Wicll-well" -then started out to seek the cause of the excitement. The butler threw hinself before l'ierce with a gesture of calution


Jim Pierce had his heart $t$ on the strenuous 1:fe of the out-of-doors his father entertained the idea that he should continue the family business and become a captain of industry.
"Please sir-he has a b'underbuss, sir,-a-a monstrous blunderbuss."

The old man cast a -cornful glance at the abject butler and strode out.

HARIN゚C approaching steps, the visitor, gun in hand. flattened himself against the wall and stood ready. The old man, followed by the buther, entered.
"Put 'em up-hands up!" The voice came from behind them.
"Old Washboard's" hands went up instantly while the butler collapsed.
"Keep 'em up!"
The:e was something in the roice that led the old man to turn his head ever so cautiously. In an instant he took in the intruder.

## He'lo, dad!"

The "hold-up" was over and the Pierces, senior and junior, were shaking hands, while the butter slowly recovered. And this was the homecoming of James Pierce, Jr.

At this happy juncture Mary Pierce Irove up in her limousine, bringing along her girl chum, Lee Tyndal, a sincere young person and a teacher of languages. The result was of course more surprised greetings-and, significantly enough for James Pierce, Jr.. an introduction to Miss Tyndal.

The next morning's confal between the Pierces, junior and serior at "Old Washboard's" factory office was a session of contentions. The volatile and active young Mr. I'iscre had his heart set on the strenuous life of the out-of-doors, even from the day when he chose an agricultural col'ege course while his pals and chums were seeking the fanhionable academic schools.

But his father had entertained only a single ideathat James Addison Pierce, Jr.. should continue the family name and the family business, at the old stand, the washboard works.
"W'ell, dad, you'se made a lot of improvements here."
"Yes, son, and there"s a -lot more nceded. You can see that this business is more than I can handle and I need you here-"
"But, father, I want to grow big in my own chosen line, just as you have done in yours."

There was a long, tedious silence, broken at last by the father.
"Don't be foolish, son. This is a chance to start big; a great opportunity for one without experience, and above all-it is my wish."

The old man waited long for his son to speak. Finally the answer came, reluctantly, gloomily:
"All right, dad, I'll try it."
And try it for two years he did. But it never got to be more than a "try," a tentative endeavor at best. The breaking point came as the result of a little thing, one of those tiny incidents that comes along to clinch a big decision in the lives of men.

It happened in young Jim's private office, where he was in conference with the foreman of the works. It was Jim's idea that a good way to do a good business was to make better washboards. The foreman was submitting samples of better materials. The father strolled in and stood on the edge of the conference in silence as long as he could. Then he crupted.
"One washboard made of this material would last a life time. With every home supplied, there would be no need for a washboard factory "

The old man shook his head with a smile, but there was an air of impatience behind it. Jinn looked up in a sort of resigned despair.
"I suppose you are right, dad. I'm wrong again."
"Make "em cheap. Let 'em wear out. Sell more-that's the idea." And with that the old man stalked out and entered his own office. Jim sat in silence staring blankly at his father.

Tile old man puzzled over a letter, then called a stenographer and started to dictate. There was a hard rasp in his voice. It was a hard subject with old "Washboard Pierce," too-the matter of the Twin Hills ranch, the only commercial failure in all his busy life.
"I have finally" decided to sell the ranch." he dictated. "Almost any price will be acceptable to me-"

Jim raised his head a bit and grew alert as he heard the words. The o!d man went on with his dictation.
"-and your early attention to this matter will greatly. oblige me."

Jim began positively to cheer up. As an idea dawned. a smile spread over his face. Then he looked out the window again at the great roaring plant. thunderingly busy grinding out more of those unutterab! ${ }^{\prime}$ and triply damned washboards.
"It's that thing-that monster!" Jim exclaimed to his sister who sought to grect his evening homecoming with words of encouragement. "With its whirling belts, its furnaces belching out a product that has made our father millions-and me-a failure."

Her gentle counsel was to no awail.
"That's it, sis: I have failed to manage it successfully. God knows I have tried-hut I don't fit the factory:"
"But. Jimmy--hig men fight failures and win!"
Jim assented and added mentally his one reservation-"In thicir own way:"

II was the evening of a reception and Lee Tyndal, gucet of honor, was early to arrive. Jim lingered a bit to chat with her before going up to dress. He fett a bit more comfortable in her society than with other girls. Then he excused himself and disappeared.

The reception was in progress and the exening well along when lee missing Jim, inquired for him of his sister.
"I don't know, dear. I'ie looked in his room and he ion't
there. Perhaps business at the factory-or something-but he will be here."

Mary suddenly caught the look of concern in Lee's eyes.
"Lee! I believe there is more than friendship between you and Jim!"

Lee tossed her head resentfully and denied it.
Jim came home all right and for a few moments made a spectacular and unexpected dramatic incident of the party. The pressure of his disgust with the washboard manufacturing business had been moistened, not to say inundated, with strong drink. Jim felt so much improved that he wanted to linger among the guests and be the life of the party, but the strong counsel and stronger arms of his father conducted him to his room. It was a bitter embarassment for Mary and perhaps a dash of unhappiness for Lee. But at any rate both girls were busy turning the attention of the guests.

When Jim awoke next morning the sensations in his head apprised him that a large evening had passed-an unusually extensive evening. He was unsteadily sitting up trying to fill a glass from a pitcher when his father entered the room.
"How do you feel?", The old man's manner was not unkind as he stood beside his son's bed.
"Pretty tough, dad."
"I thought so." There was a pause, then the father went on. "Against your wishes you have tried for two years to manage the plant and you have failed-now, have you any plans of your own?"
"Yes, dad-I want to get away from all this-the factory, and the city-their environment don't seem to fit."
"Old Washboard" Pierce looked down on his son, sternly.
"If I have interfered in your progress I am sorry. From now on you may plan your own future."
"Thanks, dad, I'm leaving tomorrow." The answer came cheerily. "I can't tell you where, but when I am settled you will hear from me."

JIMES ADDISON PIERCE, JR., stretched himself on the station platform and regarded the sign with evident satisfaction.

## Human Stuff

NARRATED by permission from the original photoplay written for Universal by Tarkington Baker. Scenario by Harry Carey and ReeveEason. Directed by Reaves Eason with the following cast:
J:m Pierce............. Harry Carey Lee Tyndal........Mary Charleson Boca Romero........Fontaine Larue

SACO
326.5 Miles to San Francisco 2168.0 Miles to New Orleans

$$
\text { Elevation } 2480 \text { feet..... }
$$

Jim looked about at the loafers around the station and grinned. Inside he engaged the station agent in conversation.
"No, there ain't no real estate agents in Sago, but maybe the Sherifif can fix you up."

In clue course Jim found the sherifif.
"If I'm not mistaken, the Twin IIill: ranch near here has been offered ior sale?"
The sheriff looked at Jim deliber ately.
"It was, hut 1 sorter promised to hold it for Bull Elkin: He owns the adjoining ranch."
"Have you given him an option?"
"No-not exactly-come on in."
Inside the sheriff's office they made conversation and Jim spoke in the terms that will win any such argument-money:
Out on the Twin Hills ranch an interesting meeting was taking place. Bull Elkins, owner of the Circle X, rode in and (Continued on page 112)

A stormy seene followed with Boca pleading a sudden born infatuation, begging for consideration, begging that Lee be sent away.


# Movies Is Movies 

## A. brilliant satire

 on motion pictures by the author of "Pigs is Pigs.By<br>ELLIS<br>PARKER<br>BUTLER

Illustrations by<br>R. F. Jame,

It was only necessary to change the old lady heroine into a baby-faced girl.
her wheel chair into a freight train. and. -a few little things like that.

AFEW days ago a producer bought the motion picture rights of one of my novels-the one called "The Jack Knife Man"-and paid $\$_{1} 3.000$ for it, all in real money. For this reason I become. in one jump. an important authority on motion pictures and know all about them, and must be consulted by anyone who wants to know the truth about the motion picture situation.

As nearly as I have been able to figure it out, from a lifelong study of the motion picture situation-to which I have given over a week of my time-I can say that the outlook is bright. It is brighter than I have ever known it to be. The producers seem to be buying better material from better authors now than they did a day or two before they bought "The Jack Knife Man." This desire to procure the very best is a hopeful sign, and shows that some producers are eager to better the quality of the films offered to the public. I may say, here. that if any other producers want to go into the film bettering business I have still a couple of novels to dispose of on or about the same terms. and I believe they will do some of the best bettering on record.

While I am not yet the highest possible authority on motion pictures, not yet having applied for a divorce. I do feel competent to state in the strongest possible terms that I see a hopeful tentency in the willingness of the producers to use larger type in announcing the name of the author on the screen.

A prominent author said to me the other day: "The motion picture is not set what it should be, but it is getting better all the time. I was paid twelve thousand dollars more for my last novel than 1 ever receised before. This shows that prorlucers are more arti-tic than they used to be. In addition to this, in filming my novel, greater care was taken in adhering to the cternal verities. In the dlaskan scenes from my novel I observed only three palm trees and two wats of cactus, and In the close up of iny suffering heroine the glycerine tears were only as large as prunes, and not as big as cantaloups, as they have sometimes been.

Wisl the producer stick close to the text of your novel?" I a kerel.
"Very close," he replied. "And that is another sign of improved artistry. The changes made were very slight. Oi course, my novel was the story of the love of an old man in the county poor house for an old lady in the Old Ladies Home. in Cornstalk County, Kansas, and that had to be changed a little. They changed the old pauper here into a young aviator just home from France, and changed the old lady heroine into the daughter of an Alaskan gold digger, but that was of slight consequence. I could not object to that. And Alaska does film better than Kansas, especially when it has to be filmed at Los Angeles. The country around Los Ange'es is not a bit like Kansas.

## "Is it like Alaska?" I asked

Except for the palms and cactus, it might be like it. if the resemblance was more apparent." he replied.

BCT how about changing your old lady heroine into a young girl? W'asn"t that rather difficult?" I asked.
"Not at all. It was necessary: Any fool could see that an ohd lady could not be sixteen years old and have a baby face and long curls, so it was absolutely necessary to make the change. It was only necessary to change the wheel chair. in which the old lady sat in my novel. into a freight train. Then they put overalls on ny heroine and had her father. the brakeman. go down with the Lusitania, which mate it necessary for his daughter to take the joh of brakeman on the through freight. So, of course, the old poor house lower hat to be an ariator, and swoop down in an airplane and swoop the girl up frem the top of the freight car when the villain. Roscoe, was about to brain her with a club-
"I don't remember any" villain named Roscoe in your novel," I said.
"Well, of comrse," said the author, "you wouldn"t. He wasn't called Roscoe in the novel: he was a she: she was called Rosabelle. Rosalelle was the cat. Don't you remember how mys old lady refused to marre me old man because he did not like cats, and she refused to give up the cat, and so they separated and lived alone the rest of their lises?"
"I see! So the scenario man turned the cat Rosabelle into a man villain named Roscoe?" I said.
"It was necessary," said the author.
"But, surely," I said, "they did not change that dear old cow-wasn't her name Bossy?-that the old man loved."
"No," said the author, "they did not change the cow. Not greatly. I insisted on the cow. So they only changed it into a bear-a grizzly bear."
"My God!" I exclaimed.
"You needn't swear about it," he said, in a hurt tone. "There isn"t such a great difference between a cow and a bear. They both have four legs."

W
ELL, I was ashamed of him. I was disgusted to think any author would let a small sum of money bribe him to permit a sweet, idyllic romance to be murdered in that way.
"At any rate," I said severely, "I hope you did not let them change that chapter I always loved so deeply-the one where your old pauper hero climbs into the apple tree to serenade the old lady, and the cow Bossy stands under the tree, so that when the old man climbs down he alights astride of the gentle cow's back, and rides off slowly, back to the poorfarm.'
"Well, of course," he said, "we couldn't have the cow, because we had changed the cow into a bear, and we couldn't have an apple tree in Alaska, and we couldn't have a poor house because the old man was a young miner and lived in a cabin, so we just substituted one of the Rocky Mountains for the tree and substituted a twin six auto for the cow, and had the hero fall off the Rocky Mountain into the automobile and ride off triumphantly with the heroine. It made a swell ending. The hero was driving the car with his feet and embracing the girl with both arms, and the final caption was 'And he clung her to his heart until eternity grew old.'"
"My God!" I exclaimed again. "Did you write that caption?"
"No," he said. "The scenario doctor wrote it."
"Did you kill him, or anything?" I asked.
"Kill him? Why?" the author asked. "It's a good final
They just made him a daring aviator falling off a Rocky Mountain into the sweet heroine's speeding twin-six.

caption, isn"t it?" He was silent awhile, and then he said thoughtfully: "I can't understand it, either!"
"Understand what?" I asked.
"I can't understand why the film was a failure," he said. "Why it failed, after all the work we put on it-I on the novel, and the scenario man rewriting it. It was a good novel; a big success as a novel. And the actors who took the hero and herome parts were big people, too-highly paid people. And they acted hard, too; they acted all the time. Close ups, and tears, and stunts and everything. And yet people did not care for the film; even people who had liked the novel did not care for the film. You would think, if they liked my novel, they would like the film, wouldn't you?"
"But it wasn't your novel, was it?"
"It had the same name. And it had my name as the author."

I saw that film, or another novel that had been twisted and warped and altered in just about that same way, and I did not like the film, either, although I had liked the story, and I think I know why so many picturized novels are disappointing.

DO you know how, when you go out to the country club to play golf and are feeling particularly strong and well, you often p'ay your worst game because you "pres""? "Pressing" in golf is putting too much into it-trying too hard. It breaks the perfect swing of your club and you "top" the ball and your game is miscrably poor. And, often, when you are fecling off your feed and weak and not much good you go out expecting to play the worst game you ever played and you surprise yourself and play the came of your young life.

In my opinion, that is one of the troubles with the filming of many good novels-everyone who has anything to do with them "presses" all the while. The scenario man thinks he has to whanglondle the story all over the place, and the continuity man thinks he has to rip the cover oft the ring tailed snorter, and the director thinks he has to uee all the pep in the old pepper box, and the actorsbless them! - just naturally think they have to act.

One of the saddest things in the world today is
(Continued on page 122)


## "Here's How!"-Says Bud

PUTTING Mutt and Jeff into the movies is what I should call a nobly notion. Strictly speaking, they were not put in; they found their way in all by themselves. It is the sort of thing you might expect of them. Having created Jutt and Jeff doesnt mean that 1 control their destinies- not by a bong shot. They control their own destinies pretty well. In fact, Iutt and Jeff now almost control Bud Fisher. They make him work hard for eight hours every day and prevent him from realizing his youthful ambition to settle down and live on his income at the ripe age of thirty-five or so.
$I$ have been asked to tell how the Mutt and Jeff movies are made. It is really a complicated task to retuce it to simple terms. Thie best I can do. I am afraid, is to remove some popular misconceptions about how my animated cartoons are made.

The thing that concerns me most, of course, is the fact that to make one half-reel picture requires from 3.000 to 4.000 separate drawings. And 3.000 or 4.000 drawings to a picture. when pictures are coming out cvery few days, is a shirt-sleeve jol that keeps a fellow husiling, let me tell you.
First of all, there's the story: Like a comic strip in a newspaper, it progreses step ly step toward a climax. and ends with a punch. The training I received as a newspaper cartoonist has been very useful to me in making motion picturecartoon stories.

I say "making motion picture cartoon stories," but in a way I don't make them. Mutt and leff make them. All I have to do is to gise them some scenery and they supply the action.

The first actual olrawing is the making of the scenes. bach scene. however, has to be drawn only once. All the figures that move about in

Mute and Jeff are reposing prostration this table flooded with light, with the camera focussed on them from above.

the scenes are drawn on strips of celluloid, which are placed on top of the scenes when the actual photography begins. But the photography doesn't begin yet. by any means.
Each separate action, even to the wiggle of an car, requires a separate drawing. Ii Nutt lifts his leg it requires not one drawing, but several. Otherwise it would be done so quickly that it could not be seen on the screen. But 1 don't have to draw the whole scene, or even the whole figure, for each separate motion. I just draw on celluloid the part that is moved, and when the transparent celluloid is put on top of the scenes you see figures and scenes and all. It takes twente-five drawings to make Mutt and Jeff walk across the sereen. ten to make them turn completely around, five to make them talk, and when Nutt wallops fefi he does it in from eight to twelve drawing-

The assembling is the next job. All the drawings have to be put in order aceording to the numbers in the comers.

Now come with me into the camera room. A regular motion picture camera is pointed down to a table flooded with light. Lach separate picture is laid on the table and photographed in turn. The camera is turned slowly, by a motor, and makes just one exposure each time a treadle is pressed. The operator sits at the table. puts down first a scene and then on top of it the celluloid sheets on which each step of the action is drawn. The result is to transfer all the drawings, with the scenes showing through. to the motion picture reel.

After that there is the cutting to do-a heart-breaking job, for it means throwing away about one-third of the film. It can't he helped. as any superfluous movement lessens the "punch.

That's about all there is 10 tell about the mechanical side of it. The rest is something I can't tell you.



A PIRRODITE DALTON: meet Aphrodite Garden! Mary Garden, who has had "peras written aronnd ber and perfumes named after her, has the singing role of "Aphrodite" while Dorothy Dalton, left in contme, played the spoken version.

(Alfrel ('henry Johnetun)

SI'AlR may come amd ntars may go-or so we have been told ; but Anita stewart. sweet simbol of nlluring maidenhood, is still with us, with the S. R. O. sign always out. Some of the classies of the legitimate lave been ndapted for Anita.

(Evanol

WE shadder to think that Marie Prevont. Mack Sennett's baby Venus, may some day listen to the inducements of a dramatic director who does problem plays, wrap her kellermans in mothballs and henve the beach forever.

# Syd Says: 

## For the benefit

 of those cine. mese who want to go abroad"Stay at home! America's the film Utopia!"Aside from going up in the movie world. Sydney Chaplin flies for pleasure and profitwhen he's not tending to Brother Charlie's business.


IT seemed funny to be talking about devastated France in the Claridge dining-room, that huge, high-ceilinged black-and-gold banquet hall, where you sec-instead of the tetrarchs and tribunes and princess-beloveds of ancient times-all the dashing film magnates, all the prettiest chorus-girls-and Ann Pennington. The first thing you noticed about Sydney Chaplin was the remarkable way in which he kept his mind on France. In the midst of all the Babylonian splendor of Broadway, he remembered the Marne.
"And the most impressive thing I ever saw in my life." he was saying, "was the levelled city of Rheims, at sunset. I happened along by what used to be the town's opera-house. The ceiling was shot away, only the walls remaining. Outside was the old ticket-taker-alone. And a sign read the French equivalent of 'Business as Usual.' The sun set very red and flonded what was left of the old place. It was deathly still. until a little boy came down the street, his heavy shoes making a clumpety-clump that echoed long after he passed. Then, again, everything was still. I stood there a long while.

Chaplin came back to the Claridge, and matter-of-factly ordered French pastry.
'I was glad to hit the States again, you know!" He has an infectious grin-it begins in his cyes and travels south until it has everybody grinning, too. "I only took exteriors over there, of course. I'd go out and find a particularly picturesque chateau, and take some long shots of myself with that background. All my close-ups and interiors were made in $\Omega$ California studio. I think the only way in which Europeanmade pictures can definitely be popularized over here is to announce that the Utopia Film Company is presenting a U'topia Production Made in Italy-or France, or England, and featuring the well-known American star, Miss Tessic Jazzfoot. European methods are not our methods, but I think we can put a great variety into our pictures by sending companies across. Switzerland, to me, seems to be the ideal place for picture-making on the Continent. It has everything, and to work there would be an inspiration."

Every film actor has, at one time or other, felt the urge to
cross the water and make pictures on the other side. Usually it comes when the actor has made a considerable reputation for bravery in facing the camera in his native land, has his own company and press-agent and Alexandrian ambitions, ancl accordingly wants to tackle an ocean royage. French chateaux. London fog, and rotten railroads. All these urges urged themselves into an actual epidemic. and you weren't considerel fashionable in film circlea unless you admitted tentative plan= for a Continental tour.

Syd Chaplin, when he joined this gelatine army, went about forming his own plans and sticking to them. First thing the industry knew he'd really crossed. set up his cameras on the battered land of Southerin France, posed for his bell-and-howell all over the English country-side, and taken several sidejaunts into Switzerland.

How glad he was to return to Imerica-for real film pur-poses-only. Syd can tell you. He completed his tive-reel picture in California. It"s his first since "The Sulomarine Pirate," a Keystone of some years ago.

In the long meanwhile he has kept religiously off the ecreen. except for brief and anonymous appearances in his brother Charlie"s comedies. He was in "Shoulder Irms" and I Dor' life." but only his best friends recognized him, and he man. aged to fool a few of them.

While he was acting up in this manner. his itentity carefully concealed, he was also managing his bruther's businesaffairs, organizing an air line from Los Ingeles to Catalina Island, and, as a little side-issue, rumning a factory for the manufacture of misses frocks. It one time he had a doll factory:

He's a bon vivant business man lou will ehange your opinion of screen comerlians in their off-screen aspect, when you meet Syd. He says himself he doesn't know how to go about acting like an actor again-it's been so deuced long since he was one, don't you know. He seems more French than English, but he was born in Cape Fown, South lifica IF looks like one of these exhilarating French poets shoukl hu looked-and never did.

George Faweett. who was of inestimable value to Griffith, towhose films he contributed many excellent characteriza-cions-has himself turned to directing.


Fawcett used to pliy magnates

## The Grand Young Man of the Screen

YOU have gone into a picture-theater. and sat through a scenic. and dozed through a comedy, applauded the overture, and settled back with a smile to watch the feature come on. You've absorbed the credit lines: "Scenario by Blank; Direction by Notsogood; Art Work by Dr. DeBunk." Then you've waited. You have watched the introduction of an indifferently written and directed "feature production." been disappointed in the slim chance it gives the star to remain a star-but often there was something that held you there until the finish. More often than not, that something was a somebody: George Fawcet.
He has played the magnate countless times. He has been father to Dorothy Gish, Lillian, and Mae Marsh. He has played Bobby Harron's rural parent. Sometimes he isn't even as important as that: he may be only an irascible distant relative, an unruly uncle, or a bewhiskered bolshevist. But he is always worth staying through to see. He knows more about acting than many who are stars; more about direction than some stellar directors.
The first time I saw Fawcett in the flesh was in a crowded bus bumping its precarious way from the station out to the Griffith studio in Mamaroneck. Nid-winter, in the East's worst weather for years. Everybody was jounced about within the narrow confines like so many acting sardines: Norman Trevor and Basil Sydney of Doris Keane"s "Romance" company; Chet Withes, who was directing "Romance;" Dick Barthelmess. And, huddled away over in a corner, George Fawcett. He looked cold: his fime face had settled into tired lines. Suldenly the bus drew up with a sickening lurch: a little girl got in. loaded down with bags and suitcase. Fawcett dien't hesitate: he scrambled up hefore any of the other men could get on their foet, shoved the little gir! into his seat, and clung to a strap the rect of the way.

Fawceli left the Griffith organization after a long period


And he was Dorothy Gish's dad in "The Hope Chest
George Fawcett, champion movie magnate, film father, and Griffith's right-hand act. ing man, is now a director.

By<br>SYDNEY VALENTINE



As Bobby Harron's father in "A Romance of Happy Valley."
of faithful dramatic service, during which he played every part the director gave him to play, in Griffith's own productions and in everybody's else. Then he went to Vitagraph and directed Corinne Griffith in one picture. In this, "Deadline at Eleven," he showed up all the other directors who have been given newspaper stories to handle: he made a film newspaper office seem almost reasonable.

Later. Dorothy Gish was left without a director. Elmer Clifton had gone south with Mr. Griffith and Lillian Gish had piloted her comedienne-sister through an intervening picture. But Lillian is an actress, not a directress, however competent she may be in the latter line; so the younger Gish's company was left up in the air. Fawcett was sent for. When he left the studio to seek fresh fields he had remarked. "I'll miss Dorothy Gish." He came back as Dorothy's direc. tor

He is guiding the star through "Her Majesty:" a tale of a little princess of a bolshevist-ridden and fictitious kingdom. It goes without saying that his direction will reflect the Griffith training. Fawcett believes in realism, but not when it is carried too far. That is, he believes that the bare transcription of life, lacking that imagination which gifted minds give to it, is uninteresting and dull. He finds. he says, that in screen acting a player is only too prone to fall into a lazy mode of expression, which comes from not thinking and having someone always there to prompt and direct. The results of such methods are invariably branded by the audiences as "typical morie stuff." That, says Fawcett. is the great fault of many screen-bred actors. The stage actor who is at all posed or theatrical is shown up very quickly when he steps before the camera: and that is why it is good for any legitimate player to go in for pictures, if only temporarily.

Fawcett knows what he is talk. ing about; he was a legitimate actor for many years, in most of the well known proclucing companies. both in this country and in England He remembers the oll-time stage, when reality and realism were practically frowned down, and when actine waalmost terrifically theatrical I had to be. Nowadays, the oteler technic we sometimes call sw wh buckling" seems ludicrous
(Continued on page 」i


Not in the Scenario

## Why Bob <br> Your Hair?

Corinne Griffith's advice to girls. Not a new depart. ment-just a sug-<br>gestion.

## By

ARABELLA BOONE


She has been said to resemble Lillian Gish. Constance Binney and Alice Joyce, but she is most like-Corinne Griffith.

THERE is no doubt that this question is one that has puzzled scientists, mothers, flappers and other thinkers for centuries. Cleopatra may have considered it. The original Mona Lisa probably gave it more than a passing thought. Nore than any other question it has occupied a foremost place in the feminine scheme of things. Just now it is sharing interest with the Pickford-Fairbanks romance, the shimmy, and the slightly Einstein theory. And it has never been settled. We cannot settle it; we are not even going to talk about it-much. We have, we hope, too much common sense.

But the question is, simply, this (just among us girls) : shall we, or shall we not, bob our hair?

The answer, according to Corinne Griffith, is one, decided full and round "No!" shouted, one might say, in ringing accents. Corinne knows. Corinne, unappreciative possessor of a head of long, thick, dark, luxurious hair, snipped it with the scissors. Corinne is sorry.
"Well," you might say to yourself in defense of Corinne's act, "Constance Talmadge did it, and Natalie; and Viola Dana and Dorothy Gish and Anita Loos and goodness knows how many more." But suppose you cut your hair, had a full day
of delicious Russian freedom, and then found out that in your next picture you had to play a dignified debutante, daughter of a Southern Senator, who would never, under any consideration. have bobbed her hair. Corinne, true to character, had to push her new short hair, a great thick bundle of it, under a smooth. tightly-coiffed wig; suffering as a consequence headaches innumerable. She found that when she went to her favorite photographer to pose for new pictures he gave one look at her shorn locks and refused to pose her until she let them grow again. She found finally that bobbed hair, unless it is curly, has to undergo treatment in connection with a curling iron every. morning: also that when one is a busy motion picture actress one hasn't time to undergo daily treatment, etc. With the result that our heroine began to cultivate low tight-fitting hats. and never to remove them, no matter where she went.
She became almost a recluse. When on rare occasions she ventured out to a theater she would either sit with her hat on during the performance, running the risk of being asked to remove it or herself and braving an awful fire of hot language from the unfortunates in the row behind; or she would wait until the lights went down, snatch off her hat, crouch down in her seat, and slap her hat back on when the lights went up.


She is a sheltered. quict. almost shy pirl who hates personal appearances.
that her change of coifiure in nearly every picture is due. not only to her bobbed tresses, but to the fact that she believes the public will tire of her if she looks the same in every picture. A naive little girl. She will never tire of her work; she's not tied down as to parts. Never always the ingenue, or the vampire, or the emotional lady of many affairs. She has done all of them; she has quite a repertoire.

Her grandiather was a southern mayor; her family is very old and very good, and related to senators and first settlers. Her home-life is quiet. She goes about very little, bobbed or braided; she knows very few professional people. She is as eager as any young girl to know what Lillian Gish really looks like, and she undoubtedly read Theda Bara's "Confessions" in the June issue with more than ordinary interest.

Everyone will tell you-everyone who really knows her-that if she is a star, she never talked herself into stardom. That is one reason why she has always remained with Vitagraph. When her first three-year contract expired with this old and conservative organization, she was approached by three or more concerns, each of which promised her lavish advertising, among other inducements. Corinne shrank into her shell. She knew Vitagraph; Vitagraph knew her. She staỵed-she has just signed a contract for three years more.

I don't mean by that she is cowardly. She is not afraid of her future, of her abilities, of herself. It is rather a curious thing that this sheltered, quiet, almost shy girl should be an actress in this most recent, most widely advertised and heralded profession. She hates personal appearances; but she is at present studying dancing with Kosloff so that she may, when she knows enough about it, dance for a year on the stage, because she feels she needs the experience. "I wanted to," she says. "long before it began to be fashionable in cinema circles."

She has eyes of a peculiarly misty blue, with thick black lashes. A nose which is doubtful (I can't tell it from a retrousse), a mouth that is sensitive and accurately measures her emotions; and hair that crinkles around her ears. She seems to have many screen faces. Sometimes she has the languor of a Lillian Gish; at other times, she is a piquant Constance Binney. Some people have suspected a resemblance to Alice Joyce. In reality she looks very little like any of these ladies, but suspiciously like Corinne Griffith.

The first theatrical performance this Little Eva ever saw was "Camille," with Cecil Spooner's stock company, when she ran away from her mother and nurse at the Texas watering-place where they had gone for her mother's health. She was only ten. She didn't know what it was all about, but she made a resolve that some day she would play a part like that. Today, she is asking for light comedy stories; she wouldn't play "Camille" if every one of her Middle Western devotees were cruing for it.

She went to school in New Orleans. And it was at a Mardi Gras that she was discovered, aided by Nature and Rollin sturgeon. director, who was the particular Columbus in question. Corinne went to California, passed the screen test, and was thrust

Aliogether. ('orinne was unhapme At that she looks better lobloed than any giri I ever saw: she could even iuck her hair under to make it look lone. But she has had one great consolation through it all. She is gonne abroad sombetime this summer and while orer there she will let Nature take its cource.

But one has to reason. if one knows Corimme. that the sight of all those chic Frenchwomen. reputed to be bobbed and werdelerl to the iclea if to mothing else may make her change her mind.

Che likes pickles and pomeranians, pastel shades and pomefommed hats. The ()uestions and Answers Man being relieved if the ruections as to her preferences mas now consiter this:
into leading parts at once. She has never played anything but leading parts since-and never will.

She was Earle Williams leading woman in three pictures. and Marry Morey's in several. The odd part about this is that these two male stars still speak well of Corinne and that Corinne still admires them. Her work was recognized. her abilities believed in: her name advanced to stellar lettering She has never stopped working: never stopped watching other people work, particularly the old timers. She says, even at this advanced stage of the game, that she learned a lot from George laweett, that grand young man of the movies who directed her in "Dealline at Eleven" and played with her in "Gumhoes 4.13."


Thirty-Five Caught This One

TALK about absurdities in motion pictures-the one that wins the green derby with the yellow neckband occurred in William Farnum's "The Adventurer." It happened thus: Bill is about to be presented with a self-locking wooden overcoat, and makes a desire that he would like to sip some wine with the brave soldiers who are to introduce him to Old Man Death, and of course his wish is granted. Here is the break: the soldier fills his mug with wine, and Bill holds it up and begins to drink it, but when he gets to the bottom the people in the audi-ence-who had been watching with tears in their eyes and envy in their hearts-could plainly see Bill's lips shut tight on the mug and that the mug had no bottom. He should get a new Pete Props. J. A. E., New York City.

## Airy Fairy Vivian

[N Vivian Martin's picture 1 "The Third Kiss," the heroine goes down a flight of seemingly solid concrete stairs, into the basement of a tenement. Later on, when the building is on fire, Vivian tries to get up the steps, which are now fiercely burning!

## Edgarda Findles

 Mount Vernon, N. Y."Coning Events" Etc.
[N "John Petticoats" with Bill 1 Hart, the time of the story was around June igr8. In one of the scenes in which there is a piano, there can plainly be seen a sheet of music with the title, "Everyone wants the key to my cellar." This song was not published until July, rarg.
J. P. Croke,

Springfield, Mass.
She Must Have Met With a
Cold Reception
S YLVIA BREAMER, in "My

Husband's Other Wife," while staying at her new summer home in the mountains, goes to church where all the congregation are in summer clothes and where all the windows and doors are open showing the beautiful flowers and trees. During the sermon in walks Sylvia, attired in a big winter coat, seal hat, and-a muff!
L. G. N., New York.

## We'd Rather Not Say

[N "Wives of Men," Frank Mills as James Emerson married Grace, but there was no mention of divorce when he later married Lucille Gray. Do we have bigamy in the pictures?

> A. B. Penn, Marion, Illinois.

Robbing Davy Jones' Locker
THE heroine in George Walsh's "The Shark," upon jumping into the sea, wears neither shoes nor stockings, but
when she is rescued a few minutes later, she has on a pair of lovely silk stockings and also slippers to match.

> W. L. Justice, New York City.

Yes-But Think of His Disappointment!
IN "The Six Best Cellars" Bryant Washburn is seen carrying with the greatest exertion and difficulty a case of what is supposedly perfectly "live" vintage; but upon his arrival home, every bottle is found to be empty. Rather heavy bottles. I should say.
B. G. R., Mill Valley, Cal.

Not So Surprising
IN Douglas MicLean's and Husband Doing." Mr. Ridley comes to breakfast and receives a letter postmarked September 1918. Then he leaves the house and gets into a car with a iono license. The letter was a bit late, wasn't it?

> M. K., Dallas, Texas.

## A Little Oversight

M ${ }^{\text {ARY Y P I CKFORD, in }}$ "Heart of the Hills," is thrown out of the cabin by her step-father upon her return from the blue-grass country. The step-father then proceeds to bolt the door to insure himself against Mary reentering the room. He fails to notice that there is a door standing wide open on the opposite side of the room. D. E. Francis,

Wichita, Kansas.
Wish That Would Happen To L's IN "The Winning Girl," the on the Major's desk are marked "Paid!"

> D. W., Akron. Ohio.

## Ah There, Connie!

A WHERE didl Constance Talmadge get all the changes
of costume in "Two Weeks?" She went to the bachelors" barn without any wardrobe. In the same star's "In Search of a Sinner" she wears a beautiful dress but alas, there was quite a good-sized tear on the shoulder.
M. L. W., Indianapolis, Indiana.

All At Goldwyn's, Culver City (Adv.)
[N "Heartease", with Tom Moore and in "The World and It= 1 Woman" with Geraldine Farrar, the same set is used although in the former it represents Covent Garden in Londlon and in the latter the Petrograd Royal Opera. In "Upstairs. with Mabel Normand, and again in "The World and Its Woman," the same exterior is used although in the former it represents lower Broadway and in the latter, the Neveky Prospect.
T. Milch. Manhattan

"Passersby" - with Herbert Rawlinson as the good samaritan is the sort of pieture the family ean see and enjoy. It is an interesting review of life from a bay window.

ACORRESPONDENT wonders what good the critics do. In which diverting pastime a correspondent has nothing on the critics. They wonder, too.
"You rail at this and you rail at that-and still the thing continues," rails she. "What's the use? If criticism isn't corrective why waste it? Or is it, do you contend, corrective?"
Come closer, Clarice-and promise you will never tell. My job may depend on this. If criticism were corrective in the sense in which you mean-i. e., if it were possible to correct that which needs correction simply by calling attention to it through criticism-the millennium would have been functioning hereabouts while you and I were still chasing butterflies in heaven.

I myself have often wondered how, for instance, the drama dare go on beiny dull to the point of dreariness, or daring to the point of indecency, or silly to the point of idiocy after all the late William Winter-who was the chief scolder of my day-said about it.

And how is it possible for the producers of screen dramas to do the things they do with George Jean Nathan feeling the way he does about them? How dare they?
Criticism. Clarice, is corrective when it is true stuff-and only when it is true-but never in the way you and a million or so others expect it to be. The manager of a new play who reads in the morning paper that his comedy is awful, his cast impossible and his future hopeless, toes not dash down to the theater, discharge the help and abandon his plans for the seasom. No, indeed. Ife increly bites another hole in his cigar, confesues audil)ly his private opinion of the critic's ancestry, and dumbions the treasurer as to where he thinks they (the (ritics) get that stuff.

$T$HIS department is designed as a real service to Photoplay readers. Let it be your guide in picture enter. tainment. It will save your time and money by giving you the real worth of current pictures.

# The Shadow Stage <br> Reg. L. S. Pat. Off. 

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

By BURNS MANTLE

But-if four weeks later his attraction is numbered with the failures, and what the reviewers, or any one of them, had to say about it proves true, that manager is going to make a conscious or subconscious reservation regarding that particular criticism which will naturally affect his succeeding productions.
In pictures the corrective intluences work even more slowlyfirst, because there is less true stuff written about the screen than there is about the drama and. second, because of the working conditions.

By the time the producer and director of a picture hear from their critics thes have forgotten all about the picture.
"Let's see." muses the director, "which one was that? Oh yes-that was the one we starred Sophic Snubnose in to get money enough to pay the studio rent. Oh well, we should worry, She hasn't been with us for six months."
Still, the fact may have percolated that Sophie Snubnose and her backer were a poor investment on which to build a picturemaking reputation, and the tendency to aroid similar combinations becomes fixed in the experimenter's mind. At least we hope it becomes fixed.

Only in that sense, Clarice, is criticism corrective. We can't successfully deny adventuring speculators of all sorts the constitutional privilege of trying their hand at picture-making or play producing. Neither can we hope to change the tastes nor adjust governors to the curiosity of a multitude in one generation, but-and in this all you Clarices are involved-we can all stand firm for those who are honestly striving to do worthy things, and ready deftly to hurl a harpoon or two at the cheaters, whether we write our criticism for the papers or only tell it to the bridge club.
Thus we come to Cosmopolitan's production of "Humoresque." Here at least is an honest attempt to approximate the
true stuff. It invades the New York Ghetto through a Fannie Hurst story, and reveals the hearts of its people through a Frances Marion scenario. It details with studied particularity simple episodes from the everyday lives of the Ghetto folk in an effort to establish the genuineness of the locale and the people. The story is half told before anything resembling a conventional plot is outlined, but though the pace is slow and the creation of a suspensive interest noticeably delayed, your average audience will not grow restive under the strain because what they have seen they have believed and what they have believed has a solid dramatic foundation.
The secret of good picture-making, as the secret of good play-writing or good story-telling in any form, lies very largely in the building of the foundation. "Nake them believe your first act," Edgar Selwyn once said to me. "and you can do practically what you will after that; but if they don't believe the first act they will not believe any of it." And Edgar has had considerable experience.

The Kantor family, which moves through "Humoresque," is not a particularly interesting group of humans. They are, in fact, a little stagily picturesque. But they represent a real family, and are permitted to relate naturally the experiences that befall them. Occasionally there is a heavy overlay of sentiment, but not often, and there are practically no cheaply stressed heroics.
A little Jewish boy hungers for a violin. His mother, who has prayed before the coming of each of her children that she should be the mother of a genius, is radiantly happy at this final evidence of the efficacy of prayer. Out of her meager savings she buys him an instrument-and fifteen years later he is a fine concert artist. Then comes the war. Though he is offered $\$ 100,000$ for fifty concerts, he prefers to do his duty by Uncle Sam and avoid trouble with the draft board. True, the offer did not come until after he had enlisted, but we are willing to believe he would have gone anyway.
In France he is wounded and becomes convinced that he will never be able to play again. The little girl who had been his boyhood's sweetheart in the Ghetto, now grown to womanhood, is ready and eager to marry him, but he will not "tie her to a cripple." At which repulse she faints, and in his efforts to lift her he tears loose the binding adhesions of his wounded arm and straightway discovers that he can play again. What does he play? The "Humoresque," of course, silly!
The point I'm making is not that this is a perfect sample of what may be done, but that it is a fine indication of the progress that is being made toward a proper appreciation of the better values of screen material. There are several exceptionally good character performances in this screen drama-noticeably those contributed by Vera Gordon and Dore Davidson. Bobby Connelly plays the boy violinist, Gaston Glass the same lad grown to manhood. Though the capable and attractive Alma Rubens is featured as the hero's sweetheart, you would never know it. The story belongs to the boy and his mother, and Alma is reduced to a few close-ups and a title or two.

## THE DEVIL'S PASS-KEY-Universal

UNIVERSAL has a good picture in Eric Von Stroheim's "The Devil's Pass-Key," which misses being a great picture by reason of that little matter of foundation building of which we were speaking. The idea is original and interesting and the pictorial background richly effective. "A playwright of moderate income" living like a prince in Paris, flocking with the haut monde, is trying to write and sell highbrow dramas. The directors of the Comedie refuse his work, passing him the kindly word of advice that what they are looking for is plays of real life, dramas of the street and of the people.
Meantime his extravagant and beautiful wife is running up bills at the shop of a wicked coutourier. When she can't pay, the shop lady suggests that she borrow the money from a certain rich gentleman. Madame, being innocent, agrees, meets the gentleman, who happens to be an American army officer, and though by appealing to his better self she retains her wifely virtue, she gets herself talked about.
The story is printed in a scandal sheet. The playwright husband sees it, recognizes the possibilities of the plot, writes a play around it and has it accepted and produced before he learns that he has written the story of his own wife's escapade, a discovery he makes the night of the play's sensational success. He is then intent upon shooting holes through the army officer, tut is convinced finally that both he and the wife are innocent.


Lou Tellegen pursues Geraldine Farrar determinedly as she sways gracefully through "The Woman and the Puppet." Like "Carmen." it breathes the atmosphere Spain.


Receiving at her bath is one of the Parisian twists Mae Busch puts into "The Devil's Pass-Key." Maude George and others assist in making it one of the month's best pictures.


Matt Moore is the victim of a harum-scarum jumbling of complications in Marshall Neilan's "Don't Ever Marry." in which one cxtravagant situation is piled upon another.


As a wholesome, strapping American artist, Tom Meighan makes his stellar bow in "The Prinee Chap." When you see him with little Claudia, you'll want to stay for the second show.


You want to sce more of Victor Scastrom's acting when you have witnessed this splendid drama of the sea. "A Man There Was." And it's a product of Sweden.


[^1]Here, as said, is a plot with a clever twist; a fine bit of ironic criticism of life in New York, London, Paris and points cast and west. But the gifted Von Stroheim fails to convince me that these people of his are real: that they were liwing as he pictures them living in Paris and still pressed by need of funds as he suggests: that being so pressed the wife would have acted as she did, or that, having so acted, would have set all Paris agog. Paris does not become agog en masse over members of the American Colony. Pictorially, however, and constructively "The Devil's I'ass-key" is easily one of the best screen exhibits of the month, and is splendidly acted by Una Trevelyn, Clyde Fillmore and Sam De Grasse as the points of the triangle, and by Maude George and Mae Bush as attractive natives of the French capital.

## THE TOLL GATE-Paramount-Arteraft

Ithe first reel of William S. Hart's "The Toll Gate," Black Deering, as brave a bandit as ever donned a mask. leads his gang into the cave that was their meeting place and say's to them, in effect:
"Boys, we're through. The hounds of the law are yipping at our heels and we"d better beat it while the beating is good."
"Not on your life," replies a radical of the extreme left. "I know a job that's got to be done. One more trick. bors, and we'll split the $\$ 40.000$ and quit."

Thus Black Deering is out-roted and another hold-up is planned. Immediately you are interested in two possible twists to that plot: first, the outcome of the hold-up undertaken against Deering's advice; second, the effect it is going to have on his future.

From that point forward the picture proceeds logically. excitingly and truly to its conclusion, which indicates that Mr. Hart also realizes that good pictures cannot be thrown together hit or miss. "The Toll Gate" is the most interesting W"estern I have seen this month. because. granting its melodramatic premise, it is the most plausible. the most intelligently* directed and the best acted of the melodramas I have seen. Being the first of Mr. Hart's own pictures, it suggests that he has included in it all those features that he has found most effective in his other photoplays. He is again a bad. bad man, but with a "streak that's square." and when in escaping from the authorities he comes upon the usual pretty little Western woman living all alone in a cabin in the hills with her four-year-old son, he is inspired to lead a better lite. He does not reform overnight. however, nor marry the girl and start a general store. He merely sets things right with her. clears his own conscience and rides away. It is the sort of story that convinces an audience that it has been well repaid for its visit to the theater. Anna Q. Nillson is an attractively passive heroine and Joseph Singleton a convincing heasy: Many of the shots are fine, particularly those picturing Deering sescape from the train.

## PASSERSBY - Blackton-Pathe

BL.ACKTON"S "Passersby" is the sort of picture the family. can see and enjoy: Whether or not J. Stuart Blackton ha: taken full advantage of the theme offered him by Haddon Chambers story is not important. He certainly has done an excellent job in selecting types for his cast, and this. combined with the human, holding quality of the adventure. provides an entertaining feature. Basically:" "Passersby" is a review of life from a bay window. A rich young man. who has loved and lost the attractive young woman who has served his aunt as a companion and himself as a sweetheart. finds her after a considerable search and learns that she has borne him a son. H1s search for her brings him in contact with many picturesque characters of London's east end. and the contact gives him a new angle on life. We are all as God made us, he concludes the hest and the worst of us, and the business of passing judgment on the well known human race is not man's job. Hinew friends include Nighty, an amiable London cabby a delichtfully played and vizualized by Tom Lewis: Burn-a a cast-off with the heart and mind of a bor, capitally acted by Dick Lee and the faithful I'ine. his generous hearted butier. brought vividly to life by the veteran William J. Ferguson. Herbert Rawlinson is the modern good Samaritan. Leila Valentine the heroine. and Charles Stuart Blackton their young son. The cameras do wonders for the London fog- and street scenes (Continued on page 107)

# Does Your Handwriting Reveal? 

# You may have at least the temperament of a screen star it your writing resembles any of these. 

By MAY STANLEY

THE man who said that the pen as a high-powered instrument had the sword backed out of its scabbard, spoke words of wisdom. At that, he didn't depict half the possibilities which that little bit of steel-or gold, if you draw that kind of salary-contains.

For, look you, the pen is the one sure reveller of character. You may have golden curls and sweet blue eyes and a Pickford smile, but if you are bad-tempered and deceitful and inclined to get on the lot late in the morning your handwriting will reveal it.

The phrenologist may be able to determine what sort of disposition you have by the bumps on your skull, and the lines of your hand may tell something to the palmist, but when it comes to genuine character-revelation your handwriting is the one sure test.

For instance: Elsie Ferguson signs her name to a contract. The director looks at it, and if he has studied the secrets of handwriting he knows that Miss Ferguson has considerable self-confidence, as indicated by the extremely large capitals, and plenty of ideasshown by the fact that some of the small letters are separated. An imaginative nature is shown by the dot of the small $i$ flying high over the letter, and the long loop of the $g$ proves that the writer is a person of elegant tastes. Where you see a slight thickening of the down strokes, such as Miss Ferguson's writing contains, the critical faculty is well developed. Most of us have found out these things from watching Elsie's work, but the handwriting expert could have told her tendencies from one glance at her signature.

Here's a signature with a wal-lop-James J. Corbett. The extremely wide upper loop of the capital $J$ shows that Mr. Corbett will get from the world what's coming to him. In other words, it's waste time to attempt to satisfy him with twenty-four cents worth of goods in exchange for a quarter. If your name begins with $C$ and you use a long loop like the one shown in Mr. Corbett's writing it is a sure sign of a genial nature. There are three 'finite indications of firmness in

crossing of the $t$, the evenness of writing and the strong down strokes. The person who crosses his $t$ 's, as Mr. Corbett does, with an upward stroke, has very little vanity but a good deal of quiet self-assertion.

Reflect for a moment, stars of filmdom! If you had studied this art in off moments you might be able, by a glance at the signatare on your contract, to tell just how well the director is going to live up to his pledges.
For example, take a look at D. W. Griffith's writing.

The careful joining of all the letters in the signature is one of its chief characteristics, indicating logical judgment. It is the handwriting of an idealist with ambition dominant, as shown in the strong upward strokes of the letters, particularly the forceful $t$. This ending of the small $t$ shows what is called the "lightning" flourish, the straight, heavy stroke across the $t$. This is an unfailing indication of superb activity of the brain in all its procasses. If your writing, like Mr. Griffith's, abounds in angles rather than curves, it means that tact is not your specialty. Enthusiasm is present, as the strong upward strokes show, and the general irregularity indicates sensibility to a degree that means "nerves."

If you want to see originality in the $n$th degree look at this dashing signature of "Gerry Farrar." The eccentric boldness of the capital $G$ is one of the surest signs of originality. The wide curve of this letter also shows imagination. If you join your letters and words closely, as Miss Farrar does, it proves that you possess logical and consecutive judgment. The heavy down strokes show great vitality, love of life and its pleasures, while the general coarseness of the writing shows that this star has courage in abundance. The persons who conclude their signatires with an upward flourish, like Miss Farrar, have a great love of applause and admiration. The thick down stroke of the capital $F$ and the vigorous crossing of this letter indicate pride.

It's perfectly plain that if moton picture directors would add a course in graphology to an otherwise busy life they could tell at a glance what temperamental reefs
to avoid in dealing with beautiful leading men and purposeful ladies of the screen.

Here is a signature, for instance, that looks just like the uriter. Marguerite Clark has the flowing hand that goes with an impressionable nature-one sensitive to outer influences. Energy and ambition, two wonderful assets, are shown by the angularity of the writing. The long, flying loop of the small $l$ inclicates a nature in which ideality dominates.
lou'd know that William S. Hart wrote a hand like this, wouldn't you? A good, sane, firm, reliable signature. The strong crossing of the $t$ and the firm down stroke are sure signs to the initiated of a resolute nature. There is a saying among those who study handwriting, "as the slope is so is the tenderness of the writer," which would show that Mr. Hart is a man of kindliness. The slope, in modified form, also shows trustworthiness and sincerity.

If your signature is anything like Dorothy Phillips' you may congratulate yourself on possessing most of the finer qualities of the mind. The square formation of the capital $D$ gives evidence of imagination in abundance, combined with lucidity and a frank nature. The person who writes a hand that is generally round, like Miss Phillips, is responsive. There is an abrupt angle in the $y$ that shows a good deal of impatience, but this is counterbalanced by the large, open $l$ 's and curve of the small $r$-sure signs of a large fund of kindliness.

Enter Harry Houdini-with a flourish. When you want to find out something about a person's writing and haven't time to analyze all the letters it's a good plan to look for the flourish. Taken in any form the flourish indicates a love of admiration. When the flourish is extravagant and of thick strokes it shows defensiveness and self-assertion. The width between the down strokes of the capital $I I$ shows a generous. liberal nature.

Speaking of neatness, did you know that the Italians produce the most beautiful specimens of handwriting to be found in the world? Next to the Italians come the English. English writing is dignified and distincuished. but seldom graceful. The worst? Experts admit that it is the average handwriting found in America. They ascribe our lack of expertness with the pen to hurry. nervous excitement and lack of poise.

Caruso gives a good specimen of the Italian handwriting. The heavy strokes and fantastic fourish with which the signature ends chow sanity, self-esteem and a great love of almiration. The statements of such a writer are always positive. If your handwriting looks like Caruso's your family and friends have probaldy learned by this time not to oppose your wishes.

The handwriting of John Barrymore is quite as typical of the "riter as that of Carun). The thin, fine and small-sized script alway indicates great powere of concentration, combined with interent in others Mr. Barrymore has a nature that is excitable and sematioce lout not unkind
Here in Wallate Reid, as an example of the perfect W'. As


Mr. Reid writes that letter it shows a vigorous and active nature. Unless his writing has been trained to dissimulate, Mr. Reid is always on hand to keep his appointments promptly. If you make your upstanding strokes as he does it proves you to be the possessor of acuteness and energy:

There is a world of self-revelation in the signature that Thomas H. Ince affixes to his letters and business document. Whenever the capital $T$ is written in this extravagant form imagination and self-assertion are found. In a man of lesser attainments this would mean egotism. Letters that vary extremelo in size as in this writingglance at the comparative smallness of the capital $H$ and the size of the small $e$ that completes the signature-show a nature of unusual originality.

If you are looking for evidences of will power in a handwriting the best thing to watch for is the crossing of the small $t$. If the writer has plenty: of firmness and determination this letter will invariably have a firm, thick, long crossing. The person who neglect: to cross $t$ 's, or who crosses them in a loose, uncertain manner. hasn't much strength of character.

A good example of the connected letter is shown in Pauline Frederick's signature. The expert could tell at a glance that Miss Frederick is logical and thinks out her course clearly before acting. The long loops of the $l$ and $k$ show plenty of imagination.

Where the handwriting ascends with a decided slope toward the right hand corner of the paper an ambitious nature is indicated. Priscilla Dean's writing is a good example of this admirable trait.
Whenever you see such a careful joining of the small $a$ as Mary MacLaren's writing shows you have a good example of concentrated brain power. The evennes: of the writing and uniformity of letters in this signature are eviflences of a calm and logical mind.

The person who procrastinates. who is going to do ever thing "tomorrow." but who never gets at it to-day: that kind of person can be detected by the crossing of the $t$ falling to the left instead of the right of the letter. Irene Castle. evidently. has none of this fatal defect in her nature. for the cros:ing of her $t$ is almost entirely on the right side of the letter The extreme curve with which her capital $I$ hegins shows that the writer believes in self-preservation.
Look at the right hand sloper of Cecil deMille's signature if you want to see the handuriting that indicates ambition in unualual degree. Mr. de. Mille is impatient ofi delays of any kind. as the irreqularity of his capitals hears withes.

A good specimen of the cautious nature is shown in Elhore Dexter's signature particularly hy the straight dash after a word?

The calm, well-balanced nature can be dedueed irom th roundness and smoothness of the writing. while the persom whose mind is acute rather than restful writes an angular han! In the specimens shown Mabel Vormand gives a cool examp, of the former, while Billie Burke's writing is an admirable tho. tration of the latter quality:

# "Theyll be here in fifteen minutes- <br> <br> and my nails arent <br> <br> and my nails arent fit to be seen!" 

 fit to be seen!"}


THE telephone bell rang. "I'm so glad you are at home. We'll be right over," said a voice. "Good!" she cried. Then her eyes fell to her hands. Her heart sank. Such battered looking nails!
She knew, too, that no amount of magnificence and good grooming on formal occasions would efface the impression made by once appearing careless in an offguard moment.
Have you ever been caught in such a predicament? Does the unexpected occasion always find your hands at their loveliest? Exquisitely cared for nails, that so unmistakably tell to the world their story of personal fastidiousness.
It is the simplest thing always to be sure of your nails! Just a matter of giving them the same regular attention that you do your hair and teeth.
Do not clip the cuticle. When you do so it is impossible to avoid cutting the sensitive living skin, too. The skin tries to heal these cruel little hurts and growing quickly, forms a thick, ragged
cuticle. It gives to your nails that frowsy and unkempt look that makes you self-conscious every time people notice your hands.

But you can have nails so charming that it will be a pleasure to display your hands!


Just soften and temove the cuticle with Cutex, the harmless cuticle remover.

Twist a bit of cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package). Dip it in the Cutex and gently work around the base of each nail. Push back the dead cuticle. Then wash your hands and push the cuticle back while drying. Always when drying the hands, push the cuticle back.

The Cutex way keeps the cuticle smooth and unbroken - the nails in perfect condition. Make a nabit of Cutex. Then you will never know the mortification of ragged hangnails and clumsy cuticle.
If you wish to keep the cuticle particularly soft and pliable so that you do not need to manicure so often, apply Cutex Cold Cream at night on retiring.

Get Cutex at any drug or department store. Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35 c and 65 c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Cold Cream and Nail Polish are each 35 c .

## Six manicures for 20 cents

Mail the coupon below with two dimes and we will send you an Introductory Manicure Set, not as large as our standard sets, but large enough for six complete manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 707, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

Mail this coupon ${ }^{\text {w }}$ with two dimes today to Northam Warren, 114 West 17 th Street, New York City

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| City.. | State................... ${ }^{\text {\% }}$, |



Director Al Santell as he looked after an argument with Bob, the lion. "Joe Martin," sitting atop the sofa, is trying to look pretty.

## He Likes 'Em Wild!

By EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER

SURE I like "em wild!" The voice on the other side of the "set" at the Lniversal studio spoke positively. even enthusiastically:
"But Al, " came a worried murmur, "she bites. She'd chew your ear off in a minute if she could."
"Not a chance!" responded the jovial Al. "I know all of Julia's moods. She's a bit temperamental, but she's alright when she isn't hungry
"The hussy!" thought I of the wild "she" under discussion. and-"the fool" I added mentally of the invisible Al. I repressed a desire to recite aloud something about a rag, a bone. and a hank of hair for the moral effect it might have, and it's just as well that I did refrain. for at that instant. around the corner of the set. came a young man with brown eyes and the suspicion of a mustache. leading in tow-a full-grown lioness!
There was no convenient table to climb upon, or even a property ladder to lend itself to my sudden desire to get thence from hence-quickly! And had there heen such articles handy. it is doubtful whether I could have taken advantage of them. for my pedal extremeties had ceased to function, my face felt pallidly cold, and I think I made a funny noise or two, for the Daniel-like eentleman helped me to a chair. patted me on the lack and told me that Julia wouldn't hurt a lady. He also eave me his card on which was engraved "Il Santell, Director"
I couldn't help wondering if Julia kneze I was a lady, for she seemed to regard me hunerily: But such seemed to he Mr santell's conficlence in her a!truistic motives that I gave her the henefit of the donht, and conversed with the brown-eyed direcfor as nonchatantly as was possible under the circumstances
"You specialize in dieceting widd animals then?" I asked him. -re retly hoping that Jutials luncheon had been ample.

Well. not exactly:" he answered with a smile that showed a row of cern white teetly "I have been making animal comedies here at Uniocesal for the last year eser since I came back from the sersice. in fact. I didin't intend to take it up as a
specialty: but they discovered that I could manage the lions and also Joe Martin, the orang-outang, and ever since then they ve kept me at it."

He reached down to scratch Julia between her tawny ears. and drew his arm back sharply, swallowing a cuss word.
"My: arm's still on the bum," he apologized. "It hurts every time I make a sudden move."
"Rheumatism?" I inquired sympatherically
"No, Bob," he replied laconically: Then in response to my. bewildered expression. "Bob is one of our biggest lions. He charged me the other day and clawed my arm and leg. And youd never guess what started it. His mate, 'Ethel.' died some time ago. and we had the skin stuffed. It was beine used in a scene from 'U'pper Three and Lower Four, an animalcomedy melodrama, and Bob came into the barred inclosure where he was to work. Well. sir, he spotted that stufied lion. and I give you my word he knea' it was Ethel. He made a sort of a purring noise, and went over to it and rubbed his nose against the hide-then. just as if he thought I had something to do with his mate being in that lifelese condition, he turned on me and I was lucky to get out of the cage alive. Funny. how temperamental lions are."
"Yes, isn't it-funny." I obscreed. listening to my heart dn a tail spin inside my thorax while Julia watched me with unblinking amber eves.
"And wolves aren't the easiest thines to work with either." he went on quite calmly. "They are always watching for a chance to smap at you and once in a while ther'll attack you. but they are interesting beasts to direct, nevertheless"
"Interesting!" I echoed in a far-away tone, but Wild-Animat 1/ plunged ahead with contagious enthusiasm.
"And Joe Martin!" he said with something of awe in hitone. "Thout monk is positisely uncanny. He works just like a man-yout tell him what to do and perhaps show him once
(Comtitucet on pase 0.4)


Launder them the same way you do your silk things

WHERE lawns are green and ices are served, the cool frocks of midsummer gather. Flyaway, frilly organdies; saucy English prints that play at being quaint. Fine blouses of handkerchieflinen and French voile. And always rows on rows of tiny tucks and soft ruffles of real lace.

To keep them so daintily fresh, so charmingly new, how often and how carefully they must be washed.

Not ordinary scrubbing-their frills would never stand up again!

But the Lux way will not harm them, the careful way you do your
silks and satins. There's no rubbing to separate the sheer threads, to work havoc among the dainty colors. Just sousing and pressing of the rich suds through the soiled spots.

Every bit of expensive lace will stay soft and white. Their sashes will tie just as perkily, their colors look as merrily as though they'd never just been worn and washed.

The finest fabrics will last when they are washed in the delicate Lux suds. Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

To launder fine lingerie fabrics
W Hisk a tablespoonful of hot water. Let white things soak for a few minutes. Press suds through. Do not rub. Rinse in three hot waters and dry in sun. For colors add cold water till lukewarm. Wash quickly. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Dry in shade.

## WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO

Cranc Wilbur, because he prefers to use his brains to getting by with his good looks: because all the while he was matince idoling he was salting down his salary and preparing for a great attack on Broadway managers. because two years ago he quit working for some one clsc in pictures and rented a theater in Oakland. Cal., organized a stock company, wrote plays, made money, and took another theater, then sent a man to peddle his plays on Broadway, and had seven or eight of them accepted; because he did very creditable work in "The Ouija Board" Ruth Hammond is with him in the picture.) and in others of his plays. and because one time he appeared in a picture that our cook says made her want to be a good girl.

T. Hadley Waters, because when he came to New York and the theatrical managers would not let him in, he wrote a book about himself and sent it to them, and because when David Belasco fell for the book. Mr. Waters invited him to go to lunch. then had to rush out and borrow ten dollars: because he writes good publicity for Mrs. Sidney Drew: because hc is to have two plays produced on Broadway this fall. AND because he has done all this in 23 ycars.

Harry Durant, becausc he is the father of two sons, and is prouder of them than anything clse: because he has heen a successful writer for years: because he was managing editor of the old Biodraph and other companics. and now manages the play department for Famous Players; because he is sctsing ready to respond to the call of "Author. Author" on the opening nights of five separate and distinct New York stage plays next scason



Luther Reed, because he kocs quietly- and without any noise about doing the thing: he wants to do, and does them: because he Steve Brodicd from a newspaper desh in New York to the prospects of a park beneh in Los Angeles when he thoushe that he could write scenarios: and because in such thincs as "Mary's Anlle" and "Behind the Door." he proved he could: and becanse he always wanted to write a play and he did it, and now "Dear Mc." which is having a run in Chicako, will appcar soon in Ncw York.

ROSES from France, orange flowers from Mediterranean shores, lavender from England, vetivert, ylangylang, geranium- 26 of the world's loveliest fragrances - make up the sweet, haunting odor of Jonteel. Take home a box of Talc Jonteel today.

The Jontee! Beauty Requisites are sold exclusively by
The Rexall stores
throughout the U. S., Canada, and Great Britain. 8,000 progressive retail drug stores, united into one worldwide, service-giving organization.
tile jontefl be.llty reouisites Odor Jontecl, \$1.50 Odor Jentecl conecenl rite, $\$$; Face Powder Jontecl, ficsh, white, brunette. 5 sc Face Powder Compact. Alesh, white, brunctic. outdoor." 50 C Cimbination Creun Jontecel. so Cold Cream Jontel. 50 C , Som p ontecl, 25 C \$!anture Sce Jontecl, ss ;o
Rougc Jontecl, light, medum, durk, 5oc
I.ip Stik Jontecl, zsc l.ye-brow P'encil Jontcel, zs
(ln Canada, Jontel frices are shibhtis hather)



Mother Seymour and Clarine when she made her first public appearance in church entertainments,

## An

 StoryDeath snaps the brilliant career of pretty Clarine Seymour

By BETTY SHANNON



The last photograph of Clarine Seymour.

THERE was a very different sort of story wiotten to fill this space. It was the story of a vivid, very much alive young person to whom success had come after several years of particular discouragement and difficulty. It was the story of a warm, unspoiled, friendly girl-the sort of girl who did not forget those who had been good to her, and who was not ashamed to admit her struggles.

But the story of Clarine Seymour had to be stopped short and taken from the presses-because Clarine Seymour's life came suddenly to an end. On Sunday evening. April 25, at nine o'clock, she died. She had been ill from intestinal trouble since the Wednesday before.

Clarine Seymour was born in Brooklyn nineteen years ago, of devoted Methodist parents. Her first appearances in public were at the entertainments given in the New York Avenue Methodist church. Three years ago her parents moved to New Rochelle for the summer. Clarine decided she wanted to become a motion picture extra. Her persistent calls at the
old Thanhouser studio brought her a small bit in some forgotten play.

By steps and degrees she was given bigger parts and one day a role in a Pearl White serial came her way, then one in "The Double Cross" with Mollie King. It was in this that she was seen by the Rolin Comedy people and was offered a contract if she would go West in comedies with Toto, the Hippodrome clown. And Mother Seymour took the baby and chaperoned Clarine to the Coast.

After innumerable vicissitudes, she followed Billie Rhodes in Christie comedies. Mr. Griffith saw her in Los Angeles and when he needed someone to play with Carol Dempster and Richard Barthelmess and Robert Harron in "The Girl Who Stayed at Home" he took her on.
"True Heart Susie" and "Scarlet Days" followed. "The Idol Dancer," most recent of these, was her first real featuring vehicle. She was at work in "Way Down East" when she died.

# The Twelve Best Motion Pictures 

Winners of Second Photoplay<br>Magazine Letter Contest

PHOTOPLA! MAG:IZINE'S Second Letter Contest closes with surprising results-results perhaps disappointing to producers who have spent thousands of dollars on elaborate productions. For the common message contained in the many letters giving the writers' opinions of the twelve best photoplays they have seen is this:
The motion picture creating a lasting impression or accomplishing the most good is not the picture requiring the greatest number of reels or covering the most extensive range of subjects. Human interest, say Photoplay's readers, is what the public appreciates most, and when this vital chord is drowned in rambling themes introducing foreign notes, interest in the picture ebbs.
It might be discouraging to a producer who had spent a fortune on a picture like "Intolerance" to hear that the film most loved and appreciated was "The Miracle Man." This play hacl more voles than any other, although others had cost much more to produce. The picture that does not hit a responsive chord in the heart of its audience is not remembered.
One man writes: "That which we cannot take seriously we do not lone remember. The picture must strike home. for, curiously enough, the only way to make some people forget themselves is in put their lives on the screen."

Simplicity is the keynote of a successful film. Complications in construction only confuse and amuse for the moment. Dut leave no definite impression. A simple appeal to Faith. Hope or Charity touches more repontive hearts and spreads more good in the world than all the films with " 4.000 horses. 20.000 men, ten elephants," etc. bifficuft locations, expensive stars, seconarios dealing with plot and counter-plot are not the pictures that live in the memory. I homey "loadly long leess." "Iloosier Romance" and "Stella Maris" have h-ought a truth nearer hundreds of hearts than "Broken Blossoms." "Hearts of the World," and even "The Birth of a Nation."

In comedy the same taste seems to be universal. Chaplin's

# Why I Do Not Believe In Censorship. This is the subject for Photoplay Magazine's Fourth Letter Contest 

THE official censor, meddling with morals and art, invariaby hits what is true, i. e., what is art, and passes what is false, hence what is not art.
"He spells the death of all progress and free experiment in the movies, and he represents a fundamental violation of both common sense and common justice. Can't we even go to the theater without being dictated to by a medel esome old maid, whether in pants or petticoats?"
So writes Walter Pritchard Eaton, the writer and critic who could never be accused of undue love for pictures, or motion piclure censorship, in the Pittifield Lerkeshire Eagle.
"Legalized censorship of the film is a dangerou: departure in a free country," reports the special investigating committee appointed by the New York State Conference of Mayors, which iscenti:y condemned state censorship and recommended local rees ulation by license in the municipalities of the state.
"The indecent, improper and immoral film can be eradicated by the same methods as are used against indecent, improper and immoral books and p.ays.
Dr. James P. Warbasse, of the Methodist Episcopal Hospital in Brook yn, says:
"Oificial political censorship is a stupid violation of human liberty. It means pre-judgment by an official who sets himself up as a dictator to decid: things which the peop.e themselves must judge if they are to grow and develop a culture. The worst features of Prussianism ofier nothing so vicious as pre-censorship of art."

Those are reasons why some thinkers and altruists who are sincere in their judgments do not believe in legal censorship of films
Photoplay Magazine wants to know why you do not believe in censorship-why you do not want hated political censors to decide what you and your children sha 1 or shall not see on the screen.

PHOTOPLAY WHL PAY FOR VOUR IlWEAS of the evils of motion picture censorship: $\$ 25$ for the best ketter: $\$ 15$ for the second best letter, and $\$ 10$ each for the three next best letters of not more than 300 words. One side of the paper only must be used All letters, addressed to Fourth Letter Contest Editor. Photorlay Mhatant 25 thest 45 th Strect, New lork City must be in by August 1, 1020.
"Shoulder Arms" has spread more cheer and hearty enjoyment sprinkled with tears, than any Broadway comedy screened. The dominant note, sounded high above those of praise for this picture, is that Chaplin has not tried it again. How can a man-and even a million-dollar comedian must be human-hear thousands of voices calling him to he'p them along the rocky path-way of life by his lovable humor, and still deny these millions oi friends a litt'e of his cheer. which they long for and appreciate so thoroughly?

It was encouraging to note that apparently no particular star influenced the choice of the pictures. Naturally: several were mentioned as favorites, but one could easily see that the film acted by any other name would not have changed the impression in many: cases. The highly- and c.ften over-paid star may do to zet the people into the theater, but the impression that lasts is that of the film-the story, the direction, the photography: and the human interest. These four ciements are what made up a perfect picture to thousands of film admirers in this and other countries.

## The Pictures Make <br> Her Belierc Again

First Priee
The twelve photoplay: I would place in the first rank are as follows:
"The Miracle Man" -There may be sermons in stones. but there is also a religion and a philosophy in this unusually human thesis.
"rabiria"- One seone, Hannibal": hordes crossing the Alps. visualized the past for me as the sturly of Latin for six years never did
"The bitth of a Nation"-Every character in this great American epic lived the part in a way never to be forgotion: perhaps never to be equaled.
"Carmen"-Merimee": good old story made a dazzling tapestry of passion, revence, and fatalism
"Ramona"-"Once upon a time" used to thrill me, and (Continued on page 87 )

## You can see them everywhere

This new method is used on millions of teeth now. Wherever you look you see the results of it. You see glistening teeth-teeth you envy, probably. And you know they are well cared for.

You can learn the way, withcut cost, by a simple ten-day test. And we urge you to make it now. There are few things more important.

# Those Pretty Teeth No Cloudy Film-Coat on Them 

## This is How Millions Now Get Them

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Millions of people have found the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. This is to urge that you accept a tenday test. See how it changes your teeth, then decide about it by the visible results.

## They fight film

Modern research shows that the cause of most tooth troubles is a viscous film. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. So brushing has left much of it intact. And night and day, on countless teeth, it may do a ceaseless damage.

It is this film-coat which discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So few escape the troubles caused by film.

## The way to end it

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat film.

Able authorities have proved its efficiency by clinical and laboratory tests. Now leading dentists everywhere advise it.
The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And this newday tooth paste, in all ways, complies with modern dental requirements.

To make it known quickly to the millions who need it, a 10 -Day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks.

## Based on pepsin

The film is albuminous matter. So Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The object is to dissolve the film, then to constantly combat it.
Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But dental science has now found a harmless activating method. Now pepsin can be every day applied, and forced by the brush where the film goes.

It complies with all modern requirements. So in three great ways this dentifrice surpasses all the former methods. Now every family should at once find out how much this method means.


The results are quick and apparent
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 the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.
Pepsodent needs no argument. You will see the results when you try it. And the book we send explains the reason for them.

Compare your teeth now with your teeth in ten days. The facts will be a revelation to you. Decide by those results then between the old ways and the new. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

## Pépsocent

## The New-Day Dentifrice

[^2]Ramona, gentle pastoral romance, made me believe again in a world where all the men and women are just a little better than they seem to be in real life.

Mickey"-Nlickey hit technique in the eye and came up smiling, because it was captivatingly different.

Daddy Longlegs"-From the inimitable cider scene to the joyous ending, here was a picture everybody from Grandma to Little Sister could appreciate.

The Spoilers' - When the terrible fight took place, even the staid schoolmarm clenched her fists and forgot civilization. "Shoulder Arms" - Irrepressible screams of mirth over Charlie's antics quite obliterated the orchestra, and nobody cared.
"Broken IBlos-soms"-Even if the public, alive to punch but not to poetry, thought this immortal jade of the Ming period was "beautiful, tho awfully sad," don't worry. The public isn't immortal!
"Revelation" It seemed to say that Suffering may cleanse any human heart; that the Apache of today may become the Madonna of tomorrow.

Neptune's Daughter" - Do you believe in fairies and mermaids? Not all the time, of course. But, sometimes? Yes? So do I. And so does the poet and the plumber.
Whand N.. Orton, 3210 West Calhoun
Boulevard,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

They Lift Her to the Hilltops
Second Prize
These are the twelve best motion pictures I have scen:

The Birth of a Nation, Stella Maris,
The Miracle Man, Blind Ilusbands, Les Miscrables, Broken Blossoms,

Reelism

"What's the matter. Martha?"
"Never could - kerchoo - stand that alkali dust!"
might be able to tell the one from the other because I was better acquainted with them and so helped me to live just a little nearer the clouds than I otherwise might have done.

They taught me the true value of love and caused me to modify my harsh judgments so that I might he'p some less fortunate brother or sister along the path we are all traveling to perfection.

I am truly grateful for them and know that they must have helped others as they have helped me and therefore deserve to live.

Mps. Matde Monahan,
9 East Clay Ave., Muskegon.

Michigan.

## Pictures That <br> "Get Under the Skin"

Third Prize
ITHINK the pictures that live longest in our minds are the ones that depict our own everyday emotions our joys and griefs -our virtues and failings. Who can help being vitally interested in one's self? We like to deduce-".-...w. if I hadn't been harnessed to that desk, I, too, might have 'held up a whole town single handed," or. "If I wasn't wedded to this fireless cooker I might have captivated Count De Busti myself." We all like to "play." and "pretend" and the intensity of the screen millionaire's fight to corner the market is felt by the modest youth who tries to corner his boss for a five-dollar raise. Under the skin, alwavs!

And we want variety. There is so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us that while we long to be a "Pollyanna" or a "Mir-

Intolerance.
The Hoodlum, The Brat. Revelation, Eyes of Y'outh, Nale and Female.

They are the best because they liftecl me out of myself and let me view human nature from a distance just as I might stand on a mountain-top and view the country before methe hills and valleys, the lakes and rivers, the forests, the meadows, and wen the ordhards and gardens.

Just sn, these motion pictures helped me to view human nature from a hill-top and enabled me to see where I have made seool and showed me the pit falls that I might not strayg

They contrasted selfishness with unselfishness and revealed the beatiful things of life as well as the ugly deeds that I
acle Man" tonight we may favor "Sadie," acle Nan tont we may favor sale, Whe snire and Red Pete" tomorrow crening. Isn't that why the public is called fickle? Too many Falls of Babylon (to say nothing of the ruins inflicted upon us in jazzic road houses) make us welcome sweet pastoral scenes.
I agree with Photoplay's list of winners, substituting, for the four I missed secine. "Esee for an Eve." "The Poppy Girl's Husband." "Broken Blossoms" and "The Woman in the Suitcase." I liked my first and second because they were dominated by the two great personalities of the screen. The third because of the touch of a master hand. The torturing of Lucy left nausea. Then, why see it? Because of the lasting effect, the aching desire to comfort all abused and neglected children; that was the real triumph of the picture. I believe. My fourth gave originality of plot, if I am any judge.

## "Don't Envy Beauty Use Pompeian"

EAGER partners hover 'round the girl with a clear and dazzling skin. Don't envy her. Use a complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette" and have a beautiful and alluring complexion yourself.
First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing), to soften the skin and hold the powder. Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of delicate fragrance. Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM. Do you know a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle?

These three preparations may be used separately or together (as above) as the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette." At all druggists, 50c each. Guaranteed by the makers of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, Pompeian NIGHT Cream, and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a 25c talcum with an exquisite new odor).

## Special Offer Half-Box Powder and Trial Talc Can

Either or both sent to one per- 15c you get both. (BEAUTY son only in a family. For a Powder Offer is good only in dime you get a half-box of 50 c case neither you nor any member Pompeian BEAU'IY Powder of your family has tried it and samples of BLOOM and DAY Cream. For a nickel you get a beautiful trial can of Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a talcum) for your purse. For before.) Many interesting beauty experiments can be made with these trial packages. No letter nccessary with coupon. We'll understand.

THE POMPEIAN CO., 2131 Payne Ave., Cleveland, O.
the pomperan co., 2131 Payne Ave., Cleveland, 0. Send this coupon to allove addrese. Fincluse 10 C


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## Hail, Hail, <br> the Gang's All Here!



School days; the old frat house; the parties and picnics; the canoe rides and "wiener" roasts *** good old Bob and Ned; Bess and Margeand the rest of the gang-and Bess (gee, what a sweet little flirt!) What happy memories school days leare with us!

But what is it that enchants these hours-keeps
the familiar scenes forever bright? Music.
Music is the very soul of youth of life. Can you imagine the "gang". without music - "It's Always Fair Weather," "The Gang's All Here"" and the other old chestnuts, with mandolin or guitar-or bothwhanging out the melodies and chords.
There's something about the music of the good old GIBSONS that just goes with the joyous ties of our school days; it makes hearts lighter, friendships more dear and love sweeter.
And the beauty of it is that anyone can orin and play a GIBSON.

## Cillon Instruments

have made the music dreams of thousands come true, for they bring self-performed music within the reach of everyone. GIBSONS are the ideal home and companion instruments, bringing pleasure, prisileges and cultural and social adrantage into the lives of the thousands of GIBSON owners, GIBSON instruments are casy to phay and ca:y to fay for.

GIBSONS have played a part in hundreds of little romances - confidential human historics - nbout which
we shall be alad to tell you. GIBSON book and free trind we shall be glad to tell you. GIBSON book and free trinl
proposition also sent for the asking. Write for them todny -become better acquanted with the GIBSON family.

Teacher Salesmen - men or women - always wanted. Unusual opportunities offered. Write for particulars.

Gibson Mandolin-Guitar Company 467 Parsons Street, KAlamazoo, michigan

The only exclusive manufacturers of high-grade fretted instruments. Developers of Mandolin Orchestras.


Toodles, Far Rockaway.-So you are five feet seven and one half inches high, have dark brown hair and eyes and can play the violin and piano and would like to have me join your Girls' Club. I am much taller than you, have dark hair and eyes also, and am afraid I can't join. You see, I only play the harmonica.

Imogene, Whandingon--I shall quote to you from Pilgrim's Progress if you aren't good. Marguerite Clark has left Famous Players, so if you don't want to take a chance on addressing her there and perhaps having the letter forwarded and perhaps not, you'd better wait until Photoplay announces her new affi iation.

Ruth C., Brownwood.-It's difficult to tell Constance Talmadge's age because she grows younger every year. Officially she is twenty. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks will be in Europe when you read this, if they carry out their present plans. Nazimova recently resigned her contract with Metro. Charles Bryant is her husband and leading man. Mary Thurman is with the Allan Dwan company. Harrison Ford is divorced.
M. O. N.. Canada-Adversity is usually the force that drives most women into a professional career. Our great actresses very often come from families not rich in worldly goods, automatically provided with a material impetus to art. Mary Pickford went on the stage at the age of five to help support the family. Mary is a finer actress because of it. She and Douglas Fairbanks have a home in Beverly Hills, near Los Angeles, California.

Lois F., San Francisco- - Wie don't have so many of those old stories about the wealthy manufacturer's son who falls in love with the beautiful factory-hand, throws over his wealthy fiancee and his private stock for her, and marries her after the final clinch-or at least we lope he marries her. Lois Wilson is Mrs. Phillips Smalley. Ben Turpin is with Sennett; Dorothy Gish with Griffith; Alice Lake with Metro.

[^3]although sometimes we condescend to be taken in by the reality of the characters. He himself was a great master of fantasy; "Treasure Island" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" on the screen carried most of us out of the theater. Ruth Roland has been married, but she isn't now. Irene Rich and Will Rogers are not married to each other. Mrs. Rogers isn't a professional. Cullen Landis is married; Bebe Daniels isn't.

## The Studio Dog

## ("Around Our Studio")

He doesn't see the sense of it,
The how or why or whence of it.
But heartache-he has none of it And his is all the fun of it.

The pleasure of the chase he gets,
And cares not for the space he gets. He doesn't scan the papers, O!
For records of his capers, O!
In danger he's heroical;
His attitude is stoical:
Let others draw the salaries-
His pictures fill the galleries!
-Morrie Ryskind.
M. S., Btackshear, Ga--Oh, well, I don't starve, exactly. Of course I might get a little higher pay, but I can't strike. I've been told so often I'm the one and only Answer Man, that I think I'd have a lonesome job of it. Olive Thomas' only husband is Jack Pickford. Neither was married before. The little girl in "The Flapper" with Ollie is her own little sister. Wallace Reid's wife is Dorothy Davenport.

Edith L., Conn-As some sage has said, you may be ab!e to make your own spirituous substitute, but will you be able to drink it? Madge Evans is with Prizma; whether she works regularly I couldn't tell you. Madge is growing up fast now. Next thing we know she'll be playing ingenues. Yes, yes-Norma Talmadge is still Mrs. Joseply Schenck
M. G., New York City.-So you are not one of those girls who are crazy to act. Well, it may be possible that you have talent. I can't give you the address of an interpretative dancing school, unless The Ruth St. Denis School in Hollywood would come under that heading. I know so very little about dancing of any kind. let alone that sort of thing performed by pseudoSennett maidens on a dewy lawn and aided by a garland of flowers, a photographer, and Grecian expressions. Eileen Percy is now a Fox star. Juanita Hansen is making serials for Pathe. Emma Dunn made "Old Lady 31" for Metro. Ann Murdock hasn't been seen on stage or screen for a long time.

Trenton Admirer, Kirksullee, Mo.You neglected to enclose the final page of your letter so I don't know what it is you want me to ask the Editor. However, I presume you want your information regardless. Pell Trenton has been on the stage since 1910. He began with Julia Marlowe, playing in Broadway productions and also in repertoire with Sir Herbert Tree in London. He has played juvenile leads in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," "Seven Days," "Peg O' My Heart," and others. He is with Metro, where he supported Viola Dana in "The Willow Tree" and May Allison in "Fair and Warmer." Better write and ask him those personal questions. I haven't the heart.
J. M., Opelousas, La.-The persecuted heroine of that Vitagraph serial called "The Invisible Hand" is little blonde Pauline Curley. Antonio Moreno is the star. This same team is making another chapter thriller now. Moreno is to be starred in features soon.
L. G.. San Antowio.-I regret to inform you that Francis X. Bushman is not in pictures any more; but his son, taking pity on our Bushmanless existence, came right in like the little man he is, and signed with Christic. Ralph is his name; he's only nineteen and resembles his father. I dont know if he wears a large amethyst ring, however The younger Bushman is playing a juvenile lead in Mary Roberts Rineliart's "The Empire Builders" for Goldwyn right now: You can get all the well-known players' addresses from this department and look up the companies in the Studio Directory.

## (Continued)

B. D., New York-Yes, sir, I saw Mae Murray in "On With the Dance." I never saw so much of her. She's Mirs. Kobert Leonard. He is her director. When both were with Universal she was his star; she went with Paramount for the Fitzmaurice productions and be with International to direct Marion Davies. Now they are together again, having formed their own company, called The Invincible. Mae will be on the August cover.

Kıtuleen.-You want to know if Dick Barthelmess likes jazz music. I don't know, but he likes to dance, so it only follows that he must approve of those St. Vitus tunes. Illl give you his address and you can write and ask him if he shimmies. He wouldn't hit a lady. Niles Welch with Vitagraph in "The Courage of Marge O'Doone." Lila Lee with Lasky.

Frances, Berkeley, Cal. - Now how could I have my hair bobbed? If I were a long-haired poet I wouldn't and if I were a woman I wouldn't. I think the screen ladies who have taken this great tunsorial step forward look very well with clipped locks. Lect's see if we can name them all; this stems to be such an attractive topic lately. Irene Castle is entit'ed to first place, for she started things; Viola Dana; Constance Talmadge and Natalie; Anita Lons; Shirley Mason; Corinne Griffith; Dagmar Godowsky: Pauline Frederick has long hair; she only wore a bobbed and deceptive wis in one picture. Dorothy Gish's real hair is not bobbed but she wears a wig also, in all her films. I could not forward your letter as I do not licep addresses; so had it sent back to you. Come azain, you bobbed-bangedbaby

Butsy Jane, Red Oak, Iown-I don't think it's a tribute to my personal pulchritude that I get so many letters from ladies 1 admit my rare fascination, but decline to be complimented on my curly locks. Beauty of the soul is my fatal attraction. Cullen Landis has a wife and child Don't vamp him, even on paper. Or I might say particularly; I atways adwise caution.
Wie don't give personal adldromes ${ }^{\text {atm }}$ sorry, but I zuess you'll live through it. Write to me again.
M. F. O'S., B. C This magazine is not holding a scenario contest nor is one contemplated at this writing. However, why don't you enmpete for the worth while prizes we are offering for the best answers on various subjects? Watch Photorlay for announcements from time to time. Didn't you sce "What the Mntion Pictures Mean to Me"? I know what they mean to me. They mean l:ugene O'l3rien's crooked smile and Dick Barthelmess' eyes; Mac Murray's-er
contumes and Mary Pickford's age and does Constance Talmadge answer her own mail?

Judce Bee, Ottowa-Morning, Judge. When I think of the many things I've told rou- But enough. Iou want to know where Mr. Sennett makes his comedies. In Hollywood, Cal. Marie Prevost is still with the Sennett company; her latest is "Down on the Farm." You may reach her, Louise Fazenda, Harrictt Hammond and Phyllis Haver at the Sennett studios. You're welcome. I know just how you feel.


Patent Not Applied For

FOOR the movie patron who wishes to slip inconspicuously and without annoyance into the middle of a row. Mr. Hay believes theater managers could make themselves more popular with fans who like to see a performance from the beginning, if they installed the automatic. drop-a-coin-in-the-slot, self-rising seat. This invention would eliminate the need of ushers and would climinate those nasty moments when, if the members of the audience were at a foot ball game, they would shout. "Down in front!" The theater auditorium would be built over a subterranean area in which one would find the untaken seats. Any one planting himself in a chair depositind his admission price in the little coin box at the back. and pulling the lever would find himself quictly shooting upward through the floor without the usual fuss. The artist has not applied for a patent.
tell you how old that actress is because th:at: her business and I wouldn't mind it for anything. Bryant Washburn has two sons: Sonny (or Bryant Junior) and Dwight Ludlow. The latter is a comparatively recent release. Mrs. Washburn was Mabel Forrest. Lloyd Hughes is with Ince, Culver City.

Nerse, Cliclisimti-Can't understand why you bave not been getting Alice Joyce and Clara Kimball loung pictures. Both stars have been working right along. Miss Young's late ones have been "The Eyes of Youth," "The Forbidden Woman," "For the Soul of Rafael" and "MidChannel." The last two are in production now. Miss Joyce has been seen in "The Sporting Duchess," "Dollars and the Woman," and "Prey." Iliss Young is divorced from James Young. Alice Joyce is now Mirs. James Regan. Peggy Hyland has left Fox and gone abroad for an English producer, Samuelson. Anita Stewart's new ones are "The Fighting Shepherdess" and "The Yellow Typhoon." It's your exhibitor's fault if you never see these stars latest releases. Kick!
E. S., Vascouver, B. C. -I'm afraid Irving Cummings won't pay much attention to a leap year proposal. You see, he happens to be married. His sife is Ruth Sinclair. There's an Irving Cummings. Junior.

1. B., Exgland.-Very glad to hear from you. A good many of our stars are going abroad. Mary and Douglas Fairbanks. the Talmadge girls. John and Anita Loos Emerson. Frances Marion. Pegey Hyland-who comes from vour country-and Pearl White. Many are making pictures in England. Wallace Reid is still with Lasky, in Hollywood His stage appearances did not interfere with his recular film work.

Mrs. A. Liperil. Ma-Nila.-Thanks for your very kind letter. I am glad to have such a loval reader and take more than the usual interest in answering your questions. Tell me sometine about your theaters down there. won't you? Fred Goodwins, how directing pictures in London. Encland. played Mildred Harris
11. M Newark.-I'm sorry I cannot make an exception in your case, but when we have the star"s business address we never give the personal address. A letter to Ruth Roland, care Pathe, will positively reach ber. She may read it herelf and she may have a secretary who does that for her; but I think she will answer you in any event.

Iom B, Concord, Cal-Yours was not a harmonious letter. I can't tell you how old I am because that's nobody's business but my own-besides. I've forgotten. I can't

Chaplin's husband in "For Husbands Only." the picture in which Lew Cody earned his reputation as a male vampire. Ill let you know when Mary Pich ford's autobiography is published. None of the actreses you name divulyes her birthdate.
E. E., Carlinvile.-You're the original "bobbed," aren't you? Yours is the easiest question I have had to answer in a long time. Gloria Swanson has lonecr hair than Shirley Mason because Shirley's is bobbed (Continued an pase or)


# She charged: "Men are too lax in these matters" Hereplied: "I admit it; but have women the right to judge them?" 

RECENTLY I published the letter of a woman who had written me protesting against what she called my "unfairness" in setting up a standard for women which I did not seem to apply to men.
"Get after the men,"she wrote. "They are the real offenders in these matters. Few- women I know need to be told these facts about themselves; but most men I know certainly do."

To this a man now replies: "I must admit the truth of what your correspondent says, most men are too lax in these matters. But after all, have women the right to judge men where so many women fail? Is it not natural we should look to your sex for a standard in such matters? I can well believe that no woman who was conscious of the fact would let perspiration odor or moisture mar her daintiness. But every man knows how many unconscious offenders there are, even among the very nicest women,"

Adam-like, the man tries to excuse his sex by blaming Eve. But it will not do. Undoubtedly all women have not yet learned how necessary it is to take precautions against perspiration. But this does not alter nor excuse the fact that men as a whole are much more lax than women in this matter of personal fastidiousness.

An old fault - common to most of us It is a physiological fact that there are very few persons who are not subject to
this odor, though seldom conscious of it themselves. Perspiration under the arms, though more active than elsewhere, does not always produce excessive and noticeable moisture. But the chemicals of the body do cause noticeable odor, more apparent under the arms than in any other place.

The underarms are under very sensitive nervous control. Sudden excitement, embarrassment even, serves as a nervous stimulus sufficient to make perspiration there even more active. The curve of the arm prevents the rapid evaporation of odor or moisture-and the result is that others become aware of this subtle odor at times when we least suspect it.
How well-groomed men and women are meeting the situation
Well-groomed men and women everywhere are meeting this trying situation with methods that are simple and direct. They have learned that it cannot be neglected any more than any other essential of personal cleanliness. They give it the regular attention that they give to their hair, teeth, or hands. They use Odorono, a toilet lotion specially prepared to correct both perspiration moisture and odor.

Odorono was formulated by a physician who knew that perspiration, because of its peculiar qualities, is beyond the reach of ordinary methods of clean-liness-excessive moisture of the armpits is due to a local weakness.

Odorono is an antiseptic, perfectly
harmless. Its regular use gives that absolute assurance of perfect daintiness that women are demanding-that consciousness of perfect grooming so satisfying to men. It really corrects the cause of both the moisture and odor of perspiration.

Make it a regular habit!
Use Odorono regularly, just two or three times a week. At night before retiring, put it on the underarms. Allow it to dry, and then dust on a little talcum. The next morning, bathe the parts with clear water. The underarms will remain sweet and ciry and odorless in any weather, in any circumstances! Daily batlis do not lessen its effect.
Women who find that their gowns are spoiled by perspiration stain and an odor which dry cleaning will not remoye, will find in Odorono complete relief from this distressing and often expensive annoyance. If you are troubled in any unusual way, or have had any difficulty in finding relief, let us help you solve your problem. Write today for our free booklet. You'll find some very interesting information in it about all perspiration troubles!
Address Ruth Miller. The Odorono Co., 513 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. At all toilet counters in the United States and Canada, 35 c .60 c and $\$ 1.00$. By mail, postpaid, if your dealer hasn't it.
Men will be interested in reading our booklet, "The Assurance of Perfect Grooming. " Address mail orders or request as follows: For Canada to The Arthur Sales Co., 61 Adelade St., Edst, Ioronto, Ont. For France to The Agencle Americaine, 38 Avenue de Opera, Paris. For Switzerland to The Agencie Americaine, 17 Boulevard Helvetique, Geneve. For 6 Northumberland Ave,, London, W. C.2. 1.or Nexico to H. E. Gerber \& Cia., 2a Gante, 19 , Mexico to M. E. Gerber \& Cla.

The Odorono Company

513 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

## The Twelve Best Motion Pictures

(Continucd from page 84)

No one knows less of the West than I, and yet, I shout from the bousetops, "Long live "Scarlet Days'!" Maybe, that's part of the secret-we applaud a different environment from our own. I guess Miss Checkbook adores "ailey stunts" and Miss Yard. stick craves more of Lady Gwendolyn Vere de Vere. Why, how often we skeptically read of the insatiable ambition of screen star to be practical artistes! We"ll say it is quite true that most domestic scientists imagine they'd enjoy decorating the silverzheet. Bettie Barry I19 Glenville Avenue.
Boston, Massachusetts.

## Those That Live In Memory, Training To Better Things <br> Third Prize

YoU can never tell whether not, until you actually use it. Just try Armand once!
All the better shops carry Armand. The Bouquet is a fairly dense powder, at 50 c and Armand Cold Cream Powder, the only complexion powder made containing a touch of cold cream, is 81. If you'd rather, send us 15 c and your dealer's name for three samples. Address

ARMAND, Des Moines<br>Canadian Address<br>ARMAND, St. Thomas, Ont.



## What Do They Use

## Pretty

Pretty

## 1ila

pracre or dirce by and $\$ 8$.
ANSEHL PHARMACAL CO. 17 Preston Place. St. Louin, Mo

THESE twelve photoplays I consider meritorious. Certainly they have lived in my memory, training me to better living. "Broken Blossoms"-Finally our craving for beauty has been satisfied. The enormous breadth of the Mandarin's philosophy, the subtle comparison of his old-world civilization with our "modern" civilization, the love"iness and poignancy of the love theme, all convince us of our own shortcomings, and plead charity to our brother, the yellow man.
"The Miracle Man"-A successful application of a moral minus the taste of the medicine. The ability of the Patriarch to call forth the best that is in us by his own example of faith and righteousness, teaches us that we are what we have in our hearts.
"Bab Stories"-Every American girl who has seen these storics knows that they are true, remembers living through similar periods, experiencing identical emotions. Bright and breezy, yet fragrant with tender memories of our girlhood. World-weary Philistines need this sort of play.
"The Copperhead"-An ideal tribute of the American nation to its martyr-idol, Lincoln, symbolized in the unswerving, dogged faith and love of the loyal Milt Shanks. beautiful example of true Americanism.
"Shoulder Arms"-Comedy? Yes! Funns and original, pathetic and touching as only our beloved "Charlie" can be. Remember when the Christmas boxes arrive, Charlie, hurt, humiliated, resorting to the rat-trad for his bit of checse? Not quite so funny, eh? The story? Immense! An American classic. Our humorous memento to the great war.
"Ilearts of the World"-An enormous heart-ache. Batt'e-torn France, raped Belgium, the greatest miserics and the smallest. tragedies of nations and tragedies of hearts, dissected and presented as impartially as a student dissects a cadaver. A sermon against all wars
"Pollyanna"-Refreshing. As sweet as an old-fashioned garden. A breath of lavender in a land of "Mary Garden." It deserves to live because it keens youth in our hearts.
"Barnebetta"-This play is the indomitable world-old cry for self-expression and advancement of women. Pankhurstian in its methods, it, nevertheless, succeeds in breaking
the shackies and putting the idea across. It talks for all women and its plea should be heard.
"Revelation"- IVe appreciate the awakening of a soul from its sordid clay dwelling. It stimulates a similar response in us, and. if we are the better for it, shou.d it not live?
"When the Clouds Roll By"-Snappy, modern jazz. Unforced pep. The best sauce for dyspepsia. It should live if only for the T. B. M.
"Intolerance"-The injustices of the ages from the criticisms of the Pharisee throush the cruelties rampant in France on St. Bartholomew's night up to our own hypocritical, notoriety-secking, over-ambitious, sordid reformers, arousc one from a lethargy of smus self-satisfaction. A sermon aqainst narrowmindedness, be it of race or creed.
"Old Wives for New"-A woman whose husband is a success physically, mentally, morally and materially, refuses to keep apace with him. A sane refutation of the evil and justification of the good divorce may do.

Peoria, Ill.
Naomi R. Helier.

## How Real Pictures

## Strike A Real Boy

## Third Rrize

My favorite motion pictures are these:
"Work"-Because I love to laugh-I'm afraid I'm going to be a skinny guy:
"In Again Out Again"-I like to see Dug crawling up a wall like a lizard and the tough guy who had the note under his hair. "Still W"aters"- Where the oid circus horse ran away with Marguerite Clark. Great. I'd like that to happen to me.
"The Spoilers"-Although I had a lamp put out trying to do the big fight with another boy-and the folks all said: "Iou canit tell me! You got licked-why look at your face."
"The Birth of a Nation"-I sat on the edge of my chair for three mortal hours and almost suffocated with excitement.
"Broken Blossoms"- It made me mad. too. I was afraid the other fcllers would see me crying-l". say she was pretty in her Chink clothes.
"Joan the Woman"-Great fight! And when Joan was hunting among the nobles to find the real king the girl at the piano played, "Oh, where, oh, where has my little dog gone?"
"Orange B!ossoms"-Fatty made such a good lady-cook.
"Judith of Bethulia"-Gee! It was grand when they pushed them all off the great wall.
"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"-Because they made up an honest Injun circus and Rebecca ate the pie the ants made
"The Miracle Man"-Because maybe it will do away with jails. for if a guy can have a better time beine gnod-why not be gond?
"Cabiria"- A lot of history told in a dandy way-a dandy o!e snake, too. And the bis black bloke was some bloke!

> Max Wagner

Box 300 , Salinas. Cal.

## The Casting Director-("Around Our Studio")

## He's very popular, is he.

With all the movie coteric.
In fact. he is more pop-u-lar
Than even any movic star.

The greetings that he gets are hearty;
He's asked to every single party
They tell hins stories to delight him,
And never, never, never slight him.

They cast their bread-you get ms meaning-
And he casts them-that is, for screening
Time was the movies had no caste-
But that day, as you see. is past.

Questions and Answers

## (Continued)

Thelma Darling.-Violet Mersereau is not dead, but Harold Lockwood is.

Comrade Castle, Placerville.-I sce you have imagination, that rarest gift. Like "Anne of the Green Gables" I sometimes let mine run away with me-do you? Louise Huff is Mrs. Stillman now; she has a little daughter, Mary Louise. Jack and Mary Pickford are brother and sister; thought everyone knew that. Jack is married to Olive Thomas. See other answers for Blanche Sweet query.
A. P., California.-There are two golden ages of mental man: the future, before he marries; the past, when he is married. So you see stars in Frisco. Just what stars do you mean? Bobby Harron; Griffth; Mildred Harris Chaplin, Hollywood, Cal. She has her own company; never has played with Charlie. Kathlyn and Earle Williams are not related. Nigel Barric with Clara Kimball Young in "The Better Wife."

Frances, J. B., Manila-No, no-Kenneth Harlan is not married to Carmel Myers. Neither is married. Miss Myers last played on the stage in a musical comedy, "The Magic Melody." Write to her now at Universal City, Cal. She has signed a new film contract with them. Marie Walcamp will probably have returned from Japan by the time you read this; address her at Universal City. She is Mrs. Harland Tucker now.
R. Guevara, Manila, P. I.-We seem to be gathering them in. Yours is the fourteenth letter I have had from Manila this month. Most of them want answers by mail. Elsie Ferquson is now appearing on the stage in a play called "Sacred and Profane Love," which is built from a book by Arnold Bennett, "The Book of Carlotta." Miss Ferguson will continue her picturemaking, for a while at least. She is Mrs. Thomas B. Clarke.

Jackie, Elmherst.-Of course you're not nosey, Jackie. If you and a lot of others didn't ask me questions, I might perforce have to turn the crank of a camera or flip cakes at Childs. Lottic Pickford has a husband-a Mr. Rupp, not in the profession. Carol. Halloway did have a husband but dismissed him with the help of the court. William J. Shea died in November, 1918. He was fifty-six years old and was a victim of heart disease. I've answered faithfully all your questions. Come again.
E. B., Tasmanla, Australia.-You could safely have extended your letter over another six pages and not have heard any wails of protest from me. I enjoyed everything you said, and commend you, child, on your philosophical view of life in general and pictures in particular. Give my best to that big brother when you write. So you were surprised to find a minister sitting in the seat beside you in a cinema. Some of the staunchest upholders of the screen are wearers of clerical garb. Bill Hart, Hart Studio. Hollywood, California.

Sunbonnet Sce, Vincouver.-Where have you been? I haven't a single correspondent who in her turn hasn't an uncle or some other relative who lives in Los Ange'es only four blocks from Mary Pickford and one and one half blocks from Gerry Farrar. It is true that if I were as handsome as that drawing at the head of my column I wouldn't be a bachelor. Figure it out for yourself. All the addresses you ask for have been given elsewhere in these pages.


Think how many new delights Prof. Anderson gave summer when he invented Puffed Grains.
The milk dish now has Puffed Wheat floating in it -thin, flimsy, toasted bubbles of whole wheat.

Breakfast brings the choice of three Puffed Grains, each with its own fascinations.
Puffed Rice now adds to berries what crust adds to a shortcake. Or a nut-like garnish to ice cream. And between meals, hungry children get some Puffed Grain crisped and buttered.

Every day in summer, millions of people now enjoy these supreme food delights.

## But don't treat them like mere tidbits

These flaky, flavory bubble grains seem like food confections. But two are whole-grain foods, remember. And all are scientific.

They are made by steam explosion. Every food cell is thus blasted so digestion is easy and complete.

They are the best-cooked cereals in existence - the only cereals so ideally fitted to digest.

They are all-hour foods. They make whole-grain foods tempting. Let children find them handy, morning, noon and night.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice Corn Puffs<br>All bubble grains<br>Also puffed rice pancake flour

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers


## For Outdoor Sleeping

## 'THE COT OF MANY USES'

WHEN the hot, sultry nights come-in the city-the counMcdal" Cot with mosquito netting will be appreciated. There is no greater joy than outdoor stceping and there's no better way to cnjoy it than with a Gotd Mcdat Cot
-comfortable, convenient, light and strong.
At Furniture, Sporting Goods and Hardware Stores and Tent-Makers.
Write for Catabog and Deaker's name. GOLD MEDAL Camp furniture mfg. Co 1733 pachard Avenue racinc, wis.


## E. RAY rinETZ Presents

## SAM BERNARD and IRENE BORDONI

-1. -

## AS YOU WERE

A Fantastic Rerue by Arthur Wimperis<br>Adapted fronilips Plus car Change<br>Lyrics by Arthur Wimperis Nusic by Herman Darewksi Additionar l,yrics and Music by L. Kay Goetz<br>Musical Numbers by Julian Mitchell<br>Produced by Arrangrement with "harles L. Cochran


#### Abstract

Costumes designed by Homer Conant and made by Paul Arlington, Inc. Miss Bordoni's modern gown by Joseph. New jork, and "xinon costume liss Bordonis modern gown "Cleopatra" and "Helen of Troy" costumes by Mieter Myer and Dorothy Armstrong. New fork, and F'uturistic gown by Mme. Lascaud, Paris Hodern, French and "Watteau lioy" costumes by Anna Spencer. Men's costumes by Pieter Myer and Dorothy Armstrong ifss by Hepner. Scenery by the Kobert Law Studios. Art Director. Herbert Whard $\qquad$


For L: IRay Goutz
Arthur J. Levg...
kroywen, Inc.
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Lessees and Managers

Builder of the shubert theaters, Edward Margolies

FROM time to time we have taken little flings at the absurd number of credit lines on the screcn, telling who directed the picture, who lettered the title cards, who held the assistant cameraman's coat, etc., cte., but it seems the serecn gives no credit at all compared with some of our current New York productions. For instance, the watchman at the stage door was woefully neglected in the prologue of the program given above.

## Questions and Answers

## (Continued)

Ansa T. Coolidge, New Orleans. - You say in your letter, "This is from the same Miss Coolidge who was so inquisitive last time." Well, you haven't changed much, Ann. No, I don't adore Dick Barthelmess, Ralph Grayes, and Wallie Reid. I like them, though. With the exception of Mary Miles Minter, whose real name is Ju'iet Shelby, Lila Lee, whose real name is Augusta Appel, Shirley Mason, who is really Mrs. Bernard Durning, formerly Miss Flugarth, and Marjoric Daw, who is Margaret House, those are the correct names of the players you mention. And, oh yes-Elsie Janis is really Elsic Bierbower. So you are sixteen and hate to write business letters. I am more than sixteen and hate to write em, too.

Questioner, Léeth.-V'ou may be able to get a picture of the Creat Dane, Sennett's Teddy, by writing the Sennett company on the Coast. He's a great dog, and the life of the party in "Down on the Farm," although I must admit that Pepper the cat also does her share. Stuart Holmes has the leading masculine ro'e in a new serial, named "Trailed by Three." in which he co-stars with Miss Frankic Mann. lt's released through Pathe, so address Mr. Holmes there.

Hirrift, los Axgenps-1 can't send you pictures of Mary and the Gish girls. Harriet. but if you will write to them. in care of their respective companies, they will answer you. I think Mary Pickford has done other things just as good as "The Poor little Rich Cirl." Watch out for Mary whenewer she's arlvertised; that's the best advice 1 can give you.
M. G. L.. OAKlãod.-You Native Daughters come in bunches. Billic Burke has just signed a new contract with Famous Plavers, or Paramount Artcraft, whereby she continues to make pictures for this organization for a long time to come. She is working in adaptations of well-known books and plays. "Away Goes Prudence" is a new Burke release. Mary Thurman plays in Allan Dwan Productions now-she's the same Mary who used to adorn Mr. Sennett's comedies.

Rippie, Willoughby Brach, Via-I supposed you were one of the pebbles until I saw the nom-de-plume. Mary Fuller seens to have definitely retired; also Ormi Hawley and Mabel Trunnelle. Of the others you mention, Alice Hollister is coming back to the screen in a Goldwyn picture, which will be seen soon. Antonio Moreno is working right along in Vitagraph serials; Jack Dean is living abroad now with his wife, Fannie Ward: Dorothy Kelly has been retired since her marriage to a non-professional; Ann Murdock has not been on the stage for a long time and has not made her future plans public; and Nell Craig is playing leads in various West Coast companics. Write Miss Craig at Universal.

Emara. Porte.win.-I hate to darken your days like this, but it is true : Conway is married. Mr. Tearle didn't consult nie before taking this important step, so I couldn't do anvthing about it. Adele Rowland is his wife; she's a musical comedienne. Tearle is with Selznick at this writing, playing opposile Zeena Keefe. Ralph Craves isn't married. Vivian Martin is.

## Questions and Answers

## (Continued)

Jessie B., Portland.-At last an original question. "Why," you say, "don't they change that picture of you at the head of your department? I don't like it!" Ah, but we often have to sacrifice beauty to a good likeness. Ashton Dearholt was with Universal. He is married.
C. T. S., Paducah.-Am I a good Answer Man? Well, there seems to be a difference of opinion as to what is a good Answer Man. If you ask me- Rod La Rocque had some experience in stock, legitimate, and vaudevile before going into pictures. He made his screen debut with Essanay, where he played small parts and characters and finally juvenile leads. Then he came East, went with Goldwyn opposite Mabel Normand in "The Venus Model" and Mae Marsh in "Money Mad" and others. La Rocque is a free-lance, appearing now in Burton King Wistaria Productions, where he will be featured and perhaps later starred. He lives with his mother and sister, on Long Island, and is not married. Born in Chicago. chap, too. Is that all?

Grace, Hollywood.-You're almost the first Hollywoodian who has ever written to me for information. Most of them out there in the land of studios and sunshine are fed up with films and filmsters. I haven't the correct measurements of all those stars. And I don't know just how I can get them. Can't you ask me something else? I'm sorry to fall down on this glorious opportunity of answering a real native daughter.
M. A. D., LaFayette.-A particular pest is the woman who talks right through concerts. She's always keeping me awake. I can't give you Craig Kennedy's address. Craig Kennedy is only a figment of Arthur Reeve's very fertile scientific brain. He has been enacted on the screen by various gentlemen. Blanche Sweet is with HamptonPathe. Mary Miles Minter with Realart.

Newcomer, Montreal.-Well, I'm glad you came. And sorry I didn't get around to your letter sooner. Mae Murray will be glad to send you her photograph, I am sure if you will address her care ParamountArtcraft, 485 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. Miss Murray is leaving that company soon to form one of her own; but they will forward it. Address Constance Talmadge at the Talmadge studios in New York. Call again soon.

Martha D., Washington.-No, I am not wearing blue denim overalls, although that costume is sweeping New York at present. It made even Broadway sit up and take notice when those college boys and other inte'lectuals decided to combat the high cost of things by wearing a uniform. It is not stated how many of them were mistaken for carriage starters, ushers, and porters. Pronounce it Mee-an, with accent on first syllable. His wife is Frances Ring, sister of Blanche. The Tom Meighans are very happily married. He was born in Pittsburgh but is not, I believe, a college graduate Does that bother you? I couldn't be sarcastic to such nice white paper as you use

Theater Knowlfdge, New Orleans. According to our best records, Bert Lytell was born and eciucated in New York City It often happens, you know, that when a young actor-or writer, or artist, or finan-cier-has made a success in a certain town said town claims him as a native son whether he first saw light of day there or not. This may be the Lytell case.



## He Likes 'Em Wild

## (Concluded from page 76.)

and he gets the idea immediately. He's your friend for life if he likes you, but if he takes a dislike to you-watch your step?
"There was a night watchman at the menagerie for a while who always carried a bottle with him on his rounds, and now and then hed gise Joe a drink. But one night when he was three sheets in the wind he put red pepper in the whisky; and oh boy! Joe nearly went crazy trying to get at the man. Since then he's had it in for cvery man who has whiskers, because the watchman wore 'cm, and some day if Joc isn't watched, some one with a growth of iacial alfalfa is going to get a painful jolt. But he never hurts a woman or a child. When we use babies in the animal comedies, they are absolutely safe with him."

Mr. Santell looked so young to be the cinema pioneer I had been told he was, that I could not keep from remarking upon the fact. He smiled, somewhat ruefully, and touched the misplaced eye-brow on his upper lip with a reverent fore-finger.
"I raised this to give the illusion of age," he said. "T'e lost some mighty good directing jobs by looking too young to be sensible.
"Yes, it's true that I'm a veteran in the picture game, but you sce I commenced when I was only a kid. I was studying in an architect's office and wrote a scenario for Harry Rivier, the Frenchman who made Gramont pictures in Paris before a real industry was developed here in this country: He's the man who sold the studio leases to D. W. Griffith and Jesse Lasky.
"He liked the story, and took me on his staff at fifty dollars a week! Believe me, Rockefeller wasn't even in the suburbs of my class. I worked with him a year and did everything from developing films to writing continuity and hauling props. He taught me trick photography, and broke me in to all the known phases of the game.
"Then I worked with Jimmic Youngdeer in the days when we doubled the cowboys as Indians and settlers and had them chasing themselves through two reels of thrilling westerns. I was with Keystone for a while and directed Mack Sennett and Raymond Hitchoock in an old comedy called 'My Valet.'
"Then I directed Kolb and Dill, Hamm
and Budd, Fay Tincher. 'Smiling Bill' Parsons, and after I got back from the war, I started in with Universal and the wild animals."
Julia yawned suddenly: displaying a cavernous throat and a terrifying array of snowy white tecth that came together with an ominous snap. I swallowed my Eve's apple and wondered if I were good enough to die, but the sound only served to swing Director Al's thoughes back into the groose of four-footed conversation.
"So many people ask me how we get wild animals to do their stunts," he said "In the last picture I directed ('U゙pper Three and Lower Four'), Bob, the big lion, charged through a locked door to get at the crooks in the room. It sounds more difficult than it really was. The first shot was from the hall, showing the door at such an angle that only the door frames were visible. Instead of panels there were thin slats of wood, which gave way readily when Bob charged in obedience to the orders of 'Curly' Stecker. his trainer, on the other side of the door and out of the camera's range. Then when we shot the scenc from the inside, showing Bob crashing into the room, we had a door with very thin panels. and Curly put the lion into a chute on the other side and sent him sliding down against the door so that he broke through in spite of himself.
"I want to make animal comedies that have a real theme, and in which the animals are introduced with a logical reason-not simply stuck in to do a few stunts regardless of the plot of the story."
Just then the noon whistle blew and Julia gave an eight-cylinder yawn and licked her chops suggestively.
"I-I think she"s hungry," I faltered, pretending to be humanitarian and everything. "I think it's cruel to keep animals waiting for their meals-don't you?"

Al said he did, but when Julia rose in obedience to the tug at her leathern leash, it seemed to me that she regarded me with regretful speculation. I'm positive she thouglit Id make a good appetizer.
"You can come and talk to me while I feed her," Dircctor Al invited cordially, but I declined with thanks. Maybe he does like 'em wild. I don't. I prefer my lions in cages or in taxidermists' shops.

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Chicago. lll.

## The Grand Young Man of the Screen

(Continued from page $6_{5}$ )
"The film," says Fawcett, "is essentially modern, and up-and-going, just like the telephone, the subway, and the airplane. Imagine a mid-Victorian lady going to see a picture-show! Films are not nearly so romantic as the old-time legitimate; but films on the other hand are greater amusement devices and educators. It links all nations, the motion-picture screen. The only thing lacking is voice. This is made up for by the boundless scenic scope of the camera. The picture is still more physical than psychological; but the time is fast coming when it will be as full of piychology as it is now of direct elemental action. We need not use our imaginations in the filmtheater as in the spoken; but there is oftentimes more personality in one reel of film than in a four-act p'ay. In time the films shall have weeded out those directors, those players, who can express only the easiest emotions and the most apparent ideas; and the masters who can put over psychology will be the monarchs of the screen."
He is a Virginian-a college man, from the university of his state. There are few fim companies he has not acted with at one time or another in his career: the old New York Motion Picture Corporation once had him on its roster. He was a member of the cast of that fine old Selig drama, "The Crisis," and in "The Heart of Texas Ryan" for the same company. He p'ayed in "The Cinderella Man," Mae Marsh's best Goldwyn vehicle and George Loane Tucker's best effort before "The Miracle Man"; with Clara Kimball Young in "Shirley Kaye"; with Norma Talmadge in the first Talmadge stellar drama, "Panthea." He has been with Griffith longer than with any other director, and his characterizations in "Hearts of the Worid"-as one of the Three French Mus-keteers-as Bobby Harron's father in "A Romance of Happy Valley," and as Dorothy Gish's dad in many photoplays, he has become one of the most beloved actors of the American screen. And while there is no doubt he will duplicate his personal success in the directorial field, it is hoped he will not give up acting entirely

## He's Seen It Now

CHESTER BENNETT, who directs Earle Williams, owned a restaurant, although he had never seen it. He supplied the necessary funds to open it to a man who had once worked for him and has since been content to take his dividend without inspecting his ham and eggry. But, being a Boniface by proxy himself, he is interested in any place where they rattle dishes.

Recently his company was at Vernon taking scenes. They dropped into the nearest restaurant. Chester Bennett, the restaurateur, was supercritical. He "panned" everything, the service, the food and all.
"I'd like to meet the owner," he demanded of the waiter. "I'd show him a few things about running a café. Where is he?"
"I don't know," said the waiter. "The place be'ongs to a guy named Chester Bennett in the motion picture business."

## \$76,000,000 U. S. Film Tax <br> THrough annission taxes the motion picture industry is expected to yield to the United States government for the year of 1920 a total of $\$ 76,000,000$. That is the figure given the House committee on ways and means as the estimate of officials of the bureau of internal revenue. This expectation is based on the actual collections for the first six months of the year, which amount to $\$ 34,522,664$.




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## Plays

and

## Players

 Real news and inter~esting comment about
motion pictures and
motion picture people.

By CAL. YORK

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, Jr., was quoted in a certain New York paper as branding the photoplay as an immoral influence. John D., Jr., when questioned by the photoplay, as represented by the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry, stoutly denied the aspersion and cancelled an engagement in order to be speaker at a motion picture luncheon, where he paid high tribute to the industry for its work in the war, the Y. W. C. A. drive, and other worthy causes.

I
IN making one of her recent comedies at a fashionable resort Mrs. Sidney Drew encountered some real old dowagers of society sitting on the enclosed porch of a hotel knitting, lorgnetting, and generally maintaining their social standing. As Mrs. Drew described them they were perfect types and it would be utterly impossible for any actress to duplicate them. They were also badly needed to put just the right touch in a Drew picture.
Braving the icy temperature and the possible storms to follow, Mrs. Drew decided to ask the elderly social rulers to pose for her for a few minutes:
"Would you mind appearing in one of my pictures?" she asked.
Horror, indignation, frigidity, and astonishment were registered as six lorgnettes were raised.
"And, pray, who are you?" demanded one.
"Mrs. Silney Drew," was the meek reply" "Oh! They never throw pies in your pictures, do they?" exclaimed one of the grand dames. "Let's go in her picture, girls."

And they graciously entered the movies.

THE champion film-goer seems to have been discovered, down in Covington, Kentucky. He is Jack Jordan, who has averaged seven shows a week for ten years, who saw the first moving picture ever screened, "Miss Jerry," and who would walk five miles, he says, to see Charles Chaplin Jordan's favorite actor is Tom Mix. Can anyone claim a better record?


This servant problem becomes harder and harder to solve. It's getting so you have to promise your cook to sell her scenario and put her daughter into pictures, or she won't stay. Robert Gordon gets around it by pitching in himself. His domestic costar is Alma Francis.

CHAPLIN'S—Charlie's-new picture may be a six-reeler. It will represent the fruit of some months of effort, and will contain more than the ordinary amount of popular "pathos" in which the comedian likes to indulge. The title, if report be true, is "The Kid."

BILL DESMOND is the father of a baby B girl. Mary Joanna is her namechristened for her mother. little blonde Mary McIvor.

ABOY of ten was tied to a stake by five older boys, and left to his fate after a bundle of wood and papers at his feet had been set on fire. He was badly burned when rescued. It was the first accident on record caused by the inventive minds of modern mischievous small boys which was not blamed on the movies

PAULINE FREDERICK has left Goldwyn. Eversthing was not serene between Polly and the powers that be several months ago; but affairs were patched up. This time, however, she means business; she has signed a contract with Rob-ertson-Cole.

T looks now as if Laurette Taylor, the 1 original "Peg" of the successful Irish play "Peg O' My Heart," written by her husband J. Hartley Manners, may appear on the screen after her return from London, where she is now playing, and that she may appear in her husband's play. This in spite of the fact that Wanda Hawley several months since finished a production of "Peg $\mathrm{O}^{\prime}$ My Heart" for the Famous Players-Lasky Company: It seems that Oliver Xorosco, producer of the play and under contract to Mr. Manners to present it at least 75 times a year, sold the screen rights without Mr. Manners* consent. which the Supreme Court upholds Mr. Manners in claiming was without his right. The author also maintained that inasmuch as the play has been needlessly altered in its conversion into pictures the clause in liis contract requiring his agreement to changes aln has been violated. He has been granted a decree restraining the Famous Players-Lasky company from releasing their finished production and refuses to take $\$ 125,000$ for his permission. His apparent indifterence to the $\$ 125,000$ is explained hy those who ought to know by the information that Miss Tay lor herself may appear in a screen version of the play.
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Plays and Players
(Continued)


Whenever Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink isn't filling concert enkagements. she is piloting her.grandson and granddaughter around the studios. It's a safe bet Madame enjoys it as much as they do: she's the world's champion ficture-goer.

GERALDINE FARRAR will work in the East hereafter. It is said the opera actress and screen singer signed with the newly-formed Associated Exhibitors because their contract provided for a New York studio; slae chafed at the Goldwyn summer season in Culver City. Whether husband Lou Tellegen will continue as her leading man has not been divulsed; but it is supposed he will, for Jerry scems to be as fond of him as ever.

## S

ESSUE HAYAKAWA says he is leaving Haworth to form the Hayakawa Company. Haworth says he isn't. Meanwhile Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa-Tsuru Anki-is on the high seas bound for Japan, where she "ill sojourn for some months.

IF the stage doesn't get "em, matrimony I will. Betty Blythe became the briste of director Paul Scardon in Los Angeles. They were friends when both were with Vitagraph; that friendship began to be something derper when Betty was acting for Goldwyn in Culver City and Scardon was directing. It was remarked at the eime that he couldn't seem in keep) his mind on his work.

ROBERT GORDON PRODCCTION'S is a
new one. Oil men are said to be interested, with the object of making another Charles Ray of young Robert. His late Blackton vehicles have given him an artistic black eye, which he hopes will heal if given proper attention. Certainly he made the most of lis opportunity in Vitaeraph's "Dollars and the Woman".

BERT WILLIAMS, a familiar dark figure in Ziecfeld's Follies, has joined all those Ziegeld beauties in an invasion of the cinema. He will be the star of a serice of two-reel comedies to be made by Tarkington Baker, one of the ex-managers of X'niversal City. Booth Tarkington, a cousin of Baker, will write exclusive and original material for the new company. At least a dozen companies are amouncing exclusive and oricinal Booth Tarkincton stories.

OIIVE: THOMAS and Jack Pickford are together again. Padre Selznick sent Ollie west to make some pietures and Jack works there anyway, so a grand reunion was had by all Jack presented Olive with a new car and Olive spent a full week's salary on a new dog for Jack.

## Plays and Players <br> (Continued)

EiNHibitors in New Orleans enjoyed a flood of unwarranted prosperity when "The Miracle Man" came true. An old white-haired and bearded prophet, styling himself "Brother Isaiah," came and began healing by faith in the Southern city. More than thirty thousand visited him and heard him preach and pray. Enterprising theater men booked return engagements of "The Miracle Man" and, in the choice patois of the trade, "cleaned up." By the way, in 24 weeks "The Miracle Man" has made \$921,000 for its makers, exclusive of foreign rights.

W HAT became of that company that was to lift Conway Tearle, he of the magniricent eyebrows, into the stellar class? He has evidently discovered it is better to be a peer of leading-men than a competitor for first honors, for he is doing opposite business again-this time with Zeena Keefe.

ALBERT PARKER is pretty particular whom he directs. He told one compane that sent for him and made him an offer to direct one of its feminine stars that he would direct an all-star cast but not one particular luminary. However, Joe Schenck fixed all that-and now Al is putting Norma Talmadge Schenck through her dramatic paces.

THE works of Max Reinhardt and other eminent German authors will be filmed for Universal. Reinhardt is known only to a select few in this country. While Zukor was abroad he also lined up some foreign literary stars to write for his company. Verily, the libraries of the future shall be composed of celluloid!

JIM KIRKWOOD, who felt the acting call again, incidentally prompted by a certain magazine editor and fostered by Allan Dwan, never has time to think about going back to directing. He is Louise Glum's leading man now.

AHOLDER of ion shares of the $\$_{1,000,-}$ 000 stock of the Lenscraft Pictures Corporation, Raymond C. Tischhouser, has filed suit in the Supreme Court against the officers and directors of the corporation on the ground that because of their negligence in attending to the affairs of the corporaion, the assets have been wasted.

MARTHA MANSFIELD has settled down on the screen, having signed a contract with Selznick which secures her services as a leading woman for a period of years.

CHARLES RAY has added Booth Carkington's "Ramsay Milholland" to his long list of plays. No telling when he will get around to it. He has also bought the rights to four of James Whitcomb Riley's poems-whose Hoosier boys Ray would seem to be peculiarly equipped to play"The Old Swimmin' Hole," "Down to Old Aunt Mary's," "The Girl I Loved" and "Home Again."

THAT'S not such a bad idea, having Matt Moore play in a picture called "Don't Ever Marry" with accent on the ever. Matt never has; perhaps he thought he'd wait and see how his brothers' ventures turned out. Having waited, Matt has desided never to marry.

AS we remarked above-with variations: Cupid or the drama is bound to get them. Myrtle Lind, one of the loveliest peaches in Mr. Sennett's whole garden, was married in Los Angeles to FA. Gesell. And-worst blow of all-she says she has retired from the screen.


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## Plays and Players

(Continued)

NORMA TALMADGE has been chosen as the 1920 lavorite actress of the students at Princeton U'niversity. For years Maude Adams has held chief place in the hearts of the student body at Princeton, as evidenced at their annual elections to choose their favorite actor, actress, poet and author. John Barrymore won the vote for actors. Rudyard Kipling, for poct, and Booth Tarkington for authors.

GLORIA SUANSON is an internationally minded young woman. A friend who went shopping with her the other day declares that among other things she bought an Hawaiian dancing frock, an Englisb sport suit, some French lingerie, Chinese house slippers, a Russian sable cape, a Greek neglizee, Japanese lounging coat, Spanish lace scarf, Phi ippine nightgowns and a Venetian bead headdress. It sounds fine, but Gloria is quite fascinating au naturel.

CHARLOT, famous chimpanzee of the French cinema, broke loose from his caze in the Pasteur Institute in Paris and injured several pedestrians when he began to throw stones and tiles from the roof to the strect below. It is said he had previously been fed some French wine, which increased his natural tendencies for mischievous playfulness. Authorities are thinking of suing the film company. Universal had better watch Joe Martin.

OE of Charlie Chaplin's most prized possessions is a remarkably fine portrait of Max Linder, the screen's first great comedian, which the famous Frenchman presented to him on his last visit to this country.
But even Charlie isn't quite sure about the inscription, which reads:
"To Charlie Chaplin,
"The best comedian in the world,
"Max Linder."

MARGUERITE CLARK is not considering a permanént retirement, according to latest advices. Sbe is now resting in New Orieans, her husband's home-some say awaiting a visit from the stork. However that may be, she has several film ofiers under consideration, as her present contract has expired. She has never been with any other company than Famous Players, who have not seemed to appreciate her talents.

IN order to furnish picture programs to Protestant churches and Sunday Schools, the International Church Film Corporation has been ormanized for the purpose of going into the business of producing and distributing pictures as well as equipping church buildings with projection machines. It plans to extend its services to 4.000 churches.

OUISE HUFF, who created added interest not long ago by contracting a second marriage, this time with a millionaire, has signed her delicious blonde shadow to Selznick for five years. At the same time William Faversham, distincuished American matinee idol, cast his lot with the same company. His first picture to be released is one which was made a year ago, "The Man Wbo Lost Himself," directed by George Baker, with the lovely Hedda Hopper as leading woman. Two good directors, Hobart Hen-ley-who incidentally will direct tbe next Faversham production, a Frank Packard story-and Larry Trimble, always remembered as the maker of "My Old Dutch." also have recently connected with L. J. Selznick and Sons.

BEBE D.ANIELS is the latest lucky little girl to be selected for stardom by Paramount, with Realart as tbe brand-name. The brunette baby who was a few months ago Harold Lloyd's foil, joins W'anda Hawley as a Zukor star in a short time. DeMille - Cecil - vouches for both young women; he was their artistic Columbus.


When Bill Russell's feet are at "Attention" -
(Cominued on page 104)

I'S just as we said: when Adolph Zukor went abroad one of his missions was to secure Sir James M. Barrie's best-known plays for pictures. He was finally successful in persuading Barrie to part with "Peter Pan," that classic of literature and the theater; "A Kiss for Cinderella," another famous Maude Adams vehicle; "What Every Woman Knows," and "Dear Brutus." Who will play "Peter Pan"?

KING VIDOR, the youthful director, is decidedly an expert on small town stuff, but he had a new one pulled on him the other day, when he was filming some scenes at Sawtelle, a suburb of Los Angeles. An old lady, driving an antiquated buggy and a horse that might have been Noah's original companion in the Ark, passed and seemed such a good bit of character study that Vidor ran after her and asked her to drive back down the street for him.
"Can't," she said brusquely. "Got t' git home. My husband's sick."
The young director explained that it wouldn't take a minute and that it was for a moving picture, etc.
The old lady viewed him contemplatively for a while, then remarked, as she slapped Methusalah with the lines
"All right, young feller, I'll do it. I've had three husbands, but I ain't never before had a chance to act in a movin' pitcher."

OUR suspicion of several months ago has been confirmed. Priscilla Dean is Mrs. Wheeler Oakman and has been since early in January. Theirs was a "Virgin of Stamboul" romance, for they met while Priscilla was starring and Oakman playing opposite in this Oriental diversion. They were married in 'Frisco and kept it secret as long as they could.

MAE MURRAY has her own company now. Her husband, Robert Leonard, will direct her. They have named their new alliance the Invincible. We hope it is. The blonde with the bee-stung lips-originally so-called by this magazine, but since by many others-has one more picture to make on her Famous Players contract before she can begin her new work.

AUGUSTA APPEL has won her suit, in Chicago, against Mrs. Gus Edwards, wife of the vaudeville impressario. Not interested? But Augusta is none other than our Lila Lee, former Lasky star, now leading woman, who through her father, Carl Appel, complained in court that Mrs. Edwards, who has directed Lila's stage career since Lila was five years old-she's fifteen now-gets a part of her film earnings from Paramount. Ten years ago, Mrs. Edwards, attracted by little Lila's charm, made an arrangement with the child's parents whereby Lila should go to the Edivards home in New York under their guardianship and be trained for the stage. Judge McGoorty in Chicago awarded Lila to her parents.

"MY DEAR, have you had your complexion tattooed on yet?" This is the question with which ladies of fashion and leisure-also ladies who beguile the time for others on the stage and screen-are saying to each other these days. It seems that science has discovered a way of giving the eternal bloom of youth to any lady who has cash and courage enough to sit under its needle. The color is fed to the point of the tattooing needle through a small rubber tube. These complexions are guaranteed not to fade. Ah, where soon will be the weeping, fainting, gentlewoman of the Godey's Lady's Book generation?



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## De9llirace

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(Concluded from page 102)
-It is entirely correct. and within the most approved regulations for Arline Pretty to "Shoulder Arms."

## Plays and Players

## (Continted)

THERE was much debate out in the Metro studio when Bayard Veiller, writer of plays, was to make his debut as a director in "Alias Jimmy Valentine." Would he be nervous? Would he observe the directorial traditions and wear puttees? Hornrimmed glasses? Leather coat? Would he yield to suggestions? Word of the speculation reacherl Veiller (pronounced V -A). So, with as lengthy a stride as short legs and sturdy body could attain, stalked to the studio a cavalier of the Middle Agessoft leather boots above bis knees, a dashing black hat adorned with gily plumes and secured with jewelled buckle, a white shirt open at the throat, elbow sleeves, a tie of brilliant green, about his substantial middle a broad sash of purple, and in hand a megaphone! It was V'eiller.

TAIILOR HOLMES, not having been particularly fortunate in his venture with his own film company; has gone back to his first love, the legit. There A. H. Woods, that astute gentleman who has mate money from and for such screen stars as Thedia Bara and Crane Wilbur, has taken Holmes under his managerial wing and presents him in a new play soon.

THIN(is to worry about: Madlaine tion," has left the company that called her that.

GR.INK D.AZEF, a scenario writer by - profession and a contributor to Pretoprov Mugazer by inclination and inspiration, has, in collaboration with his father, Charles Dasey, the veteran plowwright, composed a comedy dram:a in which Thurston Wall will speak the leating lines. !azey re cently won added laurels hy marrying dgnes Chritine lohnston, another secmario writer.

ACERTAIN demure little star, very - much beloved by those who know her, but a little too-gosh-darned respectable when it comes to her art, got into a little mix-up with her company recently. She was playing a frivolous young woman, and in one scene it was absolutely necessary that she raise her skirts to show her supposedly shapely limb to the knee. The d. I. s., for one reason or another, objected. The director begged her to reconsider; he said the whote point of the story depended upon than one enchanting shot; that he would clear the studio floor and surround her with a screen with only himself and cameraman there, and these with eyes discrectly lowered. She wouldn't hear of it. It was taken to the men higher-up; they came, at first pleaded, then protested, tinallyargued. The star flatly refused to do the scene-or let anyone double for her. So, since she made it an iscue and threatened to leave, the picture was shelved and her feelings soothed Did anyone say we were getting away from the star system?

AGERMAN: film company taking snow pictures in Switzerland experienced a hit of unprepared realism which ended fatally, killing and injuring about ten of the actors. The company was taking an aralanche scene near Innsbruch at the altitud. of some 0.000 feet when a large pisce of an avalanche broke loose and tore down at a terrific rate hurying mot of the members The loading woman, Hermine Kollar, was killed instantly:

ETIlEL, CIATVON is not leaving Paramount to form her own company after She exercised ber woman's prerogative and re-signed with La:hy instead.

## Plays and Players (Concluded)

ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN was arrested for speeding the other day. No casualties reported in court.

WALTER EDWARDS died in April while on a vacation in Honolulu. He was a veteran director, and one of the most popular in the profession. "Daddy" Edwards, most of his stars called him. His direction of Constance Talmadge in some of her first successes is well-known. Later he went with Lasky and guided Marguerite Clark, Lila Lee, Vivian Martin, Wallace Reid and Ethel Clayton-whose latest picture he completed just before leaving for Hawaii.

F$\rightarrow$ RANCES MARION sailed for Europe on a commission to talk some of the leading literary lights of England and the continent into parting with their best-behaved brain-children for film purposes. If anyone can do it, Frances can.

ALICE BRADY has answered that letter from a justly indignant girl in June Photoplay, answering in turn Miss Brady's supposed statement that any girl could dress on $\$ 5$ a week. We can do no better than to quote Alice herself from an interview she gave in Chicago recently. She blames her press-agent, as follows:
"Five dollars a week! Why, if I had to do it on five dollars a week I'd get out in the street with a gun and strip a wardrobe off a couple of fashionable corpses! I'd kill! Five dollars a week! I got a letter yesterday saying, 'What about a poor fat lady who has to buy herself a pair of brassieres?' It can't be done on five a week. That's the kind of publicity that makes anarchists of readers. . . . You couldn't blame them if they burned all the picture houses and shot all the movie stars. I went into a store to buy some stockings the other day and the first pair the girl showed me were $\$ 25$. They were made of chiffon! They'd last you from the dining-room to the elevator. The world's gone mad, and extravagant women are helping to make it madder."

From which it may be seen that Miss Alice Brady is no extremist in the matter of dress, anyway. She may not be able to dress on $\$ 5$ a week, or to advise any other girl to try it-but she doesn't believe in living up to the traditional idea of the extravagant star.

R
OBERT WARWICK had slipped into a New York theater to see a new picture and coming out overheard two fashionably gowned women discussing the relative merits of the theaters in the town.
"Well of course they do have the best pictures at the Rivoli," said one, "but you see much the nicest furs at the Capitol."

THE National Board of Review, of 70 Fifth Avenue, New York, has issued a catalogue of "The Best Motion Pictures for Church and Semi-Religious Entertainments," which includes a list of some 900 films characterized as "dramatic, Americanizations, comic, travel, missionary and instructional." Remember the address when you want to put on programs in your church.

HOW the times do change. Here is a story that Anthony Paul Kelly recently submitted a scenario for a big feature to Universal, at the modest price of $\$ 15,000$. This set all the old timers to remembering the days when Anthony Paul was the highe t priced scenario editor the Universal had at $\$ 100$ a week. It is not told whether this latest scenario was accepted at that price.


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3
 EXQUISITELY FRAGRANT


## Play and Players

(Continued)


Probably never has the screen known a scene of more exquisite loveliness than this one, taken from the allegory in Mr. Fitzmaurice s recent picture. "The Right to Love." Any director who can capture the langourous beauty and the heavy fragrance of a summer night in so stern a medium as the motion picture and make one feel and smell them must be a poct, as well as an artist. Mae Murry's graceful figure sweeps on like a medieval Guincvere from the pages of Lord Tennyson.

KID McCOY, whose reputation as a is movie actor is rapidly gaining ground, is almost as handy with his words as he is with his fists. Both of the following are credited to him.
A fight fan, who met him at Jack Doyle's Tuesday night scraps in Los Angeles, asked him how he liked pictures.
"Well," said Kid McCoy musingly, "when I was a prizefighter I fought 156 fights and knocked my man out or got a decision in 152. Since I've been in pictures, I've fought 7 fights and zot licked eight times-because once there was a retake."

The ex-ring star sold a nice new automobile to Tom McNamara, the cartoonist. He took him out for a little spin, to show him exactly how the car operated, and as they rounded the corner of Fifth and Broadway, in front of the Alexandria, McNamara held out his hand, to signify a right turn.
"For the love of Mike, don't fo that," said McCoy, earnestly. "A Ford'll run up your slece e

BOBBY HARRON, a new star, and Thomas Mcighan, also a comparatively recent one. le't Manhattan for California together-Mcighan in make "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," from the novel by Leonard Merrick: IIarron to visit his folks, whom he hasn't seen for quite a white.

E
DDIE L.SONS and Lee Moran wanted - to make five reel comedies. They had tough time persuading Universal to give them a chance to show what they could do. They were to make one; if that was good they could go the limit The foys finished the first one. It made the home office howl and Cat Latemmle went right nut and houcht the mutical comedy. "La la loutille" for them to play with.

AGNES AYRES wann't "rescued from the bar" for nothing. She will, after her years of hard-working and waitins, enter into a stellar career under the joint auspices of Marshall Necilan and Al Kaufman. These gentlemen have combined production forces in Hollywood under one studio roof, not, you understand, having any company connections but facilitating their output by using the same technical forces. Kaufman decided that Miss Ayres was just the star he needed to join the Allan Holubars as charter members of his new company, but while he is secking a proper velicle for her, she will be leading wonan in a Neilan tiln.

WHILE: Mildred Harris Chaplin was enW joying a dance with the Prince of Wales at Coronado Beach. at a ball given in his Highness' honor cluring his brief return to America en route for AustraliaCharlic Chaplin was enjoying a bout with Louis Mayer. Mrs. Chaplin's manager. in the Alexantria I lotel in Los Angeles. Chap-lin-so the reported story in the newsp.per: goes-approached Mayer and asked him to remove his glasses. Mayer did so, and Charlic swung on him. But Mayer is twice as hie as the comedian and he more than took advantage of it. Hotel detectives intervened. The fracas was supposed to be about the settlement to be made on Mrs. Chaplin in case the diworee proceded, so Mayer said. Chaplin woutdn't talk

AVVIM, who is playing the lead with Charles Ray in his first "roduction for First Xational, has been added to the list of "bothecl hair" leading ladies. It's all right with us. Amn, as long as you stay under 20 and don't tip the scales at more than mo. After that, it's out.

# The Shadow Stage 

(Continued from page 72)
Stanley O:mstead wrote the scenario, telling his story consistently.

## DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDEPioneer

THE version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" with Sheldon Lewis playing the harassed soul who gave himself up to the devil, hurriedly screened to take advantage of the interest aroused by Jack Barrymore's appearance in the same role, does not reflect great credit upon its producers. It is typical movie stuff, with little artistry and less imagination to commend it. In this version the good Dr. Jekyll dreams a dream. In the dream he sees himself testing his theory that it is possible for a man to be controlled by his baser self. He swallows the concoction compounded in his laboratory, suffers a growth of hair and a mouth full of buck teeth, and achieves a passion for frightening defenseless females and setting fire to buildings. He is a less sensual and less ferocious Mr. Hyde than the Barrymore exhibit. Neither does his particular compound equal in strength that discovered by the other Mr. Hyde, who was immediately transformed into a repulsive degenerate with an elongated cranium, knotted knuckles and protruding finger-nails. The picture is cheaply set. Mr. Lewis' performance is that of a competent but uninspired actor, and there is little attempt at cleverness in tricking the change from one character to the other. The ending, too by the employment of the dream idea, is conventionally happy.

## THE ROUND UP-Paramount-Artcraft

ISHOULD say that Roscoe Arbuckle's plunge into the five reelers has been successfully negotiated in "The Round-up." As "Slim" Hoover, the sheriff, the genial comic waddles in and out of the story, plays straight when he has to, falls off a horse when he can do so safely, without fracturing either his histrionic ambitions or the plot, and emerges finally the pathetically humorous philosopher who allowed that nobody ever loves a fat man. I don't suppose anyone could possibly take "Fatty" seriously as a sheriff with notches on his gun, but it is something of a triumph for him that he keeps the faces of his audience straight while he is suggesting the possibility. George Melford has extracted a reasonably interesting Western romance from the old melodrama in which Maclyn Arbuckle starred. In it Irving Cummings is permitted to escape temporarily from his curly-headed deviltries with women and become more or less a normal he-man.

The story is one of alternate fights with Apaches. bank robbers and such, mingled with the romance of two pa's who loved the same square little heroine. She married one, thinking the other dead, and, finding he wasn't, sent her husband to find him and explain. This involves another big fight with the Indians and their renegate chief, and results in the elimination of the extra lover. If the fighting were on the level the cast would have been wiped out in the first reel. Which would be sad, for it is a good cast.

Tom Forman plays the sub-hero (and he also wrote the scenario, which provides a second feather for his Scotcl bonnet) ; Mabel Julienne Scott is the heroine, Wallace Beery is again the fighting renegade, and the others are all capable. The scenic shots are excellent and the fighting excessive but lively.


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Director-Weंre calling this picture "The 1920 Model.
Cameraman-Better equip it with shock absorbers.

## The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

## SEX—Hodkinson

SEX" is not so bad. Written by C. Gardner Sullivan, and particularly well directed by Fred Niblo, it at least may boast intelligent treatment and a moral Here are wild women and vicious men doing all the things they are supposed to do in the night life of wicked Manhattan, but being impelled to do them by reasonably plausible motives

A girl of the "Midnight Frivolities" takes life lightly, accepts the attentions of a married rounder, laughs at his protesting wife and advises her younger chums of the midnight chorus to follow in her footsteps. With a mighty heave hol and a merry hal hal slie hurls her boomerang into the air and skips gaily away to enjoy life. Which is all very well until in due time she becomes a respectable married lady herself, with a husband she hopes to hold against all comers. Then her foomerang tlice back and smites her. Her husband slips away from her into the arm of the very girl she had instructed in the art and philosophy
of the successful vamp. We leave her beaten at her own same. The conclusion is indeterminate, but the moral is plain: "Don't never do nothing to no other lady"s husband you wouldn't have the other lady do to yours.
"Sex" is a bit riotous through the introductory reel. Reckless Adrienne gives one of those wild dinner parties in her cute little $100 \times 150$ New Vork dining room: everybody drinks much too much wine and the ladies ride around the table astraddle the necks of the gentlemen. But once past its keynote the story is sanely told. Louise Glaum's characterization of the reckless one is true and human, and the assistance she is given by the principals, who include William Conklin, Myrtle Stedman, Irving Cummings and Peggy Pearce, keeps the play well in key. IV. W. Hodkinson. the original crusader for cleaner and better pictures, is distributing "Ser." and boasting that it has "shocked the critics." Which goes to prove that you never can tell about these movie gents. What's a principle or two among stockholders?

# The Shadow Stage (Continued) 

THE WOMAN AND THE PUPPET -Goldwyn

T"HE story of "Carmen" will probably be rewritten several times for Geraldine Farrar before she quits the screen. The current version is called "The Woman and the Puppet," with the fiery prima donna swaying with hippy grace through a series of attractive Goldwyn sets. In this instance she is Concha Peret, a cigarette girl, and her lover is none other than Don Mateo, a dashing soldier with an eye for beauty. Because Concha will have nothing to do with him he determines to pursue her. First he tries to buy her with gold, but being a moral young person she had much rather dance in a dive in Cadiz than so lower herself. Finally she permits Mateo to find her a house, and then locks the door on him. Toward the end of the story, however, she goes a bit too far and has her face roundly slapped for her audacity. The slapping was what she needed, for after that she was most tractable. She is a saucy vamp, is Geraldine, good natured and maturely fascinating. There is some danger of women of her type growing coarsely sensual as they skip along toward the middle years, but I'm sure she is too wise a lady to do that. Lou Tellegen was nicely suited to the role of the pursuing Mateo, and Macy Harlam helped a lot. The Spanish sets are particularly atmospheric and there is much beauty in the backgrounds.

## THE COST-Paramount-Artcraft

VIOLET HEMING accomplishes her debut out a star in "The Cost," but that is conventionally picture does accomplish. A conventionally obvious story, there is little
to sustain interest through its five or more to sustain interest through its five or more, reels, thouch the direction of Harley Knoles'
and Clara Beranger's scenario probably nake the most of the material offered by David Graham Phiilips' story. The heroine marries the hero against the wishes of her father, though she has been warned he is a bad boy. He runs true to form and though she forgives him many of his lapses she pays the cost of her mistake and he of his excesses. When he dies, tangled up in the ticker tape of the market he has finally beaten, she is left free to marry a politician whose sterling honesty has elected him governor of the state. There are many pretty scenes, one in which Miss Heming is posed against the frame of an oil painting that is striking. Ralph Kellard is an effective young heavy, and a typically good Paramount-Artcraft cast includes Carlotta Monterey, the upstanding Edwin Arnold, Warburton Gamble and Edwin Mordant.

## DON'T EVER MARRY-Neilan-First National

YOU can't really blame the directors, even 1 the best of them, for reaching out for laughs. But they run the risk of doing injury to their reputations whenever they do it. Marshall Neilan's "Don't Ever Marry" is a farce comedy of the screen in which everything is sacrificed to a wild attempt to pile one extravagant situation upon another and thus extract the raucous chortle from the vacant mind. There is no reflection of the true stuff in this, no suggestion that the adventures are anything more than studiomade. A young man marries a girl despite the protests of her choleric parent and attempts to smuggle her out of town before papa explodes. He engages the bridal suite at a hotel, and then is forced, by the arrival of another bride, to declare the wrong woman to be his wife. The rest is a harum-



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## The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

scarum jumbling of complications that mean little io anyone concerned. Matt Moore and Marjorie Daw dashed hither and thither amusingly, Tom Guise was excellent as the irate pa and Christine Mayo made an attractive trouble breeder when needed to quicken the lagging spirit of the farce. Marion Fairfax fashioned the scenario from an Edgar Franklin story
THE LOVE EXPERT-First National WHAT is true of "Don't Ever Marry" Love Expert." with Constance Talmadge again the engaging star. This is another of the artificially propelled type of farce, never by any stretch of the imacination a plausible or even a possible series of complications but cleverly tricked out with Anita Loos titles and here and there brightened with a bit of comic acting by Miss Constance and the members of her troupe. The heroine in this instance, determined to marry a certain young man whom she finds engaged to a spinster and handicapped with a family of unmarried sisters he feels must be provided for before he can step off, proceeds to clear the matrimonial decks by finding suitors for most of the cast. The fun flows rather evenly for a reel or so, but after that it becomes clogged. I am not sure there is not a public for this sort of thing, particularly in the hinterland where the competition in pictures is not strong. But I am sure the making of such pictures will add nothing to the reputation of a director who usually can be depended upon to provide an hour's solid entertainment with any production to which he signs his name.

## THE PRINCE CHAP- <br> Paramount-Artcraft

THEY couldn't have se'ected a better vehicle for Tom Meighan's first stellar efforts than "The Prince Chap," from the popular old play. There will not be a more popular ma'e star in pictures when everyone has seen it. A simple story of the love-life of a wholesome, strapping American artist, it is ready-made for Mcighan, and he brings to it that complete sincerity that distinguishes him from the arrow-collar actors. If you like Meighan-you will go absolutely crazy about him in this. If you don't, hell convert you. His scenes with the youngest and intermediate "Claudias," the latter played by that most intelligent child actress, May Giraci, are scenes of sentiment that even hardened old mothers and fathers, and certainly bachelors of both sexes, will stay to see again. Kathlyn Williams is a perfect Princess Alice. Lila Lee as Claudia-grown-up is inclined to dumpiness: she should take exercise. William DeMille's directorial methods are those familiarly referred to as "sure-fire." Anyway, he's not "Cecil's Brother" any longer.

## A MAN THERE IVASRadiosoul Films

 Hump Vanishes - Pains Stop TRY IT AT MY RISK $\begin{gathered}\text { New. marvelous } \\ \text { wav } \\ \text { e } \\ \text { trent }\end{gathered}$ bunionir Stops painalmuse Instanky-bamianes the uxly hump and tired, awolle n, burniny cond-tion. You cnn weer amaller shoe wlth com-tort-Tent it nt my risk. First trial convincee: No apnaratia, no plante
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 The Home Correspondence School Dept. 95. Springfield, Mass.

## BUNIONS!

1NTRODUCLNG the Hobart Bosworth of H. Ince of lirectore Victor Seastron di rected and acted this sombre adaptation of Henrik Ihsen's poem. It is a splendid clrama of the sea. Unexcelled scenes in a stormy sea, a sustained and strong portrayal of a Viking by Mr. Seastrom: picturesque peasantry and a rugged rock-bound coast-it holds you for the hour-and a-half required for its rumning, and makes you want to see more of lbeen's poctry on the screen, more of Seastrom's acting, and more of the northern seas. It is so simple as to story and
continuity and cutting and acting that one wonders why some of our output, not nearly so mishty, should use up so much energy and emerge with so much ostentation

## DOWN ON THE FARM -Sennett-United Artists

GOOD old Teddy-most valiant and patient of canines! Who can count the dull comedies he has saved with one wag of his tail, the babies he has rescued. the damsels-in-distress he has diverted from death? Teddy, in this first long Sennett, comes close to stealing all five reels of it He is aided by Pepper, queen of cats; one mouse; Louise Fazenda-who is just as at tractive as any water-baby when the di rector will permit; Ben Turpin, and John Henry, Jr., the clown of infants, the burlesque of all babies. There is Maric Prevost, but unfortunately not so much of her as usual. Louise is the whole acting show. All the old tricks and no new ones are employed, so that there are many chuckles but few laughs. It starts off gloriously; you think that at last Mr. Sennett is going to show 'em. But he can't-or doesn't-keep it up. Our idea after sceing this is that Mack has a lot of stunts all nicely catalogued; his directors-for he is only a supervisor now-are permitted to select so many for each two-reeler, and so many more for this fise. There must be some good ones left, but we should like to see them.

## CHILDREN NOT WANTEDRepublic

THE villain, in this case, is the landlord who bars children and welcomes dogs. "Children Not Wanted" relates the story of a girl who finds her adopted chi'd an economic handicap. Those who heed the lesson may learn the relationship of rent and race suicide. The picture is plain, ordinary movie, plus propaganda. Edith Day, a musical comedy star, is a pleasant heroine-mild and sweet, but somehow rather convincing and sincere.
DANGEROUS TO MEN-Metro

A
PERT litte comedy with a pert little actress. A grown-up girl, adopted by professor, passes herself off as a iwelve-vear-old child, for some reason or other. You know the answer to all these guardian-and-ward plots. Viola Dana as Eliza "ramps" everyone in the cast. She has the soul of Valeska Suratt in the body of a child. While we hate to seem all moral and particular. some of the farce vamping didn't seem to fit into this type of picture. lou ought to be able to take the chi'dren and enjoy a story of this sort in peace and comfort. Milton Sills, as the guardian, has all the dignity and poise that Miss Dana lacks.

## THE MOTHER OF HIS CHILDREN -Fox

THE MOTIIFR OF HIS CHILDREN is announced as a "drama of high life in Paris." So this is Paris!

There is nothing very harmful and nothing vers Parisian about the picture. Cladys Brockwell, as an cmotional actress, is bound to have stories of this sort. Miss Brockwell is seen as an Orimtal princess in love with an American artist. who is married The wife obliging'y dies in time for the happy ending. The Oriental atmosphere in the picture reminds you of a fortune-tellers parlor and the Parision atmosphere reminds you of -well let us say the Fox studios.

# The Shadow Stage 

(Continued)

## THE BLOOD BARRIER-Blackton-Pathe

J.STUART BLACKTON produced this melodrama from a story by the late Cyrus Townsend Brady. It is all about a man who is so jealous of his wife that he commits suicide and allows her to think that the man she really loves did the dirty deed. And then there is a lot about foreign agents, who plot to learn important trade secrets, That's an after-the-war complication. They use to plot to obtain the diagrams of the harbor. The picture is rather unconvincing melodrama and the leading roles are played by Sylvia Breamer and Robert Gordon.

## BLACK SHADOWS-Fox

TWO innocent giris in the clutches of a crook. The crook hypnotizes one of them and forces her to steal glittering diamonds. Peggy Hyland, as the non-hypnotized member of the duct, exposes the crook and clears herself of the charge of being a confederate to the deed. The picture is peopled with crooks and society folk and it is neither good nor bad.

## THE HEART OF A CHILD-Metro

${ }^{T}$ T IS Nazimova who undertakes to show us the heart of a child. And it is this rainbow Russian actress who plays the role of Sally Snape, London street urchin, who dances her way from the gutter to an ancestral castle. There is a charm in Frank Danby's book that you do not catch in the picture, largely because the picture is put together in rather messy fashion. When all is said and done, Nazimova is Nazimova and not Mary Pickford. And Charles Bryant is Charles Bryant and not the youthful and ingenuous Lord Kidderminster.
DOLLARS AND THE WOMAN Vitagraph

THE complete visualization of the story which appeared in last month's Pнотоplay Magazine presents one of the finest domestic dramas the screen has known. It is so fine that anyone reviewing it for critical purposes is put entirely oif his guard, being swept along by the intimacies of it, the reality, the tragedy, and the finale of poignant happiness. A story like this one never grows old. It was made for Lubin some years ago with Ethel Clayton in the ro'e of Madge Hillyer. It was directed by the same man who conducted this later Vitagraph ver-sion-George Terwilliger. And here is a director! If Vitagraph knows what it's about, it will re-engage the services of Mr. A'bert Payson Terhune, who wrote the story in fiction form, or another writer like him; Mr. Terwilliger, Lucien Hubbard, who made the scenario; and this triangular cast: Alice Joyce, Robert Gordon, and Crauford Kentand issue a series of domestic dramas, with this first one as a standard. You know the story. Alice Joyce contributes a characterization which has never been bettered by any actress in screen annals. She is so good that you wonder why a sympathetic part like this has never drawn her out before. Her greatest charm, that inimitable reserve, is broken down a bit here. This is a new Alice Joyce. Robert Gordon, after his disappointing parts in Blackton pictures, scores strongly here in a part fu'l of opportunity; he is one of the best of our younger serious actors. Crau*ord Kent is the third angle of the triangle; if any other actor could have played the part better, we'd like to know about him.
(Continued on page 116)


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## Human Stuff

(Continued from page 55)
greeted Romero, the overseer, who stood on the porch with his sister Boca. In their exchange of greetings one could read the relations between the members of the triothe dominance of the big Bull Elkins, the servility of the Mexican. Romero, and the obvious ownership of the weak and sensuous Воса.
"Well, Romero, our plans have come through-the old man wants to sell this ranch.'
Romero smiled his satisfaction.
"And of course we are still fifty-fifty?" There was a hard look with the half-query, half-command.
"Of course."
The party moved into the ranch house for a drink.
Driving a buckboard, with his baggage aboard, Jim Pierce entered the ranch yard gatc. Romero and Elkins, coming out at Boca's call, greeted the visitor.
"I'm the new owner of the Twin Hills ranch," Jim explained.

Elkins interrupted with a snort.
"I hold an option on this here ranch and I intend to buy it."

Bull Elkins and Jim exchanged the looks that spell trouble.
"Here's the bill of sale ; I've got it." And that from Jim closed the argument.
Elkins looked at Romero and nodded with a meaning that their deal was off and the scheme to get the ranch for little or nothing foiled. He also looked his hate for Jim, the instrument of their disappointment.

While Jim's effects were being unloaded and taken into the ranch house, Bull and Romero went into conference out in the yard.
"This tenderfoot won't last long, Romero. You stick to your job, and I'll see you in the morning."
In the ranch house Boca with her wiles was trying to make herself pleasant to Jim, who either ignored or did not understand the Mexican girl's advances.
Out alone on horseback, Jim made an inspection of his newly acquired property. Pulling up on a hill top, he swept the rolling acres with an cager eye. From his pocket he drew a flask, started to drink and stopped. As he looked over the big open landscape in the clean sweep of the wind he drew a deep breath and then-with a decision made-threw the flask away. He had put that, like the city, behind him.

BACK at the ranch house Jim called the men together to make an announcement, announcement of which he probably had not measured the meaning and daring, out there in that cattle country.
"As a cattle ranch this place has failed," Jim said, looking rapidly from one to another of the rancla hands. "Ind I intend to develop it along other lines. From now on this ranch will be devoted to sheep raising."
If Jim had tossed a stick of dynamite amone them there would not have been so much consternation among the cowmen. Romero jumped to his fect, his eyes athame with insult and hate.
"Please, senor, Romero knows cattle-I will not he foremian of a sheep ranch."
"sll rieht, if you feel that way," Jim replied quietly.
Romero lift with a tlourish of hravado. followed by mozt of the ranch hands. Two remained to cast their lots with the new owner and his experiment in sheep raising. The departine rambmen, under the leadership of Romern, reponted promptly to Bull Fikins at the Circle $\mathbb{X}$ Ifi- decivion was immediate.
"Every man of you ride to a difíerent ranch and tell them this tenderfoot is going to turn the Twin Hills into a sheep ranch."
Boca, too, took her departure from the Twin Hills, with the declaration that she would not remain "to wait on sheep herders."
The cattlemen rallied at a mecting at Sago and Jim rode there to have it out and understood with them, once and for all. Elkin= and Romero were there to "bah-bahsheep" at him and incite the anger of the cowmen. Undaunted. Jim went into the hall, faced the cowmen and made hispeech.
"As owner of Twin Hills, I feel justitied in using it to the best advantage and after studying it I have decided it is to be a sheep ranch. I thank you for your attention.'
Jim bowed, turned and walked out. As he passed through the door a shot reverberated in the hall and a bullet spatted into the door-jamb.

Jim wheeled and saw Elkins trying to conceal a smoking gun.
"I have your challenge, Elkins-and a man's back is generally considered a pretty big target."
Jim turned again and went quietly out. His fight had been won.

THE success of the Twin Hills at sheep raising vindicated Jim's decision in a few months. The rundown ranch began to assume an air of prosperity and cheer, with plenty of paint, a clean lawn and all in neatness.
Jim sat in the late afternoon light on his verandah, scanning a magazine idly and patting an affectionate sheep dog with its head on his knees. The magazine's pictures engaged his attention as he thumbed over the pages. Then he came to one that both interested and annoyed, a love scene from a play, in the evening dress of "the folks back home."
"Shep!" The dog was up at attention. "You and the boys are pals to me. but this ranch needs something more-somebody else."
Shep wagged his tail in assent and sat down again to survey the landscape.

AMONG the "folks back home" Destiny. was at work upon an unerpected development in affairs way out there at the Twin Hills ranch.

A garden party was in progress at the Pierce home, with Mary and Lee Tyndal at a table together, chatting of the nothings of the day: Lee sighed as the conversation lagged into a lull, and looked off away from the table with a manner that to'd her companions her thoughts were mileand miles away:
"Why so pensise. little one?" The girl= were in a teasing mood. "Who is he?"
"Nobody!" Lece snapped back at them "But you can tease all you want to: I'd rather go ranching or farming than keep up this interminable teaching. teaching. teaching, (rying to hammer a little languase into the heads of my mupils
Mary laughed out with a bantering sue gestion.
"Let's write Jin. He will be able to help you locate
And so the letter went off
It that minute "Olkl Whashboard" Pierce sit in his study reading the latest letter from Jim.
"-Is I have written before, the ranch is a success. hut I'm lonesome Have made up my mind to marry. I

## Human Stuff

## (Continued)

don't know whom. I'll leave that to you. Select a girl, and make the circumstances plain to her, a business proposition and matrimony. I will drive in to Sago June 20 for reply, either by letter or the lady in person.

## Your devoted son

"James Pierce, Jr."

AND so it came that on the twentieth of June, Jim drove up to the depot al Sago, mildly expectant. And it happened that just that morning Romero called for the mail for the Circle X. All of which gave the deviltry of fate, through the instrumentality of the postmaster, a chance to mix things up considerably. As Romero started out, the postmaster called to him:
"Say, there's some mail here for the Twin Hills. Will you take it out to them?

Romero, with a crafty look in his eyes, agreed. Safely out of sight, he opened the mail for the Twin Hills and discovered the letter from Mary telling of the coming of Lee Tyndal, and her quest for a ranch. He rode away home to the Circle X , thinking out a scheme as he rode
When Jim went to the postoffice he found a card on the door. "Gone to dinner-back at 2 P. M." Then the whistle of an approaching train drew him back to the station.
Jim rubbed his eyes with amazement as he saw a girl, unmistakably Lee Tyndal, alight from the train with an array of bags. His head awhirl with questions, he stepped out to meet her.
"I never thought you would be the one to come out here, Lee."
"Neither did I." She smiled. "But business is business."
Jim looked at her sidewise and murmured to himelf in his amazement at her apparent calm acceptance of what he admitted to himself was a curious situation.

Jim led Lee to his buckboard and together they drove off through the hills toward the Twin Hills ranch.

At the Circle $\mathbf{X}$, a peculiar tete-a-tete was in progress. With a jug of vino between them, Boca and Bull Elkins sat at the table.
"My brother Romero ask me when you and I marry, Bull-why you don't marry me like you promise?"
"Wait till we get this infernal sheep herder out and get the Twin Hills ranch." Bull was conciliatory even though refusing. Romero rode into the yard and shortly he and Elkins had their heads together over the intercepted letter to Jim Pierce. When Boca joined the group Elkins handed the letter over to her. When she had finished he drew Boca and Romero close to him and unfo!ded a plan aimed at the undoing of Jim. It was the kind of a game that Boca liked to play. She hurried away.

WHEN Jim and Lee arrived at the Twin Hills and entered Jim was astonished to see Boca reclining on a couch, leisurely smoking a cigarette. She affected a well studied air of belonging there

Jim looked at Lee and Lee looked at Jim His violent embarrassment was swiftly misunderstood.
"I hope I am not intruding." Lee's voice w:s frigid. "Your little friend is very attractive."
"Er-yes-I mean no!" Jim was stumbling over himself in a confusion that did not improve the situation.
Boca chose this moment to step out of the room and Jim Pierce was left alone with Lee Tyndal whom he now knew was


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## Human Stuff

(Continued)
the one girl who really counted But she was back in an instant as Jim started to show Lee to a room.
"I will show the lady." Boca spoke with a quiet assurance, taking charge of the situation before Jim could utter a word of protest in his perplexed state. He yietded and walked out on the porch. He wanted air, quick, to think.
Boca turned swifly to Lee, with a well assumed injured, wistful air, speaking in her softest Mexican accent.

## so you have come-to take my place-

no Lee looked at the Mexican girl, wonder-
ingly.
Out in the yard Jim was questioning the men as to why Boca was there. They knew no more than he.
Boca played her part well.
"You can no fool Boca-Senor Jim tell me you have come to be his woman."
Lee drew back, overwhelmed and indignant.
" $\mathrm{Ir}_{\mathrm{r}}$. Pierce has lied to you. I came here expecting his assistance in locating a homestead." Boca 's face lightened and she hastened to seize this little advantage.
"Please, if you come for ranch-my brother has nice place he will show you."
"Where does your brother live?"
Boca was voluble in reply, with many details and an ardently glowing description of the place that Romero had to show. Sbe concluded with a plea. "You will not tell Senor Jim of this? He will burt poor Boca."
Jim and Lee met in the living room, entering at the same moment.
"Come, I will show you the place."
"Thank you-Mr. Pierce-I will look over the place alone."
Jim drew back frozen with her glance and Lee swept out. With Lee gone, Jim turned on Boca.
"What are you doing here?
"It is because I want you-for-for me." A stormy scene followed with Boca pleading a suddenly born infatuation, begging for considcration, begqing that Lee be sent away, begging, begging, crying. Jim fled to the porch to escape her evident hysteria. As he went out she grinned at his back.
Lee was briskly on her way to the Circle
following Boca's wordy directions in their recent conversation. Bull Elkins and Romero saw the young woman approach and exchanged glances of understanding as Elkins stepped into the yard to greet her. "I want to see Miss Boca's brother." Elkins smiled with as much politeness and cordiality as he could muster and, turning toward the house, called Romero.
Romero was glad indeed to show the place the laty wished to see-it was indeed a great bargain. he assured her.
Lee and Romero drove off into the hills beyond the Circle X. Craftity eycing them, Bull Elkins waited a while, then mounted a horse and followed.
At his cahin in the liill Romero with rare Mexican grace showed Lee ahout the place,
then led into the house. Lee was occupied then led into the house. Lee was occupied with the arrangenvent of the interior. A
lock snapped and she whecled about to see lock shapped and he whecled about to
Romero turning the key in the door.
"Why do you do that? What are you locking the door for?
A cruclly crafty smile spread over the Mexiran's face ac he leeret at l.ee. "It inot for ranch I bring ynu here-it is for me." L ,er :luricket as Romero sprang at her.

BACK at the Twin Hills ranch Jim Pierce passed and Lee did not appear. Determined to make a quest, he slapped on a hat and started away from the house. Boca ran pleading after him. In dissust and alarm he threw her from him, this time with no gesture of patience. In a ilash she became a raginy fury. She picked herself up and glared at him.
"Your sweetheart will pay-even now she is with my brother Romero.
With a swift motion, Jim seized the Mexican girl and tightened his hands on her throat. "Where? Where? Tell me or I"l choke you to death."
"At his cabin," Boca gasped.
Running for his horse at top speed, Jim mounted and galloped away, praying that he might not be too late.
Bull Elkins, riding trail on Romero, came upon the Mexican's cabin while the struggle with Lee was yet in progress. He dashed in, crashed through the door and sent Romero spinning, a bullet througb him.
Then he turned to Lee, who sat, tied to a chair by her tormenting captor. Elkin: manner was the depth of apology and alarm.
"I am very sorry, Miss, that you have been treated this way.
Romero was in light and Elkins still talking when Jim Pierce rode up, his horse a-foam with the terrific pace.
With little to say between them, both dazed by the day' developments, neither understanding the other, Jim and Lee returned to the Twin Hills ranch house. There she spent a sleepless tosing night, her bewildered hate for Jim growing hourly as she pondered on the story told ber by Boca. When morning came she emerged from her room to find Jim waiting and the breakfast table laid for two.
"I prefer to breakfast on the train-Mr. Pierce."
She was ready and determined. Jim did not even try to discuss anything.
"Hook up the team, boys, and load her trunks.
They reached Sago station in the nick of time to catch the train. Lee bustled aboard and Jim was hurrying the men with the trunks when the station arent ran up excitedly and engazed Jin's attention.
"There's a shipment here for you-been here three days waiting-and I wish youd get it out of here quick; I'm tired of feeding 'em.'
Jim's dunfounded gaze followed the sweep of the station arent's hand and took in a crate containing a mother collie and a bitter of pups.
"An' here's a letter that cone with 'em." The agent pushed the note into Jinu's band. Jim read it in feverish haste.
"My dear son:-What you need is a companion, not a wife. A dog is affectionate. obedient and reliable, :taunch in its friendship, uncritical and loving. Be kind to her and her offepring.
"Your devoted father, "Jamies Pierce."
A great light began to break for Jim. The train was pulling out. He swung onto the hand rail and jumped aboard. At this noment (wn of his faithful sheep-herders rode up pel-mell. With Western swiftnew and decivion, on an crrand that could brook no delays. they spurred up alhead and with a Alying leap one of the men reatled the engine cal, covering the engineer with his guns and orderine the train stopped.
In a thash the other was aboard and running back through the coaches, secking Jim

## Human Stuff

(Concluded)
Pierce. Meanwhile Jim was clutching at Lee*s seat, as she sat with face averted. "Did my dad send you out here? Tell me that much!"
"No, certainly not-Mr. Pierce."
"Why did you come?"
"Perhaps your sister's letter did not explain!"
"My sister's letter-?" Jim was befuddied entirely.
His sheep-herder burst into the car waving a bit of paper, shouting:
"Boca send this! Boca send this!"
Jim seized the paper and read it to Lee.
"Dear Girl from City:-
"I am sending letter Senor Pierce never got. I told you lies. Forgive me. The reason is in my brother's grave.
"Boca."
Then Jim read Mary's letter about Lee's quest for a homestead. The situation was clearing rapidly.
"Well, Lee, my ranch is not exactly the kind of a place you had in mind perhapsbut maybe it would do!"
And so it came that the afternoon sun smiled down on the return journey of the Twin Hills buckboard, with the collie and her family in the crate behind and Lee and Jim sitting very close together on the front seat.

## Playtime Clothes

(Continued from page 49)
outlined with the wool embroidery, that was also used to complete the short sleeves. The narrow belt was also finished with the embroidery. This frock cost $\$ 80$ in the shop I am talking about, but if you have nimble fingers you can reproduce it at home for s8. And the coarse wool embroidery that is used so much this summer is easy to do and goes very quickly.
Gingham hats, soft, wide-brimmed affairs, are being made to match the wash dresses. Sometimes they are entirely of gingham, while others have a big pert bow of white organdie. You can be sure of being in style, however, if you make your hat to match any of your wash frocks.
If you have to spend the summer in town you needn't forego the pleasure of wash oiresses. We started wearing them on the street during the busy days of the war, and it is one of the wartime styles we are continuing. The sensible girl can dress quite as coolly and prettily for her office as the girl who spends the summer in play.
When there comes a rainy day in town there are stunning new coats of white rubber and little patent leather hats to wear with them, or if you like taffeta better, there are rubberized checked taffeta coats that are just the thing for rainy weather. You will also find that a leather coat is quite as much protection when it rains in town as it is for wear in the country. And for tramping on had days, there have been some new suits devised-but I shan't tell you about them until next month.

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[^5]A
ITA STEWIRT is the double batreted star of this picture of intrizue, gambling, stealing nary plans and everythins else wicked you could think of getting together in 6000 fect of film. When she wears a b'onde wig and a leer, she is that unscrupulous lady for whom the picture is named, with a heart cold like a diamond and a glittering personality: When the doesn't wear a wig, she is our good little heroine who does valuable work for the secret service. The two are sisters. There is nothing appealing about this picture. though the star's acting is exceltent. The picture is founded on a Harold McGrath serial in the Saturday Eicning Post-and the incidents intended to thrill are ton stercotyped to do their duty. Technically the picture is good. Edward Jose directed. The settings are gorgeous Mis Stewart should not waste her charms on such melodrama.

## PASSIOANS PLAYGROUND -

## First Natmol

THE tit'e is an a'ias for li'I old Monte Carlo. It is the most passionste thins about the pieture The usual band of shirpers pursue the leroine, a convent-brul Finslish girl who knows nothing of Iife, yet manages in hreak the bank all ribht. As usual, an Italian mohleman falls in love wi h her-hut to make the story different, he i . not a foke prince, and he dose not have is marry her to retrieve fomily fortunes. Th bis punth comes in one of these scenes. so (Contimued on page 120)

But Henry's role of hero was short lived. He had not counted on two things-one that the owner of the trousers and the oil station would trace him to his home and demand his property, the other that Mrs. Hammond had driven the car home with her and would send Mr. Hammond over with it before break fast.
"But Henry," Evelyn dissolved into big, round tears after the departure of the oil station gentleman and Mr. Hammond, in the custom of young wives who have caught their husbands deviating from the path of truth for the first time, "but Henry-you told me-Oh Henry, how am I ever to believe you again? I don't want you to have anything to do with that Hammond woman again."
"Yes darling, yes darling," soothed Henry contritely, magnificently knowledging h i s fault-the first fault that had ever come to mar Evelyn's perfect faith in him -"I told you a bad, wi cked naughty lie. I will never, never, do it again." And Henry meant it

EVELYN had time to think things over while Henry was at work that day. Perhaps she had been a little bit harsh on the poor boy. If she was to be a fitting wife to Henry, if she was to see him through, to land them properly in this fashionable set, it was time she dropped some of her small town notions.

When Bruce Grey came whizzing up the drive that afternoon, and asked her to go for a drive with him, she went-for Henry's sake. They had a very pleasant time, returning in time for Evelyn to meet Henry at the 6:04. She did not say anything to Henry about the ride. He might not understand.

After that Grey called to take her driving several times-and once, when some friends from the city were out for the day, he invited her over to his home.
"I want you to meet her. She's the sort of girl that shows you photographs of all her friends and relatives. Nice kid," he had said to his friends

At Grey's house, she had learned that it was fashionable to have decanters of things to drink sitting about. Grey gave her a bottle of Scotch to take home, and though it had been a rule in the Baxter Street flat never, never, never to have a drop of liquor about the house, she very reluctantly emptied the whiskey into the decanter that had been given her for a wedding gift and then hid it away in the bottom of the unused cellarette.

Henry, coming home carlicr than expected one Saturday afternoon, loaded down with packages, found Grey in conversation with Evelyn on the lawn. For the first time in their married life he became suspicious. She had not been acting like herself recently. This "fashionable stuff" was getting on Henry's nerves. Where were the good old times when they had been content to spend their evenings at home getting their own dinners and then doing up the dishes afterwards? Gone, alas, gone. There was something mysterious about the place. He did not like it. But like a dutiful husband, he greeted Grey as cordially as he could
under the circumstances, and went on into the house. Soon after, the millionaire bachelor was on his way.

Evelyn's conscience had begun to disturb her about Grey. So far he had been perfectly proper and impersonal-almost too impersonal to satisfy that wayward vanity that is implanted in every feminine heart, and is the undoing of so many. But was she being exactly fair to Henry by accepting Grey's ricles during the hours white Henry was toiling in the city?

She had planned a little surprise for Henry as a sort of sop to her conscience for that

## Let's Be Fashionable

NARRATED, by permission, from Thomas H. Ince for Paramount-Artcraft from the original script by Mildred Considine. Scenario by Luther Reed. Directed by Lloyd Ingraham with the following cast:
Henry Langdon. . Douglas Mac Lean Evelyn Langdon.

Doris May Elsie Hammond. . . . . . Grace Morse Bruce Grey. . . . . . . . George Webb Mrs. Trude...... Molly McConnell Belly Turner...... Maric Johnson very afternoon. Why, oll why, had he come home on
an earlier train? She had planned just how she was going to tell Henry all about her little surprise as they drove home from the station in the car; now she wou'd have to think up a new way to approach the matter, and Henry probably would not be very agrecable about it, now that he had come home to find an idling young bachelor about the place.
"Henry, Henry dear"-Evelyn called as she entered the door. Henry did not answer. Evelyn passed through the living room toward the stairs, and from the tail end of her eye saw Henry in the dining room.
"Henry, darling," she said with sprightliness, coming toward him, "you'll never guess what I've done for you this afternoon."
"Promised this man Grey that we'll go riding with him or some such bosh, I suppose," grunted Henry
"No!" Evelyn threw her arms about her husband's neck, and held up her lips for the accustomed kiss. "No Henry. I've made an engagement for you to play golf this afternoon at the country club with Betty Turner. You know what a crack she is and she told me that she d just love to play golf with you some afternoon. She's coming over after while and you're to take her out in the car. Aren't you pleased?'

Henry took this information as any independent, thinking, red blooded young man would. Betty Turner, as he recalled it, was the plainest and least interesting of the young women he had met at the country club dance.

Evelyn, you and I have got on pretty well up till now." Henry's tones were cool. "In perfectly willing to make a fool of myself over you when it's convenient for me to do so-but I draw the line at making a fool of myself over your friends-especially your plain friends. I prefer to make my own engagements for myself."
"But Henry-I told her you'd go." wept Evelyn.
"God!" snorted Henry, "This is enough to drive a man to drink."

With that Henry flung open the door wo the cellarette, and spied the decanter of hidden Scotch.
"Evelyn"-her husband's face set itself in desperate lines-"I dont know where this came from-some more of your worthless 'fashionability', I suppose, but I'm going to drink it all."

Henry went into the next room. But when the door was closed with a tearful



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Let's Be Fashionable

## (Continued)

Evelyn on the other side he found that h: desire to drink extended to less than half 1 glass.

B
I' the time Betty Turncr arrived, the D storm had swept away, and both Evelyn and Henry were feeling more friendly toward each other. Evelyn had even begeed to be permitted to telephone to Betty and call ofi the date-but Henry was an adamant martyr.

Any idea of martyrdom entirely disappeared from Henry's mind, however, when Betty appeared on the scene. There are some gir.: who are just made for sport. clothes, and Betty was one. From the plair. girl of the evening dress, she had blossomer forth into a person of unusual attractivencin sweater and broad-brimmed hat.
Evelyn was not so sure she had don just the right thing in making this appoint ment for Henry, after all, when she watched them down the steps, and overheard her husband, before they were out of earshot. remark: "By Jove, Miss Turner, you're looking pretty today
But she did not have to eat her heart out in jealousy all by herself for long. In the course of the earlier conversation with Bruce Grey she had let fall the hint that her husband was to be very busy all the afternoon-and Gres: as she had anticipated. returned to offer his services as a merry maker
"Where would you like to go ${ }^{2}$ " he asked
"Let's so to the links and see who"s play: ing," nonchalantly:

But they might better-for Evelyn: peace of mind that afternoon-have gone elsewhere. On arriving, Evelyn learned by indirect questioning that neither Henry r.or Betty Turner had been seen about the course. In tact, Henry and his wife-chosen partner did not show up all afternoon.
Grey invited Evelen to dine with him, and she accepted. They sat on the verand. for a long time after dinner-but still no Henry or Betty Turner put in appearance. "Come, let's go for a spin," Grey re marked suddenly, rising. "All right," assented Eve'sn gaily. She felt that she could not remain still another moment, that she would scream it Henry did not come
Bruce Grey chose the least traveled of all the roads that lead from the Country Club to his home. The little kitten wa: perilously near losing her mittens
In a particularly secluded spot in the roatl. he stopped his car, turned about. and placed liis arms deliberately about Evelyn': shoulders.
"You dear little girl," he whispered to her. "You don"t know how l've wanted to kiss you all these days-I'm going to his you now
But in Bruce Greves well haid pans there was one factor he had not counted onthat Baxter street conscience. Now it blazed up sudemly in Feven Langdon and sha turned on him.
"Vou wouldn't dare!" she snapped. "You are going to take me home at once."
"Oh. the kitten has claws." said Cirey tauntingly: "But remember, my dear, that in the world voung women cannot plas with fire and hot be burned
Ho started the encine withont murnur
Grev left her at the little homse with a curt "Good nicht" and sped away Evelon let herself in to :a dark. Henry-less hun galow. and dropped on the couch for a good. hard cry: But why should she cry; she argued with herself. Were they not living in Elmhurst-by the-W:ay? W゚om't Henrys husines successful? Wiere they not mem. hers of an exclusive country club) Wern

Let's Be Fashionable
(Concluded)
they not on the way to being very fashionable?
But it was some time before she could check the tears. And as Henry's absence continued into the wee small hours, Exelyn's grievance changed to anger. It did not even occur to her to be frightened for his safety.

SUDDENLY she longed for the dear security of Baxter Street-Baxter Street with its drab little homes, with its husbands and wires who loved each other and never paid any attention to any one else-unfashionable Baxter Street.
By the time light broke in the East, Evelyn had packed her suitcase and written a note to Henry, telling him she had gone away because she could not bear to think of the lies he would tell her. Then she went to the station to wait for a train, preferring to sit in the cold, unfriendly depot than in the litt'e home that now had become abhorrent to her.
It was at least an hour after Evelyn slipped out of her home, that IIenry-miserable, cold, bedraggled Henry-slipped in the door.
And who would not have been limp after a night stranded on an island in the river, with not even a match with which to light a bonfire, accompanied only by a silly girl who could see nothing in the situation except the threatened loss of reputation for herself that might arise from it? Couldn't she sce that it wasn't his faultthat there was danger of disastrous consequences for him, as well as for herself?
It was perfectly simple to explain. Instead of going to the golf links, Henry and Miss Turner had gone canoeing over to the island in the lake. She had fetched a book along and for a white in the early afternoon they had sat under a tree and read aloud to each other.
When they decided to paddle back, they discovered that their canoe had drifted away, and they were unable to attract the attention of any one across the lake. In the early morning, the perverse crait chiited back again.

But who was going to believe it? Who Was going to berieve it? Would Evelyn? "Evelyn! Evelyn!" called Henry. At least if she saw him in that condition she might feel compassion! But no answer came. As the silence became oppressive he ran upstairs.
Evelyn's bed was untouched. Henry found her note on the counterpane.
"I'm tired of trying to be fashionable, and of being nice to people I don't care for, and living beyond our means," it read. "I've gone back to Baster Street for a little rest. I didn't wait for you to come nome, because I couldn't stand to hear your lies. Don't try to hunt me up-I'lt let you know when I want to sce you."

## "Evelyn."

"Don't try to hunt her up?" Henry gritted his teeth. "Huh! Fat chance she has of getting away from me."
In a moment the Langdon flivver was kicking up the pebbles on the road to the station.

The station master and the merchants who were down at the station looking after carly morning shipments of supplies were astonished to see Henry Langdon bolt out of his car and onto the tail end of the train to the city, which was just pulling out of the station.
"These young married folks is funny;" remarked the postmaster. "Reckon perhaps she was going back to mama-been sitting in the station for nigh onto two hours. But he'll bring her back."

And of course he did-they left the train at the next station, and were home in Elmhurst-by-the-Way in half an hour.
The little Langdon flivver drove them quietly and sedately, as if it was a car that had suffered, and lived, and had taken on new dignity, down the main street to their bungalow.
"Oh Henry", Eve'yn perched herself on the arm of Henry's chair, and laid her head tenderly against his precious hair. "Henry, let's not try to be fashionable any more. Let's on'y be happy

"Henry, let's not try to be fashionable any more. Let's only be happy."


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## GIFTS'THAT LAST

GCONTH OF DAWUS
June is here, season of brides and happi-ness-of wedding gitts. Let your giti be jewelry, bright as a bride's dreams, symbolizing in eternal radiance, happiness that endures. Season, too, of graduation when in the lives of boys and girls new vistas dawn. Wish them joy of the future with gilis as lasting as your love.
Authertabib, Nath nal Ioweler, Pulluity Aunctation

[^6]much the rogue, in which the heroine takes the blame for past deeds committed by another woman. The other woman has been shown working on tiny dresses and things and there is its future to think of-not the heroine"s, of course. But the picture ends as you want it-after several near murders. Katherine MacDonald looks very pretty and corn-fed as the star. There wild be those who like it, and those who don't. It is founded on "The Guests of Hercu'es" by C. N. and A. M. Williamson. As some one said-"It's just a picture.'

## THE SACRED FLAMESchomer Ross

$\mathrm{O}^{\mathrm{R}}$2-"All for the soul of a school teacher who saved $\$ 6,650.75$ !" Could such a thing be in this day of underfed college professors? There were two men in the life of this school teacher ably and maturely portrayed by Emily Stevens-one to whom she loaned the $\$ 6,650.75$ to help him get on his feet in the law business, the o her whom she married when the former bit the hand that handed him the money. There was an honest attempt to make something worth while in this picture. At least it is different.

## ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE-Metro

L
OOK out for Jimmy V'alentine. He's worth secing. Only it's hard to belicve -yes, well side with the matinee ladiesthat such a good looking young man could have been such a criminal. Bert Leytell is the reforming hero who will set all the femi nine hearts to palpitating and ditto tongues to wagging during and after the performance He looks like he had a deep soul. Jimmy Calentine in pictures ought to be as popular as Jimmy Valentine on the stage.

## MISS NOBODY-National

EERYBODI'S child is nobody's childso poor Bilic Rhodes has a cruel time of it among the outlaws on Devil's 1sland: where she drifts on a raft when a baby. When Billic grows up, the outlaw chief decides to have her for himself-but she slips away in a row boat just in time to be rescu d by a rich hero in a hydroairplane. The villains are not all that is bad about the pic ture-so are the subtitles, so is Billie when she cries close to the lens. (Oh, why do they let them do it?) Otherwise she is cute The story is compeling, even though tho production lacks finesse. It would not do for children's matinees.

## THE VEILED MARRIAGEHallmark

TIIE: hero was intoxicated, and the hernine tomporarily blind when this veiled mar riage took pace. He didn't know what he was doing, and she thought she was saying "I will" to another man. It was all a plot of the vil'ain to get the hero's fiancere for himself. That is some situation for sou. I gucse! All you need now to make the plot consistent is to have the girl, after her eve bandages are removed, go to work in her hu-band's office, both unsuspecting of course. and lave them fall in lowe. The scenario writer takes care of that Anna Lechr and Rahph Kel'ard are as cood as such a story will let thens loe They are not un-pictorial Thoe picture is just so so.

## KING SPRUCE—Hodkinson

SPRCCE might have been king in the Woods where this lumbering picture was taken, but Mitchell Lewis was bo:s. He proved it by thrashing everybody in sight that nceded thrashing-which was pretty good for a man who up to that time had been a school teacher. But all the fights fail to furni-h the big dramatic punch necessary to such a picture. Some of the best scenes are those showing the processes of lumbering. The subtitle brands our hero as a "coleze man." He would look more like one if he trimmed his hair before calling on Mignon Anderson, as the young lady of his heart. It misht have been a bir picture-but it isn't.

## THE MIRACLE OF MONEY-Pathe

THIS picture forces home the bitter truth that the time to have money is the time when most people don't have it-when they're young. The old maid sisters are left a fortune. They go in search of their youth, but clothes and everything like that don't make up for the years that are lost. Any man will tell you that what this production really needs in it is a pretty younc girl. It is a Hobart Hen'ey production. Mr. Henley's detail is gond, but the ending is so conventional, as to be disappointing. Bess Gearhard Morrison and Margaret Sneddon play the old sisters, and play them with nice quaintness.

## THE GIFT SUPREME-Republic

THE scenario writers have been eating raw meat again. If you are a little tired of sleek, nice-mannered and welldressed socicty plays, go to see "The Gift Supreme" and learn that life still runs wild in some places. A story of the underworld, it tells of the efforts of a fighting young man to down the seven devils of a corrupt city. Bernard Durning, a likeable personality. whirls through the action. Seena Owen. who reminds us of Grieg's music, is his leading woman. As for the rest of the cast, how is this for a capable combination: Lon Chaney, Tully Marshall, Melbourne MacDowell and Eusenie Besserer?

## W'OULD YOU FORGIVE? - Fox

WHEN in doubt, give "om a problem play about the good old reliable double standard. The title hints it all. I husband with a past. A wife whose innocent actions are misunderstood. The husband races but. learning of the lady"s true nobleness, subsides and promises to be a gond boy. It is a fairly interesting and fairly dramatic picture. This picture promotes Vivian Rich to stardom. In this case stardom means tears, emotion and heary acting. Tom Chatterton is her leading man.

## LIFTING SHADOUVS - Pathe

EEWMV WVEHLIK is completely sur-- rounded by bolshevism and melodrama. In a frantic and foolish story, you find yourself admiting her gowns. She is about as dramatic as a Strauss waltz. And as beautiful. Leonce Perret's picture is all about al lovely Russian refugec who marries a drunken author, is accused of his murder, is hounded be the bolsheriki, falls in lowe with her lawyer and, in Eeneral, leads an exciting life In spite of all that, you are genuinely interested in her cowns. The pic ture is gatulily produced. Stuart Holmes and (Concluded on page 8:3)

# Making Over Martha 

(Continued from page 29)

"Come to!" And in the morning-
"Well," says Martha herself, "when I'd get down to the studio, only half-awake and dead tired, I'd feel like reviving the old joke of the beautiful chorus-girls who are the toast of the town by night: 'You should see us in the morning!'"

She has perhaps posed for more photographs than any other girl in the world. She has a thousand camera faces. She can be the ingenue-the veritable, creditable ingenue. She has posed as a vampire of various guises. She is mirrored as the oldworld young lady, as the intensely modern fenme of Fifth Avenue. But the camera has never caught-either the still or motion camera-the velvety sapphire eyes with their curious droopy lids, the clean-cut little nose, the firm yet pouting mouth. Very trig and compact is Martha; or, to quote Gilbert, "a bright little tight little craft." A beauty with an ambition; a marionette with a sense of humor; a show-girl with a real smile.

She has the uncanny perspertive on things theatrical, the freedon from pose, the quick wit and appreciation of good things that seem to come to girls who spend their hours in the theater, displaying their pulchritudes in Lucille gowns, the whi'e their bright eyes are incessantly roaming the gudiences, their minds unconsciously absorbing the many types, their wits continually sharpening to satire as their critical sense is offended. Martha Mansfield is a show-girl ne plus ultra-in the most flattering sense of the term. Beauty means so little to her that she would sacrifice it without a murmur to don the habiliments of humble drama. She has done it, in fact. But in "Civilian Clothes," her latest and largest picture, she plays the role which Olive Tell created in the legitimate, opposite Thomas Meighan, who has Thurston Hall's original part. And she is neither the ingenue nor the tragic Little Eva, but a worldly young woman with brains. Martha, be it said to her credit, can play a part like this very naturally.
This girl who some people say looks like a beautiful tiger, with her tawny hair and subtle eyes, began life as Martha Ehrlich, and she has always been boosted for her beauty. She took her stage name from her home town, Mansfield, Ohio, She was chosen for Charles Dillingham's shows because she was beautiful. She was Max Linder's leading woman in his Essanay comedies because she was beautiful. She played the part of "The Spoiled Girl" in the James Montgomery Flagg film series of "Girls you Krow," because J. M. F. personally picked her-for her beauty. But in all this ume few people gave her credit for having anything but beauty; anvthing but a vacuum in that well-poised heal of hers.
She's given up the Follies for good. To anyone who has been a Mlanhattan favorite, that means something. She is spending all her working time in the studios. She will continue to do so until, someday, an enterprising theadrical producer comes along and gives her the right kind of part in the right kind of Broadway play. She wants more than anything to be a speaking actress.
She says she's an "easy-go-lucky" sort of person; that she was really scared to death to play with John Barrymore, but finally found that he is not at all formidable exrept in his Mr. Hyde make-up; that she hopes someday to pose for enough pictures to last for a few months and then take a rest so far away from a photographer's studio that the prying eye of the camera never will find her; and that several years ago she had the ingenue role in the A. H. Wonds failure from which was adapted that screen success, "On With the Dance."


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PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM
Reatores Color and
Benutr to Gray and Faded Hnir.
to sit in an aisle seat and look at the screen and see the actors-dear folk!-trying to give every ounce of acting they have in them and ten ounces more. Because the actor-honest soul-is paid fifty thousand dollars a year, or twenty thousand, he or she feels duty bound to put sixty thousand or thirty thousand dollars worth of acting into each film. And that sort of whole souled, going-every-minute acting spoils most novels that are screened.

Because motion pictures are not drama at all-they are motion pictures. Even the speaking drama is not all rip-snort acting: not the drama that keeps on the boards week after week. Far more is this true of motion pictures.

If a scenario writer wants to compose a picture drama, meaning it to be "acted," with a star in the star part, and so on, it. may possibly work out and onto the screen in a satisfactory manner, but a novel cannot be successfully done in that way.

Motion pictures are, first, last and all the time, pictures. They are photographs-series of photographs-which mean they are illustrations, just as the pictures in a story in the Saturday Eiening Post are illustrations.

A good serial story in the Saturday Evening Post has, let us say, twenty illustrations. Fach illustration tells a small part of the story, and we all like the stories we read to have illustrations, because they help us understand the characters, locations and events of the story.

It would be quite possible for the Saturday Evening Post to put more illustrations in each story. If one hundred illustrations were printed, instead of twenty, a great part of the text of the story could be cut out-the pictures would tell the story. In fact, the Saturday Eiening Post could, by using a thousand, or two thousand illustrations, with the proper captions, tell almost any story it ever printed, but those who know Mr. Lorimer's editorial ability know he would never permit the artist to change the story to suit the whims of the artist or of the artist's models. The artist would have to stick to the text, and the models would have to pose in a manner to picture the people the author wrote about and the things the author made his characters do, The result would be the story the author wrote, but done in pictures.

THE objection to this method of putting a story before the public is that it would be tiresome to look at so many "still" pictures. What the film camera does is permit the public to "read" a story in exactly this way, but with life put into the pictures by making them "move."

When an author writes a novel he knows
what and why he has written. When the public likes that novel it likes it for reason. that are in the novel itself. The novel is "good" because of the characters in it, the plot the author has created, the locale he ha, chosen, and the way the characters work out the plot in that locale.
Isn't it, then, almost wilfully murdering all chances of succes: when the producer decides to make a "drama" of what is only a story, and when the scenario-man whangdoodles the plot, and when the continuity man turns the whole thing back end forward and tother end to, and when, finally, the actors spit on their hands and romp all over the place like old-style one-night stand "hams" and grimace before the close-up camera like sick apes?

The motion picture has come to stay because it offers a pleasant method of reading a story, and the motion picture will continue popular as long as there is celluloid with which to make films, but in my opinion the day when producers will try to turn every novel into a "drama." in poor imitation of the speaking stage melodrama method, is nearly past.

The producer who will sacceed best, from now on, is the man who will set his ideal very high indeed, while the eternal melodramatic stuff will be relegated to the cheap picture houses, just as it is relegated, in printed fiction, to the dime novel.

U'p to date I have sold just one novel for picture use, and I am waiting to see what the producer does with it. I don't want my cow turned into a Rocky Mountain grizzly bear. If I put an old lady in a wheel chair I don't want to see her screened as an eighteen-year-old vampire jumping from one airplane to another. I don't want my cats to become coyotes or my canaries to become hippopotamuses. It may be all right, and a tradition of the screen. but when I write about the Mississippi River I don't care to have the Ganges or the Nile or even the Amazon substituted for it.
"Movies is Movies" but an author. although only a poor mutt, does have some feelines. Up to date the producer has not telegraphed me asking permission to chance the title of the proposed picture from "The" Jack Knife Man" to "She Cut Her Hus. band's Gizzard Out," and I don't believe he will telegraph me, because there are two kinds of producers today. One kind does not want to make such changes and the other kind just goes ahead and makes then without asking permission.

But I can tell you one thing: If "The Jack Knife Man" comes to your town and you see old ('ncle Peter doing stunts in an airplane over Niagara Falls you can be mighty sure I didn't say he could.

## Force of Habit

THE whole city block was on fire. From the street rose great streams of water, while on the roofs, firemen, gallantly fighting, were forced slowly backward by the terrific heat. Still other firemen were scaling tottering ladders in heroic attempts to save the threatened women and children, some of whom, panic stricken, were leaping to certain death on the pavement below. Igain and again a heary wall crashed down. P'olice were engaged in a revolver battle with a gang of desperate criminals attempting to loot the goods rescued from a hurning jewelry establishment.

Byron Bangs, movie director. could restrain himself no longer. Slipping through the police lines, he leaped, flourishing his bared arms, to the top of a ladder truck. His woice rose above the shouts of the multitude.
"Sive me action!" he shricked. "Give me action!"

## The Shadow Stage <br> (Continued from page 120)

Julia Swayne Gordon again give us a picture of everything a gentleman and lady should not be. Wyndham Standing is again a pattern of righteousness.

## TERROR ISLAND-Paramount-Artcrarft

HOW "Terror Island" missed becoming a serial, we do not know. At the high moment of every thrill we expected to see the sign "See the next episode at this theater on Saturday night", flashed upon the screen. Just as a stunt picture is it an ideal cure for boredom. Houdini beats them all as a thrill master. With his ability, he could get out of the income tax.
The most original stunts in the picture are the ones enacted under water. James Cruze, who directed, and his cameraman must have learned some of Houdini's wizardy. After the healthy excitement of being thrilled and mystified by the tricks you forgive the screen a lot of its feeble comedies and half-hearted dramas. "Terror Is:and" is an ideal picture for boys and for girls who wish they were boys.
Lila Lee, the dark-eyed and the placid, is the heroine of the story.

## TRIPLE ASSETS

FAMIOUS Players-Lasky Corp. has issued its annual report for the year ended Dec. 3I, igio, which contains for the first time a consolidated statement including the various subsidiary companies in which Famous Players-Lasky has an interest of 90 per cent. or more. There are other subsidiaries in which it has substantial interests, earnings from which were not included in the report, Wid's Daily announces.
Net earnings for the common stock after allowing $\$ 1,000,000$ for taxes and the proportion of earnings due to the new preferred were $\$ 3,066,319$, equal to $\$ 15.36$ a share on the 199,675 shares of common stock. In the report $\$ 66,666$ is set aside from earnings as the amount accruing to the $\$ 10,000,000$ preferred stock for the 30 days in which it was outstanding in 1919.

The consolidated income account follovs: Fross income \$27,165,326 Jperating expenses. 23.032,341

Federal Inc. \& Excess Prof. Taxes

## \$4,132,0 95

$-$ 1,000,000

Earnings Accruing to Pfd.. \$3,I 32,085
66,666
Net Profits for Year........... $\overline{\$ 3,066,319}$
The statement indicates an increase of about 50 per cent. in gross income compared with the $\$ 18,000,500$ reported for the year ended December 3I, IqI8. Tangible assets at the end of raIo amounted to $\$ 37,648,637$ against $\$ 10,886,759$ at the close of IOI 8 . This increase is accounted for by the sale of the $\$ 10,000,000$ new preferred and the expansion in various lines of the motion picture industry.

Net current assets at the close of igra amounted to $\$ 23,580,558$, which includes $\$ 706,252$ of Liberty bonds carried as investments. Current liabilities amounted to $\$ 8,-$ 204,901, leaving working capital of \$15,375.567.

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Baby Barrymore evolved into Jack, and. with scrious roles, into John. He has the family gifts to such degree that while Ethel Barrymore is being acclaimed as the most popular actress now on the Amcrican stage he is described as the greatest of its younger actors.

He is the most Bohemian, the most nervous, the most temperamental of the trio. While his sister frequently hides herself in domesticity at Mamaroneck and Lionel and his wife of the sleck dark head seek seclusion at Hempstead on Long Island, the one time baby Barrymore abides near the bias street termed Broadway
As near as when in the biographical lodg-ing-house, since metamorphosed into a chop house, he made sketches in studioless days in his sister's room. That was when Evelyn Nesbit was sixteen and his model. He rejoices in the recollection of those days of Ethel's treasurership of the family. Often he and Lionel were forbidden to play the piano because an ancient above stairs in the house across the street from The Lambs objected to "that noise." He lifts his eves to Heaven and thanks Deity that his prayers that he might become really an artist were unanswered.

He met Arthur Brisbane at the opera last year. He greeted the aggressive editor. He wrung his hand.
"You hired and fired me. I thank you for the last." He looked his cratitude. "You have done more for me than any other living man. When you fired me you forced me on the stage."
He is the matince idol of three generations. Maids, their mothers and their grandmothers, write him confidential missives. A grandmother wrote to her granddaughter in Europe: "I saw him today. He is so handsome that I don't know how you can help loving him." Thus promoting a match that at that period was languishing, a dissenting father being the chief deterrent.

The marriage of his sister and that of his brother bear signs of permanency. Already his has been dissolved.

T
O John is accredited the story of panic wrought in the home of his clergyman grandsire in England. Maurice Barrymore was a clergyman's son. The family name, a distinguished one, is Blythe. The Blythe family suffered more than the usual amount of parental mental colic when its scion went upon the stage. There were prayers for the wandering sheep. The prayers lessened in volume and intensity when Maurice Barrymore"s manly beauty and brilliant acting won fame for him in the country the Blythe still regarded as "one of our colonies,
The Blythes were qradually and with less pain adjusting themselves to the order of having an actor in the family when it received a second shock. Their actor hatl married an actress. True she was of the b'uest stage blood in America, the bonored Dres family. But there was no denying the fate that she was a nime. More prayers. Nore adjustments. More of the aid of time in tempering the wind of circumstance to the unalcustomed.
It was twelve years before Maurice Barrymore brought his wife and their children in visit his elders in İngliand. Speedily Gcorgie Drew's wit and charm and the appeal of chidthood warmet the fearful hearts of the 13ythes. All was going well. The gonse hung at more than its accustomed altitule The two elder Bly thes sat happils ahout the iamily board. The door was pushed open. A head, small and dark and shapedy, was thrust within. I small voice demandeod
"Mother, where in hell did you put my suspenders?"

The Blythes clasped their hands and looked upward. Gcorgie Dres Barrymore looked searchingly at her husband. Said Naurice Barrymore
"My" dear, I told you that if you allowed the children to roam the scrvants' quarters their diction would suffer.

## WHEN John Barrymore, then "Jack," played "Toddles," they who knew the

 family best said: "Jack is playing a straighe part." "Toddles" in the French farce was about to be married but was too wedded to his bed to be willing to leave it to dress for the ceremons. The "old uns" in the audience recalled that Maurice Barrymore once appeared clad in his pajamas and a great coat and an air of apology at rehearsal."You will pardon me," he said with bis impressive urbanity: "But I over-slept and I could not cause you to wait while I dressed."

All the Barrymores are taking vocal lessons, but the lessons are intermittent. Lionel sings well and doesn't want to forget the art. John wants to strengthen his speaking voice. Ethel is a devotee of music. She has a more than fair mezzo soprano voice. She appear= at her teacher's apartment a radiant vision after an evening performance
"I know I had not an appointment for today;" she says with her radiant smile. "But you will give me a lesson, won't you? Ah! Thank you. Shall we becin at once?"
When she leaves she says: "I've enjoyed this lesson tremendously. We shall go right on. I shall be in in the morning. Ten? Very well."
But weeks-or months-roll by and the studio sees her no more. Until another impulse grips her and circumstances permit a lesson.
But what margin is left an actress who gives cight performances a week. who "does pictures" and who has three fast growing chi'dren?
The oldest child. Sammy, has grown out of his knickerbockers Virginia, the vull. faughter, has much of her mother's beauts. When Virginia was sent to the hospital ill and the doctors pronounced her a victims of diphtheria, her mother went to the hospital with her and stayed there until the quarantine was lifted and both were permitted to return home. In vain physicians warned of peril. Jethel Barrymore is a mother as devoled as was her own mother. The youngest of the trio, still called "the baby," is small John Drew. It would have anmazed those who knew her devotion to "Uncle Jack" had not Fthel Barrymore named one of her little ones in his honor

She is the only one of this zeneration of Barrymores who is a parent. Mr and Mrs Lionel Barrymore had two sons, both of whom died.
John Barrymore's bricf marriage was clildless. He married the daughter of sidnoy Harris, with what seemed the hearty comeration of her mother and grandmother Her grandmother's letter was quoted:
(an't see how you can resist him. He is :o handsome." Sidney Harris didn't want an actor in the family. He opposed the marringe. It went forward withont hims. Kitharine Harric Barremore went on the stage She appeared with her hushand in "Kick In " The marriage was short lived she obtained al divores in the West. Directly after the divorce slue supported her sister-in-law in a plav at the Empire Theater.

It was significant of the brooding care 1:thed Barremore gises to her family, near and remote that her former sister-in-law appeared on the stage in that prost-divorce season under the borrowed family name, Katherine Blythe. When Sidney Drew's screen

Broadway's Royal Family (Concluded)
comedies were tried out at the Criterion Theater, Ethel Barrymore witnessed them delightedly from a box.

I have said John Barrymore is the most nervous and temperamental of the trio. Witness his frequent placing of his hand on his face. Witness, too, his tearing to pieces of a set of photographs that displeased him, to prevent the further distribution of them by the press department. Yet while off-keyed at concert pitch, he has an essentially practical outlook, a piercing sincerity.
"There's a lot of guff spoken and written about acting," he has asserted. "It's just one way for a man to earn a living."

When he and his older brother appear in "Othello" we may expect as strong a family combination as we saw in "Peter Ibbetson" and "The Jest." Pity 'tis their sister, who, by the way, has just recently entered into a new motion picture contract, does not play "Desdemona"!
Briefly, Ethel Barrymore is the flower of the Barrymore family. Lionel is its immeasurable force. John is its quicksilver fineness.

## Starring the Director <br> (Continued from page 44)

His has an exquisite taste, a fine sense of proportion. He detests vulgarity; ostentation. That is why he never does a "poor" picture, a middle-class drama, or an optical study of the slums. His scenes of the accident in "On With the Dance"-in which the father of Sonia is run over and killed-is hurriedly gotten through with as being the least interesting detail of all that glittering pageant. Fitzmaurice has a naive philosophy, the Frenchman's childlike enjoyment of the beautiful. I venture to say he never screens a tale of violence if he can help himself.
Did you notice the impertinent acting canine in the street-car scenes? That's Scotti, his Airedale. When Scotti isn't acting, he is on the set anyway, with his tail wagging a mile a minute and his inquisitive nose upturned towards the high platform from which his master directs. For Fitzmaurice sets most of his interiors in the stately long high rooms that frame the actors in a sort of stage. They are built on a level with the platform and "shot" directly down their length.
His wife, Ouida Bergere, writes the scenarios for all his films. They live in a duplex apartment in the Hotel Des Artistes one of Manhattan's most expensive and accordingly more exclusive apartment-hotels -and "Fitzy's" own drawing-room is his best set.

## A Kick In It at That

DETERMINED to miss not one of the possible enjoyments of the movies, a confirmed addict chucked his job and went to a school where he took a long and difficult course in lip-reading. Then-he had waited till graduation that his ability might be perfect-he attended a movie.
It was late when he arrived at the theater and the story had started. Two cowboys, in full regalia, leaned against a typical western bar. The fan's mouth watered as they raised their glasses in a toast. Then the lips of one of the cowboys moved, and the fan leaned forward tense with expectation.
"Hell," said the cowboy's lips, "I wish this was the real thing!"


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## Questions and Answers

(Contmued from page 93)

Jtst Mimy Lotisi. - Aren't you glad now, atter a years acquaintance with us, that your brother brought you a copy of Pinotoplay to read when you were ill? I hope we havent disappointed you at any time. As for being so late in answering your letter, I couldn't help it; there were so many others ahead of you. Madlaine Traverse has left Fox without announcing any future plans. Please write me again.

Helle C., Enid, Ofla-Lina Cavalieri and her husband Lucien Muratore, the bis French tenor, are abroad now. They probably will return to America for the next operatic season. You might addres them care Chica;o Opera Association, Auditorıum Theater, Chicago, Ill. I have met Muratore and his wife and can assure you Nadane's beauty isn't over-rated. She may do more pictures sometime, Olive Thomas is with Selznick on the West Coast.

Jeanette, Frisco-A nice girl is any girl who likes you. That's the masculine point of view. A nice girl is any girl who doesn't like the man who likes you. And that's the feminine. Marguerite Clark is married to H. I'almerson Williams; she has finished her contract with Paramount. Dorothy Gish is with Paramount-Artcraft, but works at the David Wark Griffith studios in Mamaroneck. So does Lillian. Both the Gish girls live with their mother in Mamaroneck.

The Twins, Peorli-I'm glad for my sake that you're not triplets. I'm sure I don't know why those actresses divorced their husbands. That's plural perhaps, but with a singular meaning. I mean to say it's none of our business, is it? June Elvidge is in a Charles Miller production; "The Law of the lukon." I know Frank Mayo is married, but I don't know what he makes. Edith Roberts' new picture is "Maramba." The name may be changed for release.
D. F. R., Indianapolis.-Well, every woman may be like a poen, but there are some I know who are more like Walt Mason than Edgar Allan Poe. I know one or two who might be likened to free verse. too. However, that's not the point-we are in Indiana now. That Indianapolis film company may be turning out pictures but we have no record of their release.
A. G., Milwaykee- - I don't like fudge any more. One of those girls kept her promise to send me some. Bebe Daniels is to be a Realart star. Gloria Swanson is not with Demille any more, but a star in her husband's company, the Equity. Gloria's second matrimonial venture is with Herbert K . Sanborn.
D. M. C. Melbotrif.- Iren't you intolerant? Phororlay strives always to present film things as they are, with as little sentimentality and exagzeration as poi-ible We decline, however, to gosip without reason. I am quite sure that by the time you read this you will have changed your mind as to our stand in the matter you mention. Hope you will write to me again: your letter was interesting.
G. S., Detroit- Jules Raucourt, who used to play in Famous Players pictures here, is now in his native Belgium, where he is making two photoplays. Ile is a clever and polished actor: I always liked to see him. Addees him. \& Petite rue Iones Chariots Brusects. Belgium Bert Lotell is married (0) Evelyn Vaughn. Y'our request for art wetion picture of him will som be granted Whatch out for it

Jake.-Hugh Thompson is Mabel Normand's leadme man for Goldwy in Culver City: Sce him in "The Slim Princess." His picture has appeared in this magazine at various times. Juanita Hansen is not married. I'm sure I don't know why; but I'm equally sure that it isn't because she's never had a chance.
J. A., Coluarbus.-"I see by the papers" that the worthy presidential candidates have agreed to the farmers' demand. Don't they always? Bessie Love has her own company; working in Los Angeles. Her first release is "The Midlander=" from a novel. John Bower: is stil with Goldwyn; so, too, are Mabel Normand and Madee Kennedy: But Geraldine Farrar and Pauline Frederick have left, the former to zo with Associated Exhibitors, the latter with Robertson-Cole.
Miss Maky:-Dreams and realities are far different. You dream of Wallace Reid or Richard Barthelmess. You are really engaged to a nice youns man with red hair and a nose which in a woman would be gently designated as a retrousse. But it's nice to dream. Ann Little, after a period of serialmaking, is back with Larky, in her old capacity as leading woman. Wydham Standing is with Goldwyn.
Cecil. Bay St. Locts, Miss.-Yup-the country's beautiful down where you live. Many film companies go down South for locations. Mostly to Florida, thoush. Elsie Ferguson has ended her engagement in her stage play, "Sacred and Profane Love." and is taking a long reit, in the course of which she will risit Japan. She won't make any pictures for some time. "Lady. Rose's Daughter" is one of the last Ferguson pictures. You should see Theda in "The Blue Flame." Yes, I have been up in a plane. Great sport. I've never looped; the most thrilling thing I did was a falling leaf. and that was enough for me.
Khmotraska. Otrawi-Can't tell you how much I enjoyed your letter. I like Canadian zirls very much Saw Rockliffe Fellowes at the Talmadye studios the other day. where he was playing opposite Constance in "In Search of a Sinner." He 's a big chap, isn't he? les Mary is Mrs. Douzlas Fairbanks now. Wiill you come again of your own accord or do I have to coax you?

Viramis. Rimefwoon-Kichard Barthelness is not encaged to the young lady who yoes to the school you mention. He is not encaged to any young lady at all.

MI J. Dickson. Tex. - No. I-like Dick Barthelmess and Fuzene O'Brien-am still loading a life of single blesedness. I have a cal, my pipe, and my books. and I am rather happy Your addresses are given el-where Look for them.

J F. Cwbrmes - That's quite a tribute to Jack Pickiord's acting. Y'ou say the first time you ever cried was when you saw him in "Bill Apperson": Boy" Certainly it's true that he is married to Olive Thomas. Blanche sweet is with lampton-Pathe, working in the Wist
B. F. B. Owmin-linu seem to be a bit mixed. Norma Talmadze's husband is not Furene ORrien, but Joseph Schenck. obrien used to play opposite her in pictures: Schenck is her manager OPrien is I star for Selznick: he is in the West right now, but send your letter to New York, for he usually works in the East. He isn't married: never has been.

## Questions and Answers

## (Contzmued)

E. M., Pa.-Pity instead the poor little boy whose papa is a prohibitionist and who goes to school with other litule boys whose papas are not. There's real tragedy. Anne Luther is with Wistaria Productions. She p'ays in something called "Neglected Wives" or "Why Women Sin." Honest-that's the title.
A. D., Spofane--Eric von Stroheim has been married, but he is now divorced. I'm sure I don't know if he is as fierce as he looks. His latest picture is "The Devil's Pass-Key." He does not appear in it himself. Mae Busch, Clyde Fillmore, and Una Trevalyn and Sam De Grasse have the leading roles. David Powell is married.

Luclle, Iowa.-Couldn't figure out the name of the town you live in. You say as most people call you Cutie or Dimples, I should head your answer by whichever name sounds better to me. You will note I have headed your answer with Lucile. Ethel Clayton remains with Paramount. "The Ladder of Lies" is a new Clayton release. She is the widow of Joseph Kaufman, who directed her. William Russell is divorced from Charlotte Burton and has not married again. Herbert Rawlinson is still in pictures. Juliette Day is on the stage.

Katherine, Deer River, Minn.-You mean you have a dog-a trick dog-that you want to put in pictures? Suppose we form a company for your dog and my cat? It's hard enough to get a chicken into pictures nowadays. You see, Fatty Arbuckle has his own dog, and Sennett has his; and the other companies seem to be supplied with canine actors. If I were you I'd write to them and find out if there are any vacancies for your Fido. Sorry I can't help you any

Miss Muriel, West Frankfort, IllThere are no actresses in pictures who hail from your town, that I know of. YOU'll have to uphold the municipal reputation if you decide to brave the studios for extra employment. Natalie is reco ${ }^{\text {f }}$ as the youngest of the three Talmatise sisters. Nigel Barrie in "The Better Wife" with Clara Kimball Young.

Ramona, Lansing.-So you think I have had quite a little experience. Thank you. I didn't know I showed my age. You write a very sensible letter for a fourteen-year-old. I hope you'll be just as sensible at twenty. Charles Meredith is married. Your addresses are all given elsewhere. I hand you the palm as champion movie-goer among fourteen-year-olds. But I won't advise you to try to get into pictures. I don't want your parents' co'lective wrath to descend upon my poor sparsely-crowned head.
M. H., Philadelphia.-Your letter has been forwarded to Ralph Graves. That's nice of you to say those things about my department. A little appreciation goes a long way with me. Your Elliott Dexter request has been granted. Also Katherine MacDonald. Those MacDonalds you mention are not related. Katherine has been married; divorced.
A. N., Fort Dodge, Iowa-Photoplay conducted one contest-the Beauty and Brains-our first and last. Since our contest, there have been many imitations; seems to be the usual procedure when we start something. Richard Barthe'mess in the art section? Just a minute while I run and tell the Editor. All right!



Ht - IE, Rlv GtM-I manage to get along -onehow. It's nice of you to worry about me Ot course I never have any romaine or alad with Rusian dressing, or caviar or traby duck or lemon-meringue pie and somebiniz to wash it all down with, but still, I it alone. Douglas Fairbanks is thirty--ven Mary Pickford is twenty-six. The Lee children, Jane and Katherine, are in suderille now and making a success at it, I hear.

Abf. Berkeley; Cal.-That's a good one. Iou say, "Pleased to meet you Mr. Answer Man-but I doubt if you are a man or a "oman." I assure you I would of a necestty have to be one or the other; and God Fade me a man. Douglas Fairbanks' latest rifease was . When the Clourls Roll By." "The Molfycoddle" is probably being released as you read this. Maric Walcamp) hasn't retired; she went to Japan to make a serial; and while she was over there she marriced Harland Tucker, her leading man. The Tuckers are back in Universal City now. Mr. Laenımle was obliged to congratulate two of his stars on their new husband: Maric and Priscilla Dean.

H Ioxsox:- Whocver bet on Gladys Leslie is right She played opposite Edward Earle in "The Little Runaway." Eureka, a new question. Answer, Gladys Leslic and Mary Pickiord are two separate and distinct persons and personalities. No to the marriage question on Carol Halloway and Antonio Moreno. Both are with Vitagraph, Brooklyn, N. Y. The leading parts in the "Place Beyond the Winds" were played by Dorothy Phillips and Jack Mulhall ; in "The Martyrdom of Philip Strong," Mabel Trunelle and Robert Conness; in "At First Sight." Mae Murray and Jules Raucourt. Canadian stamps are not usable; hence the rolumn.

Mary Maton.-No trouble at all, Mary. My breath comes in gasps as I dictate faintly. "Eugene O'Brien is not married." Gosh darn it. I wish he would marry so I could change my story; it's becoming morotonous. Mary Pickford is divorced from Owen Moore. Johnny Hines is twenty-five. "The Woman Gives" is Norma Talmadge's latest picture, with Jack Crosby in the lead. I had to reply via my column because Canadian stamps are not usable in the $U$. S.
K. T., Decatir.-- I have never thought of it in that way. but I suppose it is true to a certain extent that the bald-headed row in theaters includes those gentlemen who get their tiekets from the scalpers. Though you don't deserve an answer after that, still I am alway's kind-hearted, so- Alice Brady is Mrs. James Crane; her first two Realart pictures are "The Fear Market" and "Sinners"; in the latter, her husband is her leading man Nazimova is Russian, married to Charles Bryant. I'd advise you to keep up with the times.
 I cant tell you how much I appreciate a cincere letter like yours. It makes me ferl tronger and much loss flippant to know that umeone really watches for my column and reads it with appreciation of its many fatule-ind then writes to me as you did It makes me wish I wore ten times wittier, It $n$ times more tolerant and wise. Tell your hu-hand I'll try hard to please him. Your collection of pictures would seem to be cecond to none. Your trilute to the Gish s-ters is fine and it is deserved; I know no more charming and high-minded actresses on the stage of sereen. I will try to merit slave your good wibles. Won't you write offen?
J. I'., Orl.GoN.-. If the giris wear their skirts much shorter, they'll have to put their moncy in regular banks. Peggy Wood may be reached care Selwyn Theater, New Iork City. She made a picture with Will Rogers for Goldwyn, but is not doing any film work right now; she's the heroine of "Buddies." Laurette Taylor is in London now.

## "Clara Kimball Young's Eyes" Contest Winners

HERE are the winners of the $\$ 500$ in prizes offered by the Equity Pictures Corporation to the amateur artists among Photoplay's readers sending in the best drawings of Clara Kimball loung's eyes.

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ALMA M. CARLSON', 4705 North Albany Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

## Second Prize

MRS. ROY E. THOMPSON. Box 0. Cadillac, Mich.

## Third Prize

R. GOODWIN, I 438 West 7ith Strect, Cleveland, Ohio.

## Fourth Prize

IRENE SULLIVAN, $45^{2}$ Fort Washington Arenue, New lork City

## Fifth Prize

WILLIAM P. SULLIVAN, Great Lakes Training Station, Aviation Beach, Great Lakes Ill.

## Sixth Prize

D. BESSE, 306 West Walnut Sirect. Yakima, Wash.

## Seventh Prize

HFRMAN゙ VAN COTT. zt Colby Street, Albany, I . V.

## Eighth Prize

ALLEX WOOD, 47 Morrison Avenue West Summerville, Dass.

## Ninth Prize

ETHEL GLOZER. 212 Beach Place Tampa, Fla.

The judges of this contest were Clara Kimball loung: James R. Quirk. publisher of Pirotorime MagaziNe, and Roi Armstrong. I'HOTOPLM's céebrated cover artist.
C.het B. T Jones, Fuyetteshille, $\operatorname{No}$ C. you can obtain good photograplas of any of the stars you mention by writing to them direct to their company address enclosing twentr-five cents in some cases. stars do not ask payment for sending out pictures, but often they do so it's best to be on the safe side. Acain, some of them give the proceeds to some favorite charity; so it's all right. Here's goes: Mary l'ickforel, her osen company, Los Anedes, Cal : The Talmadee sisters, their own stutio. N. 1. C (address given in directory or elsewhere) ; Alice Rrady, Realart: Dorothy Dalton, F'amous Players studio, N. V. C.: Efaine Hammerstein. Selznick. N. V. C : Marguerite Clark, Famous l'layers. Thanks for writing.
G. C. H., Vorfolk, Vi.-That picture of Miss Dalton you wart is a still irom one of her pictures-that is, a "still" photograph of one of the scenes. Therefore I would suggest you write the Famous Players-Lasky Publicity Department, 455 . Fifth Avenue, New lork City, and inquire if they will sell you a copy and also get Miss Dalton to autograph it. Maybe they would give it to you-I dunno. Only, inquire.

Dorothy. Spokine.-Seena Owen came from your city. Are you as pretty as Seena? Harrison Ford has been married. Dorothy: Gish's latest release, as I write this, is the picture her sister Lillian directed, "She Made Him Behave." James Rennie, from the cast of the Ruth Chatterton legitimate comedy, "Moonlight and Honeysuckle," is Dorothy's leading man in this.
D. W. S., Rocmester.-Charles Ray's last for Ince will be "The Village Sleuth." This will be held over so that its release will come just as Ray's first independent production, "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway," is finished. This was George Cohan"s stage hit. Ethel Clayton's new one is "loung Mrs. Winthrop"-Harrison Ford opposite. Vivian Martin in "Husbands and Wives," a Gaumont release: Miss Martin is מoorking now on her first picture for her own company.
M. A. H., Mrar.-Eugene OBrien still clings to his bachelor liberties-one of these liberties being to receive worshipful letters. lours should be directed to Selznick. Better write and ask him if he demands any money for his likeness. lou doubtless would consider any sum well spent in this direction Nigel Barry played opposite Marguerite Clarke in the Bab stories.
L. S., Zanesuilee.-You got considerably mixed on that matrimonial tangle, didn it you? Owen Moore was married to Mary, and Tom Moore used to be Alice Joyce: husband; both couples are divorced now. Alice Joyce has a little girl, Alice Mary Moore. Charles Ray's wife is a non-proiessional and a charming person. Ive been told. $P_{n}=$ in any time.

LiťRA, Bolse, lowio--Iou are most awfully impertinent. "Kiss your wife and babies for me," you say! Do you really arcuse me of being a Benedick after giving all that caustic advice about marriage and saying all those cynical thines about women ${ }^{2}$ My dear girl, the bravest married man dare not do that. Will Rogers is with Goldwyn. in Culver City. He is married, and his son Jimmie plays with him. Wonder if the company pays Jimmie a separate salary ${ }^{2}$ I don't know who is the tallest woman in pictures; but I believe Charlotte Greenwood is the tallest woman on the stace. Will that help?

EveliN. Worcester, Mass.-I know you. Vou're one of those tlapper great-granddauchters of the First Man in Town. Jou are one of the Important People-as you so aptly put it, "A Puritan of the Puritans" Therefore my victory is vers great, for to have one of you write to me. a perfect stranger, is indeed a concession. Nay-10 have you write twice, is ton much. You may call me Peter just so you don't tack Pan on the end of it The only pipes I know about are corn-cobs. I should advise you. besides. to study a dittle, and read a little-and then, sit down and try to compose a molite note such as one of your grandmothers would have been proud to write. And pray, where are your questions? All answers must await their turns, familv connections notwithst.rnding. Now go on back and try to climb your family tree.


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## Contents

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Cover Design,<br>From a Pastel Portrait by Rolf Armstrong.

Rotogravure

Priscilla Dean, Mildred Davis, Madge Kennedy,
Alice Joyce, Renee Adoree, Bert Lytell, Doris
May and Mary Miles Minter.19
It's Up to Yo"Editorial 27
Titles and Landlords ..... 28Anne Luther's and Helene Chadwick's Pet Peeves.
Dante Was Wrong ..... Betty Shannon 30
"What Did He Know About Love?" Scoffs Louise Huff.
"Such Stuff As Dreams Are Made Of" Norman Anthony ..... 32 Drawing
Happy Endings Robert M. Yost ..... 33
Little Lila Lee's At Last Is In the Offing.
I Don't Want To ..... 35
The Height of Temperament-Master Bobby Kelso.The Hope That SpringsCorinne Lowe 36A Real Life Story For All Who Have Had the Movie Urge.
The Truth About Mae MurrayDelight Evans 40They're All Wrong, Most of Those Things You Hear.
(Contents continued on next page)
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## No. 3

## Contents-Contmued

Noncensorship Howard Dietz and Ralph Barton 42 Six Reels of Delightful Poetic and Pictorial Satire.

The Truth
Nanon Belois
4
Can You Help Telling Little Fibs? Then You'll Enjoy This.
$\underset{\substack{\text { Suspended Animation } \\ \text { Drawing }}}{\substack{\text { And }}}$
Stuart Hay 48

Wear America First
Norma Talmadge 49 PHOTOPLAY"S Fashion Editor Bursts the Old Parisian Bubble.

Humoresque
Gene Sheridan 52
A Gripping Romance of the Battle Between Art and Love.
Artistic Efficiency-That's Dwan Adela Rogers St. Johns 56 The Science of Directing as Allan Employs It.

West Is East
Delight Evans 58
Intimate Impressions of Filmdom's Folk.

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { Rotogravure } \\
& \text { Blanche Sweet, Theodore Ruberts, Edward Kimball, } \\
& \text { Edythe Chapman, Cora Drew, Edward J. Connelly, } \\
& \text { Jennie Lee, Josephine Crowell. Frank Currier and } \\
& \text { Jimmie Rogers. }
\end{aligned}
$$

Close-Ups
Editorial Comment
A Western Union63

Douglas and Mary Pickford Fairbanks As They Are Today.
Tough Competition
C. W. Anderson66
Middle Age and the Movies Margaret Sangster ..... 67
A. Heart-to-Heart Talk With the Family Circle.
Location
Drawing
Norman Anthony ..... 68
What Do You Think About When You Go To Bed? ..... 69 A Very Intimate Speculation With Close-Ups to Match.
The Shadow Stage
Candid Reviews of the Latest Pictures.
Why Do They Do It?
Burns Mantle

Perhaps Nobody Knows, But It's Your Page.
Divorce a la Film
The Sad Separation of Doris May and Douglas McLean.
Grandpa of the Movies
The Genesis of the Silversheet.
Murdered Brain Children
Randolph Bartlett 80
What May Have Happened to Those Inspirations.
Questions and Answers
The Answer Man 83
The Professor Uplifts
Producers and Exhibitors Please Note.
The Squirrel Cage
A. Gnut 94

A Nut Sundae for Weak Days.
Plays and Players.
Cal York 97

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you can be restored in vigor and vitality and be entirely free from constipation or any other ailment or disorder let it be what it may - whether you suffer from early excesses, induced by pernicious habits, or whether losses weaken you, or you feel your vitality waning - Strong fortism will restore, rejuvenate. Send three 2 -cent stamps to cover mailing expenses, and I will send you my book
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It's not alone what a man does during working hours, but outside of working hours-that determines his future. There are plenty of men who do a good job while they're at it, but who work with one eye on the clock and one ear cocked for the whisthe. They long for that loaf at noon and for that evening hour in the bowling alley. They are good workers and they'll always be just that - ten years from now they are likely to be right where they are today.
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chief designer rose from the bottom in the drafting room. The traffic manager was a clerk.

All these men won their advancements through spare time study with the International correspondence schools. Today they arg earntimes as much money as when they camewithus.
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Employers everywhere are looking for men who really want to get ahead. If you want to make more money, show your employer that you're trying to be worth more money. If you want more responsibility, show him you're willing to prepare yourself for it.

There's a simple easy way to get ready for bigger work, no matter in what line it may be. For 29 years the International Correspondence right in theirown homes after supper, orwhenever they had a little time to spare. More than wo million have stepped up in just this way. Over 110,000 are studying now. Ten thousand are starting every month. Can you afford to Iet another priceless hour pass without making your start toward something better? Here is all we ask-without cost, without oblication. that takes hut a moment, but it's the most important thing you can do today. Do it now !

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Six trips weekly Detroit to Mack－ inac，the famed pleasure playground of the lakes．
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## Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the ad－ dresses 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．

AMERICAN FILM MFG．CO．． 6227 Broadwas．
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IETRO PICTLIRES CORP．． 1476 Broadway．

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## A HUMAN DYNAMO

I Will Make You Look Like One—Act like One—Be One for the the world is calling
for pep．ginger and action．The man who is on his tues every
minute－ready
iump in and do things．The bi
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over with life over with fife
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 The sooner you ket started on the road to halth and surngth
the easier wit will torech perfect marbood．Doo t drag along EARLE E．LIEDERMAN．Depl． 70 S． 203 Broadway，New York Giy EARLE E．LIEDERMAN，Dept 708， 203 Breadeey，New Vork CITs．


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can adjast it＂Over 100.000 sold．Wirie for boollict and restimomak． THE MORLEY CO．．Dept． 789,26 S． 15 th St．．Phila．
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# Let Me Prove I Teach Piano In Quarter Usual Time 

Write for my free booklet. Ask for the names and addresses of accomplished players of piano or organ near you who obtained their entire training from me by mail. I have students in all parts of the world and scores in every state in the Union.

Although my way of teaching piano was laughed at when I first started in 1891, yet I now have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. Could I have fought my way up against prejudice like this, year after year for over a quarter of a century, unless my method possessed REAL MERIT? Investigate, is all I ask.

I'll teach you piano in quarter the usual time and at quarter the usual cost. If you have not previously heard of my method this may seem like a pretty bold statement. But I will soon prove to you that it is not in any way exaggerated if you'll simply send me your name and address on the coupon below.


My way of teaching piano or organ is entirely different from all others. Out of every four hours of study, one hour is spent entirely away from the keyboard-learning something about Harmony and The Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to most teachers of the "old school,." who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of "finger gymnastics." When you do go to the keyboard, you accomplish twice as much, because you understand what you are doing. Studying this way is a pleasure. Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well.
I make use of every possible scientific help-many of which are entively unknozen to the average teacher. My patented invention, the COLOROTONE, sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use transposition-usually a "nightmare" to students--becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX. Quinn-Dex is a simple handoperated moving picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. You aitually see the fingers move. Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from MEMORY - which cannot be alwars accurateyou have the correct models before you during every minute of practice. The COLOROTONE and QUINN-DEX save you months and years of wasted effort. They can be obtained only from me and there is nothing else, anywhere, even remotely like them.


DR. QUINN AT HIS PIANO-From the famous sketch by Schneider, exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition
Men and women who have failed by all other methods have quickly and easily attained success when studying with me. In all essential ways you are in closer touch with me than if you were studying by the oral methodyet my lessons cost you only 43 cents each-and they include all the many recent developments in scientific teaching. For the student of moderate means, this method of studying is far superior to all others; and even for the wealthiest student, there is nothing better at any price.

You may be certain that your progress is at all times in accord with the best musical thought of the present day, and this makes all the difference in the world.

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## "At Last-a Real Job and Real Money!"

"'And if only I'd started earlier, I could have had them five years ago, I didn't realize at first what spare time study would do for a man. Taking up that I. C. S. course marked the real beginning of my success. In three months I received my first promotion. But I kept right on study; ing and I've been climbing ever since."

Eyery mail brings letters from some of the two miltion students of the International Correspondence Schools telling of advancements and increased salaries won throush spare time study. How much longer are you going to wait before laking the step that is bound to bring you more money? Isn't it better to start now than to wait
five years and then realize what the delay has five years
cost you?
One hour after supper each night spent with the 1. C. S in the quiet of your own home will prepare you for the nosition jou want in the work you bike best.
Yes, it will: Put it up to us to prove t1. Without cost, whout obligalion, just mark and mall this coupon

IHTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS BOX 6522, SCRANTON, PA. Explain, without obllgatink me, how I can qualliy for the position, or in the subject,

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have found PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE not only most entertaining, with its splendid illustrations, its absorbing fiction, its enlightening articles about filmdom in all its phases, its sincere editorials. but also

## The Best Guide to Good Pictures

PHOTOPLAY'S reviews of the pictures of the month in The Shadow Stage, by Burns Mantle and other expert critics may be depended upon to tell you what's what in the mories. To be up to the minute on motion pictures, one must read PHOTO. PLAY. Perhaps you were too late to get your PHOTOPLAy last month at the newsstand. Many were. To be sure that it will come to you promptly for the next twelve months send the attached coupon, together with money order for $\$ 2.50$ (for six months \$1.25), to

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## SELZNIICK



August is the Month of Fulfillment

Growing things fection and the Harvest Moon turns the world to gold.
This August is marked by the fulfillment of Selznick's promise to give you the stars you want in the kind of pictures you like to seepictures that charm with sentiment; lure with mystery; thrill with adventure; delight with romance.

That's why two new stars have been added to the Selznick firmament and why

SELELEvNICS

Create
Happy
Hours



## Is your skin exceptionally sensitive?

IS your skin especially hard to take care of ? Wind, dust, exposure; do they constantly irritate and roughen its delicate texture?

You can correct this extreme sensitiveness. Every night use the following treatment:

Dip a soft washelosh in warm water and hold it to your face. Then make a warm water lather of Wrodbury's Facial Soap and dip your aloth up and dowen in it until the cloth is "fluff." with the soft white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pares are thoroughly eleansed. Then rinse first with warm, then wish tear iool weater and diy carefully.

Special treatments for each different thpe of skin are given in the famous booklet that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at all drug stores and
toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada. A 25 -cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, and for general cleansing use.
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 the spectial fratmont for this iondition kier" in the famons bookles of peatments. "A Skin lou luore so Tomh." which is icrappod around rero iake of Woallums: Faial Soap.


DRISCILIAA DEAN has completely reformed. Once a celluloid lady-Rathes, she stole diamonds and hearts with equal facility. Then she beenme a beggar-maid-and her prince-charming was her own leading man, Wheeler Oakman.

 fiention of the traditiomal ingenue. she suecesfully resist the temptation to act the part. Wir hope llarold blocil will keep a watel for the drama-homme.


Alfed Chenes Juhnston

LIKE a girl to whom our grandmother's mother might have pointed as a model of conduct: Madge Kemedy. She is not always as prim as this. Madge hegan her career as "Baby Dine" but she is working her way to more thomghtul thinge.

(Banki)

A S rare as a water-baby who does not po in for serious drama: a brand-new portrait of that cmmern-elusive lady, Alice Joye. Long a much-loved star, she recently added a new chapter to her personal eareer by becoming Mrs. James Regan.

(Altred Cheney Johnaton)

Flince's loss was our gain when Renee Adoree left her native land to visit our studios. A beauty of the musical revues over there, she becomes a dramatic actress here, with a director's voice her music and the sputtering lights her melody.

(Hoover)
 prise. An ingratiating peramality often obseure abolity. Now he is a brilliant
and tragic derelict in one picture, and a dever wook in the mevt. (Married!)

(W) (zel)

D

(Witzel)

Y()U may mot believe it, but this sonth-sea-islander is nome other than Mary Miles Minter, usually so demure. If she ever tires of the etermal drama of yonth and love, Mary-dulict Shefby may always ohtain a situation with Mr. Somett.

# The World's Leading cMoving (Picture c Magazine <br> PHOTOPLAY <br> Vol. xviII 



## It's Up to YOU

$T$HE photoplay field is comparatively clean, and every day is growing cleaner. Yet there is a great deal of cheap, tawdry and worthless material going the rounds of the country's twenty thousand theaters-stories that are false in sentiment, untrue to life, equivocating in their handling of the great moral issues, misleading in their pretense of mirroring reality.

And of course you deplore that. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE often hears from you about it. The producers hear from you. Your exhibitor hears from you. Xour favorite actors hear from you. Naturally, you want to know who is really to blame. We are here to tell you. You are to blame.

The ultimate responsibility is yours. You can't lay it on the charlatan producer, the pin-brained director, the wrong-minded author, the greedy exhibitor.

Fundamentally, you are just as responsible for what is unworthy on the screen as you are praiseworthy for the screen's best Because the whole of screencraft, from the mightiest manufacturing organization to the youngest player, toil merely to give you what you want.

Motion pictures are the mightiest artistic endeavor of the Twentieth Cen. tury, but they are also, and always, a business. We have laws to regulate business, but even the men who make these laws and endeavor to force their execu tion recognize the existence of one mightier regulation, upon which all business is based: the law of supply and demand.

If you insist upon having only strong, honest, self-reliant American manhood and womanhood in your celluloid narratives you can have these, but don't vocally insist-and the same night on the same street give a financial demonstration that you didn't mean anything you said. Discriminate, select, restrain that purposeless desire merely to pass the time in any form of optical entertainment.

What your money says, goes. No censorship, no editorial thunder, no legislative pronunciamento can compare to the oratory of the lady on the silver quarter.

Don't blame anyone else for unworthy pictures. It's up to you.


# s and 

Anne Luther<br>is aching to act in a respectable picture.

Anne was a red-or rather titian-haired. zery little girl when she first adventured into the land of cameras and Cooper-Hewitts. She lived in Bayonne, New Jersey: (Born in Newark in IS94, -if you must have statistics.) She began to be ambitious in IOI3, and started with Charles Dixon in "Heart of the Dark."

Griffith saw her and sent for her to come to the old Biograph studio. Anne had to give a good imitation of a fainting woman. And she was so embarrassed that she really fainted!

And that led to her being a member of the allstar cast of one of the first Griffith "features", 'The Great Leap". in which appeared Henry Walthall. Mae Marsh. Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Blanche Sweet, and Xiriam Cooper and Raoul Walsh. Later she performed for Lubin. Selig. Kevstone and Fox. Now she is a Manhattanite.

Ind won't someone please put her in a picture where she won't have to be sinful, neglected, or in chapters?

ANNE LLTHER, that titian-haired baby who used to adorn the beaches for Sennett, is looking for a title. Not just a title-a good title. And it isn't the case of the usual American title-hunt-out of the countpan into the prince-fire, as O. Henry used to say. NoAnne is looking for a good title for a good picture. And so far she hasn't succeeded.
"They put me," says Anne in reproach of figurative film maenates, "in pictures with terrible titles. There was 'Moral Suicide' that 1 did for Joan Abramson. Now, who on earth could be artistically respectable in a film like that? Then came a W'istaria production that didn't live up to the refreshing brand name. This, in which I supplied the leading agony, was aptly camoullaged under the drag-em-in title, of 'Why W'omen Sin.' 'There wasn't a single sin in the picture, (o) the producer was not to be blamed if he couldn't explain it. We'll, that relcase was shown in Pennsslyania; the Board of Censors didn't like the title so they changed it to "Neglected Wives.'

Well, Anne says if somehorly doesn't reform her, she'll have to do it herself.

She played a dual role with Charles Hutchison in a Pathe serial, "The (ireat (Gamble." And between serials and sin, Anace has lieen ruinerl for honest-to-goodhess stuti. For wheneber her name is brought up in a discussion for a leading part in a good picture, someone sitting in judgment is -nre to say: "Oh, she plays in those serials and sex things" bint dune has deristed she will work for herself an artatic transformation, or know the reason why: Was she not trained in the most highorow cinematic sehools? Grit-bith-the ohd Reliance-Semett-Keystone?


# Landlords 

Helene Chadwick is hunting for a real-estater with a heart.

REMEABER the pallid heroine, the gel with the little old red shawl, who was thrust out on the back-door-steps into the snow and all that in the old-time melodrama?

You know, the Way Down East thing, with midnight drawing nigh, and nowhere to lay her weary head?

Pretty sad, wasn't it?
Made you feel weepy, that Act III. Scene 2 , did, and you wished down deep in your heart that you were in the show, and could jump out from behind the prop pump and say to the poor heroine: "Dry your tears, Mary; I will give you a furnished room with an oil stove and ev.rything."

Reader, that heroine out in the snow had nothing on Helene Chadwick. Only, Helene's case is worse. Not only has she no home at this writing, but her baby grand (piano) has no home. That makes it more intricate.


This is not a landlord bothering
Helene, just a villain in a picture.
Here is the plot:
Helene-of course you know this blonde divinity who really shines in her latest picture, "The Cup of Fury"-had a bungalow. It was a regular bungalow. The kitchen had walls, and a stove, and you could cook dinner without the neighbors knowing what you had. Our heroine fell in love with the bungalow. She doesn't trust men.

Falling in love with the bungalow, she set about making improvements upon it, proving that bungalows are superior to men.

So she bought a piano. And she had it made in a special case, special fimish and all that, just to match her bungalow. Enter the Tillain-the landlord. (Was there ever a landlord who wasn't a villain?)

Villain: "Get outta my house."
Helene: "Why?"
Villain: "Golta tear it down to put up "partment house here.

Helene: "Oh, sir, have mercy on me and my baby grand.
Villain growls and exits with a guttural math.
so here we are at Act III, scene 2and Ilelene has no home and no nook in which to esconce the baby grand. Now here is the cue for the hero.

Who will give Helene Chadwick a home?
Three years ago Helene Chadwick was a stranger to the screen. She made her dehut in an Asira-Pathe studio and won a part in "The Iron Heart," a thrill serial. Then she appeared in another of that kind, "The Double Cross," and repeated in "The House of Hate."

Miss Chadwick is now with Goldwyn; the serial days are far, far behind in the dust of obscurity, and all's wellthat is, all's well but for the Villainous Landlord.


Louise Huff is a studious young person
with mentality as well as pulchritude.

WE did not start right smack off on the subject of LOVE. Naturally, two well bred ladies who are interviewing each other for the first time do not soar to such intimate heights until they have reached a certain amount of conversational momentum. (And we were nothing if not well bred-"dainty" Louise Huff with her generations of Georgia accent and gentility, and the picture of her grandfather who fought in the Civil War in a gold frame on her desk, and I with my college education and a new red hat.)
There were the problems of the weather, and the scandalous way New Sork taxi drivers cheat you on a rainy day and the new short-wamped French pumps, and transmisration of souls, and the possibilities of remaining a lade in whatever walk of life, and the duty of chidden to parents, and Mexico to settle first. When we found that we agreed on all of these-then. then it was time to talk of love.
"I believe aboolutcly in lowe," amomaced Loutse Huif profoundly:. Her forehead wrinkles when she wants to look profound. "But there are no two wase aloout it. If one person thinks he or she is desperately in love with another. and the other does not return his or her affection-then it isn't love Vou cither love or sou don't, and unless both the man and woman care for each other with the same intense, sure, satisfying emotion-well, it just isn't love.
"When I hear girle stewing about and see them growine pale and thin becatwe they can't eat or sleep on account of what they think is lowe for some man who doesn't care two straws for them-I want to shake them. The

## Dante

 Was
## Wrong

By BETTY

thing for them to do is to put these men out of their lives, and get something better to occupy their minds until the right man comes along.
"Of course sometimes peop!e make mistakes and marry others they think they are in love with. but that sort of marriage very often does not last. It is not true marriage-true marriage can only happen when people really love. Such a union is bound to be an unhappy one. anyway-often from the fault of neither husband nor wife. So Dante was wrons! All this stuff and nonsense he wrote


Louise Huff does not agree with him a bout love-Anyhow he's all out of date.

SHANNON

about Beatrice, all this holy, unreturned affection that guided him through Hell and Purgatory (I hope I haven't my facts twisted), all these sickly sentiments that he and the other poets have been slipping over us all these years about the


Louise Huff has come
back, after a two years
absence, as a Selznick.


## Happy Endings

"Men are only boys, grown tall; Hearts don't change much, after all."

By ROBERT M. YOST

ALL authors, before plunging into the body of their narrative, first consider the ending, for a story or a play must have a Happy Ending. But, of course, you know that. Perhaps that is why cynical critics laugh when we speak of a play or a story being so true to life and yet-having a Happy Ending.
Happy Endings are necessaries that mark every step in our careers. The baby crying for its bottle, and getting it, achieves its Happy Ending. Later we


Lila Lee today.
are told that if we are good we shall go to Heaven when we die-another Happy Ending.

Directors are wondering now whether the public will be satisfied with endings of the other sort, based upon natural conditions in life. The chances are that the public will not; it never has been. It already has had enough unhappy endings.

A couple of years ago an Eastern producing firm decided to star a newcomer. Her name was Lila Lee, the youngster who earned success in a school days act in vaudeville. At that time Lila was quite small, just a cuddly little kid and the Wise Men of the East decided that the time was ripe to launch her in a number of stories, specially built to exploit her kid talent.
Those Wise Men were going to take no chances. Little Lila was to be a success right from the start. One of the greatest campaigns known in filmdom was inaugurated through every possible avenue of publicity, heralding the arrival of this prodigy. This was kept up for months.

The public expected a pig-tailed Sarah Bernhardtand they didn't get it.
Fifty-seven varieties of reasons were offered in explanation of Lila's failure to meet the expectations of the public, but there really were only two.

Lila had been lured into the field of motion pictures by the kind insistencies of friends who convinced her that she could make good. She entered the business with a keen determination to succeed that has never wavered.

First of all, she fell victim to over-advertising.
Next, she was cast for the role of a very little girl
in productions written with a vew to accentuating and developing the fact that sle was only a child actress. With her fine intelligence her stage rexperience and her native ability, Lila might have overcome even thesc handicaps, had not nature and California climate con-pired to blast the hopes of the little star.

Lila had reached the age when it was time for her to grow. She should have been a head taller-but she wasn't. So they sent her out to Caliiornia to make pictures, a little freckle-faced. undersized kid. in dresses that tlapped at knee length.

Then came the great change.
The climate took kindly to Lila. She could live in one house, all the time. regular hours, regu'ar meals. golden weather. pleasant work, pleasant surroundings. Old nature began sneaking up on the kid. Her feet grew down to meet the sidewalk and her head began to stretch toward the stars.

In a very few months, Lila was just exactly, by actual measurement. a head taller than she was when she arrived in California. That's why her portrayal of little kid parts didn't come up to the expectations of the public. She was ton busy growing.

According to all the rules, the youngster should have been downhearted. But she was determined that her career in motion pictures should have a Happy Ending. She is well on her way now to the success she sceks but there must have


Lila Lee when she was known as
"Cuddles" in a vaudeville s'etch.
been some dark days along the rou'e
One day Cecil ile Mille cast her for the role of Tureny and good luck came back to Lila. There are a few things you remember particularly about "Xale and Female" One if them is Tuccny.

In "The I'rince Chap" the public is looking upon a new Lila Lee-the girl who came back-only she comes back a woman. But it was Twetry that marked the turning point of Lila's return.

Lila Lee is a stage name. The little brunctte was born Ausuta Appel. The story goes that Gus Edwards. the vauleville producer of tabloid musical comedies, discuve-ed her when she was a very tiny chilht indeed playing on the sidewalk with some other boys and girls. He saw all the possibilities for pqquant "kit stufi" in small Augusta, and put her through a course of training and $u$ limately into one of his acts. Her success was instantancous, and she held the position of the most popular little girl on the varicty stage, known only as "Cuddles." for ten year*. Now she is one of the most promising of the younger leading women in pictures. for besides her two performances mentioned above. she has appeared as Wiallace Reids leading woman. and opposite Houdini in "Terror Island.
'She is getting better every dav. they say on the Lasky lot. and there seems no lenger any doubt about that Happy Ending.


## "I Don't <br> Want To"

YOU think of temperament when you read about the rough way in which Dave Belasco mauls emotionalism into his stars, do you not?
lou think of temperament when you read about chorus girls who pout when their Packard or Pic-Pic is late, or when the strawberries are not quite large and sweet enough on the Christmas morning breakfast tray, what?

Temperament?
Reader, those feeble flings are as the rippling rill alongside the roaring Niagara. Consider, if you please, Master Bobby Kelso, æt three.

One of those helpful persons, who always knows all about everything that is going on in Hollywood (which is a fairly large order, by the way) whispered that there was a great new child-find out at King Vidor's studio. Rumor had it that this child was a marvel, one who would disturb the laurels resting peacefully upon various small brows. He was playing the all important part of Buddy in King Vidor's new production, "The Jack-Knife Man." by Ellis Parker Butler.

Bobby had never been in pictures, but his mother met Florence Vidor in a hairdressing shop one afternoon just when King lidor was searching for a child to play Buddy. Thus the discovery.

When you see this picture, you are going to see a very fine piece of acting by a three-year-old.

But dragging Mrs. Carter, in her plumpest days, about by the hair, was


A troupe of assistant persuaders follow King Vidor around.


Every angle of the plot hinges primarily upon him.


But when he does do it, he's great!
a mere bagatelle. compared with th. things King Vidor has done in order to make Bobby Kelso act.

For instance, here are some of the things King Vidor carried around:
Jelly beans-by the gross-they beins Bobby's pet confection.

Live rabbits, produced instantaneously, like those that come out of a magician's hat.

Ice cream cones, whistles, chalk, musical tops, string, and a rag cloll, made of a towel tied around in the middle, Buddly: favorite consolation in moments of mental anguish.

Also King Vidor was followed around by a troop of assistant persuaders. con sisting of property men, electricians, assistant directors, cameramen and stag hands, bearing kiddlie-kars, tricycles. rock ing horses, wagons, automobiles, live qoats and other things.

The favorite of this harem. is on "Hughie," head property man, who next to King Vidor, occupies the chief place in Bobby's heart. Hughic is a great "feeder." He is generally elected to stand on his head off set, when they want Bolby to stare out the cloor or window. or to climb up the rafters, or im tate Charlie Chaplin when they want him to laugh.

Bobby plays the role of a child who through the death of his mother. fally into the hands of two old men. a shants boatman and a singing tramp.

There is scarcely an emotion that a child can know that Bobby does not have to express. He is in at least half the scenes of the picture. Every angle o the plot hinges primarily upon him.

But when I had watched him makin a few scenes, I decided to start a cors test to elect King Vidor successor to Jol the popular patience specialist.

Bobbyy farorite quotation was. " don't want to." I dienn't discover any thing cluring the entire afternoon that $h$ wanted to do.

BC'T-when he does do it, he's great

"Go into the movies" said Molly Bolton's friends, when at 26 she was left a widow with her own future to face. "You have a
 profile. Let it work for you." So she went into pictures and there she learned many things not the least of which was Hope.

Told by CORINNE LOWE

Illustrations by Walter Tittle
"TTT71IM don't you go into the mosics?" Nowalays I suppose that no good-looking young woman is ever thrown upon her own resources without hearing this suggestion on every side. Certainly I myself had been a widow only several weeks when Dorothy Tompkins, my best friend, came forward with the idea.

Well," she commenced, looking about her at the tiny room in the Madison Avenue boarding-house into which I had just moved a few of my most treasured possessions from the smart Park Avenue apartment where Tom and I had spent our brief married life. "what are you going to do, Molly:"

I shrugged my shoulders.
"What can a woman do who doesn't know a single useful thing in the world?" I retorted.

It was quite true-that estimate of myself. I had been unfitted for life in the most fashionable of private schools. I couldn't bake a biscuit serviceable for anything except a paper-weight. I couldn't sew and I couldn't even take a French sentence without balking at the hurdle.

As I stood there at the window of my little room I realized indeed for the first time that I was one of those women born to wear the feathers and eat the pate de foic gras that some man earned for her. I had passed from an indulgent father who lived up to his professtonal income to an even more indulgent young husband who considered that his future success as an architect depended upon showing off every bit of his present succes. Both props were gone now and save for the ten thousand dollars insurance Tom hatl teft me, together with the wardrobe and jewels he hall bought me. I was dependent upon mycelf alone.
Dorothy stared at me in silence. Then she loroke in sharply upon my merlitations. "What if you can't do anythinge" said she, "You have a profite that can. Let it do the work. Co into the movies."

I looked at myself in the frivoIous little Louis ©uinze mirror that I had brought with me from the


# Hope That Springs 

How do you know you can't?"
I smiled a little. "Because I always made such a hit in amateur theatricals.
"It does sound fatal." grinned Dorothy, "but anyway, you really don't have to act in the movies. You just move around.'

DURING the next few weeks most of my other friends came iorward with the same suggestion. I smiled now to think of their gentle confidence that the whole movie world would put out bunting and flags to welcome the new star. Yet in the end I yielded to their constant arguments regarding movie money and the ease with which it was made. And one March day I stood before the casting director of the - studios.
"Parts?" The casting director grinned cheerfully around his pendulous cigar. "No, we haven't any of those to give out. But if you really want to get into this game, you could do all right as an extra.
"An extra?" I repeated in bewilderment. The only association which the word held for me was with the expensive pri-
vate school which I had attended. "What in the world is that?"
"Why," answered he. "the extras are the good old cowboys that bunch around the sheriff's office and fill up a few chinks in the W'estern scenery, they're the exening dres: girls and white collar boys of the ball-room and cabaret scenes-"
"The noble Romans," I interrupted with a faint smile, "the mób scene?"
"You're on."
It didn't sound very stately, did it? And when I thought of Dorothy and my other friends, of their swift assumptions that $m y$ face would prove $m y$ fortune, $m y$ heart sank.

And how much is the extra paid?" I faltered at last.
"Oh, anything from five to ten dollars a day. An evening clothes scene always pays more. You would get about seven and a half for that."

Quite evidently the extra of the movies was not the expensive one of the boarding-school. To me. who had been nourished so carefully these past weeks upon reports of the earnings of Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin, it sounded meager enough. Still. seven dollars and a half a day for such easy work-just sitting at a cabaret table or walking across the ballroom floor-that would be forty-fise dollars a week! My spirits were beginning to rise when the director spoke again.

Of course." he explained, "the employment isn't steady. You can only expect a day's work or so every week or two-that is to say here in New lork during the winter months. Summer it's different. Then we're making up some of th : big pictures that may give you two or three weeks work."

Seven dollars and a halt a day and that only occasionally! I sat there staring at him blankly.,
"I tell you what you (lo," said he suddenly: "you let me take your name and address and when there": something to do Ill call you up."
"Then you think I shouldn": have any trouble retting a job aan extra?" I inquired. I was certainly meek enough by this time
"My clear young woman." he retorted promptly, "do you know what an extra is? It's somebody with a face. Inybody can be oneyoung, old, rich, poor. Of course," he adkled politely; "you're the kind that would always be most in ciemand. You're pretty, under thirty,
well-dressed and above all, you've got a good figure. That's really more important in the movies than the face. Now, how about your wardrobe in general-got lots of fluffs?"
"What has that to do with it?"
For answer he waved his hand toward the ante-room beyond.
"Right out there," said he, "there are probably two or three girls waiting to see me this very minute who would know what I mean. Theyive got good sets of features, but poor sets of clothes. see? They can't scrape up enough coin to buy the pretty evening dress or the swell afternoon gown that a lot of the big scenes need. Consequently, we can't use 'em any place except perhaps the street scenes or something like that.
I thought of the clothes I had bought just before Tom's death-of the silver cloth evening gown that he had told me mate me look like a fairy-story mermaid. of the new brocade evening wrap. the gorgeous set of furs-and I blinked back a tear. How little I had thought when I bought those gay feathers with Tom's money to make a good show for Tom's clients that I should ever use them in earning my own living

I hase a-a-great many clothes." I answered unsteadili:
"Fine. Now then let me write down all about you. You see, we keep the names of professional extras in our card-index and whenever we're making a big picture we call on them.'
I furnished him there upon with a complete history of myself-age, weight. height. education, previous inexperience, and promised to send him a few photographs.
"Now don't you worry," said he kindly as I rose to go, "you're not going to have any trouble. You've got the kind of face that will film well. And. say, there's a lot in that last. You haven't any illea how many beauties there are in this world that screen to look like frights - they might be the girl your mother and sister always pick out for you to marry.

## Following his advice, I

 made a round of the other studios and enrolled in the same manner. After that casting of my nets I settied down to what soon proved the most unsettled life in the world. For two whole weeks I waited there in the little Madison Avenue hoarding-house for some returns from my enrollment. Wait? No stage carriage ever dill it so hard.JL'CT as I was beginning to despair I receised a phone message from the director whom I have quoted so extensisely. If I would go over to Jereey the next morning I would find mes first job wating for me. They wore going to do a big scene in a hotel lobloy and I was to take my handsomest evening dress with me.

Afterwards I found out that I had been very lucky in being called at all. It is only very young and stately folks who trust to the telephone. Nore crushed and wiser sprits make a business of turning up every day either at the stuclios or at one of the agencies. These agenciec, by the way, are patronized be many extra- and, although they charge a ten per cent commission, they do possess certain undoubted adrantages.


I had brought with me nothing save a box of rouge and a lip stick.

W'ell, to go back to my first day of being an extra. I had been told to present myself at the Jersey studio at nine oclock in the morning. In order to do so I arose at half-past six. Esen this early start gave me a chance at nothing more substantial than the roll and coffee on which in my European days I used to wobble forth to see two art galleries and a dozen churches. By the time I had taken subway, Fort Lee ferry and the Jersey trolley I was ready for a real breakfast.

I arrived promptly at nine at the studio. Some other extra= had been not only prompt, but precocious, and when I entered the hallway I found a number of my fellow-workers-mostly. young men and young girls-grouped about their suit-cases and chatting just as cheerily as if they had not already put in a W'all Street man's "day." I had seen a number oi extras in the city offices but this was my first real insight into their daily mode of thought. Watching them and listening to them. I realized that they all knew each other that they had met frequently in the various studios and that there $\in \mathrm{X}$ isted between them that cheerful freemasonry you always find amone those who earn their daily breal in some precarious way.
"Hello. Sally!" I hear 1 the entire group turn to greet a girl just entering the door. She had almondshaped, slatey grey eyes beneath a fringe of dark bangs and over these bangtilted a cherry-colored straw hat. "Iou look fresh as a daisy;" commented a good. looking young man as she drew nearer.
"les." replied the newcomer, "and where do I get the right. I'd like to know. Heavens, what a day yesterday was
"Wasn't it awful?" grimaced one of the cirls. "Were you in that awiul mob at - s yesterday?"
"Huh, didn't I stand there all afternoon trying to set to somebody until every one of my toes felt like a boil? Me for the agent: after this. Let them take their commission. I say. At least you don't have to stand around all day long. Besides, they give you your money right on the spot and look how long some of these producers take to come across!"

NJOT until I looked oser this group of extras did I realize that the movies. like Browning's hero, cry: "Crow old along with me." Mixed through this assemblage of pretty young cirls and men in their twenties were several stately. dowagers and one or two elderly men of professional appearance. It was with one of the former-a woman of past fifty with one of those unwaning profiles that every woman cries for-that I gradually lapsed into consersation.
"Fumy how I got into the mosies," she confided to me "Of course at my age 1 never dreamed of such a thing but one day. I came along with my dauchter to one of the studios. "Whe don't you go on in this big scone?' asked the director. walking up to me where I was waiting in the hall. 'Me?' answered I and hughed. 'Sure." said he, "there's no reason why any able-hodied mother with a handsome lace dress shouldn't be working these days. Don't you realize that the movies represent life and that life is full of people past forty?"
"But it's rather hard work, isn't it?" I asked. After that early rising, that long trip to Jersey and the hour of waiting which I had already put in here in this studio hall, I was commencing to abandon my first theory that all there was to this life was walking across the drawing-room floor.
"Oh, you get used to that," she retorted cheerily. "After all, life's lonely without any work and I'm certainly glad for a profession that finds any use for the woman of past fifty."
"So am I." It was a handsome, beautifully gowned woman with snowy white hair who joined the conversation at this point. "Why, I was bored stiff before I started being an extra, Just think of having nothing to do but look at your Queen Anne chairs and wonder where to put your new Bokhara rug! I tried all sorts of things to get out of myself-spiritualism, social work, Bolshevism, women's clubs. But I wasn't a clubwoman by nature-I just hated to get up and say, 'I move'-"
"So you said, 'I movie," " I interrupted with a laugh.
"Exactly. And I tell you it's all opened up a new world to me. I love every bit of it. And as for the people that I meet in the studios, why. I didn't know there were so many brave, cheerful, real folks in the world!"

They were brave, cheerful, real. 1 recognized this as they stood here in this dreary hall almost two hours before the director came to assign them to their dressing-rooms. I recognized it still more when, together with twenty girls and women, I found myself in the big dressing-room with its two sidelengths of mirror, its long benches and its community dressingtable.

When I got to that flocking-ground I felt for the first time an oppressive sense of embarrassment. Sitting down on the extreme end of one of those long benches, I watched the others opening up their bags and taking out their toilet articles. And as I sat there listening to the chatter about me it seemed to me that I had strayed for a moment into the pages of some novel that I was reading. The other characters knew each other and knew exactly what to do. I alone knew nothing.

And how they did chatter! Wasn't it awful-their having been kept up until two in the morning that other day at the So and So studios-but it was nice in a way, for they had got paid for an extra day's work! And, what luck, two of them had been called by their agent to go up on that picture in the Adirondacks where the sledding accident had occurred, but that very day they had been busy on something else. One of them-a fat girl with red hair-admitted a not unreasonable terror of balconies. She was one in a certain picture when it fell and, though she herself had got off without a scratch, she had vowed then and there that she would never set foot above the snow line again.

All the others roared at this confidence.
"Keep your vow, Mopsy," shouted Sally of the almond-shaped eyes as, smearing the grease-paint over her face and neck, she looked down across the intervening figures on the long bench where we were all sitting to the redundant curves of her friend, "We want balconies made safe for the rest of us."

I laughed at this last sally, but I was really concentrating my whole mind upon the elaborate character of my compan:ons' make-up. Let me confess it right now. I was so ignorant of one's obligations to the camera that I had brought with me nothing save a box of rouge and a lip stick. It was like trying to lumber with a pair of manicure scissors.
Very soon the girl beside me discovered my bewilderment.
"This is your first experience, isn't it ?" asked she, giving me a long friendly look. I nodded.
"Well, just wait a minute and I'll show you how you make up. Don't get fussed.

It'll all cume natural to you after a few times. Take me-I was as green as you are a few months ago-so green I thought I ought to look red."

You didn't look red for the screen. That was quite evident; and under my companion's course of instruction I applied the grease-paint, the powder and the eye-lash stick which all the others were using. Although I was belated in these attentions to myself, I finished long before most of the girls and I had time as I sat there to find something infinitely pathetic in the anxious forward bend of each figure on the bench to the section of mirror directly in front of it. How much it meant to these girls to look their very best! I forgot for a moment that I myself was now one of "these girls," that a great deal depended upon today's trial. I thought of myself as the wife of Tom Bolton, rising young architect, who had strayed into the pages of the novel she was reading.

0NE hears so much of the movie stars," I sertimentalized, "and now here at last are the movie moths-poor, fragile, Iovely creatures crawn to this lamp of fortune, fluttering dizzily about it and so, so apt to be singed before they are through.'

Certainly they maintained that figure of speech. With the hard lights falling upon their bare arms and shoulders and their pink silk "unders," with their shining, marcelled hair and the drifts of powder on face and neck, they did recall a tlock of powder-winged, perishable moths or butterflies. Yet it was really impossible to pity them long. They were too (Continued on page 1I2)

They recalled a flock of powder-winged, perishable moths or butterflies.



Mae Murray is the puppet princess, the marionette mistress, of her pastel apartment. That pout of hers is natural, not affected.

Tbegin with, everything, or nearly everything that has ever been written about her, is wrong.

They have said she is Irish. She inn't.
They have said she cultivates persistently the mental attitude of a bearding-school child who only went to a theater once or twice-and then to see Julia Marlowe and E. II. Sothern in their Shakesperean repertoire.

They say she has a perpetually innocent and injured expression with which she seems to say: "Where do babies come from

## They're all wrong.

Mae Murray was really born Mac-somebody-else. She reminds me of the child of Continental parents who, at the rather immature age of ten, has seen all the best pictures-in the galleries-heard all the finest music. met all the best people. She has Latin rather than Celtic blood in her veins. When Lasky wanted to star her, he picked parts for her to en with the invented biography which made her a Murray. 'The original idea was. I believe, to exhibit her bee-stung lip and her shining hair and her Follies figure to the world in a series of Irish plays, like "Sweet Kitty Bellairs."

When Mae Murray started out to make a name for herself. she was undoubtedly a very young girl with only one object and ambition: definite, material success. She says herself she supposes she w?s "just a flufi." She prospered. Any girl with a bee-stung lip and a retrousse nose and trusting evesnot to mention two perfectly grand hosiery advertisementswas bound to prosper. She started when she was fifteen. Before the was twenty she had won fame in the national institution of heauty, the Follies, in the popular midnieht performances of Manhattan, on the roofs, and had hecome known as "the Nell Brinkley Girl." And that wasn't all. She hatd wit enough and initiative enough to use the dancing craze for all it was worth. She was the naive proprietress of a Manhattan restaurant which coined monere.

Whogether her characterization in "On With the Dance"-

## The Truth About

The explosion of a few theories regarding the young lady on the cover.

Sonia-could not have been easy for her to do. Having seen so much of material Manhattan, and its dance-palaces, and its pekingese-both dogs and humans-she must have had to exercise her perspective and her sense oi humor strenuously before she could give such a degree of reality to that litale dancer. She settled, I believe, in this Fitzmaurice production, all those arguments about whether Mac Murray could act. The advertisements were misleading; it was Mae's acting and not Mae's dancing or Mae's costumes that you most appreciate.

$S^{B}$EE her in the studio. She reminds one of Aothing more or less than a particularly apt child, with a penchant for learning and an age-old understancling. She always has a sort of listening expression: her exes dronp and she purses her mouth in an carnest and gratifying attention. That pout is natural, not affected.

Sce her at home. She is the puppet princess. the marionette mistress of this pastel apartment of hers. She has wide lounces that you sink into, and silk-and-lace imitations of umbrella trees with cushions beneath, and soft pastel rugs and hancings Jou can tell. by glancing from Miss Murray to her apart ment-furnishinge. just what came with the apartment and what she put into it. A woli-hound named Keno is a good dog and a gentle dog-the only woli-hound whose acquaintance I ever cared to cultivate.
Some woman once said she loved to see Mae Murray walk. This woman prolably thinks Mae was born with a walk like that This woman doesn't know that Mae practices walking and practices dancing ewery day of her life. She has a consuming energy that soldoni lets her rest a minute if she's not dincing the's reading: and she loves to entertain.
she has a wholesome awe of great people-particularly

## Photoplay Magazine

authors. She said she'd always been afraid of them until she went to a party which was attended also by several very distinguished literary gentlemen. She found them good fun and wanted to see them again. They all wanted to dance with her.

SIIE is married, you know. I don't mean just married; her husband occupies a large place in her scheme of things. Since Robert Leonard first directed her at Universal, she has included him in her artistic as well as personal plans. And it has always been her wish to continue this partnership of theirs in business as well as in clomesticity.

Her costumes are all very carefully planned. She believes that instead of focussing the audience's attention on one particular costume, an actress should rather see that her costume is so much in character and keeping with her personality that the audience barely notices it. It should harmonize, never astound.

Mae Murray nas found her metier. She doesn't belong in any dramatic chorus. She will be distinctly original or she will not be anything at all. She is not a New York butterfly, flying from couturier to tea and from tea to dinner-dance. Vou see, her profession is dancing and while she still loves to dance - in a restaurant or at a private party-and steps out for this express purpose several times a week, the illusion 10 gone, while perhaps the best part of the glamor remains. She is rather a reincarnation of one of those French ladies who used their charms to direct the destinies of nations, having all the time a very definite purpose behind their frivoity.

Mae Murray, in the future, will select her own plays. She is tired, she says, of playing the eternal ingenue, and will be
quite oblurate in her demands for intelligent parts calling for characterization. Stage plays will be studied and good books read, for she has promised her public she will give them only the best, now that she is her own boss, and she intends to make good.

The nicest thing I know about her I promised not to tell. But since the personality of any person, even a celebrity, may best be described by actions, not ideas, I am going to break my promise.
Mae Murray is not a reformer. She is too busy to bother about her neighbor's morals or her fellow-man's business. But not long ago something happened to make her change her serene philosophy and reflect rather more seriously on life and what it's all about.

She went down to the East Side of New York City for first hand instruction as to the Russian dance she had to perform in "On W'ith the Dance." She went to a settlement. She stayed, talked to the children, and became genuinely interested in them. She went back again and danced for them. And gradually she got to know their families-the mother of one of them gave her a shawl to use in her picture-and she met their grown-up sisters, girls in late teens and twenties, who worked in the factories and sweat-shops-girls who had so little pleasure that their lives were merely a series of early-to-bed and carly-to-rise and work like-everything. Nae got busy

With the aid of Frances Marion and her chaplain-hu-band, she planned a club for these girls. She invited them all to her house and saw that they had a goorl time. She dloes all she can to make their lives a little less barren-and if you suggest to her that she is doing a charitable thing she will turn blazing eyes to you and say indignantly:
"It isn't charity-I like them."

# Mae Murray 

Reno, third member of the Murray-Leonard menage, is a good dog, a wolf-hound to whom you must be introduced before he will deign to bark at you.



12 EEL 1 -The mere beholder gets Itrector, author, owher, etc..

Including other things quite vital.


REEL 2-The heroine appears, creature.
She registers some hates and fears To show that she's the star and feature.

$R \begin{gathered}\text { EEL 3-W Wet the atmosphere- } \\ \text { A desert scene with tents and }\end{gathered}$ arabs,
Euch bearing the accustomed spear And weuring the accustomed scarabs.

# N <br> oncen 


$W$ i used to sneer at movics; they were vulgar To our aesthetic, cultured sort of mind; imusement for the lowbrows or people who had no brows Anct passions of an ordinary kind.
but now we must admit we are converted;
Sou'll find us at the pictures rain or shine.
i) matter what the features, we're just the sort of creatures
Who stand in line from seven until nine.
A friend of ours once said that he liked Chaplin. () tush!" we said to him, and likewise, "Pooh!

Sin mean to tell us that you are honestly infatu-
bed with such entertainment, too?"
J, it now our tone assumes a new crescendoWe'll say this Chaplin chap is more than there; Bull when he's on the program, well instigate a pogram To reach the theater gate and pay our fare.

To think we used to stand aloof from "Fatty:" (Ir Rosene, as the better class would say;
Tol think we wouldin't truckle in this renowned ArluckleBut those are horrid thoughts of yectertay.
-1ffice that now we're with him soul anel bolly. cuffies that now were fans, of say the least. Bed happy that the cinema is shunted by the minima And that our snobbish pasts are now deceased.

## A Primer for <br> 

The Fade-Out
When stars are ont-of-tate and played ont. We say that they have made a fateront


## Shooting

To "shoot a scome is mothing newbircetors should be shet at. fow.

$R_{\text {He }}^{\text {EEL }}$ 4-The hero's introduced; hurries.
His hair is neatly oiled and spruced; The lady peeps at him-and scurries.

$R^{E E L}$ f-The action now begins; ble;
The hero jumps right in and wins, Although his chances are a gamble.

## sorship


$R^{E E L}$ 6-W'e pass the awful pinch. splendid
And virile hero-then they clinch.
The censor's name..the picture's ended.

## Picture Patrons

Decorations by
Ralph Barton

The Box-Office
The ticket-seller's boxed that was To stave off your attack When you re disgusted with the play And want your money back.


A picture filmed in Singapore Was taken at your very door.

-

## Location

The ADVANTAGES of the MOVIES
OVER the LEGIT

I
$T$ HE picture theater's always dark So things you throw won't hit the mark.

II
The actor in the morie play Can't hear the things you often say.

III
The spoken drama's always longer; The movie hero ${ }^{\circ}$ ahways stronger.
$\mathrm{IV}^{7}$
The spoken drama thinks it's wittyThe movie heroine is pretty:

## A DIFFERENCE

PEOPLE who are critical, ultra-analytical, Comment on the movies as they be
In a query passionate-This is how they fashion it:
"Are they fit for juveniles to see?"
We attack these querulous people, though it's perilousWe would change their hue and cke their cry.
Give us pictures anyway-dollar way or penny wayIf they're fit to reach the adult eye.


Breakfast in the sun-filled living room with Beeky near
him was the happiest hour of the day to Tom Warder

## The Truth

A Near Tragedy that Grew Out of "Little White Lies"

By NANON BELOIS

DO not imagine for a moment that Becky Warder was stupid. or ugly, or-attractively speaking-in any other way undesirable, when we tell you that she was a good girl. She was not the sort of person whose goodness people proclaim because there is nothing else to say for them, but lecky was a good girl. She was at the same time a pretty one, and a charming, warm, impulsite one whom people liked, and who liked people in return.

But Becky hatl a weakness-it might almost have been called a fault. The truth-that is the truth about little thinge-was not in her. With the big, important things-well, they were clifferent. They were big and important and if one didn't tell the truth about them, one was lying. If one deviated from the exact facts in speaking of litte things-t hat was fibbing. There was a vast difference between the two, in Becky"s mind.

When the Hobarts invited Becky and her nice. bige adoring hustand 'Tom, over for dinner and the evening, and Becky diel not feel like accepting, diel she decline in as truthful a
manner as it would have been within the power of any woman under the circumstances? No-"I'm so sorry" we cannot come. We are going out of town," she would answer sweetly: looking at Mrs. Hobart with great serious brown eyes.
"But. my dear," Tom Warder would say to Becky after she hat confided one of these little white lies. "We are not going out of town. Why under the sun should you say we are? The Hobarts can casily find out that we did not go."
becky's innocent eyes would take on a hurt look.
"But darling." she would reply, "perhaps it inn't exactly true, but saying you will be out-of-town is so much more interesting, and it arouses comment. I-I-I-just couldn't help it.

There didn't seem to be any way of arguing with her about it. No woman could be perfect. She was sweet. splendid, and generous and Tom attempted to forget about her habit of playing with the truth, but being a man of scrupulous honesty, it bothered him. Not that it ever occurred to him, in his
confident, mannish way, that Becky erer would try any of this petty deceitfulness on him. Tom knew that Becky loved tim, but he saw no need for this sort of thing, and he was afraid it might lead sometime to a scrious misunderstanding on the part of their friends.

BREAKFAST in the sun-filled breakfast room with Becky near him in a lacey cap and a soft clinging gown, of some lovely neutral shade that emphasized the vividness of herself, was the happiest hour of the day for Tom Warder. They had been married several years, but there was an illusive something about Becky-perhaps it was that quality of mind that never permitted her to be trapped into an absolute statement on any subject-that kept Tom always the eager lover. He never understood her, but he was alway's hoping to come up on her unawares and find out what was really going on behind those eyes.
They were breakfasting thus on the very day on which our story opens. It was spring. The sun poured its early morning flood of gold over the table. Tulips of a pink that matched the color in Becky's cheeks blushed in a huge bowl on the table. The canary trilled its heart out in a cage by the windows The world was very, very sweet.
"What's the program for today, dear?"
Tom always asked this question as he arose from the table. The day would not have been started properly without it. It was not that he was trying to keep track of Becky or her whereabouts; he was just very much interested and hoped that she would have a good time while he was off pegging at the office.

Becky looked a bit confused at Tom's question. She caught her breath, her lashes fluttered down for a moment, then she answered with a laugh:-"Why-just a bit of shopping, and -bridge later."

Becky was not in the habit of fibbing to Tom. But if he had been as observant as he gave himself credit of being, he would have noticed her momentary embarrassment. Instead of suspecting, he took her in his arms for farewell.
"You are my dearest little wife, and I love you, my dear," he whispered tenderly.
"You are my darling husband-and Tom. I do love you more than anyone or anything else in the world," she whispered back.

Again, if Tom Warder had been observant, he might have noticed a new note in Becky's voice-a sort of argumentative undertone, as if she were carrying on some sort of discussion with herself, trying to persuade herself that something she had in mind was perfectly all right.

As a matter of fact. Becky had an engagement. She had an engagement with a man-a thoroughly good looking, fascinating, dashing man. She was at the same time excited, anxious, intrigued and fearful. The man was married to one of her very best friends.

Becky was going shopping with Nadine Gray. That much of what she told Tom was true. But he was not going to play bridge. Afterwards, at three o clock precisely, she was to meet Fred Lindon at the Inseum of Natural History. She was filled with conflicting emotions because in her heart of hearts, she knew that there was no real necessity for this engagement with Eve Lindon's husband, though there was a surface excuse to justify it.

Becky first had met Fred alone a fortnight ago at the request of Eve. Fred Lindon was a notorious and unscrupulous man with the ladies. And Eve was a carping. weeping, and suspicious wife. She was enthralled by these same qualities in her husband, which made him so fasci-


Married happiness is based on mutual trust. A wite who tritles
with her husband's confidence is traveling a dangerous road.


If husbands and wives would look facts squarely in the face, if they would nip any misunderstanding in the bud. there would be fewer domestic tragedies.
and a fourth, and agaur. and again. If Becky hac faced the matter out with herself, had told the truth, she would have reckoned that she was traveling a dangerous road.

By the morning on which our story begins, Becky was quite convinced that Fred had been abused.

Becky was a litile bit late at the Museum. Fred was on time. His cynical mouth was twisted in an amused half smile as he waited in the main hall. Self satisfaction and complacency were written on every feature of his face He stepped forward eager ly to meet her, reached for her hands, and held them boldly. Becky drew them determinedly away. The fib she had told to Tom that morning was weighing a little more heavily than most of her fibs on her conscience.

## The

NIARRATED by permisduction, adapted by play of the same title by by L. Windom with the

Becky IVarder
Tom IVarder.
Eire Lindon
Fred Lindon
Stephen Roland
Mrs. Crispigny.
Jonks
of acquaintanceship he had never expressed anything but the most impersonal interest in her. It threw her off her guard; she almost forgot the speech she had prepared.
"I've come to talk to you about Eve-"
The outcome of the conversation was not at all as Eve would have wished it to be. Fred was skillful in the ways of playing with the feminine weaknesses. By a subtle method of flattery combined with an artful sincerity of manner, he half persuaded Becky into the belief that he, and not Eve, was the albused one of their conjugal experiment.

When the time came for her to run home, if she meant to get home ahead of Tom, and the old dear was always hurt if she was not there to greet him, Becky discovered that she was no nearer patching up the Lindons' quarrel than she had been before meeting Fred. It was her sincere wish to (lo so. Also, she was almost sorry for Fired, but she did not intend to let him see it.
"This has been a very unsatisfactory afternonn. Fred," Becky had said, about to hurry away. "Inu hase refused to let me talk with you alout the very thing I wanted to. What shall Itell Exco
"Let's make it tomorrow afternoon again. We can talk this thing out then." had been Fred's reply.
So Becky had agreed to their meeting-impelled (even a more truthful woman than Becky would have refused to admit it to hereelf) somewhat loy the sudden and unaccustomed receard that Ferel displayed for her. But she was really interested in doing her lit inwards bringing her friendls together.

And so Becky and Fred had met a second time (there had been no need of bothering Tom about the matter) and a third.
around together too much public This day has been it. I want to talk to you seriously. Let's go over to mys house."
Fred consented, though he held his own opinion concerning this as their final rendezvous. They went to the street, summoned a taxi, and drove away.

If either had known that a heary-faced man with a star under his coat had been partner to their conversation, and that he had started off post haste to the nearest telephone hooth at their departure, they might have been disturbed. They had been entirely unaware of his interest in them. He seemed engrossed in the exhibits.
"Operator" Daniels called for Eve Lindon's apartment. The bell interrupted Mrs. Lindon as she examined a report of the detective service that gase the exact whereabouts of her husband for every hour of the day for the past wo weeks.

- Mr. Lindon and Mrs. Wiarder are on the way to Mrs. Wardcr's house." he said.

Eve Lindon's face tnok on dark lines as she turned from the phone. "They"ll explain this-or-I'll tell Tom Warder." she stormed.

S ETTLED in the taxicab. Becky tried to talk with Lindon seriously about going back to his wife. 'The situation was really begiming to get on her nerves. Fred laughed.
"Eve can get on nicely without me." He reached for Becky"s hand, but liecky drew it away for the second time that afiernonn. This time she was really angry.
"This proves to me that you are as much to blame as Eve-even more so. Just rememher that Ton Warder is
my husband and your wife is my friend," she said, indignantly.
They rode the rest of the way in silence. Becky refused to listen to an apology.
Jenks, the Warder butler, let his mistress and Fred Lindon in. As he closed the living-room door, his wise old head shook rather sadly. Even Jenks knew Lindon's reputation.
"Come, let's be friends again. A pout is very unbecoming to you." Fred gave every appearance of penitence.
"You're so silly, Fred. We'll be friends, of course-but you know I am just a plaything for you-the old story. It's time you asked Eve to let you come back. She adores you."
"Becky-you know that I am not playing with you-I really care for you, I always have-Becky -" Lindon's pleadings were interrupted by a ring at the bell. A minute later, Jenks in great perturbation, squeezed himself through the door from the hall, and announced in a low voice (that could not be heard outside), that Mrs. Lindon was calling.

Becky and Fred both started visibly at the name-then Becky gathered herself together. "I will see her in a minute," she said. Jenks squeezed himself out again.
"Get out into the garden"-Becky opened the French windows, and Fred ran to shelter behind a clump of flowering bushes, while Becky braced herself for the ordeal of meeting Eve.
"Eve, dearest." Becky stepped forward with great show of affection, but her heart was thumping against her ribs. Eve returned Becky's hand shake stiffly, and snapped her lips, together frigidly. When they were seated Becky looked Eve sweetly in the eye.
"Well, how is Fred behaving? Has he shown any signs yet?"
the truth, and now she did not have time to decide whether this was a big important thing, or just a little one.
"I see him every day! Why I haven't seen or heard of him for-for ever so long!"
There was stillness, while Eve glanced haughtily and sceptically about the room. When her car had rolled out of sight. Becky stepped through the window and went out to Fred. She sat down beside him on the bench.
"She carried on terribly, Fred," Becky exaggerated. But she meant to. "You've got to go back to her. She said she would die if you did not." Fred slipped his arm around her shoulder, but she drew away. "Fred, you know why I have been seeing so much of you?" Becky looked at him closely as she asked this question.
"I had hoped for the same reason that I have been seeing you-because you care for me," Fred answered.
"Don't try to flatter me. I know exactly how you regard me. I know that I have been foolish in meeting you. I almost felt sorry for you. I feel sorry for you still. Can't you go back to Eve and be happy as Tom and I are? Eve is a good woman and she loves you. That is not to be despised, Fred. I wish you would promise me, because I am not going to see you again."
"I will never ask Eve to come back," Fred answered,-and then, because he could not bear to let any woman slip through his fingers when he had considered that she was nearly his-"you wouldn't send me off this way so unceremoniously, Becky, -let me come tomorrow for the last time."

Becky thought for a moment. After all, there was Fred's (Continued on page 115)

## Truth

sion from the Goldwyn proArthur F. Statter from the Clyde Fitch, and directed , following cast.
........... Madge Kennedy . . . . . . . . . . Tom Carrigan . . . . . . . . . . . Helen Greene
 ...................Frank Doane . . . . . . . . . . . Zelda Sears
"How should I know?" Eve answered vindictively. "That's what I've come to ask you about." Then-"I think there is a woman in the case."

Becky's eyes widened in horror.
"Another woman! How foolish! Eve, that dreadful suspiciousness of yours is the cause of all your troubles."

Eve bit her lip. Then almost triumphantly-"I knew you'd excuse him. Why is it that you see him every day?"

If Becky was the sort who could be frank with other women, she would have admitted to Eve that she had been seeing a good deal of Lindon and would have told her exactly why. She might have comforted Eve, might have read her a lecture on her weaknesses and given her some worth while advice on how a wife should not behave toward

"It was all a lic to get you here". said Beeky


## Wear America First

## The third of a series of articles by the best dressed star of the screen

By NORMA TALMADGE<br>Illustrations by John M. Barbsur



MET a friend of mine a few days ago who was rushing around to get rearly for a trip aborsaal.
"I'm so exciterl!" she exclaimerl. "This is the first chance I've had to gos tos I'aris since the war, and I really must have some clrothes!"
I asket my ezciterl friend what she had been doing for clothes during the four years when it was impossible for the average person to Cross the Atlantic, and when only a very few daring buyers tork their lives in their hands in order to find out what the French creators were making.
"Why, of crourse, I had to have my things marle here then," she replief, "Fut now-isn't it splenflirl that we can go over again?" Ah, oui!
I assented to the "splendror" of it somewhat atisently, for I was thinking of a remark I had heard a few days before.
"Americans boastful:" queried a man who has the habit of doing his own thinking. "I should say not. Why, when any one asserts timidly that there are a few things we do rather well in this land of the free, there are at least twenty loyal Americans ready to rise up and shrout that we do nothing of the kind, or if we do that it isn't nearly so good as the things 'they' do on 'the other side.' They complain that we can't make clothes like the French, not cloth like the Engish-in fact, the only statement they might not contrarlict is that we make better fighters than the Germans."

Now, I have a convic. tion that it might be a goord thing for all of us if we were to sit down occasionally and think out for ourselves some of the reasons why we should te proud to call ourselves Americans. I think you will find that one of them is the fact that we do create in this country -European - worshipDers to the contrary.
There are certain myths that die hard. One of them related to German kultur. Another is the conviction that some American women have that they can't be properly dressed unless every stitch of clothing they wear bears the trademark of a Faris house.

I am not saying that P'aris doesn't lead the world in the dresses she makes. I might correct myself there, and say in the style of the dresses she makes.

Everyone know, that the French creators of clrothe have a chic, a feeling for line and erdor that is unmistakatile. but when it comes to expecting French closthes ofs hold togetherah, rame of a name! as rour I'arisian friends wrould say

The French pown is put together with genius and a jeen pins
I chanced tor be present one day when the head of a house that imports many of the riresees it sell; was supervising the unpracking of a crate of French gowns. She torsle one sut derokerd at it and shorsk her head.
"I fir think they might learn how to sew." she said mournfully.
ONE of the false grorls that has been werthrown in this country in the last few years is the belief that all grood music must have the rierman stamp. But srome impjous Americans began to raise their voiees and porotest that genius isn't the Cord-given right of any one country, and that we had right here in America young men and women of great ability. Furthermore, they insisterl that sur own musicians be given a hearing. The result is that Arnerican makers of music are being acclaimed, both in sur own land and abroad.
The very same situation hodds true in rexard to clothes. In most things we can rival succes-fuly the French-in some types of clothes we can beat them sof far that there isn't any comparison.
Above the uprsar that this statement wil call forth I want to be heard, saying that I mean it.
At the present tirne we have in America three or frour houses that make Iresses with quite as much chic and dash and feeling for color and line as there is in French clothes, but these stylists de A teature of the summer surt, with short jackets is the exceed. ingly bright ribbon sash. If you fringe the ends and paint or embroider above them a design ir color. you will have the latest thing in sashes
not as yet tower above the Frencb couturiers.

However, in tail. or-made things we are so far ahearl of the French that they aren't even in the running

But the English you exclaim? Yes, the Enclish make lovely sports clothes, but when it cromes to the tail orerl suit or dress for street wear we beat the world in style in finish and in beauty of line.

Take furs as another example.
Difl you know that a great New York house recently openec a I'aris branch ?
And this Paris branch was starterd because European women couldn't buy on that side of the water furs that had

the beauty and style and workmanship that we produce.
There are some very interesting reasons back of all this. One of them is a question of figure. Another has to do with class distinctions.

The French woman is petite. The average woman in France, especially in Paris, is much smaller than the average American woman. And the Paris creators of dress build their gowns for small women. That is why some of our own people, especially those built on the ample lines of their native land, look so funny when they essay French clothes.

One of the fine arts of the couturiers in America is the "adapting" of French styles to meet the demands of the American figure.

There are only one or two classes of women in each country abroad that dress well. Outside of these classes are the workers in the cities and the peasants to whom style changes mean nothing. But America is the land of good clothes for everyone. Our class distinctions here are elastic. Mrs. Butcher today may be Mrs. Millionaire tomorrow, if father strikes it lucky in oil or stocks. And Mrs. Millionaire will demand the best clothes that the markets of the world can produce. Moreover, the workers in the ordinary walks of life in this country draw salaries that permit fashion to be a serious topic with their wives and daughters.

So that in this country our problem is not to dress a small class of women beautifully, but to dress beautifully all the women of America. That is why there is rather more uniformity in the clothes produced in this country, everyone must be dressed welı instead of the fortunate few.

AFRIEND of mine, who was purchasing some dresses in a noted Paris establishment last winter, noticed that the woman serving her kept eyeing her suit curiously. Presently she went away and returned with "Madame." The latter picked up the jacket of my friend's suit and inspected it carefully. Then she offered a handsome reduction on the gowns if the suit might be left over night at her establishment for copying.

The habit of keeping the suit-jacket on in restaurants and other places has ted to the extensive popularity of the waistcoat.

In bygone days the tailors of Vienna and Paris were the best in the world. Perhaps they have migrated to a land where their ability brings greater returns. Perhaps we have raised a race that eclipses their work-whatever the reason may be, the fact remains that when you buy a tailored suit from a first-class establishment in this country you may rest secure in the knowledge that nothing in the world can equal it.

The tendency of the present season in tailored clothes is toward brilliancy. Your suit may be black or navy blue. but if you want it to be in the mode you will insist that it have a vivid waistcoat or bright buttons. One of the cleverest creators of tailored clothes in this country startled his customers recently by exhibiting a suit for summer wear in canary-colored broardcloth and black oilcloth. The skirt was in the black oilcloth with large diamond-shaped motifs of stitching in the canary-yellow. The jacket was in the yellow hroadcloth and reversed the procedure of the skirt by stitching of black silk. A yellow tam stitched in black completed this daring costume.

The maker of tailored clothes in this country. however, is so sure of his work that he seldom goes in for effects that are bizarre. The plain skirt, trimmed with braid or stitching, the
jacket that drops from hip to fingertip length, the narrow shawl collar and the one-button closing is the type of suit that is generally seen. With these may be worn the most vivid of blouses or vests and these may be made at home at comparatively small expense.

The habit of keeping the suit-jacket on in restaurants and other places has led to the extensive popularity of the waistcoat. This does away entirely with the necessity for wearing a blouse. In fact, one of the smartest houses in this country is showing lingerie so elaborate that the camisoles are designed to take the place of a blouse or waistcoat for hot weather wear with one's suit.

This year we have seen another encroachment in the field that is supposed to be man's own. Formerly we had one skirt with our suit. When the skirt got "shiny" the suit could no longer be worn, even though the jacket was still in good condition. This year practically every smart tailor is turning out two skirts with one jacket-and here is where our versatility goes man one better. He, poor creature, is content to have two pairs of trousers identically the same. But we have a pretty plaid skirt, with blue predominating, as the additional skirt for our navy blue suit, while if the suit be black we have the tailor add another smart skirt of black and white checked material-that gives us the effect of an entirely different suit even though we wear the same jacket with both skirts.

FTOR sports wear this year there are some exccedingly good looking tweeds, and these are made with a skirt full enough for comfortable walking and with a hip length jacket. Tweed hats to match the suits are a feature of these sport costumes this year, and soft blouses in bright shades give the needed note of brightness.

In suits as in dresses it is the day of the short skirt, but here especially one must consider one's figure. The large woman will do well to avoid the skirt that is more than seven or eight inches from the ground, although the slender girl may wear her skirts as short as the dictates of good taste permit.

For hot weather wear there is an infinite variety of silk suits this year. The coolest looking are those of shantung. that are shown

# Humoresque 

A romance of the Lower East Side and Fifth Avenue with colorful adventures along the road between

> Sarah drew hersontoher and sat him on her knce. and crooned over him as he played

LITTLE Leon Kantor emerged from his father's brass shop in smelly Allen street with measured careful steps and paused to survey the neighborhood with an unwonted dignity of bearing. His exit was quite unnoted by his father Abraham, busy behind the shop partition convering factory made candlesticks from brooklyn into aged and timestained antiques from Russia.

The street was surging with traffic and the medley of childlife of the foreign quarter, chattering in mingled patois of American. Russian and Viddish. Leon, prim in gala new clothes, strode down the street in the full pomp of his newly attained seventh year. This was his birthday and in consequence a day of vast importance in the houschold of Mama Kantor, up over the brass shop. Our pompous seven-year-old, holding aloof, keenly enjoyed the sidewalk comments on the grandeur of his raiment. He passed without noticing a group of ragamuffins at a crap game on the walk. He did not so much as glance at the milling fringe of pushcart vendors along the curb.

A little girl, wan and thin, stood leaning against a tenement wall, alongside a garlage can. She peered into the can and pulled forth a fuzzy something that she folded under the ragged bit of a shawl about her shoulders. Then she stood rocking back and forth, maternally clutching the something to her bosom.

Leon's curiosity, was awakened. He stepped over to the scraggly little girl.
"What you got?"
With an air of great tenderness, she revealed her treasure.
"Gee-a kitten. I know a feller as is got a dog!"
She smiled and Leon took courare.
"I can wiggle my ears. Can you?"
She shook her head and Leon proceeded to demonstrate his ability in that direction to her amazement and delight. Cenius commands recognition, and Leon got it. He turned to find that he and the girl had become the center of a mouth-gaping group of Allen street kids. With a quick motion, the girl, sensing peril for her charge, pulled her shawl (xer the kitten. In a flash the gang of gutter boys were at her with reaching hanels.
"Watcha got hidl? Bet it's a pup."
The crowd pushed in and the girl tightened her hold, with a look of standing ready to fight to the last.

Leon, quite forgetting his new suit, remembering only that he and the girl were friends by virtue of her smile, plunged into the gang with both fists, as she, taking advantage of the distraction, ran away:

The melce over, Leon picked himself up, sore with much pommeling, his new suit drab with the grime of Allen street. A hard hand seized him and the harsh voice of his father was in his ears.

## Photoplay Magazine

## "So this is the birthday you got it!"

But Iama Kantor was in a kindlier, more forgiving mood as they entered the stuffy quarters over the brass shop. She rendered first aid with water and a towel as her husband stood by in grim disapproval of the young man.
"It is his birthday, papa, and here is one dollar that I have saved-it is you should go buy him a present.'

Abraham first argued that fifty cents was enough for a birthday present, then yielded, kissed his wife, took Leon by the hand and went forth.

Mother Kantor smiled to herself as they departed and looked about the tiny rooms they called home-home for father and mother, two older boys, Leon and a little sisterand the imbecile eldest child. It was better than Russia and persecution, but it was far from comfort. It was their narrow niche in the world of moil and toil. Life was work, work, work with hope away off on the horizon.

The mother turned her ministering attentions to the imbecile son who sat as always in an invalid's chair, vacuous and pale, as near dead as living. She had the persecutions of Russia, the long flight in the bitter winter, the bitter hate of an autocracy, to thank for the idiot son, Mannie.

The children came trooping in from the strect, with selfish eager eyes for the resplendent birthday cake with seven candles for Leon's seven years. His birthday was to mean something to them after all. They waited the supper with impatience for the pleas of the mother.

THE gift shopping tour of Leon and his father was taking more than the calculated time. And it was all the fault of Leon. In an Allen street shop, where all the things fascinating to childhood were spread in alluring array, stood Leon with his impatient father. Abraham, guided by all the best judgment of childhood desires, was insisting on bestowing upon Leon a woolly dog that wagged its head and tail-all for the reasonable price of filty cents. Leon would have none
of it. The boy clutched at a violin bearing the tremendou price of four dollars. Argument was to no avail. Neither were excellent harmonicas and other noisy but inexpensive affair It was violin or nothing for Leon. So . Ibraham seized th boy by the hand and led him protestine away, pushing him up the steps ahead of him and back into the tenement home
Leon stood weeping bitterly. Abraham hastened to expla $n$ with many gestures. Four dollars for a violin! That was ton much, even for a birthday: Ibraham stopped short in hideclamations, amazed, and questioning the tears in the cyes of his wife.
"Thank God, my dream has come true; it is coming truehe will be a great musician. I have dreamed it for years and now it is coming true. He will make us all rich and he will be famous.'

The mother stood patting the boy on the head. Abraham expressed doubts. This was a considerable flight of fancy for the hard-headed maker of antique brasses.
"He shall have a violin. I have it for him." The mother ran quickly down the stairs into the shop and produced from a hidden corner under the counter an aged, battered instrument, dark with the dust of long neglect.

The family, clamouring for food, sat down to the table and fell to with chattering. quarreling. noisy vigor. Leon harl before him the cake with the white frosting and the seven candles, all alight.
When the boy went to bed that night on the cot he sharel with his father he dreamed of violins. He dreamed of playins for a little girl, with a shawl about her and a half-starved kitien in her arms. He even awoke and felt under the cot to make sure that his birthday treasure was still there.

Morning in Allen street has no poetic setting. There is the noise of milk bottles on fire escape landings, the jostling of pushcarts on the pavement below, the rattle of clevated trains, and the crying of sleepless children.

Leon was the first in the Kantor houschold to awake hat

Leon played a concert benefit for his own people. It was such an audience as even New York seldom sees - and afterwards came the great manager who wanted to pay him $\$ 2,000$ for a concert.


"I can't allow you to sacrifice yourself to a cripple."
next morning. He felt under the cot and pulled forth his precious violin. He tucked it under his chin, as though born to the instrument, and drew the bow across the strings. The first note brought his father bolt upright, but the boy paid no attention to him. There was a wrapt look in the face of the child and there was a calming peace in the notes that he drew from the disreputable old violin.

Abraham listened with a mingling of skepticism and hope. Maylee the boy's mother was right-this boy of seven was playing-music, and never a lesson in all the world!

The father slipped out of the bed quietly, without disturbing the boy and made his way to the mother's side where she stood in silence with tears streaming from her eyes.
"You should not be feeling bad." Abraham patted his wife on the shoulder with his best approach to tenderness. She replied with a smile through her tears and a wide gesture with her generous arms to indicate that she was happy with the world before them. She drew her son to her, and sat him on her knee, and crooned over him as he played.
"Come with me, Leon, and we buy the real riolin."
Thus was Abraham converted.

AMONG the neighbors in that Allen strect settlement was Solomon Cinsberg, a wholesaler of the brasses from which Abraham's Russian antiques were derived. This Solomon Ginsbere was by local repute something of a scholar as well as a merchant and it was but natural that Abraham, in quest of authority on this cultured matter of music, should seek the counsel and advice of Cinsberg. And so it was arranged that Leon would play for Ginsherg. who would know what to do.

Leon, again dressed in the magnificence of his birthday suit and hearing the four-dollar violin, was taken by his father and mother to the Cinsberg apartment.

As Leon played, Alraham watched closely the face of Ginsberg and saw there an expression that meant the justification of the visil.
"Have I the right?" he asked as Leon finished.
"It is a trust-a gift," replied Cinsberg.
Leon tucked the violin gently into its case and went to the corner of the room to greet the little girl he saw there. He remembered her as the lady of the kitten episode.

He wiggled his ears again at little Minnic Ginsberg and she laughen. Nother Kantor looked on with approval and even Ginsberg nodded. Anything that genius does is qenius.
"I'll play for you someday," Lean volunteered to the little girl.

She clasped her hands with a rapt look.
"Outdoors in an orchard, yes? And with the apple blossoms falling like snow."
"Yes, yes." Minnie nodded in violent approval and caught her breath.
"Wr will call again. Mr. Ginsberg." Abraham interrupted
"Yes," Ginsberg was cordially encouraging. "I will see my friend who knows of all such thinge and then you shall know what he says about the study for Leon."

But Fate, aided and abetted-or at least invited-by the able Abraham was to do more than friendship.

Among those who came to the Kantor shop for old brasses were two rich women from "the Arenue," who had more of a taste for bargains than a knowledge of the antique. When their limousine stopped in Allen street before the shop Abraham was quick to sense an opportunity.
"Here Leon," he called to the boy. "You should go up stairs and play the feedle a little."

Leon needed no urging. Abraham's customers were within the shop and seated for bargaining in brasses when Leon's first notes, limpid and pure, came floating down the stairway. The shoppers stopped to listen.

Abraham smiled with a glow of fatherly pride.
"It is my son," he said with an air of vast simplicity. at the end of the melody, "and he is already seven."

Mrs. Van de Venter was overtaken by an idea.
"Seven-is that all? I wonder if we might not have him for our next musicale?"

And so it came that one day Allen street was agog with the news that Leon Kantor and his violin had rolled away uptown in a big limousine with footmen and everything.

IVa great salon in the great gilded home of Mrs. Van de Venter on the Avenue the pathetic little boy from Allen street stood, abashed and frightened. The audience of wealth and splendor about him overwhelmed his Allen street eyes. I hush came over the room and the child plucked at the strinss of his violin. Through his brain surged the waves of a melociv he had heard at a park concert.

Leon lifted his violin and shut his eves. The room faded away and he was in an apple orchard with the blossoms showering from the trees. He hatl seen a picture like that once And he was playing the famous sonata he had heard in the park.

When he had finished there was a long silence-then as a storm breaks in summer came the applause.

A man came forward with Mrs. Van de Venter.
"Where does this lad live?" the guest asked. "I am always anxious to pay tribute to genius."

When leon went home it was in the big limousine again, with a new fifty-dollar bill and a crested, scented note to his parents.

So it came that within a month Leon was laking viol'n lessons from the most famous master in all New lork and the Kantors were dreaming dreams of a new life.

When Leon had reached the age of seventeen he had cor-quered a city and the brass shop in Allen street seemed a long way in the past for the Kantors. Leon's dream of the orchard had borne golden apples and he had been able to provide handsomely for the houschold. Father Kantor now sat late at the break fast table and improved his mind and manner with the morning paper. The brothers were promising youn: men and sister Esther a young woman of appealing grace. Beit
none of the household had shown more progress than Mother Kantor, who had travelled the nation over as the guardian of the prodigy musician.
Leon had played in nearly all the country's big cities and the call of Europe was in his ears. His mother broke the news. And there was a storm of protest from the family.
"I've got to go-more studying," Leon broke in, and that silenced them. Even Father Kantor had no answer. Leon's deft violin fingers constituted the family asset. Any study or anything else that might better that asset was good.
"But better that you be with me sometimes," Kantor protested to his wife. "That I should be here all summer alone with the kids!"

Leon had an idea and a solution. He had long ago risen to the dignity of the possession of a manager, one very efficient Mr. Hancock, a person of vast abilities and a sort of a gtarantor of maximum profits and minimum troubles for the temperamental performer.
"Mama shall stay with Papa-I am only going to studyand Hancock can come with me. He needs a change and a fling himself."

As Leon said, so it was.
It was the third night at sea, with Hancock the manager away tending strictly to his own business, that Leon came into collision with a young woman at the head of a compan:onway. He drew back, cap in hand, apologizing.

In the dim light she stared at him a moment, then broke into a laugh and held out her hand.
"Leon Kantor-can you wiggle your ears as clexerly as you used to?" The light of recognition flashed into his eyes.
"It's Minnie Ginsberg!"
Their hands met in a hearty greeting.
"It's funny our mecting on the ship among so many pas-sengers-and how delighted papa will be."
"You-y'ou've grown up," Leon stammered. He was trying hard to reconcile his mental picture of the weazened little girl with the shawl and the alley kitten in Allen street with the handsome and graceful young woman before him.
"You have, too, Leon, and I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed all your success."
"And you?" He smiled at her in the half dark.
"Oh, I've been trying, too, only with singing. I'm on my way to Vienna to study. You know, it is always study, study, and practise, practise, practise.
"Yes, I know, Miss Ginsberg."
"Please call me Gina-I'm Gina Berg, it's the old name transformed by an astute father."

In due course Leon and Gina's father, now Mr. S. S. Berg, met, appraised each other at a glance and passed on their ways, pleased but neither especially impressed. Gina did not tell Leon of what their progress from Ginsberg to Berg had been, how her father had grown from the wholesale brass business to the steel industry and fortunc. Berg was taking his daughter to establish her for a season at Vienna. He would take a walking trip through the Tyrol and then return to home and business in America.

The young people saw a great deal of each other for the remainder of the trip. At the steamer dock in Liverpool they said their farewells. Leon was going for two weeks in the Lake country.
(Continued on page 119)



By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

A$X$ electrical engineer with an artistic temperament. An artist with an electrical engineering eclucation A brisk. efficient young man with humorous eves and a sympathetic mouth, held firmly in place by a uriness-like expression that occasionally strays from the path: if sirtue into an audacious grin.
I had jut been congratulating myself that I had directors (lawified for all times when 1 met Illan Dwan. I could simple cay. when a new one dawned upon the horizon, "Oh yes. you helong in Section (), with the temperamental one- the nut ones-the rasing ones-the gentle, benign ones-the serious. literary, highbrow one-the rough neck ones-the brilliant unce. cte"

And along came Allan.
IIV is an extremely hucky gent-this Dwan.

Rumor hath it that Doug Fairbanks himself once admitted he'd take a lot off Dwan before he'd feel inspired to "tangle" with him. When rou look at him you remember that Xapoleon was a hort man. (Gosh, how his Majesty would have liked movies. Josephine had a hard life but she oucht to be thank ful she didin't have to live with Nap after the cinema rovalts began to flicker.)
leeing, as I knew he had been, an electrical engineer by previous engagement. I suppose I should have been prepared for shocks. (Oh, oh!!) bitt when he told me unblushingly that after four sears at Xontre Dame-that romamtic. seasoned old institution in Indiama - he rubled all the hoom nif by actualls. heing gratuated from boston Teeh. I almost had to bave the kind of medical attention prohihition is makine so popular.


I regretted the useless, if decorative, tassel on my tam and prayed inwardly that the pins in the back of my collar didn't show. If they did, and I knew Tech men, I might never get the story.
Tech men are like that. They radiate an efficiency that is fascinating. You feel cast into outer darkness if there is a curl out of place. Because you know what kind of a mind you have to have to get into Tech-and at that, it's like Sing-Sing, getting in is a heap easier than getting out. An eight-day clock is a gay and giddy irregularity compared to a Boston Tech mind.
But Allan Dwan saw the poetry in electricity and the business possibilities in the movies. So you see it is a bit difficult to classify him.

There wasn't a single smidge of cretonne in his nice, brown leather, tobacco office. He's an anecdotal sort of person, not given to talking about himself except by inference. And if you don't remember every picture he ever wrote, acted, or directed, you can tell him so without wounding him with your abysmal ignorance.
"Didn't you know there were business men in the pictures?" he asked.
"Yes," said I, "I supposed there were, but I thought they kept them well out of sight. How in the world did you happen to choose the movies?

Allan Dwan straightened some papers that didn't need straightening on a table that was a disgrace to any rightminded movie.
"It's a good profession-a good business," he remarked, "as good as any. I saw the business possibilities, and I saw the adventure. The combination of business and adventure is what has kept us from reverting to the stone ages, you know. Pictures seemed to me to combine them best.
"It was a funny thing, though" - He paused with a reminiscent grin. "I was sent out to the old Essanay studio in Chicago one day to install some CooperHewitt lights. They were new then, an 1 took an expert to handle them. While I was adjusting them, I watched things that were going on and became in terested.
"Now comes the horrible part of my confession. I had written a story. Personally, I thought it was a durned fine story and the more I read other people's, the more I decided I'd have to send it out for the poor editors to sce.

Sometimes the simplest methods produce the best results. Allan Dwan discovered by experiment that the best lightning can be produced by scratching it in on the film with a pin-point whereas the older and more costly way was actually to photograph static electricity, which never looked like the real thing.

It struck me as I watched that it had enough action in it to make a film. So the next time I was sent out, I took it along. They bought it. Then I wrote some more. They bought them, too.
"The company was being reorganized in some ways-a lot of the old bunch had left to go west to form the Ameri-can-and they made me scenario editor. I thought it over and decided there was a great, an absolutely stupendous future ahead of this new thing. So I took it.

That was eleven years ago. I've done everything around a movic lot since, even act-at least I thought it was acting-but never mind that. I've weathered a lot of storms, I've seen things come and go. I've tried stars, stories, worked like a dog.
"And I say it's the doggone most fascinating game there is-directing motion pictures. It's a sense of power and a sense of creation in one. It's a gamble. Even if you know something about it, you're not so sure you know anything about it at all.
"The pictures that I loved, that I thought were great, have been flivvers nine times out of ten. The ones that I sort of turned up my nose at went over ${ }_{\text {d }}$ with a bang. The things I was sure you couldn't do, the public liked and the ones I was patting myself on the back about, never caused a ripple.
"You can shoot fifty thousand feet of film and then you may be wrong. What's the use? Do it the best you can and say your prayers. Naybe it will sell, maybe it won't.
"I am a business man. I have a commercial mind. It is my personal opinion that things that are 'too good' are generally not good enough. A man can make the most artistic picture ever filmed, but if it plays to empty houses it hasn't achieved a thing for Art or for Humanity. This old stuff about not (Continued on page 109)

## WEST is EAST

A Few Impressions By DELIGHT EVANS

R
OBERT GORDON Came Ĺp to See Me. and Sat Down in The Swivel Chair that Squeaked.
Hc
Didn't Like it ; it
Got on his Nerves-
You Know How it I:
You Get Interested
In What you're Saying. and
Lean Forward Suddenly-
And the Chair Groans.
And Takes all the Enjoyment
Out of Ordinary Conversation.
But Mr. Gordon
Took Some Candy
I had on my Desk. and
Tried to Forget the Chair.
Ever Hear about
His Beginnings in Pictures?
He had Hung Around the Lasky Lot
Playing Extras in Ballroom Scence
One Day Cecil deMille
Told him
He was to Dance with
Litt'e Mary in
The Scene before the Shipwreck
Oi "The Little American.
Think of that-
With Little Mary!
Robert Rehearsed
In his Faithful Dress-suit,
And Came Back after Lunch
foull of Itam Sandwich and
1 ligh Hopes.
Only to Find
Another Young Man
In his Place with Mary!
Robert's Dress-suit wouldn't Do-
Somethine Had Happenerl
To the Trousers.
But that On'y sade hin
More Determined than Ever, and
Tollay, all the Girls
Are A.king
For Dres-suit pictures of him.
He's an Aw'ully: Nice Boy
thout Twenty-ive, with
Brown Eycs, and
1 Nice Wife.
Hes Going to Have
His Own Company, and Play
IIl Sorts of Partc-
"The Tenneseec Shad"

1. One of the Storie-
lle has in Mind.
2. Sold Ribbons Once-and

Hi- Favorite Screen Leadine Woman I- Alice Joyce
(I'm Going to Haye
That swivel Chair Removed
\| dieln't Have
( Sinsle Piece of Candy Left )

## JUNITA H.SNSEN

Thac Most Fearles- Serial Queen,
Fingeral'y Now that
Parl White has Gone
Gut of the Business, but
She d Rather
Frue a Couple of Lions
Iny Day


He's an awfully nice boy.
Than the Traffic Cop
On the Corner of
Fifth Avenue and
Forty-second Street,
New York.
They Say
That Once
When she was, Making a Scene
In the Jungles-of the Selig Studio-
With about a Dozen
Lions and Tigers around. the
Looked Up at an Airplane
In which a Daring Pilot


She laughs at roaring lions.

Was Doing the Falling Leaf
And Banking his Pasenger
About os-if you Know
What I Mean.
Juanita
Pointed up there
llith One Hand as -he
Stroked her Favorite Lion
With the Other. and
Remarked:
"It Must Take
A Lot of Nerse
To Be an Aviator.
She's a Blonde with
Blonde Eyebrows that
She doesn't Try
To make Over.
Ind she Say:
She Never Did Like
To be a Target
For Pies and Lobster:-
That she ll Never Go Back
To Comedy
If she Can Help It.
JU'ST Met an Author
Who Admits
That there May be
. Few People
Who Know More about Pictures
Than he Does:
Bayard V'cil'er-
You Pronounce it
Yay-ay. Why?
I Don't Know.
But he
Wrote "Within the Law"
And a Lot of Other Plays; and
Knows a Thing or Two
About the Broadway Drama.
So Metro Made him
Production Manager
He Came East
On a Literary Shoppine Spree, Signing
Irvin S. Cobb and
Henry C. Rowland and
Irthur Somers Roche , ind
Others to do
Original Storič.
Veiller says
That Marazine hate Been
The Shop-window
For the Movies
Writers wrote
With l'ictures in 1 iew
You Why Not (iet Them
To Turn Out
First-run Stulf?
He doesnt Care
Much ahout Technique.
1 Theatrical Producer
S, iid to him. when he signed
A New Playnting Comtract-
"llell. Bayard-there":
One Comfort : you wont
Give me Iny
!ligh-brow Stufi!
But if you llant
A High-brow Mlaywrisht. I think
Mr. Xay-ay Can Cive zou
A= Good an Imitation of one
As anybody.


A NEW Blanche Sweet-with her own dog and a neighbor's child. No longer a langorous lady with sad eyes, but a humorous woman. Banche has learned to langh. Who wonld have expected her to develop into a comedienne:

(Hartsook)
Vot need no introluction to Theodore Roberts. I One of the foremost actors on the American stage, he brought all hls mellow art to the screen, with the result that he of ten "steals the picture."


WT'TI Bdybho ('hapman connes also the thonsht of bor hushand. Janles Neble 'These two have phaterl fogrether stace both wore stage favorltes. she was lately srea as Jack I'iekforl's mother.

## Rising Young Performers



THE father of Clara Kimball Young, Edward Kimball, frequently acts that role in his daughter's phas:. He is soon to become an indridual star in a pleturization of "(Old Jed Prouty."


A
(HADMDON mother of the sereen: ('orn lirew. lon have sern thas swer face many thmes ln the viskon of the whyward son who dremms of home. Janaes .J. ("orbett is scmethmes "the som."

A pubilc which is tireless in its apprectation of waterbables, blondes, stalwart heroes and serlal artistes, might have a tendency to pass by the flue actors who make up such a lange part of our shadow-drama. Here are all these figures, rlch most of them in the experlence of a grand old day ln the legitlinate theater: true to yesterday traditlons amil todays. If con wil watch for them in tae
 fondd not seem so sweet, blis battles so well worth waglag. or the happy sunset finile so satisfylug.


THERE is no more versatlle actor than Edward J. Connelly. Well-known in the legitimate, he has done heary parts in pictures; lut reformed with a rengeance as "Tincle Nat" in "Shore Acres."

(Photoplayors' Studio)
CHE has played countless characters before and slnca But lt ls as the merelless "Catherine Ie Mediel" in "Intolerance" that Josephine Crowell's name will go down in shadow-stage hlstory.

(Freullch)
CINCE Biograph days. her face has been familiar to millions. The famous stars she has mothered in various platures make a list too long to tell. Jemie Lee might be called the Gritlith mother.

(Evans)
ClRANK CEIRIRER has been called the dean of cinema actors. At nny rate, he ls one of the youngest of our performers of elderly gentlemen, and makes as flne a father as the screen has known.


cAME a plantive letter to the Editor: "Why rau't you put a kid's picture in okasionaly?" The eight-year-old's request is granted herewith. This is Jimmie liogers, son of Will, who shares honors with his dad in the latter's piotures.

# CLOSE-UPS $\mathcal{E}$ ditorial Expression and Timely Comment 

## A Bubbling

 Fount.While producing giants of the motion picture world view plays, there still lies arm the scarcity of good the real literature of the generation just gone. While producers are reported to be paying vast sums of real money for "Westerns" by Bill Bjinks or Bertram Bjones, there lie, within dusty book-covers, the masterpieces of J. Fennimore Cooper on whose works the copyright has long since expired.

Willie Wallflower, the demon dramatist of deadwood, demands $\$ 25,000$ for his latest mystery tale, yet "The Moonstone" of Wilkie Collins is forgotten, but may be re-woven into moving picture form for the price of the book, a dollar or so.

And what a veritable gold-mine there is in Dickens. Some of the pioneers in the photoplays produced Dickens in a crude, inelastic fashion, but what say to a production of "Nicholas Nickleby" or "Oliver Twist" today with Marshall Neilan's kid star, Wesley Barrie, in the leading roles?

And what about the absorbing stories of Hawthorne, Poe, and the rest of the Americanmade classics done into film plays with all the improved and advanced paraphernalia, method and mode now commanded by the director and the camera-man? The fact that some of these were done in a shabby hang-dog way five or more years ago is all the more reason why they should be done again.

## \%

Too Much One of the curses of movieConference. burner is that everyone in the business knows all about it, and, generally speaking, everyone knows more than anyone else. There is too much advice, too much conference, too much talk. The average studio resounds as we imagine a Bolshevik parliament resounds - everyone has a great deal too much to say, and a great deal too little to do

The scenario department pities the actors, the actors tolerate the scenario writers, both of them honestly regret the commercial ignorance of the production department, and the director feels loftily lonesome, as befits a great superior mind. There are a few studios where each department has come to recognize the special expertness-possibly-of the other departments, but in most of them there is a lack of team work, a willingness to solve every one's problem save one's own, which makes it a wonder that pictures are gotten out at all, instead of the
prodigal number which actually do appear. The average director can tell you instantly why he hasn't made a masterpiece in the last six months--they won't give him a story. The author can tell you why his piece failed to beat "The Miracle Man" - poor scenario and ignorant direction. The scenario department admits that real playwriting is hopeless as long as the director can have his assistant rewrite the script enroute to location. And, when all together, they unite to damn the general manager or curse the policy in the home office.

But these are juvenile faults. Slowly, the photoplay is establishing traditions. When these are more generally recognized, perhaps when there are more of them, you will see departmental pride, specialized excellencies, as the rule instead of the exception.

## ๕

Autocracy's According to The New York Revenge. Tiines, the Bolshevik governsupport and recognition to the movies, and has even instituted schools in its studios for the training of actors and actresses. And here, sharper than a serpent's tooth or Mr. Lear's well-known ingratitude, bites the sinister point of the story: the young actresses are almost ex clusively from once-aristocratic families!

Is there a master intellect behind all this? Is this an arch-plot of the reactionaries, a designing and suspensive contrivance worthy Napoleon or Hal Reid? Figure it out for yourselves. Humarity, as The Man From Home said, is pretty much the sam from Kokomo to Pekin. Whether you live in Boston or Bolshevia, you may have observed that the neighbors can't resist a Mary Pickford. Is some exRomanoff at this moment practicing as a curled Pollyanna to lead her benighted people out of Sovietism? We opine that a strike of the gov-ernment-trained movie actors in Russia would cause any government to come to their terms or lie down and die. First of all, Russia must be attuned to-what shall we call' the neighborhood theatre of Muscovy-a kopeckodeon? When seeing pictures has been made a fair substitute for something to eat and something to do and something to believe, then will come the turn of the worm-the strike of the acting autocracy! And then the art ticket for a now government: for president, Lew Codovitch; for national treasurer, Myron Selznicksky; for secretary of state and fashions, Bebe Danielskaia,


Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks


## A WESTERN UNION

MR. AMD MRS. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
HONEMMOON LANE
HAPPINESS ALWAYS

9)rann by C. II. Anderson

Tough Competition

# Middle Age and the Movies 

A heart to heart talk with the Family Circle

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE little woman sitting opposite me at the luncheon table looked up from her club sandwich.
"Do you like the movies?" she questioned abruptly. "Do you go to your picture theater-often? And just what sort of features do you most enjoy?"
I looked up, a shade startled, from $m y$ club sandwich. For the little woman was a stranger to me-a casual sharer of my table at the tea room where I usually take my luncheon.

Yes," I answered, "I do like the movies. But why?" I paused.

The little woman laughed, in a slightly shamefaced manser.
"You must pardon me for seeming inquisitive and rude," she said, "but I'm afraid I was thinking out loud. You see I own a motion picture theater. And, of course, it's a vitally important question to me-just what the movies mean to people. I always want to ask strangers what they like, and what they don't like, and what films they'd show in my theater-if it were their theater."

I laid down my fork and looked across the table into the little woman's earnest face.
"I suppose," I said, "that it is hard for a theater owner to know what sort of films to show. It's hard to know whether a theater should be run in a way that very young people will like-Wild West pictures, perhaps, and serial thrillers, and much comedy, or-"
The little woman was leaning across the table, her eyes alight.
"Do you know what I do?" she asked. And then, not waiting for an answer, "I try to make my theater the sort of place that middle-aged folk will enjoy," she told me. "It's the middle-aged fok who need the movies-really need them-most of all."
I must have looked my surprise. For, after a minute, she continued.
"When I say middle-aged folk," she told me, "I mean the people whose children have grown up and left homemarried, perhaps, and started homes of their own. I mean the people with gray hair that is turning white, the people who attend church and prayer meeting, who get up early in the morning and go to bed early at night. I mean the sort of people who either don't approve of or can't afford the theater the people who aren't invited, any more, to parties-who feel too old to dance. The movies have a very vital place in the lives and hearts of such people.

Twenty goes to the moving pictures for excitement and fun-to see romance and life, to dream rosy dreams of the future.
-Forty-five goes to the moving pictures to look back into the past, to find lost memories and to escape from the realities of living. That's the difference!
"Look around you," the little woman was warming to her subject, "the next time you go to the movies. See the number of middle-aged couples in the audience. You'll be surprised at the way they follow the picture; at their whole-souled interest


Margaret E. Sangster
and their heart-warming laughter. They respond 1 mo $e$ guickly than the young people to a good story-they keep up with the serials and show an intelligent appreciation of the news reels. They can be relied upon as the steady patrons of any well kept theater."
It was after I had finished luncheon-when I was hurrying back toward my office-that I began to think, seriously, of the little woman's conversation with me. It was then that I began to consider her point of view. And I found myself agreeing with her, step by step. I found myself enclorsing each one of her theories.

I have, for a good many years, been connected with a certain religious weekly. And for that reason I know, as well as any one knows it, the point of view of the mother and father who, at the age of fifty or fifty-five, find themselves left at homeleft quite alone upon an extremely empty family shelf.

Many of these mothers and fathers, as the little woman remarked, do not approve of, or cannot afford, the theater. Many of them disapprove strongly of card playing, of public restaurants, and even of concerts. Their even.ngs, without the reflected youth of their children near them, used to be drab affairs. The fading firelight and a dull book or two and the commonplace happenings of the commonplace day were their only mental relaxation until the mowing picture theater made its appearance. Until the movies took their place in community and city, these middle-aged people faced only a growing boredom, a growing restlessness, and a growing soul hunger for something new. Life was like a walk up a dusty hill on a hot day - with nothing for refreshment at the top but suct pudding.
And then came the movies. And those people who had disapproved of the stage, of card playing, of dancing, and the cabarets, found a new and unobjectionable form of amusement -an amusement that required no bodily exertion, no mental strain, and no conscientious excuses.

Now, instead of the dull book and the fading fire, mother and father go out, arm and arm, to the pictures. They come back an hour or two later, animatedly praisine Mary Pickford, or discussing the relative merits of Bill Hart and Douglas Fairbanks. They tell each other how much that little Mary Miles Minter looks like Jane-Anne did when she graduated from grammar school; and they wonder whether Charles Ray is as young as he looks-and how proud his family must be of him!
Buring the time of war I've seen many a mother watching a topical weekly-one, perhaps, of khaki-clad boys marching through France - with tears streaming down her face. I've seen many a father grip the arms of his chair with rigid hands during the battle scenes. And only last night I saw a man's arm (and he must have been sixty-five years old) steal about the shoulders of a woman whose hair was softly white, while a love scene was flickering across the silver sheet and the orchestra was playing "Hearts and Flowers."

${ }^{\text {a }}$ Drame by Norman chluhony
Moving Pature Magnate: "We゙re gong to buld a new studo, hut are undeended

## What Do You Think About When You're Going To Bed?



Do you really think it does any good to have the hair singed? Of course, we know it helps the barber buy shoes for his habies, but, on the level, do you think your hairs enjoy being singed? Bedtime is the mystic hour when this subject may



Romance." with Doris Keane as the attractive heroine and Basil Sidney as the enamored young rector, is one of the few recent pictures applauded by audiences.

WE are all imitators of one kind or another. We live in an imitatise world. All the philosophy and most of the wisdom known to man was chipped out of stone or scrawled on papyrus centuries be fore it found its way into senatorial debates or fourteenpooint editorials.
Why: then, should we complain if the motion picture is imitative, or that esery director carries in his box of tricks all the tricks of all the other directors with whose work he is familiar? Or that the weakness of the picture is its re peated duplication of the "old stuft?"
Wie complain generally because grow weary of repetition. But we complatin specifically because the imitator imitate so badly, and because of the thing they select for imitation.

The fact that every director who stages a battle scene imitates other battle seenes is not important. because all latte scenes muit of necessity h much alike. One fight in the hills between four cowboys and fifty Indians. in whith the Indians imarishly get the worst of it. is much like another fight in which there are fifteen would-loc cerlucers and oniy one strongheart to petee the heroine. The poverty that lieced virlue and the high life that spell-sin have heen imitated for several centurio- in all dramas, and will continue to lee imitated for centuries to come. And the fate that os pereent of all pietured and atted romance are collecrned with two women and one man or two men and one woman rather justifies the continued une of that familiar and popular furmula

That is not the kind of imitation film fans and film oritiowhect to. It is the imitation of tendencio and themes rather thait of pictured backgrounds and scenes that discourages

$\tau$
 tusgend as stant service to Photoplay readers. Let it be your guide in picture enter. tainment. It well save your time and mones by giving you the real worth of current pictures.

# The <br> Shadow Stage 

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

By BURNS MANTLE

-them: the imitation that produces a hundred lurid sex play hecause a half dozen have been succe-sful; the imitation thit demands that all scenarios shall be atlapted from acted playor printed stories because one or two firm, have specialized succes-fully in this field: the mitation that i- just now prompting the buying of the screen righte to such plays and stories at ridiculously high figures and refusing to pay a tenth the amount for an original yarn

And m! - own pet objection is to the producer- and directors who. with the proof hefore their eves, refuce to see that the really big sereen plays today are invariably the simple and consine-ingly- plausible adrenture of real people. There was nothing sensational about "The Miracle Man." except that it reached duwn and took a michty arip upon the fundamental a-pirations and beliefs of human being: There $1-$ nothing eenational about "Humur. esque." except that it tells a story on the sereen concerning a group of hum.m being who are recognizathe to wher humane who sit in the audience wath ing them There is nothing sencotionai in "Jes" Call Me lim." hut it is Will Rogere beat peture becauce it. too. in its main sturs and its chat charater is of the true tuft
There pictures. and a half duzem wher that have Gund their was inte. Whe hew-adler lats of the sereen. are not without a padting of bokum. Suls of the literate a- water into the cinema templo will snifi at them for ther ohn inusme. and their sentimentality Eath of them of in oume degree imitative and no one of them is startlingls original but the are hig in the ome that they are bisidy human. are simply told and are at least - ugyetively truc
bet I cee picture atter pieture in which seemingly no attempt
has been made to tell the story plausibly or to illustrate it reasonably. And the pity of it is that a good half of them are not bad stories to start with. They are ruined in the making. The effort is always to overdo. If the heroine is poor she is living in the most dilapidated of tenements. If she is rich she occupies nothing less than a mansion. If the hero fights. he must fight enough men to smother him. If the cowboy rides to the rescue he must gallop no less than eighteen miles. If the girl is virtuous she must also be simple. If the villain is a rotter he is a non-union rotter and works at it twentyfour hours a day. If the jailer is a brute he must wear hobnailed brogans the better to stamp upon the face of the prisoner. If a small crowd is suggested a mob is shown. And so it goes.

IsAY' "Jes' Call Me Jim" is Rogers' best picture. And to me it is. Yet its story is founded on two of the oldest aids to a quick sympathy in the theater known to playwrightsthe tortured inventor who is thrown into the asylum by the man who steals his patents and the homeless waif who is thus robbed of his daddy. These were old when Mount Ararat was a swamp. But the point Immaking is that even an old story is an interesting story, if it is well told by interesting people.
Jim Fenton is an old simpleheart of the woods. Paul Benedict, his friend, is an inmate of the county asylum. Jim is led to believe, through the village milliner. who has taken charge of Benedict's little boy, that Paul is not insane, but the victim of a plot. He effects his release, hides him in his calin, throws the pursuing authorities off the scent, and finally has the satisfaction of seeing him recover his health and prove in court that he is the lawful owner of certain patents stolen from him by the villain.
Familiar movie material, you'll say', reading the outline. But see the picture and youll see how it is possible to take a story that could have been as casily spoiled as any of them and by the employment of intelligence in its adaptation and direction, and by the refreshingly real and wholesome appeal of a man like Rogers, make of it a fine evening's entertainment. In this picture Rogers gives the lie to all those who have been insisting that he is only a rough comedian blessed with a likable personality. Show me an actor who can play with more genuine feeling than Rogers does the basicly: theatrical scene in which Jim sends Benedict's little boy into the woods to pray for the recovery of his father and Ill introduce you to one of the leaders of his profession. It is a gripping bit of drama. Little Jimmie Rogers is as genuine as his dad playing the Benedict boy; Irene Rich is a lovable milliner, and there are excellent performances by Raymond Hatton as Benedict and Lionel Belmore as the br-rutal thief of the patents. Thompson Buchanan dug the story out of J. G. Holland's novel. "Seven Oaks," and Clarence Badger directed it. It is one of the real films of the month.

## ROMANCE-United Artists

I.CAN say for Doris Keane's "Romance" that it is one of the few pictures I have recently sat through that was applauded by its audience at its close. This. I take it, was an indorsement of the romance itself, which has a definite sentimental value on the screen just as it had on the stage. There was nothing unusual in its picturization to warrant enthusiasm. Miss Keane is an attractive actress, though her beauty occasionally flattens under lights that add years to a face that is still youthiul and lines to eyes that are brighter than the camera permits them to be.
The story is told, as it was on the staue, with the aid of an artificial prologue in which the aged Bishop of St. Giles relates his own romance to a youthful grandson who asks his permission to marry an actress. The play proper follows, detailing the interlude in which the passion of the bishop (then a young rector) for the gifted prima donna, Rita Cavallina, might have been the undoing of his career if she had not been a finer woman than her record of many loves indicated. It is rounded out with an epilogue in which, the story finished. the youth is so impressed that he hastens after his actress fiancee with the intention of marrying her before he loses her as grandpa lost his song bird.
Basil Sidney. Miss Keane's English leading man. who is also her husband. plays a stodgy but plausible young rector of St. Giles and Norman Trevor lends dignity and weight to


Shirley Mason is a sweet youngster in the story-book romance, "Love's Harvest," and she grows up for her hero just in time.


Olive Thomas is most delectable as "The Flapper," a daring little boarding school miss who imbibes ice-cream sodas and everything

"The Silver Horde." Rex Beach's pieture of the Alaskan snow wastes, gathers momentum with cvery secne and ends with a romantic flourish.

"The Deep Purple" would suffer for lack of sufficient punch were it not for Miriam Cooper and her co-stars, who save it from mediocrity.

J. Warren Kerrigan wears a monocle in "No. 99." and you'll probably know all through this entertaining play that he's falsely accused of beind a crook.

"The Courask of Marge O' Doone" is a red-blooded tale of the rugked North that will make you want to go up there bears or nu bears.
the role of Cavallina's patron. Betty Ross Clarke is an attractive ingenue and Gilda Veresi and Amelia Summerville have small parts. The direction by Chet Withey, is able and the old New York settings attractive.

## THE DARK MIRROR - Paramount-Arteraft

THE DARK MIRROR 'is also a blurred mirror. A highly improbable melodrama in the telling of which the author, director and star are constantly being forced to admit that the story they are relating is not at all true. The two heroines. played by Dorothy Dalton, are twin sisters. Separated in their infancy, neither is conscious of the other's existence, yet. like the Corsican brothers. so close is the bond between them that each subconsciously reacts to the emotions and adventures of the other.

Thus the girl who was brought up by wealthy foster parents in refined surroundings is given to dreaming that she is the other girl, who has fallen in with a band of crooks. In her dreams she is variously pursued and mistreated and preventerl from following her naturally wholesome impulses. But as the audience is aware that each of these episndes is a dream. the story is never convincing and excites the lippant remark rather than the gooseflesh thrill. In the end the unfortunate sister is drowned and an amateur psychoanalyst clears the disturbing complexes of the other, making a happy ending possible.

Dorothy Dalton gives a vigorous performance in the melodramatic episodes, and does her best to make them seem real. She is still a lovely camera subject, though. strangely enough considering her experience. her beauty is frequen 1 y m n mized particularly in the close-ups. by the too-heary shading of her lips. The lip-fault in pictures is as common as the foot-fault in tennis, and should be as quickly penalized.

## THE DEEP PURPLE-Realart

PRODCCER R. A. Walsh is to be credited with the employment of a real all-star cast for "The Deep Purple." Without these exceptionally gifted players-notabiy lincent Serrano, W. B. Mack, W. J. Ferguson. Miriam Cooper and Helen Ware-it would be a very ordinary crook play: As it is played it holds a reasonably sustained interest in the familiar adventure of the up-state innocent who is lured to the city by the plausible thief on promise of marriage, and there forcibly inducted into the crook's game. She is finally rescued by Stuart Sage, as the understanding juvenile. The backgrounds, both interior and exterior, are splendidly pictured and the detail carefully worked out. The individual performances are all excellent, proving, as said, the wisdom of spending mones on actors to save a weak story, or the extravagance of wasting so good a cast on a story unworthy of them, just as you please to look at it. "The Deep Purple" perfect ly represents the type of crook play that by repetition has lost its punch.

## THE SILVER HORDE-Goldwyn

SIMILAR virtues have saved many a Rex Beach picture They may be So percent "trick stulf." Sections of the now wastes of Jlaska that decorate them may be nothing more than a quarter acre of salt and potted firs in Hollywood. Cal. The story may bend sudtenly toward the highly imacinative or slide off into pure picture stuff that irritates more frequently than it stimulates. But every Rex Beach story 1 have seen on the screen is told with a certain masculine directness that is refreshing, and no one of them has ever been permitted to become so downright silly as to insult the intelligence of us bourgeosis.
"The Silver Horde" is a food picture in spite rather than because of its commonplace romance. It combines with a well-told story the virtues of the scenic and the weekly pietorial. Few pictures have been more consincingly atmospheric. thanks to the freguent cutting in of scenery bits showmg the Canadian lakes and rivers and a tine set of salmontishing views. It is a perfect job of assembling: and Larry Trimble's scenario is at least a near-perfect job of plot building. This story has a firm foundation from the moment Boyd Emerson, befriended by Cherry Melote and George Bolt in the north, starts East to raise the money necessary to start an independent cannery: It gathers momentum with every scene, without doubling on itself or becoming entangled in
side issues; it picks up a legitimate thread of comedy in the person of the youth who expected to help supply fish for the cannery with a bamboo pole; it develops some genuine thrills during the trust crowd's attempt to blow up the independent traps and it ends with a romantic flourish that satisfies the romantic and offends no one. But Beach and Trimble and Frank Lloyd. the director, all fell for the hackneyed incident of the polite villain who is proved the father of the Indian woman's child, which was a foolish and unnecessary bit, seeing that it weakened an otherwise reasonable conclusion. The cast is an especially well chosen one.

## THE DANCIN' FOOL-P'aramount-Artcraft

THE DANCN' FOOL" is another of the month's pictures in which the virtues of a human story overcome the handicaps of a feather-weight and fantastic comedy plot. It really doesn't matter how trivial a story may he, if it is sound at heart. The world, it happens, is full of "dancin' fools," bright lads who just can't make their feet behave and find it irksome to buckle down to work with the lure of the jazz ringing in their ears. It isn't as easy to accept the wise Wallace Reid as an unsophisticated country youth as it is Charles Ray. but he has enough of the same engaging quality of youthful exuberance to endear him to a large public, and he carries the hero of this story through a series of city adventures with uncommon skill. His regular job is that of a $\$ 6$-a-week clerk in his old-fashioned uncle's jug business, but he happens to meet Bebe Daniels, who is dancing at a cabaret, and after she lias taught him the newest steps he becomes her partner. Of course uncle discovers him foolin' away his evenin's, and fires him for the fourteenth and last time. But Wallace refuses to be fired and ends by saving uncle from selling out his business to a couple of Tully Marshall villains just as it is about to boom. Then he marries Bebe, which is bound to be a satisfying ending to anyone who has taken note of the physical attractions of this young lady. It also happens that Miss Daniels is something more than beautiful. She has that "certain subtle something" that differentiates the real from the merely personable heroine, and her announced elevation to stardom is easy to endorse. Raymond Hatton is excellent as the Uncle Enoch of the jug business, and Willis Marks, Tully Marshall, and Lillian Leighton help considerably.

## RIDERS OF THE DAWN-W. W. Hodkinson

WHATEVER else may be said for or against the Zane Grey movies, they certainly do move. "Riders of the Dawn" is as full of excitement as an extra inning baseball game, and as thrilling, if it happens you are a Zane Grey fan. I'm not. Not, at least, a regular Zane Grey fan. I like the story backgrounds his adapters and scenarioists extract from his novels; like the themes, and usually the selection of the players. But I weary of the fighting and the fires; the heros who cannot only whip their weight in wildcats, but are not at all averse to taking on a crowd of bellowing hippopotami. Old Kurt Dorn in this picture (he being Roy Stewart in makeup) not only bowls over a quartet or two, but he fights at least one army, and maybe two of rioting 1. W. W. bolsheviks, killing five or six of them with a single bullet, as nearly as I could make out. Villains to the right of him, villains to the left of him, crumpled and fell each time Kurt raised his pistol arm. Which is neither good sense nor good direction. An honest-to-goodness fight with reasonable odds against the hero is always twice as exciting as one of these overdrawn scenes. The story is of a war hero's effort to readjust his affairs in the wheat country after his return from France. He is much in love with a belle of the township, when the villain rings in a French girl on him-a French girl with just enough English to insist that Kurt is her naturally, though not legally, begotten husband. Which discourages the heroine considerably for three or four reels. But after the fighting and the fires are wver, the truth is told. The French intriguante admits she is a liar, the villain confesses he should be hanged. the bolsheviks take again to the road and their tomato can kits. and all is as well in "The Desert of Wheat" as could be expected. Robert McKim, the producers' favorite highclass bad man, stressed his villainies rather desperately, probably under the instructions of his director, Hugh Kyan Conway.
(Continued on page 90)


Even Kathlyn Williams and Leatrice Joy leave Eugene Walter's play "Just a Wife"- just a film, warmed over from its stage form.


The rather melodramatic title of "The Path She Chose" may be misleading, for it is an interesting story with a truc-to-life appeal.


Dorothy Dalton does her best to make "The Dark Mirror" seem real, but it excitcs the flippant renlark rather than the gooseflesh thrill.


Roast Chacken for Tieda
[N "Kathleen Mavouzneen," with Theda Bara, some strange things occurred. For instance, in one scene, Kathleen (Theda) sits before a great open fire, and just as she is falling asleep, one of the chickens, wandering about the room, walks directly into the fire and does not come out.
G. M. O., Auburn, New York

## Ecottontical Mr. Oakmatt

[N "Eve in Exile," with Wheeler Oakman and Charlotte 1 Walker, the hero (Oakman) wears one suit from the opening flash to the final close-up. He went traveling, entertained, wooed and won "the Girl" all in this one suit!
J. A. F., St. Mary's, Pa.

Coming Events, Etc.

II N "Out Vonder," with Olive Thomas, the heroine is sitting on a rock reading a book when the hero finds her. She discovers him because his shadow falls across the book. The next scene shows him standing back of her with his shadow falling in the other direction. Philadelphia, Pa
A Little Love, a Little Kiss-
STARS who contemplate having their hands kissed in their new pictures please note: Alma Tell as Lady Joutte in "On With the Dance" gives Peter her right hand in arewell. and Peter kisses it. The close-up shows tears, presumably Lady Joatte's, on the left hand, which Lady Joatte then kisses passionately.
A. F.. Toronto.

## Screen Advertising

SEVERAL well-known national products are given a lot of advertising in Cecil DeMille's "Why Change lour Wife?" Thomas Meighan is shown holding a razor which is unmistakably a Gillette; two-no, three magazines are displayed to advantage, but the worst comes when Thomas, after talking to Gloria Swanson, walks over and selects a record of a popular song, "Hindustan." with the record maker's name (V'ictor) very plainly seen. number 18507. 1. But when in another sequence of the story he visits Bebe Danicls after the theater and she picks up a record. it's the came "Ilindustan, number 18507 A." Maybe Thomas sneaked it there under his coat. But why must pictures hecome a medium for advertising certain products?
R. 1I., Chicago.

## Where-Did-He-Get-That-Hat?

IN "A Leap to Fame," in the court room when the alleged spy knocked out the cops and made a break for liberty, Carlyle Blackwell rushed frantically after him, with hair streaming, leaving his hat on the reporter's bench. After the chase and recapture of the spy, when they are returning to the courtroom and "the girl" is let off on the way, we see Mr. Blackwell standing on the running-board of the taxi bidding her a gentlemanly farewell, as he gracefully tips his straw hat to her!
G. A. Estancia, N. M.

Silly-They Didn't Waut to Be Seen!
CAN you tell me whe Frank Mayo, riding a motorcycle to intercept the crook in "The Peddler of Lies" has no headlight burning? Neit thave the crooks when they escape in cars. Operator. Yoakum, Texas.

## Civilized Savages

IN a scene supposed to be in the Zulu Islands


## Not the Cameraman, Anyway

IN Earle William's pictur "The Wolf," a sub-title says something like 1 this: "When the wolf how ls . . . someone must die." Then a flash is shown of a howling wolf. It was all right except that anyone with sharp cyes could see a chain leading toward a convenient tree from the wolf's neck. What do they mean "someone must die?"
N. Hoyt. Anscl Island. Cal.
in Blanche Sweet's "A Woman of Pleasure," one of the native savages was vaccinated!

Also. in "April Fo!ly:" Lady Diatta, seeing that April had no train ticket and was about to be put off. kindly offered her an extra ticket she happened to have in her purse. That's foresight for you? Charles Willis, Jr., Richmond. Va.
Dear Little Lasca!
IN "Lasca," Edith RobI erts in the title role stabs the hero in the back. A few minutes later, full of remorse. she gently bandages his arm.
L. H., Rochester.
N.

Hell. That Wias An Old Picture
VITAGRAPH recently released a picture called "The Juggernaut." Earl Williams, as Johe Bullard, although working his way through college, is able to afford to wear a silk shirt. I'm a college man and l know it can't be done nowadays. G. L. G.. Madison, Wis.
It Other 11 ords-He II'as Beatett L'p
IN Rupert Hughes" "The Cup of Fury," the I. WI. WI: agitator . Itedde is hit on the left jaw by a bow from the ship-yard boss. In a subsequent sul-title he plans how in accoun for his black ere. Next he is shown at home-with his wife bathing his forchead; and later with his head bound up.
M. E. S., Richmond, Ind.


# Your nails tell strangers all about you 

## How you can keep them always well groomed

IT is not only palmists who read your character by your hands. Wherever you go--whenever you appear in public, strangers are judging you by the appearance of your hands and nails. To many it is the one sure key to a person's standing.

Carelessly manicured nails cannot be hidden. The loveliest gown, the most charming manner cannot affect the impression they give.

But there is a way to correct that impression. Your nails can be as lovely as anyone's with just a few minutes of the right kind of care, once or twice a week.

But it must be the right kind of care. Never cut the cuticle. The more you cut it the worse it looks. It grows thicker and thicker, the skin heals in little scars and hangnails form.

With Cutex, the liquid cuticle remover, you can keep
your cuticle smooth and unbroken, the nails always lovely.

With a bit of cotton wrapped around an orange stick and dipped in Cutex, work around each nail base. Then wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle with a towel.

For clean, white nail tips, apply Cutex Nail White under the nails. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish. For a brilliant, lasting polish use the Cake Polish first, then the Paste Polish.

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35 and 65 cent bottles. Cutex Nail Polish, Nail White, and Cold Cream are each 35 cents, at all drug and department stores.

## Six manicures for 20 cents

For two dimes you can get a Cutex Introductory Manicure Set, containing enough of each prociuct for six complete manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, IIt W. if th Street, New York. If you live in Canada, address Nor than W'arren, Dept. $70 \& 200$ Mountain St., Wontreal.

Mail this coupon with two dimes todav to Northam Warre: 114 West 17 h Street, New York City
Tou can get the Cutex preparations separately or in complete sets at all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and at all chemists' shops in England.

## Name

Streer and Number...................................

City and State



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 Tre tecue had been fona! onty a jew mincies For- woll a comic y wag fellaw, he seeme actualiy Face ahinc: it. Bui then. I suppose these zuys that
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$\dot{x}=$ - Fie so like that inn it: "Just when you set
 " $\$$ ₹o a 4 4-r. and where are you:"
ha tha: heaceforth they should be separated.
And Douzia= MacLean. Who has probably done more to establish cumety if the stunt-less. slap-stich-less variety than any other che mar. is to be an independent siar. The second year optinn tha: Paramount held on his services has been exerciset and he is at present deep in his first siaming vehicle. "The Yanac na Vilie:" I know. I felt exac:ly that way abutut is. I may be wronz But aiter I'd had it repeated three rimes and spetlec iwice. I was airaid theved make me walk h me st I shu up.

- Yes. it's har to lose a cont mife, even jus: a professional one." wert on MacLean. "and Doris has been a cood one. As a film wife she is par excelence. Now it's all ended. Oh. I daresay I hal have ciber sood wives. I have had some good vaes in the pasi. But I shall always rememher Dor's
There mas a n 'e f isa hesi in his voice. Outside his smitly n. vinz dramas. he forks and acts as little like a comedian as anyme I e5t saw. That in a world where everone in curredy wants io do eragedy and a lot of tracedians do a lot of medy He has b: wn eve= of the kint that laty novelit: $=$ te:-ibe as "nite and honest" Minus a little twinkle they. whult be suuliul

Yu Mr. married aren: you. Mr. MacLeanz" I asked. since the c nversatinn seemed to be runaine on thinss matrimonial. 'Oh yes" sas' Mr Maclean enthusiastica!!':
I have been if rest th a*k hat quevin of a number of men number if times profesionally-profesi nally). Some answer is thabbil 3 is if ther were agreeinz with a rich aun: (Comtinurd on pag* z23)


# A sweater for every frock 

 -now that you can wash them yourself"I do believe that's another sweater, Betty! You have more sweaters than any other three girls I know."
"Well, as a matter of fact, my dear, it isn't a new one-it's just washed.
"That fuzzy, woolly sweater washed! I simply dun't believe it!'
"Of course it's washed, goosey. In Lux suds just the same as your biouses. It does look new, doesn't it:''
Lux whisks into the most wonderful suds. You just swish your sweater around in them and squeeze the rich lather again and again through the soiled spots. 'There's not the least bit of rubbing

Rubbing hard cake soap on wool is simply fatal, you know. Either you get the tiny fibres all mixed up and matted, or else you pull them so far apart they never can go back. And of course when you
scrub the soap out again, you're scrubbing the pretty colors out, too!

The Lux way is so different. It's so careful and so gentle with the delicate wool fibres. You can trust the brightest Shetland, the fuzziest Angora to these pure suds.

Your newest gay golf sweater with its short sleeves and big cheched scarf that tucks through the belt and floats awaydon't let it grow loose and bagg!, nor get ridiculously small and tight. Launder it the Lux way.. It wiil come out soft and shapely, fit just as perfectly as the day you boughtit.

Lux is so easy to use, so wonderfully quick. And it can't possibly hurt any tabric or color that can be trusted to water alone. Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux.-Lever Brothers Co., Cambridge, Mass.

HOW TO WASH SWEATERSSE two tabiespoonfuls of Lux to a galion of water. Whisk into a rich lather in very hot water and then add cold water until lukewarm. Work your sweater up and down in the suds-do ris risb. Squeeze the suds again and again through soiled spots. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Syueeze the water ut-1o ras suring. Spread on a towel odry on the shads.

## LT1.3




This was one of the most romantic of the 250 stereopticon slides that made up "Miss Jerry." The lovers are William Courtenay and Blanche Bayliss of 25 years ago. "Miss Jerry" was a newspaper reporter. The "still" below shows her out on a "sob" story. Notc how the "sets" were madc in those days.

## The Grandpa of the Movies

RELEGATED to the limbo of the past is the remembrance of most of the early efforts that helped bring the art of motion pictures to the high p'ane it has reached today. Even now, many maintain, the possibilities of the film are only beginning to be realized, but it is interesting to look back just a quarter of a century when Dr. Alexander Black was sceing visions as he looked into what then doubtless seemed a far, far future
On October 9, I804, William Courtenay and Blanche layylis appeared as the first motion picture stars, in Dr. Black's moving stereopticon, "Miss Jerry," a tale of love. newspaperdom and Wall Street.

Dr. B'ack, now a noted novelist, was a newspaper man with an interect in photography years ago. It occurred to him that ordinary stereopticon slides could be sipperl in and out of the then popular stereopticon lantern in such a way that they overlappedti u. naking tleem diseolve into one another in a way which suggested motion. He experimented, found his idea worked, wrote the drama called "Miss Jerry" in 250 scenes, engaged actors and made it with rough -very rough sets. His second drama was called "A Capitol Romance." Grover Cleveland, then president, posed for it. Dr. Black's motion picture dramas took forty-five minutes to present. He stood beside the screen and told the story as the picture appeared. He toured the country and made a great hit. The Paramount Magazine, in a recent issue, showed Dr. Black's invention.



## You don't carry it;

 you wear itlike a woatch.
## The Vest Pocket KODAK

With a "Vest Pocket'" you're always ready for the unexpected that is sure to happen.
lour larger camera you carry when you plan to take pictures. The V'est Pocket Kodak you have constantly with you to capture the charms of the unusual. It is small in size but lacks nothing in quality.

The price is $\$ 9.49$. Film for 8 exposures is 25 cents. Both prices include the war tax.

> All Deculers'.


ACTUAL SIZE
Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., Thi KodukCiity

# Murdered Brain Children 

Beiner a small portion of the docket in the Great Assize Court, in the case of the Scenario Author vs. the Producer, Direct. or, Cameraman, Scenic Artist, Cutter, et al.

## B

RANDOLPH
BARTLETT

Decorateons by Nurman Aluthony


SCPPOSE you were the proud father of a newly born infant. To you it was the most wonderful thing in the work. It was beautiful, enhaloed in suretness and light. The least movement of its small hands. the least Hicker of its ejelids denoted intelligence of a precocity that almost frightened sou. At once you were overcome with a sense ot your responsibility to thi splendid offspring, and were determined that it should be reared to manhood in such wise that all the world should bow to this, your child.

Suppose now that you showed it to one whom you had considered a friend. not so much to get his opinion as to permit him to gaze and admire, and suppose he said
"Legly brat! Why let it lise?"
Suppose, feeling only contempt for a person so blinel and ignorant, you showed the wonder child to another friend and he looked pityingly at you and said:
"What is it?" The missing link?"
Still the pride of paternity persisted. but one after another those whom you had long regarded as good friends cast skyward noses at the child. This did not weaken your own love and faith in the infant's clestiny, but merely made you bitter toward all the world. And that is why scenario authors become pessimists.
Every man. woman and child who has written moving pic ture scenarios has some favorite scene, some delectable brain-chıld, not necessarily: the main part of a plot, nor the theme of a drama. nor the big scene. nor the supreme thrill-but just some. iragment of fanc! that itmental parent knows is one of the most exquisite thing. ever given to a waitingr world. It would embellish ahy picture. fit into ans story: perhape. and so with magnificent persistence the father of the idea writes it into every script only to -we it foully murtered by one or another of those aufurats through whose hands esth picture nust pase

The producer thinks it is over the lieats of the pub)lic. and claye it: the stuctio manager thinks it would dog the action, and decapitates it : the casting director -aty the right type camnt be foumbl, and garrotes it:
the electrician foozles the light effect and smothers it: the cameraman throws it out of focus and gibbets it: the director decides it would be too much trouble, and stabs it: the star doe:n t like her close-up in it, and strangles it; the editor needs footage and guillotines it ; and if. by some twis: of luck it should pass all these perils. the negative will be lost in the cutting room. This is the history of not one, but many scenes, of which a few have been compiled. Here, for the first timc. these favorite sons shall see the light of publicity, and you shall decide whether or not they belong upon the screen.
One of the most populous of the private gravevards is that of Charles E. Whittaker, author of numerous shadow tales for Faramount, Clara Kimball Young, Maurice Tourneur and others. The gem of the collection, the most tearwashed of all the tombs, is this:

A French actress, after a terrible tragedy at home, comes to America, and living quietly in the country makes friends with a young American boy, about ten or twetve years old-a dreamer, not a roughneck: polite, not flip: clear-skinned, not freckled: romantic and decently clad. In the actress garden is a statue of Pan, and she tells the boy of the love
"We see this dream child and her perfectly-marcelled locks. standing in a lacy nightie-but the curl papers



## Drink cocaloda

 DELICIOUS AND REFRESHINGTHE COca-Cola Company Atlanta. Ga




Maky D., Los Angeles.-Bert Lytell is a lucky man. If one woman was ever true to me for five years, I'd-but why speculate? It could never happer. Do you like Lytell better in pictures than you did on the stage? "The Right of Way" was my favorite Lytell piece. Bert is five feet, ten and a half inches tall; weighs one hundred and fifty five pounds, and has brown hair and hazel eyes. Haven't his age. He is married to Evelyn Vaughn; they have no children. He's signed up with Metro. Come again.

## Lorrayne H., Milwaukee,-

 It was a bad day when I got your letter-gloomy inside and out. But what mere male is not susceptible to flattery? Not this one. You cheered me considerably. Viola Dana was born in 1808 ; she is a widow; her husband John Collins, the director, died of influenza. Yes, Tom Meighan is married to Frances Ring. Jack Barrymore was born in 1882. He was divorced from Katherine Harris Barrymore, an actress in his sister Ethel's "Declasse" company. Do I like blondes or brunettes? Yes.
## M. D. S., Newton Centre,

 Mass. -The spirits are certainly kept busy. I suppose the Shade of Cleopatra is the most popular. I don't mind confessing to you that I'm ouija bored. No-I can't tell you my favorites, and Ive never talked with Miss Elsie Ferguson. So now I suppose I am relegated to the limbo of lost and forgotten things, said he sorrowfullyand inaccurately.Friexd, Hwans - I am young but that isn't why I make you laugh. Fou are young-that's why. Dick Barthelmess unrloubtedly will get around to your letter in rlue time; he's a very busy young man, Friend, and there may be a thousand letters ahead of yours. I don't want to discourage you or anything. Pearl White has red hair and, yes, she wears a blonde wig.
f. C. T., Sülphter Sprtiges, Tex.-My

# The Ingenue 

## By Jane Bernoudy

MASSES of curls rippling and falling. Eyes wistful and blue.
Scarlet lips, parted revealing,
Pearls not a few.
Cheeks like the first flush of morning, Soft like the breast of a swan.
Voice like the breeze through the tree tops, In the cool hours of dawn.

## Flirting, Deceiving, Coquetting, Never Alone.

Listening, Laughing, Forgetting, Nobody-Home.
head still aches from that violent green paper. You girls love to torture ine, don't you? There's nothing about stationery in all its most ghastly phases that 1 don't know. Lillian Gish is not married. She has left the David Griffith company to star for Sherrill, or the Frohman Amusement

Klbbi, Argentina.-Now you're a con tributor after my own heart. Your letter helped me a lot. Sorly you think I'm not rough enough. You must want me to be the Tom Meighan of Answer Men. Down where you live, you tell me, they are changing the way of telling time. After twelve o'clock at noon they go right on counting thirteen, fourteen tifteen, etc., to twenty-four, when they start at one again. They don't do that here. Imagine knocking off work at cighteen oclock! les, tell your friends to write me. I'll give them very sarcastic answers; will that please you?
Miss Eminy, Boston- - You're wrong-an editor isn't a man who puts things in the magazine; he's a man who keeps things out of the magazine. Datid Powell in "On With the Dance." Karl Kermes was the justice of the peace in Constance Talmadge's picture, "Up the Road with Sallie." Constance has traveled a long bright road since that Select picture.
Nyoma A., Bemmont, Texis. - You may now enjoy lite. I am overjoyed to be able to tell you that your fasorite, William S. Hart, is not married. Never has been married. Lives with his sister Mary in Los Angekes. Recently sustained several Corporation. Alice Brady's frot two Realart releases were "The Fear Market" and "Sinners." She is working at this writine on "The Dark Lantern." Viola Dana isn't married to lieut. Omer Locklear. But some busybody saw him fly away with her -in his airplane-and jumped at conclu. sions.
A. N.. Oakband-So you saw Wallace Reid in "The Rotter:" the segilimate play: and would much rather see him in pictures. Yet I have had other letters which raved over Reid in his part of the chauffeur in this spoken production. James Crane played with Alice Brady in "Sinners." You say their love scenes were so realistic. No wonder-he's her husband.
broken ribs and was badly
bruised as a result of falling from his horse while making a picture. Hart and his mount were dashing in pursuit of the "villain" when an overhanging bough caught them and frightened the horse. which threw Hart. He's getting along nicely, according to katest reports. Think of all the sympathetic ketters hell have to answer when he recovers! Vazimova: first name is Alla.

Maria-I'm thinking very scriously of writing a book about mwalf. Fverybody'= doing it, whe not the Answer Man? Rilt Hart has written several books, hut nuer. as yet, the story of his life. "Pinto" Ben and Other Stories" is one of Bill'c comoositions. Antonis, Moreno, I hear, is en-

## Photoplay Magazine

zaterl upon his autobiograply．Wonde who＇s writing it for him，He：much tow bu－s hincelt Bewic Love is till ill ne． teens．
 may sulicr－but
neter suffer in silemee picture three timese al werk That absu my average，too．Ann Litule．Iatoky．Holl？ weorl Walter Medirail． J．Others annsered

## chener

##  f）That man who once drl＂The public b prophet I dont have more．Elsie Ferguson ar probably be in Japan when you read rest，not to make pic tures．She was born in New lork，and she stands five feet，six in－ che－in her stokk－1 shean in her heol－lew


I．verytime I go into a shop to buy a tie I be come angry over the the clerk．Then I leave in a huii－and go some－ where else and bat nore Dorothy（anl $1:$
five feet tall．Bubby Vernon stands five fert two inches．He＇s with －tance Tialmades Con enqued．lies，I know there aie rumor． Chartes Ris

## （がいに Millek．Lo

 buce is The Branded Woman．＂Mis：Tı madere conduct．the Fashion Deptrtment in Photoplar and ha－ sianed article，illustrated， fur thent Thank

 D－One＂ds（6）Jutk an intelteteral womat bores you I he．rri＇ appore of hisher wa
 of atron，（oiffure，：mal －rriake Niles Wilh Married to Dell Boons With is a frew lance
meanine that ha
meaning（ompany he to not contracted to ans and there fle is the leatine man in＂The Courage of Maree Olbome＂and the fol lowine James Oliver cinmond picture，for

 it in this case hecatiee or letter there will ：ure Iv．reach him and he is hard to keer traith



Artist Stuart Hay＇s conception of a Frec Public Animated Library in 2020 ．

$\Gamma^{T}$I is safe to predict that unless they discover an everlasting motion picture film in the next humdred years，the animated libraries of 2019 will have a terrible time keeping stocked up with recls of the popular novels of the Elinur Gly ntype．W＇e are presupposing that a mere century or so will not make any preat difference in ment．Dickens and Dumas will，no doukt． have the same niece，stedy，constant，respectable following as today．And un－ less putting them into pictures peps them up into a more lively form．it s dellars to doughants that the eans containing＇Protessor Husley＇s works of seience will reman dust－concred and unaked tor in the vault narked＂H：＂

H．Me．II．．Mtrkimsin，Nib－Ge－Grace Brady－uwn mother，Wiilliam Brady＂：firet wite died year－azo．Mis（icorge is one oi the learling heure on the American ztage． she hav a son．Nary Fuller has been retired for a ong time nosi 1 doubt if the＂ll ewer return to antise participation in pictures．

and Wandil Hawley？No－but Iillike tu． However－Miss Dorothy is heart－whole and fancy－frec．Wanda Hawley is reтy much in love with J ．Burton Hanley，who ha－been her hu＝band for some time IIanda is a Kealart star now and so i－ Bebe Danicls，who was Haro＇d Lloyd＝lead－ ing woman betore slit went in for dran e Are Harold and Bebe married：Well－
valo．－Sylvia Breamer has been matricd，but wh－ tained a divorce．Her husband was an Aus－ tralian theatrical man－ ager，I believe．There is a report that Mi－ Breamer is enguzed she has the leallen． feminine role in＂．Dtha－ lie，＂Syd Franklin：new picture．Doris May

Bாľ，FlorzNしと：－ Hou have a fine lisi of favorites．luurs are mine， 100 Henry $B$ Walthall，always remem bered as the＂Little Colonel＂in＂The Birth of a Nation，＂sppersr＝ in Allan Dwan＇s produc tion，＂The Splendist Hazard．＂He does tine work in it．Mary Churman may be reached care Allan Dwan＇s company．The same Mary who used to be such an ornament to Sennett comedies is now a full－tledged dramatic actress－and a good one Mary decided sensibly that beauty wa $\frac{n^{\circ} \text { t }}{}$ cverything．© 10 she pitched in and beran to learn a new technique She＇s certainly mado good．

M．D．S．，William：－ port，Pa．－Junc El－ vidge．that statuesque brunette，may be redched in care of Maytlower Pictures 400 Fith Ave nue．She plays in Charles Miller＇s pro duction．＂The Law of the lukon．＂Edwari Farle，remembered iron Edison and Vitagraph－ O Henry datis．dat Aincy Dewer a blonk newcomer，share honoi－ with June in this north－ ern take Miss Elvidec is Miss Elville mow she has been married

IITRRY II F．II いだ NGION：D C－I An very sorry，but we hive no record of Teel Lord Does anyone know Ted

T．K．K゚，バトロトにん1ー I would suggest that you write to the Talmalige
tall are you？Soure rivat－it is my brenl and buter，answerine all the questions；bul if there high prises don＇t come down，it won＇t be my bread and butter any Ionger I＇th be lucks if I hase as crust to niblabe．It only some of you girls would conte through ＂ith the cake－you were zoine to send med Iny Stomblrifle eirl what can write such sond heteer has hoper wif getting there in anything－he wint－to do－－twen journatism

10 Xorms or to Constance，becaure Xatalic is abroad right now－and put it up then then Souknow I can only give information as it is given of me．Louise claum was a Triansle vampine a few years ago．She＇s sill plavin． ramps，hut she has her nwn company now
 －I＇me not the Filitor，child．Jou corn dir pend on that．If 1 were，lid newer hat diseontinucal running piofures of strem （Comtinued on pusc Jis

## CAt the Seashore

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## The Professor Uplifts

By Ralph E. MOONEY

TO the Editor of The Pietoplay Magazine, Dear Sir:
It is with trepidation that I take up my pen to compose this letter. To be plain, sir, I fear for the result. lou have been most kind in suggesting that I. Erasmus Samuel Weatherbutton, professor of the conte or short-story at Wallingford University, might have a Higher Mission in the uplifting of the Motion Picture Industry. Yet I find myself able to make but a poor return for your interest. For. sir, as I write, I find myself in a condition of such hopeless befudrlement that I am totally unable to fulfill the mission you propose for me. I have visited a picture theater, but remain, nevertheless, wholly at loss to suggest a program for the Eplift and Improvement of the I'hotodrama as an Art Form.
You suggested that I fill the post of Critic Extraordinary for your journal; that in such post I review the productions on exhibition; and that, having reviewed them, I indite criticisms of them and letters of pleasant chatter concerning them, not with the simple intention of descanting upon the productions from the public's or the critic's viewpoint, but with the Higher Wotive of L'plift, as explained previously. 'This, I agreed to do. This, I have aftempted, but I fear I have failed.

Your note of instructions informed me that I was to review the performance at the Palladium on the same evening. It was to be a premiere or first night production. Now, although I have long been aware of the existence of motion pictures. I have never found time to witness them and, accordingly: was in somewhat of a dilemma as to how to go about the matter. A friend, who is accustomed to social procedure, informed me that it was customary to wear evening clothes to dramatic openings.
I was put to considerable inconvenience while en route.

Being the result of a personal investigation by Professor Weatherbutton for the enlightenment of Photoplay readers.
caption and I miwed so many of them, while noting down important thoughts, that I was ofien entirely at ea as to what was eroing on. I merely mention the ee details and leave it to others 10 correct them $A$ critique may be -uggestive. but never concrete.

And now I shall try to describe eath letail of the periormance as it impresed me. From this. the manazere. who, at you say: are eagerly awaiting my me-mge, may be able to traw inferences that will help them.

The opening secne of the exening - profluction I found to lie meritorious. imprestise and underotandahle I heard the noie of the pieture mathine, raieel my ege and saw before me an inscription which read: "(ieneral Per-hing Review Oserseas Veteran-" A spiendiel ught and excellently produced. except for the fact that the iniantry companie- did not keep so good a front as we were aceutomed to in my old regiment.

I saw the purpose of this at once. I Hatter myedi. The author was sketching in his atmosphere. This is undoubtedly. a good enoush technical usage, but, as time went on. I observed the man was overdoing it. For example. insteal of proceeding from his "atmospheric" opening to his sory, he laid out more background. depicting a line of battle-ships under steam. And when he went on and supplied us atmosphere from a I'hilippine cigar factory and a reception to the Lrchbishop of Senegal and a sketchy view of the natives of Nozambique. I felt it wareving too far.
laluable parts of the production were wa-ted because of its creator's fever for detail. With no previous explanation, an unfortunate. enfeebled woman was shown. back bent above the washboard. lifer a moment, with a display of faintness. she collapses into a nearly chair. Thercupon, with nothing to indicate why or wherefore, her husband peeped roguishlv through the donrway. Winked, and proceeded to enter the room. followed by two delivery men bearing the contrivance known as a washing machine. The woman revised, clapped her hands, and kisced her husband.

A caption was then displayed, as follows
"Be Good to Your Wife. Buy Her an Automoto Washer."
After which the woman in question was shown sitting in an arm chair. reading a book with an infant in her arms. while the washing machine performed its salutary functions. This. I submit, was technically wrong. If it was intended as a moral for the picture it was stated too soon. The end of the performance, after the wifes trials and troubles have been nutlined. after her aul has been laid bare. is the proper time to state the lescon of a motion picture. If. on the other hand it was intented as a motif. it was again wrong. The motif. or theme-exposition, has its uses in Nusic, but I do not beliese it can be applied to motion pictures adrantageously:

Then. wholly, without preparation. we were plunged into what I take to be the author's comic underplot. I succemion of ludicrous character-here indulged in various forms of horseplay which ended in their be-smearing each other liberally with pastry. Good enough for dull wit. but as "The Comedly of Errors" is to "Twelfth Xight." in relation to real humor.

On the heels of the comic underplot. came the depiction of the author's first main plot. This, haw upen the theme-que-
tion. "Should a Hu-band Know? "was melodramatically inter-e-ting, but dealt with everything else under the sun bu, the answer to the question. It told a story of a young man whe was nervous and who smoked cigarettes visiting a pretty wife Her husband. who wa-strong and smoked cigars, found out about it. He began to hold his head.

A friend of mine who frequents motion picture exhibitions. tells me there are three types of serious photoplay plot-: (I) That in which a man holds his head all the time, 121 that in which a woman holk hers and ( 3 ) that in which they both hold their respective heads. This was of the first type. The -trong husband attempted to kill the nervous young man and held his head: he was persuaded not 10 do it-by the wifeand held his head: he di-misied them and. when left alone, hell his head. Then all three progressed through various stage- of dissolution and poverty until the nervous young man ran away. the woman attempted to destroy herself, but was saved by the husband. Who effected a reconciliation with her and theneven at the very last-would sit near her and hold his heal. Leaving us to infer that a husband should not know? Or merely that some hu-bands should not? Who can tell?

All of this was confusing enough, but you may imagine nyy puzzlement when at this point the author junped in again without preparation to a secondary main plot. This was a rather indecorous affair dealing with a gentleman who, when born. was so aftected by a thunder-torm that ever afterward he suffered temporary amnesia when it thundered. The gentleman married the only daughter of an enemy and avowed that she should be the last of her line. No issue should she beget by him.

However, during a thunderstorm she took advantage of hi-amnesia-but why go into details? A baby was born. The angry gentleman held his head and suspected his wife. She conrinced him the child was his own. Thereupon he lust his fortune and went away to work. The neighbor, under pretense of investing the remnants of the woman's personal fortune, contrived to provide her with riches.

Of course, when the husband had made another fortune and returned to his home, he was suspicious of the luxury in which she lised. He held his head, then announced he would leave her and take his little son with him. Whereupon, in order to keep the child with her. she convinced him that the boy was not his. Then the neighbor explained his investment proceedings, the wife was forgiven and-she convinced that incredible husband that the baby was his after all.

And then-then what?
Then the grand climax?
The intermingling of all the plots in Dickens best style?
The final disposition of the characters of the plots?
ㅊo. None of this.
With the completion of the third plot, the periormance was brought to a summary end and we were dismised with no knowledge of what followed in their several careers.

Information was atiorded that those who came late might remain to witness a duplication of the material already witnessed and I departed. hat in hand.

I carried my hat of necessity: because of the efiorts of a tobacco eater who sat hehind me.

$$
\hat{3}-\cdots-\cdots
$$

## Her Alibi

 ,ince an lagain tia the printed pare. that to succed in the films a young girl mut be willing
 sil, he went to the Cuy and wormed her way in to see someone in authority at her favorite sturlio
"I am willong," she ant wulfulye: "to do anything-anything-to succeed!"
The at hority seemed unmpresid " Vo place risht new:" he replied.
She tried another tudio bringing photographe and arguments.
I am willing"-again- - 1 don' care what it is-I'll do absolutely anything to succed! There -aid theyd put her name on the waitmg list. She tried others, each time using more hearl throbs in her wone more tran-parent stockins. more rouge on her lips. But every where she met with the same answer: "Nothing for you."
finally the became disenuraged: We-ike her money ran out. When she fot home she told the folk: ${ }^{\prime} i_{1}$. not worth it. some girls may do it, but I never could sell my soul to succeed!"

And they believed her.


# The most humiliating moment in my life 

## When I overheard the cause of my unpopularity among men

ACIIICAGO girl writes to me: "Uh, if I had onh read one of your articles vears ago! Many times I have heard women criticize vou for publicly discussing such a delicate personal subject. But I know what I would have been saved had I known these facts sooner, and $I$ know that mans of these women who criticize you would benefit by taking your message to themselves.
"I learned the facts about inyself, as unpleasant facts often are learned, by overlearing two girl friends talk about the.
$\therefore$ Why don't the men dance with her,' one of them said." Herc came a lew words I couldn't catch, and then -'of course she's unconscious of it, poor dear, but she does suffer frightfully from perspiration,'
"It was the mont humiliating moment in mv life! I, who had prided mrself on my daintiness, had overlooked whas men could not."

## An old fault - common to most of us

 It is a physiological fact that there are vers few persons who are not subject to this odor, though seldom conscious of it themselves. Perspiration under the arms, though more active than elsewhere, does not alwass produce excesive and noticeable inoisture. But the chemicals of the body do cause noticeable odor, more apparent under the arms than in any other place.The underarms are under verv sensilive nervous control. Sudden excite-
ment, embarrasment even, serves as a nervous stimulus sutficient to make perspiration there even more active. The curve of the arm prevents the rapid evaporation of odor or moisture -and the result is that others become aware of this subtle odor at times when we least suspect it.

## How well-groomed men and women are meeting the situation

Well-gromed men and women evervwhere are meeting this trving situation with methods that are simple and direct. 'Thev have learned that it cannot be neglected any more than any other essential of personal cleanliness. They give it the regular attention that thev give to their hair, teeth, or hands. They use Odorono, a toilet lotion specially prepared to correct both per--piration moisture and odor.
Odorono was formulated bv a physician who knew that perspiration, becatuse of its peculiar qualities, is bevond the reach of ordinary methods of cleanlines-excessive moisture of the armpits is due to a local weakness.

Odorono is an antiseptic, perfectly harmless. Its regular use gives that absolute assurance of perfect daintiness that women are demauding-that conaciousnes of perfect groming os satisfying to men. It really corrects the cause of both the moisture and odor of perspiration.

Use Odorono regularly, just two or three tines a weck. At night before retiring, put it on the underarms. Allow it to dry, aud then dust on a litule
talcum. I he next morning, bathe the parts with clear water. The underarms will remain sweet and dry and odorless in any weather, in ans circumstances! Daily bath do not lessen its effect.

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Women who find that their gowns are spoiled lew perspiration stain and an odor which dry cleaning will not re move, will find in Odorono complete relief from this distressing and often expensive annoyance. If vou are troubled in any unusual way, or have had any difficulty in finding relief, let us help wou solve vour problem. Write today for our free booklet. lou'll find some verv interesting information in it about all perspiration troubles!

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MOTHERSILL REMEDY COMPANY DETROIT, MICHIGAN


The Shadow Stage
(Continued from pig' 73)

## THE FORTUNE TELLER -Robertson-Cole

THt . poor directors do have a time of it Not so long ago they were being called book becauee they were too free in their xaggerations of the tories from which they took their plots. Now they appear to be -winging to the other extrence and following the plot- too closety, particularly in the case of the tage plays they reprofluce on the screen "The Fortune Teller" was a failure an a play largely because it wats not reasonably filled in. The prolosue introduced the heroine $a=$ a disolute fortune teller traveling with a circu- I- a young woman she had been turned out of her home by the hutband who had unju-cly accused her of beine too iriendly with another man. The circus plays the old home town and the iortune teller" son, whom sle lefit as an infant. come- to her ior a reading. She discovers that he, too, is in trouble and is able to help him. To be near him she quits the circus and stays in town. In two years she is established as a iamous psechic, without her son knowing her real relation to him. Ex-po-ure threatens and whe is about to leave rather than jeopardize her son's future, when a satisfactory explanation is made pos-ible. The picture goes back of this episorle and show = the original quarrel with the husband, but it loes not in any way develop the epi--ode concerned with the gradual regeneration of the fortunc teller or the real drama of her efforts to help her son and still keep her great secret. wherein the real suspense of the situation lies. Neither are the title: properly utilized to make clear the lapses Darjorie Rambeau gives as effective a performance as the mother as the scenario and the director permit, but slie is pretty se verely handicapped

DOLLARS AND SENSE-Goldwyn
(O).IHV C could, ii Goldwyn wanted to, arfopt a general title for all the Madge Konneoly comerties. Call them "Jes" Like Wadete: and add an explanatory subtitle. [hat for the current showing would be Runs a Bakery.: In this picture Madge again slips gracefully into those easy picture making channels in which a succes--ion of attractive scenes takes the plate of a soundly reasoned logic. In "Dollars and Sense" she storts as a chorus eirl. is stranded, silesteps the temptations offered by a rich man who consider stranded chorus ladie: fair game and accepts a job in the bakery of a young philanthropist who had rather uise hi-bread to the poor than sell it. She quickly puts the batery on its teet, and falls in love with the proprietor, but their romance is hated when he is taken ill. Then to help the plot, the bakery suidenly be comes bankrupt and Madge is forced to reconsider the ale of her good name in or fler to raise funds to pay the youth's bill at he ho-pital. She is willing to make the sacritice, but the man who would buy is not -uch a rotter as she thought him, and intead of taking advantage of her predicament be arranges for her marriage with the baker. A pleasant little short story in tive recls. Mis Kennedy is daintily effective, at usual. and has a pervonatble bero to play opporite her in young Kenneth Harlan

## AN EASTERN WESTERNER Rolen Pathe

If. the only Charles Chaplin does not hurry houk to the jol) he is likely to find that the unl! Harolal hayd has rephaced him in the affections of that vist public that dote on the roush but often riotously amusing
comedy of the screen. Lloyd's "An Eastern We-terner" present: that agile youth at his be-t, and its lirst reels are a perfect sample of how legitimately funny a iarcical comedy can be made on the sereen. Harold's at lompt = to avoid dancing the "shimmy" in : dancing place where the wrigeling is forbidden, and his later experience in trying to -neak into his room without arou-ing the family: which he would have succeeded in doing if he hadn't stepped on the cat. are real bits of unforced comeds. Later his arlventure in the Weat are more wildy ex aggerated. and less effective in consequence, though the comedy tricks of the usual pursuit and capture. escape and recapture, are full of laushable incilent. A burle:qued poker eame is aloo ingeniously built up. AChaplin's successor, this bespectacled youth is striding forward in seven-league boots

## THE BOTTOM OF THE WORLD Roberston Cole

THERE are more wonders twixt heaven and earth, and within reach of the recording eye of the camera, than were ever dreamed of in the stuify oifices of the ste. narioist. The record of Sir Ernest Shackleton's search for the South Pole. as shown in the two-part film. "The Bottom oi the World." is one of the tine achievements of the screen. comparable only to the thrilling adventures of the ill-fated Scott s dash northward some years ago. The director of the local theater who gave it the featured posi tion on his progran exhibited excellent judement, and the decision to show it in two parts, holding over the second chapter irom one week until the next, displayed good showmanship. It is far more holding in its interest than ninety-eight out of a hundred leature m ms, and more instructive than an! number of ordinary educational films. It bears the stamp of authority and of actuality. It literally brings the day by day living conditions, the hardships and the compensations of the explorers lot, to the auditorium of a theater. And the fact that the spectator knows most oi the pictures were carcfu!ly posed for his entertainment doenot rob them of their fascination. It is . promise of the finer achievements of the sereen that will come to view as time goes on and the intrepid camera men push their way into the weird and allegedly inaccessible corners of the world.

## By Photoplay Editors <br> the COURAGE OF

## MARGE O'DOONE - I'itagraph

OVe of those tales of the rugact North with its red-blooded men and its bravi women. I don't know why the men should be any more red-blooded and the women more brave in the rugged North than in the rugged Middle W"est, but they undoubtedly are. Vou don't mind it when the woman is that weird and wistful mite, lauline Starke: and the man a new Viles Welch, who left his striped shits at home and forgot his ar-row-collar eses, emerging a vers real actor lis a Jante Oliver Curwood story as you probibly gueseral: directed by David smith, brother of llbert $1:$ whose work would be ju-t as pratiserorthy if his name were Jone: lou'll enjoy this, particularly if you soe it in July or Aukust foull wat to go right up North, bears or no bears

## LETS BE FASHIONABLE -Ince-Paramount Arteratt

if prohilution weren't enough, alone comes Thomos 11 lnce to roh u- oi one of our mext-hes things. To make it atl

## The Shadow Stage

(Continued)
the harder, the swan song of those cupids of comedy, Douglas McLean and Doris May, is their best picture since ". "Twenty-Three and a Half Hours Leave." Luther Reed has made his funniest scenario from a story supplied by Mildred Considine. Reed subtitles are sure-fire; they scintillate. You're with the newly-wedded Langdons from first to last, thanks to him. Douglas McLean is again a younger and handsomer Willie Collier-only more so. Doris May in pajamas is the Month's Best Optical Moment. Any crabbed critic who can sit through this without laughing right out, must be either blind or insensible. As the exhibitor's report will say, "You can't go wrong-don't miss it."

## THE GARTER GIRL - Vitagraph

EVERY now and then some write hope $E$ is hailed as "the new O. Henry." And then he fades out. That there is only one O. Henry is attested to by this screening of his "Memento." Faithfully translated into scenario form, very well directed by Edward Griffith, a youngster out of Uncle Sam's service who is going to show them all someday, and naively acted by that baby-star. Corinne Griffith, it is fine entertainment. Corinne is Rosalie Lee, a vaudeville girl who turns down her well-meaning partner to find love in the country and clergyman's garb, only to discover that you can't always tell who has the garter you llung into the audience as part of your act. Rod LaRocque as the disappointing young clergyman who is fond of garters, could not be bettered. Earle Metcalfe, an old Lubinite, comes back with a wallop as the actor. While Miss Griffith herself is a complete surprise. Here is one young woman with great beauty and charm who becomes a better actress with every new picture.

BY GOLLY-Mack Sennett-Paramount

THE month's dreariest comedy. Anyway. that's what the program calls it-a "comedy." Charlie Murray worked hard and so did Baldy Belmont. Harriet Hammond looked her prettiest. But the result was one of those things you like to forget as soon as possible. Mack must be asleep at the switch.

## MRS TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM -Paramount-Artcraft

ANOTHER one of those serious attempts to be very, very funny. If Bryant Washburn, one of our best real comedians. and Wanda Hawley, one of our best real blondes, were not in it-but they are, and you've no idea how they help things along. A plot that is mostly "business," a fat man who is played by Walter Hiers, who is funny if you like him, Wanda and Bryant-and there you are. Take it or sleep through it.

## THE DEVIL'S CLAIM -Robertson-Cole

THERE is a good deal of hocus-pocus about "The Devil's Claim." The combination of Greenwich Village and Hindu atmosphere is like eating Italian spaghetti and chop suey in the same meal. Hayakawa is seen as an intellectual vampire who steals bright ideas from bright young girls and then sells them (the ideas, not the girls) to the magazines. As usual, he is better than the story. Colleen Moore makes a charming Hindu-ess, which proves that a lady's ability need not be limited to her name.


Don't put aside your Puffed Grains when breakfast ends in summer. Children want them all day long, and there's nothing better for them.

The supreme dish for luncheon or for supper is Puffed Wheat in milk. The airy grains - puffed to eight times normal size taste like food confections. Yet every morsel is whole wheat with every food cell blasted.

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Puffed Wheat, Puffed Rice and Corn Puffs are the finest grain fonds in existence.

Never were cereals so enticing. The grains are fairy-like in texture, the flavor is like nuts. They seem like tidbits, made only to entice.

Yet they are major foods, with every food cell steam-exploded, so digestion is easy and complete.

They will take the place of pastries, sweets, etc., if you serve them all day long. And at meal-time they will make whole-grain foods tempting.

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## The Shadow Stage

(Continned)

## FORBIDDEN TRAILS - Fox

A

## COWBOY is named as a cuardian to

 beautiful girl. The cowboy is Buck Jones and the girl is Winifred Westover. Wie never saw such a troublesome child. She is continualiy getting mixed up with bandits and kidnapers The cowboy hould have checked her in a nice quiet orphan asylum But he doesn't. Ite marries her. I lively picture, but, as Sherlock Holmes might say elemental.THE FOOL AND HIS MONEY Selznick

EC'GENE OBRIEN in a George Barr L Mecutcheon story: I picture:que young author hides from the madding crowd in a Swiss castle. A lovely lady (played by Ruby De Remer) dies to that gorgeous spol for protection again-t her cruel husband The lady is an American heiress and the lua-band is an Italian count. That's why he is cruel. Pretty romance, pretty snow scenes and a prelty fight between the author and the husband. And, as we have said, Eugene OBrien in a George Barr McCutcheon story

JUST A WIFE--<br>National Picture Theatres

JUST a Wife, Just a film. Eugene Walter's stage play is not a great success in its warmed-over form. Perhaps this elaborate?'y devised plot belongs to the stage. It has drama and situations. lou miss any
human appeal. it is stilted and unnatural. human appeal. It is stilted and unnatural.
However, we will give three silent but wellmeant cheers for Leatrice Joy, who makes cmotional acting positively pain!es- to the audience.

## NO. 99 "-Hodkinson

NIIIE and merry entertainment. J. Warren Kerrigan is still scen as a convict who, with the help of a pretty young person. walks into a houseparty in prison grey and emerges its honored guest. We knew all along that he had been falsely accused of the crime that put him under such a cloud during the filst reel. But "No. 90 " is harmless entertainment. Mr. Kerrigan wears a monocle

## wolves of the street Artograph

DOy remember when the man who owned the movie theater also took the tickets? Do you remember when the girl in the booth was a'so the chitf soloist? Do you remember when pink, blue and green slides were used for the illustrated songs Do yon remember when Tom Ince was making Indian pictures? Do you remember when Mary l'ickford was a face and not a name? Do you remember the sort of "thrillers" that were shown then? When you see "Wolves of the Street" you will
think of them hapme dave before the war thex and the super-extra deluxe -pecial. This picture was made in Denver hy a mew company and there is a chase and a knockdown fight in every seme $J u=t$ like the good old day

## THE THIRTIETH PIECE <br> OF SILVER - American

## T

 Ills is a firm wer-ion of the whe :ame "Huten. butten. Whic: Let the botton collector of rare coin-ha- ome piece that be value- ahoye all uther- to monder: itJudas for the betrayal of Christ. The genileman also has a wife, whom he prizehighly. He lives in fear of losing his two treasures. The coin is constantly disappearing and the wife is constantly threatening a domestic row. The picture is íoolish, but not dull. Darsarita Fisher and King Bazeot have the leading roles.

## LOVE'S HARVEST-FoX

L
OVES Harvest" is a light romance that
has walked right out of the covers us a story book. It is straight from the nuirnever land of popular fiction. Shirts Nason play; a child role and only "row: up in time to slip into the arm: of the hery in the last reel and tell him that love is the most wonderful thing in the world. A dog named Buddie figures prominently in the tory. Buddie does trick: and as floes Shirley

## THE FLAPPER - Selznick:

APERFECT nut sundac jag is "The Flapper." It is all about the goins--on of a silly, harmless and charming boarding school flapper who wants to be tough and doesn't care how many ice cream soda- she drinks. It is a regular banana frappe of a picture; amu-ing without being inebriating. Olise Thomas is the most delectable flapper that ever evaded a chaperone. Her tiny step-sister has an important supporting role which she plays enchantingly

## THE MIRACLE OF MONEY - Pathe

WHIEN Hobart Henley passes the age of Corty-five, we hope life will be good to him. For he is a staunch champion of middle age. When all the other director: are demanding youth, he turns his camera on those who have passed beyond first romance and deals gently with these bachelor: and spinsters. Do you remember "The (iay Old Dog"? "The Itirac'e of Moner" is it= -ucces-or. Two old maids go on a hunt for life. love and happines. Their que-t i- $10 \mathrm{l}, \mathrm{l}$ with louches of humor and sentiment
THE ONE W ${ }^{\top}$ AY TRAIL—Republic
FDIThe sterididg is a lively young E woman in "The One Way Trail." Just because she spells her name with a "y". intead of an "i" you need not think the is all lady-like and refined. In a tory of the lumber country: she is in the thick uf the thrills. The story i just the consomiunal meloctrama but there are some intere-ting details that make the pieture entertaining

## THE TERROR - FOX

MORE Tom Mix stunts and more Wri-tern thrills. This time Tom is a sheriil and his duty to find out who is tealing go. d from the mines. Chases and gun-play keep him fairly busy. Mix mu-t tay up nights thinking of new "aye 10 break his neck.

THE SHADOIV OF ROSALIE BYRNES-Sclenck

Imovie stories of twinstar. why io note si-ter good and the other one bad ${ }^{2}$ Why does the good sister have to suties fur the miatoings of the bad one $W$ Why do modaters consibler ane alual role picture a meres. -ity in the -crean career of ant atre... lisw or the quest inn and we shall tell wly ..The shadow of Rosalic Byrms:" (ame (in Ix. Flaine J.ammerstein, who alwa! sugacet comnon sense and a good dippotion, dows her be:t with unconvincing material.

## The Shadow Stage <br> (Conchuded)

## BURNING DAYLIGHT-Metro

THIS tale of Wall Street and the Kilondike is served up in Jack London's best fashion. After a great run of Western stories you realize that Jack London possessed an art that is not easily imitated. For "Burning Daylight," outwardly just like many other tales of the East and West, ha: an inherent story value that makes it better than average picture entertainment. Mitchell Lewis plays the role of the miner who nearly meets his Waterloo on Wall Street. Helen Ferguson is a charming heroine
SCRATCH MY BACK—Goldwyn

R"PEERT HUGHES comedy is as original as its title. Moreover, the title isn't just a bit of nlippancy. It has something to do with the story. And what's the story? It is too good to describe.
"Scratch My Back" is something new. It is told with a combination of artlessness and sophistication that is enchanting. The subtitles win the floral horseshoe that goes to the person who call write captions that are funny without being obnoxious. Mr. Hughes may be an Eminent Author but let us not hold that against him so long as he can be so merry and bright. Sidney Olcott helped a lot with his direction. T. Roy Barnes makes his screen debut in this picture and Helene Chadwick is the leading woman.

Just this much about the story: a gentleman who always does what he wants to do scratches the back of a strange lady (or the strange back of a lady), as she is sitting in the theater with her husband. Does she have him arrested? No, she is grateful. Does she rid herself of her husband and marry the gentleman? No, she does not, nor does Mr. Hughes hint at such a thing. It is a picture that is different.

## NOTHING BUT LIES - Metro

AWILLIAM COLLIER farce that has been transferred to the screen and to Taylor Holmes. It is too mechanical to be amusing, even though Taylor Holmes does his best to please. Justine Johnstone ask any man-about-town who Justine Johnstone is) brings her blonde beauty to the production. It is her first appearance in the deaf and dumb drama. We prefer to see her on the stage.

## EVERYTHING BUT THE TRUTHUniversal

T T is not a sequel to the Taylor Holmes picture. It is just another fibbing farce that jumps around like a Mexican bean. And, like the Mexican bean, it gets nowhere. However, it is told in sprightly fashion and it has fairly amusing subtitles. And there is plenty of Eddic Lyons and Lee Moran.

## THE PATH SHE CHOSE Universal

IF you think this is another "Why Girls Go Wrong" melodrama, you are wrong. It is a sensible and human interest story of why girls go right. The heroine is a girl who emerges from a sordid family life in the slums and makes a success in the business world. Her story has true-to-life appeal. The girl is pleasingly played by Ann Cornwall.

NEEXT to Barthelmess and H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, Constance Talmadge is probably the most "reported engaged" person in the world. Once she was even reported engaged to Dick Barthelmess. Then to Irving Berlin. A rich tobacco merchant is the latest "fiance," but Miss Talmadge"s intimates say there is nothing in it.






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## 5

## Plays

and

# Players 

## Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

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PUBLIC sentiment is a chameleon. And never more so than in that romance which culminated in Mary Pickford's mar riage to Douglas Fairbanks. At the rumor: of its budding public srmpathy seemed to be with Mrs. Beth Sully Fairbanks-until, as soon as she had obtained a divorce from Doug, with a reported monetary compensation of something like a half million dollars she married James Erans. Mary Pickford's followers, particularly those of the Catholic faith, received a real shock when she divorced Owen Moore, whom she had married at seventeen. Her marriage to Fairbanks capped the climax of public disfavor. But now, with the Nevada court instituting proceedings to investigate the Pickford-Moore divorce, the pendulum has swung again, in favor of the famous newly weds. Says Old Public Opinion: "They're married now-let 'em alone!" And we hope the matter will rest there and that Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks may be permitted to have a real-life honeymoon that will last a long, long time.

PRESIDENT WILSON has become a most ardent movie fan. During the long days of his illness, nothing entertained him so much as a reel or two of film. Hardly one day passes now that he does not call for his projection machine and operator to reel him off the latest comedy-for comedy is his preference, and one good one is always shown at every performance. But if Woodrow Wiison likes one form of screen drama better than another, it's a detective film full of thrills.

CAARLES ABBE, a character actor, who is playing a pauper in a forthcoming production with Corinne Griffith, came down one morning in the elevator of hi hotel in Charleston where he was on location with the Griffith Compans: with hi make-up on and dressed in the nondescript dilapidated attire of "Old Hank Dawe."

Several prosperous looking Southerners were in the car. One of them studied thbe closely, trying to reconcile his refined. clean cut features, framed by his Baconesque white hair, with his poverty-stricken attire As Abbe stepped from the elevator the Southerner remarked to his companion
"Say, Jim, this old clothes scheme is great thing to beat the high cost of dressing. I think I'll put on overalls, too."


The answer to Mary Piekford's advertisement for an equine wreck: Lavender, who appears in "Suds." So fat did he become from good fare that toward the end of the picture he had to be made up to look as if he were really on his last legs. It's a new. Mary in this adaptation of "Op o' Me Thumb."

AFTER the war was over, Robert N゙orwick walked into a film office in his uniform, his overseas cap, and his Sam Browne belt, and smilingly signed an advantageous stellar contract with Fimmous Players-Lasky for $\$ 3.000$ a weck. Now he is suing that company for $\$ 525.6+4.23$, for alleged violation of contract. The story goes that W"arwick's pictures failed to get over in proportion to the salary he received. The powers of laramount effered him an alternative: would he take a salary reduction and play supporting roles? Warwick would not. Famous decided it couldn't lose any more money in a legal suit than on Warwick's pictures, so they simply let him go ahead and litigate to his heart's content.

$\mathrm{M}^{1}$RS. MAI PRESTON DE.AN has discovered a unique way of adding to her fund for the Los Angeles Orphans. Her daughter Priscilla was married a few months ago to Wheeler Oakman. Both are profesionals and therefore temperamental. So Mother Dean made a rule. It was. "Ever! time Priscilla and Wheeler have words, the party who started things must place one dollar in the bank on the mantel." And a!though the Oakmans are happier than most married couples. vou'd be surprised to know how much that little old bank is holding!

$J^{\prime}$CNE W゚\LKER the brune baby vamp of Clifton Crawford" stage comerly. "VI Lady Friends," has been signed for film service, as Photoplis predicted sometime ago. She will be Bobby Harron's leadine woman in that young man's first stellar vehicle. Miss Walker is not new to pictures: she was an extra at Essanay in the grood old dave

O$F$ the many film folk booked for foreigh trips, only a few really sailed. The whole Talmadge family, including Mother Peg, Constance. Vatalie and Vorma Talmadge Schenck announced their intention to depart for Europe early in May but only Mrs. Talmadge and Natalie got across, The rest of the family; swamped with work right
now, may follow later. Joln and Anita Loos Emerson have postponed their scheduled sailing. While Mr, and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, who had made all planfor an early voyage, were forced to cancel their bookings and stay at home. Their manager says it": because they must oblige United Irtists with new releases. Gossip says it's because Mrs. Charlotte Pickiord didn't like to be left at home. She has been ill. but accompanied the honeymoners to Manhattan. Jary's mother, comrade and guardian until Fairbanks came on the scene, naturally finds it hard to play only an atmospheric role in one of the world's greatest romances.

PRISCILL. DEA IT has uttered against the overall craze. She doesn't think it will last; what*s more, she doesn't approve of blue denim for girls.
"Personally"," said Miss Dean. "I should just as soon see a woman walk down the street in a bathing-suit as in a pair of overalls."
"I'd sooner," remarked Hoot Giloson, whe overheard.

WHLL ROGERS is one of the few motion picture stars whose mail is not cluttered with requests for autographed photographs, scented notes and other thatteries. usually received by film celebritics. For one thing, he boasts of his love for his wife and their four children. And besides, he isn't the matine irlol type of hero.
Not long ago, however, a large square envelope came to him by special clelivers He opened it and rearl:
"Dear Mr. Rogers:
All my life Ire been the butt of my family because I'm the homeliest man in town. They are all pretty good looking folks, but I'm a sori of throwback that don't seem to belong. Now, they tell me you've got a reputation along that line, so I'm writing you to send me a large photograph of yourself to hang next to my shaving mirror for consolation.
"Sincerely yours.
(Name deleted to spare writer's feelings.)


If you could see a chemical analysis of this ultra refined toilet soap $\nu$ ou would know why it is always so pleasing and refreshing to use, and why it leaves the skin in such per fect condition.
You would know too, why the chuldren love it. And you would know that it is what its delicate transparency suggests-PURE.

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Plays and Players


For centuries sages have sought the secret of successful matrimony. It remained for Cecil De Mille to give it away. It scems to be up to the wife: Newer wnor gow husband abile he is shaving. If all better halves followed this rule, all homes would be happy - and then what would Mr. De Mille do for a living? It was inconsiderate of Gloria Swanson to insist upon Tom Meighan buttoning her up the back at this crucial moment, wasn t it?

WE should like to know-why all of
David Wark Griffth's brightest stars: Lillian Gish, Bobby Harron, and eventually Dick Barthelmess are branching out for themsebes? In the new Harron pictures to be released by Metro, D. W. Will have a supervising power; but his stellar blonde who was never a star while she worked with him-lillian-who will direct her ${ }^{2}$ And who will Griffith find to take her place? Lillian is said to have tired of seeing her name always in the supporting cast. although exhibitors all over the country were fond of billing her above the production, much to the displeasure of Mr. Griffith's business office. It is rumored, too. that the younger (Gish, Dorothy, is chating at the Griffith reins and soon will leave the camp. And why did Thomas Ince separate those heaventy twins of comedy, Dougtas NcLean and Doris May, just when every one was beginning to like them?

CLORIA, Gloria-who has Gloria? U This is one of the leading questions in filmom today. Miss Swanson, who first became famous for her bizarre oriental headdreses and costumes in Cecil DeMille's domestic dramas, is now in retirement aArs. Herbert K. Somborn. wife of the president of Rquity Pictures. But Para-mount-Artcraft ase it has Gloria tied un in contracts until January I. 1023. whil: Gloria's husband says Gloria's contract is up December 31. 1020. (iloria meanwhile. as has been noted before is in privite lite awaiting a most interesting domestic cucont.

BORN: in Mr. and Mrs. Tom Furman, nit Nay t a son. Tom, formerly a leadine man of hish visibility eurned scenario writer and then director for L.asty. To Mr. and Mrs. Robert WんKim, aloo on May 4. al rlaughter. Whim is one of the he-t-or wor:- depending upon your viewpontvillains in relluloid. while his wife, DorcaMatthews, is well known as an actres.

MR. AND MRS SHELDON LIWIS have descrted the tlicker drama for varieties. Lest you formut. Mrs. Lewis is professionally known as $\backslash$ irginia P'arion.

TCHE latest and wildest rumor is that Madame Olga Petrova will go to the Orient next September to make a picture in which she will have the couptration of the Chinese government.
B BEG your pardon; the latest wild rumor Howard Tait is the heasl of a new film sydicate, which will film patriotic features. Mr. Taft will be remembered as the rotund gentleman who at one time tigured so harcc. ly in the news-reets.

CECIL B. DrMILLE will continue to give hectic advice to married folks via the Paramount-Irtcraft -creens for five more years. They say he could have eone with almost any other company. But who wouldn't rather be a diecter-meneral oi one large concern than merely an as=ociatel director or producer or something?
 $\int$ reminewond has spelled oat many a chewer sechario of small-town but not -malltime life ior Charlie Ray. has kft lnet or Famous Players Jasephion it was who received the accolade from this mas.zine, which hailed him as "the V゙ $W$ Write Hope"
IT is quite likely that Maleve Kennaly will lowe the Coldwyn Company at the end of her present contract therehe following in the footsteps of Pauline Frulerick and Geraldine Farrar. Samue! Goldwyn cay that while he was in laris be engagel a new Fronch -tar, a lovety eirk, nincteen years old. who las had some exberience in French productions But he won't tell anyone her name. I'ossibly he is learning 10 promount it.

## Plays and Players

## (Continued)

TEDDY SAMPSON created, directed and starred in a personally conducted serial drama that might be entitled "Running the Border" or "How I Assautted a Policeman," the other evening at Tia Juana, the famous resort just across the line from San Diego. Teddy and Lottie Pickford made the trip to see the ponies run and watch the green tables and the numbered wheel. Along about the witching hour in the evening when courage is high, Teddy disagreed with a Mexican gendarme about something and emphasized her feelings by slapping his face.

When part of the Mexican army arrived to arrest her, Teddy had disappeared, and they failed to locate her.

As a matter of fact, the diminutive star hid in a food cupboard in the kitchen, until the lights were out, when a couple of Los Angeles men of intluence, who knew her and didn't wish to leave an American gial in such straits, disguised her as a boy and "ran the border" with her.
Now Teddy has decided to let the Mexicans run Mexico any darn way they please.

COSMO HAMILTON, who is working with Willian DeMille in the preparation of his new novel "His Friend and His Wife" for carly production, says he is going to teach his daughter to darn his sox and consider it a privilege. If he means it, he'd better keep her in England. If she comes to Hollywood, where a good many women earn salaries of enormous proportions, he may get away with the sox but he'll have an awful time with the privilege.

MIRI ALDEN: who has just competerl the leading role in "Milestones," is planning a trip to England in the early fall. Whether she will make pictures there is not yet known, but she says since so much of her mail comes from that section of the globe she wants to $g_{0}$ over and get acquainted.

ARTHLR NELSON MILLETT has been granted a divorce from his wife Neva Gerber, on the grounds of desertion. Jane Novak is suing her husband, Frank Newburg. for divorce. The Newburgs have a three-year-old daughter.

WE have discovered the meanest man in the State of Pennsylvania. He is not a censor, but the man who robberi a little girl of her shoes while she was watching a picture. The little girl had come into the theater to see her particular celluloid idol, but it must have been one of those long and Capitol programs because while the little girl was waiting for her idol to appear. she fell asleep. Her shoes were unlaced and stolen before she awoke. We don't know how she got home

MRS. ELEANOR H PORTER, author of "Pollyanna." which Mary Pickford has immortalized in cel'uloict, died at her home in Cambridge, Mass.. the last of May.

DURING her husband's absence in Ňew York on business, Florence Vidor was loaned to the Thomas Ince company to play a leading role in "Beau Revel.". King Vidor has purchased Clare Kummer's stage play, "A Successful Calamity," for early production, and Mrs, Vidor will appear in it.
JAMES H.MLOCK REID, better known as "Hal" Reid, veteran playwright and father of Wallace Reid, died at his home in West New York, N. J. He was fifty-six years of age and had written more than 200 stage plays. Reid is survived by a wife and small child, besides his first son, Wallace.


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$\mathrm{H}^{1}$IRES, a fountain favorite, is now everywhere available in bottled form also. Hires in bottles for the home is the same good drink that you have found it at soda fountains.

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Ever since his "Frog" in "The Miracle Man" Lon Chaney has been sentenced to a nightmare carcer. You see him, here. getting into the harness which transforms him into a cripple. He can wear it only ten minutes at a time.

E
LSIE FERGUSON will not be seen on either the stage or screen for some time. She is going to the Orient for a rest. But on her way home, she may stop in Los Angeles and make one picture. She always insisted that she never would make a picture in the West as she distikes the Coast colony. But she apparently has chanered her mind.

THINGS to worry about: Alice Delysia, 1 French beauty and actress. signed a contract to come over here to act for Morris Gest and make pictures for William Brady on condition that her wine would be furnishefl. Georges Carpentier has signed with the film company that launched him as a silent star for three more years.

WHat Mary"s fabled litule lamb was to Mary, K. Tanaka was to Douglas Fairbanks. Wherever Doug went, there was Tanaka, for he was Fairbanks' "man." But sometime ago he disappeared. Search was made for him-but no Tanaka. Imagine. therefore. Fairbanks astonishment when he showed up the other day, with several of his countrymen and a card inscribed. "K. Tanaka. Teikoku Motion Picture Corp., Tokyo. Japam." He's a full-fledged movie magnate, dresses the part, and says he has been makine pictures in the land of cherry hossoms ritht along.

W/illiE were talking about Doug: Wickford and Charlic Chaplin are in it, although you won't see their two distinguished names in the cast In the Monte Carlo soone. Mary and Charlie took part as "evtras." nether turning toward the camera Nary maty be recognized by the back of her soleten heas Charlic appears also in a -treet seene in a very emotional role as a passer-by. lou canct see his face, hut if you watch closely yon'll spot him: you can't posably mistake that walk. Jary Fair banks and Charlic receved 5.50 each for their cervices.

Won't miss 'em!

MARGERY WILSON, the
"Brown Eyes" of "Intolerance" and since then rather obscured, has started a company She will direct conedies and later branch out into features

HARRI L.AUDER, the Charlie Chaplin f kilts, will make a series of two-reel comedies for Paramount. We have vet to discover if his Scotch burr is as attractive in canned comedy as in canned song.

ANEW legal suit involving prominent members of the film colony is not exactly rare, but Helen Holmes started something never before attempted when she sot herself sued by her m:mager. Harry II Warner. for $\$ 30.000$ for "temperament." Warner says his serial starring Miss Holnes cost $\$ 50.000$ more than it should have cost because Helen was habitually late for work, kecping the company wating, and that on one particular occasion she refused to work at all because of an extra girl in the cast. demanding $\$ 5.000$ before it wals due. Alto. gether they are having a merry time of it Well, three hours for lunch is a little too much.

TOM S.IV"TSCHI, the fighter of "The Spoilers." who is working in Go!dwy pictures now, is commonly described as "that tall follow who is so funng:" He is so much over six feet that he say: if it's all the sime hed rather well his height in yards instead of feet.

The ether day he met an elderly woman of his acquaintance who is an ardent worker for the Anti-Cigarette League. Santechi threw away a perfectly sood ciparcte. but that did not satisfy her and so she began to talk to him on her hobhy:
"After all." she said. "you must aslmit We have a lot of arguments on our side. and sou havent one really good one on sours. Now, hase sou? I thallenge you 10 tell me one adsantage there is in smoking." Santschi drew himcif up to his talles and eazing down on the little woman, said:
"Well. it might stunt my growth."

# Plays and Players <br> (Continued) 

FAIRE BINNEY, that smaller sister of Constance-in other words, one of the "Fair and Warmer" Binneys-is playing the leading teminine role, opposite Georges Carpentier, in that French idol's first motion picture. There is a rumor that Realart may star Faire as well as Constance, one of these days.

WILDA BENNETT, a graceful brunette who has been a nusical comedy favorite, will make her film debut with Metro. Miss Bennett, who toured the country in "The Only Girl" several seasons back, was the prima donna of the play-withmusic, "Apple Blossoms." which had a long run on Broadway, You pronounce it Wild-a一with a long "i."

THERE will be a good many regretful exhibitors and patrons when they learn that the co-starring team of Douglas McLean and Doris May is to be dissolved. From their first appearance together in "Twenty-Three and a Half Hours Leave." these two youngsters dragged picture-goers and the alnighty money into the box-offices of the country. But Thomas H. Ince evidently has decided that Mr. MrLean is just as big a drawing-card without Miss May, and he will star the young man alone. It is not said what work he will assign to Dorris May, or whether she will even remain with the Ince company.

WILLAMA COLLIER, Senior, is going to try it again. If you remember, his succeses niming for Triangle wasn't a huge success. But he was on Broadway last sea-
son in a new comedy, "The Hottentot." which a good many Manhattanites were paying top prices to see, so evidently the picture people thought him a good bet. At the same time his son. Willie Collier, Jr., known as "Buster," joins the juvenile rankat the Lasky studios. Buster made a real hit in a Thomas H. Ince picture called "The Bugle Call," some years ago.

TIVO popular plays of last season-which are still running, either on Broadway (meaning the real White Way or any one of the innumerable theater streets that branch off it) or the subway circuit on tourhave been sold to the screen. "Wedding Bells," in which Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Eddinger, fine comedians of the stage, scored, has been purchased for Constance Talmadge. And "Smilin' Through," Jane Cowl's successful semi-spiritualistic rehicle, will be used for Norma, as soon as Miss Cowl has exhausted its money-making powers on the legit.

BRYANT WASHBUR.N has left Paramount and it is rumored he will be a star under the management of A. J. Callahan, who "presents" Bessie Lore. Both actor and manager were with the old Essanay company in Chicago.

THE fiance of Sylvia Breamer, who had been given up for dead, has returned from two years overseas. He is Lieutenant F. C. Lewis, of the United States Army Inteligence Corps, who was gassed and reported killed. He returned to Los Angeles in April.

"TWIN BEDS" has reached the screen at last. The Carter DeHavens-Mr. and Mrs.-recently severed their contract connections with Paramount, came East and bought the farce, which will be produced at once and released as one of the four-a-year productions of the Carter DeHaven company.


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You see glistening teeth wherever you look today. Perhaps you wonder how the owners get them.
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It is the film-coat that discolorsnot the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

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Dental science, after years of searching, has found a film combatant. Able authorities have amply proved its efficiency. Millions of people have watched its results.

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- Glimpses of the Players in Real Life.


## Plays and Players

(Continutd)

Although Bill Hart is corraling a little culture in a studio off-hour. he likes to keep his saddle handy. He was seriously injured recently in a fall from his horse. A report says he will retire from the screen upon the completion of his present contract.

JEMEL CARMEX, a star whose radiance Was been consideranly y dimmed by litigation, will come back as the feature of four productions a year to be made by Roland Hest. The first will be titled appropriately, "Out of the Darkness

THE role in "Hay Down East" thal was
originatly assigned to poor little Clarine seymour is now being filled by Mary Has. Miss Hay is a Follies luminary and had been singing and dancings in Ziewfeld's Midnight Frotic, and when Miss Seymour died, Grifbith chose her for the part. Niss Hay alsen calued a ripple in filmdom when it was
rumored she was engaged to Dick Barthelmess. Like atl the other Barthelmess mar. riage rumors. it was gracefully deniced by both parties. But just the same people who -hould know are whispering that while the wedding ceremony is not yet scheduled. litthe Miss Hay already has said yes and it is
onk the extreme vouth of both partics that is postponing the public announcement for

M
ADGE TITIIERADGE, a popular p:r sonage on the Finglish stage, recently pictures. Did you know in? Nesther dici we until an item irmm London quoted Mise Titheradge as being disgu-ted with Amerian producers and oilt the whole bloomin' industry: Mlis Tithcradge sus: that out in Cabiformia they asted her 10 wear an eve times he had in appear in a hall-room


Tons moore has always denied whethaghter Hice has kept him from disciplin ing her when the need arom of course. he
has conceded, he wouldn't think uf putting her to berd in the chaytime nour refusing her ice-cream and is for -panking her well the mere sugge-tion makes him shudder
all: woore, the thing to do is to raselin

Moore was working at the studio, his chauiieur came dashing up with the news that Alice was lost. Moore ran out without his coat and with make-up enough on his face to cause a sensation anywhere except where studios Mourish on every corner. Reachinz home, he found his daushter there before him, smiling at him and quite surprised that her father was not smiling as usual. Tom took her on his knee and to'd her this

Once upon a time there was a little girl just your age who went out in the woods to look for nuts, without akking permis,sion of her nurse. She lost her way and although she walked and walked and walked she couldn't find the right road. It came night and she was hungry and thirsty and her feet were sore and her head ached. She was seared, too, and the ground whe hard but all she coukd do wals to lic down and try to sleep. Her father and mother were alarmed when she did not come home and hinally the whole town turned out to hunt the litt'e girl. All night long they went through the woods calling her name. but it was not until the next day they found her They took her home and she was ill for fong time. but she promised her parentnever to go away alone agan."
Moore stopped, thinking he had made the desired impres-ion. But to his consternation. Alice, cuddling fown in his arms, instead of dwelling on the moral of the tales said onls these words:

Did she lind any nut.

RII. ITI BUSHMIN is no lonser a cometeps, ho has eone from comedy to drome with the facility of ans mapper. He is a member of the cat of Mary Robert: Rinc Hart:- "The Fmpire Builders.

TIIF: J.ppune film industry in't in slow million doulars. Wie wonder if they hase Americian pres-agents in Japan.

Plays and Players
(Continued)

ETHEL BARRIMORE will do "Declasse" for the acreen. Paramount Artcraft, which was to have presented all three Barrymores in a screen version of "Peter Ibbetson" will present, sometime in the future, this individual success of Mis: Barrymore's latest season. Reasons for dropping the "Peter Ibbetson" plans have been given by Mr. Lasky. He says he thinks the public wou'dn't be mucl interested in seeing a brother and sister in sentimental sequences on the screen So when this play is finally produced, it probably will contain only one Barrymore-John.

HERE is hard news so prepare yourself for a blow: William S. Hart says he is going to leave the screen for goord and all. Five more pictures and then all is over between him and the public. After that, it's the lone trail. Hart was badly injured in May when he was thrown from his horse while riding at breakneck speed past the camera. He broke several ribs and was considerably shaken up, but is reporied to be convalescing rapidty

Al H. Woods tried to capture Hart for a stage production. Mr. Wioods has been making so much money with Theda Bara's play that he has decided to go in for screen stars with the same intensity with which he cultivated bedroom larces Mabel Normand is also mentioned as another Woods possibility and so is June Elvidge. It is said that I Ir. Woods has gone a-gunning in the studic and has succeeded in interesting several celcbrities in stage contracts

ALL who know her will testify that Alice Joyce is probably the most crowd shy star in motion pictures. She was in New Orleans on location recently, stopping at the leading hotel of the city. Her arrival was heralded in advance and she was a constant subject of newspaper comment and compliment. The result was that she was stampeded by fans, and the rush became so great one day that she had to ask the management of the hotel tor a guard.
Mothers with children who were certain to be great picture stars waylaid Miss Joyce in the lobby, they waited by her car and they even got past the sharp-eyed clerks and arrived unannounced, at Miss Joyce's door. One of these, a be-diamended lady, became very indignant when Mis: Joy'ce's maid informed her that the sta: was dressing and could not receive visitors. "I do not see why," snapped the woman "Miss Joyce is a public character and public characters are public property."
Exit lady, angrily, and Alice learned something new about the law of possession.

DORIS KEALE, statuesque star of "Romance"-more than 2,000 of them is an ardent fan of Hary Pickford. An English cinema manager likes to tell how Doris came into his office about four years ago when she had just arrived in London to play in her great success.
"I want to know where I can see Mary Pickford's pictures," she said.
The manager found his schedule and told her where she could go. It was far from the fashionable West End, but the actress took a taxi and went to the little theater to find Mary. Incidentally the Enælishman related how "Romance" was almost a failure at first. But the star had a great manager, who held on until the tide turned--and Edward Sheldon's play and Doris Keanes acting ultimately resistered a wonderiul success. It was in London that sh: first met, later loved and married. Basil Sydney, her youthful acting husband. Rumor has it that she could have married iny one of a score of Dukes, Counts, and Lords, but she peferred Basil.


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## Plays and Players

## (Continued)

MARY MILES MINTER has won her suit against the American Film Company for alleged arrears in salary. She was awarded st.000 by the court, while Anseri can lo-t its counter suit for $\$ 100.000$ damages. So what grood rlid it to to siy Mary was twenty-six years old. anyway?
E IC ION STROIIEIM has announced is engagement to Miss Valerie fiermonprez, who played with him in "Blind Husbands." Von Stroheim first met his fiancee about eight months án at Universal City, where he was directing and she was acting.

GL.ADIS BROCKWELL has serered ber connections with the Fos company She has been with this organization for a long time, rising to stellar heights under its management. Future plans unknown, except that she plans to take a long and muchneeded vacation.

OR own census bureau reports that. during the past thrce years, nine out of ten press stories have begun in this fashion: "According to a recent announcement made by James Fishback, president of the Frantic Film Corporation, George K. Daveman's next rehicle will be 'The Dawn Man.' adapted from the widely read novel by Remington C'nderwood. tugustus McMegaphone will direct the forthcoming super-production and the plot will be scenarioized by Helen Rubberstamp."

O: $R$ census bureau further reports that Oany woman tiguring in a taxicab acwoman named in a divorce suit. any woman arrested for shop-liiting. or any woman accused of deserting her husband and children is described in the newspapers as a "prominent motion picture actres:." Once we recognized the nams of one of these women and recalled that she occasionally played small parts. And, oh yes another one appeared as a dancing girl in "Intolerance"."

PRISCILIA DEAN started something P when she married Wheeler Oakman. her leading man. Jospphine IIill, also a Universal luminary, recently announced her marriage to Jack Perrin, a serial performer for the same company

FNID BENXETT and Fred Niblo have E left the Ince kinciergarten to try their wings in the independent or grammar grate of pictures. Enid was at norst directed by her husband; then Ince gave Fred "special:" to do. Sow Miss Bemett will have a separate company for herse!f, releasing medium not yet divulged, and so will Niblo. Mr. Ince, you know, has no further wee for stars -he is one himself. With Maurice Tourneur. Allan Dwan. George Loane Tucker. Mack Sennett, and Marshall Neilan, he formed the "Big Siv.

A vo suaking of Woods, here is the Calionorna they claim that the real Thed. is tead That she died at the time rumor had her dead. That the present Thed. is really Futher Bara, whe hats nobly consented to sep into Thedal: shoce vamp and all The same rumor says that For tried to put F-ther Bara on the screen Ibut found the didn't measure up to Theda's standards--uch as they were The only thing srone with this rumor is that it i:nit true Father and Theds have been wen tugether Fsther doesn't look "nough like Theda to fool the pullic. And then there is only ane The la She inn't dead. She is on the road with "The IBlue Flame."


Winifred Westover has gone to Sweden to play in pictures there. Wouldn't it be nice if the Swedish Biograph would rename her Signe or Solveig? It scems a pity for a girl with a face like a Swedish sunrise not to have one of those fine old Scandinavian names.

QLEEN MARIE of Roumania had about made up her mind to appear in motion pictures when she decided that $\$ 50,000$ for one production and ten per cent of the profits wasn't enough money. And so she held out for a raise. However, you can see she has the makings of a star.

WALLACE MACDONALD, popular young juvenile, was accosted by a second-hand clothes man the other day.
"Have you any use for your old clothes?" he asked.
"Yes," returned W’allace, "I'm wearing "em!"

WILLIAM WHLLACE REID, JR., received an automobile-coaster for a recent birthday. "Bill" was elated and promptly took it to the front walk of the Reid home in Hollywood, to try it out. Five minutes later he came running into the house.
"Dad," he inquired breathlessly, "what are the speed laws? I clon't want to have all the trouble with the cops that you've been having."

IT has always seemed to us that the star of any George Bernard Shaw play, in screen translation, would be the caption writer. All of the epigrammatic Irishman's works are soon to be scen in celluloid. We can't help wondering if the producer who bought the rights has ceer read the plays.

LOS ANGELES has been for some days in the grip of a "\$o Parking" law, which prohibits parking automobiles on any important down town streets between the hours of eleven and six. Protests from all sections are filling the air and none more vigorous than those from the motion picture lots, where stars and the purchasing and publicity departments have united in a wail. If the ordinance is not repealed, the Hollywood Board of Trade, which recently issued a statement to the effect that the picture industry had triplerl its population, business and values, can triple again, since many of the activities that hitherto have been taken to the center of the big city will move out to Hollywood, where you can park your bus without paying a large fine.


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- 

Men! Use your Star every morning after shaving. Keeps
your skin soff, smooth, fresh. your skin soft, smooth, fresh.
Just add a litele cold cream. 35 Complos:

## Murdered Brain Children

(Continued from pus, So,
home. Through bringing happines- into his life she find-her own regeneration Blinded a. h. i. the helpless sergeant -ece the deeper side of thu-e witl whom he comes in contact. and throush the plot is woven the betterment not only of the woman. but also of her previou- compranion und the apache. What did they do with the story They made the soldier a iamous sculptor sweet as New Orlan= molawes, and eifected the regencration ni the n untion maker and the apache by having the former shout the latter and then commit suicide I -hould have been liappier had the child been murderet outrizht and not compellert to live mutilated thu:
Vou may have noticed that when the heroine arises from her downy couch to greet the dawn or the hero as the case may be. the is alway- immaculate and her toilet is a perfunctory ailair. The chicf ambition of Agnes Chrivine Johnston. of the Ince staff. is to thow the trouble a girl takes tu make herself presentable for her beloved This is how she has offered it for screening:
"SCENE 13: IRIS IN on BORDOIR of SHERO. She is asleep in betl. She wears a very plain nicht-gown-not the usual moving picture lacey variety-:he is spendine all her money on hats with which to dazzle the hero and therefore economizes on thinges he doesnit sce, like night-gowns. Her hair is done up in curlers-those dreadfully uncomfortable iron things. She is sleeping on one, which evidently stickstraight into her scalp.
"She wakes. makes a wry iace as she rubs the spot where the curl-paper hurt. She has spent a night of torture but it is all for the sake oi the hero and she smiles. She rises. covers her face with coll-cream, then applies lemon with one hand and boiling water with the other. She winces. The Torture of the Spanish Inquisition have nothing on the modern beauty treatment. But Shero smiles dreamily into the mirror. knowing that she will emerge, radiantly beautiful and the hero will certainly fall for her this day.
"I'm going to change that boudoir seene. the director tells me "We'll take a silhouette shot of her in the moonlight. with her hair flowing down around her lacey pajama: "
"I protest. 'Rut that's how she love the hero-she is making herself beautiful for him.
"'Nonsense! We"ll shoot a scene bit her kissing a letter or a glove.
"'Eut girls don't do that I an crving by now. When a girl lowes a man the concentrates everything on her look: She sui fers agonies of beaty treatment= for him "But the auclionec doesn't want to ze the star in curl papers and cold cream.
'The women whe ld he tickled to death th find her so human: I persist. and an for the men-it's tinu they learned what we underen for them
"But the director turns a pitying smile upon me and hurrics off Sometime- I see the ghoet of this dream child in the shape of the shero brushing her perfectly marcelled locks, stameline in a lacey nightic, but the curl papers and cold cream never get beyond the cemario department.

Edwarl T Lowe of the Goldwyn -ait hats a standin: kick against the clinch at the thisish-the inevitable cmotional haltinelon that has come into recosnition by some proclucers as the only was 1 picture can be permitted io emi Soys: Mr lowe
"How many times have vou seen the criticiom which berates the imbecility of the -enario writer for incritably ending the

## Murdered Brain Children

(Concluded)
story with a clinch between hero and heroine? Well, in at least thirty stories which I can recall off hand, the general average of the last scene would run about like this:
"Scene 313. Closcup of William and Mary. Play for artistic lighting effect as William looks into Mary's eyes and sees the answer to his question. Mary starts to hang her head shyly and is John starts to take her in hs arms, IRIS OUT before they clinch.
"But why, or. WHY? does the last scene usually appear like THIS:
"Mary starts to hang her head shyly and as John puts his arm about her, she snuggles her head contentedly upon his breast. Then he raises her face to his and as their lips meet in a kiss, and he strains her to him, IRIS OUT."
Frank M. Dazey, who is furnishing the scripts for Anita Stewart and Mildred Harris Chaplin, confesses to a weakness for a certain bloodcurdling incident as follows:
"My favorite d-d (rirector deleted) sequence comprises some fight scenes between two turtles. My argument for them is that 'animal stuff' is alwoys interesting, and that the screening of two turtles alternately protruding and withdrawing their ugly heads to take vicious but hopeless snaps at each other's impregnable shell would be an amusing novelty. The directors-to date-have protested 'It can't be got-and turtles don't night anyway!' To this my reply, always rejected as inadequate, is that T've seen "em. And there the matter rests."

Rex Taylor, of the Goldwy staff, has a subtitle in his system that you will see on the screen one day if his health and strength hold out. The idea is that the hero, in hardluck, goes into a small town hotel and settles himself in a chair. The clerk is closing up for the night and suggests that the hero take a room for the night. Now comes the big title. The hero replies:
"I've got insomnia so barl I can't sleep," and settles himself for the night.
"A lot of people and directors have told me that this isn't funny," says Taylor. "I think it is, and I'm going to see how it goes with the public some day, if I have to conspire with the cutting department to do it."
What has sent Albert Shelby Levino of the Metro staff, up in the air more than once is this, in his own words:
"In the last few years I suppose I've had to use an aeroplane some ten or more times for various purposes. The hero or the heroine had to get some place in a hurry; or the villain had to gum the works by being first on the job; or there was a military situation; or it was just a stunt that characterizer the person loing it as a bit reckless and sporty. So as a bit of pasing comedy, as a cutin to flight scenes particularly when the plane was doing a loop, or the falling leaf, or a tailspin or any one of the numerous anti-prohibition moves a plane can make in the hands of a world-weary pilot. I always have had the mental picture of a worthless, absolutely good-for-nothing indolent negro watching the aerial antics.
"And, whether he was just a roustabout at the hancars-or a darky husband basking in the warm shade of his wife's wash-tub -or a soldier attached to the aviation section, the comedy scemed to me there when the lazy coon was jokingly asked how hed like to take a ride in the sky-tumbling craft.
"He looks up at the plane with eyeballs, that show the white which is the base of apinal yellow-shakes his head decidedly no Fand says: 'I may be a lazy dawg-but I ain't no skye-terrier!'
"On one occasion this was climinated because the director didn't think it funny";
another time the star thought it was and, since the said star didn't have the gag-line, deemed it had better be cut out; again, the coon wasn't funny: on another occasion, the cutter didn't like darkies on the screen anyhow; once more it was eliminated for footage. But I'm not downhearted. My child's time shall come."

Gcrald C. Duffy of the Goldwen scenario department has a pet scene that he has written four scenarios around, sold the scenarios, and still the scene has never been producerl.
"I have given up hope for production," he says, "so I am sending it to you in hope that, at least, it will enjoy publication and be of my mind. It will never, NEVER be aimed at by a motion picture camera. I offer it to you in the boots in which it died:

## "SCENE? AUDRY'S BEDROOM:

Pop is in a terrible fix. The tie has at last been placed around his collar, though its disordered arrangement makes it resemble a spattered blot of ink. The Jap is holding up the tuxedo and waiting impatiently for Pop to make up his mind to get into it. In proportion to Pop's regular clothes it appears to him about the size of his vest. He eyes it in disgust for a moment and then, realizing there is no alternative, punches his arms into the sleeve-holes and draws it around him. He wriggles in anguish.

## INSERT TITLE

YE CANNOT BE BOTH GRAND AND COMFORTABLE
BACK TO ACTION, Pop feels like plum that has outgrown its skin and is about to burst. His collar saws his neck, his Adam's apple bangs against the barrier for freedom, his clothes smother him."
This is a curious companion piece to Miss Johnston's picture of the girl dolling up for conquest. The male of the species has his sartorial tortures.
Jack Cunningham, who turns 'em out for Robert Brunton and George Loane Tucker, is not a bloodthirsty gentleman in private life, yet list to his wail:
"I have harl some pet ideas that I never have been able to foist upon an unsuspecting producer. One of them is a title that $\vec{I}$ yearn,-with all of the fervor of Bill Nye's famous mule-to see spread across a lurid twenty-four sheet. And that is:-
"'Murdered at Midnight!!!'
"I have thought up, I don"t know how many, howling melodramas and, at the top of the first, or title, page of each and every one, I have set down the thrilling words: 'Murdered at Midnight!' No one will have it. One or two of the melodramas have heen sold-maybe only one-I am unused to figures when talking about the number of tories I have sold. But, some way or another probably an accident, the title has been lost.
"At last, I have given up in despair, and now freely hand this pet title- 'Murdered at Mirlnight'-to the world. unlecs the man
who rearls copy on this symposium who rearls copy on this symposium rlislikes it and shoves in some aenemic resignation like, 'Sudden Demise at Twelve o'clock'!' There y'are, Jack-in print at last. We shall take great pleasure in watching the screen for the appearance of any of these murdered children, dragged from their tomls. by borrowers of ideas, and while the original parents thereof will, perhaps be glarl to see them brought to life, it will be interesting to see whether this exposure of the slaughter of the innocents, will result in belated recosnition of their virtues.

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## BOW LEGS and KNOCK KNEES' UNSIGHTLY

## Mo

 PERFECT SALES CO., 180 N. May. tivild Avo., Dipl. 54
## Artistic Efficiency That's Dwan <br> (Continued from page 57)

commercializing Art is the bunk. What, in the last analysis, does commercialize mean? It means to cash in on, doesn't it? As a matter of fact, pictures that are uplifting, that make people happy, are commercial pictures.
"The great problem of the pictures is the welding of art and business. Waste is not artistic. Incfficiency is not artistic.
"The director is the man who has control of the money. The director is the man who can make or break a picture financially: and artistically. Most directors are not business men. Therefore the films have had to arrange for business managers, for men who, when the director had laid out the thing artistically and outlined the results he could achieve, will find out how it can be done at the lowest cost. These men contract for material, set salaries, tend to all the commercial delay.
"When harmony can be completely established between these two factions, pictures will become better, because there will be no waste.
"A dollar is a dollar to everybody but a director. He may know it when he meets it in private life, but professionally, it isn i within the range of his acquaintances. But a dollar is a dollar, and it takes a lot of dollars to make it worth while to make pictures. And if it isn't worth while, the most artistic director in the world won't get to make any.
"If you haven't made your lemons yet, you will. But there are always some sure ine appeals that may tide you over-a child, or an animal. Sex, of course, is the most universally interesting thing in the world. As a matter of fact it is the only universally interesting thing. Eve invented it, and Cleopatra perfected it, and now it's safe in the hands of the movies. Its more universal than patriotism or the League of Nations, because after all, the League of Nations is only to prevent wars, and everybody wants to prevent wars so the men won't have to go and leave their women any more. (It isn"t safe, anyway.)
"Pictures must be made fast. If you muddle around with them, you lose your clear vision. You cannot hurry art, of course, but you can hurry commercial production. Get your art in hand before you start to produce and you'll save a lot of time and trouble."
"I've just one prediction. The day of the book, the published story, is done. The original story has come back, is coming back, must come back."

Dwan is now making his own production for the Mayflower. He has just completed three pictures, "The Splendid Hazard" "In the Heart of a Fool" and "The Scoffers."

## Of a Different Color

## "' O THEODORE, how's you-all?"

Theodore Kosloff lookell askance at the slouching negro who accosted him at the American Legion benefit in Los Angeles Saturday evening.
Not recognizing the black man, he sidled oif.

But when he saw the Ethiopian pick up a saxophone case lettered "W. R." he realized he had been "sold." For the fresh colored person was no less than Wallace Reid, in the make-up used by his Jazz Band.



Bathe with Bathasweet. It adds the final touch of dainty luxuriousness to your bath-cools, refreshes and invigorates. Bathasweet keeps the skin soft and smooth.
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## Questions and Answers

(Continued from page so8)

Blb. Crabthei., Oregon.-1'm afraid Charles Ray innt your long-lost childhoor friend. Ray happens to be his real name He was born in Jacksonville, Il inois. in 1801; educated in Illinois and at Los Angele: Polytech. School. He was on the state in musical comerly and stock before going into pictures with Thoma- Ince He is marrierl Ray has a new contract witla First Nationd. he has bousht many popular storice and the lirst two produced will be "Forty-Five Minutes..From Broadway" and "Peaceful \al

Furglet-me-Not Arlington.- th-you have asked a leading question! Why is it that a successiul screen team always diesolves partnership as soon as it becomes succesful * Because looth members of it receive offers of individual stardom and neither can resist the temptation-being only human. However. it's true that just as soon as a leading man becomes popular he ceases to be a leading man and becomes a star. And that's why there is such a scarcity of leading men, my dear-and you and all your little-girl-friends are responsible. Alice Joyce's latest picture is "Dollars and the Woman." I have seen it and it's line.

Olne Fi.. Lexington-Thank you for your appreciative letter. I had a real thrill when I read about how you like my depart ment and would like to meet me, up to the line where you say, "And my lusband remarked at the time-" That always the Way, Olive; I'm used to these platonic appreciations by now. Harrison Ford play: with Wands Hawley in that little blonde first stellar picture for Realart. "MiHobles."
J. M. Colčmbes, Ohio- I knowledge of typewriting would help you to be a movie actress only in so far as it would help you answer your fan mail. If I were sou I should study a lot more and think it over You want to know if all the actors and actresses are as kind in real life as they are on the screen. There are very few real-life Pollyannas and Dr. Jekylls, my dear
M. L... Mrenigax:-By the time you read this, Mary Pick!ord Fairbanks will probably be abroad. But you can write her anyway, care her own studio in Hollywood. and your request for a picture will be granted. How? Well, you sec, Mars will autograph a lot of photographs beiore she sails and all her secretary will have to do is slip them into an envelope. Douglaz Fairbanks will not play with his wife in pictures, so far as we know. Their combined salaries would be so large that no com pany could afford to pay it in one lump. It's bad enough as it is Mary's latest release is "The Duchess of suds," from "Hon $\mathrm{O}^{\prime}$ My Thumb.

Tridoy, Mrarpins - You may consider me very discreet, I ascure you. That reminds me of the little girl whose mother asked if she harl told Gorl how naughty she'd been. "Oh, no, mother." replied the young hopeful. "I thought we"l better keep it all in the family." Now I have that off my chest. 1 must upbraid yon for your periectly terrible stationery. Beyond a doubt it's the most vivid purple. I have ever seen, bot even excepting the ink that Theda Bara used to toe when the wrote to me. Natalie is in "The Love Expert" wits Constance Talmadere, also plasing with Norma right along. Corma hatn't bobbed her hair, I assure you (an al sixteon-sear-old girl get into the movies [apends upon the sixteen-year-okl girl.
A. M. Auccsia- Ii I ever hare to be castaway from a chip wreck on a decert island I hope I shali find the supply that Bill Farnum iound from the wrectage in "Winge of the Morning." ranging from ammunition and lirearm- to a pipe and smoking tolsacco. Oi couree it may not have been Bills favorite tobacco: still, I suppote he wa-slad to liave anythine. Mad laine Travere has left Fox and gone I know not whither Mary Pickiord is twen-ty-six and she i=n't going to retire
IRENE, MILW:STKEE, When we find a man who is a- distincui-hed as Alice Joyce is beautiful. maybe we shall put him on the cover-perhaps. We think the public likes to see a feminine luminary's shining likeness on our cover and we aim to please the majority: Zasu Pitt- ion't married; I haven't her exact age, but she isn't vers old; I should say in her late teens or early twenties. Wallace Reid's one son Bill isn't a regular movie actor. yet. But Will Roger: son Jimmic
M. L.. Midlind. TeNis.-Your letter was a thouzhtful and good one. I am sure Earle Williams will be glad to know the mother of four grown sons and one little daughter admires his work enouch to follow evers picture lue makes. Why not write to hin. in care of Vitagraph? Irene Castle hasn't quit the screen. Her latest is "An Amateur llife." She married again, you know-Robert Treman, of Ithaca, New Jork Write again sometime.
IV. P. B., Exeter, N. H.-Violet Heming "as "Everywoman" in the picture of that name. Wanda Hawley was Beauty: Clara Horton. louth: Bebe Daniels. Vice, and Margaret Loomis, Modesty. Margueritc Courtot. Myrtle Stedman. and David Powell played the leads in "The Teeth of the Tiger"

Glads: M. Marshrited.-I am as patient as a Chinese exponent of the philosophy of passivity-as a rule. But when you ask me for your sake to send you thirty. (30 count em, addreses of various screen stars -why child. I couldn't do that ior anybody. However, you will find many of them given elsewhere besides these Geraldine Farrar, Associated Exhibitors: Dorothy Dalton, Paramount-Artcrait: shirley Mason. WestCoast Fox: Bebe Daniels. Lasky studios. Hollywood

Thi. Mustic Rose - I am obliged to laugh at you for taking your iavorites so seriouls. Xever take anyone too Erriously: they are loound to believe it themselves and thenPlease don't be angry with me. I have the best of intentions: in fact. one whole avenue in that well-known lhades is literaly lined with mine alone. Write to Enid Bennett.care Ince. in Culver City, and tell her what you told me: I'm sure the will be glad to hear it. No. Dick Barthelmes is not going to play with Dorothy Cish any nore but he will play opposite Lillian in "Way Down List." Clarine sermour. our litile "(utio Beautioul." died in April It is very sad to think of anyone with so much to livi for pascing on so soon. Mis- Seymour was not married.
VinciNi. K W'h.IKEF-So sou like Rubse DeRemer and Constance Talmadee so do I-but I can't send yous photographe of them because 1 haven't any meself In fact I was going to ask you to request two from eath so that you could -uppls me. On see ond thought. you'd better not: I don't want to get this collecting fever. Rulive IeRemer. Selznick.

## Wear America First

(Continued on page ${ }_{5 r}$ )
millinery pcople, and I am going to discuss it with you next montl as well as do a little talking on the kind of hat that makes each type of woman look prettier.

FOR a long tramp in bad weather one may now be just as smart as when the skies are bright. There is a new tweed that is guaranteed to be rain-proof and that does not lose its shape after encountering a violent storm. For added practicability the skirts of these sports suits are devised so that they may be turned into divided skirts, making them especially valuable for the woman who adds mountain climbing to her other accomplishments.

The raincoat, too, is a totally different garment today from the raincoat of former years-that dull, drab garment that was for utility alone. One of the smartest new raincoats is a white rubberized sik enhanced with stitching in bright scarlet silk. To be worn with this is a jaunty little sports hat of the same material that shows a plain white crown and the brim entirely covered with rows of the scarlet stitching. Add a scarlet umbrella to this suit and you have a costume that will enliven the rainiest day imaginable.

For the woman who travels considerably -and that means most of us in these nomadic days-there is a suit that has the kirt knife-pleated in the machine pleating that will withstand any amount of hard usage. One may sit in a train all day or carry this skirt in a suit case on a long journey secure in the knowledge that your pleats are proof against all such contingencies.

## The Last Word

HAROLD LLOID and his battery mate, Harry (Snub) Pollard were talking over some of the old tinie troupers who had worked with them in Los Angeles. The name of one Jimmy Patton came up during the conversation.
"The last I heard o' Jimmy," said Pollard, "last I heard o' him he was dead down in Texas."
"That's usually the last you hear of anybody," Lloyd remarked.
And Harry is still thinking about the answer he ought to have had ready-but didn't.

## The Proverbial Chip

$I^{T}$T inn it every four-year-old boy who gets I a check each week for services rendered, so perhaps it is little wonder that Jimmie Rogers feels just a wee bit important when the cashier out at the Goldwy studio pays hrm each week for supporting his father Will Rogers in pictures.

There is nothing crude about Jimmie's sense of importance; he never brags or compares his bank account with that of the other children in the Rogers family. Yet be evidently looks upon himself as a man of money. A few days ago his father said to him, just after their salary envelopes had been handed to them:
"Want to trade, Jimmic?"
Without a moment's hesitation, Jimmic answered:
"Not without knowing how murh you heve in yours."


Note What These Artists Say
 woth in this and forelgn countries wo whemestatnusly pro-
nounce the Conn Saxophone to be in befter tunut



 H. Berne Henton, Solost Albert A Kneche Alto
Adrew Jacobson, Tenar Arthur Resander, Buritone
Chas. Webor, Jt. Hess
H. Benne Henton Soloist with Sousa's and Conway's Bands and Victor Talking Macbine Co. Mr. brated Soloists of the world and abandoned the use of a well known foreign make Saxophone many years ako after trying a Conn. He

' 1 am positive in my own mind, and I believe I know when I say there in not a Saxophone made today that in any way approaches the New Wonder Saxo pbone.


Jean Moermans
A Saxophone Artlst of rare ability; for a number of years the Soloist of the Pat Gilmore studied at the Royal Conservatory of Brussels and won distinction in Europe before touring America. Note what he says-
' I ean now openly state, aftcr a number of years experience with the conn in perfect tune and the workmanship is of the finest. I firmly believe they are the best that money can buy."
$T$ Ti worls most celebrated arlists use Conn Saxophones exclusively. The Conn Saxophones possess improvements not found on any other makes. Testimonials from all parts of the world are received daily.

These artists claim Conn Saxo. phones highly superior in tone quality, intonation, up-to-date key system, character of mechanismeral apid and sure fingerng, standing wear and usage. These, with the artistic design and most beautiful finish in silver or gold plate with hand engraving, afford you the highest class saxophone you can possibly purchase.
Play a Popular Song in One Hour's Time
You can learn to play a tune on a Conn Saxophone in one hour's time. The of the day - can be used any place. Write for particulars and free book. Free trial -easy payments

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## To Wear Chiffon Sleeves Underarms Must Be Hair Free

A very simple way to remove hair is to wash it off
with El-Rado sanitary liquid. This liquid is easily with El-Rado sanitary liquid. This liquid is easily applied with a piece of absorbent cotton. In a few
moments the hair can be removed. After shaking moments the hair can be removed. After shaking
on a little talcum the skin appears soft, smooth and dainty.
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The Hope that Springs
(Concluded from puge 39)
brate, too cheerful, too full of some spirit of helpfulness won from their precarious existence.

In nothing clse was this spirit so clearly* revealed as in the way they all crowded about me with words of encouragement ". .ow just take it casy and don't get nervous." Silly of the almond-shaped eyes kept saying to me. "I just know you're the kind tbat's going to film fine.

By the time we all had got into our evening clothes everybody was excitedly admiring everybody else.

Honest, Sally: you look like a thousand dollars," someone cried out across the room "Where did you get that swell dress?
"Rich cousin," retorted Sally laconically 'She and her sister give me lots of things. If they didn't I could never be an extra Where would I get the money to buy new evening dresses and wraps? Isn't it lucky, though, that I can wear anything from a thirty-four to a forty-four? I always sa! I got a regular poor relative's figure.

It was now twelve oclock. Most of us had risen six hours earlier. Those six hours were only a preiude, however, to the reat days' work. Not until half-past two were we finally summoned to the studio where the carpenters had been busy constructing the lobby of a big New lork hotel. In the meanwhile a lunch of sandwiches, coffee and pie bad been served us. I learned that this was almost as unforeseen as manna. For, although some of the studios possess lunch-rooms and others dispense refreshments such as we had today, the timeliness and the presence of food is so uncertain in the movie world that the average extra expects as little sustenance as a camel in the midst of the desert
"There are two things you have to learn to do without, once you get to be an extra," remarked Sally, swinging her golden-slippered feet from the big table upon which she was sitting. "One is food and the other is the back of a chair."
As she dispensed this sunny philosophy my own back was aching. I remembered that I had been sitting bere on this same bench for more than two hours and a half, Heavens! And I had conceived the extra: work to be merele sitting at a cabaret table or walking across the drawing-room floor!

Even so, however, I had as yet no idea of the discipline involved. I was to get a further revelation when we all descended the two flights of stairs to the hall outside the studio. Here we were met by the director. He had decided that, after all. he would make this a day-time scene and would we all kindly change to our street clothes Imagine any other class of women receiving the news that hours of primping have been in vain! Yet my fellow martyrs accepted this announcement quite as a matter of course.

Well," saicl the fat girl who feared bal conies as, pulling her brocade evening wrap about her, she began her ascent of the stairs to the dressing-room, "I might have known it. They're always changing their minds at the last moment. Take all your clothes to a studio, that's what I say-all your clothes and a mackintosh.
It was three o'clock when the man at the camera really started. In my trusting way I had imagined that you performed once and then all was over. Not so. The "grinder," as I heard the girls call the
camers. Wa $a=$ pain-taking $a s$ a miniature panter Seven time- I repeated my own "action"-the involved one of walking acrose the lobby to the hotel derk and back to a big leather settce. For three hours we waited and acted and acterl and waited All it this misht hise been -omewhat trying even in the temperate zone. But thi- studio waso hot that an electric cabinet would have seemed quite clement in comparison-and I was swathed in the ling squirrel coat I had worn on my trip

AT last, at six o.clock, we were dremissed. I heard my companion- congratulating themselves on the earlines of the hour. It might in casily have been eight or nine. they said. But. as ior me, I was unsoftenerl I was hungry: I had never been so tired. I wa: prostrated as an Eskino in the tropic:. And as I dropped into my litt!e room on Madison Avenue that night I reviled each person who had ever come forward with the ghoulich suggestion, "Why don't you go into the mosies?" Never, never would I try being an extra again.
let I did try it. Whenever I got a day" work I took it. Some of thes days. I may add, were much easier than the one I have just described. Otbers. on the contrary, were inninitely harder. Often I put in fifteen or sixteen bours. Oiten I went without food. And it irequently happened that I spent more than a dollar on the phones and car-fares preliminary to getting me a five-dollar job. But I persisted and after some months I got my reward. Perhaps it was my looks, which proved to be the kind that did film well. Perhaps it wamy wardrobe. At all erents. I was given a small part in a big picture and the director is most encouraging about my future. This luck of mine is not. however. the common iortune. As a rule, incleed. the movie moth does not become the novie star. She-or he-can look forward to nothing much save days such as I have described. For this reation the person whu wants to be a movie extra must regard it merely as an income extra. And it is not strange, therefore that the ranks of supernumeraries are made up of four leading types.
One of tbese is the chorus girl or man who wants to make a little money on the side. The second is the actor or istress of the legitimate stage waiting for an ensagenent. Next comes the woman who is bored with life. And last is the wife or dauchter of the small-salaried man. who uses the screen as the magic to bring her the goldmesh base the ostrich plume. or any of the little frivolities that Home Sweet Home will not provide.

However. much as all of theo may realia the steps between them and stardom. they are all unconsciously stistined by hope Some day some director may notice a par ticular bit of promise in iace or aesture. Some day a small part may be given them in which they have a chance to show their real litness. For hope is more active in the movie world than any plate else It never stop: moving acros the screen of one consciousnes
So. even now. I myseli am lookine forward to the dise when I c.arelesily opent ny pay-emelope upon a three thousand dollar check


## Dante Was Wrong

(Concluded from page 3I)
lou see, Louise Huif does. That was what we were heading at. Louise Huif knows absolutely what love is, because she loves some one and that some one elee loves her back, and there's no question in the world about it. That some one else knew he was going to love her the minute he laid eyes on her, and she knew she was going to love him. (One of his fraternity brothers brought him along one day to a luncheon party so that there would be an even number.) And they were married a few months ago, and in spite of the fact that he is the president of the company that manufactures hyydraulic engines (and is only 34 at that) and has such a practical name as Stillman, and she can't tell a valve from a radiator, they understand each other perfectly.
Like Fanny Hurst, she is going to go on leading her own life and doing her own work-but she expects to keep the dew on the rose and the dust on the butterfly's wing with seven breaklasts a week with her husband, instead of two.

Then there is this difference, too: in Louise Huff's case there is Mary Louise, in other words Miss Jones, or in still other words, her young daughter. Miss Huif was married before when she was very, very young100 young, it is to be feared, to know what Love really was.

Louise Huff says she hates to tell how it was that she went on the stage, because it is just like every novel that was ever written about any Southern girl. "The family fortunes having dwindied away, she suddenly found that she must earn her own living. She had been trained to do nothing-what could she do to earn her own bread?"

The case of the dwindled fortune, the lack of training, and the necessity to earn bread wre true. So she went on the stage. The play was "Graustark." Louise received the sum of twenty-five dollars a week without expenses. "It was a good thing we played in the South," she says, "because I had kinfolks in every town we played in. They didn't approve of my being on the stage, but they did take me in and board me Heaven knows I couldn't have made ends meet on that salary if they hadn"t."
From "Graustark" our brown-eyed beroine went to a road company of "Ben Hur." She played "Esther"-with a Georgia accent. That lead to New York stock, and stock to pictures with Lubin in Philade!phia.
Miss Huff's last regular work was with Jack Pickford, until she came back a few months ago after an absence of two years, as a Selznick star.
Louise Huif is a simple, unaffected, studious young person with a mind as well as pulchritude. She is always studying some-thing-botany, astronomy, history or something equally deep, and she says that when she finishes pictures for good ste wants to go back to school. She was only is when she went on the stage, and she never has had all the schooling she hankers for. She also wants to write. Perhaps some day she'll write a handbook on Love.
Just at present Miss Huff lives in a bis apartment house on upper Fifth Avenue Very soon she is to have a house in the "upper East seventies," and if you will look in any New lork social register you will know what that means.


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A
RTIST Stuart Hay's conception of the cue of the future: the new waiting line. the substitute for "Standing Room Only." Ladies may" do their window-shopping and gentlemen enjoy tea, chess, and conversation while comfortably seated in the cue-chairs, which you will note from one long train which winds around the square. nut returning to the theater until the Thed a Bara of the box-office gives the sifnal that the house is empty for the next performance. Rialto and Rivoli. New York, please nute.

Questions and Answers
(Continued from page 110)

Eltzabetuf. St Locts, William Shea is dead. Mary Fuller and Pauline Bush are retired. Irene Castle is seven inches over tive feet tall and weichs 115 pouncl-. Her Talmadge is fise fiet (wo, weighs 110 llos. Soter Constance is three inches tatler thin Corma and ten pound plumper. thoush

Betti Migion, Sir. Lonets-1 great French poet once remarked that one can tive for three dhys without bread, but not without poetry. I am athamed to confese that I can only apprectate poety when fil ecl with ham sandwich or lemon merinetue
 well-ied. well-fed. beraldine Farrar is now "ith the 1 andated Exhibitors. another one of thane new companio I an't keep track of them, it I don't expect you (0) (ieraldine": firel one, to be relea-rdi throtesh Pathe is "The Ruddle It oman" from the tance play which was enamed by Rerthat Katich Lou Tellesen wall not act with Farrar in this, an he has opened in a new play of his own, called "Underneath the Bough" at the
present writins Farrar is an Imerican. born in Melrose. Ma-: Her father. Sidney Farrar. was once a ball-plawer She i- a mest dazzling and remarkable personality: Gerry

Pegar. Topeh - - Im I a myth or treat perion? If I were a myth I wou In' be able to an-wer you ati 1 I- I amp at person, I shall leave it to bout in decite it f Out of the Kithen" ior Paramoumt she aloo mate the "Bah" preture- from Man Roberts Rinehart - -ubrele storice
 Gordon wil be distremel when I tell 1 i.n that his look are driving you craze Ot conuse 1 understand wu mean to be comb plimentars, till I wouldn't want you in sal thit about me You wont. any? by for don may he trached risht now are Itha graph studios. Brooklon. N. Whe re he hasain i- playme opposite dice Jose Mary Mtle- Ninter of the Realart company is norking it the lath! Hollwwond -tathon Kichard Bathecmee.. Gritith stu lioc. W, maroneck. Nén $\$ ork

## The Truth

(Continued from page 77)
side as well as Eve's and no one could deny that Eve had acted abominably.
"Yes," she answered. "but tomorrow only. That must be the last time."

SINCE Eve had obtained no satisfaction from her interview with Becky she did what she had threatened; she went to Tom's office straight from the house, arriving at his office building just as he was stepping into bis car to drive home. Eve told him that Becky and Fred had been together practically every day for the past two weeks. Tom took it lightly, told Eve that she and Fred were a couple of naughty children who should be spanked.

However, when he turned the corner about two blocks from the house, he saw someone who looked suspiciously like Fred coming out the front door. Though he tried to forget Eve's talk as merely that of a jealous wife, he found himself a trifle upset.

Becky was waiting for him in the living room, curled up like a harmless kitten on the couch, and trying to look as innocent. She sprang up and threw her arms about Tom's neck, but his evening kisses were less ardent than usual.
She noticed his attitude at once, and pulled him down beside her on the couch. "What's the matter, dearie? Don't you feel well?"
"Becky, I've just seen Eve."
Becky was startled.
"Oh, has she been weeping on your bosom, too?"
The two of them laughed, and for the moment Tom's doubts vanished. He drew his wife to him.
"I love you better than all the world," said Becky. Tom knew that what she told him was true. He held her silently for a moment. Then the thought of Eve and what she had told him, and the remembrance of Fred leaving his house crept like a serpent into his garden of happiness.
"Becky," he held her face between his hands, so that he could look into her eyes, "Becky, have you been seeing Fred Lindon every day?"
Confusion routed the expression of contentment from Becky's face. Her lip twitched a little nervously, her eyes avoided those of her husband for a moment, then widened into vast surprise.
"Why-no! Certainly not!" she answered.
Tom could not miss her confusion, but he did not want to understand it. He did not want to believe that Becky would lie to him.
"Becky, didn't I see Fred Lindon leaving the house as I came home ?
"Why no-at least I didn't see him," Becky avoided. "You-you see I just got home from the bridge party."

## Tom frowned.

"Becky, I want you to answer me truthfully. Is Fred Lindon trying to make love to you?"
"If Mr. Lindon should try to make-a-a-respect ful love to me, that's a compliment to you, isn't it ?" she answered indignantly, maware in her anger that she was answering Tom's question.
Tom reached out and took Becky's hand, and looked at her solemnly.
"I have every confidence in your motives, Becky, but no woman can have the friendchip of a man like Fred Lindon long, withnut paying the highest price for it. No matter how well you knew, and those who love you knew that you had not danced, all the same the world would make you pay the piper:"
There was something so protective about Tom. Becky snuggled down happily in his arms. Now that he knew that she harl been seeing Fred, she felt all happy and safe.
"I ou don't expect to sce Fred tomorrow?" Tom asked suddenly.
" $\because 0$ o," answered Becky
"And you promise me that if he should come, you won't see him?"

Becky norlded her head up and down, and crosed her heart.
At this juncture Jenks entered the room with a telegram for Mrs. Tom Warder. It was from Becky's father, Stephen Roland.
"Imperative you send me $\$ 50$ by s. special messenger. Good things. Can't lose."

Becky looked worried, and she handed the mesage to her husband.
"Not another cent this month, Becky;" Tom spoke firmly. "We must put a stop to your father's gambling."
Becky pouted just a tiny bit. She knew she was wrong, but she did feel sorry for her father. She turned away from Tom, but he came to her and put his arms about her. As he did so, an inspiration scemed to flash over Becky's consciousness. Her face lit up, and she grasped the lapels of Tom's coat.
"Oh, honey." she cooed, "I-I couldn't resist a hat today-the duckiest little hat. It was all yellow."
Tom was relieved to be out of the unpleasantness of refusing money to Becky's father so easily.

## "How much?"

"Fifty dollars," Becky answered.
Tom shook her slightly. "You can't be taking this way of getting money to send your father when I don't want you to?" he asked.
There was no need for reply, for at that moment Jenks entered with a huge hat box, saying that the messenger was waiting for the money. Becky gave Tom a hug and a kiss, then a gentle push, and told him to go get ready for dinner.
Left alone with Jenks, she whispered to him: "Say Mrs, Warder is sorry, but that Mr. Warder does not like the hat, so she cannot. have it."
The next moment she was holding the telephone receiver in one hand, while she started to write a note with the other. She called Fred Lindon's house. When she got lim on the wire, she said coldly:
"I'm very sorry, but our engagement is off. For goodl." Then she hung up before Fred could reply.
"Dear Father," began the note she penned. "Am inclosing the fifty. Please be careful. With love.

> "Becky."

EUE LINDON decided that she was gaining nothing by staying away from home. So she went back the afternoon following the scene at Becky's house. Fred was not glad to see her. He was ugly and insulting, having been imbibing high-balls all day to drown the injury to his vanity caused by Becky's repulse. Eve was ready to fall on her knees at his feet. He did not even greet her. He simply snapped:
"Tou've mingled in my affairs once too often. You've gone and frightened Becky Warder away. She was just getting interested. I had an engagement with her this afternoon, but you went and killed that. How do you suppose a man could love a woman who is always butting into his affairs? Get out of here."
And Eve "got out." She put on her things, climbed into her car, and drove straight for the Warders'. Tom had on his golf clothes, and was preparing to leave for the links. Becky was dividing her time between letters and her husband. Jenks' announcement that Mrs. Lindon was at the door and would like to see Mr. W'arder startled them.
"I wish to talk privatcly to Tom for a


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moment." Eiv imnored Becky"s proüeredliand. "Don't do anthing I wouldn't do." Becky called lightly over her shoulder to Tom, and went into the garden.
Tom drew up a chair for Eve.
"I only hinted at the truth of what has been going on between Fred and Becky the other day:" she said. "WhHy. she had an appointment with him ior today. She broke it by telephone, and Fred was furiou: about He blamed me.
Tom slapped the table with his open hand. "Eve, I don't be'ieve a word of it And I don't want to hear about it. Voure a spoiled, jealous woman.
"Here's your proof." Eve threw down the reports of the detective agence beiore him. Tom went to the door and called Becky
"Eve tells me that you have been secing Fred practically every day," he said. searching Becky's face.

Do you want me to deny" it: It' like a trial isn"t it ?" Mrs. Warder answered lightly, trying 10 make herseli feel more easy than she did.
"Did you break an appointment to see Fred this afternoon by telephone?"

This time Becky was cornered. She decided to play for time. until some new sort of tib could present itseld to her.
"The whole thing is false. If you think I'm a home-breaker. Eve. you've made a mistake. What do you mean coming to my precious home to make trouble
"You know what I mean." Eve replied. "I must go-I'll leave the papers for you to look over. Tom."
For the first time. Becky seemed to realize that the papers Eve had brought misht have anything to do with her. As Tom saw Eve to the door. fifty thoughts crowded into her mind-she would take them. tear them up Tom came back and sat down beside her. "I want you to be truthful. my dear." he spoke deliberately. "Iou have married a man who has every confidence in you. My faith in you is the best thing in my lifebut it is a live wire and neither of us can afford to play with it "
As he finished he reached for the papers on the table. Becky, frighiened. tried to
delay him. "Tom. dearest." she said. embracine hinm. "ruthfully. I love you. and you are the on!y ne I have ever loved."
Tom looked deep into her eyes. "Becky." he said. "I tell rou irankly that you do love me. hut I want to get to the bottom of this sickly mese Fire tells me you telephoned Fred not to come this after. noon."
"Eve never could tell the truth." Beck!
Tored. picked up the papers and becan glancing them over. Becky looked over his shoulder she had nesor really gra-ped the full simnificance of them before. "Oh. this is awful. Vou donit mean-and Eve hiredthe susnicious cat"
"Reckv, how could you have sotten into "Becky, how rould you have Eolten into voice. "The raazon I anw. Fred at all was because Fre wanted ne to I was trying to hrine them together again
Tom smiled rather wearily at this Then Jonk= came in to amounce that Mr Wield was at the door to take Tom to the xoli cluh. For the hirst time in their wedded life. Ton went out of the door without kiscing Rocky good bye

## The Truth

(Continuted)
begun telling those miserable little nibs. If I had only told Tom all about it from the beginning," she mourned. "I will never tell al lic again."

But habit, as it has been so often said, is a chain that binds us fast. Becky had no sooner made this oath, which gave her a certain amount of righteous feeling, than she began to cast around in her mind for a way to get out of this terrible situation. She thought of Fred. He must help her. He was more at fault than she. In a few minutes a note was on its way to his home.
"If this note reaches you at once please come over. I don't think Tom will be here before six. Important.

## "Becky

The messenger had hardly gone, when Becky's father, jovial. tlashily and nattily attired, with the air of a gentleman with no responsibilities in the world, arrived.
"Well, little daughter," said he. kissing her affectionately and tweeking her cheeks, "aren't you surprised at my arrival? Mix me up a little old whiskey and soda. my dear, and I'll tell you what it`s all about.

Becky went to the cellarette. Mr. Roland drank his drink, smacked his lips, then chuckled.
"My dear, it was a great joke on me. I meant to ask for five hundred-not fifty, though I appreciate the fiftr: "
"Five hundred more." Becky rasped. "Tom would only let me have fifty, father. He said to send it to you with his love. I'm sure he can"t let you have any more just now."

The florid features of Mr. Roland flushed redder. Becky did not ask him to sit down, but he did so, with quite a heavy sigh.
"It's a question of five hundred or a new Mrs. Roland," he said.

Becky started.
"Father, you can"t possibly owe your landlady that much money?"
"Ves; haven"t paid her fo: two years."
Becky's father settled himself. as if for the afternoon.
"I wish I could ask you to stay for the afternoon." Becky said nervously, "but, you see-I-I -am to meet a girl friend.

Mr. Roland gave no outward expression of any intention to understand Becky's hint. Becky became more and more nervous every minute. What if Fred should come!
"I've got time to drive you to her house if it's not far." he said at last. It madc no difference to him that a taxi was waiting outside clicking up a bill that Tom Warder's money would have to settle.

Becky shook her head. "I'll get there all right. You stay here," and as she went out her father settied himself in more comfort on the couch.

Becky ran lightly down to the corner and stationed herself behind a hedge, where she cou'd look up and down the street, and at the same time not be seen from the house. She would stop Fred Lindon before he could reach the house.

She had hardly taken her place when she was astonished by the approach of Weld"s car from the other direction. It drew up alongside of Roland's taxi. Tom jumped out, threw the hired car a glance, and went slowly to the house. In a few minutes her father came out and rode away. Becky. from her hiding place, was just making up her mied to go back home and face the music, when a taxi came speeding from the other direction. It held Fred Lindon. As it passed her she called out to him. but he did not hear her. The car drew up suddenly at the curb in front of the house, and Fred ran up to the house three steps at a time. Becky wrung her hands in distress; her heart dropped; she felt very ill and miserable and unhappy. She waited in dread and anxiety.
for what should happen. She did not know quite what Tom would do to Fred. She was afraid. In a few seconds her husband walked out of the house. Becky prepared for Hight when she saw him coming, but he went in the direction from which he had driven a few minutes before. When he was quite out of sight. Becky summoned up courage enough to go home. Lindon was seated complacently on the sofa, reading and smoking. He felt very well satisfied with himself.

On arriving. he had net Tom Warder, who liad told him that Mrs, Warder would be sorry that she had been away when he called.
"But I don't understand," Lindon had said. "She wrote me this note." . Ind he produced Becky"s messare.

Tom, thoroughly disgusted, has! gone off to his office saying he had some important paper to look through. He had left the house to Fred.

Becky did not see her visitor when she entered the living room. Sick and feariuly she leaned against the door. Fred heard her, went to her with the greatest confidence, drew her into his embrace and kissed her. "V"ou beast!" Becky jerked herself away violently
"Didn't you send for me?" a*ked Fred. "What was I to think but that you found that you cared for me?
"Yes, I did send for you," Becky's voice was very bitter. "but it wasn't because I wanted you to kiss me. I're been a fool, and you're a cad. I want you to know that there is only one man I love. That is Tom. There is only one I despise-that is you. And to think that you made me believe you were an abused husband! Please go. I don't ever want to see you again."

Fred Lindon knew when he was whipped, and with an air of indifference he left the house. Vaturally he did not find it necessary to inform Becky that he had shown to hel husband her note urging him to come to the house, and Becky, in her own blundering way because Tom had in no way committed violence on Fred, believed her Irusband had in some way missed seeing him when he was in the house.

BECKI WARDER'S emotional resiliency was remarkable. No matter how black one moment might seem, given time, her nptimism was back in tull glow: The lower her state might have been, the higher it went when reaction set in.
Perhaps it was the same quality which so many women poseess-that same inability or constant refusal to look things squarely in the face-that had caused so much of Becky's present state of affairs, and which druaged her into the belief that everything was all right
By ten thirty in the evening she had gone through the dreas of despair and had climbed through the various processes of self argument, until now she Was in amazingly good spirits. Jenks had said Tom had gone to the office. It about eleven she called him and asked him to come home.
One hardly cotld have suspected that there had been a seriou: situation the entire day, from the looks and voice of Becky when Tom entered her bedroom. The softly shaded lights enveloped her in a rosy glow. Her cheeks were pink; her eyes sparkled brilliantly, She wore a turquoise blue gown -soit and clinering-the gown Tom liked best.

It wa- only Tom who showed signs of mental strain and unhappiness.

Becky called to him qaily as le opened the door. She ran to him expectantly, but he pushed her away
"Why Tom. clear"


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## The Truth

## (Concluded)



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surprice and concern. "You look all fagged out. Sre you just tired out-or-ill?

Tom ignored her question. He motional to her to sit down. She sat on the edge of her bed, and he dropped down on the edge of his, facing her.

Have you had any callers today?" he ked, looking her directly io the eye.
Oh habit, habit-the trickster! How it cheats us when we do not want it to!
"Why-er-only father. I'm sorry you misoed lim," answered Becky. And she had meant so much never, never, never, again to tell a lie.
"I did see him," came Tom's response "He told me about the money you sent him -from me," then caustically-"where 's the new hat?" He glanced about him for a moment as if looking for something, then brought his stcely eyes back again to Becky's

## "Was Fred Lindon here?

Becky was caught.
"We.ll, I'll be truthful for once. Fred Linclon was here, but I did not a=k him. I excused myself at once."
Tom's expression was not pleasant for Tom's expression
ecky to look upon.
"Oh, indeed! It happens he showed me your note asking him to come! I don't suppose you know anything about the note?"

There were no more possible lies for Becky to hide behind, so she became very, very angry.

I did send for him. It was about those abominab?e papers that Eve gave you."
"And I don't suppose you kissed him." Tom grew still whiter at his own suggestion.

No, I didn't," Becky snapped back. "He kissed me. How could I help it? I didn't know he was there-he was in the livingroom when I came in."
"Of course not. Of course not. How could you resist him?
There had been little family spats beforethe nice kind that end in kisses, but up until this moment the full significance of this present difference in opinion between berself and Tom had not struck Becky. There was something in the deathly pallor of Tom's face, in the iciness of his tones, in the manner in which he went to a far corner of the room as if to be away from her, and stood looking down at her, which sent shivers of fright through Becky. She was no longer angry. She was lired of it all. She wanted Tomi to forget what had happened and to take her in his arms and comfort her-as the had always done before. Sobs rose up in her throat.
"Y"uu don"t have to believe me," she wept. "I tokl you why I was seeing Fred Lindon. I told you that I was trying to bring him anel Eve together. Oh dear! Oh, dear! I wish I had never been born."
Becky fell back in a little shaking heap. But Tom, usually all concern at such a moment. was adamant.
"Go ahead and cry all you want to." he said, "I'm through. The money to your father! This rotion evidence of Eve's that sou've boen meeting Fred richt under my nose, and me an unsuspecting fool all the while! Vou couldn't help his kiscing you! Lies-damnable lies and another dozen 10 $y$ and save yourself I'm through, I tell

Becky's torrent of lears dried up unter the blaze of Tom's anecr. She sat up and fooked at him throush dazed eyes.
"You ton't mean you-" she could not the word
"Yes, we separate- divorce if you wish it. I tell you $\mathrm{I}^{\prime} \mathrm{m}$ through. You ion't know What the truth is. I cant stand your lies ns. lenger
And to it came that frech IV: mater the
next day, entered her father: habby boarding house with a couple of suit cases and the announcement that she was going :o vi-it for a while-"while Tom is away."
But there was somethine about the droop "f her pretty red mouth, the wi=tfulne= of her eves, the hint of tears in her voice, that toll her father in-tantly that there was sumething back of her wi-it that she had not conlided. He suggested as much. Suon her head wa- ne:tled on tis chect:ed, yct fatherly breast, and she was =obling out her heart

There! There father would fix it. Father understood.

When Becky was askep. itred out from her heart ache and her sleeple-s night, Stephen Roland slipped out slyly to the nearest telegraph station.
"Thoma- IV arder," he wrote on the yellow sheet, "Becky very ill. Vervous collaper. Advise you come at once

And though Tom Warter had sworn. not twent $y$-four hours age, that he never wanted to see Becky. face again, in less than one hour after recoiving her father's telegram he was on his way, sick with anxiety lest something happen before he could reach her Becky awakened 10 find her father tiptoeing noisclesty about the room, pulling down the shades, setting medicine bottles on the Iresere and rapidly tran-fornting the atmosphere of his bed chamber into that of a sick room. Ile explained to her what be had done.

You gotta play you're awfully sick, my girl. That'll get him quickern anything else."

Becky's tired eyes closed aqain and she sank back into her pillows. She did not awaken until late in the evening. Then she was conscious of whisperines and careful walking in the nest room. She could hear her father's hoarse voice-"She's a sick little girl. Iou must be real quict. I'll go see if she's awake." And then the heard Tom"s "All right."
It was true that Becky was far from well The strain had been very hard on her. Her head buzzed and her eyes burned. There was a hazy, misty inlm that scemed to be between her mantal consciousness and the world. But Becky was not too ill to know that the thing that had brought Tom Warder to Baltimore w゙as a lie. It was a litule white lie. perhaps-and Becky had not told it. But if she lay there in bed and ket Tom think she was dangerously ilt, she would be arting a lie. And she was done dealing in untruths, be they told or acted, foreverreally done.

A moment later Becky entered the living room. She was unsteady as to her footine. but she was not unsteady as to purpose.
"Tom." she spoke deliberately and de terminedly, "I am not ill. The telecram was only another lie 10 get you here. I am not a nervous wreck. I think I have leamed my leson-but 1 am glat that you are here, for I shall tell you now truthiully. that I love you and I shall always love you."

Her husband looked at her almoet shyly for a moment. then swept her into his arms "My very own dear." he whispered tenderty Of course Stephen Roland and Mre. Crispinny were in the room to ac the reconciliation. but they slipped enut very shortly, and fokl a little reconciliation in the kitehen of their own. With a hearty kiss on his land lady.s mature lips. the kind hearted ohe entheman who hod so long craded the bonds which the widow had tone been lavine for him, came into the peaceful knowledee that he was now sctlling all her thaims for hiunpaid board bill. and that he would never have another one to worrs abutt
". And. Tom," whiepered Beeky against her huchand's broad protective houkler. "I shall newer, mever. newer, tell another lit-not ever a white one.

## Humoresque

(Continued from page 55)
"Perhaps you will run over to Vienna," said Gina at parting.
"Why not? I'm going to Venice later on and then to Rome."

Leon's letter home to his parents mentioning Gina Berg for some reason of feminine intuition raised a shadow of a feeling in the heart of Mother Kantor.

Hancock the manager went about his leisurely business of resting with little attention to or from Leon. The violinist put himself to work under the most rigid of Berlin instructors and kept faithfully at $i_{i}$ ior three months. Then he wrote to Gina. suggesting that he might run down to Vienna. Her reply was cordial.

When Leon opened the subject of Vienna with Hancock that wise and worthy person cocked his head on one side and spoke blandly.
"You'll be right back, won't you?" "Oh, yes. I just want to have a talk with Eydler there -on technique."
'I see," Hancock answered with a certain dryness. He knew that neither Eydler nor anyone else could give Kantor points on technique.

Leon left his violin safe in Berlin. Two weeks went by and Hancock sent a wire:
"How about that technique?

Leon showed the wire to Gina. She smiled and said she knew it was time for him to get back to his work.

And back to work it was. Hancock felt it was time to be stirring. He made arrangements for a concert in the Prussian capital, which proceeded to a marked success and much lionizing of his violinist. Then came Italy with its blue skies and langorous days-and a triumph. Leon played a command performance before the King and Queen. He was applauded. approved and decorated. The doors of the old nobility were opened to him and it was a milestone in his career. Leon Kantor was now a musician of world fame.
Hancock began to urge a return to America. He saw a precious season of big receipts slipping away. Leon was reluctant. Italy was in his blood. Hancock retired to his quarters and cogitated, then evolved a very careful cablegram to Mama Kantor. He placed emphasis on the fact that Leon was well but suggested that the mother's presence would have its values.
"lou better go." said her husbancl. "It makes no money to be there so long, and Kings and Qucens!" He shrugged his shoulders expressively
"They advertise good," observed Sarah. "But Hancock, he has a level head," she added, and set off to prepare to 2 . She was wondering what Leon found to keep him so long in Rome.

Hancock reccived a cable announcing the coming of Mother Kantor, and carefully kept that matter to himself. Meanwhile a letter of congratulation from Gina in Tienna had started up a new correspondence between her and Leon. Presently she wrote that she was coming to Rome for a week, and promptly followed the letter. After which she and the young violinist were much together. Hancock noted the fre-
quency of their meetings and marvelled at his own sagacity in sending for Mother Kantor.
While Hancock was oft to Naples on a pretext that permitted him to meet Mrs. Kantor. Leon and Gina were playing and picnicking. It a luncheon spread between them on the bank of a babbling river the dangerous topic came up.
"Gina, have you ever thought of marriage?" The question was blunt and immediate.
"Yes. many times." She faced him frank"But I have other ideals. I shall never break away from them." She thought she spoke with great finality
"You mean that art and love are not compatible?
Gina nodded. her qaze on the ground. $\because$ Ind you agree with me, don't

## Humoresque

NARRITED by permission from the Cosmopolitan Production based on the short story of the same title by Fanny Hurst, and produced for Paramount-Artcraft, scenario by Frances Marion, under the direction of Frank Borzage, with the following cast:
Mama Kantor. ....... Vera Gordon Abraham Kantor...Dore Davidson Leon Kantor. ..... Bobby Connelly Leon Kantor, later... Gaston Glass Sol Ginsberg. ......... Louis Stearns Minnie Ginsberg... Miriam Battista Gina Berg.......... Alma Reubens

I did, until-a little while ago."
Leon was red and Leon was red and stammering.
'We"ll have a great afternoon for the ride back," was (iina's response.

When they arrived at the hotel Mother Kantor was there, awaiting Leon with outspread arms. There was an exchange of surprised greetings. Hancock faded out, and Leon presented Gina Berg. Gina's manner captured Leon's mother. After the girl had gone the mother opened Leon's eves wide with the story of the success of Gina's father the onetime brass dealer.

In her pension room, Gina was fighting out with herself the problem of love and making the decision which she felt would make her career.
A simple note to Leon the next day conveyed Gina's good wishes to his mother and announced her departure for Vienna.
"A fine girl. Gina Berg," observed the mother carefully to Leon." "One of these days she tl be marrying.
"No she won"t; she"s for art, not marriage.

Leon's reply gave his mother a great deal more information than he intended.
"lies," the mother asented. "It's the American way-it should be everything first, then marriage,
Leon stood sadly with Gina's note in hand. The mother intuitively knew that this was the time to push the matter of a return to America. Hancock was an able second. Lcon wa= meckly willing. Nothing appeared to matter much to him just then. His heart was in Vienna. Hancock arranged affairs with great dispatch and in three days they were on their way.

I- Xew York, Leon was greeted with enthusiasm. Reporters flocked for interviews and Hancock displayed the decorations from the crowned heads of Europe.

It was a winter of new triumphs for Leon. $\mathrm{Hi}=$ playing had acquired a new depth and insight The critics remarks were highly gratifying to Mother Kantor and Leon's father felt much improved at the increased box-office returns. Hancock, partly for advertising and partly as good busines:. proceeded to insure Leon's gifted


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right arm and fingers for a king's rantom One evening Abraham came home fuil of yosip. Guess who I saw? Solomon (;insberg. the fellow that used to sell me bras-ecs in Bllen strect." listened attentively, cagerly awaiting a word Cina. At latt it rame.
"And that daughter of his that's studying muzic, he cays, she will come back soon.
In the fall she gous to sing by the saze, maybe.'
leon pretended to be highly abstracterl. Hancock betook himself to Kansas and the old farm home for the summer and the Kantors went to a cottage resort in Maine. It was not a success. In that cynical community Leon alone was sociallywelcome.
Then came the thunder clap of war in Europe.
To Leon came only ore thought-Gina was in Vienna-how would she ger away? The papers printed sensational account: of the dificuties of American tourists. Europe
Hancock came rushing East. He was full of the anxiety that beset everyone. The Kantors gave up their Maine cottage and lurried back to the New lork suburb that they ca led home. and silent through the days. His heart was heavy. the paragraph he hadl been secking for days. Gina Berg, the singer, was safe aboard ship and coming home. His face lighted up. There was no nced to tell his mother; she read it in Leon's face. thousand for a stcamer col for Sol Berg?
When the great boat docked Leon was in the crowd that sood about the pier, eager'y looking. But Sol Berg had used his open sesame of wealth. Gina was one of the first to touch foot on shore and swiftly she was borne away in her father's car, while Leon vainly waited.
When evening came Leon wandered disconsolately home. He found the house bubbling with talk. Gina Berg and her father had been there, and she had seemed disturbed not to find Leon.
"What did they want?" Leon could think nothing else 10 say.
"Why you, of course.
His question had carried no cover for his feclings. His mother knew him too well.
Then Leon motored alone out to the great home of the Bergs in Morristown. Gina came down to greet him. Their hands met as the hands of those who understand.
"And now you're back Gina-what will
"I shall go on with my work-of course. There was a note of surprise in her voice,
"I think if you have any sort of a gift and keep at it long enough you will succeed."
"But it's not necessary, is il, (bina? There was pleading in his tone.
"Not for my worldly self, Leon, but for
"Gina!" Leron": voice was vilmant ancl low. "Ive been hoping crer since thoue days in Rome that you'd change your mind. I have never changed since that day of the pienic, (iint: and all the time 1 want you. Ways 1 want you."
"Oin leon! foun mutnt talk that way
"ou make it so hard for me."
"But, (Bina. I can't help mede." 1.em ood up with, his hamds held out (1) her. fr faced him with tears in her eyes.
"hem. I tan't-not yet.
When, Gina?

## Humoresque

## Continued

A letter from Leon came through. It was months old, but certainly he was all right then. Impatient, his father and mother went to Washington and battled with the red tape of many departments. No news

Then it came in a cable-speaking of Leon as slightly wounded.

The terrible anxiety of it! Mother Kantor called Gina Berg, who hastened to the Kantor home. She read and re-read the cold, formal notification-"slightly wounded."
"Iou don"t think-it surely can't be his arm, his violin fingers!" Mother Kantor moaned in agony for fear for her son.

Let's hope not. Let's hope not, pray not." Gina was doing her best to be reassuring. But it was only a hope.

Then as the drab days dragged on the Leviathan with its burden of wounded was reported on the seas. At night tall it arrived off Sandy Hook. Another sleep'ess night in the Kintor home. Another tossing night of dry-eyed anguish for Gina.
In the ruck and jam of motor cars at the pier when the great transport docked was one carrying Abraham and Sarah Kantor. For two terrible hours they waited as wounded men limped down the gangplanks. as hospital attendants carried off men in litters. There seemed no end of it

Mother Kantor cried out. There was Leon walking a!one.

He came to them, with a look on his face that his mother had never seen before. His right arm was hanging useless at his side. Abraham gulped back a sob and leaped to the ground beside his son. The mother greeted the boy rapturously.
"Your arm?" Abraham managed to ask when they had Leon seated in the car.

No good," said Leon. His voice was cold with apathy.

Can't you use it again?" the mother gasped.

Sarah Kantor leaned far back in the car and tried to cry si.ently.

THE homecoming at the Kantor house on Fifth avenue was a sad one. His mother went with Leon to his room to make him comfortable. Abraham telephoned to summon the city's greatest specialist, an authority on shell shock.
The doctor's call was brief. His trained eye saw the answer. Abraham followed the physician out.
'You should tell me, doctor-will he ever play again?"

The specialist shook his head as one in grave doubt.
"He doesn't think so-but someday may" be a great mental shock will restore him to himself. It is possible. Meanwhile, see that he cats regularly, rests and is not annoyed."

Gina Berg came. It was a heartbreaking meeting. Nothing mattered to Leon any-more-not even Gina. She offered words of cheer. She drew her chair up beside him and took his limp hand in hers. It laid there, inert.
"There is nothing left, now." he said in dull tones. "They have taken away my music. There is nothing left.

Oh Leon-nothing-not eren me? You don't mean me?"
Leon arose. He forgot momentarily, that his right hand was doomed to uselessness as he took her s!ender lingers in both his hands and pressed them against his breast.
"I am sorry Gina-I can't allow you to sacrifice yourself to a cripple

The girl went out with a smile for Leon. But outside she fell sobbing into the arms of Mother Kantor.


Popularity Follows the


## Atlast! AKew- Idea in Talcum Pouder:

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Humoresque

The mother repeated the words of the pecialist. For weeks Gina and the mother that might awaken Leon to himself again drab in vain. Aothing could break the
Leon Kantor setuca orr
Then Hancock came. He did not truhimself to speak to Leon. $t=$ he tett the encountered Gina Berg.
"Well, what are you going to do?" Han "I?" (Fina looked at Hancock in aetun ishment.
you !" Hancock reiterater. "You
Tell me how I Oh tetl me how!" Gina emothered her resentment for the hope in Hancock's words.
"The doctor said he might come back if he got a shock. lou shock him someway, somehow. Take his violin to him and when he refuses to play pretend you are going to smash it-smafly it if you have to do to make good.

## When

EON was sitting listlessly when Gina
entered.
"Leon," she spoke firmly, almost gaily I have been thinking it over and I think ou are right-you can't play any more.
The violinist-that-was shook his head.
"You remember before you went awa ou played Alan Seeger's 'I Have a Kendezvous with Death'?" Leon nodded.
"You wouldn't play it again would you? because I am going to do something 1 know ou will lik
Leon looked at her with an air almost xpressive of interest. Gina ran from the oom and returned with Leon's priceless Stradivarius, the instrument of his many "I know you wouldn't want any one ee ever to play the violin you have mate

Gina rai-ed the instrument over her hear
"-So I will destroy it."
th his right arm seized the girl's wrist.
Swiftly she handed him the instrument and
Abstractedly, mechanically, Leon nestled the violin under his chin and swept the bow
across the strings. But it was not the piece he had played before he went to war. Th notes of the "Humoresque" came rainy chard abloom in Spring.
Hancock opened the door. Sarah and
They heard the composition through irozen as they stoorl lest the charm be
When Leon dropped his bow a nes lish hone in his eyes. He had come back
hey had come.
Leon drew Gina to him.

$$
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& \text { have a rendezvous wit } \\
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& \text { Fer Hancock was a } \\
& \text { Real Recognition } \\
& \text { Rea }
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$$

## Divorce a La Film

(Concliaded from page 76 ) who believed in the 18th Amendment. Some reply coldly and haughtily, as though admitting German ancestry: Some giggle
But MacLean was enthusiastic. Later I met her and di-covered why. He'd better keep her in California or the Follies with get her, that's all. She"s non-professional but something of a business woman, I am given to understand

Likewise a good sport. One day in the Morosco Theater in Los Angeles, where her husband was playing before he went into pictures, some matinee girls asked her if she thought Dougla Maclean was married. She said sweetly, "Oh. I'm sure he isn't. He looks too young, don't you think

His conversation, however, was like holding forth with Maude Adams, by proxy. He played with her several seasons and his admiration of the great actress amounts only to worship. In a modest sort of was he intimates "ererything that I am or ever hope to be as an actor I owe to my experience with Maude Adams.
"Oh, how I did want her to make Peter Pan" in pictures." he said. "But she wouldn't. At first she called them 'those dreadful pictures. Later, when they had become so wonderiut, she said to me, 'Ah, Douglas, I cannot. Because they say that the camera is rery, very unkind to people who areforty and a bittock. You see, that was a line in a sketch we did, and it means forty and just a little bit more
"But really, Maude Adams is one of those persons who are agetess-without any time on their work

Maclean likes comedy and expects to stick to the clean. briliant sort of thing he has been doing. Born in Philadelphia, and a college graduate, he came to the screen from a successiul stage career, and was a leading man, plaving opposite Mary Pickford, in "Capt. Kidd Jr." and "Johanna Enlists." before he joined hands with Doris May for Paramount

## Japanese Humor

GEORGE MELFORD, the director, is B laughing over a sample of Japanese wit as revealed by George Kuwa, the Japanese actor, who played the part of the Chinaman in "The Round Up"-Chinaman's cue, partialy shaved head, and all.

In order to become a convincing Chinaman. Kuwa was required to shave off a rather imposing head of hair. This he did without demur, remarking earnestly: "For you, Mis" Metiord, I am do this.

Thereafter for several days Kuwa strayed about the lot with a small package in his hand. chuckling to himself and sometimes laughing outright. His merriment became so pronounced that Melford demanded an explanation.

Well, when Japanese die in foreign country:" explained Kuwa, "friends cut off hair and send to family

It this point Kuwa was overcome by laughter, but continued

When I cut off hair for picture I savesend to iriend in Japan-good joke!
'Some joke," commented Melford. "Must be a Japanese joke.
"Ies, Japanese joke," agreed Kuwa, laugh all time

DID you ever hear of the "Wrood fam-- Neither did we, until a friend of our:-a theatergocr-came back irom England
"Whenever," he told us, "whenever a cinema performance or a legitimate play isn't a success, they say it's 'playing to the IVood family"-meaning the rows and rows



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## Questions and Answers

## (cominusd)

Grace. Spkingritld.- Sou nealected to oberve the rules and rezulations. my dear I know how it is-I hate rules myself. But Photoplay simply can't furni-h stamps to every inquirer who want- a personal reply by return mail. Pauline Frederick is still on the West Coast; Robertion-Cole has a -tudio out there. Georges Carpentier is the only star for this company who is working in New lork-pardon me, Fort Lee, New Jersey. Miss Frederick is not married now. She had been married before she became Mrs. Willard Nack. Divorced.

The Plalsfield Critic.-That's a new idea-that girls like to see a rampire at work because they enjoy sceing anyone (ven another woman, get a man just where they want him. I don't think you need to pity "poor Theda Bara." She is makines an awful lot of money and plays to packed houses and has a good time at her work. Iddress her care A. H Woods, New York Pearl White only went to Europe for a month's vacation. So Mrs Barthelmes. Dlck's mother, was in your town. I suppose if Dick ever comes you'll welcome him at the station with a brass band.

Mary Jane, Columbus.-Mary Pickford was the little girl in "Less than the Dust," David Powell the Englishman, and Mary Alden the other woman. You're very welcome.
> , Kinsas City:-Come, come-don't you think you're a bit too harsh? Let your criticisms be constructive rather than destructive and you may get what you want. In part, I agree with you.

Reno Romeo.-Violet Heming is with Paramount Artcraft; address her there. She is in "The Cost," from David Graham Phillips' story. The Talmadge sister: are not Italian: they're American, born in Brooklyn. Natalie plays with Constance in "The Love Expert." Constance is to do "The Perfect Woman" next, then "Wedding Bells." What an intriguing list of titles, what?
. J., Red Wing.-You must not be so impatient. Consider the letters that must have come before yours-both in your favorite film star's mail and in the Answer Man's. The Talmadges will send you their pictures: just wait awhile. Douglas Mclean is marricd but not to Doris May: They are not playing together any more, which seems a pity. Address McLean care Thomas H. Ince, Culver City.. Cal. Don't know what Ince is roing to do with his stars, now that he is an Associated Producer. There are star directors and star producers; pretty soon we won't have any. acting stars: all the actors will be in those all-star casts. Cullen Landis, Goldwy John Hines is making the "Torchy" comedies.
P., Minn.-I don't know that any
film star sends out eight-hy-ten photographs. You'll just have to seled one of your particular idols and write to him or her as the case may be. Vour writing and paper don't divulge your sex.

Flokriver, Niw York Cits-1 hate to (e)l you-but Jack Perrin, dashing hero of the serial, "The Lion Mlan." is married. He is married to Josephine Hill. the subject of the Enster picture page in P1sorontisw, who was a Universal feature-ette and who is plas ing now in Metroc "larlor. Bedroom and Bath." She will not give up the screen.

Dorothy: Mtskegon Heigits, MichSo your teacher said she was glad when you tayed out of -chool, because you a-ked $=0$ many. questions. Jour teacher and I nu-t be kindred spirit-no, not -pirit:-souls It's hard to get away from our old digures of -peech, i-n't it? But it's alway- bet to let the dead pa-t. ete. Pearl White, according to the beit recurd, is thirty-one. She work for Fox and should be addressed thercEastern studios. You're welcome.
R. N., K.nsas Citr:- The companics are having a merry time buying old stories. Metro bousht "Alias Jimmy Valentine" for Bert Lytell but theirs is not the origina! ecreen production of this crook play: Maurice Tourncur directed Robert Warwick in it when both were with World Harold Lloyd has a car, but I don't know what make it is. Is it abolutely essential that you should know?
H. R. L., Kingsulle.-lou would never make an art director on a modern mayazine if that picture of Renee Adoree you cut from Photoplay and pasted on your desk keeps you from working. Sou should see the pictures that surround even the old Answer Man! Kence played in Fox's "Clemenceau Case." Better not see it. If a "still" of her kept you from work, what would moving pictures of her do to you"

Proneer, Mami-lou don't have to have any pull to get an immediate answer from me. Truth is, there isn't anyone who gets a thing like that. Jou sce, no matter how soon you think you write, there is always some one clse whose letter gets here first. lours simply had to await its turn. History has a right to repeat itself and so has the Answer Man-when flappers ask him the same Barthelmess and O'Brien questions in ceery mail. I don't like it any better than you do, but it's my duty, me child. Roy Stevart made a Vestern or two for an independent company or two after leaving Triangle. Lately he appeared in Benjamin Hampton's picturization of Zane Grey's "Desert of theat," renamed "Riders of the Dawn." Now he is Betty Compson" leading man in her first stellar picture. I hope you're satisfied. Better write to him and ask him that other question.

Oratorical Assoclatios, Any Arbor.lou were a bit careless in your request. Ii you had read the rules at the top of this department you would know that a stamped addressed envelope is required for a reply by mail. If you read the Magazine you would get the names of the leading producers from the Studio Directory, which always occupies a column somewhere in the front or back of the book. I would advise you to consult this Directors.

Catherine. Hollinis:betrg. Pa-I don't mind being called an old man but I do mind being called an old woman. is a matter of fact, I anm not cither one. Consult picture at head of my department, eti Herbert Rawlinion is in Blackion: "PawerBy." His wife is Ronerta Wilson. Ramlinson has gone West to he the star of a new company I beliew Mrs. Dillolic. or Medda Hopper is Wiblian Faverslam's leading woman in "The Man Who lost Himalf" for Selznick. (No offence meant to I. J Write to her at Hotel Aleonquin. Šew York I think the ll answer you Vise Brady iMrs James Crame. Her father-in-law is 1r Frank Crame. Well-known Janhattan phil wopher 1 K K Lincoln lives in Xew York. I think. but be also has a summer honc Hc is married.
P. B., Chicugo-Now how on carth should I know how much money it costs to start a team in vauderille? It depends upon what you play, I suppose. I never doubled in brass. Always stuck to my Remingwood. I don't know a sure-fire method oí writing a scenario. If I knew you may be sure I'd try it myself. Mabel Normand, Goldwyn, Culver Cits, will send you her picture. Francelia Billington is with Universal, U City, California. Theda Bara is on the stage now in "The Blue Flame." And I haven't heard of Marie Eline, erstwhile Thanhouserette, for a long time.

LoIs of ID.mo.-Glad you decided to take the fatal step at last. Now I am not so fierce, am $I$ ? Intonio Moreno is probably too busy to carry on a regular correspondence with you, but he undoubtedly will answer your letters from time to time; he's a most obliging chap. Constance and Natalie Talmadge. wearily echoes the Answer Man, have real bobbed hair. Norma's is about shou! der-length, I should conjecture. Moreno will make one more serial before going in for features exclusively. Never noticed any resemblance between Kenneth Harlan and Wallace Reid. I hear that Harlan is to be starred; don ${ }^{\text {t }}$ know how true it is. Haven't those ages, but Nazimova has no children; Grace Cunard is now making two-reel comedy-dramas in the west for Marion Kohn; Casson and Elsie Ferguson are not related; Hazel Dawn is not dead, but touring the country in "Up in Mabel's Room," a more or less legitimate farce: Robert Ellis, now a director, was Olive Thomas. leading man in "The Spite Bride" and yes, yes, Mary married Douglas Fairbanks.
N. D., NEW York.-Awfully sorry, old top. but I can't do anything for you. I haven't much of a drag in the picture business or I'd have my own company: Wish you best of luck, however-and let me know how you come out.

Will L. How:ard, Manchester.-Wiish we could print your letter. You say some good things that hit home. It is difficult to be a perfectly accurate mirror of this changing industry. I wish all picture-goers were as broad-minded as you. Thanks.

Batley and Moore, Coltarbus.-Sorry You had to wait so long ior a reply. And sorry I can't give yott any advice as to whether it is proper for girls to smoke cigarettes. It depends upon so many things: the girl. the cigarette- Eugene O'Brien isn't married but he isn't a woman hater. Theres no such thing as a woman hater. Gloria Swanson, Mrs. Herbert K. Somborn, has retired from the screen for a while. for a very personal and interesting reason. She is in DeMille's "Why Change Your Wife?"

Virginia, Cilifornin.-The easiest question I ever had to answer: is Nazimova her inrst name or last name? She is Madame Alla Nazimova, in private life Mrs. Charles Bryant.

Mary, Pencisylyinhs-Your requests have all been granted so far, haven't they? Cover and story on Katherine MacDonald; art section picture of W"anda Hawley and cover and story on Pearl White. I always aim to please. Wianda Hawley is a star in her own right now with leading men to support her, so you won't see her as Wallace Reid's or Bryant Washburn's principal femme any more. Wallace Reid has only. one son.

Caroline, Cificsgo.-I can tell you that Alice Joyce and 'Tom Moore are divorcedMiss Joyce married again, James Reganbut I don't know the name of the fuzzy haired girl you mention. There are many fuzzy-haired girls in pictures.

Jack, NEW York Citr-Thanks for taking all that trouble. William Farnum in "The Orphan" for Fox. Doug Fairbanks" new picture is "The Mollycodelle." Charlie Chaplin is not divorced from Mildred Harris Chaplin but they say the king of comedy and his pretty wife are not so happy as they might be. Mrs. Chaplin is making First National pictures. Charlie is a United Artist.

Gale, Tulss.-Dorothy Dalton was once married to Lew Cody. Mr. Cody is not married right now; neither is Miss Dalton. Her latest is "Half an Hour"; his, "The Butterlly Man." Dorothy Gish will send you her picture if you will write to her care Griffith studios in Mamaroneck.

Harold R. G., Monterideo.-Yours was a most interesting letter. Fou say in a contest held by a Buenos Aires films magazine, "Hearts of the World," "The Birth of a Nation" and "The House of Hate" (serial) were adjudged the best pictures in the order named. You make a good point when you say that American producers should be more careful when writing titles in the Spanish language, as they are often incorrect and even foolish and people down there know better. Please come again; I like to hear from you.

Greg E. Abot, Manilla.-Another fine letter. Louise Lovely is married; she was with Fox but is forming her own company now. Further details will be given later. Bebe Daniels played in several DeMille pictures, notably "Why Change Your Wife?" She has also done leading business with Wallace Reid for Lasky. And now Realart, a branch of the Paramount-Artcraft company, is going to star this little brunette who used to be Harold Lloyd's feminine foil in his comedies. Mildred Davis is the blonde who took Bebe's place; I like her very much indeed. She is in "Haunted Spooks," "The Eastern Westerner," "High and Dry" and all the future Lloyd releases. Mabel Normand's latest is "The Slim Princess." from George Ade's play, so you can see she is still doing comedy. You want a picture of Snub Pollard.
M. F., Ticoss.-Of course I liked "The Mirac'e Man." The principal players included Thomas Meighan, Betty Compson, Lon Chancy-he was "The Frog." Meighan is now a star and so is Miss Compson. Meighan is good in "The Prince Chap"watch out for it. Marguerite Clark is not going to retire. but she will play for some other company than Paramount, I believe. She's Mrs. H. Palmerson Williams, as I've told all of you so many, many times.

Taxi, Salinit-Most of your questions I have answered many times. It was Constance and not Norma in "A Virtuous Vamp." Connic is a comedienne while Norma is an emotional actress. Conway Tearle has been divorced, but he is married now to Adele Rowland and I have heard no rumors of impending separation. Mrs. Tearle is now singing and dancing in "Irene," a New lork musical comedy: Harrison Ford isn't married now; he is a regular Lasky learling man, appearing opposite Wanda Hawley in Realart's "Miss Hobbs"


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## Questions and Answers

(concluded)
 \hazi I'm not ble-ed or burdened with a weet titte wife and cunning child. Vou flater me when you imple that if 1 were - 1 burdened or blesed. my wife would be sweet and nas dhild cunning. I am at bachelor. Hacse a born bachelor Violet Heming is being featured in 1'aramount-Artcraft photo-phat- Sou ath me what I think of a eertain producar. I'd hate to tell you. And I reluee to divade how I do my hair. A (h. p) muat maintain ome individuality, mu-n't he?

Amojoril Z., sixia Susina, Cal.-I have conseserl your felicitations to Miss Evans and I think she will write to you herself. It's a great thing to make anyone say, "W"hy .re di:hes-I lauy at them." I suppose a lot of you contribs think that writing to me for an answer is like trying to get a vumber on the telepheme. By the time 1 an-wer you're too ohd and feeble to care. But alway- remember that my pile of letters is just as appal liny as your pile of dir! thishes. Casson Frgu-on, Lasky, Hollywood. Dorothy (risilh, Griffith. Ma maroneck. Zasil Pitts in "Poor Relations." the has her own company now; arldress her at $=32 \mathrm{~S}$. Fremont Avenue. Los Angeles, Cal. Many thanks, and write again soon

Curly R., Ruth 1. kford Helgits. P'A - lou say you never the question, "How can a fellow get in the movies?" And good reason why: i fellow nsually cant. Sou must hunt up a -tudio city, apply for jol) and stick around. That's the unly royal road to Bilm success I know "f (ieorge Walsh is for Fox.
C. C. T.. Wisn NGTon:-Paramount Irtcraft is the official name of the concern Uf which Acloph Zukor is president .nd Jesse Lasky vicepreident. Ail Fa-mou- Players and Lasky pictures made by this company are released under that one brand name-P.A. Zukor wablished RealH1. Sut Paramount-Artcraft does not offi mally recease Realart picture Realart i of too Fifth Jrenuc. New Sork City. Conwh directory
 I. prume that you invit upon is going to cau-e me an awful lot of tromble. Suppoer 1 were really married and my wife hould It it? 1 it is. everyone will be asking mes why I never mentioned it if I have at wife in Camada. But 1 aim to please and rom asked it of me. Frame in Mdenald was lown in bowting fireen, Kontucky: in isou Lat upparamce in "Hearth and Mak. nel The Wentucky colenel" for Xational I im (our) His atdrens is (ilidden IfoteI, Holly Blvel. Hollyweod, Cal. Have no ree ali it that wher actur sou mention Sorry

Draning by T. S. Tousey


After traveling 1200 miles to New. York for entertainment. the Dobsons find themeclves re-observing the same film they saw in Horsford Center two weeks ago. - Courtest of Judge. Copyright, 1920

Pegey IV., Schesectady:-It sall ment ior you to eat ore and one-half pieces of lemoncream pie for luncheon. 1 supposethat is, if you can tand it-but why write me about it ? I haven't had a really gord lemon-cream pie ior month-and have been trymg to forget. Sessue Inayakawa new picture is "The Devil's Claim." Nice litte title. His wife, Tsuru loki. is twenty-eight yeare old She is in Japan on a vi-it right non. Madlaine Traverse was born in Boston, but wont say when
C. M. B., Wismingtos-- Your questionwere rather vasue and decidedly gos-ipy: Don't believe half that you hear nor ansthng that yuu overhear, my friend. Ilar l'ickford is as popular as ever.

Barbara, Battle Caebr-All oi your question- have been answered before, but since rou are such a little girl I don't mind antwering them all ver. Dorothy Gish and Dick Barthelmess will not appear toquther any more Dick is a star himself now. Mary Miles Alinter in "Jenny Be Good." Ralph Graves opposite Dorothy (rish in "Her .llajesty." Norma Talmadge is married to Joseph Schenck; Constance and Satalie are not married You weren't a bit of bother. child.

Cleveland, 11. S. -Short and snappy yours. You only. want the birth-places and dates and present addresses and matrimonial intentions of a dozen stars Can't give you all of them, but here are come: Conway Tearle. Selznick; married to Adele Rowland. Anita Stewart and Katherine MacDonald, Louis Mayer studios, Los Anceles Miss Stewart is really Mrs. Rudolph Cam(ron. Elsie Ferguion. (Mrs. Thomas Clarke Paramount Arteraft.

Sikaight Borbed Hing. Statioton.-I am getting in pretty
S. B., Stamrorb.-Somehow you remind me of cough drops. You don't see Pearl White in serials any more beause she's not makine any more. Miss White is doing features for Fox, the firs of them begin "The White Aloll." It has been coming to re.ease for a long time now so 1 really cannot give you any definite date when you will see it. Ju:t wat for it, that's all. If you like Pearl you won't mind waiting.

Dokothy, Primtranlid.-llousckerging is tasy saling these days. Vou either have a servant or you hawen't. Richard Barthe! mess is fwenty-dive: he bas dark hair and brown eyes, weighs 135 and is five feet. seven inches tall. Not married Mis latest picture is "Wlay Down keas." olive Thomas and Vlaine Hammerstein, Sclznick: Jack Pickford, Cohlwyn; Tom Meichan, Lave! -tudios, Hollywood; Mary Miles Minter, Re:olart.

Heep over thas bobbed-hair controvers: 1 can't help it if an actress whom I said was bobbed, let her hair grow: shirley Mason has short hatir. Faite Finney bobbed her hair, but is letting it grow again. I interrogated Faire upon this delicate subject my-cli, so 1 know it's true. I can't tell one coiffure from amother 1 only know inh,st I like.

MuR. Whbixsherc.-Nice letter. Mary A ouija board is an obnoxious obsestion in a beighhor when yout go to call-but wen you're at home amd theye at home you're glad they have chanced their phonegraph affections. Tom Jeighan will appar in "The l'rince ("hap," "Conrad in Quess of his Voush." ant "The Frontier oi the Star--in all of which he will be the: -lellar attraction. I'm for Tom 100 Futeme o'briens hair is not red. but light berws Cow ynu an sleep nights.

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# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE 

JAMES R.QUiRK, Editor

No. $4^{4}$

## Contents

## September 1920

Cover Design, From a Pastel Portrait by Rulf Armstrong.
Rotogravure
Sylvia Breamer, Wanda Hawley, Roberta Arnold, Bennett and May Allison.Constance TalmadgeFrom a Pastel Portrait by Rulf Armstrong.
Great Themes-Great PhotoplaysEditorial 27
The Day of the Deb Arabella Boone ..... 28The Very Young Binney Sisters' Fling With Fame.
Marsh and Company30Mae's Little Sisters Follow Her Into the Films.
An Interview With a Baby Adela Rogers St. Johns ..... 31
Mary Johanna Tells Why She Picked Bill Desmond For a Daddy.
Gone Completely to the Bow-Wows ..... 32
Gladys Brockwell's "Dog Heaven."19She Changed Her Coiffure33Setling a Dispute About Gloria Swanson.
Their Beginnings34
How Our Movie Magnates Started-Mostly on Nothing.
Society in the Films36
Mrs. Belmont Sets the Pace and Isn't a Bit Up-stage.
The Misfit Wife Nanon Belois ..... 38

Pictures Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue
Save this magazine-refer to the criticisms be. fore you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

## Page 66

The Mollycoddle ..... United Artists Page 67
Suds . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . United Artists
Mme.
Page 72
Madonnas and Men.
.Jans Pictures, Inc.
The Branding Iron.
The Wonder Man.... Robertson-Cole Page 74
The Return of Tarzan. . Numa-Goldwyn Human Stuff............... Universal Sand..........W. S. Hart Productions Page 104
The Great Accident......... Goldwyn
Married Life ................ . Sennett
Miss Hobbs ................... Realart
Page 105
A Double Dyed Deceiver.... Goldwyn
Velvet Fingers .................. Pathe
Bab"s Candidate ........... Vitagraph
Page 106
The Cheater ..................... Metro
The Third Eye........... Astra-Pathe
The Invisible Hand........ Vitagraph
The Silent Avenger. . ...... Vitagraph
Object Matrimony... Hampton-Pathe
The Grocery Clerk........ Vitagrapla Remodeling Her Husband.

Paramount Artcraft
Daredevil Jack ................ Pathe
Sick-a-Bed ...... Paramount Artcraft
Pride and Pork Chops.... J. M. Flagg
The Restless Sex........ Cosmopolitan Page 108
Midnight Gambols. . . . . . . . . . Pioneer
The Desperate Hero.......... Selznick
Twins of Suffering Creek.........Fox
The Woman God Sent....... Selznick
The Street Called Straight. Goldwyn It Happened in Paris
For the Soul of Rafacl....... Equity
The House of Toys.........American
Under Crimson Skies....... Universal
Page 112
The Trail of the Cigarettes....Arrow
Wits vs. Wits.............. Hallmark
White Lies. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Fox
The Man Who Lost Hinself. .Selznick

## Contents-Continued

"Not That Kid!" Delight Evans ..... 42That's What You'd Say About the Remarkable Frank Borzage
Harold Astounds the Musical World With His GeniusDrawing.Norman Anthony 44
Confessions of a Caveman
(As told to Adela Rogers St. Johns) Thomas Meighan 45 Kipling Might Learn About Women From Tommie.
The ScofferGene Sheridan49A Powerful Story of the Battle of a Strong Man's Soul.
A Date With Connie Edward S. ("Tex") O'Reilly ..... 54
Tex Makes One as Miss Talmadge Prepares to Sail.
West Is East
Intimate Impressions of Filmdom's Folk.Delight Evans56
Dual Lives ..... 57
Raoul and Miriam Cooper Walsh Lead Them-But Together.
Rotogravure
Harold Lloyd, Ward Crane, Frank Mayo, Nor- man Kerry, Rosemary Theby, Conrad Nagel, Robert Cain, Mary Thurman, Allan Dwan, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Carey.59
Close-Ups Editorial Comment ..... 63
A Page of Hats ..... 64
A Few of Norma Talmadge's Favorites.
The Little Things That Count Norma Talmadge ..... 65Photoplay's Fashion Editor Gives Some Valuable Advice.
The Shadow StageBurns Mantle 66Candid Reviews of the Latest Pictures.Dick's New ContractFrances Denton 68Miss Hay Becomes Barthelmess' Real Leading Woman.
Why Do They Do It?76
What's Your Pet Peeve About the Pictures?
Questions and AnswersThe Answer Man 78
Metcalfe? Who's He? ..... 81
Now That He's Back From the War, He'll Show Us.

The Squirrel Cage
A Nut Sundae for Weak Days.
Marie Doro: An International İngenue What Has Happened to the Ivory Goddess.
The School House Margaret E. Sangster ..... 86
Another Heart-to-Heart Talk With the Fanily Circle.

Plays and Players.
Cal. York 88 What's Doing Belind the Silversheet.

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## ค ATMLNSCTV PICTURES




# Your complexion tells a story to the world 

HOW fearlessly, how confidently, the girl with a fresh, soft, lovely skin mects the eves of the world! Nothing to conceal! For almost always a clear, radiant complexion is an indication of a buoyant, well poised nature, healthful living and fastidious habits.

Nothing so quickly creates an impression of your personality as your skin. By keeping it soft, clear, radiant-you can make it speak instantly, unmistakably of fastidious freshness and charm.

Don't let your skin tell a story of neglect or thoughtless habits. Fiven if through the wrong kind of treatment your complexion has lost the smoothness and freshness it should have, you can give it back the color and clearness that make other girls' complexions so attractive.

For your skin is constantly changing. Fach day old skin dies and new skin takes its place. And you will find that this new skin, it given the care its particular need demands, will respond instantly and gratifyingly.

Perhaps you suffer from that embarrassing fault of so many com-plexions-an nily skin, and a nose that will get shiny. 'To correct this excessive oiliness use this special treatment:

Every night with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly-always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold-the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a prece of ice.

Use this treatment regularly every night, and see what an improvement it gradually makes in your appear-ance-how much firmer and drier your skin becomes under this carre.

## Special treatments for every type of skin

This is only one of the famous Woodbury treatments for improwing the skin. Get the hooklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's l'acial Sorap and
use the treatment for your individual type of skin.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada. Get a cake today-begin, your treatment tonight. A $=5$-cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use.
"Your treatment for one zieek"
Send 25 cents for a dainty miniature set of Woodbury's skin preparations containing your complete Woodbury treatment for one week.

You will find, first the little booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," then a trial-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap-mough for seven nights of any treatment; a sample tube of the new Woodhury's Facial Cream; and samples of Woorlhury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder. Write today for this special new Woodhury outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 50 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, adducss The Andrce Fergens Co., Limisti, sno Sherbrooke Sirces, Perth, Ontario.


Hoover

CYLVIA BREAMER, born the daughter of a British ship's commander, came from Australia and is now gracing our films. And she proves that she is an interna-tionally-minded young woman by her subtle facility in any kind of exacting role.


Northland Studlo



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Evann

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ENID BENNETT has formed her own company, and so has her director-husband, Fred Niblo. Enid's progress-since she first appeared in celluloid for Thomas Ince-has been a record of real achievement. We have Australia to thank for her


Rvens

# The World's Leading CMoving Picture c Magazine PHOTOPLAY <br> Vol. xviif <br> September, 1920 <br> No. 4 

## Great Themes-Great Photoplays

$N^{O}$ photoplay can be greater than its theme.
In the ageold discussion as to the comparative merits of story, acting and direction, the story has won its rightful first place, but the time has come when we are thinking back of the story-or beyond it, as you choôse.
"Theme" does not mean "sermon." Dramas primarily intended as ethical lessons usually fail, as they should. Unless an artistic work intrigues the senses -to put it more plainly, unless it entertains - it is not an artistic work at all.

The themes of the photoplays that have been memorable, from "Stella Maris" to "The Miracle Man," from "The Birth of a Nation" to "Madame X," have been based on the deep-down things which are every man's inheritance; the simple things which it takes neither book-learning nor artful accomplishment to appreciate and comprehend.

American life, we admit, was once lived too easily, too superficially. But we are no longer a childishly happy, snugly contented nation; we are a nation in manhood as resolute as it is restless, bearing our share of the world's burdens and sorrows, as well as partaking of its fruits of victory.

The day is past when we can consider as "good stories" many of the mechanical contraptions of young love, hero and villain, small complication, easy triumph and happiness forever, which were, quite honestly, "good stories" yesterday.

We have, as we said, gone beyond childish things, and as men and women reaching maturity we see that the fundamentals, the greatnesses of life, are always simple, old things that have been with us always, even while we kicked them aside in our search for new sensations.

The trust of a child, the devotion of a mother, the faith of a wife, the grim determination of honest ambition-these are among the foundation stones of humanity, which endure unchanged from age to age, while the shallow waves of society, luxury and fashion advance and recede, and the clamor of war dies and comes again and dies once more.


Photo ly Elward Thayer Monre
Constance danced her way to recognition, then became the satisfying ingenue.

THERE they are!" exclaimed the woman with the red hat, in Delmonico's, "over there, at the corner table. Constance is the older-but they look almost the same age. don't they? No-youd never dream they were actresses. They don't look at all theatrical. Such nice girls-the Boston Binneys, my dear!"

Conjuring a mental vision of two nice little girls who never tore their frocks, never got their faces dirty, never had to be told to wear their rubbers in bad weather-one is given a most distressing portrait of those bantams, the Binneys. Now listen:

Two little girls from Boston went on the stage. One of them danced her way to recognition; then, when it had come, stopped dancing and became the satisfying and never saccharine ingenue of a perfectly nice play written by another New England lady. The other little girl followed in her footsteps and found a place, too. And then both of them came to the sereen-because alt little girls from Boston who go on the stage must come to the screen eventually. And they came in be known by peopte-perfect strangers-to whom they had never been introtuced; and the mailhox of the Xew England home in the East Sixties in New Vork hegan to receive lettors from others than intimate friends and polite creditors and relations.

And now the debutante or even sub-deh limenes-at very tarly aedes indeet-are famous. And Comstance, the first little girl, who danced, is a film star whose face is known from

# The Day of the DEB 

Youth is being served in the persons of Constance and Faire Binney

By ARABELLA BOONE



And now both the Binness are famous and
the Atlantic to Alaska: and Faire is travelling along the glory road as fast as her little feet can carry her.

It is Constance who has been the directress of the Binney destinies, who is the First Binney, the young conqueror of Manhattan. She might have been another Marillyn Niller, the idol of Mr. Ziegfeld's costly entertaiments in and on top the theater: but after a trial she decided she didn't like it and started all over again in something different. Something different proved to he "so East." That she made good in it. is attested to he the fact that she has just returned from a lengthy season "on the road" with it. and is soon 10 do it in pictures.

She came home to the transplanted hoston houschold with a plain cold. I didn't know stass ever had plain colds: hut Constance sait she had and then proved her place amone the immontals be tilting a nose that was not red, and using a wice that was not mufled. You have to be a Boston BackBay Binney to do that
$\therefore 1$ was in Chicago," she said quite chearly, "the guest of honor at a"ladies luncheon. . 111 very nice ladies you understand. But fancy having to eat a quantity of food for which
you have no appetite and answer a lot of questions that are silly, anyhow! Women who have seen perhaps one moving picture will ask me how it feels to be a movie actress and don't I have a queer feeling when I see myself on the screen. And others will wonder ii I use make-up and does my director beat me. Women," concluded Constance, "who have nothing to do, and pity me because I have something to do! It is hard to imagine an idle existence. I couldn't lise without work."

JUSST a little past twenty, she has only been working for a very few years-but, by youthful nerve and verve she has climbed until she is very near to that shining thing called Success. It wasn't "pull" that got her there; it wasn't the family name or fortune-it was young Constance herseli, who, bubbling over with optimism of the less offensive sort, and inspired by her own good spirits and good looks, stormed the defiant citadels of theatrical Manhattan and emerged a tiny Winged Victory-with two perfectly good and perfectly beautiful arms.

Constance says-and believes-that the day of the youthful actress, the actress of unspoiled viewpoint and wholesome philosophy, is here.
"You don't have to be a tragedy queen to succeed nowadays, necessarily," she says, "or you don't have to be a comedienne of the kind the press-agents call 'sparkling.' The young girl of today who possesses a fair amount of good looks and talent
child, the screen, are still uncharted seas, in which she wil! be, she is sure, an entirely original Columbus.

Faire should be called Fritzi all the time because of the nose that in Susie Jones of Sioux City would be called a snul): because of her short refractory thair, which she is permitting to grow again; because Constance is always correcting her impulsive "sure" to a more sedate "surely"; because her mother tells her to pull down the skirt of that tight short dress when she sits down-and finally because she has a penchant for personal dignity which even Constance's kidding and the playful puppy of the Binney menage cannot rufle.

IHAIE heard of actresses looking for engagements, but I never heard of so many engagements looking for one actress. Faire was in demand, but because of her extreme youth some shrewd gentleman hoped to put something over on her. He reckoned without Faire, who seems to be the business woman of the family. (Mrs. Grey, their mother, is artistic, but not financially shrewd, I suspect. She may understand Chopin but not contracts. Constance isn't exactly what you would call business-like, for all her youthful wisdom.)

Faire belieses, with the quite correct self-confidence of her years, that she is going to mean something in pictures some day-and her next contract will be stellar or nothing. If [ know Faire, it will be stellar.
(Continued on page 116)

Fiare followed in Constance's footsteps and found a popular place, too.

soth have played with John Barrymore.
and common-sense who wants to win recognition on the stage or in pictures-with circumstances being fairly favorableshould not find it hard to do so. It's youth they want-natural and unspoiled youth." Well, anyway, Constance ought to know. She has the composure of middle-age but hardly the sophistication. She is naive as well as poised. She superintended the entrance of Faire into the theater. but Faire, in her short apprenticeship, has become shrewder and more sophisticated than Constance will ever be. Both provide in their joint career one of those wonderful and simple chronicles of conquering youth whose struggles have been easy to meet because the prospective rewards have seemed so great. To Constance, the stage has become a pleasant and profitable way of earaing a luxurious living. To Faire, the theater and its step-


Marsh
and
Company

OI: course there is only one Mae Marsh-but did you know there also are a Leslic Marsh and a Mildred Marsh? Mae followed her big -ister llarguerite into films: and now her own cousin leslie and her younger sister Mildred are following Wae in! Juit hefore Mrs. L. L. Arms -to spak of Mae in formal fashion-left for the Coast to begin her first picture since the arrival of little Mary Marsh Arms, Mildred decided that beaux and dates and lesoons were all a bore-that she would simplle expire if she didn't do a picture. You see, Midred had acted in several pictures with Mae, and was not new to the camera. So when Dorothy Gish was looking for a maid of honor-for the wedding sene in "Remodelling Her Husband"-Mildred applied; and being a chum of Dorothy, got the job. And Leslie, who is a very little girl indeed, played the Hower-girl. Mildred is a beautiful b'onde with gray eyes and red-gold hair and an ingratiating gigg ethe looks like Mac. Some day we may have two more March stars-Well, the more Marthes the merrier! And here they are.


Leslie Marsh ion the left . Dorothy Gish and Mildred Marsh.


Mac Marsh Arma at work in the studio of her California home. If Mac cver tires of actings she
can always carn fame as a sculperess. The figures in the foredround are cxamples of her work.


By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

IS this the William Desmond residence?" I asked respectfully.
"Yes, miss," said the butler.
"I wish." said I. "to see Miss Mary Desmond."
The butler raised his eyebrows until they registered wellbred surprise.
"Oh, no, miss," he corrected coldly. "I daresay it's Mrs. Desmond you want to see."
"Oh, no indeed," I said positively, though I am rather afraid of butlers, "Miss Desmond, Miss Mary Johanna Desmond."

She was curled up like a pink kitten in a rosebull bassinet that absolutely frothed with lace and irills and ribbons. I think she was taking a wee nap. but when I approached she opened one blue eye and cocked it up at me inquiringly: Then she opened the other and smiled-actually-and such a tooth less. companionable, interesting smile you never saw.

The butler had disappeared. The nurse, in her white apron and perky cap, was sitting in the next room. We had thing: quite to ourselves, Miss Mary Johama Desmond and I.
"Tell me, Mary Johanna," I began sotily: "how in the
world did you happen to select movie folks for your father and riother?'

Well." said Mary Johanna, taking a comfortable wet thumb out of a mouth that curled up into dimples at the corners, "if you really want to know, I'll tell you all about it."
"Of course I want to know," I said impatiently. "Why do you think I climbed up to the top of this mountain if it wasn't io ask you that very question? Lots of babies all over the world will be interested."

The day I got ready to come down here, about five weeks ayo." began Mary Johanna, wriggling one pink toe in an infinitesimal bootie until it stuck out from beneath the pink cilk quilt that was tucked about her, "there were a lot of applications. While I'm the last person in the world to talk about myself, I dare say I could almost have had my pick. Every1. idy up there in Babyland thought I ought to do very well, there's such a demand for pretty girl babies with curly hair and blue eyes and dimples.
-Personally, I never could see why there's such a crush for the pretty babies. We're asleep so darn much of the time. and the pretty ones grow up uply oftener than not. And I can tell you the second time they senil up. they're much more fussy about the disposition and the comfortableness than they are about the looks."

And Mary Johanna chortled gleefully.
Why, there was even a Princess sent for. Of course Princesses aren't up to what they used to be. but this was quite a good one, very secure in a social way, and not so apt to get kicked out as some. That wasn't bad, you know. But still. in -ume way's it's a great handicap. While you're a great swell. nobody takes much time to love you. and after a while they marry you of to just anybody and I shouldn't like that. I'm a great believer in marriage through choice myself.

There was one woman who wrote most of her application ahout the layette. It certainly sounded luscious. Everything
handmade by the dozen, with crepe de chine nighties and Italian silk shirts and a white satin coat with ermine tails on it. I nearly iell for that. But as a matter of fact they aren't half so comfortable. This woman had such a lot of money and money is nice, isn't it? But it's not everything.
Mary Johanna wrinkled her button of a nose in a way that I knew she had caught from her Daddy already:

To tell the truth, though, I didn't like the father she had picked out for me.

Then there was a famous suffirage leader sent up and wanted a girl. My goodness. she wanted one bad. She had its college all picked out, too. But she didn't say a thing about looks and it seemed such a good chance for one of the homely. girls. Besides, we slipped in a boy. too. just to see how she d take it. We didn't want her to get narrow-minded.
"There were several nice-just averaze ones, too. But some were poor and some were dull and some had a lot of children already. Everybody in Babyland said I had a pretty good disposition, but still I'm not goody-goody like Angel nor noble like Baby Bunting. to stand poverty and having other babies use my things.
"I just couldn't stand a family where they shoved you ofi in a silly tame old nursery where you had to look at a blank wall all day. and never had any excitement or gossip or saw any people. Heavens, don't they think a baby ever gets bored? Not talking all that first year makes it even worse. That's one thing I adored about this place-the nursery.
"Look at these sweet walls, with all the stories and pictures about Bo-Peep and Little Miss Mufiet and the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe. See the lovely birdies and butterfies
"One couple sounded nice, but they were awfully young and I was afraid they wouldn't know how to bring me up. There wasn't any grandmother there, either, and I couldn't think of a place where there weren't any grandmothers."
(Continued on page 11I)


## Gone Completely to the Bow-wows

Theac lizele pigs will some day go to market to bus Gladys Brockwell's poor dogs some boncs. But rishe now the squalers secm quitc content to hog the camera from their privileged position in Glads: floppy hat.

Miss Brockwell owns a ranch out near Los Anfeles that she calls. "Dog Heaven." It gets its name from a two acre plot in the center of her land. In honor of Hohol.. whe was killed in France. Miss Brockwell has dovoted this patch as a permanent atode for all unloved and unweanted dogs of whatever previous position in socicty. Any dop is aceepted and no questions: asked. Hobo I. was the father of Hobo II., seen in the pieture, the largest Aircdale in the world.


Changed Her Coiffure


ALL those disputes as to whether Gloria Swanson's oriental head-dresses or Gloria Swanson herself is responsible for that young star's success, will be settled as soon as this page is in circulation. Take one look at the picture directly above. Yes-that's Gloria-but not the Gloria of the peacock coiffure and Far-Eastern gowns. Remember when she smoothed her hair back in "Why Change Your Wife?" She completes the transformation in Cecil DeMille's "Something to Think About"-a new problem-play of purpose rather than passion; sincerity: not sex. Those lovely beckoning eyes are sunken; those smooth cheeks hollow: while that coiffurethere's nothing left of it at all. Now that Gloria has successfully settled the argument as to her acting. we hope she'll keep right on in gowns like that at the upper left-a moleskin affair with ermine tails and the usual glittering train. lou see the real Gloria at the left, below, with Elliott Dexter in a scenc from the picture which marks Mr. Dexter's screen return after his long illnessand Gloria's last appearance before her temporary retirement as Mrs. Herbert K. Somborn.


$\mathrm{H}^{\prime}$ORATIO AL(BER'S newsboys who became great men and millionaires single handed have nothing on the gentlemen on this page, from the heart of our own litt e motion picture industry. Take Adolph Zukor, ior instance, president of Famous Players. He counts the week lost in which he doce not sign up somebody for a million or so. He began life the son of poor parents in Hungary. At 16 he arrived alone at our shores, got a first job sweeping fur scraps out of a fur store, invented a patent fur snap, saved money enough togo into the Penny Arcade business, and from that to the pictures was only a matter of time.


W ILLAAM FON will aiways have the cloth sponging business to fall back on if films ever go completely out of style. His first couple of dollars a week were earned sponging cloth on the lower East Side of New York. From workman he gradually progressed to owner of the establishment. His start in films was as organizer of a film rental company. Dissatisfaction with the kind of films he got irom producing companies was the little acorn from which sprouted the idea of making pictures for himself by himself. The branches of the Fox Film Corporation now spread all over the world.


DII IU W:ARK (;RIFFITH, when a mere boy, was a can vaseer for the "Baptist Weekly" and covered the hills of Kentucky in quest of subseribers. Born near Louisville Mr. Griffith found it necessary to "go to work" at an carly age, as his family with many thousands of others never really recovered from the impoveridiment following the Civil War. From his joh as reporter on the Louisville Courier Journal he entered the theatrical profession, and it is intere-ting to note that he earneds sa day as an actor at the Biograph before he berame the chicf director therel


PIIRING sloves in a glove factory may not be such excit ing work as chimney swecping, but it ofters as many of portunitics to a bright boy to climb up in the world. Samuch Goldwy found so much time to think as he measured glove tips as a boy that pretty soon he thought himselt somethin: better to do. At 3 s today he is head of a several million dolla corporation bearing his name and lie eflls Mary Roberts Rire hart. Rex Beach and Maurice Maeterlinck what sort of picture cories hed like to have them write, and Will Rogers. Mabel Normand and Madge kennedy how hed like to have them act

## If Zukor was store sweeper, and DeMille a carriage washer, perhaps there's a chance for you.



CECIL B. DE MILLE'S father was a partner of David Belasco and a playwright, but that didn't keep Cecil from going to work early. He quit school and went into the army before he was 18 , but his mother didn't think the army was the place for a boy deatined to become one of the motion picture industry's snappiest directors. She exposed his age, and the army authorities did the rest. This made her son so mad that he started washing carriages in Jersey out of revenge. Later on he went to art school and college for a while. Now, with a corps of able assistants, he thinks up titles like "Why Change Your Wife?"

Photugraph ley Cinapixell biudars

THE first job of Richard A. Rowland, president of the Metro Pictures Corporation, at the age of twelve was as his father's assistant in a Pittsburgh theater p.aying "Uncle Tom's Cabin." From his post in the gallery, center, young Dick was required to keep his calcium trained on Eliza while she kept ahead of the leashed blood hounds. When he was eighteen his father died, and the young man drifted to motion pictures. He then struck up a partnership with J. B Clarke, starting a system of exchanges in a small way, laving the foundation of the chain of motion picture theaters they now control.
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S


J.D. WILLIAMS, Manager of the First National Ex-- hibitor's Circuit and Associated First National Pictures Inc., started his meteoric flight toward fame and fortune in the motion picture art by practicing the motions of a grocery clerk taking and filling orders for beans, sugar, eggs and stick candy in a store at Parkersburg, W. Va. His entry into the motion picture world consisted in his chartering the curtain of the local motion picture theater, and soliciting ads. He eventually becme ticket chopper, assistant doorman, usher, operator and eventually manager of the said local movie before he became a film broker. A\IUEL 1. ROTHAPFEL-in other words "Roxy"-was a cash boy in a store at 13. But he wouldn't stay put. so he joined the marines, became a book agent, sold insurance and eventually found himself bartender at Forest City, Pir. where he became father of de luse presentation in motion picture theaters. He believed that pictures set 10 good music and artistically presented would be worth more money. He tried it out in the dance hall back of the saloon and quit bar tending. 11 is idea later brought him to Broadway, where he is recognized as the peer of picture showmen. He presides over the Capitol.


Mrs. Morgan Belmont is American society's first contribution to films. She is seen here, at the left, with Lillian Gish, whom she met when both were appearing in Griffith's "Way Down East."


Was Mrs. Belmont "up-stage"? She was not. She made a friend of every member of the company from Lillian Gish - center-to Pete Props. Mrs. Belmont at the right.

## Society in the Films

AFRIEND called the residence of Mrs. Morgan Belmont, prominent member of that exclusive circle known as "the four hundred" in New York society. Mrs. Belmont's butler informed the friend that Madame was out. "Madame is working today," he said.
"What?" gasped the friend at the other end of the wire, "working?"
"At the David Wark Griffith Film Studios," came the urbane soice of the family servitor.

There was something sounding like a muffled, well-bred shrick from the other party: a receiver clicked-that's all.

It was almost as bad as the scion of an aristocratic family going in for trade! Friends couldn't beliere it. Other people, not so fashionable but no less skeptical, branded the announcement from the Griffith offices that "Mrs. Morgan Belmont is appearing in 'Way Down East'" as a press-story. But it proved to be true. Mrs. Belmont is working in "Way Down East," playing the part of the Boston society woman: Mrs, Belmont is made-up every morning and on the set at eight oclock and often works until midnight. What's more, Mrs. Belmont loves pictures and says she intends to go in for them. What do you think of that?

A queen was Griffith's star and innumerable Countesses and Duchesses and Ladies have posed for his camera in England. But American royalty never capitulated to the lure of the camera until Mrs. Belmont set the style. Now it would not surprise us to hear that Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Astor are to co-star in a domestic drama written especially for them; that Clarence Mackaye is going to do a race-horse story, or that
the entire Vanderbilt connection is appearing in a serial written by Mercedes D:Acosta, direction of George Gould, with artistic effects by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney.

Society's first contribution to films was Margaret Andrews, daughter of Paul Andrews, distinguished millionaire of New York and Newport, before she married Morgan Belmont. son of August Belmont. She has an enviable position in that upper strata so-called "society;" she has wealth; she could spend her time in London as the house-guest of half the nobility if she had a mind to; she can live in Manbattan or she can pack up her jewels and take one of her many motor-cars to her luxurious "country" place on Long Island. But Mrs. Belmont says she is having a better time working in pictures than she ever had in her life before, although the hours are long and the rehearsals hard.

A great admirer of Mr. Griffith, she proved herself a particularly apt pupil under his guidance. acting with the greatest ease and naturalness. The assembled company watched her with ill-concealed curiosity. What would she be like? Would she be "up-stage?" Would she hold herself aloof from the regular thespian strugglers or ignore them completely?

She would not!
She met them all. She became a friend of Lillian Gish. playing Anna Moore, the little country girl who comes to the Boston lady's house. Mrs. Belmont learned that Lillian possessed as much dignity and charm as any New York or Newport debutante, and infinitely more brains than some. She liked to talk to her; asked her many questions about her work.
(Contimued on page 10.3)


By NANON BELOIS

# The story of a girl who made herself wanted. 

IN a way you could not blame Peter Crandall's mother, nor his sister Edith, nor his brother-in-law. Henry Gilsey: Neither could you blame Dr. Merton, the family physi(ian, nor the houschold butler, for the part they played in trying to keep Peter and his wife apart.

All of them-even Peter Cranclall himself up till the time he met Katic-were viclims of an inherited attitude toward life-the attitude that dominated Gilerest. their home, and that dominated the other homes like Gilerest. which, solemn. enormous, terrifying in their grandeur, decorated the beautiful streets of the neighborhood.

Peter's family, for generations back, had "belongel" Peter's dowager mother made and broke aspirants for social recognition with a flourish of her lorgnette. Peter's dainty, slimly aristocratic sister had entrenched the family position still more decply, if such a thine were possible, by marrying Henry Gilsey. a man of vast wealth, prominence. and preatige.

The feeling of superiority to all who did not move in their circle, all who did not hase money, was as imbred in all of them as a distaste for red and white table cloths. And in their way. Dr. Merton, the family physician, and the butler wflected the same snobbishness.

Peter and Gilsey, being men, and men of the world. were aware that roses even more beautiful and weet than grew within the confines of their own social borders blew along despised lanes and in simpler meadows. But they never mentioned their discoveries at Giterest.

Even l'eter's utter worthlesiness, his seltishness, his absolute lack of serious purpose were excused in the society in which he had grown up. He was young. There was time for him to sow his wild oats. When he was settled down there would be plenty of young women, rich young women of the most exquisite bringing up and breding. who would welcome him, not only for what the Crandall name meant in society, but ior Peter himself. Peter was abominably good looking. Peter was fascinating. There were many. hearts in the vicinity of Gilcrest that sighel for dashing Peter Crandall.
And Peter went out and threw away all this family glory and position. Peter put a knife in the hearts of his mother and sister Folith and disturbed the stuge complacency of his sister's husband.

Peter married a manicurist-a manicurist from Paris. Wyoming: And her name was Katie-Katie Malloy!

$\mathrm{I}^{\mathrm{T}}$Thappened logically enough. One morning Peter did not show up at the breaktast table. Had it not been for the fact that Peter had not shown up at the breakfast table for several weeks previously, the members of his family would not have been particulariy annoyed about it. As it was, Peter's inclination to late hours and dissipation and heary sleeping it (if in the mornings was begimning to get on the family's nerves.

Aiter the meal, Gilsey went up to Peter's room. He was disgusted at what the harsh morning light, streaming in through the closed windows, revealed.

Peter, still clothed, lay in a heap on the counterpane of his bed, heavily asleep. The air was charged with the odor of stale liquor. On the floor, where it had slipped from Peter's pocket, tiny heel pointed in the air, lay a brazen gold slipper.
"Come on, old man," Gilsey said sharply, propping Peter up against the pillows. "I'm qoing to tell you at few things."
Henry Gilsey did tell Ieter a few things, and the upshot of the whole interview was that Peter Crandall departed next day: for the town of Paris. Wyoming-since Paris was the name that first met his gaze on looking at a map. He departed amidst the tears of his mother and his sister, and the earnest supplication of his brother-in-law that he buck up, make something of himself, and learn how to be a man.
Katie Malloy-like Peter Crandall and his immediate rela-tives-was also the victim of an inborn attitude toward life. Katic was an orphan. Her parents had been as fine and self re-pecting a couple as ever left the ould sod. They had left her nothing but her pride and a ready wit, and the knowledge that if you are to get anywhere in life you have to work, and work hard. Katie believed in work. She liked it. She cepised everyone who avoided it.
Katie Malloy never associated with persons she considered beneath lier. She was continually reading, studying and trying to get ahead. As a matter of fact. it was her ambition that brought her to Paris, Wyoming. She had gone to work in a laundry so that she might earn enough money to take up the manicuring business. She was an excellent ironer, but one day she became so intercsted in her "Instructions on \aanicuring." which she alway: kept handy so that
she could snatch a few sentences here and there, that she left the iron standing on the silk shirt on which she was at work. Not even the smell of scorching fabric distracted her from her reading. But the foreman called her attention to it soon enough.
"You'll pay for this, and you'll get out. Y'ou're too smart for the laundry business," he sneered, while the other girls gathered about.

Katic Malloy looked in horror at what she had done But no situation was too much for her long. With a maddening little twist, she put one hand saucily. behind her head, and the other on her hip. and looked the foreman in the face.
"You needn't be worrying," she said. "I've been saving my money to go to Paris."
She drew several bills from a safe hiding place, threw two of them on the ironing board, took her hat and coat down from the peg on the wall, and walked out.
Katie's arrival at Paris, a few weeks later. set that dusty little town agog. No queen ever descended with more regal dignity from her throne, than our Katie, togged out in new clothes from sailor hat down to buckled slippers, stepped down from the Paris depot bus when it pulled up before the Trawelers' Rest Hotel.

The Paris gentlemen who gathered about the vehicle gasped openly and unashamed, too overcome, at first, to move. Then there was a general scramble. led by Duff Simpkins, for her suitcase and her camera. From that moment on. Duff Simpkins considered that th. new "manicurist lid" was his girl. H helped her get her nook established in the corner of the lobly at the 'Travelers' Rest. And he saw to it, too, that none of the rough, uncouth men who crowded about her table disclosed too personal an attitude toward her, though Katie her-


Stamping angrily through the door and up to the table she denounced the card sharps and dragged the stupeficd Peter to his room.
-elf would have disposed of them soon enough if they had tried.

KITIE was firmly established in P'aris when P'eter Crandall arrived. It was a case of love at first sight--on Katie's part. From her corner of the lobby she saw Peter approach the wooden desk and ask for room and bath. She heard the laughter of the men erathered about to listen to what the stranger might say: and filed through the skin on Duff Simpkins hand as the watched. Dufi demanded a kiss for the hurt. It was Dufi's little way of making it clear that he would not stand for any interest in a new arrival. Kalie refused the kiss, wherebr Dufi proceeded to take one. But as he reached out for her, he was jerked from his feet and whirled backwards to the floor over a pair of strong young shoulders. Simpkins leaped angrily to his feet again to face Peter Crandall, who looked him calmly in the eve.
"After this when l'm around, I beg you not to kiss young ladies who object. There is so little satisfaction in it. It isn't being clone," Peter advised mockingly". Peter prided himself on his chivalry

Dulf reached for his gun, then changed his mind and turned on his heel, muttering all sorts of vengeance as he strode from the room.

Katie Jlalloy looked with undisguised rapture on the face of her defender. The other Paris gentlemen drifted out of the lobby after Duff, leaving Peter alone beside her table. He asked her many questions about herself, and Katie told him, and they were friends.

In the days that followed, Crandall might have become broken beyond all hope in the rough mining town had it not been for Katie Malloy: When he came back tired, miserable and disgusted, with blistered hands and aching feet, from his first day of shoveling dirt. Katie was there to greet him and cheer him on, and put healing lotions on his hands. When the miners and the cowboys
made fun of his city ways, she flung herseli at his defense.
When she caw through the swinging doors into the bar room one night that card sharps were taking advantage of the fact that Peter had been drinking to cheat him out of his mone. and valuables, she stamped angrily through the door and up to the table. told the men in no uncertain terms what she thought of them, and dragged the stupified Peter to his room. There, before his eyes, she proceeded to pour out the contents of several half empty buttles.
So day by day, almost hour by hour. Crandall came to depend on the slip of a girl who was the only true ally to the cause of Peter Crandall-a cause that Peter himself had not yet learned to espouse.

She shamed him into refusing to accept money from his relatives, who. now that Peter was gone. were wiring irantically for his return or for him to permit them to send him funds. At times she pled with him to make a man of himself. At times she lashed him with her tongue and ignored him for his weakneses. At times tenderness laved the wounds inflicted by her eagerness to make him realize the unworthines: of himself.
"Oh God," Katie would pray at night. "he's a good boy. but he hasn't had a chance at all with this fool rich family of his that wants to spoil him. Don't let him go to the dogs."

In time the girl and her pravers and the great outdoors. which is a healer and a leveler as well, did ior Crandall what all the power and wealth of his family and home environment could never have done. From one who scorned work and felt himself superior to those who were born less privileged than himself, he came to see how weak and futile his liie had been. how inferior he was to those who had met life honestly and with determination.

One evening he learned that Katie had adranced money for his hotel bill so that he would not be thrown out. She had told the proprietor that Crandall had given the money to her to keep for him. That was the real turning point in Crandall's career. He went to Katie's door, the proprietor's receipt in his hand. He could not find words to tell her how he felt.
"Oh. that's all right." Katie laughed. "That was only a loan. You don't need to think I was giving it (1) you. When you have the money handy you can pay: me back."

She laid her hand on Peter's arm. Her eyes were like two stars.

Up until that moment Crandall had not thought of Katie Malloy as a woman-a real, live. warm. lovable girl. He had not even thought of her as a person. But there outside her door, with her hand on his arm, and her eyes like stars looking up into his, his heart beat unevenly. Of a sudden. his inherited notions about family and breeding and wealth. which had come down to him from long lines of stern ancestors, were forgotten.

Peter Crandall, the son of wealth, without premeditation grasped the slender arms of the manicurist and ex-laundry worker in his two strong hands.
"Katie Malloy," he choked, and he was as astonished as she was when he said it, "you are going to marry me just as soon as I am worthy of you."

Katie did marry Crandall, of course. Duff Simpkins kept pretty quiet during all the preliminary days, which was a bad sign, as every one who knew Duff should have recognized.

On the evening after the wedding ceremony, when Peter and Katie returned to register as Mr. and Mrs. Peter Crandall at the Travelers' Rest, Duff Simpkins, standing near them. pretended to drop his gun. 'There was a loud explosion. and Peter toppled over on the floor.

Katie, as she thought it her duty to do, wired to Gilcrest that Peter had been hurt. On the next train Dr. Merton and a trained nurse left for Wyoming to fetch Peter back with them.

At the desk of the Travelers` Rest, the doctor learned the story of Peter's marriage. A few minutes later, at Peter's bedside, he was introduced to the new Mrs. Peter. Katie realized when she looked into the unsympathetic face of the Crandall physician, and felt the disapproval of his attitude, that the tide of affairs in her young life was taking a new turn. She refused to leave Peter's side, though she was actually worn out, until Peter himself, believing that it would smooth matters out if he could explain the circumstances of his marriage, asked her to go and rest.

It was late at night when Katie's exhaustion spent itself, and she awakened with a sense that something was wrong with Peter. She slipped on a negligee and ran to his room. It was empty. Taking advantage of her exhaustion, and an unconscious spell that came over Peter, the doctor had surreptitiously started back to Gilcrest with Katie's bridegroom on the evening train.

Katie Malloy Crandall had ideas on matrimony. It was her creed that when two persons married, they got married to stay married because they loved each other and needed each other and wanted to be with each other. She did not intend that a stuck-up city doctor and a putty-faced nurse should take her own husband away from her.

So the eastbound special out of Paris, that evening, bore her away forever from the little manicure desk in the Travelers' Rest lobby into a life that she hat never dreamed of

ACCORDING to the standards of the Crandalls and their set, it was much more disgraceful that Peter should have married a poor, self-respecting manicurist with ideals and am-
bitions than for him to waste his precious young manhood in riotous living. fall back on his mother's fortune, marry a giri with a fortune to meet his own. and grow to be an unhappy, dissatisfied old man with never a single useful thing to his record.

That was their accepted method of reasoning. so it is not necessary to say that when Mrs. Katie Crandlall, nee Malloy,


Helping little Miriam Batista to put heart throbs into her part in "Humoresque."

IT IV:AS a first night, a new kind of first night; just as brilliant as any premier of the legitimate in a Broadway theater and with a well-dressed audience-but the actors were sitent, and there were no calls for "author-author."
It was the first night of "Humoresque," Fannie Hurst's story put in pictures by Cosmopolitan. In the black mass of the audience were many celebrities: Morris Gest. of the theater; Matt, the only unmarried Moore, with a nice, quiet, dark-haired girl who slipped her hand into his when the lights went down; Rosa Ponselle, the dusky primadonna of the Metropolitan; Gail Kane-and countless whers. I sat between a smartly-dressed woman of mature years and a very tired business man. The business man, three times in the course of the picture, took out his handlerchief and blew his nose noisily. The woman at my right sent out a faint lilac fragrance as she used a bit of lace to wipe away a stealthy tear. Came the satisfying finale with Leon Kontor in the bosom of his family-the closing scenes of a great picture.

The audience cleared its collective throat. The tired business man sat up in his seat and tried to look bored. But there was a sort of gleam in his eye. The woman at my right sighed. The theater began to empty for the nest performance. Someone in front of me clutched her neighbor.
"There he is!" she said, pointing rudely:
The woman at my right followed the direction of the pointing linger and so did 1. And pretty soon everybody was looking at a youngster with curly hair and an unapoiled grin coming up the aisle. He was acclaimed by friends on both sides. He clasped hands in all directions. Hushing a bright red as he countered such compliments as "Fine picture, Frank!" "(ireat stufi"-and more like that.

Frank Borzage!" confirmed the original Columbus in front of me.

The woman at my right looked again. "Not that kid" whe exclained incredulously.

He is only twenty-seren. Itis record is unique even in an industry where rare records are common-place. He

## "Not That Kid!"

has had much to contend with and his achievements have been many: But that isn't the remarkable thing about Frank Borzage. It is that. after his early discouragement= and heartaches and hard work and hard knocks, he could still direct such a homely, human story as "Humoresque" and make it live.

LATER on he told me all about it. I should like to tell it to you as he told it to me. but I can't. Nobody could. To begin with, he has a sort of crinkly hair that. if it belonged to an ingénue. male or female, would be called red-gold. He has deep-set eyes of the same shade that crinkle, too, when he laughs-which is very often. He has white teeth and dimples, which might annoy some oi our best-known matinee idols ii Frank ever decided to return to acting: He is, in short, an extremely boyish inclividual whom you might mistake for a juvenile if you didn t know better.

He came from Salt Lake City, L゙tah. He was one of a famiiy of fourteen children of Italian-Swiss parents. His father and mother will someday provide living portraits for one of Frank's pictures; his accounts of them are tender an 1 human to a degree. He was only thirteen when he left schoul and went to work in the Park City mines. His father was a

Frank Borzage directing the audience for the


# Frank Borzage often receives that appellation - but he hopes to live it down. 

By

DELIGHT EVANS

stone-cutter and contractor and Frank was expected to follow in his footsteps. But they reckoned without Frank. He wanted to get out and see the world-preferably as a member of the theatrical profession. So at a rather immature age he informed his father and family that he was leaving home. He packed his few possessions and made ready to go. His father accompanied him to the door.
"Frank," he said, "if you go into this play-acting business, you may never call me father again." The boy looked up and saw that his father meant it. He wavered-but only for a moment. He turned to go. "But Frank," his father called him back, "here is fifty dollars. I don't want any son of mine to be in want. If you ever need any more money, let me know!"

Frank says the finest portrait in his gallery of recollection is of his father as he stood there with tears in his stern old eyes, bidding his son goodbye, yet loath to see him go. Another-of his mother, whom he kissed for the first time in his life at the station where she was waiting to welcome him home-after he had become well-known as an actor and his home town was proud of him. Even his father was at the station to welcome him. Frank looked over the shoulders of the crowd of former neighbors and acquaintances who wanted to shake hands with him-and saw his
lewish concert scenes in "Humoresque."



An unspoiled, curly-haired young-ster-he's only twenty-seven.
father, looking on. He had come and gone from the station no less than ten times, trying to make up his mind to welcome his prodigal son home!

But we have been skipping. On his first engagement. Frank rreceived one dollar from the management. Later the management went broke and asked Frank for a loan. "How much you got, kill?" "Fifty dollars," beamed Frank, pulling out all his money. He had to walk home.

He started out again, and this time met with better luck. He got a job as general utility man with a repertoire company. The manager was perpetually drunk; the other members of the company were in various stages of b. p. joy most of the time, and at all times lazy. Frank wanted to learn. He did. He made up as a clown for the show, rustled props, was sole stage-hand, managed transportation, said his ten lines, scattered "dodgers" from door to door. When the other actors didn't feel like working, he learned their lines and doubled and tripled for them. In short-Borzage learned to "troupe."

He is one actor who would be justified in writing "The Story of My Life." It's some life. Before he was through he had played every part from butler to burglar and grand-tuke to grandpa. He has slept in parks and petrified holes-meaning empty sewer-pipes. He has partaken of free-lunch in Denver and lived on five cents a day in El Paso. Texas. He knows the West and FarWest like a book. What is more, he has learned human nature and turned himself out not a cynic but a philosopher.

Finally, after a long, hard apprenticeship, he became identified with character parts. And it was as a character man that he first went into pictures-at the ripe age of twenty. Thomas Ince, then making pictures for the old Kay-Bee, looked him up and down. "Ioure no heavy." he declared, "you're a leading man."

Frank, much against his will, was assigned to heroic roles and had to display his even, white teeth, his crinkly hair, and his dimples all for the delight of young ladice throughout the Lnited States. who still remember him as



As the essential materialist in "The Miracle Man," holding his girl by sheer brute instinct and sex magnetism. Tom Meighan and Betty Compson.

# Confessions of a Caveman 

# As Told by Thomas Meighan 

to Adela Rogers St. Johns

MOTHER EVE invented the alibi. She was the kind of a lady who liked her champagne, but could put up a good line about its being ordered by the doctor.
Tommie Meighan leaned over and tapped one finger emphatically on the broad arin of my chair.
"And that," said Tommie, with a bit of Ireland peeping out of his eyes, "is the secret of the rough lover. He's a combination alibi and recommendation. that's all."

Now. Tommie is naturally supposed to be something of an authority on rough lovers. He's treated more ladies rougher than any other man on the screen. From a "King in liabylon" who tamed a beautiful slave and then threw her to the lions, to the essential materialist of "The Miracle Man," holding his girl by sheer brute instinct and sex magnetism, he has shown motion picture audiences a character almost Balzac-ian in its frankness.

Out in Los Angeles the other night in a packed theater that watcherl this handsome young man with his sullen eyes and his smiling mouth back an intentionally-enticing woman against the wall and make her like his kisses, a woman in the
audience fainted-possibly from the dramatic suspense of the picture.

Be that as it may, the world and his wife-and not even especially his wife-have signified vast approval of the caveman sort of lover that Tommic Meighan has given the silent drama. Therefore it seemed safe to assume that they would like to know something of the philosophy of his work.

The confessional was the most delightful room in the world -William De Mille's library out at the Lasky lot. The studded walls, the old books, the candles under their yellow parchment shades, the paned windows added just the right touch of inspirational background. And Tommie Meighan in a brown suit that matched his hair and a brown shirt with one of those smart collars that match, lounging in a big brown leather chair in the pale, bright light that sifted through the scarlet curtains. a cigarette comfortably alight between his fingers.
(Life-even that of an intervicwer-has its compensations)
"I want you to understand," he said quite unplea-antly for such a very pleasant, human, good-natured sort of person. "that, personally, I don't know a darn thing about women. I've been married to one woman for so long that she won't let me


A real caveman, the $A d m i r$. able Crichton, carries Lady Mary into his cave. Gloria Swanson and Meighan in Male and Female.
tell how many years it is, anymore. My philos. ophy of a caveman has been worked out from a purely professional basis, and is based on that good old saying about
"'A woman, a dog, and a hickory tree; the harder you beat 'em the better they be.'"
"Was it Eve you accused of inventing the alibi?" I asked.

Cecil DeגIille once told me that the great difficulty in directing Tommic Meighan-whose work ine admires tremendously - lay in his abnormal fear that someborly might thinis he "liked himsclf" or was ridiculous.
'It's a bit difficult to figure out why the popularity of the caveman, the treat-'em-rough guy, seems 10 have increased instead of deelined with the adrancement of women. But the way I figure it out is something like this-
"you can't have every'thing, but you can't take everything away, either. 'Turkey's a prohibition country, too. but at that I expect they still have a lot of fun over there.
"That's the way it is with women. As a matter of fact. time hasn't changed women a bit, ever. The so-called ireedon of woman is the Prankenstein of the 2oth Century: Woman fought to gain the thing she didn't want simply because somebody fold her she couldn't have it. Anything now that will slay this monster of her own creation and still save her pride

The roush lover tactics are cmployed with great success with Martha Manifield. Toon's lcading lady in "Civilian Clothes.
is as welcome as a bottle in the American Sahara. The cave. man that just grabs her and shows her-and everybody elsethat she hasn't got a chance to get away from him, is the one prize excuse for returning to the dear departed days of her slav-

Of course, there are lots of advantages to the view from a pedestal, and she generally can't make up her mind to climb down voluntarily, but in a wicked world nothing is so lonesome as unappreciated virtue and it's apt to get a bit turesome up there. If anybody will rock the altar and tumble her down into a good. strong pair of arms, she's naturally grateful.
"Constant posing, masking of emotion, veiling of thought, even from herself, has been the portion of woman since time began. It is her method of protection. And the protection of woman will be necessarv just so long as the propagation of the race is necessary - lon't forget that. Therefore, she pretends ignorance and innocence concerning things that are as easy for her as the prohibition amendment for Sing-sing. That's merely again her method of self-defense. since while man is credited with many poten. tial virtues, woman has only one that appears to be worth losing.
"The caveman forces her to do what she actually desires to do. but has not the courage to do without the excuse of coercion. He wins nine times out of ten because her real nature and feminine instinct are his allies.
"'Nobody can deny that the court of last appeal declares that woman was made 'for man.' And she is still for him.
"The myriad law's of convention and custom, which she will never be strong enough to lay wholly aside. have made things very complex for woman, who is naturally exceedingly direct and simple, and whose desires are exceedingly strong and undeniable. Therefore, the best of them turn with unconscious relief to the man

Bebe Daniels played a direct descendant of Mother Eve in "Why Change Your Wife? but Tommiewonher,too.
whose force makes the decision not only easy but unavoidable. It saves such a lot of time, stress, and suspense-not to mention some disappointments.
"The most active fear of the woman who says ' $N o$ ' is that you will take her at her word.
'Most of woman's tears are shed over sins she never committed.
'Then, again, woman is expert in the thought of love, but her execution is poor. She is too self-centered through the very object of her creation to fear being thought ridiculous, but she is-among the so-called 'good women' intensely afraid of being thought immoral. Man, on the other hand, doesn't care how immoral you think him, he doesn't want to be laughed at. In fact you can do anything in the world to a man but laugh at him, anything to a woman but take her seriously.
"The purgatory of the female is the state of the unsought-of the male, the state of the unseeking.
'Emotion for the sake of emotion is the aim of all women, emotion for the sake of action is the aim of all men. But women forget that the basis of life itself is the desire for expression. They have the subtle ecstasy of omission, men the crude privilege of commission, in matters of love. And a woman's love happiness may have to be forced upon her.
"Understand, of course, that everything that can be said concerning the type that has been familiarly styled caveman must apply where there is a mutual, possible attraction. No man can force unpleasant or entirely impossible adrances upon a woman.

"Personally," says this handsome young caveman with his sullen eyes and his smiling mouth.
"l don't know a darn thing about women.
"If woman surrenders her prerogative of yielding, she surrenders her greatest weapon and she makes the love game a sort of a 2.75 affair. The modern woman abrogates her greatest strength in denying her weakness. It is only the sweetness of her continued surrender that sometimes holds a man forever from that state of pursuit, which is his natural one.
"Unconsciously realizing this, woman today accepts the old role of the mastered with good grace, glad to relinquish the trying compensations of her emancipation. Woman knows that she has sold her birthright for a mess of theories and traded a master who was her slave for a thousand masters who are her equals.
"The domestic virtues have no relation 10 romance. Conscience has no more to do with love than it has with-art. I woman longs for a man who can demonstrate this forcibly. She is naturally intensely impatient in love affars. She is imputient
cif the longer game of sparring, subterfuge, attentions. She is in constant fear lest the methods of self-protection. which society has taught her. may prove effective. But she is adept at concealing what isn't there, so she must wait for the man to use force in breaking down the barriers.
"But it is the marvellous, unparalleled flattery that he uses which is the actual club of the caveman.
" "obody ever heard of a loald-headed woman being dragged to anylooly's cave ty the hair of her head. An unattractive woman is pretty safe from the rough methods, you'll notice.
"The end and aim of woman's existence is to charm, to delight, to give pleasure. Why clse was she created so beautiful, so exquisitely noore delightful than man? Heavens, what more could she ask? But the burden of proof that she has fulfilled this aim rests upon her. The caveman convinces herand everybody else-that she has achieved her destiny. The unleashed, uncontrollable or slightly controlled emotion which she has aroused is more flattering to her than an immortal sonnet.
"The danger of the widow's attractions are historical. Incidentally the divorcee is always in the money somewhere. Usually she has the advantage of coming well recorrmended.

To the intellectual woman, boredom is the dread spectre. There can be no emmui in anything so intensely personal as passion. The primitive is the last resort of the cultured.
"To the average inarticulate mind, the caveman lover is a perfect medium of expression.
"To the girl, he is the ofen cloor to the unnamed mysteries
that lure and fascinat: her, but to which she can give no name, even to herself. He is the vibrant answer to all her questions.
"But the man who uses the caveman method must always remember that if woman has a narrower sense of life, she has also a finer sense. Those inner visions, even when the most earthly: have a soít, clear, beautiful radiance that man never knows. She owns from the day of her birth what few men can hope ever to achieve-the beauty of service to mankind. W'e men are apt to smile at what seem to us subterfuges on the part of woman, without realizing that she is able to lose heseclf in a cloud of blankness where she can actually refuse 10 know, to understand, to acl.nowledge. what seems most obvious.
"The truth is that women are actually much more innocent than men believe them. They have much less knowledze of sex wherewith to deiand themselves from the terrific power of love that man directs against them. This betrays them much more often than wickedness. That is one of the chief holds of the caveman-his method arouses the impulse of life and love which this unfeigned ignorance leaves a girl utterly unable to combat.
"The type of man who is a "rough lover" generally needs reforming somewhere alongo the line. All women are naturally reiormers. The only kind of a husband that would be fatal to most women is a perfect one. They wouldn't have a darı thing left to do."
"What is the defense-if there is one-for the caveman stuff:" I asked, as he paused.
"A sense of humor. No man can get rough with a woman who lauchs at him."
(Continued on page's0フ)


FOR the first time in film history, a galaxy of preat sereen-stars appeared topether in astage production. It was for the bencfit of the Hollywood Post of the American Legion, which will now have its own club-house because a million dollars worth of talent assembled for four productions of "Arizona." Augustus Thomas" play. The production was ataged by Theodore Roberts, who also appeared in the east. In the necne above, from left to risht, are Clara Kimball Young as Viserella Bonham. Charles Murray as Sergt. Kellar, Bessic Barriscalc as Boniha Canby, Dustin Farnuma as Lacuf. Dentors. and William Desmond as Tony Mortano, a vaquero. Amonk others who appeared were Roscoc Arbucklc, Seasuc Mayakawa. Howard Hickman. Jack Holt. Ton Forman, and Monte Bluc.

## The

## Scoffer

 An account of theadventures of a
man's soul and the
triumphofloveand
a simple faith.

## By

AS I sit me down in these days of 1920 to make record now for the first time of the full and true account of the curious experiences of my friend Stannard Wayne, I find persistently arising these time-honored words-"Faith, Hope and Charity-"

All of which, indeed, nave a meaning of exceptional significance in the affairs of our tale. And which of them, I wonder, signifies the most? Of Faith there was much in the begirming, less later. Of Hope there came to be little. Of Charity there were times when there was none in the hearts of any, except, mayhap, one woman. She, beautiful, young and beloved of God, was either too young to know better, or else not yet old enough to have lost her wisdom. like the most of us.

Still these are questions, being purely matters of understanding, which I must ask each of my readers to decide, each for himself. If di times the accounting seems faulty and the way of our narrative tediously beset, I must beg of you to bear with me as one tracing obscure paths through the valley of the shadow, where the torch of faith flickered pale and feebly, guttering in the winds of distrust, deceit and contention. Eventually we shall find our way back to the Land of Belief, with a bright and shining faith reborn.

It was in 1914, as I recall it, that the events which concern us most began and the place was a certain midwestern metropolis. There, each a success in his own light, were three professional men, still young enough to be bound to each other with the friendsnip of college days spent together. I can see them now while they sat chatting together as the curtain rises on our story.
First there was Dr. Arthur Richards, phy. sician and, perhaps, a bit of a social darling. Dark. alert and dapper. There were whisperings about him, even then; his name went about in low voices wherever women sought to evade the natural mission of their lives. But of such things as that friends are always last to hear.


Stannard Wayne's faith ended with the verdict that sent him to prison for five years with hate in his heart for all mankind.

Then there was Dr. Stannard Wayne, a scientist of attainment and with skill of more than local renown, a man of earnest belief. His towering stature, clear skin. crisp blond harr and clear blue eyes told their story of clean life and clean thought. Wayne regoieced, as the servant of God, when he u-hered a neis pink little soul into the world. And that was the contast between the two men.

Third in the group was Carson-the-Parson, a two fisted disFenser of religion, practical and scund.

D
R. RICHARDS had kept a secret from his conferees, the physician ard the parson. That secret was Alice Porn. the was neurotic and quarrelsome and there were stormy es eninsts indeed in her velveted apartment.

Alice Porn was forever asserting an ownership over Richards which he found increasingly distasteful and irksome. That there should come an end of it was inevitable. And one night it canse, with little warning. There were tense words over tivialities. Alice strocie the floor, flaming with impatience and anger.
" You know I am nervous-yet you do everything to upsct me!"
Richards, swept with annoyance to desperation, withered her with contempt.
"This is the end-I wont be back." And he was gone.
Alice, distraught with her ails-ails of soul and mind and body-sought the ministrations of Dr. Wayne, neither knowing of the other's acquaintance with Richards.

Wayne ministered to his new patient with all his professional zeal and his usual success. His treatment was mostly psychotherapeutic. Slowly and mostly by his faith, the shadows lifted for Alice l'orn and her soul was healed. And as those shades of disordered depression vanished the beauty of Alice Porn revived.

Out of the relation of patient and physician grew something deeper. All that was spiritual-not much, it is trueresponded to the qualities of Wayne, the man of exceeding faith.

There was drama in their meeting that day when Alice appeared at Wayne's office and he pronounced her cured. She stood swept with emotional gratitude and her eyes told a story that Wayne was eager to read. He stood before her in an attitude of vast tenderness and questioning silence. At last he spoke.
"I love you-if those tears are for me-I love you."
So at Stannard Wayne's home they were married quietly. It was a day of great joys for them both.

It was not long after that Arthur Richards came back from abroad and of course at once heard of the marriage of his friend Wayne. Richards naturally was very eager to make the acquaintance of the bride He had not expected this romantic step from his solemn and staid friend Wayne. This would be interesting, he felt.

It was at a bit of a party at Wayne's house that the discovery came. In a hallway apart from the guests Richards and Alice Porn came face to face. They stood staring at each other, he curious, she defiant.
"What are you doing here?"
She answered him with simplicity. "I am Mrs. Stannard Wayne.-do you know him?"
"l"es-" Richard's eyes narrowed as he spoke. "He's my friend."

Alice shuddered then supplicated with her eyes as she squared herself to face Richards.
"His frimel-then, of course, you won't tell him about-about us."

B('T before their honeymoon days were over Alice l'orn was caring less for her husband. She was disturbed by the ceho of an old emotion and she was worn with the monotony of her husband's idealism. If Arthur Richards had stayed away forever perhaps she might have grown into a deeper appreciation. But Rillarels was hack with all his wiles and guiles.

The trio of Richards and Carson and Wayne had gathered a"ain one revening when Alice yidded to the old impulse She excused hersedf and left the room. Richards, with casual prele:st, followed. Where they stood they could overhear the boices of Carson and Wayne as they talked.
"I tell you, Carson, when these hands of mine re to the dying, I know they are the instruments of Gc "Stannard," and Carson leaned over, aglow with en as he spoke, "Your fath is beautiful."

Alice stood bored to pain. It was to her the same Her eyes told her feeling and Richards, hovering ove his sympathy for her in one moment, his scorn for the next.
"Arthur. Arthur. I can not live without you." Sh toward him. "Take me awzy."

Richards caught Alice in his arms and held her to
"Wait." The one word was a promise of deadly
Richards resumed his practice, like the deadly $n$ withering, destroying, killing, the studied and premed of the unborn. His perilous trace had its perils Richards' paths followed devious ways. There came night when an unhappy woman hidden away alon troubles in a suburban cottage died under Richards trations. With swift stealth he left, formulating cover his crime.

Richards paused at a telephone booth and called Stannard Wayne, addressing him with a disguised borrowed identity, with an appeal to help a woman in He gave the number of the house where his victim

"God did
"And hurry, doctor, for it's a c-se of life and death."
Wayne would go; Richards knew he could count on that. With watch in hand, the plotter waited, then again addressed the telephone, this time calling the police.
"Never mind who 1 am-investigate this. I suspect a criminal operation."
The police arrived in time to find Stannard Wayne standing over the scene of death. His protests, his good name could avail him nothing, and Stamard Wayne went to a cell accused of the criminal operation, bearing the smile of his boundless faith. His lawyer, be it said, was not a man of such limitless faith and belief.
"The Coroner's verdict is 'Death from an illegal operation.' It will be difficult to square you."
"I have no fear-the law will protect me."
The lawyer turned his head away.
"I hesitate to tell you, Dr. Wayne, that your wife has gone away with Dr. Richards."
Wayne writhed under that. His lawyer was trying to be tender. He waited a long time to speak further.
"She was-she was his mistress before she married you
"I see-thank you." Wayne threw himself down on his cot and turned his face to the wall.
"It may be some satisfaction to you to know that the postal authorities will get Richards for sending injurious drues through the mail," the lawyer continued, but Wayne was not listening.

And a letter was handed to Wrayne.

Dear Stannard:-
I have always loved Arthur Richards-long before you came into my life. I am going away with him, God knows where, but I am happy. Forgive me.


#### Abstract

Alice.


Wayne stood crushing the letter in his powerful right hand. He raised his hands to the light streaming in the grated cell window.
"Oh God! And I believed in you!" The trial came quickly, which was its only merit. The evidence, circumstantial as it was, was damning and final in the mind of the jury. The sentence imposed was five years. And that was the end of the faith of Stannard Wayne. Before his commitment to the penitentiary Wayne was visited by Carson, the minister friend since boyhood.
"Stannard - do not lose your faith in Him." Carson was sympathetic and earnest. His atlmonition brought a burst of hate.
"Faith in Him? A fool's faith! What has it brought me?"

Wayne stood hopeless with outstretched arms.
"Never again shall I raise these hands for God or man."

So with hate in his heart and his world in ruins, Stannard Woyne went off to prison for five long years.

[^11]

OC'T on the northwestern coast of America was and is the meager. lonely settlement of Buena Vista. a communty of simple. (ionl-fearing, superstitious people. Back of them stood the forest. deep and mysterious. and before them lay the sea. It was a healing land of the out-of-doors, destined to be the setting in more stirring scenes of the eventful course of our romance.

In diligent years gone before. John Hadden founded and lrousht io prosperity the North W'est Company, dealine in general merchandise with a series of outpost stores serving the woodsmen and trappers.

John Hadden had died and left his thriving business to his daughter. young and engaging, with a hard little head for business and a big, soft heart for the world. She was patient with the prolligates, kind to the needy and checerful to everybody. She representerl the spirit of things good in the sultement.
( 11 the other side of the equation. and (,8) the other side of the street. Was the -atosen of the Alloany Kiel. The Albany Kid wis a rateved sheker, given to ausliIf rament and poor lipuor.
comewhere botween the two in value (1) the e omanumaty was Olld Dabney, medWine man and faith healer. Dabney was lull of moued intemtions and faith. Dut Is hasl now medieme of moment Howwor -ine the folls of Buma Vista

$\mathrm{N}^{\prime}$the following cast:
Margarel Madion Doilor Stamnard II avor. Doclor Irlhur Kichardi

## The Scoffer

 IRR:ITED by permission from the story by Val Cleveland Scemario by Lillian Ducey An Allan Dwan production presented by Maythower withM.ıry Thurman

Lames Kirkwood
Philo Mc Cullough

Alici Porn
Rhe: Mirchell "Old Mabmey"
Roorman
Ronrmans Hili Reormar's Ston.
fiaront the Jiaron.
Thi ".thany Kid"
lacked a regular physician. Dabney and his curious treatment of charms ministered to their ills. Al least it did non keep natural processes from making people well and enough recovered to sustain his reputation in the circumstances.

Among the victims of the Atbany Kid's elispensary of social poison was one Boorman, a great towering hutk of a woulman, a gentle $o x$ in normal state. a raging Berserter when drunk. And it happened on the evening of our concern that Boorman was exceedingly drunk. He went staggering home to his cabin in a state of violent cruption. For reasons trivial or none he knocked down his wife. Weat his boy Laddie, and set about wrecking the home.

And so in the night Mre Bonrman. carrying her iniured hey. ran to the home of Margaret Hadden for refuge and aisl. Boorman. a deatroying demon. followed after. Intent on nothing but the deseruction of wife and child. leoerman broke in. in the face of a lashing from Ilargaret's rethe yurt. and she hurried the imperiled mother and child out to lad them to new shetter and hieling

On the way through the woots in the nizht, along the high trail that lo. in ()hal Dabney cabm. Mrs Boorman's dazed and ierror-stricken brsin went awhirl. Following a memory phantom of another dow when Ladke had heen in daneer the wemt atumbline ower the chte and? down into the peumeleng sea luelow

## Photoplay Magazine

Margaret stifled her horror and hurried the boy to OId Dabney's cabin. The aged medicine man, perturbed but kind and professionally mystic, swung open the door and bade them in. No one ever questioned Margaret Hadden in Buena Vista.
"Hide Laddie-he's hurt-don't let anybody know he's here. Boorman's drunk again and Mrs. Boorman fell over the cliff." All of which was explanation enough for anybody.
Out on the cliff Margaret found Boorman, gesticulating, battering the trees with his great fists and cursing at the sea. He staggered up to her.
"Where is the boy?" Boorman thundered.
Blanching white, Margaret faced him, and then turned to point over the cliff.
"The waves carried him out," she said.
At last the truth filtered into the liquorsteeped mind of the woodsman, and he fell on his knees, staring at the windswept sea. Margaret went back to her home and the store to set things in order again and so ended the night. For the time at least Laddie was safe from his father's outbreaks and Mrs. Boorman was beyond his power to harm.

OUT in this primitive region, lost to the accusing eyes of the law and those he wronged, was Dr. Arthur Richards, a doctor no longer and now the manager of outlying stores for Margaret Hadden's North West Company. It was Richards' day to report to Margaret. Clad in frontier fashion, with little about him to suggest the dash and pose of other days, he made his way to the Buena Vista store.
"Your wife is ill again. She fears that she is dying." That was the first message that greeted him. For Alice Porn had fled with Richards into this wilderness. The flight that had put Stannard Wayne and $h$ is wholesome influences behind her had left her prey again to the nervous ills that once had made her his patient.
The mystic ways of Fate were still at work. Five years had elapsed since that day when Stannard Wayne had faced the court and received his sentence. And now he came through the forests along the sea into this primitive region, sick of soul at the vencers of civilization and with hate in his heart at its injustices. He sought the healing of open places.

Stannard Wayne was not a broken man. He walked as one unrebuked by experience, cold, aloof, hard. The hate of all things was in him. He looked about him with the same level, grey-blue eyes, but the glint of a frozen despair was there. He had believed in God and with reverence; and that God had let him go to prison blackened before the world for another man's misdeed. That was the final answer in the mind of Stannard Wayne. He had enough of God and Man.

His first contact with the village of Buena Vista was significantly eventful. As Wayne turned a corner and found him-
self in front of the North West Company's store he came upon Margaret Hadden bending over an injured dog in the street. Quite automatically he stepped up and regarded the little patient. A moment later Margaret and Wayne were bandaging the dog's broken leg, while a gallery of almost the entire population of Buena Vista looked on.
"That guy's a regular M. D.; don't let em tell you different," was the sage observation of the Albany Kid.

Their task of mercy done, Margaret and Stannard Wayne stood looking at each other. She murmured thanks.
"Oh, dun't thank me. I did it for the dog." he replied crisply. "Now I want to get lodging-not a hotel. I want to get away $\mathrm{f}_{10}$ om people."

Margaret looked at Wayne thoughtfully and decided that here was a man who knew exactly
what he vanted and would bive it. Also she thought of crippled Laddie Boorman, lying paralyzed at Old Dabney's cabin.
"Perhaps Old Dabney will take you in," she answered Wayne. "He's always trying to be helpful."

They were interrupted by the approach of a group of village folk. A crippled man was among them.
"Say, doc, patch up Pete's arm, will you?"
"I don' 1 mind helping a dog, but I wont stoop so low as a man."

The crowd recoiled at Wayne's response. He shook his head firmly and waved them away. Then he turned to Margaret, who stood puzzling over this enigma-man, kind to dogs, cruel to men.
"Would you be so kind as to direct me to this Dabney person you mention?"

Margaret led the way to Old Dabney's cabin. She led him in to the bed where Lad ie Boorman writhed in pain.
"His back has been hurt; he can't walk," she explained simply.

W'ayne turned away apathetically and picked up a bit of swordfish jaw he found laying near.
"That's Dahney's charm; he cures people with it," she said.
(Contimued on page IIS)


# A Date with Connie 

## A double - barrelled interview with the lady on the cover, who is sailing for Europe soon.

Edward S. ("Tex") O'Reilly is the author of "Roving and Fighting," which has just been published by the Century Company. One of America's greatest short story writers, he has served $n$ numerous wars and knows the Orient almost as well as the Big Bend country of Texas, his native range. Mr, O'Reilly has been a cowboy, newspaper reporter, soldier under five flags, a licutenant of Pancho Villa, Texas Ranger, Chinese army drll instructor, editor of the San Antonio Light, Phalippine scout. school teacher in Japan, chief of artillery in the Venezucla rebellion, still holds the world's record for lorg-distance horseback riding, and is now a successful producer of motion pictures in Texas.

BY EDWARD S. OREILLY



HAT time I went callin' on Miss Constance Talmadge-" say, I can scarcely wait to get back to Texas to tell the boys about it.

You see Miss Constance is mighty popular with the cow hands down in the Big Bend country and when they hear that I actually went visiting at her house they'll elect me sheriff or something.
It all happened because of a wild notion that hit the editor the other morning.
"Got a job for you," he says. "Want you to go over to the Savoy hotel and interview Miss Constance Talmadge."

I started to kick, but it didn't do any manner of good. This fellow is a regular Pancho Villa among editors and most usually gets his way.
There's two things I admit I'm no good at; one is writing interviews and the other is talking to women. Somehow I've always been afraid of the ladies. For years I've tried to conquer this bashfulness, mingled freely with them, read all about them in books and got a lot of advice from men more experienced than me, but it don't seem to help much.

So, in obedience to orders, I set out the other morning to find Miss Constance. First I went to the Talmadge studio, where a mighty nice young lady named Miss Livingston agreed to act as interpreter and body guard on my visit to Miss Constance. We went to the Savoy hotel, which is bigger than the court house in El Paso.

An admiral in a lot of gold braid piloted us upstairs and a maid opened the front door to the apartment. We

"I backed up gracefully and knocked over a chair."
wandered down a couple of hundred yards of corridor into a room big enough to break a horse in, and there we found her, curled up in a big chair.

Right then I realized what a job I'd tackled. It would exhaust the languages of the world, and bankrupt the imagination of Bill Shakespeare to do half justice to that gracious little lady.
In my best parlor manner I shook hands with Miss Constance, backed up gracefully and knocked over a chair, dropped my hat and stepped on it; then sat down jauntily in a chair which was about a foot nearer the floor than Id figured.
"Won't you have something to drink?" she invited.
"Y'ou'll excuse me, ma’am," I says, "if I don't refuse."
"What will it be, tea or coffee?" she asked.
"Coffee," I gasped, trying to conceal the sorrow in my voice.

So they brought a cup of coffee, and from then on I had my hands full, trying to talk and juggle that cup.

It was up to me to start that interview or die trying, so with my usual tact I said the wrong thing first.
"How old are you?" I asked, tryin' to smile blandly.
"Oh, not so very old," she laughed. "But you are not to interview me. I have orders from the editor to interview you."

The trail of that editor is sure hard to anticipate.
"They tell me that you have been a cowboy," she went on. "How did you happen to select cowboying as a career?"
"Wcll, it was this way, Miss Constance," 1 said, daintily winding up my coffee with the spoon. "My family started to move across Texas in a wagon when I was a (Contunued on Dage 102)

## WEST is EAST

## A Few Impressions <br> By DELIGHT EVANS

IWAS on Fifth Avenue One Day in June，when 1 Noticed a Crowd at the Corner P＇destrians were
Pu：hing Each Other and
P＇ople in Motors were
Leaning Out and
Others on the Buses
Were Craning their Necks．
The Traffic Cop
IImost Forgot to
（iive the Signal，and
A Little Girl
On the Edge of the Crowd Began to Cry．
I W＇ant to See！＂she Said．
So I Knew
That Mr．and Mrs．Douglas Fairbanks， Of Beverly Hills，California，
Were in Town，
（）n their Honeymoon．
I ©EAT to the Hotel To See Mary；and
I was in the Lobby when
Mary＇s Husband Came Out
Of the E＇evator．
He Said＂Hello＂and
Two Boys were
Sitting There
And One of them
Was Saving，
＇They Wouldn＇t Let Me
In，＂and the Other Said
＂I Told them
1 Had an Autographed Picture
Of Doug One time，but
They wouldn＇t Let
Me In，Either；＂and
They were Both Talking Away
When Mr．Fairbanks Heard them；
They didn＇t see him，and
He Picked Up One of them
By the Collar，and
Grabbed the Other One
By the Mand，and Said．
Howdy，Boys－
How are you？＂
One of them
Just Set There and
Stared and the Other
Almost Fainted．
We went Up
To the Bridal Suite
And Doug Told Me
How he and Mary
ctopped at the Hopi
Inclian Reservation
On their Way to Xew York
To Show the Indians
boug＇s N．w Picture
1
｜ke I）ou＂－
Has？－Have
But
I Wo．mped to Soce Mark
Ind Could Jut Cateh Cimpres of her 7 hround the Half epen Doer
Inter the Bedroem．Where
She was Showine Someone
Her Trouseau

Fm lichty Hapos
1 m Coll of a Happ：Cus，


Mary and Duuy：A1 Home

Anyhow：And－
（l Saw Mary
Holding U＇p
4 Pink Neqlizee）－
And Have You Seen
Bull Montana Lately？
Bul＇s Great．I Think
［＇ll Have him
Run for President
Of the United Artists．＂
Just then
Paul Rainey Came in
And he and Doug
Wianted to Talk About A！rica－
Rainey Shoots down There－
Pictures and Lions－
So I Got Away and
Went in to See Mary
$\mathbf{S i l f}^{\text {ife }}$ Sat Down
On One Twin Bed and
I Sat on the Other，and
She Showed Me
A＇l those Lovely Things
Of Georgette and Lace，Close－C゚p－
And I Wondered if any Bride
Ever had Such a Nice Trousseau－
And Mary Said
She＇s Going to do
＂Little Lord Fauntleroy．＂
Playing Both the Mother and
The Little Lord himself．
She Told Me
tbout＂Suds＂where she is
Made－U＇p Homely－she says！－
All the Way Through．
And Mrs．Pickford－
Mary＇s Mother－
Said Douglas was Just Like
Her Own Son，and
Always Sent her Orchids
Whenever he Sent Mary Some．
Then Mr．Fairbanks
Came In－
Mary Calls him
Dous，and
Ie Calls her
Dear－
And they Talked
About their Ihouse in
California，with its
Own Swimming－Pool
For Dous and
Projection－Room
For Mary－and
Their Mutual Malamute Dos－
Fut thev Don＇t Fight thout it．
Ind Maybe，they Said．
I．ooking at Each Other
Just Like any Ordinary
Bride－and－Groom－
Wave．Somedray
If thery Can Get
1 Good Story：
They will Play Tocether
NHバリRK
W゙rnt Back to Normal
When Mars and Dour
siiled．lo－
They Sailed，but
Vol for their Wiorld Tour：ju－t
Jumped Icros：
Fir a Month＇Vacation．

"If a wife is going to keep her husband 's love and respect," says Miriam Walsh, "if they are going to accomplish things together, she must be his playmate as well as his helpmeet." Above. the Miriam Cooper of "The Birth of a Nation:" below Raoul Walsh, her husband; at right, the Walshes at home.


## Dual Lives

THE average woman would have nothing less than conniptions if she thought her husband was leading a dual life.

And Miriam Cooper helps her husband lead one.
But unlike Fannie Hurst and some other very modern ladies who believe that husbands and wives should lead their liveswhether double, triple, or quadruple-independently and should meet each other only by appointment, Miss Cooper leads her husband's dual life with him.
When a man is willing to let his wife criticise his work without getting (I) hurt, (2) angry, or (3) insulted-
When a woman is willing to listen to her husband say, "Darling, your acting is rotten this morning," and be as pleasant about it as if he were telling her that she put Sarah Bernhardt in the shade-They'll get along!

There are other proofs that Miriam Cooper, her husband's leading woman, and Raoul Walsh, his wife's director, are worthy and extraordinary young people.

During those hours and day's when they are at work on a picture they do nothing but eat, slecp, breathe, talk, think motion pictures and forget that there is anything else in the world

On Sundlays, holidays mornings before nine o'clock and "between films" they golf, fish, entertain. buy clothes, read and refuse to admit that pictures mean anything at all in their young lives.
"A wife should see to it," says Miss Cooper, "that her husband's personal life and the life he gives his work should be as different as night is from day-just on the 'all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy' theory. And if she is going to
keep her husband's love and respect, if they are going to accomplish things together, and if she's a wise girl, she ll insist on being a playmate as well as a helpmeet (an old-fashioned term but still a very good one) to her own husband."

AND so, if some Sunday you overhear a dark, good looking young man with a ruddy skin and Irish eyes, on one of the golf links near New York City, snap his determined jaws together and say, "No, we will not talk about motion pictures!" -ten to one it's Raoul Walsh.

And if there is a slim, dark-eyed. serene-faced young lady with one of those faultless profiles and a brow like a madonna's, in a bright colored sport sweater, with him-then it is Raoul Walsh and the young lady is Miriam Cooper.

The Walsh-Cooper alliance is a development of the earlier Griffith days. Raoul was an assistant to some assistant director to Mr. Griffith, and later became a first assistant. Some times he played parts, too-such as that of John Wilkes Booth in "The Birth of a Nation." Miriam belonged to the Mae Marsh, Constance Talmadge, and Gish sisters school of Griffith actors. She played in "The Birth of a Nation." too, and was the Friendless One in "Intolerance." After "Intolerance" was completed Miss Cooper and Mr. Walsh were married and came East, where Mr. Walsh became one of Fox's star directors. It was he who guided Theda Bara through the vampish mazes of "Carmen." It was he who first directed his brother, George Walsh. Miss Cooper played in many of these pictures, her most notable performance, perhaps, being "Evangeline."

Today Raoul Walsh is a director for Mayflower, under an agreement to make four pictures a year in the East. Recently he completed "The Deep Purple." Miriam Cooper had the most important role.

The feminine lead of the Walsh-Cooper domestic drama might not meet the approval of the matrimonial ultra-
modernists in still another way: She prefers having her husband the star of their combination. and has turned down more than one perfectly good offer that would make her a luminary in her own right, to remain in her husband's company:
"The best results in any pictures are obtained when the director and the leading members of his cast work harmoniously together. My husband knows ine well enough to get the best work out of me, and I understand him so well that I know what effect he is striving for beiore he tells me. He is the best director 1 could possibly have. and of course I think he is the greatest-director-he and Mr. Griffith." says Airiam.
"She is the easiest person to direct I have ever worked with." says Raoul. "She's not easy to please, though. She is a harder critic of me and my work than any one else. That is one thing Mr. Griffith does for people who work for him-lue develops their critical faculties by having his people sit witi him in the projection room and find fault with his pictures as they are being completed."

So you see there is every indication that the Walsh-Couper alliance will be a permanent one.

And there is another thing that enters into their happiness together. They both love children and often find themselves sad because they have none. So one day Miriam ran across a tiny little boy-a beautiful child with a winning smile, a sunny disposition, a sturdy little body and fine mind. She brought him home.
"We're going to have him adopted." she announced to Raoul. "I've always wanted a baby-and here's a boy who's just begging to be ours."

Did Raoul agree? He was just as eager to welcome the child into their household as Miriam was.. And today the boy calls Miriam "Mother" and Raoul "Dad." Some day" we may see him in pictures. who knows?



Sarony
F AROLD LLOYD would make an acceptable hero, ut hed rather be funny. Lloyd is one come dian who behaves naturally in slapstick situations.


GRANK is the third Mayo to become an actor. But he left the legitimate theaters for good to do his acting in the open air of the California tilm studios.


Woodbury

$A$S the champion of Anita Stewart's screen adventures, Ward Crane found many followers. Now he performs creditably as leading man for Allan Dwan.


Evans
WITH a name like that, Norman Kerry was bound to succeed. He supported Uncle Sam-but came back to make sllent love to Anna $Q$. Nilssou.


R OSEMARY THEBY'S apparent displeasure is not brought about by the fact that her dinner-table for two is only half a table sumported by rough boxes and boards. She simply cannot get along with Conrad Nagel. Sidney Franklin is directing.


We knew very well that when we publlshed the pleture at the left. particularis in the good old sumuler-tlme. anyone engaged in the anclent and honorable occu. pation of hook-keeplng or hahyteldilug or house-cleaning would be reitain to throw down the pen, bottle or broom, an the case inay be, and say. "Oh shucks-I always was cut out for a morle actor. anyway!" But don't be (on sire lt's as ensy an it looka. If lowhert Caln and Conrad Nagel and Kosemary Theby had a few sood tlmes llke thin whlle they were up in fuowr Trucke in the Slerea Mountains on location for "Athalle." they had to work when they returned to clrilizs. thon and sunsbine - and their Hollywood studlo, ar the pleture abore will convince sou.


M EASURING Mary, for the camera's requirements. We didn't need Allan Dwan and W1 his assistant to tell us that Mary is a perfect thirty-slx. We bet more people have looked at her than at Venus - and with a great deal more satisfaction, too.

Mary Venus - sometlmes called Miss Thurman-may be sald to have completely mastered a new technique. You remember, of course, when she was a declded adornment to comedy; then she declded that pulchritude wasn't everything, and went, or was washed into drama. She has more than made good, although some people stlll persist in cornmenting on her looks as well as her acting. At the right, you see Mary with two supportlag canines in Allan Dwan's plcture, "The Scoffer." Teddy, a wellknown performer, has a twin, Jack, who is laine. So they doubled In the scene where the brute klcks one of them. "break. Ing" the dog's leg, whleh will rouse all good members of the S. P. C. A. untll Mary assures them, here, that It was only a clever trick of the cameraman.



Freulleh

IN'TRODUCLNG Mrs. Harry Carey, the real boss of the Harry Carey randand of Harry Carey. She is a golden-haired little grirl who nsed to be in C"niversal pictures herself-her name then was Oliwe Fulter Golden.

# CLOSE-UPS Óditorial Expression and Timely Comment 

## The

## Moral Force.

 che of the Southern Baptist church held in Washington recently have returned to their homes with a somewhat modified aversion to the motion picture. For it develops that the motion picture entertainment is not responsible for the alarming prevalence of the divorce habit in America-no less an authority than the committee on temperance and social service of the South Baptist Conference having so decided.As a matter of plain unvarnished statistical fact (for we must turn to statistics once in a while), the motion picture has been one of the greatest antagonists of divorce, the saloon, and vice in general, and most ministers are prompt to admit it. Half the divorces that clutter our courts find their first incubation in a husband being fed up on his wife, or a wife being bored to tears by her husband. The adjacent movie palace offers surcease from humdrum homes. No observing citizen will dispute that even before the enactment of the 18th Amendment, the movie theater was pulling away the sit-around-and-laugh-and-drink-another kind of customers the saloon needed in its business.

Our young men and women, eager, restless spirits, have found their natural craving for adventure, excitement and romance satisfied with the motion picture.

## M. Honnorat's proposal.

M. Honnorat, the French Minister of Public Instruction, proposes government endowment for the art of the photoplay.

According to the New York Times, which published this news, M. Honnorat's Twentieth Century Conservatoire would develop pantomimic play scientifically to its highest point, study the replacement of spoken words by gesture, business and general pictorial detail, engage in experiment and investigation along all the mechanical lines of picture-making, and provide for a congress of the best writing, consulting and directing opinion from all over the world. Although his would be a governmental institution, the minister would not saddle any new taxation on the public to maintain it; its expenses, he believes, ought to be divided between the great picture concerns of France. This is no more than just, for the established firms would be first to reap the pecuniary rewards of an officially fostered art.

All this is interesting. Now let's see if it connes to pass. In the meantimic, let us not
forget that the first genuine photoplay endowment in the world was in America, and came from an American-George Eastman.

## A New

Eruption.
A few years ago the shiny new prosperity and over-night importance of a certain type of photoplay favorite manifested itself, mostly, in freak attire. Chromatic shirts, shouting knickerbockers, flowing collars, mushroom or toadstool caps, "putts" which their owners probably wore to bed, and positively dangerous scarfs were to be encountered at every Hollywood corner.

The latest excrescence is by way of change, as the seasons and styles change. It goes deeper, wider, and farther. It affects not so much the delicious and delicate one's personality as his intimate surroundings.

One celluloid gentlemen in Hollywood has added a barber-chair to his bathroom, and an alleged English valet so necessary to his mahster that that person is said to have forgotten how to comb his own hair. When he rides abroad it is in a benzine-burning contraption equipped for "two men up"-i.e., coachman-chauffeur in front and footman behind, both in a most liverish livery. Yet another keeps several dog experts and a veterinary, as a staff for his kennels. One young woman, long an equal rage in Tarrytown and Timbuctoo, is acquiring a national collection of maids: she already has French, English, Scotch and Italian hair-curlers crowding her boudoir, and since we are a bit conciliatory to revolutionary Germany, she will probably be adding a fraulein before summer.

## The Root of

 All Film Evils.The Christian Herald has been very fair toward pic tures compared to the attitude of some papers of the religious field. In a recent issue it declares the film companies are digging their own graves by the continued production of salacious pictures. It says:

The real beginning of the bad film is in the mind of the scenario writer, who outlines his plot and produces his scenes and situations without much consideration for the probable effect on the mind except so far as it may stimulate the imagination and lead to a sensation towards which he is constantly striving. And the sensual is the easiest way to produce the sensational effect he is after.
W'hy blame the lieutenant? His superior is entirely to blame. As Photoplay has often said-a picture is no better than its sourcc-and kack of it all, its source is che padiwer



Every woman could not wear the French creation shown above. If you are past the thirties and want to look your best, avoid ahatwithsharpangles. This one is trimned with wooden beads.

A youthful hat-for the very feminine woman who has a good complexion. A hat like this sets off any costumc, lending just the right air of distinction to ones cnacmble.


Raw Ostrich feathers and monkey fur provide the decorations for this very smart sireet hat shown above. Miss Talmadec thinks of hats in terms of her own individuality.

One of the advantages of the American tspe of face is that it looks best when the hat is simple. On the left is a girlish hat of taffeta with a fluted edge.

## A Page of Hats



A liat that turns squarely off the face is hard to wear, but Mis Talmadse has accomplished it in this hat of her own desisn. It is of taffeta, with a charming desion embroidered in fold

# It's the Little Things That Count 


#### Abstract

The screen's authority on fashion discusses those accessories that may make or mar Milady's wardrobe.


By NORMA TALMADGE

IWAS trying on hats one day in the shop of a woman to whom millinery is a science, when 1 heard a customer across the room from me indignantly exclaim:
"But why can't I have this hat? I like it."
The saleswoman in attendance shook her head.
"We could not sell that hat to you, madam," she said firmly. "P am very sorry that you like it, because it is really not becoming to you.'

After the customer had indignantly departed, I said to the young girl who was showing hats to me:
"Why couldn't that woman have the hat she wanted?"

- Because we never sell a hat unless we are sure it will improve the appearance of the wearer," came the surprising answer.

I couldn't help wishing as I went away that all makers and sellers of clothes might adopt that creed.

After all, there is no middle ground about clothes or hatsthey either improve or detract from the appearance. Haven't you all seen the fat lady who attempts to wear floppy, flowertrimmed hats? Or the thin girl who will wear stripes running up and down her tall person? Or the girl with a sallow complexion who dons an emerald green sports hat? les, we've all seen them. And that is why I want to chat with you today about the things, the "little things," that may so easily make or mar one's appearance.
Say the word "clothes" to the average person and in nine cases out of ten they will mentally conjure up the vision of a dress. Yet one's dress alone. no matter how handsome, will not give that well-dressed appearance that some women always have and that others, apparently, can not attain.

I used to meet a girl on the street near my home last summer who always struck me as being very smart, although her suit was at least two seasons old. Her hats were plain, but they were always well brushed and poised on her head at just the right angle. Her shoes were always polished and the heels perfection. Gloves and veils never showed rents or careless adjustment. Finally, it dawned on me that her smart appearance was just the sum total of a hundred little things-the thought and care that she gave to accessories.

In this day of high prices one may not be able to afford many pairs of shoes each season, but the one or two pairs should visit the shoe-shining place frequently. Turned-over or worn heels on one's shoes will ruin the smartest costume, and keeping them perfect means only the expenditure of a very small amount of time or money. A small piece of adhesive tape placed in the back of low shoes will prevent slipping up and down, with the resultant wear on stockings. And,
returning to the matter of shoes for just a moment, do you know that you may double the life of satin shoes by keeping them in a box when not in use? There again is where dust works havoc. Trees in the shoes when they are not in use will preserve the shape until they are worn out, and the five-and-ten cent stores carry these trees in all sizes.

So much depends on personal appearance these days that I
(Continued on page 11_)

Such little things as a sash, a headdress of pastel buds, and the new doublestrapped sandals help this costume along.


Goldwyn and Frank Lloyd have extracted a fine picture from the story of "Mme. X." It is tremendously effective and Pauline Frederiek's finest screen performance.

IT is amazing how a little thing-or a couple of little things, to be exact-can throw a great big city out of its stride. We were going along fairly well in New York, so far as surface indications could be counted. We had solved a lot of traffic problems, for one thing, particularly the problem of Fifth Avenue, where we had erected tall skinny towers from which the continuous streams of motor cars moving north and south, east and west, are not directed. You may not know it, but in the old days to ride from 23 ll to 59th street on the famous avenue strongly suggested a cross-country gallop on the back of a grasshopper. You might get two blocks and you might get three, but usually you were hopping along a block at a time. Now. when the man in the tower gives the signal the traffic of the entire street moves in two steady streams and continues to move for two or three minutes before it is stopped to let the cross strects have a turn.

We had, as said, just solved this problem and were going along nicely, when along came Mary and Doug and stopped at the Ritz. Everytime they went anywhere they had to cross the avenue, and everytime they crossed the asenue the street crowds gathered around their car and the traffic policemen forgot their signals. With one crowd gathered, other crowds farther down the street, thinking there must be a fire or a fight, began moving toward the original group with the consuming curiosity of all sophisticated boobs until frequently the whole street was choked with people and the new traffic system for the moment thrown completely out of gear. If his jumping highness and his youthful consort had stuck around here another week there is no telling what they might have started. Three or four days of these street receptions, however, a dozen or so newspaper

## $\tau$

 HIS department is designed as a real service to Photoplay readers. Let it be your guide in picture entertainment. It will save your time and money by giving you the real worth of current pictures.interview's and they were smiling their way up the gangplank of the steamer that carried them overseas.

Mary and Doug were with us in spirit and closeups, however, for quite a spell. First, Douglas was shown at the Strand as the hero of "The Mollycoddle," and a fortnight later Mary came in as the heroine of "Suds." Without any desire to start trouble in the Fairbanks houschold, but in the cause of truthful reporting, I must say that Douglas had considerably the better of the argument in comparing these two pictures.
One thing you must credit this young man with, and that is the possession of a working set of brains. He knows as well as the next fellow, and probably a little better, that if the Fairbanks pictures are to retain their popularity they must come to stand for something more than a series of stunts. His jumping days are not over, by several years. and he may find a few new leaps in Europe, but he has pretty well covered those in his own, his native land. Therefore I think he was a wise Douslas to do "The Mollycoddle." It indicates his determination to stand on his own as an actor as well as a handsome athlete.

He isn't much of a mollycodulle, really. When the American tourists find him in Monte Carlo, an expatriated American who has forgotten what his homeland is like, he wears spats and a monocle, but there isn't much that is suggestively English about him except the titles. And when he lets the society diamond smuggler slap his face without physical protest, you know he is just doing it as a sort of joke on the camera. But his reclaimed Arizonian is a workmanlike attempt at definite characterization and lays the foundation for other and better types.
"The Mollycoddle" has those characteristic touches of
comedy that always distinguish a Fairbanks picture-the hero's experiences as a coal passer, his escape through a fish house, his pursuit by the village cats and his shimmy with a Hopi Indian belle; it boasts a bit of originality in introducing a Bray cartoon effect in the elucidation of the plot and it goes as far as realism can go in presenting a Hopi Indian village as a background for the latter half of the story. It has the best landslide effect. coupled with the best rough and tumble scraps. with Doug and Wallace Beery mixing it ad lib, that our experience of the screen recalls. Discounting all the tricks of the camera, whatever that man lieery is paid he carns. In this instance he is dropped through the branches of a tall tree. into the center of a sliding mountain and over the edge of a fair-sized precipice into a rushing mountain torrent, the while Doug claws the heart out of him and simply ruins his best suit of fighting togs. The support is adequate, Ruth Benick playing the heroine and Charles Stevens a bad Indian, despite a Carlisle past. The reservation shots are interesting and splendidly filmed and the whole picture good screen entertainment.

## SUDS—United Artists

$M^{1}$IS: lickiord's Amanda Aflick, the pathetic drudge of "Suds." is the better performance of the two. Her histrionic instincts are truer than Doug's, and she has a better sense of character. But I found the picture not particularly good entertainment. The pathos, for one thing, is laid on a bit thick, forcing the suggestion of its unreality. It is all artistically screened and beautifully pictured; the dream of the litt!e laundry girl, who sees in the clouds of suds that rise from her tub visions of the grand young gentleman who is one day to raise her from her lowly estate is amusingly set in the narrative and kept nicely in key with the slightly extravagant tone of the story, and the broader comedy incidents of Amanda's turning her room over to Lavender, the poor old delivery horse she saved from the glue factory, delight the children. But "Suds" is an effort to compromise between the real and the unreal, and to me such compromises are never entirely successful. Little Mary proves herself a fine little actress, however, and perhaps that is triumph enough for one feature. Neither curls nor smirks nor Pollyanic aids to sympathy are dragged in to help her, nor is she granted the solace of an altogether happy ending. Jack Dillon did the directing and the supporting cast is competent. The story was taken from the one-act play, "Op o` My Thumb," which Maude Adams played a dozen or fifteen years ago.

## MME. X—Goldwyn

GOLDITYK and, more particularly: Frank Lloyd, the director, have extracted a fine picture from the story of "Mme $X$." which it would not surprise me in the least to see better all the records made by "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." It is a conventional picture in its approach toward the big scene. as the play itself was conventional, but it is tremendously effective once the big scene is reached. It is also Pauline Frederick's finest screen performance, a characterization aided mightily by the situation in which the heroine figures, but one which a less skilled actress could easily have ruined. As Frederick plays the unhappy mother; arrested on a charge of murder after she has been turned adrift by her husband and sunk to the gutter as a drug addict. later to be defended in court by her own son who believes her to be dead, she does not depend upon the pathetic situation in which the woman is placed to carry the scene. To the contrary, she invests it with a spiritual quality that reaches through its physical ugliness. Nor is she suffering the pure overlay of an emotional actress' tricks. She is convincing in the sincerity of her performance and in the discretion she employs in the most telling of the episodes. Her court scene is splendidly played, and as effective melodrama as the screen has offered. The fact that a second unusually good performance by Casson. Ferguson as the son does not take the scene away from her, as the sons frequently did in the acted drama, is a further tribute to the actress and her director. Excellent performances in support were those of William Courtleigh and Maud Lewis, and the photography was especially good, the detail of the court scene being particularly well staged and handled. I think you should see "Mme. -.,


He was a wise Doug to do "The Mollycoddle." Like most Fairbanks pictures. it stands for something more than a series of stunts. And there's a wiz of a fight.


As the lively hero of "The Wonder Man," Georges Carpentier is a good deal of a screen surprise. Europe's champion pugilist plays a good part well.


If you want to learn how to kill lions with your bare hands and feet. just go see "The Return of Tarzan." His adventures are nothing if not thrilling.



Ever since 1918, there has been only one girl in the world for Richard Barthelmess. He married her in June-and here they are.

# Dick's New Contract 

Mr. Barthelmess is Mary Hay's leading man for life.

By FRANCES DENTON

IT all happened just as Richard Barthelmess had planned. He wanted a nice, quiet, formal wedding and he got it. He got it in spite of all the rumor experts who insisted on having him engaged to different girls at intervals of every six weeks. He got it in spite of tons of letters from girls who begged him to consider "yours the undersigned" as the "one and only" in the world. Hc got it in spite of indiscriminate feminine admiration that would have driven most men to polygamy or the monastery.
Ever since 1918, there has been only one girl in the world for Richard Barthelmess. She is eighteen-year-old Mrs. Bar-thelmess,-formerly Mary Hay, and before that Mary Hay Caldwell.

To get right down to brutal facts, the marriage took place on June 18ih at the Church of the Heavenly Rest in New York City. It was a most proper and correct wedding. Miss Hay and Mr. Barthclmess were married by Dr. Herbert Shipman, the esteemed and conservative rector. The Church of the Heavenly Rest is squeezed in between office buildings on Fifth Avenue in the Late Forties. It is scarcely less fashionable than St. Bartholomews' and less spectacular than St. Thomas' where so many society weddings take place in the presence of the Deity, many guests and a force of detectives to guard the jewels.

Only the intimate friends of the bride and groom were in-
vited. The bride wore the conventional white, the groom the conventional black. It was more like an exclusive society wedding than the marriage of a movie star to a Ziegfeld favorite.

Misses Dorothy and Jane Caldwell, sisters of the bride, were the bride's only attendants. Mr. Barthelmess's best man was H. Montgomery Smith, a classmate at Trinity College. David W. Griffith was among the guests. He had "personally supervised" the romance.

Richard Barthelmess's engagement to Nary Hay had been rumored about a month before they were married. Both Miss Hay and Mr. Barthelmess denied it. Mr. Barthelmess afterward explained his little fib.
"It wasn't anyone's business, he said, "I wanted my marriage announced in the usual way. When the bride's family send out the announcements to their friends, then it is time enough for outsiders to know about the ceremony. Narrage is a personal affair. It is most embarrassing for everyone to ask if you are going to be married. And it is bad taste to start any sort of engagement rumor until the girl's family makes it known."

You see. Mr. Barthelmess is old-fashioned. He doesn't believe in elopements or "trick". weddlings. And when he was hounded with engagement rumors, he felt like a young millionaire or the Prince of Wales. And it made him mad.

As for Miss Ifay, she, too, is old-fashioned; she believes that getting married is zerious business. And, in every other way, she embodies all that Mr. Barthelmess likes in a girl. She is quiet, charming and well-bred. She has good manners and she is well eclucated. She is not theatrical in her dress or bearing. Although she has been a member of the Ziegfeld Follies company for more than a year, she hasn't become stages. Not that we mean to insinuate that Mr. Ziegfeld has a way of turning a little daisy into a night-blooming cireus. We merely want to say that, after several seasons in the chorus girl's l'aradise, Aiss Hay neither looks nor acts like a chorus girl. And Mr. Barthelmess likes breeding and good manners in young women, old women, stenographers, telephone girls and interviewers.
$\triangle$ liss Hay is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Frank Merrill Caldwell. Her father is a graduate of West Point and that means that he belongs to the army's aristocracy. Nary was born at Fort Bliss, Texas, and has spent a good part of her life in army camps. As daughter of a colonel we may suppose that she had plenty of adrantages. Daughters of army off cers, like daughters of diplomats, acquire their social education when they are still in their 'teens.
But Mary wanted to be a dancer. So she went to Los Angeles and studied under Ruth St. Denis at Denishawn. The Denishawn dancers, as you know, are often called upon to appear in motion pictures. The West Coast directors naturally turn to them when they want artistic dancing scenes.

Miss Hay is a D. W. Grifith protegee. She appeared in "Hearts of the World." It was then that she met Richard Barthelmess. The director selected her from all the Denishawn pupils to appear as the little dancer in the French dug-out scene. Griffith liked her work and encouraged her to become a screen actress. But he told her to go on the stage and get a little experience before audiences. So Miss Hay came East and obtained an engagement in the Ziegfeld Follies of rg19. She had a small part. If you saw the Follies of that year, you will remember her as the little girl who came out and did tricks with a "dog." The "dog" was Phil I wyer.

The astute Mr. Ziegfeld saw that Miss Hay had both personalits and charm and gave her an engagement in the Nine O'Clock Frolic on the New Amsterdam Roof.

When little Clarine Seymour died suddenly, Griffith needed another actress-a small, dark girl-to play her role in "Way Down East." Miss Hay told him she had gained her stage equerience and reminded him of his promise. She got the part. Mr. Barthelmess will he seen in the same picture. He is the farmer hoy hero. The heroine is-no, not Miss Hayhut Lillian Gish. Miss Hay is said to have made such a success of her role that the fact that she is Mrs. Richard Barthelmess will not be her only claim to screen distinction.

As in all stories about weddings, the bride is getting all the
attention. Even when the groom is Richard Barthelmess, you cannot expect him to hold the center of the stage.

But we shall be just. The groom deserves a few lines of credit.

Do you remember the old-fashioned matinee idol who was afraid to get married because he wanted to be thought of as single-hearted and fancy free? He just loved to tantalize the girls by remaining a bachelor. And do you remember the other sort who thought it was "bad business" to let the public know he had a wife and three children? He was the surt of actor who picked his roles for the same reason that he chose his clothes-because they made him look young and slim.

Richard Barthelmess has had enough admiration to turn him into a matinee idol of the most obnoxious sort. But he would rather be an actor-a good actor. Flying in the face of the tradition that say's a screen favorite should stay unmarried, he marries. And the wedding took place just before Mr. Barthelmess left Griffith to begin work on the first picture that made him a star "on his own."

So, after all, perhaps all the flattering letters from girls about his soulful eyes did not mean much. Perhaps all the admiration was merely the foam on top of the ice cream soda. When he left Trinity College, in Hartford. and became Marguerite Clark's leading man, he probably got a little bit of excitement from the first few letters. Then he got a little tired of them. And thenwell. he deliberately entered into matrimony with the girl he had known all along-with the girl who liked him before he was one of the greatest responsibilities of Mr. Burleson's mail service.
Being target for all sorts of matrimonial gossip made Mr. Barthetmess extremely wary. And it also made him particular. He hates theatrical gossip and scandal.
"Stage people are as moral as the public will allow them to be," he said. "Most of them like to be let alone so they can enjoy their home life in peace. You see, I know how nice theatrical people can be. My mother is Caroline Harris, an actress, and she is also a mighty fine mother.
"Even if you do happen to work in a studio instead of an otfice, you can have a quiet. domestic life. If you do your best when you

Mary Hay dances in Ziedfeld revues, but she doesn't look or act like a chorusgirl. are working. you are entitled to freedom in your personal affairs. Miss llay and I have the same ideas on the suliject. I know we shall be happy because-well, because this is the right sort of marriage.
"And in my new pictures, I am going to try to get away from 'type" parts. Mr. Grifith taught me that all roles should be character roles. When I was offered the part of the Chinaman in 'Broken Blossoms." my friends warned me against it. 'They said that my 'following' wouldn't like to see me as an Oriental.
(Continued on page 123)


# Why his downcast eyes spoiled her evening Has this ever happened to you? 

WHAT a good time she was having! Every minute she was growing more elated by her success. Her partner was absorbed in her conversation, charmed with her chic, enthralled by her beauty.

Little by little she grew conscious of other eyes. She glanced to the right. The man at her other side was gazing intently at her hand.

Quickly she doubled up her fingers. How long had he been staring at those nails? Had other people also noticed them?

Gone was her peace, her unconscious gaiety. Every eye seemed fastened on her rough cuticle-on that one wretched little hangnail. What a horrid evening!

You can never know when people are looking at your fingernails. Every day, often when you least suspect it, you are being judged by them. People no longer excuse ill-kept nails. They know that nowadays it is very easy to keep your nails lovely.

Fifteen minutes' care, once or twice a week, will keep your nails looking always well groomed.

But do not cut your cuticle. The more it is cut, the thicker and tougher it grows-the more sore and unsightly it becomes.

You can keep your cuticle smooth, firm and even if you manicure your nails the right way. Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange-wood stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Then gently work the stick around the base of the nail, pushing back any dead cuticle. Wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle when drying them.

For snowy white nail tips apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish.

To keep the cuticle soft and pliable so that you do not need to manicure as often, apply Cutex Cold Cream at night.

You can get Cutex at all drug and department stores. Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35 c and 65 c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are each 35 c .

## Six manicures for 20 cents

Today send two dimes with the coupon below and we will mail you a complete Introductory Manicure Set large enough to last a month. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.
If you live in Canada address Northam Warren, Dept. 709,200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

Mail this coupon with two dimes to Northam Warren, 114 West 17 th Street, New York City

(Continued from page 07)


She's a new Mary Pickford in "Suds." As the pathetic drudge of a laundry girl. Mary s performance is good, but you may not find the picture particularly good entertainment.


The vetcran George Fawectt robs Corinne Griffith of first honors by his actind as her father in "Bab"s Candidate." The Southern scencs are beautiful - and so is Corinnc.


Remodeling 1fer Ha-band" is a woman" picture. A soman wrotc \&t. a woman efar" in it, and a woman is its derector. But Dorothy Gish makes the men like it. too.

## MADONNAS AND MEN-Jans Pictures Inc.

THe features of "Madonnas and Men" that. aside from the title. will attract attention to it are its "big" scenes, and these, as we frequently have had occasion to contend, are the weakest foundation on which to build a picture There are so many "big" scenes shown on the screen these days that without a conrincing story back of them they have little value. Griffith's "Intolerance" was two or three times as big as Griffith's "Birth of a Nation." but the one had a convincing story and the other had a battering ram and the walls of Babylon. And one made millions and screen history and the other made thousands and is already practically forzotten.
Everything that money could buy has been bought to make "Maclonnas and Men" a sensation. Its private showing in New York. preliminary to its release, was perfect in its arrangements. A large theater was engaged, a numerous orchestra played the incidental score, there was a treadmill chariot race to intensify the atmospheric appeal. a reception committee to receive the invited guests, and embossed programs to acquaint them with the parties responsible for the production. But soon the story shifted from ancient Rome to the Twentieth Century, in the vision of an ancient soothsayer who was peeting into the future to convince the son of a brutal Roman emperor that the super-race yet to come would not debase its women nor indulce those "unrestricted moral standards" which were responsible for the decline and fall of Rome. He proved it by showing that the super-race was, in fact. revelling in these very sins, and the minute he did the story became no more than another attempt to pump up interest in that which was not true. The further fact that in the vision a widowed father took his son into his confidence when he sought to be revenge ${ }^{3}$ upon a woman who once had jilted him by abducting and forcing her daughter into marriage with him was a further weakening factor. Yet, as we say, the big scenes, which are well handled, and the exceptionally competent cast. which includes Anders Randolph, Edmond Lowe, G. Von Seyferritz. Raye Dean. Evan Burrows-Fontaine. Faire Binney and Blanche Davenport, may save "Madonnas and Men.

## THE BRANDING IRON—Goldwyn

ASECOND fine picture to come from the Goldwy studio last month was "The Branding Iron," which oifiers further illustration of what applied intelligence can do to make interesting even the most familiar of screen material. The story here is that of a girl upon whom the sins of her mother have been visited. Imprisoned in a mountain cabin by the dissolute father who sought to keep her from contact with the world, she is rescued by an uncouth but basicly noble mountaineer who grows suspicious when he learns of her past. Returning to the cabin to find that another man has been taken in out of a storm and befriended during his absence, he accuses his wife of unfaithfulness and in a drunken rage sears the imprint of his cattle brand upon her shoulder. that all the world may know her to be his woman. From this scene she is taken by a city pagan who shoots the drunken husband and later convinces the girl that he is dead. The husband recovers and finally traces his wife and the man with whom she has been living to New York, and there learning the truth, yet blaming himself for the consequences of his brutality, he forgives her. The improbabilities encountered in the telling of this story are so skillfully handled as never to weaken its holding quality. and so well is the suspense sustained and so intelligently are the various characters played that not until the end of the picture is the outcome absolutely fore-hadowed, which I insi-: is the test of a good picture's adaptation and direction. I ant not easily interested in this type of plot, but I thoroughly enjoved "The Branding Iron." Janes Kirkwood gives another of his forceful, human and teclnically: finisled periormances as the mountaineer, Barbara Casteton is excellem as the heroine, and Russell' Simpson, a fine character actor, and Richard Tucker strengthen the cast greatly. The photography is beyond criticism. Perey Hilhurn beine the camera man in charge. and Reginald Barker's direction does him much credit.

## THE WONDER MAN-Roberteon Cole

DRE.St clothes cammot a gentleman make. nor muscle arms a star. Not. that is, as ageneral thing. But Ceorece Carpentier, chanppion pugilist of Europe. is an exception. Fo the

## - the most careful laundering there is

ATAILORED China silk rides out with her before breakfast. Then she's off for the links with a frilly, fluffy one under her low-cut sweater. Her afternoon suit is but a poor, plain, dark affair without its favorite georgette. And even dinner condescends to a costume blouse of coral chiffon and embroidered filet.

For her blouses so distinctive she could not tolerate ordinary washing! A bit of hard rubbing and their delicate charm would be forever ruined. But with Lux she never knows a moment of worry.

Delicate, transparent flakes that whisk into a wonderful lather. No
 Just bubbling suds to dip the fine things up and down in.

Rich lather to be pressed again and again through the soiled spots.

In half an hour the most intricate blouse is ready to wear!

Not a thread pulled out of shape, not a color dimmed-for Lux cannot harm any fabric or color that pure water alone will not hurt.

Every chic little blouse is a miracle of freshness! Each tiny handmade tuck serene in its proper place. Every lacy ruffle soft and whole. These blouses have been known to deceive even you, yourselfyou cannot believe that the adorable ones have actually been washed.

The grocer, druggist or department store has Lux always ready. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

"Object Matrimony" reveals a hitherto unsuspected Blanche sweet, a sort of a devilish combination of Constance Talmadge and Dorothy Gish.


May Allison is a sort of Miracle Girl in "The Cheacer." and if you want to know all about the way spirits work, go see this picture. It gives the whole thing away

-The Reacless Sex" surgeses money and pleney of it and the restlest and expenswe Marion Davies fits perfecely into this artissically and colorfully staged Chambers story
lively hero of "The Wonder Man" Georges is a good deal of a screen surprise. He is good looking, he is modest. he does not try to "act," he has an intelligent face and a guod presence. Furthermore those who put him on the screen were wise in that they selected a reasonably good story for him, and surrounded him with a competent cast. As the special agent oi the French government on a secret mission to America. he waded through the opposition. fought a good fight with the club champion who was seeking to show him up, and cave Faire Binney, as the heroine. reasonable excuse for loving him. Robert Barrat was the opposing fighter and a good one. John Adolf dicl the directing. Joseph Farnham the scenario and Daniel Carson Goodman the story, all creditable jobs.

## THE RETURN OF TARZAN-Numa-Goldw'yn

IAM not sure "The Return of Tarzan" should not be listed with the educationals. Certainly in no other picture can one learn how best $t o$ kill lions with the bare hands and feet. seriously, have you the least idea of what to do if you should come face to face with a lion in the jungle? No. you haven : Well. in the first place you glare steadily at him. the while you shift from one foot to the other to distract his attention. Then you maneuver until you are either able 10 get in back of him or in a tree above him. This accomplished. the rest is comparatively simple. Leaping suddenly upon the animal: back, you apply what the wrestlers know as the body sciscors by winding your legs around him and at the same time place both thumbs directly back of his ears. Then you frown fiendishly, and press the thumbs nearer and nearer the base of the ears. which is the most sensitive spot on a lion's body. In a moment the animal's struggles are over. The tickling of the thumbs so amuses him that he just naturally laughs himself into a state of coma. where you leave him until the next reel.

The adventures of Tarzan are all exciting. In "The Return" the ape man is back in civilization and a good looking fellow. But he has a natural gift for getting into trouble. Soon he has inspired the enmity of a card sharp and is accused of being the lover of a lady he merely hoped to befriend while hor husband was absent. Later the villains push him off a south African steamer, and when he swims boldy to shore he recornizes his old jungle. Soon he has found himself a leopard's skin and established communications with his old friends. the monks and the elephants. Then the heroine is wrecked, iortunately near the same island. which makes it possible for Tarzan to rescue her two or three times and finally to return honie with her. The thrills are carefully staged and guaranteed and the acting and direction are as good os need be. Gene Jollar is the lion tickler. Karla Schramm the heroine and Armand Ceritz a persistent villain.

## HUMAN STUFF-Universal

UNIlERSAL has wasted good talent in using Harry Carey as the star of "Human Stuff." It is a sketchy little story that does not hold well together and the audience is iorceil constantly to fill in with its imagination. It concerns a somewhat wild youth (and not so very youthful in Carey's case) who is banished to the West by a father who objects to his (lrinking and staying out nights. In the Wiest the boy establishes himself as a "sheep herder" according to the "script. though he really was a sheep man who employed sheep herclers (they hate sheep herders in the West), and then sent East for a wife. His father induced a girl who had always liked Harry to go West and buy a ranch. hoping the two would decide to narry, but when she arrived there was one of those slly misunderstandings that could have been cleared up with a single sensible speech that had to be scrupulously avoided to kicep the story going and provide two more rects. Carey does what he can with the yam. the Western exteriors are attractive aud the cast and direction are adequate

## SAND-IV'. S. Hart Productaons

ABETTER Western than "Iluman Stuti is William S Hart's "sand," but this, too, is helow the Hort standarel -the standard. at least. establi-hed by "The Toll-(iate, " There is intelligence and geod entertainment value in all the Hart pictures, because the star is mot only a good actor,
(Contanmed on page 104)


LMOST any "eight" is a good performer. For the multi-cylinder principle operates like running oil-smoothly and silently.
That's what everyone requires. But-
Has it occurred to you that there are radical and fundamental differences in eights?
The Apperson design gives to the world eightcylinder performance, plus.

For this motor, while possessing all the virtues of the Eight, operates with the thrift of the Four.
It's all in the design. Eighty parts have been eliminated.
For example, there is but one cam shaft and only a pair of cam gears meshed direct. There is no chain.
This motor is two small, simple fours merged into one at the base.

Result! A rare combination of Eight smoothness with the advantage of the strictest Four economy.

## Drive an Apperson first-then decide

Apperson Bros. Automobile Company, Kokomo, Ind. Export Department: One Hundred West Fifty-Seventh Street, New York City

The Apperson is one of the few fine cars built complete in one plant. The Apperson ideal is thus carried out to the smallest detail.

Apperson bounds in high from 1 mile an hour to 40 in 20 seconds. From a 40 -mile speed comes to a dead stop in 4 seconds. Turns in $381 / 4$ feet.



Kidnapees Gounned Free Of Charge
[. "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo" with Douglas Fairbanks, when Marjorie Daw is kidnapped by bandits, she is wearing a suit; when we see her again in prison she has on a black dress with a Spanish mantilla over her shoulders. Do western bandits kindly supply kidnapees with complete outfits?

## V. H. Vexior, New Jersey.

liola's a Precocious Child

I" "Dangerous to Men" Viola Dana assumes the role of a child. She is seated on the floor supposed to be telling fortunes with cards. Nearby is Milton Sills. sitting on a lounge watching her with interest. Upon close observation I noticed the cards were strewn about in confusion. But when the close-up is shown the cards appear in perfect formation, with Viola retaining the king of diamonds in readiness to place it on the top lines with the other kings, depicting a mass attack of cupids, which is meant for Milton Sills. It would turn a veteran at this game green with envy to see the way that "child" plays!

## H. Robert Newalan, New York City.

Fifty Reported This

WHOEVER directed "In Old Kentucky" certainly. never was in old Kentucky: The character of the Kentucky Colonel was overdrawn; besides. a Kentucky Colonel has never been known to drink a mint julep in one gulp. A colored $j u z z$ band, with trombones. furnished the music for the reception scene. But the worst blow came when. after we have seen the villain set fire to Queen Bess' barn and Anita Stewart lead Queen Bess from the burning building without having blindfolded the horse s eyes. mind you-after that. the same barn is shown later intact. even with the same roses growing round the door!

George Dr: Droit, New Orleans, La.
Ife Verer Even Noticed It
FAR be it from me to quible over trifles but in "The $\Gamma$ Miracle Man" Rose arrives in Fairhope clad in fur-trimmed velvet, and is driven straight to the sun-bathed cottage of the l'atriarch, where the rose-bushes are blooming. Later, Claire arrises on the scene in a heavy cloak weighted with fur, and is met by Rose, in sheerest organdie. What do you think of that?
D. G. B., Toledo, Ohio.

An Educated Arab
[-"The Auction of Souls" a band of Arabs came up to the - door of the monastery. A monk looked through a hole in the door. It showed the Arab on the other side and as his lips moved one could see that he spoke, in perfect English, "Open the door."

George M. Morrissey, Seattle, Washington.
Safety First at Selig's
THE "wild" animals used in Colonel Selig's serial with Juanita Hansen. "The Lost City." were much malisned by the cast. There was a wild elephant who chased the tigers away just as they were about to eat the hero or somethingbut strange as it may seem the wild elephant had had his tusks cut off.

> Mason Foster,
> Kansas City, Mo.

Insult To Injury
$\Delta$ SCENE in "The Cup of Fury" shows Sir Joseph under arrest by British secret service agents. He asks permission to take a few clothes with him: they consent: he goes into another room, and beckons to his wife to join him, whereupon they both take poison and die. Later on in another scene his adopted daughter is shown in America, visiting friends in Virginia. There is a guest from England who denounces her as "the daughter of Sir Joseph who was shot in the Tower." Poor Sir Joseph: not content with his death by poison, they must needs take him to the Tower of London and shoot him!

## D. Frajklic Fisher, <br> Noriolk, Va.

In Extrazagant Hercine

I$\therefore$ the fourth episode of "Elmo the Fearless." the hero and the girl are climbing down a steep grade. At this time the girl has black stockings on. Next we see a shot of the villian-and then go back to the girl again-and she is wearing white stockings. In still another scene. she has the black ones on again. She must have more hose than Carpentier has shirts.

Ray Couture, Brooklyn. N y
Pcrhaps She 11 int Back After It

IC "Below the Surface," Hobart Bosworth literally" drags Grace Darmond from the restaurant without her evening wrap. But later. when both are seen on the night hoat to Boston, she is holding her wrap about her

Locise Meredith, Bayonne. N゙. J

# Made to fit the foot IN ACTION 

## The secret of smart shoes that stay smart



One of the positions assumed by the foot in taking a single step as shown by moving pictures

It was once said of a celebrated French actress that each night she appeared on the stage wearing a pair of new shoes.
"Ah, the new shoe-it is so beautiful!" she exclaimed to inquiring friends. "So chic, so graceful, so shapely-but alas, here today and gone tomorrow!"

That was many years ago. The art of shoe making since then has advanced wonderfully, yet even today we hear bewailed the short-lived beauty and shapeliness of the modern shoe.
So trim and dainty when you wear them first, so beautiful of line. . . and then, all too soon, an unsightly crease here, a bulging there-and your shoes have "lost their shape!"

And what causes the trouble? The shoes are still good, the material unmarred, the seams intact.

## What moving pictures show

The strip of moving picture film shows the foot in action-the successive positions it takes in completing a single step.
It illustrates how your foot changes, how different it is from your foot at rest.
It is the strain and stress of the foot in action that distort the line and alter the shape of shoes.
The secret of real and lasting shoe style
The designers of The Red Cross Shoe recognize the principle of the foot in action as the secret of the beautifully shod foot.

They base their measurements upon a study of the moving foot.
By means of hundreds of photographs of the foot in every possible position, they have learned how the foot in action differs from the foot at rest.


This strip of moving piccure film shows how your foo from rour foot aren

Then they test each style thus created - on live models in continued action, for weeks, before its final acceptance.
The result is a shoe that retains its beautiful lines and shape and moves naturally with every movement of the foot-not against it.
Permanently trim-fitting, graceful models that stay trim-fitting and graceful as long as you wear them.

## And wonderful comfort, ton

The Red Cross Shoe is as comfortable as it is lastingly beautiful. Made to fit the foot in action, there is no pressing and cramping-it needs no "breaking in."
And coupled with this is the famous "bends with your foot" feature of the Red Cross Shoe-a sole so flexible that it "gives" with the step as a perfectfitting glove yields to the hand.

## The newo styles are ready

Ar Red Cross Shoe stores everywhere the smart new models for fall a wait your selection.
Among then you will find just the model to give your foot the chic daintiness you want for it.
Perfect comfort-from the first! Perfect styleto the last! Straight through wearing qualities! Such is the footwear satisfaction you can obtain-today at the Red Cross Shoe store in your town.

## Write for the Footwear Style Guide

-sent without charge. Illustrates and describes the correct models in all materials. With it we will send you the name of your Red Cross dealer, or tell you how to order direct. Address The Krohn-Fechheimer Co., 810 Dandridge Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Sheila Rooker, Manchester, EnglaydFilms in this country are released soon after they are made, in most cases. The companies have schedules far ahead. A star is the individual luminary of a picture, one who enacts the best-meaning the fattest and also most virtuous-and highest-paid part. A feature player is the actor most prominent in the star's support and usually is mentioned in the billing. Nary Pickford is a star. Elliott Dexter and Gloria Swanson-when she was with De.lille-are not stars, but featured playcrs
M. W.. Soltif Vascouver.-lif the kiss is the language of love, how does it happen that our drama is silent? Mary Pickiord is of Irish descent; she was born in Toronto, Canada, but has lived and worked in the United States. Billie Burke is marricd to Florenz Ziegield, the man who presents the "Ziegfeld Follies." I always knew Mr. Zicgfeld's taste was perfect, but when he married Miss Burke I was doubly sure. They have a little daughter named Patricia, and they live at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Manhattan and at Burkely Crest, Miss Burke's country place on the Hudson. loure quite welcome.

Fresit, Memphis.- You are very skeptical, aren't you? Too bad, because you skeptics get so little fun out of life. You must rival Ben Turpin in vision; you see things in my paxe- that I never wrote. Better be sure vour criticisms are correct in the future. Now that I've lectured you, let's eet on Eugene OBrien is not, and never has been married. Conway Tearle's wife is Avcle Rowland. Theda Bara is abroad at this writing, on a vacation and for the purpose of looking over the European play market. Her situr, Loro, hatl a romance on the ship that tarrecl them atrow- ; he is now envaged.

> Hwks, from Bukwnonam, (Stera (ity) - Tou sound like a dime noved. .iewer mind dime nowels have been known to sell. Don't st yourelf up an a reformer-reformers are so unpopular. Bester they sedtom have any effert Calsin coobleder vetocel the long dipputed Masarhaicts (emorohip bills sa bou can undertand why that bilm man you mataion is booting him, can't yous 1 :am na theatrical authority, but I can tell vou that the play wou mention i- worth seecing Norma Talmarlec in "J'e or No e"

> YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay ment, It is to get questions answered in thas Depart 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 makazine each month. Wrice on only one stde of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only inmtials will be published it requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self adaressed stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers Photodlay Magazine,

Ins, Winhmaton, D. C.-There are three plays on Broadway now featuring as many Chinese ingenues who say "damn." Ail three plays are successful, so I suppose our favorite film ingenue, dressed in oriental pajamas, will soon be reciting "damns" and "hells" to entranced audiences via the subtitle. Doris May, who played with Douglas MacLean, is the same Doris Lee who played with Charles Ray. Thomas Ince changed her name for film purposes. So you don't like that heary Fox sex stuif in warm weather. No need for you to leave your happy home for Richard Barthelmese. He"s married now.

## The Technical Director

("Around Our Studıo")
He makes most intricate designs
And worries over curves and line And while the supers roll the bones He's puzzling out the shades and tones

If there's a trap-door that they need, They call on him for double speed. What hats they wore in $04-$ He knows all that and much, much more.

He works so hard on every fillim Ilis tasks, I fear, will some dyy kill him.
And when the picture's done and ended. The people say, "The star is splendid!"
-Morric Ryand

Cmbrry: I.sNx, Miss-Sydney Chaplin's first five-reel comedy has not yet reached relcase. It is called "One IUundred Million," and parts of it were taken abroad. Syd is married. He doesn't look like a comedian ought to look; he is a polished anol witts chap-a good friend of mine Vie-Char hie's brother.

Jús N Xrat.- The man who doesn't think airplances will ever enme into ceneral unc is the grambon of the man who didn't think atutomobiles would ever be popular. or that moving pictures would erer last long Here is the cast of "Little Women." produced hy

William A. Brady: Mr. March, George helson; Mrs. March. Kate Lester; Aunt March. Julia Hurley: Jo. Dorothy Bernard: Meg, Isabel Lamon; Beth. Lilian Hall: Amy, Florence Flinn; Hannah, Mrs, Anderson: Laurie, Conrad Nagel; John Brooke. Henry Hull; Mr. Lalrence, Frank de Vernon; Professor Bhear. Linn Hammond. Cant give you the addresses of all of these actors, as Miss Bernard and Miss Lamon are not in pictures just now and Mis F Flinn is on the stage. Lillian Hall, care Edcar Lewis Productions; Conrad Nagel. Lasky. Hollywood.

EAVEDNA, PortlaND.-It was Sir Philip Sidney, the "flower of chivalrie." who -aid, "Give it to him; his needs are greater than mine." on the battleneld when he gave the water to the wounded soldier. Bert Litell is married to Evelvn Vaughn. There will be a story about Bert soon Ciazimova is Mrs. Charles Bryant. Viola Dana is in California

Thirteen, Chicigo- - 1 ans sorry, but 1 do not look in the least like Conway Tearle. But atter all, you need rot worry about my looks, you know; I am not in pictures and if you should ever happen to come into the office when I am there. I'll bide under my desk and you will be spared the disuppointment of seeing me. Kuth Roland is appearing in serials for Pathe. Clara Kimball Soung is divorced from James loung. Her latest picture is "Did-Channel."

I M. R. slow City - 1 never got your letters. I've newer heard our post-nister speak, but they say he has the same slow delivers. Hope it didn't inconvenience buu to be kept wating to know that Helen Ferguson is not l:lsies sister, that Xatalic Talmadee played noreas W"inthrep in "The Love Fxpert." her sister Constances comcde: that Robert Gordon was $D_{\mathrm{a}} \mathrm{n}$ in "llol-lar- and the Woman." and Loulse I がN: w.s- lill Firmumi= Jading woman in The Orplan."

IK1NF SCOTt. NiWMIN: IhL-D0 actors marry just pretty actrenes? somatomes. And then sometimes they marry plain actresses and sometimes they don't marrs actreses, and sometimes they don't marry at all. Niles Wifh is thirts-iton
(Continued on puge os)

A.DRAHN

A Perfect
TISSUE CREAM
fragrant with

## TMary Garclen perfume

This frogrance euriches the entire series which includes

Breath Pastilles Brilliantine Cold Cream Eau Dentrifice Eye Lash Beautifier Eye Brow Pencil Extract Face Powder Greaseless Cream Hair Tonic

Lip Rouge Liçuid Soap Nail Polishes Powder (Solid) Sachet Powder Shampoo Talcum Powder Tissue Cream Toilet Water Tooth Paste
Vanity Case


He went quietly off to war, and when he came back, everybody asked -

## "Metcalfe? Who's He?"

THERE was a little boy with black hair and blue eyes who lived down in Newport, Kentucky, in the later '80's. He was a bright little boy, and his mother was very proud of him. She used to send him to Sunday school. One day, she ran across his teacher.
"How is Earle Metcalfe getting along?" she asked.

The teacher looked puzzled. "Metcalfe? Who's he?"

He would be given pieces to learn to recite. He would learn them, all right, but when called upon to get up and deliver, he would slouch down in his seat and pretend he wasn't there. The same way later on, when Earle was at the high-school and awkward age of the "first long ones." His instructors had a terrible time with him. They wrote notes to his mother. "Your son," they said, "is a bright boy. He would get good marks. But he simply will not get up and recite!" His mother smiled. She had given up long ago. She knew he was too bashful.

This bashful, blue-eyed boy, some years after, went to war. He enlisted with little ceremony, was sent across with less. For nineteen months his world-the theatrical world-heard nothing of him. He came back, a lieutenant, having spent one year in the thick of it in France, a member of the Fighting Sixty-ninth.

He made the rounds of the theatrical offices.
"Earle Metcalfe? came the question, "who's he?"
And Metcalfe, blushing brightly, would give a most incomplete and sketchy account of his years of achievement. When he left, the offices knew less about him than they had before.
He is re-established, now. But it wasn't the rosette in his coat lapel, or his military title that re-established him. He doesn't count those among his business assets. He happens to be the kind of hero who would stammer when asked for an account of his thrills abroad. He confesses the biggest thrill he had over there was when-after those squeaky French train whistles-he heard a genuine shriek from a Real American Locomotive. "Boy, that sounded good to me!"

Earle Metcalfe can't explain why he ever went on the stage in the first place. Perhaps he did it because it was the last thing on earth anyone expected of him. Besides, anything was better than having to get up and be graduated in front of a lot of people. So he ran away in pursuit of the elusive thespia at the age of sixteen. An agent took all the boy made for the first year. At the end of that period he was earning the rather munificent sum of $\$_{18}$ a week, which he had, to spend or to save, all by himself. His training he got in stock, where he learned make-up and to prefer to play old men parts and characters. Now he would rather play characters than leads, but try-if you are only thirty-to make any money playing characters!


But he's re-established now, and is answering those several thousand letters that have piled up.

PERHAPS you have read Pearl White's story of her life, "Just Me." Perhaps you remember the story of how Pearl, on her first theatrical adventure, alone and lonely, and hard up besides, ran into a nice boy with a friendly smile who lent her money and helped her out. That boy was Earle Metcalfc. It was his first really big engagement, too, and he hadn't any too much money himself.

Over in France he saw Pearl White about once a week, in her serial incarnation. And now he works in the same stulio that harbors the White company-the huge new Fox plant in Manhattan. He played the leading role in "While New" Vork Sleeps," which sounds like a typical Foxy melodrama, and is now working in an eight-reel picture of the American Legiona really big thing that is taking six months to make. It will be a part entirely to Metcalie's liking. Besides these two
(Continued on page 116)

## -like oranges? Drink Orange-crush

## 孚

 aeid-the natural acia of citrus ruit.
in bottles or at fountains
A Prepared hy Orange. Crush Co., Chicago Laboratory: Los Angeles Send for frec book. "The Story of

HEFMAM
DFEIFFE


AS A DRINK in itself, Ward's Orange$\mathbf{A}_{\text {Crush }}$ is irresistibly delicious-an ideal thirst-quencher. But did you ever try an Orange-Crush ice-cream soda? Here, is a treat of surpassing delight. Put a portion of ice-cream in a glass. Pour a bottle of Orange-Crush over itor ask for Orange-Crush ice-cream soda at any soda-fountain.
Two more happy suggestions: OrangeCrush malted-milk or Orange-Crush sundae!
Ward's Lemon-Crush is equally delicious.
The tempting flavor of these drinks is from the delieate oil pressed from the truititself, enmbined by the Ward rrocess with purest sugar and citric


$D^{\text {ID you know that it would take a train, trav }}$ and 19 days-not allowing for stops - to make and rip over all the world's railways? These are estimated at 500,000 miles. Now, how fast does a snail travel?

E VFRYBODY-well, perhaps not ezerybodyis wondering what General Pershing, now wasn't nomed to be retired from intends to do with himself. He, like President Wiilson, has had many offers. One, with six figures tacked on, was made by a vaudevile magnate for a series of war tald

The General did not reply, and a fortnight later received the inquiry: "Have you enter tained "my proposal?
" ©o," curtly answered Pershing. "but your pro"
$W^{\text {E might bear in mind }}$ mighty well. And with Bill Hart talking about retiring forever:
$I^{D}$ rather be a Could Be For a Could Be is a May. With a chance of touchin ing par.
I'd rather be a Has Been Than a Mright Have For a Might Have Been But has never been.
But a Has was once an -Stanford Chaparral.
IT is said that American China and are ine invading "free lunch" are setting up there. One missionary writes: "I had to disband my girls' school the other day hecause of one of the parades. Machinery which rewer. was for the brewery was being hauled through the streets with
of those terrible American brass bands, had been brought over to lcad the procession

THE minister met Tom, the village ne'er-do im well, and, much to the latter's surprise, shook him heartily by the hand.
leaf. Thomas," said ouve turned over a new " "life", returned the good man.
ously. returned Tom, looking at him dubi
"Yes-I was so pleased to see you at the "Over meeting last night.
"so that's where I was, is it?"-Tit Bits.
HOW about a fancy dress ball to reduce the H high cost of living, suggests B. L. T. Or a

SIIE: Did your two college mates marry
IIE: I'm afraid not. One got a girl who ean cook and insists on playing the piano; the other got one who knows how to play the piano cooking.-Boston Tratscript.

TIIERE are times, says London Impressions, when nothing exasperates so mueh as per fectly reasonable argument.
A CCORDİG to Professor Simp. one ycar' Alped into of coal for New York City, if shov freight ears, would make a train reaching from Sait Lake City to the $\lambda_{\text {t }}$ lantic Ocean, a distance of 2,452 miles. Be
rause of the difficulty of obtaining a permit to this computation will ever be verified,

FOR fifty years after the death of James Whatt, who inade the sleain cngine a porked remained unopened

And, today, it is exactly as he left it
The piece of iron he was last engaged in turning lies on the lathe. The ashes of bis last fire, where Watt used to do bis own cooking because of his wife's objection to secing her husband "looking like a blacksinith," are in the grate; the last lump of coal is in the scuttle. The Dutch oven is in its place over the stove,


A Screen Romance
and the frying-pan in which he cooked his last and is frying-pan in which he cooked his last meal is hanging on its accustomed nall. the old manomingham, England, where Watt spent his last years.
"THF new ice cream dipper hound at the founold bartender," savs Will Rogers. "ITe won't have to listen to the same story over and over again."

## $\bigcirc$ If. well! As the New York undertaker alo

A old lady in churcli was seen to how whe day er the name of satan was mentioned. she did so. notlinell, sir," she replied, "politeness costs

A MONG the souvenirs brourgt home by a numflowers plucked on the battle-ficlds of France and Delgium-flow crs litherto unknown. Botanists have become interested in the discovery of the plants, Which, it is beclieved. have sprung
from sceds buried in the dentlis of the earth for decades past, perhaps centuries.
A famous bot anist in London, discussing the may be buried for a creat number of years await.
ing the tiinc of germination.," he said, "buried

With Egyptian mummies thousands of years ako have been planted out in the finentieth century Nicrobe germinated in the ordinary way."
Nindas have been found in docut ments dating back into ages of the past. 1)r. Galipno of the French Academy of sicince announces that in Egyptian papyrus twenty cenorganisms more old he has found livitg micro test of heat and although the temperature was carried to 248 degres Fahrenheit, they hopped about like two-year.olds in spite of their 2,000

There is foar now that those germs of centuries ago might convey the old F.gyptian plagues or the Black peath-the the history of the world. But don't lose a lot of sleed that. Rhey may not. $\begin{array}{cc}\text { Pis sy, } & \text { Philadelphia- } \\ \text { Thanks. } & \text { Thought of }\end{array}$ you Tuly ist. No, I didn't slow your picture to mv with your play-but you CArobine, Asheville-lies Empon of ine rumames. Gloria Swanson, Margue Donald. Marv, Clara Kim Molly Malong Blvthe, Thomas, Ethčl Clavton, Alice Brady and a coupla our favorite actress. $S_{\text {with }}$ IIF:F F c y ! A man lif:-W Well, I wish to
goodness vorn'd wein

A T last the very smalle st have been discovered. . It wast the scientist says thed have, claiming to have them, althougle they are too tiny to appocar upon the ficld of a microscope-and mieroscope reveals objects so minute that more than a million biltions of them cont be erowded into a cubic mincli. Each ot those in turn is composed of
millions upon millions of molecules, every one of which contains two or more atoms. What, then, poscilly could be tinier than an atom? Entil recently it was thought that nothing conld. The atom was cunsidered the untmate billions of atome to malce up the smallest par ticle of matter that is to be seen under the most But we are progressing. We now know that an atom is a veritable spliere in which thousands alled clectrons and thes are in perpetural met tion, flying hither and thither throngh their atoms or "hshing madty from atom to atom. and the "little grains of sand" as vast contincnts by compari-on. but, as msigmincant as the not for thom? For they are the basal substance out of which all matter is bullt.
"AD just as the German let so of his machine. him. as an old rentaurant waiter."


With the lase crumbling ruins of a plorious Greck day for her back-drop, and a view of the sappinire ecas from Taormina, Sicily, for inspiration, Marie Doro's charm is more elfin than ever.

# The <br> School House 

## A heart to heart talk with the Family Circle

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WHEN I was a little kiddie in school I had a teacher who boasted a certain talent that had to do with blackboard and white chalk. I know, now, that she could only draw indifferently well-but then she seemed a great artist to me! And I was wont to gaze at her wide-eyed-with the respect and deference that are the due of all great artists.

The first day of each month was a red letter day on the calendar of our class. For on that day teacher always suspended lessons and. with her pupils gathered about her, drew pictures upon the blackboard-pictures that we naïvely suygested, pictures that told the story of the month.

Perhaps that is why, even now, I never think of March without seeing, in my mind's eye. a crudely sketched child with her umbrella blowing inside out. Perhaps that is why May means to me a group of boys and girls-also crudely sketched-picking violets. Perhaps that is why July will always be connected with a prematurely exploding firecracker and a startled youngster in overalls-the overalls smulged. a bit, by too much erasing. And perhaps that is why September comes with the vision of a box-like school house and a line of over-eager children waiting to he ushered in. That is why, as I start to write an article for the september issue of Photoplay, the picture of the school house is in my mind-and the message of the school house is in my heart.

YEESTERDAY, the lady who manicures my finger nails told me that she had always wanted to be an actress.
You"d think." she sighed, "that it would be awful easy to get on th' stage or in the pictures. But it ain t.
"What." I questionerl, "have you done about getting on the stage-or in the pictures?
"On," said the manicure lady, "I ve been to a whole lot of studios an" agencies. But the agencies turn me down-they say I ain't had experience-an' th' men in th" studios don't give me no encouragement. They tell me that, p'raps, I could get on as an extra-But wiho wants t' be an extrt? Look't all th' girls that have regular parts: that git $t^{\prime}$ be Stars right off-"

I intcrrupted.
"Michty few girls," I told her, "get to he stars right away Mighty few girls get even small parts without a good deal of very hard, disagrecable work.

The manicure lady looked at me with quizzically raised eyebrows
"Won't you believe it!" she said firmly: "Those women that play leads-they gotta pull with some director-every one o' them has! Hont you tell me-I've heard how every good job is kive out to some personal friend o' some big quy. There's no chance fer a girl with nothin hut talen to recommend her'"
"If," I said, speaking quietly, "if a girl has real talent nothing dan really keep her down. But she's got to go to school, first."

## The manicure lady laughed, a shade seornfully

"sthool"" she questioned. "What kind of a school?"
"The whool." I told her. "of experience. And of grit. And of purposes The school of determination to get ahead and real anbition and worth while motives. The school of -" I stoppeet, sudedenly, and regarded a bleeding tinger with rucful "皆"
corry'" said the manicure lady. She seemed to speak almost blithely". "lou were talking about schools, weren't your

But I didn't go on. I swung the conversation. more or les skillfully: into safer channels.
The manicure lady was ever so wrong in her assumption that getting to be a star is easy work. And so are many other people who think as the manicure lady thought. Being a success in anything is seldom easy work. It means a great cleal of schooling. And the schooling must go on, and on-even after the success is attained!

I read an unpublished interview with Mary Pickford not long ago. In it the interviewer had asked numerous questions of the star-questions pertaining to her playtimes-her pet amusements. The answer to these questions was something of a surprise to me for I, with a great many other people, hatl pictured Nary Pickford's life as one lona, idyrllic period of earning huge salaries in a rather easy: joyous way-ant of spending them just as easily and joyously: But-
"I don't have many playitimes." answered Mary Pickford. a shate wistiully. "I'm busy all through every" day. Making pictures is hard work, you know-hard physical work as well as hard mentul work. Oi course-" one can imagine here that she brightened. a bit, "ot course. I go shopping sometines and buy pretty frocks. But I don't have very much chance to wear them. I'm ton tired for parties when the evening comes."

To see an athletic young actres romping through a sun-light-splashed picture - well. it looks easy! But there is mighty hard work behind the apparent fun and case of the thing. Back of each star lies a lone period of preparation-wecks. months, and sometimes years, of doing extra work and toiling tirelessly over small parts. Even after the stellar dignity has been attained there is. I reckon, an hour of rehearsing for nearly esery second of picture. And there are always bits of bad film and spoiled negative to be remade when the actress is tired and out of the right mool.

It's that way. too. with any work. To be a good musician requires daily hours of practice. To be a successful writer one must study one's job-and keep on studying. A painter can never dare to be really idle-not any more than a protessional ball player can afford to get out of splendid plysical condition. Even a good stenographer must learn a great deal hefore she can become efficient-and she must keep on her toes always so that she will not loose that efficiency: For efficiency is the easiest thing in the world to loose.

Some folk think that popularity, once gained, is always kept. But they"re wrong. If an author's first enthralling novel is followed hy a serice of commonplace ones he will soon lose his vogue. If the painter of a charming picture does a series of cheap dauls they will kill the charm of his former work. And if an actor makes more than one bad pieture he will drop, very far in the public's estem. The scheoling must go on'

ALII'IV's, when I think of Septemher. I finel mesself picturing a box-like school house and a line of overeager chilIren watitine to he ushered in. That is why. I reckon, that Iin writing todlay ahout lessons and studsing

13ut. after :all, the school house filea doesn't apply only to September. It should go on, really. through the whole searfhroush the "uhble of ceery vear!

For in the last analsesis. what is the uniserse but a gigantic hackhoard? Incl, when the (ireat Teacher takes a bit of chalk in hand, what are we hut children-more or less crudely drawn and. perhaps, a bit ower-eager-wating to be ushered in to the Shool House of Life?

# How to overcome the havoc wrought by sun, wind and dust 

THE khaki-colored complexion, the nut-brown $V$ of skin at the throat that you so blithely acquired this summer will gradually pale and disappear.

But the exposure that caused this tan often inflicts deeper, more permanent injury on the delicate cells of the skin.

Repeated sunburn over-stimulates the oil glands and gives the skin a greater tendency to shine. Wind coarsens the texture of the complexion. Dust works deep into the pores and irritates them

However, with a little intelligent care you can overcome these ill effects.

## How to overcome the tendency to glisten induced by sunburn

To overcome the tendency to shine that repeated sunburn brings, you must counteract the over-secretion of oil. This oil may be absorbed and discouraged by constant contact with a good face powder. But to bring results you must apply the powder in such a way that it will stay on the face If powdering is so be at all lasting, the thing to do is always to apply a powder base. For this a special


Deep onto the pores the crafty dust-specks woork. You need a different cream to get them out -a cream with an oll base.
cream is needed, a cream which disappears instantly and will not reappear. Pond's Vanishing Cream does just this. It is made entirely without oil. 'The moment you apply it, it vanishes never to reappear in an unpleasan' shine. Before you powder take just a little l'ond's Vanishing Cream on the tips of your fingers. Rub it well into your face; now powder. Pond's Vanishing Cream holds the powder to the face twice as long as ever before.

## How to overcome the coarseness due to the wind

The coarseness due to the wind may be gradually overcome by the use of a special greaseless crean during the day to soften the skin and protect it from further injury.

Pond's Vanishing Cream contains an ingredient famous for years for its softening effects. Before every outing, apply a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream. At once it disappears, leaving your skin sottened and protected from further injury. It will make your skin finer and finer in texture

## How to remove dust from the pores

Dust is the worst enemy of your skin. It quickly works deep into the pores, darkens and irritates them. Worse than this, it often carries into the skin various gerns which cause skin troubles. To restore clearness to the skin and bring it back to normal, you must give the pores a deep cleansing. For this you need an entirely different cream-a cream with an oif base-to dissolve the dust. Pond's Cold Cream has just the amount of oil to work deep into the pores and thoroughly cleanse them. Before you go to bed and whenever you have been exposed to unusual dust and grime rub Pond's Cold Cream thor-


Do not live in terror of she powder coming off, reveraling a shiny face. Hold the posuder on with the right greas-less powder base.
oughly ints the skin, and wipe it oft with a soft cloth. In a few weeks your skin will be clearer in color, finer in texture.

About once or twice a week, massage your face with Pond's Cold Cream. It has just the smoothness that makes it perfect for massage.

Stop today at any drug or department store and get a jar or tube of these two creanis. Every normal skin needs both. You will be surprised to discover how quickly they will enable you to overcome the injury of sun, wind and dust.

## POND'S Cold Crean 83 Vanishing Crean

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## Plays <br> <br> Players

 <br> <br> Players}
## Real news and inter. <br> esting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By CAL. YORK

TEX OREILLY, that quict chap who urote the Constance Talmadge story in this number of Photoplay, is in a fair way of becoming a film celebrity himself. He is making some of the best and truest "Western stuff" ever put on the screen, working down in the Big Bend country on the Texas border. His associates are Bob Townley, who directed Irene Castle's serial, "Patria." and who is now supervising the O'Reilly pictures, and the greatest bunch of cowpunchers that ever rode together. Several of them have six notclies in their guns. OReilly himsclf-who used to be a cowboyplays the heavies. Named by some magazine cditors as the logical successor to O. Henry because of the striking simplicity of his short stories, he is trying to get out of his magazine contracts to devote all his time to pictures. If you see "Free Grass" or "Crossed Trails," two of his completed productions, you'll understand why

LA.ST month it was announced that Mary and Douglas Fairbanks were not going abroall after all. But they changed their minds at the last minute and sailed for a month's vacation. John and Anita Loos Dimeroon assured us their European trip was postponed indefinitely-but then John was elected to the presidency of the Actors' Equity Association, and had to go abroad on Equity business-and he took his demi-tasse wife with him. David Kirkland crossed too; and Normair and Joseph Scleenck and Constance Talmadge joinest Mrs. Talmadge and Natatic in London in late summer. Norma may make "The Garden of Ailah" over there. Bryant Waslhburn, who is "through" with Paramount, parked his two sons in Hollywood with their grandparents, took Mabel Forrect Washburn and went to Eingland to make the first picture for his own lirand-new company:

T
IITT honeymoon trip of the Fairhankecs, ly the way, was a series of ovations Loundon turned nut an mase to greet them; everswhere the went, a crowd followeda crowd that acrlamed Our Mare as their Mary, too: a crowd that shouted to ser "that million-follar smile of Doures." Visumg ropadty, presidents or premiers never mate a more triumphal tour But Mary and Douglac said the were michty glay to see the Statue of Liberty akim.


Tex ORcilly, as the dun-fightin' "heavy" of his own picture. "Free Grass." a real Western with real cowboys and real riding, taken down in the Big Bend country. Eileen Ray is the girl.

HAROLD LLOYD has joined the bigleague stars in contract as well as popularity. Associated Exhibitors bought his release from Pathe for something like a million dollars. Lloyd is expected to make six two-reclers a year for Associated for a period of two years: then he will in all probability enter the feature field. Since Pathe promoted him from one to two recl comedies, the young man has worked hard, his clean fun and unique characterization of the spectacled and serious chap proving a welcome diversion to a public fed up on slapstick. Lloyd has been mentioned more than once as the successor to Chaplin's previous popularity; and his rise is gratifying not only to his audiences, but to professional fun-makers, such as Roscoe Arbuckle, one of Lloyd's most enthusiastic fans, and many others.

F
REDERICK ROGERS, three-sear-old son of Will Rogers, died of diptheria a few weeks ago. Rogers' two other sons, Willis and Jimmie, who appear in pictures with their father, were also dangerously ill, but recovered. Rogers' devotion to his family is well-known, and the sympathy of everyone is extended to him and Mrs. Rogers in their loss.

J
OSEPH SCHENCK las more than one iron in the film fire. Beside: his superrision of the Talmadye family, he is associated with Albert Kaufman in Kaufman's contract with Mr. and Mrs. Allen Holubar (1)orothy Phillips) and director Sydney Franklin. He is saicl also to be "back" of Whitman Bennett, who manages Lionel Barrymore productions. It is rumored that Schenck has his eye on Dorothy Gish, as that little comedienne"s contract with Paramount expires soon, and she will not renew it Xeither does she care to continue under tiriffith's supervision, it is sid. Dornthe is "Comnie" Talmadec's vers beat iriend, and Connic is Schenck's sister-in-law, so it's all in the family, you might say,

J'ISTINE JOHNSTONE is now a star Realart is presonting the young lady whose blonde beauty dazzled Manhattan when she was a member of the Follies, other
nusical entertainments, and the hostess of that famous Little Club. Justine, you see, married Walter Wanger; and Walter Wanger has been appointed proluction manazer of Paramount, succceding Whitman Bennett Realart is a step-child of the Zukor family -so there you are.

DORALDINA, who deserves the creditor blame-for introducing the hulahula to an unsuspeating American public, and who is said also to be quite adept in the performance of the shimmy, has cone to California to make pictures for Metro. Miss Doraldina's films are guaranteed to be as frouk as her dancing. Anyone who witnessed her speaking performance in Thomas Dixon's fiasco of last season. "The Red Dawn," will be more than glad to hear that she will do her future shimmying in sitence.

1ONG late releases we have noticed: "Sun" (Fox)
sinners" (Realart)
"Sins of Men" (Fox)
The Sin That Was His" (Selznick)

S
OMEONE Wrote to Tom Moore the other day as follows:
"It was a pleasure for me to learn that my favorite movie actor had written so fascinating a poem as Believe Me li All Those Endearing Young Charms. It has also been set to music and is sung here very often. Allow me to congratulate you."

Tom is willing to take all the coneratulations he can get on that poem and sons. The Tom Moore who wrote it only died ahout os years ago.

ROBERT If. CIIDMBERS had a town house and a country-place, many motors and a tidy fortune tucked awavbut he wasn't satistied International Films. half-hrother of the Hearst Magazines, had rased some sereen versions of Chambers: tuif, without much success. So he formed a film company: if film company all his own, to give to the world in cellulod form his own wersion of his setw novels Messmore kendall, one of the owners of Manhattan": huge Capitol Theater, is asonciated with Chambers.

# In Sweet Lavender 

A story of sweet memories hovering about a blue georgette dress

By Alice Kane

"There's mystery in that chest."
I laughed, but I meant it, too. There was mystery in that odd little Japanese chest of Lola Kirk's. I had never seen the inside of it, although I was intimate enough with Lola Kirk to be in her home at least once a week. Always, I had the unexplainable but nevertheless thoroughly real feeling that that little Japanese chest was more than merely a Japanese chest to my friend.

Lola smiled wistfully. "It's so,isn't it?" Iasked, with just a little insistence in my tone.
"Well, not mystery," she replied softly. "Just sweet lavender - I mean memories."

I like memories; memories are old dreams dreamed all over again.
"Secret memories?" I questioned.

For reply, Lola flitted eagerly to the chest and opened it. The fragrance of sweet lavender floated out from a georgette dress. And then she held it up with a caress in her touch - a delicate filmy thing of light blue.
"My little blue dress in sweet lavender," she said simply.
"That's not just any dress, is it?" I asked.

## Something tender came

 into Lola's eyes. "It's the dress Tom fell in love with," she said. "That's literally true, I'm sure. I had been mad over Tom for ever so long, but he just didn't seem to care - until he saw me in this dress. I remember he said to me, 'How beautiful that dress looks on you!' And my heart beat fearfully because he had never said anything like that before. And then, after a terribly silent moment, he said, 'I think it's not the dress at all; it's just you, Lola, that make the dress seem beautiful.',[^12]
"It's the dress Tom fell in love with."
my eyes. I had no affect on that dress, but that dress made me beautiful.
"And just think!-I learned my designing in only a few short months at home. I
spent only two hours a week on my lessons spent only two hours a week on my lessons, and every minute of these two hours was as interesting as if I were playing at a fascinating game. Indeed, 'playing' is just the word; there was never a moment during my entire course when I felt that I was working."
"What course was it?" I asked eagerly. I began to think of sweet lavender in a little Japanese chest of my own.
"Fashion Academy."
The episode of Lola Kirk's Japanese chest happened a year ago. Since then I, too, have taken a Fashion Academy home-study course. Indeed, I took two courses one in linery.
Name
learned how to design costumes and sew. In my course in costume designing, I had learned how to create charming original styles. I had learned how to design a costume in just the lines and in just the colors to conceal every slight defect and intensify every point of beauty in the wearer.
"The dress Tom fell in love with was made for just me and nobody else in the world. I planned every. single line of it to beautify my figure and express my personality, and I chose the colors to set off my complexion and the color of my hair and demy graduates who have attained marvelous success as professional designers and illustrators.
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## Plays and Players

(Continued)


A prominent member of the Hollywood film colony in his new custom-made FierceSparrow, f. o. b. California -. Wesley Barry, whose freckles are his fortune. Also meet Miss Virginia Rothacker, daughter of Watterson R. Rothacker. whose plant prints all the pictures that Wesley, and many other stars, make.

WILLIAM WALLACE REID, Junior, is "enerally called "Bill" by his mother father, and friends. The other day he was playing in a neighbor's yard with the neighbor's little boy. Mrs. Reid-Dorothy Davenport-sent the maid to call him to lunch. The maid came back, reporting that Bill said he was too busy to eat. So Mrs. Reid went to the back door and called firm1y: "William!"

## No answer.

"William Wallace, come here!" she called again. Then she heard Bill regretfully part with his playmate in this fashon: "Well, Jim, I gotta go now. When Mother calls me ly my regular name, she means busines! !"

CIORIA SIIANSON is remaining with C1 laramount after all. She will be an individual star in the future instead of a De Mille actress. Her husband, Herbert K Somborn, is no longer president ai liquity lictures Corporation.

T11AT active youne man, Craig Kennedy, Will hereafter condluct his scientifie de lections under the auspices of the Arthur 13 Reeve Pictures, Inc. Reeve is Craig's liter ary papa. Just who will succeed Arnold Waly and Herhert Rawlinson as Kemnedy: sereen incarnation has not heen decided, but Goldwen will release the results.

$P$Ad CHALFIN, prominent archited and interior decorator, has given up his ex clusive rlientele in Manhattan to go Wert where he will act in a stiperviong capacity
to Cecil DeMille. We thought the De:Mille drawing-rooms were about the best in artistic effects that could be obtained, but now that Gloria Swanson has left him to be a lone star, DeMille probably can use all the additional decoration he can get.

THAT handsome villain. Irving Cumminges, is a villain no longer. He has become a hero under a new contract, which provides that he make six features and three serials of lifteen episodes each. Query: Will Irs ing's interesting eyebrows and wary hair continue to thrill when his admirers can mo loneer sav" with delicious shudders: " $1=n$ "t he the wickedest man you ever satw?

T111: latest lucky little girl to win tir-t honors in a film beauty contert is Gertrude Olmstead, of La Salle, Illinois. She was adjulged the most beautiful girl in the s 10.000 l:lks-lhearst-Universal contest held in Chicago. Carl Lacmmle, one of the judges, had a trial test made of her and shisl she streened like the proverbial million. Mis Olmstead has enne to U'niversal City, California, with her mother. where she will ewntually star

CCITAIN BOGART ROGIFS, of the Roval Flwing Corps. who returned from a year's service at the Front with two decorations for distinguished service, has been added to the pullisity department of the Ince Studio, under Hunt Strombere. Ne i, at brother of Adeh R Rusers St. Jolms. who write those entertainine slorice for Photo. $\therefore$ に.


## As a matter of fact

Your first R-E-A-L cigarette pleasure will come with Camels!

YOU'LL swing into the Camel procession as easily and as delightedly as any of the thousands of smokers who have found these cigarettes an absolute revelation in quality, in refreshing flavor, in mellow mildness and in body!

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Sample each free by mail. Address post-card Sample each free by mail. Address post-card;
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## KEEPS SHOES SHAPELY HIDES LARGEJOINTS



## Afir bis inuant relief for bunions and latge jornts. huler irregu-

 Tritirs of fowit furm Worn in any shem: no larger sise ire if no rerief. Stale aze of shoris and if for nulat or lefl feort.

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As a matter of fact, this poor little Ritz girl has nothing to be so up-stage about. Today she may be Bcssie Billions, daughter of the buck wheat king: but tomorrow she may be cast as a beffar child. Anyway, Vioła Dana borrowed sister Shirley's slippers when she visited Miss Mason's studio for lunch.

Nazlanolt has discovered that overalls are a very convenient garb for cutting a picture and startled the Metro studio the other afternoon by appearine in them. Madame, however, can be dignified even in overalls.

DETTI BLITHIE, who recently married Paul Scarden, declares that her wedding might have been filmed to serve for a shimmy ceremony
"I was so seated," saill lowely Betty, "that I actually shimmied alt the way down the aiste of the church."

A
IN M1.11: Charles Ray's keading woman. has the distinction of having the smallest bathing suit in the motion picture colony: And it isn't only becatice Ann is such a litte girl, either.
"I may get pinched," remarks . Inn nonchalantly: "But I'm ahways extting pinched for somethine-parking on the wrong side of the stect. or letting my tail high go out, or driving more th.in ten mites an hour, so what's the difference?"

CHARLES BLACKTON, small son of J C Stuart, who has an important part in his father's picture. "Passers By," was taken to the Capitol theater to ste himself on the screen. In the lobby he was recognized and surrounded by women who all wanted io kiss him. When fimally Charles managed to escape the crowd, he said
"Wasn't that a terrible woman?"
"What woman?" asked his father.
"Why, that funny woman who tricd sn hard to kiss me," saitl Charles. Then, with a grin, "She had a face like an elephant. so when she tried to grab me I croseed my cyes like Ben Turpin, opened my mouthand when she stw alt my teeth were out. she ran away!"

G EORGE B. SEITZ, the energetic young man who writes directs, and stars in Pathe scrials, is taking a company to spain to make a feature there His first venture in the longer form of fitm entertainmen: will present Seitz and Junc Caprice as enstars, and will feature Marcuerite Courtot
(Contimaed on page 04)


## Between the lines of his letter <br> I read the whole unfortunate story

SYOMEWIIERE there is a girl who will never know why "Dick" (which is not his real name) suddenly stopped coming to see her-when he so apparently had been quite interested. Perhaps she wonders sometimes what it was - but he could not tell her and she will probably never guess.

He wrote me the story and it made me gladder than ever that we have dared to publish these articles about perspiration. In spite of the sharp comment they have aroused!

She was, he said, a pretty girl and an intelligent one. She knew how to dress and was blessed with personal charm. But-she had overlooked one weakness.

A moment's impression several times repeated and the thing was done. Never arain could he think of her quite as he had before.

How many girls, without knowing it, have had a similar experience?

## An old fault - common to most of us

It is a physiological fact that there are very few persons who are not subject to this odor of perspiration, though seldom conscious of it themselves. Perspiration under the arms, though more active than elsewhere, does not always produce excessive and noticeable moisture. But the chemicals of the body do cause noticeable odor, more apparent under the arms than in any other place.

The underarms are under very sensitive nervous control. Sudden excitement, embarrassment even, serves as a nervous stimulus sufficient to make
perspiration there even more active. The curve of the arm prevents the rapid evaporation of odor or moisture - and the result is that others become aware of this subtle odor at times when we least suspect it.

## How well-groomed men and women are meeting the situation

Well-groomed men and women everywhere are meeting this trying situation with methods that are simple and direct. They have learned that it cannot be neglected any more than any other essential of personal cleanliness. They give it the regular attention that they give to their hair, teeth, or hands. They use Odorono, a toilet lotion specially prepared to correct both perspiration moisture and odor.
Odorono was formulated by a physician who kne w that perspiration, because of its peculiar qualities, is beyond the reach of ordinary methods of cleanliness -excessive moisture of the armpits is due to a local weakness.

Odorono is an antiseptic, perfectly harmless. Its regular use gives that absolute assurance of perfect daintiness that women are demanding. - that consciousness of perfect grooming so satisfying to men. It really corrects the cause of both the moisture and odor of perspiration.

## Make it a regular habit!

Use Odorono regularly, just two or three times a week. At hight before
retiring, put it on the underarms. Allow it todry, and thendust on a little talcum. The next morning, bathe the parts with clear water. The underarms will remain sweet and dry and odorless in any weather, in any circumstances! Daily baths do not lessen its effect.
Women who find that their gowns are spoiled by perspiration stain and an odor which drycleaning will not remove, will find in Odorono complete relief from this distressing and often expensive annoyance. If you are troubled in any unusual way, or have had any difficu!ty in finding relief, let us help you solve your problem. Write today for our free booklet. You'll find some very interesting information in it about all perspiration troubles!

Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., 515 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. At all toilet counters in the United States and Canada, $35 \mathrm{c}, 60 \mathrm{c}$ and $\$ 1.00$. By mail, postpaid, if your dealer hasn't it.

Men will he interested in reading our booklet, "The Assurance of Perfect Grooming.'
Address mail orders or requests as follows: For Canada 10 The Arthur Sales Co., 61 Adelaide St.. East, Toronto. Ont. For France
to The Acencie Americaine. 38 Avenue de IOpera, Paris. For Switzerland io The Agera, Paris for Switzerland io The Geneve. For England to The American Drug Supply Co.. 6 Northumberland Ave., Inndon,
W.C.2. For Mexico to II E. Gerber \& Cia., 2a Gante, 19, Mexico City. For U. S. A to

The Odorono Company<br>515 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio



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The Daintily PERF UMED Hair Remover

Relieves you of embarrassing sclf-consciousness and enables you to enjoy that poise and graceful charm so much desired by every woman of refinement. Removo is a pure, delightfully seented powder which you simply mix with a little warm water, apply and in three minutes wash off. The disagrecable odor so pronounecd in some depilatories is entirely absent in Removo. You'll find the hair growth has entirely disappeared and the skin perfectly white and smooth.
Is used and highly recommended by women of refinement and beauty specialists every where. Buy Removo at toilet goods counters and drug stores. Large size $\$ 1.00$, small size 50c. Results guarantced or moncy refunded. If not obtainable, remit direct to us and we will matl in plain wrapper. Give name and address

## THE REMOVO CO.

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SYRACUSE, N. Y
Makers of Carmich ael's Gray 11 lair
Restorer. Used by Restorer. Used by
thousands. Price $\$ 1.00$ per bottle. At $\$ 1.00$ per bottle. At tollet gond coun-


## Plays and Players

(Continued)


There are places where the bibulous may still crook a wicked elbow. One of them is Tia Juana, Mexico, where Edith Roberts, her mother and director recently went on location. The gentleman with the white carnation is a musician at Sunsct Inn, lecturing on the Eighteenth Amendment.

TIA JUANA, that famous Lower California resort of rare wines and races, is certainly very popular with the moving picture stars. If you say, "He isn't working," somebody immediately replies "Oh, he's gone to Tia Juana." It has solved the problem of vacations to some extent.

Speaking of vacation, King Vidor, just returned from a few days rest, following the completion of "The Jack-Knife Man." But he says next time he's going to wear false whiskers, or else stay on a movie lot, to get away from "shop."
"I went to a famous hot springs in Northern California," said Vidor. "All the way up people tried to show me locations, the botel keeper had written ten scenarios he wanted to read out loud, the postmaster had a daughter who was the coming Mary Pickford, the waitress at my table had worked extra in a picture of mine once and the chauffeur wanted to be a cameraman.
"So it didn't do much good to leave Hollywood."
R UPERT JULIAN is making four specials - a year for Arthur S. Kane Pictures. He will star as well as direct, which should not be any effort for the creator of that horror of the late war. "The Kaiser, The Beast of Berlin."

ALICE BRADY is always laving trouble with her press-agents. They recently issued an announcement from Realart that Miss Brady was giving up the stage to devote herself exclusively to pictures next season. This Miss Brady emphatically denies. She will, she says, make pictures and appear in a new play as well. After working in the studios all day and the theater at night. Alice would find time hanging heavily on her liands if the gate up one or the other. She and hushand Jimmy Crane seem to be as devoled as ever.

C1EORCF: WAl.SH will go through his alhlefic exercises for Firsl Vational in fulure insladel of Fox.

$\mathrm{M}^{\mathrm{R}}$R. and Mrs. Bill Desmond (who was Mary McIvor) have purchased a beautiful new home in Hollywood and have instituted Sunday afternoon "open house." One Sunday Bill Hart occupied the seat of honor, with his two busted ribsa chaperoned by his charming sister, Miss Mary Hart. The calling list for the afternoon included Lew Cody, Tony Moreno. Mildred Harris Chaplin, Louis WFeadock. the scenario writer, and his wife, Jacques Jaccard, Hayden Talbot. Ann Forrest, Dirs. Harry Dlestaver. wife of the well known actor, who is visiting her mother in Hollywood, and Mr. and Ars. Wallace Reid, with their small son, William Wallace Reid. Perhaps the fact that the cellar is one of the best furnished rooms in the house has something to do with the success of these afternoons.

HARRI MOREI- who has never acted for any other company than Vitagraph. has finally left the Albert Smith organization. It is thoucht that he will form his own company.

BILL DESMOND has been loaned ${ }^{-}$to the B Carter DeHavens for an importam role in their screen adaptation of "Twin Beds."

WHLLADAI S. HART has received the Democratic nomination for Sheriff of Hood River County, Oregon. Hart has notified his boosters that le will be glad to accept the nomination if he can still live in Los Angeles and fultill his duties by periodical visits to Hood River. Bill ousht to make a good sheriff; he has outwitted so many of them in his good-bad-man pictures.

AFTER directing fourteen succeses for Charles Ray, Jcrome Storm has quit the Ray company The star and his former diector parted without hard feelings. Storm's complaint was with cortain officials of the new Ray organization. Now the director may form his own company, It's a habit with directors.

## Plays and Players <br> (Continued)

WELL, mates, it is an awful blow and maybe Al Christie and Mack Sennett are to be blamed for it. At all the seaside bathing resorts within the corporate limits of New York, to say nothing of a number of beaches along the California coast, the edict has gone forth that no matter how delightful their lines, all feminine lower limbs, in the manner of speaking, must be duly stockinged henceforth. There are those who aver that the generous display of-ah-feminine lower limbs in the moving pictures of such distinguished pickers as Christie and Sennett is the cause of the ban on bare legs. Others see a base and brazen plot of the silk stocking trust to add to its increment by this enforced false fussiness. No, the ban will have no effect on the future productions of Messrs. Christie, Sennett, et al.

WILL IVAN ABRAMSON, J. Parker Read, Jr., and William Fox kindly rise and sing Ed Wynn's song: "Keep the Vampires Earning?"

HERE is a story that comes from England. A writer, noted for his whimsical sense of humor, gave a garden pariy. Among his guests were men prominent in politics, women of title and social position and a group of well-known writers. The party was a huge success and was oh, so jolly, Bohemian and informal. The guests enjoyed themselves hugely. But- The next day some of the statesmen and ladies of title learned that the author with a sense of humor had stationed several motion picture cameramen in the shrubbery. In spite of the proverbial English fog, the doings of the guests had been filmed with great accuracy. The picture has never been released. The author still has it. Perhaps the producer who gets the motion picture rights to his works will succeed in capturing it.
E about Betty in Hollywood is raving E about Betty Compson's gorgeous new limousine. The first day she rode down Hollywood Boulevard in it there was almost a riot. It's a royal blue Cadillac with a special built body that suggests equerries in livery announcing "Her Majesty's carriage awaits," you know. The upholstering is a royal purple velour and the windows are exquisite plate glass. What with Betty's blonde loveliness framed in its blue grandeur, and Anita Stewart's brunette beauty inside a mahogany red, velvet lined Locomobile limousine that runs it a close second, it's no wonder that traffic conditions in Hollywood and Los Angeles are causing the C . of C . a lot of concern.

MISS LORO BARA, sister of the immortal Theda, is the heroine in a reallife romance. While on board the good ship Vestris with her sister, on her voyage from New York to London late in June, Miss Loro was wooed and won in jig-time by Frank Getty, a New England newspaper man. They are to be married soon, it is reported. Getty comes from a "prominent Winchester, Mass., family," and served in the Aviation Corps during the war. Lorowell, she is Theda's sister.

RUMORS concerning the engagement of Edna Purviance, the blue-eyed, pearly blonde who plays opposite Charlie Chaplin, to a wealthy young polo player of the Los Angeles' smart set, a war hero, too, by the way, are being strenuously denied by the young lady. Too strenuously, say many of her friends. Certainly Edna would make a June bride that anybody might commit matrimony over.


The Quaker Oats breakfast is the height of good living, for the oat is the greatest food that grows.

Practically every element the body needs is there in right proportions. And in a luscious food. No price could buy a better breakfast for the grown-up or the child. Yet you serve a large dish for one cent-the cost of a bite of meat.

Quaker Oats yields 1810 calories of nutriment per pound. It supplies sixteen elements in well-balanced form. A pound of round steak yields 890 calories, and of eggs 635. One cup of Quaker Oats contains as many calories as a pound of fish.

## Food Values

Nute how foods differ in the cost per calory. These comparisons on necessary foods are based on prices at this writing.

| Cost per 1,000 calories |
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| Average meats |
| age fish |
| n's eggs |

## $85 \%$ less for breakfast

A Quaker Oats breakfast saves $85 \%$ compared with the average meat breakfast. It supplies supreme nutrition for the first meal of the day. It saves the average family about 35 cents toward costlier foods for dinner.

## Quaker Oats

## The choicest one-third of the oats

In Quaker Oats you get just queen grains flaked. All the puny, insipid grains are discarded. A bushel of choice oats yields only ten pounds of Quaker. Yet these rich, flavory oat flakes cost you no extra price. Be wise enough to get them.
Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover
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PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM

Reatorm Color and<br>Brauty to Carny and Fanded IInir



You've heard how exaeting stars are. Note the temperament displayed by Alice Joyee as she and her leading man. Bob Gordon, are kept waiting on the set while the cameraman grabs a bite and a bottle. if only of ginger-ale, the assistant director asks for a raise, or the seeond lead powders her nose.

$\mathrm{M}^{\mathrm{R}}$RS. FRED TALMADGE and daughter Natalie received something of a shock recently on their arrival in Paris when they learned that David Kirkland, who directs Constance Talmadge, had run afoul of the law. Mr. Kirkland sailed for Europe a month before the Talmadges with a special camera to take photographs of certain famous historical spots to be used later as a guide in the building of sets. The director, however, was unacquainted with European laws, one of which makes it a very serious offense to take photographs in certain public places in France without a permit. Kirkland hired one of those picturesque open hacks of Paris, set up his camera on it. drove around from place to place taking pictures as he went. All went well until he arrived at the Tomb of Napoleon and placed his picture taking apparatus in position. Just as he was about to "shoot," a gendarme tapped him on the shoulder and placed him under arrest. The Talmadges, however, arrived in time to support the statements of the director that he knew nothing of the French laws governing photography, and that in America there were no such restrictions. Thus Mr. Kirkland escaped jail and got off with a judicial reprimand.

RICHARD BARTIELMESS and Mary Hay made their wedding too exclusive to please the press agent of the D. W. Griffith organization. Just before the marriage, the press agent wrote letters to all the newspapers asking them to cover the wedding and also intimating that photographers would be welcome.
But when the well-meaning reporters arrived at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, they were informed that they were not welcome. Naturally the news gatherers were surprised, because they had been received with open arms at the Vanderbilt-littleton wedding, which took place only a fow months before.
Which ouly shows that motion picture and theatrical persons em teach society how to theatrial merons an teach sockety how to be really exclucive.

L'ILLAAN GISH has bezun work on her L first stellar picture after completing her role of Anna Moore in her last Griffith production, "Way Down East." She signed with Sherrill; who is trying to sell stock for his concern, pointing out the big profits in the industry and heralding his acquisition of Miss Gish to prospective stock purchasers. The little blonde says she went out on her own because she "wanted to keep mother and myself out of the Old Ladies' Home. There was a time when mother and I thouche if we had $\$ 300$ and a black sitk dress, we'd be alright. But my ambitions have broad ened since then."

Lilli:in told Mr. Gritūth of her more ambitious plans for the future, and he said he would help her all he could, but would not try to dissuade her, as he has won his reputation as a director who places the picture first. never the player. Consequently. Albert Gres, manager for and brother of D. $\mathrm{II}^{\circ}$. let it be known to a few persons that Miss Gish's services were available, and before anyone else had time to think. William sherrill came forward with a contract, according to which Lillian will receive over $\$ 400.000$ in the next two years, and $\$: 000000$ more during the third year if Sherrill exeretes his option on her services.
"Ive been working in pictures a long time, and have wery little to show for it." says Lillian. "As for leaving Mr Griffith, I don't like even to think about it: I don't know how I shall get alone without his direction. But I'm hoping I'll have success " And everyone who knows the real Lillian Gish-the conscientious. sincere actres, and the sentle girl-hopes so ten.

THE: first :tory from the Famous Phaver:been 1 Satan" Mrie Corelli's nowel. "The Sorrows of have Miss Corelli, however, is said in and so the companv decided to allow Satan:sorrows to remain untold. Instead "The Great Day" will be produced as the finst of the English productions.

Plays and Players
(Concluded)


Harold Lloyd has signed a new contract. which insures the success of this young comedian. We wonder if little Mildred Davis - the sweet screamer at the top of Harolds ladder - will continue to be his leading woman?

WILLIAM FOX is cutting down on his list of stars. Madlaine Traverse, Gladys Brockwell and Buck Jones are some of the players said to be leaving the organization. Vivian Rich, suddenly elevated to stardom, has also been dropped, it is said.

FOLLOWING the lead of Thomas Meighan, Elliott Dexter and Eugene OBrien, Conway Tearle is going to stop being a leading man and in the future will be starred in productions for National Picture Theatres. Mr. Tearle's salary demands have been mounting at such a terrible rate that he has become too great a luxury to be classed as mere "support."

"THE Sign on the Door," Channing Pollock's play, which has been rumning all season in New York, has been sold to Norma Talmadge for $\$ 75,000$. Mr. Pollock originally wrote the play as a scenario and sold it to a large producing company for $\$ 1,600$. The company shelved it and, after two years, Mr. Pollock bought it back and made it into a melodrama.
Rita Weiman had the same experience with "The Acquittal." The story was originally published in a magazine. Several companies bid for the motion picture riglts. but the only company to which Miss Weiman was willing to sell it refused to consider it. Now that "The Acquittal" has made a hit as a drama, the company is anxious to purchase it at the author's price. You can make your own joke.

SOME women seem to think that Mrs. S Wilson films better than Mrs. Harding. Also that Calvin Coolidge is a better camera subject than Senator Harding. It is important that the political parties select candidates who film well.

ANN FORREST, the little blonde whose work in "Dangerous Davs" attracted favorable attention, is Cecil DeMille's choice as successor to Gloria Swanson in the leading feminine roles of future DeMille dramas. Forrest Stanley will be leading man.


HEN young appetites and B. C. product both quickly disappear. And wholesome nourishment follows great enjoyment.

Zu $/ / u$ Ginger Snaps
Round, crisp, spicy morsels that whet the appetite as no other ginger snap ever did.

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## Graham Crackers

Crisp, golden squares of nourishment that appeal to the most delicate appetite.

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The world's best soda cracker, whether ineasured in terms of crispness, flavor, nourishment, or popularity.

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The nation's dessert wafers. Delicious accompaniments to fruits, ices, beverages, sherbets.

Sold in the famous In-er-seal Trade Mark package

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# Ten years without a corn 

Countless people boast that record now.
Years ago they started using Blue-jay. Never since has a corn pained twice. And never has a corn stayed a week.
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Apply a touch of liquid Blue-jay or a Blue-jay plaster.
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The action is gentle but sure. Blue-jay is the scientific method, created by this world-famed laboratory.

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Try Blue-jay on one corn. Buy it tonight from your druggist. Live the rest of your life without corns.

# BrP Blue=jay <br> Plaster or Liquid 

The Scientific Corn Ender
BAUER \& BLACK Chicago New York Toronto
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Producta


## Questions and Answers

(Continucd from page 78)
Dorotiy, Racine. Ill-Well, I doni know-are you a good cook 2 I don't know whether the modern kitchens can come up to those of ancient times. but I do know that the Waldorf-A-toria in New York City has a kitchen that can cook dinners for more than 3.500 persons at one time. The Bon Marche in Paris has a roasting pan that holds no less than 300 cutlets and pot that holds twelve hams and sixty fowls. Whereas the wealthy ones of the world can eat in these places, all the Answer Man wants is somebody to make him a good lemon-meringue pie. P'crhaps you people think I have forgotten that some of you promised to make me that pie: but I haven't seen it yet. Marion Davies, Cosmopolitan Productions; \io.a Dana, Metro; Madge Kiennedy; Goldws:n; Ethel Clayton, Lasky studios, Hollywood.
E. E., Belsont, Mass.-So you think Photoplay has ignored Jack Warren Kerrigan. Ill have to tell the Editor about that right away. He's a Kentuckian and unmarried. (J. W. K., I mean.) Wish I were a Kentuckian; but if I were I suppose I'd be an actor or a model for a collar ad and not an Answer Man, and then who would answer questions about kerrigan?

Mary N., Springrield, Mass.-What a mix-up! Lila Lee and Doris Lee are not sisters and Frankic Lee is not their brother. Because you see that isn't Lila's real name, nor Doris" either. Doris Lee is now Doris May; both are noms-de-theatre. Lila Lee is really Augusta Appel. Litt'e Frankie is not related to any one in pictures that I know of. Sylvia Breamer is not dead; whatever gave you that idea? She's with Syd Franklin"s company playing "Athalic."

Fravi J. L., Toleno.-Tbere was a story about Seena Owen in the May iswe of P'inotoplay that is the first real story ever published on this elusive lady: Delight livans has nothing on me: I met Seena, too. If I had written the story, I'd have said less about her career and more about her eyes. Nellie King is older than Mollic. Corinne Griffith is with Vitagraph-castern. Marie Prevost, Phyllis Haver, and Harriett Hammond are all with Mack Sennett. The latest Sennett feature, not a two-but a fiverecler, is "Down on the Farm." Louise Fazenda, Ben Turpin, and Marie appear in it, to say nothing of Teddy the doe and Pepper the cat and a Iot of trained mice.

Muriel, Presole Isle, Mane,-Do I think it's better to act in pictures or be a chorus girl? It depends upon how you act. However, if it must be one or the other, Th unlesitatingly chonse the pictures, for the work-providing vou get it-is less arduous. Suit yourself-you will anywayAnita Stewart has lisht brown hair.
Helis: Cincinosti-Ilarold Bell Wricht is not associated with Rer Beach in :my film venture, or in any other way for that mattor Beach is the loadine Author of that Eminent Authors Corporation. which rile:ses and produces through foldw: $n-3$ lranch of Mr. Sam Goldwer's organization, in fact. The Fiminent Authors include Reach, Mary Roberts Rinchart. Ieroy Scott. Certrude deherton, kupert Wuches, and Couverneur Morris. "The Girl from Outsite" was a Beach adaptation. made in an excellent manmer hy Iarry Trimble Trimble made that fine old clasic of the screen. "Ohd Juthh," with Florence Turner, in England vears aco. Mkn, he likes doges akn he likes Answer Men Jle's a friend of this

Questions and Answers
(Continued)
Mary-at-Piedmont.-I'm not llke the man who said, when asked to meet the brightest girl in the senior class at-college: "Oh, I wouldn't care to meet anyone so homely as that." When are you sending me that picture of yourself? Don't blame you a bit for liking Charles Ray. As Burns Mantle said, "I have come to the point when I caught myself wanting to write him a fan letter"-or words to that effect. So your brother wants to write to Natalie, the most thoughtful of the three Talmadges. He can reach her at the Talmadge studio in New York; she may answer him, and then again she may not.

Blue Bird, Troy.-William Farnum is married; he has a little adopted daughter, not a son. Eugene O'Brien doesn't play with Norma Talmadge any more because he's with Selznick and she'sewith First National.

Miss M. M. W., Okla.-Eugene O'Brien has reached thirty-six and so far escaped marriage. Rather an achievement-what? Pearl White whizzed through the "Perils of Pauline" with ber usual happy abandon. The McDonalds you name are not related. Sylvia Breamer is divorced. Gloria Swanson is engaged in her second matrimonial venture. Some men are as coy about announcing their ages as women; so this will have to let me out on Thomas Meighan. Of course I cou!d guess, but then you're as good at this game as I would be. Women have been keeping men guessing for centuries.

Just Liz.-Shucks, Liz, don't upset me again with so endearing a salutation. Theda Bara has vamped a score of men (on the screen), but this scarcely justifies you in crediting her with the murder of a husband she never had. Harry Morey is married, but there are no little Moreys. Carol Halloway tells the census man she was born in 1892. Of course Sylvia Breamer is as good looking off the screen as she is on. Which is quite a pulchritudinous record. Norma Talmadge is older than Constance. What makes Jack Mulhall so qood-looking? Oh, ask some real authority like the iceman.

Anthony Jr., New Orieans.-I can't tell you to whom Constance Talmadge is engaged as she didn't ask me to announce her engagement for her. I don't know that she is engaged to anybody. You'll hear about it soon enough if she is. Lila Lee isn't, and that's a fact. This brunette youngster is working at the Lasky studio in Hollywood, California, playing opposite Paramount-Artcraft stars. Olive Thomas will send you her picture: address elsewhere. Call in anytime you like.
M. H., Hempstead.-I’m sorry I disapnointed you by not answering your letter But perhaps if I had answered you'd have been even more disappointed, so why worry? Like Pollyanna, I can always find some coming to be glad about. The one thing I find it hard to be joyful over is the fact that I have to work on such a small salary. But I suppose if the Editor raised me, I'd become so cocky I would refuse absolutely to answer any more matrimonial questions. I sometimes wonder if all you people appreciate the way I aid and abet you in breaking thie rules? Antrim Short was that cute boy in "Please Get Married," but when you write him, care Metro in California, don't call him that. He's very young, having only recently graduated from small-boy to juvenile roles; and accordingly, from knickers to long ones.



Long, thick, dark eyelashes and well-formed eyebrows give charm, beautyand wonderful expression to any eyes.

darkens eyelashes and brows instantly and makes them appear naturally long, thick and luxuriant. Applied in one minute. Perfectly harmless. Two shades, black and brown. Purchase a box of "MAYBELLINE," apply ir, and you will be delightfully surprised at the wonderful improvement.
"MAYBELLINE" comes in an attractive purple box which

## contains mirror and brush for applying. <br> Lrash-Gwow=Sne

another Maybell beauty aid, has long been recognized as the most beneficial prenaration for nourishing and promoting the natural growth of eyclashes and regularly and highly recommended by stage and screen stars and millions of beautiful women throughout the world. Why not you? "Maybelline" At your dealer's "Lash-Brow-ine" Price 75 Cents or drect from us

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NOTICE- To nvoid disappointment with imitations, always look for the Fcture of "THE MAYBELL GIRL," same as below which adorns every
Wox of "MAYBELLINE" and "LASH-RROW-INE." W'e atsure satisfaction $t$ tefund price
Maybell Laboratories.

## Questions and Answers

## (Continued)

J. (;, Smdall, Mo-It di-rupt; mv day. I tell you. I'm sick and tired of it. I assure you that when Eugene OBrien makes up his mind to get married and I learn of it-you will be the first tlap: er to know. But you tell me you read me wery month -and then want to know if Gene has entered the holy bounds of matrimony No! Blanche Sweet has made scveral pictures for Jesse Hampton, releasing through Pathe. They were, "Fighting Cressy," "The Deadlier Sex," "Simple Souls," "The Girl in the "Web," and "Object Matrimony." Blanche isn't married. Bill Hart is single. William Courtleigh, Jr., is dead. Wallace Reid, Lasky, Hollywoorl.
M. L.. New York-Ves I an stationed in Manhattan now. I am higher up than Tve ever heen in my life, and find it hard to accustom my alf to it. From my office window I can see Selznick's signs, God's Hudson River, and, when it's dusk, the lights twinkling on the opposite shore. That's Jersey. Ever been to Jersey? So was 1once. Nazimova never makes "personal appearances" except on the legitimate stage, in lbsen or other drammah. I hardly believe she writes letters to her admirers. It would take up so much of her time, don't you lnow. Stars seldom divulge their home addreses: whe should they? As I have oft remarked before the poor souls are only human and crave some privary. They don't get much. goodnes knows. New lork, however, is gencrally immune to celebrities; the natives see so many, they have ceased to be impressed. Of course, if it's Mary Pickford. or President Wilson, or some Prince or something. they turn around and take another look. Bill Hart is a great guy: I know him and like-him. Gladys Leslie is married. Geraldine Farrar is Mrs. Lou Tellegen.

Ad.a W... Ohro-W'We don't say any more that a man is after a girl's money; he may be after her vote. Any company will buy a good idea if they like the idea. It's up to you to get the good idea and put it on paper, then to se'ect the company whose needs might induce them to buy it Further advice I cannot give you.

Harriett, Los Avgeles--One of those rare beings: a nilm-curious resident of the City of Studios. Bebe Danie's. Lasky studios. Hollywood. Clara Kimball Young, Garson Pauline Frederick. Rnbertson-Cole Owen Moore, Selznick. Charles Ray, his own studio, your town; Mae Alison, Netro.
M. B. H. Coltmbus-I don't usually straighten nut plot entanglements, but in this case I can tell you that in "The Woman in the Su*case"-Ince-Paramount-Irteraft picture Claric McDowell played Moretiond's wife, while Enit Rennell was his daughter Does that make it clearer to you?

Noxmy Pum, Fwistox-1 havent that red-haired stenographer any more $1: 21$ if you hatel known her you never would have ca'led her "titian" hair red llow do you know that m! nffice chair snacak? I ilus had it oled I ohn Barrymore- "Mr Hode" was indeed horrohle but vers welt tone Sorry $1^{i} 1$ malignal your Firench l'erhan. it was treause 1 couldn't understand it Come again. won't you?

Fstame-It mua be amother Mare ifs. as Mre Dick Rarthelmess came from Fort miss. Tixas and hw lived in Los Angele-
and Xenl bork They were married Jme 1Sth. in Now York

## Questions and Answers <br> (Continued)

Babs, Denver.-Yes, there's a lot of love on the screen; but I have scen a lot more in the audience. One of the hardest questions I have ever refused to answer is yours -"Compare the Gish sisters in beauty." Ethel Clayton is the widow of Joseph Kaufman, who was an actor and director of Miss Clayton's pictures for Lubin. They were to have formed a star-director combination for Paramount. Miss Clayton is abroad right now; she will make a picture in London, I think, for Paramount.

Frances, Berkeley.-I don't know that Theda Bara has bobbed her curls because I didn't know she had curls. In "Romeo and Juliet" she wore long dark curls, though, didn't she? But she didn't have curls the last time I saw her. They would scarcely seem to fit in with our Theda's personality. She is nothing if not a vampire. Alice Joyce has long locks; she has never been bobbed. Natalie and Constance Talmadge have bobbed hair. Anita Stewart has not. I should think bobbed hair would be most convenient in the good old summer-time. Why don't you try it ?

Firefly, Lancaster.-The only waves I am acquainted with are heat waves, also those in the city pavements. I envy you at your mountain camp, where mere males are not allowed and the beaches rival Mr. Sennett's. Roscoe Arbuckle is not working in Niagara Falls, but in California, at the Lasky studio. You can't call him Fatty any more. His new picture is a feature, Irvin Cobb's "Life of the Party."

Jessie, Corowa, N. S. W.-So you are sixtcen and wish you were older. When you have gained your wish, you'll make another: to be sixteen again. Conrad Nagel is twenty-four; he is with Paramount, playing at the Lasky studios in Hollywood, California, and is happily married to Ruth Helms, a non-professional.
L. M. B., Oakland.-It is interesting to note that Tokio laborers are threatening to strike if they don't get 18 cents a day. I suppose Japanese Answer Men barely get enough to live on. Tom Moore is thirtyfour. Alice Brady weighs' 108 and Marguerite Clark tips the scales at 100.
R. M. S., Canada.-You had always pictured me as a very old man with a long beard and white hair, but guess you were mistaken? You were never more so. I cannot send you my picture or tell you my name. Anonymity is my curse, although chaps like Dick Barthelmess and Wallace Reid would call it a blessing. Dell Boone is Mrs. Niles We!ch; she sometimes appears in pictures. Beatrice Prentice was Mrs. Harrison Ford; they are divorced. Charles Ray's new pictures are " 45 Minutes from Broadway" and "Peaceful Valley."
Corporal J. R., Camp Travis, Texas.Jessie Bartlett Davis died at the age of fortyfour, May 14, 1905. She was on the stage for years, in "The Bostonians" but never appeared in pictures. Many thanks for your verses; I don't have poctry dedicated to me very often. I get a lot of limericks and reams of rhymes but very little poetry.

Jane Margaret, Cleburne.-You needn't have added that postscript, "I want to be a movie actress." I knew it without being told. There was something about your let-ter-Juanita Hansen is not married. Since "The Lost City" she has made a serial for Pathe not yet released. Write her care Pathe in New York.
(Continued on page 10g)


## By Van Camp's in a Palatial Kitchen

The Van Camp kitchens are the finest ever built. Our latest kitchen cost $\$ 1,700,000$. They are directed by scientific cooks - men with college training masters of the culinary art.

Van Camp's Pork and Beans is a masterpiece of cookery. Able experts devoted years to perfecting this ideal dish. Modern apparatus aids in every process. This dish has given millions a new conception of Baked Beans.

It comes to you ready-prepared, in three sizes. It makes Baked Beans a delicacy. Yet it costs about one-third what meat costs for the same nutrition.

## The expert way

The beans are selected by analysis. The boiling water is freed from minerals which make skins tough.

The baking is done by modern steam ovens, so high heat can be long applied without crisping or bursting the beans. So the beans are whole and mealy, yet easy to digest.

The flavor is kept intact by baking in sealed containers. The sauce is a supreme creation with a zest ful tang. And we bake it with the beans.

This dish is distinctive - not like other baked beans. Compare it and see how it differs.

## VAN CAMP'S Pork and Beans

Three sizes, to serve 3, 5 or 10
Baked With the Van Camp Sauce-Also Without It
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Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis


Van Camp's
Tomato Soup
One of 18 kinds - the finest sotips created.


Italian style, made with the rarest ingredients.


Van Camp's Evaporated Milk About twice as tich as milk. man's milk in butter tat.


# A Date with Connie <br> 'Continucd fren: pase 55 

baby. There were ten or twelve children in the family and 1 was one of the runtof the bunch.
"Out west of the Pecos I fell out of the "apon and they drove on. never mis-in' me for two or three year. su I grew up with the coyotes and for a long time 1 thouzht I was a coyote too. L'sed to run around with them and sit howlin on the hills at nikht.

When I got to be a gooll sized younzter I met a man one day and he told me I wa: a human.
"'I know better.' I told him. I'm a coyote, and I'm goin' to stay with my own people.
-IIe got help and they hog-tied me and brought me down into town, an', sure enouzh. it wasn't lone be ore I found out I wa a human. So I lived amony these humans from then on. and kept =Inkin lower and lower until tinally I became a cowboy." Miss Constance looked like she kind of doubted me, but she was too polite a youn: lady to impute my veracity.
"Yow: Miss Constance. won't you tell me somethin about yourself," I asked ber "What are your plans for iuture pictures"
"Work? Im not thinking of work. It: vacation that is on my mind." she laughed. "Just think, I am goins to Furope as soon as we finish the present picture.
"My mother is over there now and I ans to join them in about six weeks Naturally, I am wild with impatience, as I have never sed the water before.
"What kind of work do you like bet"" I queried, determined not to let her do all the hard work of this interview.
"That class of stories I am workine in at present-i.ight comedy," she replied "Although at times it is a little rouzh," and she ruefully displayed a bluc bruse on her elbow.
I had been watching that elbow for some time, but was scared to ask about it. Thousht maybe she had been in a fight, and when I remembered the fizht she put up as the Mountain Maid in "Intolerance," I felt sorry ior the other ficlow.
"In the picture we are making now I have to fall throush a coal hole." she went on to explain. "One can't fall through a coal hole cautiously When they suyzested a double for the fall I refused and did it twice, but it did bruise me something scandalous",
Some of these directors oucht to te shot in the foot. If that coal hole had to be fell through, why didn't he fall through it himself?
Spe-king of "Intolerance," that picture has always stood out in my memory like a Pikes Peak amons pictures. I hirst saw it in Chilhuahua, Mexico, and it thrilleel me with wonder, like the first elimpse of the Girand Canyon. The one feature of that picture that I almired most was the work of Miss Constance Talmadee as the Mounain 11.1 id.
It was hard for me to realize that the Mount.in Maid was sitting opposite me. hatting in friendly fashion of her work There is no pose or artifitial manncri-nls
hout Miss Constance, she laurlhs as the talks and there wale a surgestion of the tomboy in the way she bounced around the roum. dancine frons chair to clair as huc talked
She is the very spirit of sunne-hearted American kirllonod
As she talked the made constant referencetw her famly. her mather and her sizterMiss Xorma and M1w Natalic The Ta, madlee fanily i. cridently a mutual admira-


## A Date with Connie (Concluded)

The European trip seemed the subject of most interest to Miss Constance.
"Our vacation is to be a real family celebration," she said. "Mother, Norma and Natalie have already sailed. I am to follow when my picture is finished. Then for a month we are just going to play around together. We are not going to do any work on the other side. It is my first trip across and I want to see it all."

Personally, I think it would have been a fine idea to have sent Miss Constance over to the peace conference. The delegates couldn't have developed so many grouches.

For some minutes I had had a growing feeling that I had visited long enough. Adroitly, I signaled Miss Livingston and she came to the rescue. So we stood up to say goodby.

With a splendid gesture I upset the coffee cup with my hat and retired toward the door in picturesque confusion.

Miss Constance shook hands in farewell, and said:
"You must come to see me again."
"When?" I asked eagerly.
"Oh, when I return Irom Europe," she replied hastily.
So you see, I got something wonderful to look forward to. If that boat don't sink, or a horse don't fall on me, or anything happen, I got a date with Miss Constancewhen that ship comes in.

## Society in the Films

(Concluded from page 37)
Once when they were enjoying a betweenscenes chat in the studio, Mrs. Belmont produced from her bag a gold-and-jeweled lipstick with which to freshen her make-up. Lillian exclaimed with delight at the pretty trinket.
"Please accept it," said Mrs. Belmont eagerly. Lillian demurred, but was finally persuaded to possess the stick, which is a real treasure.
Mr. Andrews made a trip to Mamaroneck to find out what was so interesting to his daughter. He became an interested spectator, and soon decided he would like to be in pictures, too. As a result, you will see a real "millionaire clubman" instead of an actor made up to look like one. Mr. Andrews invited several friends to see him work and it wasn't long before they were in it, too!

It is really one of the property men who can give you the best "line" on the actors from society. An ex-sailor who has a "game leg" that bothers him in bad weather was tiudging along the road to the studios one stormy day. A motor stopped and a voice called, "Hop in." Pete Props hopped. Inis benefactors were a pretty woman who sympathized with his affliction, and a genial nam. When Pete got back he told somebody about it.
"Why, that was Mrs. Morgan Belmont, that society dame, and her dad," he was informed. Pete Props was stunned.
"I'll be-!" he remarked. "Well, they're regular guys, anyway!"

## She Travels Fastest-

MARION DAVIES has gone to Los Angeles, where she will make one picture. Except for three maids, a cook and a chauffeur, she was all by herself.


You wort have to go to the hosiery counter so often. if you buy "ßursori" when you do go. Economy is the buy ъord note-a-days

Sold at Leading
Stores

Burson Knitting Company ROCKFORD. lllinois


## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 74)
but a sane one as well. He is seldom quilty of silly lapses. His hero on this occasion (is a railway telesrapher who is fired from his job when he interferes with the plans of a village crook who is secretly doubling as a Mexican outlaw and doing a little train rolbing on the side. Hart traps the gang, and catches them in the act of robbinz a train by forcing his faithful pinto pony to leap from a high clifí into a river. The lacro's love for his horse is overplayed a trifle, but his love for the heroine is genuine enough to earn him the clinch and fadcout. Mary Thurman is the lady embraced, and the cast includes G. Raymond Nye, Patricia Palmer, Hugh Sackson and William Patton. Lambert Hillyer did the adapting and directing. President Wilson liked this one.

## THE GREAT ACCIDENTGoldwyn

TH1S may or may not be a "Goldwyn year," as the letterheads of that firm insistently proclaim, but it certainly has been a Goldwyn month with me. I also liked Tom Moore's "The Great Accident" immensely. It is a trifle extravagant as a story, but basicly it is human and it has an original idea to help it materially as entertainment. The careless son of a straightlaced father takes to liquor rather strenuously after prohibition has been declared in force, haunting the blind pigs and the beit of the private cellars. Only a "great accident" can save this lad, and the accident happens when iather is nominated as a mayoralty candidate. By substituting "junior" for "senior" on the ballots, the boss of the opposition elects Tom, and that surprised young man wakes up after an election night debauch to find himself mayor. Father puts him out of the house, which hurts Tom's'pride and stirs him to action. He goes after the boss who perpetrated the joke, and the other "wets" of that town with a vengeance, cleans out the traffickers in rum and proves his worthiness of Jane Novak, who is always worth any hero's fight. Moore, to me, is advancing as fast as any of the young men of the screen, and I expect to see him doing a really fine picture soon. Andrew Robson, Ann Forrest (another potential star) Lillian Langdon, Edward McWade and Willard Louis are in the cast and all good. Ben Ames Williams wrote the story.

## MARRIED LIFE-Sennctt

THERE is no reason that I can see why Mack Sennett should not do well with five reelers-better in fact than he has been doing with short comedies. His "Married Life," with just a bit of a story; is a good start. And if his next one has a little more story, and a little less repetition, he will be realizing the promise he has always given of being the greatest director of screen farce the pictures have produced. It keeps Ben Turpin pretty busy lookine both ways for Sunday and also a new place to fall for tive reels, but fortunately for him and for us nether Ben nor his pathetically comic eves are orerworked in this particulir opus The incident of the operation in which Turpin inhales iluminating in place of laughne eas and proceeds to float all around the hospital is sure to threaten any audience with convulsions.

MISS HOBBS—Realart
"M iss Hobrrs" is a pleasant comedy and screen personalty. 1 do not know whether this is her debut as a ctar, lut if it is it

## The Shadow Stage (Continued)

neither advances nor retards her progress. To emphasize the comedy contrasts, Director Donald Crisp has stressed somewhat extravagantly the idiosyncrasies of the young woman who insisted on being a freak. The Greenwich Village type is funny enough as she exists without making her more freakish, but possibly she would not seem so on the screen. The romance, in which Harrison Ford makes a wager with the other juveniles of the cast that he will kiss the freakish Miss Hobbs within a week, they thinking her impossible of approach and very, very homely, and he finding her altogether peachy, provides a nice little love story that is well played by Miss Hawley, Mr. Ford, Jack Mulhall, Walter Heirs, and Helen Jerome Eddy. Elmer Harris adapted the scenario from the Jerome K. Jerome story of the same title.

## - By Photoplay Editors

## A DOUBLE DYED DECEIVERGoldwyn

THERE is color and romance in "A Double Dyed Decoiver," even if it is a little difficult to accept Jack Pickford as a bad young man of the West, abnormally quick on the draw and a terror among his kind. There is also a pretty story of a mother's love for her son, whom Jack has killed in the states and then purposes to impersonate so that he can rob the family. Of course he doesn't go through with the scheme, because the mother wins him over and rather than break her heart a second time he throws down his rascally partner, an American consul, and stays on in Mexico as. young Don Urique. That good and always dependable actress, Edythe Chapman, does much to make the mother an outstanding character, and James Neill gives an excellent performance as the father. Young Pickford is a likeable lad, and not overly assertive, even when the opportunities to be so are tempting. Marie Dunn plays the heroine and Sydney Ainsworth is good as the crooked consul. The story is one of 0 . Henry's, and Al Green did the directing. The exterior and interior shots are all good and all convincingly Spanish.

## VELVET FINGERS—Pathe

GEORGE B. SEITZ is the promoter of C an entirely new kind of entertainment. He has made serial-seeing a pleasant and painless pastime principally because he not only writes and directs his own, but plays gentlemanly crooks as well. George is a remarkable young man-of an ingratiating, easy manner, a pleasant smile, and a Carpentier attack. He always turns in time to divert the villain's blow from behind. But he does it so nonchalantly that this new chapter thriller of his is almost plausible; he adorns it with sets worthy of Fitzmaurice, lights these sets in a Tourneur manner, and bounds through them with the agility of a Fairbanks. His story is a good one, and when it stops in exciting places to permit the "Continued Next Tuesday," slide to be shown, you can scarcely restrain your impatience. His leading woman is that charming child, Marguerite Courtot.

## BAB'S CANDIDATE-Vitagraph

THIS only proves what we have long suspected-that George Fawcett is our favorite actor. With all due respect to that most delightful of all stellar ingenues, Corinne Griffith, and her young acting husband, Webster Campbell, Fawcett walks away with


## To beautify the teeth

All statements approved by high dental anthorities

Millions of people are cleáning teeth in a new way. They are getting new results-results you envy, maybe. In every circle nowadays you see pearly teeth.
Find out how folks get them. Try this method for ten days and see what your own teeth show.

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Dental science has found a way to combat film on teeth. And film causes most tooth troubles.

Film is that viscous coat-you feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

It is this film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. lt 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.

## Why old ways fail

The ordinary dentifrice cannot dissolve film, so brushing has left much of it intact. Thus millions of people have found that brushed teeth discolor and decay.
Now, after years of searching, science has found a way to combat film. Able authorities have amply proved its efficiency. Today leading dentists all over America are urging its daily use.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent-a tooth paste made to meet every modern requirement. It has brought to millions a new era in teeth cleaning.

## A ten-day test will show

Pepsodent proves itself. The results are clear and quick. So the policy is to send a 10 -Day Tube to everyone who asks, and a book explaining all its unique effects.
Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.
Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed barred. But science has discovered a harm-
less activating method, so active pepsin can be every day applied.
Compare the results with old methods and let your teeth decide.
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-coat disappears.
You will be amazed. In ten days you will know the way to whiter, safer teeth. Cut out the coupon, else you may forget.

## Pepsodent

## The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

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EXQUISITELY FRAGRANT


## The Shadow Stage

## (Continued)

this show. He can't help it; he has robbed some of our nicest girls of first honors and I daresay they forgive him for it. Fawcett has goorl material in this lixht comedy as the hewsy Southern Senator, Corinne's doting papa, who does his best to spoil a good romance for her, and does spoil a bad senatorial numination for llebster. The South ern scenes are beautiful-and so is Corinne

## THE CHEATER-Metro

T'S a safe bet that Henry Arthur Jones' play, "Judah," would never have come to the screen if "The Miracle Man" had not stampeded the box-office. It was probably written and acted first-but Metro's screen version is not noteworthy. A Miracle Cirl is not nearly so effective as a Miracle Man. May Allison is the girl, who pretends to heal by faith-and finds faith in the end, even as Tom Meighan and Betty Compson. If you want to know all about the way spirits work, go to see this. It gives the whole thing away.

## THE THIRD EYE-Astra-Pathe

THIS serial by H. H. Van Loan has everything-absolutely everything. It commences with a murder and there's a fight in every foot. Pretty Eiteen Percy is in it, running around with her hair streaming most of the time, trying to escape that highbrow heavy, Warner Oland. Personally we prefer Oland to the hero.

## TLVO VITAGRAPH SERIALS

TIIE Invisible Hand" endeavors to introduce Tony Moreno as a scientific detective, rounding up a gang of desprit crooks. One may say that Tony gives an entirely original interpretation of the duties of a scientific detective; he jumps chasms, rides right into the villains trap door, disguises himself as an old man. and generally cuts up. Pauline Curley is a brave young woman; she can sit in at a crooks' con ference as if she were attending an afternoon tea.
"William Duncan: In Prison and Out," is the subtitte of "The Sitent Avenger." We all know that Willian was unjustly accused of embezzlement, even though the law and the heroine (Edith Johnson Duncan) believe the worst. We trust you. William. (To be continued.)

## OBJECT MATRIMONY-Hampton-Pathe

REVEALING a hitherto unsuspected Blanche Sweet, an animated young lady who wears gorgeous gowns, hats, and hose, and wears them well. and who glides through her scenes in a manner at once piquant and passionate, Blanche, in this amusing and rapid story from "Leona Goes A IIuntine," makes herself over; she is not lanmorous. but energetic: she sprints on the sands: she runs races with a doe; she is a sort of devilish combination of Constance Talmadee and Dorothy Gish. Splendid production has been given her; a good director who is also a gool teading man. Henry King: and a wonderful bult-(log who works overtime to prove himself-mext to Teddy-the king of canine actors

THE GROCERY CLERK - Vitagraph

T. MK1: all the gags that Rosone Arbuckle and Charlic Chaptin have used, inclutting that of the cheese that akids and the refrice tory Ford, warm them over, add another that secms to he Larry Semon's own-and
you have this comedy. When the Persian cat of high degree steps in the lly-paper and does a real shimmy acro:s the screen, you'll forget the rest of it and only remember this, than which there has never been a better bit of "business" put into pictures.

## REMODELING HER HUSBAND -Paramount-Artcraft

THIS is a woman's picture. A woman wrote it, a woman stare in it. a wuman was its director. And women wi'l enjoy it most. It does an unusual and daring thing; it presents the feminine point of view in plot, in captions, in sets and acting. Our worthy contemporaries of the various film trade journals took a good crack it it. They have to take a good crack at Eomething. But at the Rialto in New lork, where this review was accomplished, the audience just sat back and howled-and there were men there, too. Lillian Gish has gone back to acting, but we'd like to tell her that she is almost as good a directress as she is an actress-and that's going some. Litile thines count in this picture; details are not overlooked. Dorothy Gish is just-Dorothy Gish, which is enough for most peopic. There is no one like her, and when she gets good stories she should lead her class. James Rennie, recruited from the legitimate, is a gratifying leading man.

## DAREDEVIL JACK-Pathe

STILL another kind of serial. Not exsmall boy of any are, you'll enjow Jack Dempsey: who certainly can stand an awful lot of punishment. We are disappointed to learn from someone who h s somehow seen the last episode that Jack doesn't marry that nice blonde, Josie Sedewick, after all. Something ought to be done about it right away.

## SICK-A-BED - Paramount-Arteraft

THIS farce was funny in the legitimate. It is anything but funny here One goes drearily back to ones desk after sceing it, asking the old corona "Can such thinss really be?" Sam Woods is usually is good director; but here he was working on the principle that there has got to be a guffith in every scene. boys. He didn't do a thing to Wallace Reil. who, over-made-up, at times looks positively pretty. There's a nurse in it-a beautiful nurse who never got any diplomas in nursing, but a lot of them in looks. Bebe Daniels. No wonder Wally. didn't want to get well.

## PRIDE AND PORK-CHOPSJ. M. Flags

AFTER secing this, one wishes Mr. James Alontgomery Flage would stick to art. When it announced the showing of one of the most vulgar comedies ever projected, the Strand Theater in New lork called it a "satire"-and gave itedi away. It's amazing to distover how tew people know what "satire" really means. This is burlesque, scrved raw, with some subtitles which seriously ofifend good taste. How will it be received in the South, whose well-born matives it ridicules
THE RESTLESS SEX - Cosmopolitan

MIRIOX D.IVII:S in a Robert W Chambers story: The orchid in the lumonsine. The restess and expensive sex Mis, Davies, as usual, acts just like Marion Davies. Rut then most Robert WI Chambers heroines act like Marion Davies
(continued on pase zos)

Confessions of a Caveman

## (Continued from page 48)

I deliberated a bit over his penance. He looked provokingly undisturbed amid the blue clouds of his cigarette smoke.
"What's it to be?" he asked with a grin.
"To.admit that you're in love with your own wife!" I pronounced solemnly.
"Oh, heavens! Yes, dreadfully."
"And that she has a sense of humor?"
"Marvellous."
"Then I'll just give you probation and turn you over to her for future reference."
"After I've told you that all women are natural reformers?" he groaned.
But you see, I know his wife. (She's Frances Ring, sister of the remarkable Blanche.) And she's quite one of the nicest wives I've ever known. And since she's stopped to some extent allowing us to see those brilliant, smooth, refreshing characterizations of hers, I guess she'll have to make up to us by taking special care of "our Tommie." Eh?
Tommie Meighan is to be starred in forthcoming Lasky productions, his latest releases being "The Prince Chap," "Civilian Clothes," and "Conrad in Quest of His Youth."

Meighan has been in pictures for some time and will be remembered as leading man with many feminine stars, two of his finest characterizations being with Pauline Frederick in "Sappho" and with Billie Burke in "The Land of Promise"-where he played his first movie caveman, by the way.

## King's Homey Office

TE new studio built in Hollywood by King Vidor, which is an exact reproduction of a New England village, has administration offices in a separate house, painted gray with green shutters, that looks like a charming Southern mansion.
The other day a nice old lady in a little gray bonnet knocked at the door, which was opened a few seconds later by a pretty blonde stenographer.
"You the lady of the house?" asked the old lady, then, seeing no signs of a denial, she hurried on. "I'm selling some of the very best dish mops on the market-just put 'em over your hand like that, see, and put soap on top of the rough part, and your dishes are clean without a bit of ef-fort-"
"But I don't-" began the stenographer
"I'm sure you'll be happier washing your dishes than you've been in a long time," went on the old lady fervently. "Just let me step in the kitchen and I'll show you."
"There isn't any kitchen," said the desperate steno.
"No kitchen? Now look here, young woman-"
"This isn't a house. This is a motion picture studio. These are the offices in here."
The old lady gave her one paralyzed look and started away mumbling something about, "Never did-motion pictures-going to ruin-"

## That He Could Obey

T was an educational film of a religious character and obviously unfitted for the screen by reason of its lack of dramatic action. It dragged its weary way along before the bored audience to the point where a ".ead" came out boldly with the Biblical injunction "Love thy neighbor."
For many seconds the audience stared at the three words. Then suddenly the center of a group of men rose and a penetrating voice broke the silence.
"Will someone in the audience," came the ouestion, "please trade neighbors with me.?"


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The part, therefore, suits her perfectly. The
picture suggests money and plenty of it. picture suggests money and plenty of it. throw away the "easy come, easy go." It is a masquerade ball scene. Ten dollar bills must have been used to make the confetti. A: directed by Kobert Z. Leonard, it is artistically and colorfully staged It hasn't much to do with the story, but you will enjoy watching it because it is a magnificent pageant. And it proves what an extravagant place New Vork is-in the movies.

## MIDNIGHT GAMBOLS - Pioneer

IS it a story about gay night-life? Not lexactly: Is it a merry girly, girly comedy? It is not. "Midnight Gambols" takes the prize for misleading titles. It is a serious story about a girl whose dual personality leads her to haunt strange restaurants by night when her family imagines her safe at home. There are lots of girls with such dual personalities. "Midnight Gambols" is a rather ordinary and unconvincing melodrama with Maric Doro absolutely thrown away in the role of the night-roaming beauty. The picture was made in lingland, but the much-sought-after English atmosphere figures only slightly in the picture. Godfrey Tearle-a branch off the same family tree as our Conway-is a very British leading man.

## THE DESPERATE HERO - Selznick

FNXI, but foolish. Owen Moore as a young newspaper man, is the leading figure in a lively farce. The story doeen't
mean much, but it is attractively acted and presented. Gloria Hope is the leading woman. We love all Glorias.

## TWINS OF SUFFERING CREEKFox

$\mathrm{A}^{1}$DAPTED from a novel by Ridqwell Cullum, "Twins of Suffering Creck" is one of the few cases on record in which a producer has not changed the name of a
book. But it is a pleasant, human interest Western melodrama with not much about the twins. William Russell hasn't a strenuous part; he only figures in one fight. Louise Lovely is.

## THE WOMAN GOD SENTSelznick

$S^{\circ}$OPHIE IRENE LOEB wrote this story and it carries a message, as Miss Loeb at purposeful writer. The plot deals with the efforts of a youns woman and a young Scnator to enact a law iorbidding child labor in factorics. The hammer of propaganda is skillfully wielded, for the picture is well told and holds your interest. Zena Keefe is the featured player and does inteligent acting in an intelligent part. Larry Trimble's direction is cliefly responsible for a good picture.

## THE STREET CALLED STRAIGHT -Goldwyn

IN filming Busil King's novel for the Eminent Author's group. Coldwyn ran into sueral snars. In the first place, subtle phiritual contlict is rather a dififcult thing to impress on motion pitture audiences. In the second place, "The Street Called Straight" is one of thote admirable novels that cannot be matle into a photodrama without a great deal of violence on the part of the scenario writer.

The semario writer used mo violence. The picture is a literal and condensed sersion
of the novel. It leans heavily on the subtitles. The average motion picture patron is poing to find it lacking in action. It is remarkably conversational. And then, all the characters are so noble that you find yourself rather missing the dear old villain who makes the plot go round.
Naomi Childers, who looks like the lady on the silver dollar, plays the role of Oliera Guion who has to choose between two unusually superior suitors. Milton Sills and Lawson Butt are the irreproachables. Lydia Titus leamans as an amusing aunt gives a touch of snap to the picture, while Alec B. Francis and Charles Cary also have important parts.

## IT HAPPENED IN PARIS -

F
ROM the title you might think this was - one of Mack Sennett's two reel cheerers. But it stars no less a person than Mme lorksa and it is presented by the celebrated Sarah Bernhardt. As you know. Jorksa was once a protegee of Mme. Bernhardt and she received her training under the tutelage of the imperishable Sarah. All actresses unfamiliar with screen work try dual roles. Jorka essays the usual "twin sister" stunt One sister is kidnaped by gypsies; the other remains in her inherited aristocratic atmosphere. The story runs heavily to operatic melodrama. You think of the characters as tenors, baritones and bassos. But the detall is so good that it all might have actualy: happened in Paris. Jorksa is an cloquent actress and she has been wise enouch to adopt a subdued style beiore the camera She is supported by IV. Lawson Butt. And. by the way, the story was written by Mme Bernhardt, who evidently thought that it was the sort of thing wanted in the movies

## FOR THE SOUL DF RAFAELEquity

THE point of it is, was Raiacl's soul worth saving? Decidedly not, for the Spanish husband of the lovely heroine was the wor-t specimen we have seen, on screen or off. for a long time. And so Clara Kimball loung is seen as a beautiful martyr with noth:ng much to do in the struggle for the soul of Rafael. The picture is so slow that you even grow a little tired of its picturesque beauty. Mis Young looks like a lady stepped from a painting. The picture is i thing of beauty so far as settings-and Clara -an. But somehow it sot wound up into reels without any plot.

## THE HOLSE OF TOYS -- American

THE Ilouse of Toss" is a sensible eriIn making it a plausible and sympathetic story of a mild marital disugrement, the director has failed to make it very exciting or very dramatic. But it is interesting The picture has two charmine kading women. Seena Owen and Helen Jerome Edily, both of whom deserve nice shiny medals for intelligent acting Scena will get hers in the shape of stardom: like the heroine of the melodrama: she has come into her own at last.

## UNDER CRIMMON SKIES Unmersal

Tllls would be a cood picture acept for the fact that the here is a durn fool A sory of South American revolutions and life on the tropical etas, it is filled $w$ wh slashing action and cood seenic effects. Rut what
(Concluded on page IIこ)

Questions and Answers (Continued from page IOI)

Charlotte, Texas.-That reminds me of the small boy who defined stability as taking care of a stable. When ignorance of your idol's age is bliss, 'tis folly for me to disillusion you. Phyllis Haver hasn't worn a swim-suit for ever so long; she is the trusting wife in Mack Sennett's new five. reeler, "Married Life." It's not a war picture-it's a scream. Write to our Cir culation Department for that information.

Sue, Dallas.-. 11 my contributors make mistakes, but few repeat them. Still, some keep asking me if Bill Hart or Eugene O'Brien is married and if Constance Talmadge is engaged. I let you know just as soon as Richard Barthelmess married Mary Hay, didn't I? Then don't be so suspicious. Dorothy Dalton began with Ince; she had been on the stage, in stock, before that. She appeared in ". Iphrodite" last season in the legitimate.
D. McD., Wermouth Heights.-Why is Charles Ray a woman hater? He isn't. He is married and fond of his wife and very nice to all ladies-even telephone girls and interviewers. Theda Bara is on the stage, but undoubtedly will return to pictures before long: William S. Hart is well now The accident didn't lay him up for long. Chorus: " You can't keep a good man down." Norma Talmadge is twenty-three.

Ruth C., Brownwood.-Write to the Griffith company at Mamaroneck for a picture of Clarine Seymour. Her death is the saddest thing I have ever recorded. Dorothy Gish is twenty-two; Lillian is two years older. Dorothy"s latest is "Little Miss Rebellion." So you wish they would get better stories for Dorothy and let her wear her own hair. Well, she still wears her own liair but there's a black wig over it. Robert Gordon's wife is Alma Francis, a pretty blonde who appears in musical comedy and vaudeville and occasionally in pictures. Pell Trenton with Viola Dana in "The Willow Tree."-(Metro.)

Jazz.-Wallace Reid plays the saxophone ior pleasure, but he acts for a living. He was born in St. Louis; began his screen career with Vitagraph and Universal. He stands one inch over six feet, weighs 170, has light brown hair, blue eyes and is married to Dorothy Davenport. Address him Lasky, Hollywood.
M. R., Brow wsillefe, Texas--Of the oldtimers you mention, Alice Hollister, formerly with Kalem, is now with Goldwy in "Milestones"; Mary Fuller is retired; the Fairbanks Twins are with Ziegfeld Follies at the New Amsterdam Theater in New York City; Ruth Stonchouse is with Metro in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," and Flora Finch was last in "Oh Boy" and may be reached care Edward Small agency, N. Y. C. Lottie Briscoc seems to have left pictures for good.
F. D. S., Eat Clare, Wis.- Wheeler Oakman married Priscilla Dean. It is said he proposed to her when they were making one of the love-scenes for "The Virgin of Stamboul" in which Wheeler played the heroic soldier who marries the beautiful beggar, played by l'riscilla. At any rate they are very happy, and live in Hollywood. Address them both at Universal City -they are playing together in Miss Dean's new picture. Dorothy Dalton, Paramount Artcraft, New York; Jack Holt, Lasky, Hollywood. Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan (Edith Johnson), Vitagraph, Los Angeles,

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## Simon Mantia

$\mathrm{I}_{\text {Sthe musicians idol as a Trombone and }}^{\mathrm{S}}$ ist with Sousa's and Pryor's Bands and at present Assistant Director and Soloist of Pryor's Band. He has used nothing but Conn Trombones and Euphoniums.

## His Letter

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## Joe Green

TE world renowne phone Soloist of Sousa's Band has delighted thousands by his remark. able playing.

## His Letter

"Have tried out the Victor Drum you sent me and can honestly say it is the best 1 have ever seen. You surely have something new. This drum has more power than any other 1 have ever played. It also works easy. The workI have ever used." (Signed) JOE GREE California.


## Questions and Answers

## (Contmued)

Zoe, CincinNati-I can't believe that you're only twelve. Are all young ladies so sensible at that tender age? So you got the most votes for being popular. I suppose you are very much disliked. Corinne Griffith has brown hair; she sometimes wears a blonde wig in her pictures. Sbe does so, in fact, in "Bab's Candidate." Corinne as a blonde is rivalling the brunctte Miss Griffith in my affections. I like them both. W'cbster Campbell is the husband of Corinne blonde and Corinne brunette. Katherine MacDonald's likeness adorned the cover of P'hotoplay's June issue.

Clarexce, Athens, Texas.-New Iorl isn't a city-it's an experience. Why, Queen Marie of Rumania is said to be thinking of making her film debut, but she struck for more moncy right away. Marie is on. of the most democratic of all modern rulers. Sbe is quoted as saying the royalty business is going out of date but she hopes to keep her job. Zasu Pitts morks in Los Angeles, releasing through Robertion-Cole. Her latest is "Heart of Twenty."

Roy L. H., Minneapolis.-Edith Day and Beverly Bayne hail from your city: Harold Lloyd came from Nebraska; Charles Ray from Jacksonville, Ill.; Douglas Fairbanks from Denver, Geraldine Farrar was born in Melrose, Mass.: Mary Miles Minter in Louisiana; Ruth Roland and Mabel Julienne Scott in San Francisco. Roxanna MacGowan, former Sennelt bathing girl, is now Mrs. Albert Ray. He used to co-star ior Fox with Elinor Faire and is now ireelancing.

Bobs. Terrf H.itte-I would like to sec myself as otbers see me if I could pick the others. Bebe Daniels is not married, or engaged, to Harold Llosed, although it bir been rumored that she was. Bebe is now a Realart star. Harold Lloyd is with Asso crated Exhibitors, although he is still alill iated also with Pathe Anna $Q$. Nilson inot a star, but a featured player How ever, she is always one of my favorites and is a real stellar attraction, it seems to me
Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, who was Mary Hay. appears in "Way Down East" with her distinguished young busband. Lillian Gish plays opposite Dick in the principal feminine role.

Matde S. Providf.ice, R. I.-Iou say I am the last man on earth you'd fall in love with. Well, Maude, that's all I ask of any woman. Romaine Fielding has returned to the screen in a pieture entitled "A IVoman's Man." No, the scenario was not by the Answer Man, Maude. Vou may address Mr. Fielding at the Lambs Club, Ni. Y. C.
H. T., Wiatertows.-Sylvia Breamer is with Director Sydney Franklin's company Robert Gordon. Vitagraph. Marion Davies. International. The blonde and beautiful Marion` leading men are Carlyle IBlackwoll and Kalph Kellarel in "The Restless sex." which you say your "witty friend" always calls "The Sexless Wrectis." It must be wonderful to be witty. Gloria swanson, Lasky, Ilollywod.
A. B., Caxam So the ouija board said you were to be Robby Harron's wife. What an whliging ouija you mut have. Id like Io come up and uve it sonctime. Raby Marie O.borme is mine years whd, according (1) our offictal statistics. Wallace Reid in "Wh:11"s Vour Hurrs?" Mas Elaine Hammerstein doesmit divulge her ase but mig guess is that slues in her carly twentios.
(Continsed an page 125)

## An Interview With a Baby

(Continued from page 32)
"Have you grandmothers here?" I asked. Mary Johanna puckered up surprised blue eyes at me until they looked like dewy spring violets through green leaves. "One Scotch and one Irish. The Scotch one says I look like Mary and the Irish one says I look like Bill. It's great fun.
"Well, they finally read this application: -Wanted-a sweet little girl that looks exactl like my husband, except I should like her to have my hair because Bill thinks my hair is so pretty. He is William Desmond, and he is a moving picture star, besides being the best man in the world. I am awfully young myself, only nineteen, but I am so crazy for a baby I know I shall love it better than any baby was ever loved before. Please do let it be a girl, that's all. I should like her to be good but not so good that she wouldn't be interesting and I don't want her to sleep all the time because I shall want to play with her. And I want her to like pretty clothes and being dressed up in them. It would be nice if she had temperament, and maybe she will grow up to be an actress, like me. Whatever she is she will be Bill's and mine and I know we can make her happy and she will make us happy. (Signed) Mary McIvor Desmond.'
"Why, do you know, I could hardly get out to that stork fast enough.
"Movies are so interesting. A pal of mine came down to Mae Marsh's home not so long ago. I always had kind of a secret ambition to be an actress, anyway. And. do you know, I always liked Bill Desmond better than anybody on the screen, but I certainly never thought I'd be his daughter. He's got such a nice sense of humor he ought to make a great Dad. As for my mama, she's so pretty I feel as proud as can be already.
"I knew, you see, that there would be lots of interesting people and I'd get shown off a good deal. All the stars would come to see me and send me presents-I adore presentsI knew they'd have a smart car and I thought maybe they wouldn't want me to sleep nights all the time, because you know I adore staying up nights. I like something doing and I don't care how they hold me or even if they forget to feed me, if I can be in things.
"I wanted some place where they'd have my clothes fit and not make them miles too big so they'd be sensib'e. I do hate sensible things. So does Dad. Besides, I like being pointed out as the Bill Desmond baby when Nurse takes me out. I sure think I picked a winner when I came here."
I looked out and saw the beautiful Hollywood hills sloping away to the plains below that were dotted with the white, g'inting roofs of studios. On the green, terraced lawn I saw Bill Desmond, wearing a special edition of his Irish smile, strolling with his pretty girl-wife, whose sweet pallor was beginning to show traces of youthful roses again.
I decided that Mary Johanna was a baby of great sagacity and discernment.
As I was leaving she beckoned me back.
"I don't want to betray any confidences," said Mary Johanna into my ear, with a soft chuckle, "but just before I left Babyland to come down here, I took a last peek into the Book of Records. And I saw a new application signed by-guess who? Gloria Swanson!"

THE following excerpt was snatched bodily from a press agent's glowing blurb "The Stella role will be assumed by Mr Blank who formally played lovers for Key. stone."

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## The Shadow Stage

matters all the pretty, pretty scenery when the kuro is an incurable bone-head? Then, too, in an effort to make it a "redblooded, virile, he-man" story, the director has made some of the scenes of life-in-the-raw too unpleasantly realistic. Elmo Lincoln plays the role of the chiralrous timber-top.

## THE TRAIL OF THE CIGARETTES - Arrow

I
I is said that men with great minds love lurid and sensational mystery stories. It is also said that Wall Street magnates devour paper-back novels. Therefore, we respectfully recommend "The Trail of the Cigarettes" to an audience composed of Thomas A. Edison, Lloyd George, William G. McAdoo, Frank Vanderlip, Clemenceau, George Bernard Shaw and Sir Oliver Lodge. They ought to love Tex, the great sleuth. Unless you have a great mind, you are apt to think that the doings of Tex are rather funny.

## WITS VS. WITS—Hallmark

$S^{H E}$ is caught in the act of picking a man s pocket. But is she really a crook? Not is merely trying to get the goods on a band of exceedingly dishonest persons. "Wits vs, Wits" is a snappy little melodrama with plenty of speed and a good deal of suspense Marguerite Marsh is a pleasing young amateur detective.

## W'HITE LIES-Fox

AFTER sceing "White Lies," the average A person will probably go home, rent a typewriter and start in writing scenarios. For if this is the sort of story the public wants, then it is too, too easy. At the end of the first reel you can guess the rest of the story. And after that, what is there to keep you in the theater? Gladys Brockwell, being an emotional actress. must needs appear in a story with a French background. Lately Miss Brockwell has been trying her hardest not to overact. Sometimes she succeeds.
THE MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF

## -Selznick

W ILLEAM FAVERSHAM follows the W present mode and plays a dual role. in one of the best pictures to be offered for a long time. The story is not only splendidly presented, but free of those oddly exaggerated mannerisms that most stage stars of the larger caliber, in which Mr. Faversham occupies his rightiul place, assume when they act before the camera. The leading feminine role is played by Hedda Hopper and her restrained, artistic work strengthens her claim to a position among the best legitimate women players of the screen world. George D. Baker directed the picture, which was adapted from a novel by II. Devere Stackpole. It is by all odds one of the surprise treats of the year.

Ernest-the Giant!
FRNEST TRUEX, who stars in ParaE mount-Truex comedy films produced by the AylecBee Corporation, is only live feet two inches tall. He has two little soms, lhilip and James, who are rezular American boys. The other day at luncheon. five yearold James was loath to eat all the mashed potato on his phate. So Mother Truex told him that it would make him grew to be a

## Lig man.

"Will I grow big and tall like pop-pa!"
exclaimed james
Fiather Trues

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# "Not That Kid!" <br> (Concluded from page 43) 

one of the first matinee idols of the movies. Frank was answering fan letters before Francis Xavier Bushman was ever called upon to deny that he had a wife and five children.
Borzage's first picture was "The Breath of the Gods." When he wearied of leading business, he went out and formed his own company, in which he was both star and director. Later, he went to Triangle, where, under the Davis regime, he made "Toton," which still stands as the best picture that uscious little Irisher, Olive Thomas, ever made. He also turned out a picture that "made" Pauline Starke: "Until They Get Me."

All this while Frank used to blush if they asked him his age. It was the same way when he used to try to get jobs. (There was only one occasion when he really spoke up and that was when he was reduced to his last cent and answered an advertisement which requested an actor to "answer by letter for appointment." Frank went in person. He got the job-which lasted for two years and ended with him as stage manager and the Colonel in "The Prisoner of Zenda" at the same time-by replying, when asked for details as to his wardrobe, "I've got it all on!")

WHILE he was with Triangle he had his family visit him. His mother was mute at the wonders of movie making revealed; but his father stood on the sidelines a long time. Frank, in an old sweater and corduroy breeches and boots, with his hair rumpled, and without a hat, was directing a ball-room scene in which all the extras and principals were in evening clothes. His father finally came up to him
"Frank," he said uneasily. "Frank, it doesn't seem right, somehow. You're the boss-why don't you dress up, too?"

He later directed Fred Stone in two pictures, which have not yet come to release: "The Duke of Chimney Butte" and "Billy Jim." He decided to send for his family to come out to California, so his mother and father and several little Borzages packed up and made the westward journey. Frank bought them a house and had just installed them therein when the call came from the East to direct Fannie Hurst's "Humoresque."

With "Humoresque" came Frank's first "nirst night." He has had others as an actor and director-but for the first time he has scen his creative child on Broadway; he has had strangers point him out; his friends have become friendlier and as for enemies, he has none. But Borzage is a wise boy. He recently refused to direct another picture until he could procure a story on a par with "Humoresque." He next will direct Marion Davies-in Cali-fornia-in a human little tale that should bring out Marion as a charming actress of real appeal; others by Miss Hurst, and one by James Oliver Curwood and Peter B. Kyne.

He gave up acting because he had only one role to play. As a director, he lives all the parts. He was Abram Kantorfor the fatherhood of Abram reminded him of his own father. His mother, with differences of race and situation, might have been Mama Kantor. Some day he will present his parents in a picture in which laughs will crowd the tears. And it will be a good picture.

He is also a good husband. His wife, a pretty blonde whose name was Rena Rogers, has given up acting to devote herself entirely to being Mrs. Borzage.


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## Cultivate Your Beauty



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It's the Little Things That Count
(Continued from page 65)
wonder how any one can be careless about it or underrate it. You would not willingly hang an ugly picture on your walls or buy a disfiguring bit of furnture for your home Then why appear in any article of clothing that makes you less attractive?
However, I started talking about hats and 1 am going back to them, for they are one of the most important items of dress. A handsome and becoming hat need not be an expensive one. An old silk or tulle scarf that has done duty during the winter season may be cleaned, or dyed if necessary, and do duty on a hat for sports wear. There are all sorts of dyes that one may obtain now for freshening up last year's hats and trimmings, and velvet hats may be steam-cleaned to bring them back to smartness. One of the delights of my life is to go to a shop in New York that specializes in children's clothes and buy a plain little untrimmed child's hat. Then ${ }^{1}$ put on it whatever I want in the way of trimming, and there you are-or, rather, there I am-with a pretty hat for a couple of dollars.
Sometimes when I am walk ing along the street I wonder what it is that the greater number of women look for in buying a hat-certainly many of them do not think of hats in terms of their own individuality, else we should not see badly-fitting hats, and hats that are the wrong color for the wearer's complexion, and hats that do not harmonize with their owner's characteristics.
The woman whose features are beginning to show the tell-tale lines of "past middle age" should never wear a hat that turns squarely off the face. If you are past the thirtics and want to look your best at all times you would do well to avoid the hats that have sharp angles. Wear a hal with soft, cloudy lines and that is inclined to droop a bit about the face. Also let me whisper in your ear that a flesh-colored facing in your new hat will take a surprising number of years off your age.
One of the advantages of the American type of face is that it looks best when the hat is simple. It takes self-restraint to abolish that extra bow or llower from your new hat, but the result is worth it.
If you are the feminine, clinging-sine type of woman you may wear feathers and nowers and lace within reason. They are planned for you. Also let me remind you that it is the feminine woman who wears carrings to the best advantage.
If your a ooirdupois is causing you some anxicty don't attempt much trimming and keep the brims of your hats narrow. Also, you should wear such trimmings as you select piled high on the hat, preferably toward the back on the left side. If you have nerves-and who hasn't in these strenuous times?-you would do well to avoid dangling trimmings.
The question of suitable hats is, after all, merely a question oi studying one's own personality and dressing up to it. In practically every town there is an opportunity offered to take a course in hat trimming. and the wise girl or woman who takes advantage of this chance will save many dollars and have a pretty hat for every scason. But the prettiest hat in the world will not look smart unless it is cared for. A velvet or cloth hat should be brushed when one takes it off and placed in a hox away from the all-destroying dust. If you will make yourself a set of hat boxes they will last many seatons and will prolone the good looks of your hats indefinitely Common masteloard boves may be covered
become quite an addition to your bedroum. I saw an unusual hat closet recently, de cigned by a clever girl to dill up an awk ward alcove in her bedroom. A dressing table was placed in the center of the alcove and a hat closet built in the space on either side. These closets were built likeokitchen cupboards, but each shelf was just high enough and wide enough to hold a hat. Lined with cretonne similar to that used in hor bedroom. the result was lovely. If space is a problem with you, try lining your closet door with cretonne to which is attached bags for your shoes and slippers.

SPEAKING of hats brings one to the subject of veils-and I think the veil is one of the most fascinating bits of raiment, for its history as well as its beauty
To some races, especially the Persian;, the veil represents a canopy that covers the head of the bride at her marriace. When marriage by capture prevailed, the veil took the form of a huge sheet, the idea being to wrap it about the bride that she might more easily be carried oii.

Mohammedan women and the women of other Eastern races wear the veil to protect them from the curious glances of men. East Indian women wear the veil to in dicate their rank. The sari. as it is called, may be made of plain white muslin or gorgeous silks and each iabric shows to what station in life the wearer belonss.
The veil was first adopted by European and American women as a protection against sun and wind. but gradually it became merely a means of adornment-except in the case of motor veils. Colors play an important part in veils, and if you wish to have your complexion show to the best advantage you will choose a veil of navy blue mesh rather than a black one. Taupe is another shade that is especially favorable to the complexion and that has the added merit of harmonizing with almost any color used in hats.
To prolong the life of a veil have a cvilinder of pasteboard in your dreseer drawer and wrap the veil around it when you take it ofi. This keeps the veil in shape so long s it remains intact.
And right here let me s3y that the prettiest veil in the world will not hide a bad complexion. You know one isn't to blame for a badly-shaped nose or a too eenerous mouth, but every one is to blame if the complexion is faulty. l'cs, let me tell you that it is your own fault if your skin is sallow. or rough or oily. It may be easier to get up in the morning and dive into your clothes and then to breakfast and Work, but if you value your complexions. do get into the habit oi taking some "settinsup" exercises to start the day. You probably have a man in the family who learned his in camp. He can tell you how to so at them. Constance and Xitalie and I have our exercises wery morning to lecein the day, rain or shine No matter how busy we are that morning tonic is never neglected. Morning exercises will clear out a sallow skin better and more quickly :han all the medicine in the world And an oily skin will be cleared up quickly if you forego pastry and candy and sodias for a while. And if you con manage a brisk walk some time during the tay, both your complexion and your seneral health will be the better for it things," I wonder if you know what a romance is connected with the history of fowes Xo one knows when gloves were first devised-they probably so back to the limes of the eave-lwellers. Homer described

# It's the Little Things 

## That Count

(Concluded)
a man wearing gloves when walking in his garden. Down through all the pages of history are stories of kings, prelates and nobles who wore richly emhroidered and hejewelled gloves. But so far as authentic records go, it was not until the Thirteenth Century that they hecame common and ladies hegan wearing them for ornaments. They reached the height of elaboration in the days of Queen Elizabeth. When she visited Camhridge in 1578 the vice-chancellor presented her with a "pair of gloves, perfumed and garnished with embroiderie and gold smith's wourke, price 60/s."

Of the symbolical use of the glove, one of the most widespread and important during the Middle Ages was the tendering of a folded glove as a gage. This gage was originally a chattel of value and the glove was chosen because it was the most convenient loose object at the time.

According to an old proverb, it took three countries to make a good glove-Spain for dressing the leather, France for cutting it, and England for dressing it. Today the making of gloves is one of the important industries of the United States. It hegan here in 1760 when Sir William Johnson hrought over from England several families of glove makers who settled in Fulton County, New York.

Gloves are almost as elaborate today as they were in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and are hrilliantly emhroidered in contrasting colors. The sensihle girl, however, will wear silk gloves in summer and leather or fahric gloves in winter.

It may interest you to know that one of the reasons kid gloves are so scarce and high priced is hecause the East Indian soldiers serving in France during the war bought and ate nearly all the kids-their religion requiring that they eat that kind of meat.

For furhishing up last year's suit or cloth dress there is nothing that helps so much as neckwear. No matter how old a suit may he, the sight of fresh white frills peering out from the front will give it the necessary touch of smartness that it needs. Sheer white organdie and batiste make charming collar and cuff sets, and if you are deft with your needle you may have ever so many sets at very slight expense. Plain white organdie may be hemstitched for collar and cuff sets, and this is an admirable way to use up bits from a last summer's gown that is past the wearing stage. I saw a lovely set that was made from red and white checked gingham, hemstitched in red, and that quite made over the navy hlue dress with which it was worn.

Ii you are a husiness girl and find that the laundry bills seriously cut into your week's salary there is a way to avoid a portion of them. Lovely underwear can be made of the cotton crepes that are inexpensive and do not require ironing. These may be washed out at home and have the douhle advantage of being economical and wearing well.

It seems to me that there would he many earlier marriages if girls would only be satisficd to make the hest of little things, and get out of the way of thinking that expensive gloves, silk underwear and imported hats are essential to their happiness. How many of you girls actually know how much it costs you to dress yourselves for a year? Not many, I am afraid. Don't you think it would be a good plan to make a hudget-and then see how much you can save from the estimated amount? If you will do this, I pledge you my word that I'll help. And I shall hegin next month hy telling you of some of the ways in which you can make the dollar work overtime.


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The Day of the Deb
(Contimued from page 2y)
Constance is sizned with Realart, Adolph Zukor's pet company, which is gobbling up all the promising youngsters in the field Constance, because of her interesting work opposite John Barrymore in "The Tut of Honor" for Famous Players (Barrymore i her artistic idol, by the way) was made
star; and she has done two pictures re leased by Realart, "Erstwhic Susan" and
"The Stolen Kiss.
She had had comparatively little picture screen debuts in the same picture, "Sporting Life," for Maurice Tourneur. It was a neck to-neck race for stardons between the two she was a bit older, a shade more poised somewhat surcr of herself in front of the camera. Besides, her theatrical experience although in only two productions besides her brief Ziegfeld engragement-"Oh Lady, Lady" and " 39 East"-served to make her better known than Faire. Meanwhile the younger "tlops," or whatever you choose to call Broadway plays that aren't successes. Th last of these, by Rachel Crothers, also th author of Constance's success, "39 East, as called "He and She and though it laste only a short whi.e, Faire scored a hit. He portunity so far. Consider "Madonnas and Men"; "The Wonder Man," in which she was Georges Carpentier's leading woman, and others. At the time I write, Faire has not yet signed the contract that will decide her artistic future for the next three years Faire, Faire's mother, Faire's sister, and Faire's lawyer make up their minds
Beaux aplenty visit the little house pre sided over by the charming Mrs. Grey, som calling on Constance and some on Faire. Bu Faire is still so young that men don't matter o awfully much; while Constance is much too busy to bother right now. The girls like to go up to the famity farm in Lyme conn., and play at farming.

Constance, as she pats the big red puppy called Mike, "because we romp around with Mike and spoil him for the city. He hasn't any drawing-room manners at all.'
And to prove it Mike did a most ungentle manly thing: he jumped up and kissed her

## Metcalfe? Who's He?"

appearances, his after-the-war performances included the difficult assignment of the vaudeville partner of Corinne Griffith in "The Garter Girl," for Vitagraph.
He probably will return to the stage in the fall. Meanwhile he is composing popular songs in his off-hours. He says none of them is revamped from Chopin, that all are conceised quite honestly in his own imagicalled "Day o" Dreams"
loung ladies contemplating requests to Mr. Metcalfe for his photograph must wait patiently: While he was away, the compublic remembered. Remembered hin from

Ormi Hawley in such things as "The Phantom Happiness." He was with Lubin four years. Later, he co-starred for Word with
June Elvidge : and directed the James Montgomery Flage- Paramonnt comedies. And the war, which put such a crinnp in pondence He has several thousind letters he can. To save him the tronb'e we"ll lell

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## Screening Kentucky

LOUISVILLE, Kentucky and the South have been signally honored on stage and screen this season and, no doubt, are duly appreciative. Louisville is the theme of a song and dance skit on Broadway. Tbe song was written by a woman who never was in Louisville, but has visited in Omaha. The song is sung by a young lady who bas only a scant education in the negro dialect which New York believes is used by the charming girls of this city; but she bas pretty legs.
The South figured in two screen plays whicb will give great pleasure to all Southerners who are familiar with the grandeur of the mountains of the Gulf Coast of Louisiana and the queer manners of Southern gentlemen. In one of tbese plays a cultured Southerner, who feels that his delicate sense of honor may be offended by his daughter's attachment to a neighbor's son, has to be forcibly restrained from giving the young lady a biding with a buggy whip. Incidentally it is pleasing to note that the role of the young woman is played by a descendant of a Southern family-from Southern Europe.
New light on Kentucky is thrown by the motion picture show depicting life amid the flora, fauna and other things of the Bluegrass Mountains. Very seldom, if ever, have the stately pine forests of Fayette County been so impressively displayed. In no other play of recent years has the beautiful custom of training mountain girls to ride race horses been so prettily portrayed. Thanks to this practice, it becomes possible for the mountain girl to impersonate the best-known jockey in tbe country and, substituting for him in the Kentucky Oaks Handicap, win the race with her lover's mare, thereby saving bis fortune and his sacred bonor.
The young man who is the beneficiary of this piece of sbrewd practice is so charmed over baving his bonor saved that he is untroubled by the thought that in real life he would be ruled off the turf for life. Speaking of real life, a marvel is accomplished in the play. The barn in which tbe racer is parked is burned just before the race. Just after the race the villain and the heroine have a terrific fight in the barn, which has grown up as good as new and not even scorched. Rich soil in Fayette.
And then, the Night Riders; wonderful men, wonderfully mounted. Summoned suddenly tbey instantly respond and in a few minutes ride from Lexington to the topmost peak of the Cumberland Mountains.

Kentucky offers marvelous possibilities for honest and decent dramatization. Tbe mountains afford scope for the best efforts of the scenic photographer. Tbere is no prettier pastoral scenery in the world than in the Bluegrass and Pennyrile; and Western Kentucky has a charm all its own. As for the people, the men and women of Kentucky are not clowns and dowds, but rather good-looking folks who pride themselves on being normal Americans.

If there is no other way by which inane and insulting characterization of Kentucky people can be discouraged, The Times will favor the formation of a union of playgoers and movie patrons, demanding censorship for plays and films depicting Kentucky and Kentuckians as they are not and neve: were. The continued misrepresentation is not only injurious, but verv stupid and tire-some--Louisville (Ky.) Times.



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## The Scoffer

(Continued from page 53)

Wayne tuined again and looked at the boy casually
"An operation might restore him," he remarked.
"W'ill you perform it?" There was pleading in her voice.
"Do you belicere in God?
"Why surcly:" She looked Wayne firm in "We "eye. He did this thing. Let Him undo it if He can."
At this juncture Dabney entered the cabin, overhearing the conversation. The old medicine man was enraged at the profanation of his charm, in the hands of this blasphemous man. Margaret drew the old man aside and whispered rapidly.
"Let him stay, Dabney, please. Maybe he will cure the boy."

Dabney had never refused Margaret Hadden anything. In a moment she stepped over to Wayne.
"Dabney says you may stay."

0VER at the cabin home of Arthur Richards, Alice Porn was tossing on her sickbed, tortured of soul and pursued by conscience. She was sorely in need of the healing that only Stannard Wayne might have given.

A last despairing call was sent to Old Dabney, the worker of charms. Stannard Wayne, once famous surgeon and scientist. watched the old man pick up his charmed swordfish jaw and depart. Wayne, overcome with curiosity, followed Dabney through the woods toward the Richards cabin.

In the energy that often comes to those near death, Alice Porn struggled out of bed and pulled herself up at a table, desperately trying to write in a tiny black book, the diary of her accusing soul.
"Little book, I am fading, crushed. The end is near. I must make retribution, so God grant me strength to clear Stannard-"

Alice finished her writing and crept back o her bed.
Old Dabney arrived with his charm, and Margaret, called by the neighbors, came to to her ministering bit at the bedside. Alice Porn's malady was one that poor old Dabney's charms could not reach. Curious, halfsmiling, Wayne stood at the door, watching the medicine man.
Margaret went to him.
"The woman is very ill. You must help." Wayne shook his head.
"But she is dying."
Wayne was obdurate. "She is fortunate." he said.
Dabney was still waving his futile wand over the dying woman. Wayne stepped into the door to draw closer and see the old man at his silly endeavors.

Alice Porn, with a struggle, raised leer head and stared full into the face of the intruder. With a terrible cry, she sprang out of bed and called his name.
"Stannarel W"ayne!"
Then she stood wavering a moment and ill-dead.
Old Dabney fled the scenc. Margarel stood spell bound with a sense of tragedy. Wayne spun about at her.
"Where is the man who was with her? Tell me, quick."

Margaret motioned toward the village strect and Wayne ran out.
On her sadelened way through the house, Margaret came upon the little black book Hat Alice l'orn hat left on the table as she ended her writing. The ink was hardly dry, and Margaret read that last insoription.
"-I am married to Stannard Wiane. This man I am living with is guilty of the crime for which my husband was sentenced-'

Margaret hastily closed the book with a feeling of sympathy and understandiag

In the village street Wayne and Richards came face to face.
Wayne halted, rigid, looking at Richards Richards, recognizing W`ayne, fell back, startled, horrified. He wanted to run, but he could not. The two men stood in silence. Cold sweat came out on Richards' face Wayne stood with jaw set.
"Stannard, for God's sake, speak!"
Wayne made no reply.
Richards' flesh crept under his skin.
Wayne's hands shot out and seized Richards by the throat and choked him down to the ground, tossing him crumpled into a helpless heap.
When Wayne turned about Margaret Hadden was at his elbow
"Do not kill him. Remember. vengeance belongs to God alone." She spoke ever so softly.

Wayne gave her but cool reply
"No. I will not kill him, not as you think-not quickly

Margaret saw the black look in his eyes and shuddered. In her heart she made a vow that with the help of God she would save the soul of this man.
Then Stannard Wayne began a course of revenge with mental torture for Richards, worse than death.

Ithe Albany Kid's saloon, where once Boorman had served the cause of the Devil, the big woodsman now nightly preached the word of God. He had builded a cairn and erected a cross to the memory of his wife and the boy whom he believed also dead and carried out to sea.
There was that cautiousness in her canny head that told Margaret to keep the injured Laddie hidden away at Dabney's cabin. She had seen lumbermen reform before and if Boorman should backslide it was just as well that he should not know where laddie was.
It was at eveningtide. with Boorman's nightly mecting in progress, that Wayne played a typical card in his vengeance campaign against Richards. Richards was sitting in the saloon, cowering and trembline under the manifestations of Wayne's hate that had come before. As he sat, Wayne stepped up silently behind him and tossed a crumpled bit of paper on the table; then withdrew. Nervously - quaking with fear - Richards unrolled the paper. It bore one brief sentence.
"The end will come at \& o'clock"
Richards shook as he looked at the wath on his wrist. It was $7.300^{\circ}$ clock.
Boorman was leading the singing of a hymn, standing in the clow of a great oil lamp in the middle of the room. The Albany Kid and his bartender stond with pained tolerance at the end of the bar. Richards slunk up to the bar and ordered whiskey: He gulped it down and looked at his watch. It was $7: 33$ oclock. Drink by drink and minute by minute, he marked away the time.
It was five minutes of the hour. Eight o'clock was at hand.
Boorman was expounding the Word
Richards listened to the rude woodsman's sermon with eager hungriness. Richards wanted to live It was $7: 5 s$. Just two minutes more What then?

Kichards crept between the chairs of Boorman's little audience and crouched at the preacher's side.

It was 8 o'clock.
Slowly the saloon door opened and Stannard Wayne looked in at the cringing Richards. A grin spread over the persecutor's face. He lingered in the door a moment, then tossed another paper pellet at Richards' feet.
Richards slowly unrolled the little paper ball. One more sentence.
"Eight o'clock comes twice a day."
Days followed days, Richards feeling himself in hourly peril; Wayne relentless; Margaret watching the two with pity in her heart for them both and prayers for Stannard Wayne. She was dreaming girlish dreams about him-and praying with all her heart.

Wayne was himself dimly conscious of something between them. But he fought love, for he hated everything, even the possibility of loving this girl.

At Dabney's cabin she argued and pleaded with him for the operation that would restore crippled Laddie.
"Won't you please help the boy? You see there is only you to do it."
Wayne smiled.
"What is the matter? Has God failed you?"

How dare you, a man, speak lightly of God, here amidst all the wonders of His work?"
Wayne pointed down to the stump he leaned against.
"It took your God a century to grow this tree. A man felled it in an hour. With this wood a man housed himself against the elements and built a boat to ride the storm of your God's wrath. And yet you boast of your God and speak lightly of Man."

An idea flashed into Margaret's head. She snapped back a challenge.
"You scoffer-you say God crippled this child. Prove your strength then; undo what God has done!'
"I will." Wayne spoke with determination.
They sent back to civilization for surgical supplies. And Margaret prayed and waited. The preparations for the operation were all made. Margaret had kept their plans secret, as secret even as the survival of Laddie. Old Dabney was sent away on an errand. The lights were lit and the work begun. Margaret, clad in a nurse's apron, went bravely at her work, with an efficient, diligent air and bravery that made its impress on the mind of cold Stannard Wayne. There was no measure of excitement or perturbation about Wayne. For the moment again he was the scientist and surgeon. He knew exactly what he was going to do and how to do it. Also he would prove to this earnest girl that he could undo the work of God.

ASTORM rose up from the sea and shook the village. At the nightly saloon meeting Boorman held forth and pointed a moral with the raging storm, while all the villagers gathered in fear of the terrific blasts.
"I fear God's wrath against me for my sin!" Boorman shouted, raising his voice against the roar of the wind.
"That old gink's preach:n' has put an awful nick in the cash register of this joint," the Albany Kid observed to his bartender.

Up in the circle of the audience gathered around the stove sat Richards, again waiting in fear as the hands of his watch neared eight o'clock. He had not seen Wayne that day. What was to come?

At Boorman's word on the wrath of God, Richards got an inspiration.
"It is Wayne, the scoffer, that arouses the anger of God," Richards cried out.

The crowd had all turned to look at Richards when Old Dabney ran breathless into the room. He was drenched with the storm and shaking with excitement. He had made a discovery at the cabin.
"Come, come quick!"" he shouted. "They are butchering a boy!"

The crowd surged out into the storm, following Old Dabney.
At the cabin they stood for a moment, faces pressed against the windows. Margaret was busily moving about the room, at the instructions from Stannard Wayne, who bent over the operation on Laddie with a last professional concentration. It was going well.

The display of instruments, the glint of steel, the ether cone, the white aprons-al!
these gave proof to Old Dabney's words in these gave proof to Old Dabney's w
the minds of the ignorant villagers.
They stormed the cabin witly terrific onslaught.

Margaret ran to the door.
"Boorman," Margaret called out. "Tlat boy is your son. I have kept him hidden here since the night you crippled him. If you interfere with Dr. Wayne, Laddie will die."

Boorman heard and believed. It was God restoring his son to him. He tried to stop the mob. The crowd divided, some for Boorman, some for Richards, who spurred on the attack. If the mob did away with Wayne, Richards saw hope for himself.

A club hurled from without shattered the lamp and darkness filled the cabin. Wayne, hitherto unmoved by the hubbub, paused in his labors, helpless.
"Bring the lantern from the stable," Boorman shouted.
Someone came bringing the lantern and a kick from Richards demolished it.
Stannard Wayne stood at the cabin window with his face turned to the storm-torn sky. His patient was laying there with the operation half done. Seconds were precious.
"You've beaten me, O God! Be merciful now. Send me light!"

The scoffer was praying.
A burst of lightning crashed out in the blackness of the night. It shattered a great pine by the cabin window, and under the wreckage fell Arthur Richards, stricken by the same act of Providence. In the shower of sparks that followed, the big tree caugls. fire, like a great torch.

There was light.
"Thank God!" And Wayne went back to his work.
The sudden lightning stroke and Boorman's words quieted the mob. Boorman went inside and stood, hat in hand, watching the finish of the operation. He murmured prayers as he watched. Quickly Wayne finished, with a new spirit of deftness

In the days that followed, Laddie swiftly recovered, and walked again. Boorman lifted his voice in praise and evangelized the community anew.

The Albany Kid, disgusted with the growing Godliness of the community, closed up his bar and bade the community a scornful good bye.

Meanwhile, since the scoffer had turned ${ }^{1}$ to prayer and found it answered, a new chapter was in the writing between him and Margaret. They were often together and there were long strolls in the woodland pathways. Hate was gone and the world was beautiful again for Stannard Wayne.

It was toward the hour of sunset when a stranger came striding toward them out o! the distance. Margaret looked questioningly up at Wayne.
"It is Carson, my friend. He has come to marry us."
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## The Misfit Wife <br> (Continued)

breaking. Many times Katie criced herself to sleep in her lonely room. If it had not been for Peter and her faith in him she would have run away-away from Gilcrest and back to Paris and the manicure table, any place, any where to be gone from the coldly censurous eyes, the frigid voices, the un sympathetic hearts that surrounded her.

Henry Gilsey tried to be friendly in his way. But he could not make up for the cruelty of the womenfolk. Then Katie suddenly was burdened with another sort of persecution.
Edith Gilsey, tired of Henry's devotion to business, and looking for excitement, fell into a little flirtation with her husband's partner. Not that she cared especially for MacBride. But her life, she decided, was getting too monotonous.
Katie became conscious of the state of affairs one afternoon at her dancing lesson. In trying to manage her train, accept imaginary refreshments, and carry on a conversation with her dancing partner, she stumbled over her gown. She went to the mirror to adjust her dress. It was set at an angle that reflected the driveway, and as Katie stood before the glass, she saw Edith and MacBride come up on their horses. When the groom's back was turhed MacBride kissed his companion.
Just at this moment Henry Gilsey came into the door, and for fear he should see, Katie feigned a great distemper at her stupidity, hurled her glass at the mirror, and as the glass shivered into splinters, threw herself in a chair, declaring that there was not the faintest possible hope that she could ever become a lady.

When Edith came in, and they were alone, Katie told her what she had seen, and reproved her. For her pains, Edith told Katie to mind her own affairs.
Katie's unhappiness would certainly have resulted in her departure for Peter and the oil fields, had she not found a letter from her husband awaiting her in the hall. She read it while the maid unhooked her gown.
"I am dead lonely," Crandall wrote, "but I am working hard. I believe that the experts made a bum report on this property. and I am going ahead on the well. This is a secret for you alone."
It was easy from then on for Edith to place many suspicions on Katie's innocent shoulders, particularly when she feared herself in a tight corner. When Henry would ask on arriving home, "Where is Katie?" as likely as not Edith would answer, "Out with some man, as usual." When flowers would come for Edith herself, she often told the maid, in her husband's presence, to take them to Katie's room.

She even suggested to her husband that Katie was flirting with MacBride. And so affairs went on until the day of Edith's birthday.

Henry had promised to give Edith a birthday dinner down town. But at the last moment a telegram arrived which interfered with his plans-it was a telegram from Crandall. He asked Henry to keep his arrival secret and meet him at the office at 7 o'clock. There was nothing to do but call the dinner off without going into details about the reason. Henry rushed home late in the afternoon with Edith's gift, a fur coat. But Edith pouted and would not listen to his attempts to explain his sudden change in plans.

In the hall Henry met Katic. Remembering that Peter would be home that night, and thinking to make sure that Katie should be there, Henry told her he would be back soon and asked her not to go out that evening.

As soon as Henry was gone, Edith tele-


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## The Misfit Wife

phoned to MacBride. He invited her to dine with him in his apartment. The telephone connection was cut off before MacBride had
finished his directions. Thinking he was throuch, Edith went upstairs. When the telephone rang again, Katie answered.
"Don't Iet them announce you-come right up," she heard a voice, and recognized it-

Katic found Edith already gone when she "She deserves to be punished. It would be a good thing if Henry came back and discovered where she's gone," thought Katic, "but l'll help her this once."
She hastened at once to Mac Bride's rooms.
$T_{\text {was that he for Crandall's secret return }}^{\mathrm{HE}}$ reas discovered that Mac Bride was not playing straight with Henry in the oil fields. Peter had no sooner dis closed this fact, than Henry determined that they should go to his partner's home at once to face the truth out.
And so-Katic had only

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The Misfit Wife (Concluded)
only with swectness. This was more than Edith could stand. In a moment she was telling the story of her resentment of her husband's devotion to his business, of her flirtation with MacBride, and the truth about the evening.
Both wives sighed with happiness as the arms of their respective husbands went about them. Then all four looked at one another and giggled rather foolishly.
"And now," breathed Katic, "this is just like the happy ending to a motion picture. Let's all live happily ever after."

## Dick's New Contract <br> (Concluded from page 70 )

-It was the biggest chance I ever had. It gave me an opportunity for real character study. In 'Way Down East,' I am a farmer. I don't look like a farmer, but Griffith gave me the part because he knew that I would have to work to make it convincing.
"So I want more character parts-that is to say, parts that have character. It is the success you make through your work and not the personal sort of success that counts.'
You see, the moral of this story is quite apparent: It is best to love them for their Art alone.

## Pictures As a Part of Church Service

By Stanley Baird Reed

THERE is one of the cities of the southwestern part of our country that every Saturday carries, on the pages of its four largest newspapers, more church advertising than is carried throughout an entire week in all the papers of New York City combined.
Not only does this city have more church advertising than New York, but it gets results from it. People read this page as carefu'ly as they read other advertisements, and in this city they attend church.
One Saturday, shortly after my arrival in Los Angeles, I glanced over this page to select a church to attend on the morrow. As I read through the advertisements, I was surprised to see the following:

Temple Baptist-yth and Olive St.
Dr. Frank Divine, Great New York Preacher, and Dr. Brougher both speak both services.
11 a. m.-"Investments and Big Business."

$$
7: 15 \text { p.m-Moving Pictures-"Won- }
$$ ders of West." Interesting Travelogue. Big Musical Program.

Not that the advertisement itself took me by surprise, for it was worded much like any of the others, but that one line, "7:45 P. M.-Moving Pictures," that excited my curiosity. Movies as a part of the regular church service. I determined to see for myself just what that advertisement did mean, so Sunday evening found me at the large auditorium that houses Temple Baptist Church. This church has the same interior as that of a theater. In fact, during the week it is a theater, and houses some of the best shows that come to town. I was shown to a good seat down in the Orchestra Center. I glanced around. People were entering the building from all sides. It is a large one, and seats inore



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Dear Reader: Everyone admires a satin skin. Its captivating daintiness lures glances that linger longingly. Just think, you can now make your skin a satin skin. The discovery of Satin Skin Cream and Satin Skin Powder, offers the one way, the fulfillment of deferred hopes, the only way to secure a satin texture skin. Satin Skin Cream is a benevolent balm with a blessed healing, reviving touch. As dew refreshes the flowers, Satin Skin Cream brings new life to the skin, a wondrous satiny softness of alluring attractiveness. Thereare two kinds of Satin Skin Cream:First, "COLD," second, "GREASELESS." Both different from other so-called Cold" for you need BOTH. The "Greaseless" for day use and to

SATIN SKIN POWDER, "Perfection for complexion," is the refined finish, the artistic, fascinating finale. Yes, Satin Skin "shows." lt is plainly visible in one's improved appearance: tells you aren't using any ordinary, but a superface powder, which bestows a smart a la mode satiny finish. There is a true tint for every type, blonde or brunette, brown eyes, blue or gray; a harmonizing blending shade, the last word in distinction and elegance. No matter what powder you are now using, you need Satin Skin at once to bring you a classy complexion. Tints: Pink, flesh, white, brunette, naturelle. The new shade, "Naturelle," is stunning for street use. There's only one way to securea satin skin: Use Satin Skin Cream and Satin Skin Powdes SOLD BY DRUGGISTS
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(1)



## Pictures As a Part of

Church Service
(Concluded)
than three thousand. Soon there was not a vacant seat in the house. I wondered more. This must be a wonderful service to attract so many on a Sunday night A man had appeared upon the stage in front of the curtain. He raised his hand, and all the house was si"ent. "Brethren." he said, "we have tonight a picture showing some of the wonders of our great West I hope that after seeing this picture and the wonderful scenes that it contains, your 1 earts will be filled with a greater feeling of reverence towards the God that created them." He turned and left the stage.
The curtain rose, and there followed beautiful scenic picture. Its scenes were marvelous, and I felt, as the speaker had said, inspired with a feeling of reverence towards the God that coud create such things, and work such wonders in nature. At the picture's conclusion, there followed a splendid organ recital, and then the regular services of the evening. I could not but note the reverence witb wbicb the congregation followed the lead of their pastor throughout the service.
Next morning found me closeted with Dr. J. Whitcomb Brougher, the pastor, in his study.
"Dr. Brougher," I said, "please tell me why you use moving pictures as a part of your church services and how you find that they aid you in it.
"Some day all churches will use them." he said. "It is bound to come."
"When you go to a play is there not always an overture? When you go to hear a prominent speaker is there not always a preliminary programme before he begins to speak? Is there anything that is of any importance that does not have some preliminary? Why? Because it is a necessity. People must be warmed up before a play commences. They must be ready to listen when the speaker commences bis topic. You enjoy a show more if you get there before the overture.
"And so it is with the church. People come in from the street. Now is tbere anything in the streets of a city that makes a person feel reverent? If so. I do not know of it. They come in from the streets, and they are not warmed up 10 receive the word of God, nor join in His services as they should be.
"That is where the movies come in. We show them a reel of nature pictures that displays the wonderful works of God. It inspires them with a feeling of reverence, and when the services commence they are in the proper mood to receive His word."
"Do you find that this really helps you in drawing and holding your congregation?" I asked.
"lies," he said. "it does. For example, the Auditorium holds more than three thousand people. Every Sunday nisht it is crowded to the doors. The remarkable part of this is that over seventy-five per cent of these peop'e are not menbers of our church, and fifty per cent of thens are not Baptists. Now I do not claim that they come alone for motion pictures, for that would be absurd. No. but it helps to draw them. This is a large tourist city We draw a large part of our congregation from them, but I do clains that the moving pictures are in a large way respousible for our success.
"What is their future in the church? I can not say for sure, but I think that there will be a time soon when many of the churches will put them to the sam: use as we have. It pays."

## Questions and Answers <br> (Continued from page IIO)

Mrs. J. W. Eroe, Chesterton, Ind.-You may write to Evelyn Nesbitt at 201 West 54 th Street, N. Y. C. You're quite welcome; come again.
S. Daniels, Ottawa,-Would the fact that you have a ruddy complexion be a drawback to acting for the movies? Ahyou were born to blush unseen, I fear. However, makeup may do wonders for you. Youll just have to follow the usual procedure: that is, apply in person at some film studio for a job.

Marjorie Sheehy, Nova Scotia-I don't mind your "pack of questions" when they are so nicely tied up with the pink ribbons of flattery. I am still susceptible, you seethe older I grow the bigger my bump of conceit becomes. Lillian Gish played in "The Birth of a Nation," but she was not the little sister who jumped off the cliff to escape the villain. It was Mae Marsh who earned your sympathy for such a hard fall. Undoubtedly Mr. Griffith's assistants provided a net for her to fall into as Mae has been seen in pictures since and is working hard right now. The Gish sisters are Ohio girls; they were educated by tutors and in boarding school; they were both on the stage when tiny tots and in their early teens when they first went to Biograph Neither Lillian nor Dorothy is married.
R. R. R., Reynoldsrille, PA.-That thir-teen-year-old girl who solved six problems of addition in forty-seven seconds should be made to juggle the birth-dates and present ages of some of our best ingenues. Peggy Hyland is in Europe now, making pictures for Samuelson Film Company, a British concern. Mae Murray is with Invincible; Madaline Traverse is to have her own company; Shirley Mason plays for Fox, and Earle Williams for Vitagraph.

Incog., Chicago.-You're awfully mysterious, aren't you? You never made that promised visit to my office and now it's too late-we've moved, mail-bags and all. David Powell is married; I haven't his wife's maiden name. Here's the cast of "The Brat" (Metro), with Nazimova in the title role: McMillan Forrest, Charles Bryant; Mrs. Forrester, Amy Vanesse; The Fiancee. Bonnie Hill; The Bishop, Frank Currier; Stephen Forrester, Darrell Foss; Manager of the Show, Herbert Prior.
R. W. C., Cavada-I haven't really been overworking so. But I feel I need a long vacation to keep up the illusion that I have been working. Mary Pickford was born Gladys Smith in Toronto, Canada! Pickford is a family name. Bill Hart is fifty years old. He will answer your letter, I believe Tom Mix is a real, not a make-believe cowboy; he was born on a Texas ranch. Maciste was the strong man in "The Warrior." Mary Fuller is not dead, but she is not doing any picture work.
F. S., Galveston.-A New Jersey judge has barred from his court the low, drooping hats which hide the faces of women when they testify. Too bad all men haven't the power to regulate woman's headgear. Jack Perrin is married to Josephine Hill, now playing in Metro's "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath." Jane and Catherine Lee are in vaudeville now. So are Virginia Lee Corbin and Ben Alexander, the little boy whom Griffith discovered. Little Miss Corbin is a cunning child-a golden-haired baby who played in Fox's "Jack and the Beanstalk" and other of the fairy-tale series. Eddic Polo is making a circus serial for Universal.


## Become an Artist

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 and Montal Energy"., tellm youn nll about Stronufortwncil hy lirncticiaing it, nhd how my pull/m In owery handicane that hulil them bark nat are forglag OADCO
## LIONEL STRONGFORT

A. G. F., Dallas.-I have a sneaking admiration for Will Rogers myself. Perhaps it's a fellow-feeling; we are neither of us handsome. Will's son, Jimmie, plays with him in "Jes' Call Me Jim," a fine picture, by the way. Address both care Goldwyn, Culver City, Viola Dana, Metro. Mabel Forrest is Mrs. Bryant Washburn. Look for your other answers elsewhere in these columns.

Miss D. W., Baltimore.-A cynic would say that one can't understand great poetry and doesn't care to understand poor poetry. I only know I have successfu'ly evaded my Muse on every occasion, so have no poetical flights to be sorry for. Harrison Ford, Lasky. Niles Welch, western Vitagraph
G. W. Smithi, St. Boniface, Man.-The Editor has asked me to tell you that your letter was much appreciated by all of us who are working to make Photoplay. It was a charming letter-would I had more like it to answer. Your favorites are well-chosen-particularly the favorite who your say always cheers you when you need cheering: the Answer Man, your humble servant. Again thanks, and please write again sometime.
M. G. F., Washingtos:-Welcome to the family circle. Did you bring your knitting? Or your tatting would do just as well. Nazimova's leading man is her husband, Charles Bryant. He always appears with her on the screen. The Bryants have no children.
E. H., Cumberland.-I don't blame you for liking David Powell. I suppose if I were a flippant flapper I'd rave about him too. As it is, I like his work very much. Address him care Paramount-Artcraft, Eastern. Since "On With the Dance" Powell appeared in other Fitzmaurice productions "The Right to Love" and "Idols of Clay," again with Mac Murray. He is married. Elizabeth!

Libbie, Quincy, Mass.-That's nothing. I've heard of a dancer who wears a wig of spun gold. Honest. Or rather, from the press-agent's definition of honesty. Sorry, but Richard Barthelmess wouldn't be interested if I told him you were mad about him. Richard takes his work very seriously and would consider that tribute to his personality an insult to his art. But he might, if properly approached-on paper-send you his photograph.
C. M. A.. Evansville.-I'll wager you are one of those persons who believe a man may renew his youth by adopting a flippant attitude toward middle-age. I am not old enough to worry or philosophize about old age yet. No, Delight Evans isn't a film company, but a young lady who writes for Photoplay Magazine; she is on the editorial staff. Bill Hart has blue eves and brown hair, weighs 100 and is one inch over six fect tall. He has his own studio in Los Angeles. Grace Cunard is a brunette: she is twenty-nine, and lives at 162.3 Gardner Strect, L. A. Tom Mix married Victoria Forde. Is that all?
J. H. F., Frisco-Ladies of the harems of Bagdad are permitted to view American films-but the films must first be censored so that all love-scenes are eliminated! Most American girls would rather not see the film at all. Josephine Hill is married to Jack Perrin, a serial player for Universal. Herbert Rawlinson is married to Roberta Arnold, a well known legitimate actress who is now playing in "Adam and Eva" in New

Myrtle, Graftos: Ill.-Good giri-you only wrote on one side of the paper this time. I see some of you do read the rules, after all. Wheeler Oakman, who is Mr. Priscil'z Dean in private life-played opposite Mabel Normand in "Mickey." Mabel is now with Goldwyn; her new pictures are "The Slim Princess" and "Rosa Alvara" (the title of the latter may be changed for release). Others answered elsewhere.

Roberta, Bostos:-Sometimes I become discouraged and think I will give up my department and go and write things to the dawn. Then I get a letter from you and decide to stick it. For, Roberta, how you would laugh at the thing I would write to the dawn! No man can stand ridiculeleast of all I. I would rather you didn't send me your photograph, Roberta. Don't ask me why. Your newest shadow-flame, Jere Austin, is from Minneapo'is. He was a stock actor before he went into pictures. Same height as Bill Hart-and weighs five pounds more. Address him at the Green Room Club, New York City. Pretty tha tionery, Roberta.
V. B., Morgantow:-Many women I see have such fresh complexions, I am often amazed at such young heads on old shoulders. George Walsh is not married now. He is divorced from Seena Owen. He works for Fox, so address him care that company.

A Girl's Ciub.-So you are the girl who promised me a comb of honey and never came through. You can hardly expect me to say sweet things to you. I feel very sarcastic at such times as this. Mildred Marsh, sister of Mae, only appears in pictures once in a while. She was one of the bridesmaids in Dorothy Gishs picture, which Lillian directed, "Remodelling a Husband." Leslie Marsh. a niece of Mae, was the littlest girl in the wedding scene. Visitors are not encouraged in most film studios. You must have a permit or a pull to get past the guardian at the gate. I am sorry but I can't give you either of these requisites.

Miss Blute Eyes. Bedford. Mass.-There are no studios in Bedford that I know of, but as you live there and I live in New York City I should think it would be simpler for you to investigate. One should know one's own town anyway. Eddic Polo may be reached care U'niversal, 1600 Broadway, New York.

Mrs. F. A. A., Atlantic, Iowa-Some plays end happily. In others the muscular hero marries the marcelled heroine. Mitchell Lew is in "King Spruce" for Hodkinson and "Burning Daylight" for Shurtleff-Metro. Address Mr. Lew is in care of Metro studios. Hollywood. Cal.

Red-Head, Sydney, Australia-"That glorious" Valaska Suratt is in vaudeville now. Marguerite Courtot in "Bound and Gazged," a George B. Seitz serial for Pathe. H. B. Warner is married to Rita Stanwood; they have a little daughter, Joan. Warner mavi be reached at the Hampton studios, Hollywood, Cal. Lucille Lee Stewart is the wife of Ralph Ince, the director. Eucene O'Brien and Owen Moore. Selznick. Tom Moore. Goldwyn, Culver City

Elizabetit, Thomasvile, Gs-Funny you should miss Wallace Reid's pictures. He has been releasing them regularly and the latest one is "The Charm School." The Reids have only one son. William Wallace Reid. Junior, familiarly, referred to as "Rill"

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## Contents

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Cover Design
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Rotogravure
Gertrude Olmstead, Blanche Sweet, June Ellen Terry. Jack Holt, Billie Burke, Earle Metcalfe, Justine Johnstone and Barbara Castleton.
The Fireside of Art
Editorial 27
There's No Rue About Rosemary
Miss Theby Is Too Tall and Stately for That.
Billy Bates 28

The Camera Detects Thought
Chet Withey 29
A Pioneer of Telepathy.
Relaxation C. W. Anderson 30
Drawing.
Marietta Serves Coffee
Julian Johnson 31
Anti-postum with Joseph Ürban.
The Little Girl in the Parsonage
Doris Kenyon's beginning.
Montanye Perry 34

S14,000 Short Story Contests
Readers and Authors Attention!
Author in Wonderland
Alice Duer Miller 37
Impressions of an Alien
First Lessons in Art
Drawing
(Contents continued on next page)

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No. 5

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One Hour Beiore Paramount Arecrai
One Hour Beiore Dawn.
Hampton-Pathe
The Mutiny of the Elsinore....MIetru
Page 70
Away Goes Prudence
Paramount Artcrait
Shipwrecked Among Cannibalk
Univers:
Page 91
Go and Get It. Neilan-Fir=t Na, iom
The World and His Wife.
. Cosmopolitan-Paramount Artrrait
The Inferior Sex
Maver-Firat National
Page 124
High and Dizzy . . . . . . . . Rolin-Pathe
The Best of Luck............... Metro
The City of Mask
.Paramount Artcrait
Homer Comes Home.
Ince-Paramount Artcrait
Jenny Be Good................ Realart
The Prey................. Vitagraph
The Fly Cop.............. Vitagraph
Kiss Me Caroline............. Christic
Page 125
Parlor, Bedroom and Bath....MIetro
Whispers
The Spirit of Good.
Selznick
The Slim Princes- .........Goldwyn
Girl of the Sea.
Republic
Page 126
Moon Madness.......Robertson-Cole
The Misfit Wiie............Metro
The Rose of Nome.................Fox
Under Northern Lights.... Universa!
Common Level................ Climax
Page 127
The Discarded Woman...... Hallmark
The Girl in the Rain...... Universal
The Border Raiders...........tywon
Pictures Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue
Save this magazine-refer to the criticisms be-
fore you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.
Page 68
les or Vo?............First National
Page 69
The Fish
The Fighting Chance

教
$\qquad$ 1

## Contents-Continued

The Man Who Had Everything The Story of Jack Pickford's New Photoplay
Music Hath Charms Additional Proof That It Isn't the Silent Stage.
A Little Domestic Drama Involving Mrs. and Mr. Priscilla Dean.
A Tip on Predestination As It Concerns the Career of the Talmadge Tri
When the Dollar Works Overtime Norma Talmadge 49 Dressing Better at Less Cost, by Photoplay's Fashion Editor.
Digging Up the Acorn
"Great Oaks, etc."-a Biography of Bobby Harron.
Jerome Shorey 41
(Photographs) 45
Mary Winship 47
Henry Harcourt 48
Jean North 51
on.

Solving Another Trunk Mystery
One More Illusion Hogged by the Movies.
39 East (Fiction) Luliette Bryant 53 Constance Binney's New Picture, in Fiction Form.
Meet the Missus
The Camera Visits the Conway Tearle home.
West Is East Meeting Bryant Washburn and Frank Woods.
Rotogravure
57
Delight Evans 58

Elliott Dexter, Bebe Daniels, William
Wallace Reid, Jr., and his party-guests, and Helen Jerome Eddy.
Close-Ups
Editorial Comment
63
Do You Want to Reduce? 64
The Leading Actresses of Filmland Reveal Their Formulas.
The Servant Problem
Sydney Valentine 66 It's Really Awful-in the Movies.
Why Girls Don't Leave Home Margaret Sangster 67 Another Family Circle Talk with Mothers.
The Shadow Stage
Burns Mantle 68
Why Do They Do It?
The Reader's Own Page-Is Your Name In It?
Here Are Ladies
Film Stars Seen in Name Only.
Questions and Answers
The Answer Man 79
Cleo Comes Home
But the Old Vamp-Ground Isn't the Same.
The Squirrel Cage
Odds and Ends
A. Gnutt 84

Sinall Nuggets of Information and Pictures.
Old Man Coincidence He Appears in All Good Pictures.
Plays and Players
Cal. York 98
It Happened in Hollywood
David Warfield Rather Enjoyed His Broken Leg.
What Do You Think? Comment By Our Readers.
Sweden's Sweetheart
Mary Jolnson-Favorite of Midnight Sunplays.

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If you are not already a follower of Miss Talmadge's advice, turn to page 49 of this number and read her article on

## "When the

 Dollar Works
# What the "movies" have taught us about Stylish Shoes 

By showing the foot as it is in action, it shows us the secret of real shoe style


One of the positions assumed by the foot in taking a single step as shown by moving picture

What do the movies tell you?
The lure of the vampire; the sweet charm of youth; antics of slap-stick; dare devil exploits; the revelation, the romance of life. These are the things the movies tell you. But the movies have a different message for us. It too, is romance - the romance of dainty feet, the secret of real shoe style.

Shoe making is an art today, yet how frequently you have had sad experience with shoes. So smart, so shapely, so snug-fitting they were at first ; then-a bulge appears, an ugly wrinkle, and gone is the smart style, vanished the trim lines. The materials are still good, but where the dainty charm?

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It illustrates how your foot changes, how different it is from your foot at rest.
If a shoe is not made to accommodate itself to the different positions and motions the foot assumes, it is bound to be thrown quickly out of shape.
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witzel


CLLEEN TERRY is proud of her little great-niece, Jume Ellen Terry. June is only nine but she has already played with John Barrymore on the stage, and with Dorothy Gish and Bobby Harron in pictures. She was the whid in "Romance."


Evanm


BILLIE BURKE in her farorite role-that of Mrs. Florence Zieglelel. Here the bonde divinity of matinee girls is sem in a comen of burkely ('rest, her eonntry place on the lludson. Danghter Patricia is probably taking her aftermoon map.


Packard carcer all over ngan. Netcalfe has bern a prominent lealing man ever sime the so-enlted geod ohd days when they used to say the movies wonldn't last.


Charlotte Fnirchlld

A
NOTHER Broadway beauty has left the lights of the midnight. roofs and mmsioal comedies to roll herself up in celluloid. Justine Johnstone is no longer the lovely blonde figurante of Manhattan entertamments, but the latest Realart star.


2sull




# The World's Leading cMoving Picture c Magazine <br> PHOTOPLAY <br> Vol. xViII <br> October, 1920 <br> No. 5 



## The Fireside of Art

cLMOST everywhere you will find pictures and amazing descriptions of our country's great hotels. But you cannot discover any immortal poems about them; you will not see any armies going forth to fight for them; you will not find any cherished memories clustering about their marble-and-velvet thresholds. Somehow, these tributes are all saved for the family fireside, which more often than not is really humble, and seldom has pretensions to splendor or astounding size.

In our very young Drama of the Silences we have done a lot of cooing and some downright shouting about the splendid hostelries of the photoplay adorning every large American city. But, praiseworthy as they are, the glittering cinemas of the cities do not support the grand craft of the motion picture. The photoplay has become universal solely because of the cross-road and the village and the small town. These faithful, unheard-of little film shops-more than ten thousand of them!-total more artistic awe and power than is reflected in the whole tinselled pageantry of our metropoli.

In the court of culture PHOTOPLAY rises to plead for the country theater. Respect it, discriminating Patron, for upon its screens are the eyes of America. Help it, Distributor, for today its film rentals alone total thirty percent of its gross income, and its other expenses are equally disproportionate. Honor it, Manufacturer, with materials better mechanically and artistically, for otherwise it cannot honor you.

And remember, all of you, that it is not the bizarre tavern of optic entertainment along the Main Stem, but the Country Theater that is America's Fireside of Art.


This calm and peaceful expression of the gorgeous Miss Theby is a testimonial to New. York's beneficent quictude -perhaps.

## There's No

## Rue About

# Rosemary 

By BILLY BATES

cynical assumption, frequently expressed. that dramatic schools, in the easy argot of the studios, are nix. For Miss Theby is an alumnus of one of them in New lork

It was with no idea of becoming a screen player that Miss Theby came East from St. Louis, same being her native heath, to study. dramatic art, expression (with gestures) and such other accomplishments as may be included in the curriculum of a dramatic school.

Indeed. Miss Theby was gifted with a voice of wonderful timbre, with sympathetic curves in it. and she counted the voice as her chief possession. So did the folks at the dramatic school and the cards seemed to read that Miss Theby was going to be a stage star of considerable moment.

Then she spoiled it all by going into the movies.

That is, if we take the word of the dramatic school teachers, especially the elocutionist. she spoiled it all.

But somehow nobody else seems to agree. not even Miss Theby.

Far from being a made-to-order star. Rosemary Theby became star material in her first picture-the opus debut, you might call it-"Too Much Women." which was made on the old Universal lot in Universal City.

Kosemary is one of the consistently popu-

IN the year 6 行 B. C. romantic poetry was invented. In the year 676 B . C., the romantic poets of the period evolved this neat line:
". Ind deck'd üth rosemary and ruc."
Ever since that remote period, all romantic poets have turned out at least one ode, rondel, couplet, or, in the cases of those specially skilled, a sonnet. in which that line invariably appears, usually in the last stanza:
"And deck'd unth rosemary and rue."
Lest there be any idea that there is any rue about Rosemary we hasten to say at the beginning that there isnt a fragment of rue on Rosemary; nay, not a jot nor tittle, if that properly. applies to rue.

Rosemary-Thely of course-is more of a tall and stately lily, or perfaps, if she doesn't mind the homely simile, a gorgenus hollyhock, or even a particularly exotic orchicl.

There, that's what one thinks of Rosemary Theloy after half an hour's chat, during which this charming hazel-eyed star prefered to discuss the attractions of New York as a rest cure for weary Los Angelenos thisn her own work under the ConperHewitts

Rosemary Theby is a mighty successful refutation of the
lar actresses in pictures. She became a member of the celluloid constellation via the extra route-she was once of the "her-you" squad. That was in the days when a threc-recler was a feature and five-recers were unknown. You may remember when she was a Lubin ingenue and a Vitagraph vampire. Not so many years ago-but a lons time as time is reckoned in the flicker business.
In New lork last month she tarried a fortnight, shopped extravagantly along Fifth Avenue, listened to the sad moan of the waves at Atlantic City, and then hurried back West.
"Oh, ves, New lork is really restful," ruminated Rosemary. "so caln and peaceful after the hustle and bustle of Los Angeles."

Shates of Father Knickerbocker! But then, after going through the long. long hours of making "Rio Grande" and "Athalie" and "The Splendid Hazard," it may be that New York does seem calm and peaceful to Miss Theby:
These lines are written some days since the stately star visited us. And we can think of another poetic line ever so much more appropriate to her than the rosemary-and-rue line.

1) 0 you remember it?
"And rosemary, I trow, is for rememb'rance."

# Thought 

By CHET WITHEY

ANYONE who is connected in any way with the motion picture industry is continually running up against people who ask him: "What do you consider the biggest and most essential thing to a successful career in the films?"

Sometimes they are surprised when I reply, "Thought!" So I usually have to go ahead and tell them just what I mean by thought as the most important factor in screen success. Thoughts are things and it is just as possible to photograph a thought passing through a man's mind as it is to take a picture of physical movement.

How terrible, you'll remark, to come home in the wee small hours of the morning, after a wery, wery goo' time at the sh-club, to find your wife waiting at the door with a thoughtcamera, ready to photograph your innermost secrets! But just the same, if you'll consider seriously the pictures you have seen that didn't seem true, that you have sat through and wondered what was wrong with them-you'll admit my idea isn't so silly as it may sound.

How many times have you watched players flit across the screen, their actions obviously irrelevant to the roles they were playing? You have thought, "The story might mean more, the star might be a more sympathetic character if only something were done"-but just what that something was, you did not quite know.

Perhaps I can tell you. The star was not thinking of her job, a job in which she was supposed to give something to the public, as a thinking class of people, and it registered in every movement of her body, every flicker of an eyelash.

I know from experience and observation that the camera will record the thoughts of a person absolutely, and if it were not too personal a matter I would mention names. Upon one occasion an actress, now a star, revealed to me during the course of the performance that she was very much in love with her leading man. At this time neither the gentleman in question nor anyone else had the least inkling that such was the case. Some weeks later the two were married and after a period of years are still living happily together. In this case the camera was right.

I do not claim the theory to be an original one. It is based on teachings which are as ancient as Aristotle. I noticed in another picture the extreme lack of feeling expressed by an actress in her love scenes with her husband. She seemed utterly unable to go through her part except in a forced and mechanical manner. Shortly after she put in a plea for divorce. So if you want to know "who loves who" in the movies, watch the screen closely.


Even Doris Keane knew Chet Withey was right: she must concentrate her thoughts to make"Romance" a sereen success.

Of course I wouldn't so advise a jealous husband whose wife happened to be an actress, although I maintain if he watches closely the truth will out. The camera keeps grinding ceaselessly and misses nothing. It is impossible to keep on for hours and not in one way or another show what your real thoughts are.

It may seem that I am advancing a theory that is apt to cause some people a lot of trouble. But that is the fault of the people, not the theory. It is not, however, my purpose to advance this in order to have a general delving into the amatory adventures of my colleagues, but to suggest to those who have not given the matter a thought. the way they may benefit by it and use it as a means to improve their acting. There is that oft repeated saying. "What we think we are. we gradually become." and that is the point I wish to bring out. Everyone is striving for ease and naturalness in acting and I think the use of thought by imagination and concentration is the way to get it.

For instance. suppose Miss A. is required to register love in a scene with Mr. B. No matter what her feelings are toward this gentleman, she must concentrate on one thought. "I lowe him"-"I love him"-"I love him"-and accompany this bw
(Concluded on page 119)


Drawn by C. W. Anderson


Urban's invasion of the movies has been accomplished from a General Headquarters some twenty by fifteen feet in size.

## Marietta Serves Coffee

## By <br> JULIAN JOHNSON

And on the other side of the small blacks sits Joseph Urban-last year the greatest constructing artist of the theater, and now of the movies.


I may seem strange to you that I am giving the coffee so much prominence, but you would see for yourseli -were you there-how important it is.

Urbanly speaking, it occupies the same social position that the cigarette has long since achieved among the rapidly revolving Mexicans, and is as much of a formality-killer as was that archaic salutation, "What'll you have?" among our fourfinger fathers.
Joseph Urban's invasion of the mories has been accomplished from a General Headquarters some twenty by fifteen feet in size, on the second floor of a rambling and ponderous cement building near the Harlem River, on the northeast corner of Manhattan Island. The structure has been the International Film studio only since last autumn; before that it was a Casino, alternately jazzed and shot up by dancing clubs more than one member of which could give a movie cowboy
a couple of rings on the pistol target and then beat him twice out of three.
Like most film arenas, there is nothing especially aesthetic about the place until you come to the cave wherein Abu Hassan Urban-since they gave us our numerals we can borrow at least a figure of speech from the Arabians-keeps just a few of his artistic jewels.

It is all white, with highly-curtained windows that keep one's eyes off the grime of the adjacent streets; occupying almost all of one end is an L-like combination of desk and table and work-bench; around the walls, framed in orderly rows, are little paintings and drawings, made by Mr. U'rban for books, or else colored sketches of scenery for dramas or grand operas or female extravaganza; there are deep. hugely comfortable chairs of black and white wood-striped like a lady"s cape or a stout gentleman's trousers; one end of the room is entirely engaged with shelves bending beneath art-books in half a dozen languages or the universal pictorial appeal, and the other end of the room has a window both deep and high, opening upon the afternoon sun and the upper strata of the Second Avenue elevated.

Joseph Lrban is usually to be found as a rotund wedge driven into the angle of the L-like table. No matter how well he may know his guest. no matter how obscure that guest may be, he does not request the visitor to take a chair; he proffers it himself, though it entails a trip across the room and back. This is merely a sample of his old-world courtesy that now strangely hovers over a corner of a rough old pile but recently devoted to malt, hops and stray shots. And

## Photoplay Magazine

after the chair has been occupied, the invariable summons from the host:-
"Maricta. . . . Marietta! The coffec, if you pleace.
I have seen luxurious offices equipped, like some hotels, with running ice-water, but never before have I seen one equipped with running Jasa. That is to say, Marietta must have a faucet for her anti-P'ostum, because it is always instantly on tap, and is always, and instantly hot, clear as amber and exhilaratingly strong. No one could make coffee so quickly; and coffec as virile as that, if standing. would soon become more like a tanning solution than a drink.
It is served invariably, from a percolator of shining silver, and in a demi-tasse set of deep yellow, with a little silver -ervice of mirrorlike polish. Marietta, let me add as a final truch of color. is small and blonde.

The coftee once poured, conversation may begin, and in the conversation the host is much readier to listen than to talk.
Joseph Urban is a very gentle man, very tolerant, very enthusiastic about other men's enthusiasms. And that last is a very rare quality in a man who is so distinguished and so individual an artist.

For you probably know that Mr. Urban is today the most distinguished master of environment. light and color that we Anglo-Saxons know in the theater. There is Max Rheinhardt in Germany, and Robert Edmond Jones as a mighty constructive force in the drama, but Rheinhardt is practically unknown in America and but little known in England, and Jones is still a matter of metropolitan fame.

THE thing that has spread Mr. U'rban's name about the United States more than any or all his other works has been the Ziegfeld Follies. in five gorgeous annual issues, with the sixth impendling. However much Mr. Ziegfeld has done
for Mr. Urban. in either finance or notoriety, Mr. U'rban has done incalculably more for Mr. Ziecield, for, in supervising every' item of color and material form. from the lishts to the gowns of the girls, he-no other-has created the most beautiful vision of its kind that the stage hav ever seen. "L"rban, lighting." "U'rban gowns," "L'rban scenery." "U'rban curtains," and, above all, a deep, tropic. furnace-like, fascinating and almost intolerable shade known as "Urban blue," have become houschold words in every show--hop.
It is characteristic of the artist that he claims no particular sagacity nor even inqenuity in procuring his effects. He says he knows what he likes to see. but after that he has no quick or magic route to his optical wonders; he has to keep on trying. and tryine. and urying some more until just the shade, or just the illumination, or just the form and combination that he wants is reached. Then he is at a lot of pains to remember how he got there-and, to hear him tell it with his usual discount of imagination and insention, the trick is done.

For instance, his astounding light combinations. which have got people out of the habit of calling David Belasco the sole monarch of electricity: "I sit out in front, in the darkened theater, and shout to the boys at the switchboard and behind the lamps in the gallery to try this combination, and that, and the other until I get just the effect I want-and when I've got it I hold them on it till they've made notations of exactly what they've done, the size and number and strength of their lamps, the combinations, the numbers of their lenses, the time of every light change-all this. until it becomes a mechanical formula which, exactly repeated, will always give exactly the same result."

As for "U'rban blue." perhaps the famous and intriguing color of modern times in the theater, its creator explains: "The blue of the tropic sky, which I tried to approximate, is



He keeps on trying, and trying, and trying until just the shade, just the illumination he wants, is reached.
not a mere azure color. It is a combination of the blue of space and white light, and the white light of the sun is a combination of all colors. My colors are very simple and primitive blues, on the canvas, but they are not painted on; they are dappled on, so that really you are not seeing a plane surface, but a spotted surface, under an almost sunlike illumination; the result is a blue that is apparently without any backing of canvas-a sunlit and ethereal blue which one gazes through rather than upon."
The incandescent lamp is just that simple-but we had to wait a long time for an Edison to fashion one.
But while not forgetting his debt in American popularity to the "Follies," Mr. Urban prefers to think of himself as an environer of the sterner drama. He is perfectly willing to glorify the girls, but he gets a bigger thrill out of creating a new "Parsifal," as he did for the Metropolitan Opera House last winter. There has never been so imaginative and powerful a thing done in America as that monstrous, unrelieved battlement in Klingsor's castle at the top of which the diabolic magician sits while he evokes the tortured spirit of Kundry from the dark measureless well below.

And during the rehearsals of "Parsifal" occurred a thing which illustrates the whole scheme of Urban's art.
Parsifal. "the guileless fool." transfixes one of the sacred swans with an arrow. It falls. . ."Where, Mr. Urban, is die schwan?" petulantly inquired the director, used during these many years to the sight of a highly material stuffed bird, which came thumping down from the fly-gallery to the floor
"My dear Herr-Direktor," returned the artist, in his native Cerman. "if the actor cannot make me imagine that I see the wounded swan falling before my eyes I am not going to get very much of a thrill out of a fat goose swinging in on a wire, like a display in a milliner shop. I have not provided any rain of swans."

Three tremendous Urban productions-now finished-are to be revealed for the first time at the Metropolitan Opera House
early in 1921. They are entirely new settings for "Lohengrin" and "Tristan and Isolde," and a first time equipment for Verdi's "Don Carlos," never done in this country" as a musicdrama.

Speaking of "The Follies," and Urban's great works at the Metropolitan-he has done such things as "The Love of Three Kings" for the Chicago Opera-or his setting for the Detroit Symphony Orchestra-all this may seem far from the field of motion pictures, but it is by way of knowing the man.

NOW for his reason for going into motion pictures: and he has indeed taken up the photoplay in earnest, for his contract is almost an exclusive one, and permits him only his Metropolitan Opera House work, and participation in the "Follies" for a limited time.
"The motion picture offers incomparably the greatest field to any creative artist of brush or blue-print today," he says. "It is the art of the Twentieth Century, and perhaps the greatest art of modern times. It is all so young, so fresh, so untried. It is like an unknown ocean stretching out before a modern Columbus."

You must know that basically Joseph Urban is not a painter. but an architect! It was as an architect that he received his final education, and as an architect he won his first triumphs in his home city, Vienna. The infinite explorations of a creative architect in motion picture constructions give him all the thrills that come to a little boy who discovers a rain-made pond and, simultaneously, some fence-boards to make a raft.
You should have seen, in the Hearst studio, his wonderful construction of a complete Spanish house-first story: second story, indoors, outdoors, patio, and even roof, all lighted as by a semi-tropic sun; yet the whole was contrived in a steamheated building, in the middle of the worst Northern winter in thirty years.

The story was "The World and His Wife." in which Alma (Continued on page 132)


Doris Kenyon
With Frank Thomas in one of their bedroomest scenes that made hardened first nighters hold thear breaths.

# The Little Girl in the Parsonage 

By MONTANYE PERRY

Who grew to be The Girl in the Limousine.

THE Girl in the Limousine!" We all saw it last winter, and we agreed that of all the flock of bedroom farces it was the bedroomiest! Beautifully staged, brilliantly done, of course. Didn't Al Woods do it? But even the most hardened first nighter caught his breath more than once at the daring lines and situations. Immensely clever, of course, and uproariously funny, but really-

And the Girl herself! Flitting about the pink and green bedroom, or tucked up in the silken hung bed, wearing a winsome smile, a fluffy mop of bronze-gold hair, and, at times, so very little beside! Clever, sophisticated, audacious, radiant!
Yes, radiant! That is the word which best described this Girl in the Limousine. She was so full of life, apparently enjoying every one of her lines, delighting in the uproarious appreciation of her audience. And yet, all the evening, I wondered, and wondered, and won-dered-
You see, I knew Doris Kenyon very well. I had not seen her since her successes on screen and stage. But before that- I kept remembering-

Up in Syracuse, New York, there was an old-fashioned house in Harrison Street, set back a little, with a green yard and a big tree. It was a Methodist parsonage, and one day when I went there with some proof for the Reverend James B. Kenyon to look over, they showed me a roll of white flannel, pink ribbons and lace which they said was their very newest babyDoris!
"She's going to be a beauty!" was what the mother said.
"And a good woman, who"ll help make the world better," was what the father said.
"Waa-a-a-a!" was what baby Doris said.

It seemed no time at all before she was pulling herself up by the window ledge and waving friendly little hands at the cool green branches of the old tree. Then, quite suddenly one day when a golden throated oriole perched on the tip of a bough, Doris made her first remark.
"Birdie!" she said, pointing a fat little finger. "Sing!"
And, most obligingly, it sang.
That's the way it was with Doris, always. She said to birds, or to people, or to circumstances, "Sing." And they sang! Just because she was so sunny, so sure of the joy of life. She knew that everything and everyone was going to be all right, so it just was all right!

Not that Doris was spoiled. Discipline in the parsonage was very firm. Ministers' little daughters must never, never be late to Sunday School; they must save their pennies for the little Armenian orphans; they must be plainly dressed; and they couldn't ever go to dancing school!
These last two rules were almost


Her minister father knew shed be a good woman. who would help make the world better.

# S11HOOD SHICRT STIDRY © ODNTEST 

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE announces that during the year 1921, starting with the January number, there will appear twenty-four short stories, two stories in each number, for which the publisher will pay a total of Fourteen Thousand Dollars. The size of the prizes will attract the best authors of our day, for the first reward,

## Five Thousand Dollars

will be the equivalent of from one dollar to two dollars a word, since the length of the stories will be from 2,500 to 5,000 words. No magazine at any time has paid so generous a price for fiction. These stories will be illustrated by the most popular and highest-paid illustrators and PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE anticipates a rich treat for its readers during the year.

THE second prize will be $\$ 2,500$; third prize, $\$ 1,000$; fourth prize, $\$ 500$. For the other twenty stories accepted Photoplay Magazine will pay at least $\$ 250$ each. The prize-winners will be determined by a distinguished board of judges, the personnel of which will be announced in a later issue. The names of the winners will be printed in the December, 1921, number of Photoplay Magazine and the awards will be paid to the winners on Christmas Eve of 1921.

ITT is not expected that any "dark horses" or novices in the art of story-telling will compete in Photoplay Magazine's $\$ 14,000$ Short Story Contest, but all stories received will be carefully considered and it is not improbable that new talent may be developed and a new "O. Henry" discovered through the medium of the contest. Authors must enclose an addressed envelope, bearing sufficient postage, if the return of manuscripts is desired. Photoplay Magazine is not responsible for the return of such manuscripts, but every effort will be made to return them within a fortnight or report on manuscripts. All stories accepted for publication will be paid for ( $\$ 250$ ) immediately and in the case of the prize-winners, the balance of the prize money will be paid at the conclusion of the contest.
J. R. Quirk, Editor.


By ALICE DUER MILLER

Sketches by C. W. Anderson

WAS invited to witness a murder-but another engagement prevented my accepting, although I did see a wickedlooking party wearing a fez, and with numerous glittering medals on his chest, and he was pointed out to me as one of the chief characters in the murder party arranged for that afternoon at four o'clock.
"If you come back at four," said my mentor, "you will see one of the best little murders we've pulled off around here in months."
To begin at the beginning, there was a New England school-room.
A high strong light came through the windows and on a blackboard were written a familiar list of words:
"Cat, bat, rat, hat."
A large globe-i. e. the Earth-stood in a corner of the room and about fifty children, the pupils, were singing, in time to the waving hand of the lovely young schoolmistress. It had been intended, I was told, that they should sing the National Anthem, but-it will not be considered seditious to confess it, now that the war is over-they did not know the Star Spangled Banner half so well as they knew "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," and so, since the music would never be heard anyhow, they substituted.


Alice Duer Miller
who first enjoyed the flame of fame when she wrote "Are Women People?" -equal suffrage propaganda. Since then she has written plays and photoplays, among them "Come Out of the Kitchen," a stage success that was later filmed with Marguerite Clark; "Ladies
Must Live," which has been made by Must Live," which has been made by George Loane Tucker; and "The Charm
School" first a serial story, and now a new screen vehicle for Wallace Reid.

Presently the sinister looking Turkish gentleman in a fez and the medals (acquired one did not like to think how) came sauntering out of the Moorish doorway of the English ambassador's house in Constantinople, which, contrary to the vulgarly accepted notion of geography, stood just a few feet away, so near indeed that one was forced to edge one's way between the two buildings.

I could not blame the Turk for hanging about and looking through the schoolroom windows, for the teacher was of such unusual beauty, both of face and figure, that anyone would have felt she had mistaken her vocation. In fact, the curve of her mouth was so brightly scarlet, so perfect, that were not such a thing impossible in a New England schoolmistress, I should have said it was painted.

And there were other rather queer things about that school.

In the first place, all the little girls were pretty-fluffy blondes with bows in their top-knots, and, even more peculiarly, all the little boys were resolutely, inordinately good. All the mothers were sitting by, watching-every mother watching her own child, which was normal enough, of course. Perhaps the
reason why those mothers were so alert was that they knew, what the local school board could not have known. that the lovely red-lipped teacher, who smiled so indulgently at all her little pupils. led a very different life after dark-slipped away indeed about half past eight and changed into a well, but not always favorably known heathen goddes, in a costume different in every particular from that neat blue serge and white frill round the neck that she wears in the school room.

I was just reflecting: "Well, is it so uncommon after all? Suppose all New England teachers told their real life after dark-their dreams and their poems-mightn't we find a good many of them wandering on the tops of Alexandrine towers in nothing but a string of pearls? Or suppose that Venus really did take a jol, at teaching school. wouldn't she command the full attention of her classes, very much as Miss-,"
when someone stepped forward with a neat little sign. whici he held up, just as a flagman at a railway crossing holds uf a sign saying "Stop" when the train is coming-only this sign told the number and title of the film, and the name of the director-a device, like all arrangements in the moving picture world, extremely neat and labor saving.

THE picture was interrupted for a time, and my guide suggested that I might like to look at the property rooms We passed what looked very interesting to me. but was considered too tame for inspection, namely a sort of super-pantry; where dishes of every pattern were ranged on long shelves, and I was led up two long inclined planes with wooden cleats nailed into them and into which 1 dug my toes. My imagination. by this time, was working freely and I was prepared at any moment to be catapulted to the bottom to suit the whim of some comedy director. At every step I expected the runway to turn, with a whirr of machinery, into a mosing staircase, but on reaching the top. I was forced to conclude that inclined planes, instead of staircases, were some new efriciency device of this newest and most efficient of industries.

Later, however, it was explained to me that they were merely the remains of the days when the studio had been a riding-academy and the horses had lived on the top story: Everything. I was told, would be very different in the new studio across the river, into which they were moving almost at once. But I am glad I saw it before they moved. with the background of the old riding ring. and the faint smell of feed lingering in the attic.

It was an attic to rummage in on a rainy day. It looked at first more like a wrecking yard than an attic. There were rows of careiully classified windows and doors and mantel-pieces. Telephones of all nations, from the one-handed European type to the old fashioned boxes that fasten to the walls: the

Gay music and sad music and music with jazz in it are a bid help to stir the cmotions of the sereen

movies are never going to be caught in an inaccuracy in regard to telephones. Then there were shelves full of lamps-plain, and to be honest, ugly lamps-the kind the heroine smashes as she escapes from the villain's room in Chinatown or on the Mexican border. Of course a great many of these are needed. Then there was a wonderful, varied and crowded wine closetonly all the bottles were empty, but none the less carefully preserved.
"Yes," said my guide, laying his hand caressingly on a magnum of champagne, "since prohibition we've been making a collection of these; they're getting rather rare nowadays."

I did not interrupt him to say that in my limited experience, magnums had always been rather rare; but there seemed something very appropriate in the idea that the moving picture industry, which is going to profit so largely by prohibition, should be engaged in making this memorial collection of alcoholic containers.

I suppose a day will come when a historic picture of the year IgI8 will be put on, and the final touch of realism will be the introduction of that very magnum-empty for so many years-and children will whisper to their parents "What did that taste like-champagne?" and no one present will know the answer.

Moving picture studios have made their homes in strange places, their temporary homes, for most of them are building palatial studios to fit their expanding requirements. Wedged between the Second Avenue Elevated and the Harlem River, is a casino where in old days St. Patrick Day parades used to dissolve into their natural elements. On the second floor of this immense building I found among other things, a complete Spanish house, designed by a master of scenic effect. It was built solid about a patio, with grass springing between the flat old stones. Fifty feet away a Venetian palace, in spite of its crystal chandeliers and scarlet and gold brocade, was only two sides of a room, but the Spanish house was complete-so that you could wander from room to room at your will, as long as you did not come in range of the camera.
-In one of the rooms two pale wraith-like women in grays and mauves were weeping over a letter, while a string quartette with an organ accompaniment were softly playing. In this studio there is always music while a picture is being made.
I asked why, but couldn't get a statement from anyone ex-
cept the assertion that it worked well. I suppose the fact is that music, like any mild intoxicant, distracts the surface attention and frees the subconscious mind. Perhaps it was my imagination, which as I have already said was now freely working, but I did think that in this studio there was a deeper intention and a more romantic rhythm in the actions of the players.

AND as I stood watching, a miracle seemed to happen. A large drumlike structure descended from the ceiling and from it suddenly streamed a flood of light, but such light!

It was as gay as sunlight, but infinitely kinder and more flattering. And I saw that the two pale wraith-like women in grays and mauves were in reality two exceedingly handsome vivid creatures dressed one in deep pink, and the other in blue and silver. I looked up to see the creator of this effulgence, and saw two figures lying along the cornice of the Spanish house; they wore khaki overalls and smoked glasses (for fear their own light would injure their eyes), but in other respects they looked exactly like figures carved by Michael Angelo. I was deeply interested in the light, for it seemed to me the most perfect artificial illumination I had ever seen, and one calculated to make any evening party a success, and so I asked a great many questions about it, but I found it was a new discovery and a secret-the only secret I met with in my tour of the studios. It could not be explained to casual visitors. Nor did one casual visitor explain in her turn, that she had been so hypnotized by the new radiance that she condemned a ray of real sunshine that came filtering through an upper window as a very crude attempt at artificial light.

It was in this studio, I think, that I noticed a kitten bounding about the floor-at least not really a kitten, for it had outgrown the round-bodied, spiky-tailed age, and had reached the hobbledehoy period of long legs and flat sides. The kitten, it appeared, was a failure. It had been allowed to come into a picture-had had a part almost written for it, but two or three weeks had elapsed before the film was continued and in that time the kitten had incontinently grown to such a size that it portrayed the passage of a length of time unsuitable to the story. It was therefore deleted from the picture, and instead of growing into an
artist kitten with a career, it was now a mere idlê parasitic studio cat.

I mention the kitten, not only because it was an agreeable, if lazy animal, but because it seemed to be the only creature connected with the movies on whom time had set its mark. For that is the most characteristic and delightful feature of the moving picture business(Continued on page 128) It isn't every
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First Lessons in Art Dedicated to Some Movie Producers

Harry's good resolutions were still with him in the morning and he declined to have his breakfast served in bed.

# The Man Wl 

HAVING settled to his entire satisfaction all the problems of the day except one, Mark Bullway took that one by the arm, led it from his private office. past the battery of sidelong, speculative glances of clerks and stenographers, down to the street. At the waiting touring car the Problem made a slight movement of revolt, but Bullway's big hand gripped a little harder and pushed the Problem gently but firmly into the tonneau, as he ordered the chauffeur to drive home.

As the car twisted slowly through the traffic. Bullway re--flected that building ships out of the raw material of steel was a simple matter beside building a man out of the raw material of boy. His ships were splendid ships, marketable and serviceable. His son, he was compelled to admit, wasn't anywhere near the Bullway standard of perfection, and only for the personal interest, he would willingly have sold him for about thirty cents, on the hoof. But the personal interest made it impossible to evade the Problem, and he tackled it with the dogged determination that had made him the greatest shipbuilder of his day.
"I could forgive the wrecked taxicab, and the peanut wagon, and the smashed storefront-" he began.
"It wouldn't have happened if you had let me buy a decent car," the young man snapped back. "That old roadster steers like a steam roller."

## Had Everything

Even a blind man can see that's just what one doesn't want.
"I could forgive your coming back home drunk to your own birthday party," the older man went on, "and riding a horse into a houseful of guests-"
"You ought to be proud of my riding," the other snickered.
"I might even forgive your infatuation for that-"
"Look out, Dad," the other warned, his voice growing suddenly hard. "Don't say anything you'll be sorry to remember when she's your daughter-in-law."
"My daughter-in-law!"
"Y'es. I know what you're thinking about-that report of your dirty detectives. They knew what you wanted them to tell you. But Lenore Pennell is the best-"
"We won't discuss Miss Pennell. I said I might even be reconciled to-to that-if I could see you were headed for anything uscful. But-"

The car stopped with a jerk, as the chauffeur shouted a warning. In swerving to avoid another machine, the fender had struck an old man who was picking his way slowly to the curb. Before Harry and his father could reach the man, he had picked himself up. Harry, smarting under his father's reprimand, thoughtlessly vented his spleen upon the old man.;
"Why didn't he look where he was going, the old fool!" he exclaimed.

The vacant stare the old man turned toward Harry was the answer. The man was blind.

## Photoplay Magazine

'Don't pay any attention to my son," Harry's father said, gently. "He's excited. I hope you are not hurt. I will gladly pay-"
"I am not hurt. It was my own fault," the blind man replied.

I should say it was," Harry broke in. "Keep out of the traffic next time."
The old man turned his sightless eyes toward the young man again, and after a pause, raised his hand and said in calm, even tones:

I have the right to lay an old man's curse on you, and I will. May you always have everything you want!"
"Holy mackerel!" Harry exclaimed, with a laugh. "He isn't only blind, he's crazy!'

Harry climbed back into the car, but his father insisted upon taking the name and address of the blind man, so he could make sure later that he had not been hurt.
"He calls that a curse," Harry mused. "And today all I wanted was a few hundred dollars, and instead Dad hands me a lecture. A curse! Well, let the punishment begin! I'll do my best to stand it like a man.'
"As I was saying," Bullway began, when the car had started again. "if l could see you headed for something useful-"

Oh. let up, Dad!" Harry interrupted impatiently. "Do I get that five hundred or don't I?"
"You don't!"
And they rode home without another word, souring the sunshine.

WH.tTEVER Lenore Pennell may or may not have been. at least she was no novice in handling her admirers. She liked Harry, and the possibility of a permanent alliance with the Bullway family was alluring. Yet she knew, for Harry had been quite frank about it, that his father did not approve of her, and one must have an anchor is the event of a storm. So she selected Billy Gibson as the anchor. Billy never would have as much money as Harry, but he was free with what he had. and it would last quite a while-at least until something better turned up. And Billy was reasonable, too. For example, when the telephone operator informed Lenore, about eight oclock that evening, that Mr. Harry Bullway was calling, Billy only grinned when Lenore rushed him into her bedroom.
"I'll get rid of him quick." she assured Billy as she closed the door, and after a quick glance about the room. threw his hat under a couch.
"I can't let you stay but a minute," Lenore languidly informed Harry, at the door. "I'm sorry, but I have a splitting headache."

Harry looked the girl over critically. She was hardly dressed for a headache. Her extremely decollete gown suggested that she was going into musical comedy. Lenore read him like a billboard.
"I hoped to be well enough to go somewhere with you but I simply must go to bed," she explained.
"We couldn't go far, at that," Harry admitted. "Im broke, and Dad is in one of his fits of righteous indignation. But he'll be allright in a day or two-and then-oh boy!"

So Harry soon found himself on the sidewalk. There were plenty of places where his credit was good, but he was too depressed to enjoy any of them. So he gave his clock the shock of it: life, and was in bed by ten.

AS Mark Bullway drove to his office the next morning, he buried himself again in consideration of the Problem. The more it bafled him, the more determined he was to solve it before he went on building ships. A moment after he sat down at his clesk, his secretary brought him his mail, and sat down. pencil poised over notchook, wating. Bullway considered her thoughtfully. She was a very efticient secretary, was Miss Prue Winn. Her father, an old friend of Bullway, had been ruined by unwise speculation, and died of a broken heart. The girl had turned cheerfully to the task of making a living, and had won lier posifion hy sheer intelligence and industry. In-
roluntarily, Bullway contrasted her with his son, and sighed. With nothing to start on, she had done wonders. Harry nad everything -
"Everything!" As the word flashed across his consciousness, Bullway remembered the blind man's curse. He reierred to the address in his note book, and turned to his secretary.
"Irue. I need your help," he said. "It's about Harry."
"Of course, Mr. Bullway, I'll be glad to do anything I can-" and she hesitated, turning away slightly, apparently. a little confused. But if she blushed, Bullway was too deeply interested in his subject to notice.
"You have known Harry' a long time," he went on. "He's all wrong, but I know there's good stuff in him. Now I got an idea from an old blind man, yesterday."

He told her of the accident and the curse.
"Now, I've always made it a practice," he explained. "when I get an idea from anyone, to hire that person to help me carry it out. I want you to go to this address. and encage old Nlatt Sills as manager of the job of reforming Harry:"
"You mean you're going to give Harry-Mr. Harry-everything he wants! I think I know what he will want first." and there was a trace of bitterness in her tone.
"Now don't anticipate. Let's get our manager on the job first. Tell him there's big money in it for him."

An hour later Prue led the blind man into Bullway: office
"Mr. Sills is a hard man to bargain with." she said, with a smile.
"He can name his own figure," Bullway replied.
-I don't think you will agree to that-" Prue began.
"My time is worth only sixty cents an hour. I can not accept more," Sills said quietly.
"Well, we can adjust that later," Bullway observed. "Meanwhile, I want your suggestion as to the best way to carry out that curse you laid upon my son yesterday."
"I would simply anticipate his every wish until his heart rebelled," the old man said. "It isn't having things, but getting them, that keeps us interested and happy. If your son finds everything he thinks he wants dropping into his lap, he will be utterly miserable, and find he doesn't want any of them."
"Good! We'll try it. Now to get a list of everything he has said he wanted," and all the energy that had been devoted to building the American merchant marine was bent upon the unique task. The servants, the chauffeur, everyone to whom Harry might have confided some desire, were consulted. It was a busy day, but late in the afternoon Bullway considered the job sufficiently well organized to give him time to pay a social call.
"Mr. Mark Bullway calling," the telephone operator told Miss Lenore Pennell.
"You mean Mr. Harry Bullway."
"No, Mr. Mark Bullway-an elderly gentleman."
With eyebrows raised, Mis: 「ennell considered for a splitsecond. It might be an open business proposition.
"Send him up."
If Miss Pennell expected an angry and belligerent parent to appear, she received a considerable shock. but she kept her poise when Bullway entered, smiling, his hand extended.
"Miss Pennell, I am here on behalf of my son," he began.
"I hardly expected you were here on your own account," she replied, meeting smile with smile. "I understand you don't approve of me.'
"I have changed my viewpoint. My son's happiness must come before my personal prejudices. He loves you. Can you make him happy?"

She looked at him intently through narrowed lids. This was a new kind of proposition.
"Just what do you mean?"
"You know what I mean. Can you make him happy?
"I can make any man happy," she said cautiously:
"Very well, then here's my proposition. For every day you keep Harry happy I will send you a check. The first day it will be one cent. The next day it will be twice as much, the third day twice what it was the second, and so on."

Lenore was not strong on mental arithmetic. Bullway showed her a column of figures.
"The tenth day it would be $\$ 5.12$; the twentieth day it would be $\$ 5,242.88$; the twenty-fifth day it would be $\$ 167$, , 772.16 ; ,the twenty-eighth day it would pass the million dollar mark-"
"Wait! I've lost my breath! You're kidding me."
"Miss Pennell-my son is the only thing in the world I care for. I am willing to sink every dollar I ve got in an investment in his happiness. It's up to you."

Miss Pennell was still breathless at the imminent deluge of wealth.
"And the day you marry him I will settle a million dollars on you," Bullway added.
"And stop the other payments?"
"Well, it won't make any difference then, as you will be a member of the family, and can have anything you want."

There was no way in which Lenore could lose-she saw that plainly enough. Whatever the old man's game was, to refuse to consider the proposition would be only to cut off all her chances. So she accepted.

HARRI BULL $\begin{gathered}\text { WAl } \\ \text { closed his }\end{gathered}$ eyes that night upon a world which he considered scarcely fit to live in, since he did not know where in all that world he was to get a few miserable dollars with which to entertain the lady he loved. He opened them the next morning upon the dignified figure of Percival Hidgen, the wonder-working valet of Richard V'an Ruych. He rubbed his eyes, but Percival remained opaque. He had often visualized the perfect Percival in this room, but his father had told him that a valet for an idler was absurd. Yet here was Percival.
"lour bath is ready, sir."
Bullway beside building a man out of the raw material of this boy.
Yes, Percival had brought his vore with him.


Harry and Lenore began the evening at the gay Inn with a bottle of wine called sparkling cider.
"I was engaged by Mr. Bullway, sir."
Percival anticipated all inquiries.
A bath and a cold shower would tell the tale. If Percival still remained, it was true. If he washed off-it was just another dream gone wrong. Emerging fifteen minutes later from the bathroom, Harry was met by a hurtling, four-footed, brindle thunderbolt, that landed, yapping joyously, on his chest.
"Yes. sir. Champion Exmoor III, sir. Mr. Bullway persuaded Mr. Van Ruych to sell him, when he engaged me, sir. Very persuasive man, Mr. Bullway, if I might make so bold, sir."

Harry and the champion of all bulldogs were old friends. Exmoor III had, in fact, shown such a preference for Harry over his owner, Van Ruych, that Harry had pleaded with his father often to buy him, but when the price was named, Bullway Senior averred that it was out of all proportion to the dog's earning capacity. Fondling the aristocrat, Harry noticed an envelope tied to the collar. Tearing it off and opening it, he discovered that it contained ten one-thousand dollar bills. He blinked in the general direction of the valet.
"Mr. Bullway said he understood you were in need of a little ready money, sir."

After the restoratives had been administered, and Harry was able to sit up and partake of the breakfast that had been brought to his room-a previously prohibited luxury this, breakfasting in his room-he decided it might be as well to face the music. Of course there was a catch in it somewhere. His father was bribing him first, and would ask him to pay up afterwards, thinking he would not want to give up his various treasures, which, he discovered from Hidgen, included, in addition to the valet, the dog. and the money, the following items he had long desired:

## One airplane.

One racing car, 100 horse power, Sport model.
Four prize polo ponies from the Brewster stable.
His father had left for the office, but had not reached there
yet, Miss Winn informed him over the telephone. He told her of his luck and tried a little fishing. les, she understood that Mr. Bullway had felt that he had been a little harsh. les, she had heard him negotiating some purchases. No, so far as she knew, they were to be unconditional.

The conversation ended rather abruptly, as Miss Winn said she hat some work to do, and he must excuse her.
"Good thing he doesn't think he can make me give up Lenore, by threatening to take all this from me." Harry mused. "Because he couldn"t. I'd give it all up like that," with a snap of his fingers, very dramatic, "before I'd let him separate us."
He reassured himself on this point all the way down town in his snorting racer. He diln't get the kick out of owning it that he had expected, possibly because things were coming so fast it was impossible to tell where one thrill left off and another began. He made his first stop at Marvany"s jewelry store.
"I want a diamond pendant. and I'm in a hurry:" he told the clerk.
The manager of the store approached, with a long, important looking case.
"Your father said he rather expected you would be in to make a purchase," he said, "and he bought this for you. He said if it wasn't satisfactory: to change it for anything you wanted."

The manager opened the case and displayed a magnificent pendant, that looked as if it would have left Harry about two days' car fare out of his new bank roll.
"Ite also said," Harry vaguely heard the manager saying. "that if you wanted anything else, you were to charge it to him. Any little thing like-er, say an engagement ring."
Harry left the store loaden with pendant, solitaire ring, and astonishment. He could understand his father getting reckless and generous, so far as the animals and cars were concerned, hut to tell him, practically, to go ahead and get engased to Lemore Pemell-for that was what it amounted to-this he could not grasp. And Joel. the butler, must be in on it, too. (Continued on page So)

## Music Hath Charms

## Diddle-da-da!

The life of the artist is one long boulevard of sacrifices. Supposing you had spent ten years to study how to strum "Humoresque" on a harp; and had got it down pat: and were just starting in on the sobby part of it, when in walked your neighbor's parlor-maid, right in front of Jeems the butler. and handed you a card which read. "For mercy's sake, cut it out." Fierce, huh? But Elsie Ferguson doesn't look as sore about it as we would.


If Gloria Swanson would pay more attention to the banjo and less to Darrell Foss she might learn to play the doodad: but she 11 never be ahle even to pick out "Yankee Doodle" on one string if she takes her music lessons like this.

Is Vivian Martin playing the "Dead March" from "Saul," or Jim Chopin's March Funebre? We 'll say she isn t , not with that there roguish smile and them wicked eyes. If it isn't "Balling the Jack" it is at least the "Sentimental Blues."



It’s too bad to disappoint you. Reader. We know we should title this "Sweet and Low." and let it go at that. But we have inside info that the Male is not whisperine of love to Miss Burke. He is sayind: "I represent the Bjinks Piano Company and I wish you would step. a little to the right so"s the name $0^{\circ}$ the firm will show in the photograph.


## Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler Oakman

# A Little Domestic Drama 

Dished up by Priscilla Dean and<br>her permanent leading man.

AND now," said I, "why did you marry her?" and groom?)
"Oh," said he cheerfully, "I didn't. She married me."
"Wheeler," said she, "you are a wicked old liar.
And the fight was on.
Mr. Wheeler Oakman carefully put down a can of green paint with which he was decorating (?) the wicker chaise lounge and took Mrs. Wheeler Oakman by one of the decidedly pretty ears peeping from beneath her lovely brown hair and gave her what I considered an unnecessarily severe kissing.
"Didn't you propose to me?" he asked, when he had secured an unfair advantage.
"I did not," said Priscilla Dean, with her best crook smile. "You did it your very own self, without even the slightest encouragement, and you can't get away with anything else in this family."
"When did he propose?": I asked, as they paused for breath. "Did he do it nicely-like a movie hero should?"
"Oh-oo-ooh, lovelily," saic!


He's Priscilla's co-star for life.

By<br>MARY WINSHIP

(Isn't that what everybody always wants to know first about a bride


We respectfully call the attention of Miss Dean's press-agent, who sends out those stories about her seven cooks, to the picture of Priscilla in the center. Wheeler Oakman says his wife is her own cook and a durn good one. W'ell, he ought to know.

Priscilla, wriggling one small foot in reminiscent cestasy.
"Huh!" said her partner in crime. "Nothing very lovely about it. All I said was: 'Kid. will you marry me?'"
"W-why. Wheeler!" cried the bride. "How can you? It was the very nicest proposal I ever had."
"Oh, is that so?" said her spouse, without any great fersor.
'Course. It was wonderful. And guess when?'
"I can't," said I. (I admit to an imagination, but it balks at such hurdles as attempting to guess when Wheeler Oakman proposed to Priscilla Dean.)
"During a scene we were making in 'The Virgin of Stamboul'-when he played my leading man, you know."
"Matter of fact." said the bridegroom in a confidential aside to me, "I was just saying my lines. and she took 'em personally, and what could I do but marry the girl?"

After a few moments, in which I feared the green enamel was to be used for something other than ruining the wicker sofa. Mrs. Oakman went on triumph. antly: "Do you remember the scene where he leaves her at the door and says: 'Some day I'm coming back and marry you.' That was when he did it. He said-"
"Priscilla," interrupted her spouse, "there's a spider on the back of your neck."
The little star let out a scream, and her husband assisted in the search with shameless ardor.
"How do you get along?" I ventured, when they had subsidel into one arm chair and were sharing a cigarette in blissful harmony.
"Great!" said Priscilla.
"So far, so good," said Wheeler.
"I only put two don'ts in my marriage contract and so far they're intact." remarked Mrs. Oakman. "Wheeler can't drink and he can't shoot craps. As far as he's concerned, this is certainly a prohibition country.'
"Did you have any amendnents?" I asked.
"Just as long as she doesn't bob her hair, she can do anything she wants to do-except flirt with other men."
(Concluded on Page 127)


Study the expression of hope, anticipation, and high courage on the faces of these three young ladies and observe the power of predestination.

# A Tip on Predestination 

By HENRY C. HARCOURT

LIFE is a serious business.

Life is a procession of disillusionment and disappointment.

Also, life is an institution of glittering, opulent opportunity as well as one fraught with tears and travail.

Of course, you knew this before.
So did we, only we never came to think about it in a solemn and serious way until we were confronted with an old and faded tintype.

It is a tintype reproduced on this page.
Reader, regard it thoughtfully.
Have you a little psychologic philosophy in your cosmos?
We mean to enquire, are you hep to the hypotheosis of the genus homo?

In other words-do you get the expression of hope, anticipation and high courage graven upon the three individual faces of the young ladies in the art study?

Take the first one-reading from left to right as we always do in looking upon a group photograph-and study it well. Observe the artistic tilt of the well-shaped head of this lady. Do not fancy in your mincl, grown accustomed to modern manners of Alfred Chency Johnston and Baron De Meyer, Arnold Genthe and Monroe, and the other camera sharps who are in the game for Art's sake, that the man who made this study had anything to do with it. He clid not. This was a tintype, remember, and no tintyper ever spent much time on posing his victims. Four for a dollar-no extra charge for children. That was his creed and his code.

Ohserve the lady in the center of this group. Consider her charming air of noiveti. (This is a word we use only three times a year. It means she is a wise kid but doesn't intend you chould know it until she is good and ready. Persons with uniofti are always of the socalled weaker sex. We would not care to write anything about a male person with naivete.)

And lastly, the lady to the extreme right, with the soulful orbs glancing toward the blue clome of heaven (or in this case the shabby wall-paper on the ceiling of the tintyper's gallery). Is she not sweetly sentimental? Is she not there with the graceful manner and the shy complacency of a young lady of six years?

This tintype was made about seventeen years ago, when our mammas wore bustles, spit curls, Scotch shawls, spring-heeled shoes, lace mitts and always carried an umbrella or sunshade. In the good ol' days of the era of side-whiskers, Congress shoes, derby hats (lined inside like a coffin) and lager beer saloons.
In short, when the parlor was used only on Sunday afternoons, and when mother kept the treasures of the household, including the pretty pink conch-shell that Uncle Jims sent us from Cuba, the shark's jaw, the artificial peaches and pears and bananas (under a glass (lome) and such.

Having established the era to our own satisfaction we will pass on the psychologic phase of our discourse.

To reverse and make for diversion, we will now point out our subjects from right to left instead of left to right. To observe closely the lady at the extreme right, would you say, right off without stopping to think of it. that in seventeen years or so she would have grown into a princess of amazing beauty -lovely as Venus, rapturous as an orchicl. spontancous as a crystal fountain, sweet and wholesome as a sprig of mignonette, and stainless as a star?

If the cosmic urge lies within your soul, we daresay, you would have guessed it just from a casual glance at this facled tintype.

And the lady in the center-with the golden hair and the coy air of-as we said before-mairetí. Would you say that there would be the promise fulfilled across this span of sixteen or seventeen years? That young womanhood would find her,
(Concluded on page 119)

# When the Dollar Works Overtime 

By NORMA TALMADGE

ONE of the favorite topics when two women get together these days is the high cost of living-referred to both frequently and concisely as the $\mathrm{H} . \mathrm{C}$. of L . I lament about it.
So do all my friends.
So do you and all your friends.
But recently I have begun to suspect that the H. C. of L. means, to a very great extent, the High Cost of Laziness.

There is a tradition that a French woman can take a soup bone and produce therefrom a five-course dinner. Naybe she can, I don't know. The thing I do know is that a great many American women are more likely to take the makings of a five-course dinner and produce therefrom a full garbage pail. The same thing holds true with our clothes. Last season's faded suit, last winter's crumpled party frock mean little to one of our girls except that they are discarded clothing that we had better send to the Salvation Army. Again the H. C. of L.-with my meaning attached.
In the "good old days" in this country we were all rather inclined to look down on any one who was suspected of economy. In the pre-war daysthose brave times when housewives never turned a hair at using a dozen eggs in a cake. and when pounds of butter were plentiful as the sands of the sea-shore-in those glad and carefree days we considered any one a "tight wad" who tried to ring in the remains of yesterday's roast for today's stew or who tried to freshen her clothes by dyeing and turning them. We cast a cold and haughty eye on the girl who was skilful in "making things over" and who could produce this year's new bathing suit out of last year's old skirt.

W'hen I say we, I mean we. Every mother's daughter of us was alike; every one of us went on the gladsome way of least resistance. Wh hat did we care for last year's clothes? Away with them! Bring on the dressmaker and the milliner and the sewing machine and the glad new materials and laces! Let us have new clothes and expensive


The woman who puts a market basket on her arm and "hits the trail" will find that she doesn "t need any flesh reducers these days.

Some hints on how to make it do its full duty are given by Photoplay's Fashion Editor.
ones and lots of them-and above all things let us spend money, wads of money!

That time has gone. Some people say it will be quite some time in getting back-if ever. Mcanwhile, the law of supply and demand seems to be sitting up nights trying to figure out new and more unpleasant ways of jolting us.

A lot of money changed hands during the war, and people who had never worn silk and laces before went in for themstrong. Naturally, the prices of these things soared to the blue sky, helped in their upward flight by limited production. Everything that went into the making of pretty frocks and hats went up and up and up. Labor decided about this time that it might be a good thing to join the million-dollar class, and it did. The result was that the "simple little dress" that used to cost you from $\$ 25$ to $\$ 40$ soared to $\$ 80$ or $\$ 100$, frequently more. The blue serge suit likewise took to airplaning. and everything that one wore with it went right along in the gay attempt to hit the roof.

AFTER a litile While we are going to realize that this era of high prices was the best thing that ever happened to us. Just now, however, we are feeling like Johnny after a session with the reliable family switch. We are finding out just how high the cost of laziness can be. We are beginning to wonder if there isn't something in this economy business, after all. The next step is to find out just how cheaply we can do a lot of things that we have been used to doing expensively: Some clever women are doing it now.

That reminds me of a friend of mine who always looks beautifully dressed. So does her seventeen-year-old daughter and I know that the allowance for clothes in that farmily isn't a very ample one. I went in to see her one day recently and found her busy in preparations for getting Dorothy off to school. A sports suit was needed, also dresses for school wear and a party frock. New shoes, stockings a nd other incidentals piled up into an appalling sum.

## Photoplay Magazine

"I couldn't think of spending all the money that new things meant," said my friend frankly, as she showed me some of the things her ingenuity had achieved, "so I had to do considerable thinking and planning. Do you see that coat?" she pointed to a lovely red sports coat that lay over a chair. "That deed to be a gray blanket that cost $\$_{5}$ eight years ago. I dyed it. and then cut and made the coat from a fifteen-cent pattern. Dorothy crocheted the tam to go with it. I can't tell you how glad I am that this year's styles favor the use of two materials. Out of two dresses that Dorothy had outgrown and part of a discarded one of mine 1 made these." She held up two pretty frocks, one of blue serge and red and blue plaid material, the other of green serge and black satin.

Dorothy's party frock was achieved through the use of an wld green chiffon one of her mother's that had been cleaned. recut and hung over a rose-pink foundation, the latter an out-grown summer dress of Dorothy's. A set of pink cotton crepe underwear had been-trimmed with narrow lace edging from the ten-cent store. These economies meant that enough money was saved to buy Dorothy's shoes and a fur scarf.

A lot of mothers will have sent their daughters to school this year in expensive clothes, but I doubt if any of them will have the feeling of triumph that Dorothy's mother is entitled to.

BEFORE the telephone was invented women used to know the adrantages of "shopping round." Yes, certainly, it took time. One might have to walk half a mile to find a cut of beef that was two cents a pound cheaper, or grape fruit that cost four cents less-but it was worth it. Incidentally, the woman who puts a market basket on her arm and "hits the trail" for cheap provisions will find that she doesn't need any flesh reducers these days. Of all the things designed to give one a syph-like figure the yuest of inexpensive food is the surest. But it can be found, if you are resolute and will hunt for it.

Of course, if you are a busy woman and your salary or your hushand's salary mounts up to spectacular figures you may' pay current prices promiscuously if you want to-but don't be surprised if you find yourself with an emaciated pocket book. 1 know a woman who edits a monthly magazine and in addition turns out a surprisingly large number of short stories and special articles each sear. This woman with all the demands on her time and energy is never too busy to do the shopping for her home. 'Fwice a week she visits the cheapest public market in her city and buys there her fresh vegetables. most of her fruit, and all of her meat, fibh and fowl. She buys for a family of three and has learned the wistom of making her dollars work overtime.


In the smart shops the "simple little dress" that used to cost you from $\$ 25$ to $\$ 40$ now has soared from $\$ 80$ or $\$ 100$, frequently more.

The same thing holds true in regard to clothes. There is an inexhaustible fund of material on hand for the woman who has the enterprise and good sense to make over faded and out-of-style zarments. There are dyes on the market today. that can be used with excellent results by any amateur. Patterns may be had that tell one in the last detail just what to do in making a dress or blousc. Everything lies at the hand of the woman who really wants to put the H. C. of L. down for the count.

But I can't sew." a woman complained the other day when some one suggested that making over clothes is one if the best ways of discouraging the prevailing high prices. And she said it with a sort of pride. I had just as soon be proud of a cross eye or a hump. In fact, I had rather, because one can't help the latter very well, while any girl or woman who isn't imbecile can learn to be deft with her hands.

Thank heaven. the day of the girl who "hasn't ever washed dishes" and who lies abed until ten o clock in the morning is passing. And again. thank heaven, that in these stirring days one doesn't have to be brainless or lazy to be "feminine." It is the feminine girl of today, the clear-thinking modern product, who is reliving the homely arts of our grandmothers, who is learning how to cook. either in domestic science classes or in her mother's kitchen. she is learning to sew from one or the other of these teachers also -and, best of all. she is learning from them lessons of econom:

One moming a jew weeks ago I was watching a parade of manikins in a fashionable (liessmaking establishment, when a woman seated near me remarked to one of the women in attendance: "What smart shoes those girls wear! Where do you get them?"

The smartly coifed and dressed attendant replied. "Oh, we have our own bootmaker who makes all the shoes our manikins wear and usually makes them to match the gowns we design."
"How convenient!" the customer exclaimed. "How much will a pair like that cost me?" pointing to a pair of low gray suede shoes worn by a slender manikin just passing.

The saleswoman looked. "Oh. we can make you a pair like that for sixty clollars." she replied carelessly:

1 waited for the woman's reply:
"Well. I deelare!" she said emphatically: "Of all the nere! Sixty dollars for those shoes? Well. I guess not. Why: I can buy shoes like that for $\$ 10$ down town.

Xentally: I thanked the woman who hat courage enough to say what she thought of soo shoes. But there are a lot of women who think difterently, pin-minded women who are nuite
(Contimued an page 120)

# Digging Up the Acorn 

In which the career of Bobby Harron is traced to its beginning.

By JEAN NORTH

ONCE upon a time there was a young printer's devil who had been working ever since the child labor laws told him that he might. His weekly pay envelope contained four dollars to spend in riotous living. But the cost of riotous living was so high even in those days that the boy turned bolsheviki and left the printing business to worry along without his services.

Even twelve or thirteen years ago, the motion picture business lured 'em away from honest employment by paying huge salaries. And so our hero hied himself to the Biograph studio on East Fourteenth, where he was paid five dollars a week for the congenial job of working in the cutting room and delivering films to theaters in the New York territory. He still thinks that five dollars a week was big money for a boy in short trousers who had no ambition but was willing to work.

You see, our hero is just like the boys in the "on-andupward" stories. He is a self-made man who got along simply because he had the right sort of stuff in him.

One day a director needed a boy to play a small part in a picture. There was a shortage of boys around the studio, so he sent upstairs to the cutting room for Bobby Harron, the film cutter's assistant and the Winged Mercury of the little company. The cutting room was on the third floor and the studio was on the first floor. As Bobby ran down the stairs to be an actor, he commented that it wasn't a rise in life.

This first picture made no heavy artistic demands on young Mr. Harron. He was asked to play the part of an office boy in an early masterpiece called "Dr. Skinnem." He acted with great ease, naturalness and poise. In fact, he fairly lived the part.

Contrary to all precedents, D. W. Griffith did not direct the picture. Nor did he exclaim to Bobby, "You have a great picture face and a glorious future awaits you." Nor did the cast include any players who are now celebrities. The director was a man named McCutcheon, who is now dead.
The messenger boy must have made an outrageous hit, for he was cast in the leading role of his next picture. It was


Bobby Harron's first movic job was as a film cutter.
called "Bobby's Kodak" and he was Bolby. Eddie Dillon, now a director, played the part of his father. Boblyy leaped into fame, but not into fortune, for the pay envelope still contained the trusty five dollars when Saturday night rolled around.

BOBBY never went back to the cutting room. He stayed in the studio and picked up disquieting ideas. He would hear for instance, the actors complain because they hadn't had a day off in two weeks. They considered this "over work." It sounded strange to Bobby who hadn't had a day off in two years, unless he managed to fall sick.
"And now sometimes I find myself complaining about working too hard," said Mr. Harron.-for Bobby has grown up to be Mr. Harron. "W"hen I do, I have to sit down and laugh at myself."

Like all the players who have had Griffith training, Mr. Harron has a charming personality and ingratiating manners. We suspect that Mr. Griffith gathers his young folks about him and tells them to be kind, polite and gentle with old people and interviewers. For, like Richard Barthelmess, Robert Harron. raised in a studio, is just a little nicer than most young men brought up in refined homes with every advantage.

He was all agitated over the prospect of being a lone star. Dorothy Gish was the first of the players to be starred under the parental guidance of Mr. Griffith. Robert Harron and

## Photopiay Magazine

Richard Barthelmess are following her lead. Leaving Grif1,ut: Never.

Moclesty overwhelmed him when asked about his first picture. In fact, Bobby Harron acted as though he wished he might die right then and there ii he had to talk about his Art or himself.

I think the picture is going :o be.-well I hate to tell you because it sounds conceited. . . Anyway, we hope to make thi picture, or at least it is supposed to be. . . That is to say, the story sounds as though it were going to be. Well. I rright as well tell you. This first starring picture is going to be a comedy. The working title is 'Coincidence.' That 15, we hope it will be funny. And I am supposed to be funny. You might come out to Mamaroneck to watch me work. But you wouldn't have to watch me work, if you didn't want to. They say the swimming is fine."

Asked if he were going to be married, he said it looked as though he wasn't-not in the immediate future anyway. Had being a leading man cured him of the idea? No, it hadn't. Mr. Harron even insinuated that he was merely waiting around until the right girl said "yes."

However, in talking about matrimonial rumors, he spoke of the story, published a few years ago, that he and Mae Marsh were married.
"Mae got a lot of presents," he said. "Everyone wrote her about it and the gifts kept coming in for months and months."

He spoke enthusiastically about his former co-worker, since married to Louis Lee Arms.
"And have you seen their little daughter? She is the cutest baby 1 ever saw.

AFTER this plunge into personalities. Mr. Harron diccusee! finance. He tried to figure out whether he could mak. a suddlen fortune by investing all his money in French franc. or German marks.
"But what's the use?" he said. "I neser made any money I didn't work for and I never expect to. Of course. the work is pleasant. We actors have it comparatively easy and the salary is big. I have no kicks coming.

Just think. Here is an actor who has no kick: coming
Mr. Harron said William $\subseteq$ Hart is one of the finest iellows in the world. that Will Rogers is his favorite author and that John Barrymore is his idea of a real actor

Bobby Harron's new pictures will be presented by Metro and it is said that Marcus Loew's belief in his ability and popularity made it possible for him to be a iull-fledged. name-in-electric-lights star.
"Seriously." he asked. "Do you think I have been on the screen for so long that the public is tired of me?

Answering for the public. we shouted emphatically No!."
Bobby Harron's rise is a real romance. He would be justinied if he asked himself occasionally, "Can all this be true:" He was just one of those little boys who played with countles: other little boys in Greenwich lillage. Today he has a home of his own for his family and himseli, a motor car. and he attends the first nights of new plays and goes to the Metropolitan Opera House to hear Farrar and Caruso. And at the Griffith studios there is no one who is more popular-and more sought after for advice by actors and directors. Bobby = little acorn has turned out a big oak after all.
$\qquad$


YOU may have wondered, when seeing a picture supposedly shot from inside a trunk. just where the camera was situated to ket the desired effect. Here's how-to revive a quaint old phrase - here's how Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran manake it. In "La, La, Lucille," their latest, the action requires that an elopind couple seek refuge from an irate father in an empty bread-box. which is thrown down a chute, up a long incline, and generally manhandled. Instead of foing throush all that. Lee Moran and Gladys Walton took this position inside a box attached to a large wooden disk. mounted on rollers. Lyons the checked cap chap at the left -and his assistants revolved the disk, giving the illusion of motion. A camera was trained on the inside of the box. Simple, isnt it?

"There's Mummy," said Penelope, "and the kiddies, and Daddy. I had to earn money for them somehow. So I begged them to let me try my fortune in New York."

## 6639 East'9

## By <br> LULIETTE BRYANT

## The story of a romance that bright~ ened an old-fashioned boarding-house.

WHEN Napoleon Gibbs, Junior, tripped on a loose edge of carpet at the head of the stairs he was a disillusioned, homesick youth, hating the City of Disenchantment, rushing to catch the Dixie Limited.
When be picked himself up, exactly five seconds later, he was flushed of cheek, star-eyed, full of ambition, desire, and joy o' life, determined to stay on for a long, rapturous period in the City of Dreams-Come-True.
For he had landed straight at the feet of HER!
There she stood, a slender, vibrant slip of girlhood, a delicious rose color staining her cheeks and creeping up to the waves of her brown hair. Her eyes were round and startled, like the eyes of a little girl and her breath came flutteringly. Not every day does a hundred and fifty-four pounds of perfect Southern gentleman come dropping out of the air to a girl's feet.
"Oo-oo-oo!" she breathed. "I hope it didn't hurt you dreadfully!"
With her delicate color, her fluttering, palpitant grace, she was like a butterfly against the dingy setting of the austere hallway. His slightest movement, he felt, might cause her to spread fairy wings and vanish. She was quite, quite too good to be real, here in 39 East.
But never for long does a true son of the Southland hesitate for words while lovely woman stands waiting. Hand on heart,
dark eyes meeting her blue ones fairly, he bowed with a courtly gesture that lined up behind him, had the girl but known, an unseen, silent row of ancestors fading back to a gallant ruler on the throne of France.
"I fear my injury is permanent," he said. "On account of it I shall be compelled to extend my stay in this wonderful city."
"I-I'm sorry." she faltered, wild-rose deepening to crimson on throat and cheek. "I'm afraid it's my fault."
"It certainly is!" he assured her blithely. Then, as the majestic figure of Madame de Mailly, owner and ruler of the "most exclusive boarding house in New York" loomed up in the doorway he made another courtly bow, turned, and ran up the stairs.
"It can't be possible that anything like that is going to live here, in this collection of relics!" he told himself. "Such things happen only in fairy tales."

The button he pressed brought response in the form of a double row of glittering teeth completely surrounded by a grin.
"Evalina," he said, "is that fairy princess down in the hall going to live here!"
"Yessah, Mist' Gibbs. She suah is. She just give the Madame a week's boa'd money as I come through."
"Evalina," impressively, "a sudden change in my business

affairs requires my presence in this city for an indefinite time Has Madame de Mailly rented my room?"
'No, Mist' Gibbs. An' if she had, she'd on-rent it mighty sudden to keep you. Fust time in the history of this boardin' house that a young an' rich an' good-lookin' man stopped heah. She aint goin' to lose you if she kin help herself! But Lawdy! Aint all them old maids goin' to be sour on this new young lady!"
'Your subtle flattery is only exceeded by your amazing perspicacity, Evalina. Will you convey my compliments to Madame de Mailly and shout the glad tidings that I am remaining indefinitely? Also, will you make the 〔airy princess very, very comfortable, so she won't spread her wings and fly away from us?"
"Yes, Mist' Gibbs. Thank you, sah. I suah will do that!" She pocketed the dollar dexterously and followed her wide meaningful grin through the doorway. "Catch any white girl flyin' 'way from that!' she chuckled, executing a little shuffle on the back stairs. "Queer what men falls for! Scared, pretty little thing, 'thout a bit of style!"

Dinner was an important function at 39 East. The women "dressed" for it, according to their yarious tastes and resources. The prim, angular schoolma'am from New England, white-waisted, stiff-collared, flat-heeled, glowered at the kittenish Mrs. Smith from Atlanta, whose too-too-solid flesh rolled out generously from the confines of a low-cut cerise velvet as her French heels tap-tapped across the bare floor. The other costumes, each one typical of its wearer, ran the gauntlet between these extremes. Blue-spotted foulard with a hand-tatted collar-neat and dependable; pink georgette waist with blue lingerie ribbons much in evidence-flimsy and craving attention; two fawn-colored satin frocks, two real lace collars, two thin gold chains-twins, repressed, refined, very, very virtuous.

There were only a few men, of course. Equally of course they didn't dress for dinner. The real American man dresses for dinner only when compelled by his women-folk. And if they'd had women-folk they wouldn't have been living at 39 East. So the only one of them who attempted anything in the way of dress or manner was the sad-eyed Count Gionelli. He wore an attempted dinner coat and doubtful linen, with a genuine old-world manner, and carried it all off very well. He always rose when the ladies came in, and as they straggled in one at a time the effect was rather jumpy. The college professor with the slightly bald head, the check-suited O'Brien from the far west, even the gallant Mr. Gibbs of the Southland had long since agreed not to make jumping-jacks of themselves.

But tonight, just as dinner was getting nicely under way, young Gibbs came to his feet as if jerked with a string. The other men, looking up in surprise, promptly followed his example. The new girl had appeared, and was advancing in her pretty, hesitant way, toward the vacant chair beside Malame de Mailly. Her frock was of some soft blue stuff, with a ong tasselled sash, and a bow of blue just where the white collar touched her throat. Her eyes were more like a child's than ever, Gibbs thought-wide and interested and faintly touched with wistfulness-and her color came and went in quick, distracting flushes.
"Miss Penelope Penn," said Madame de Mailly, performing the introduction with arch playfulness. "The newest child of our happy family!"
"And they'll use her like a step-child!" muttered O'Brien to Gibbs. "Look at the old cats sizing her up! Lord, but she's a little peach! I wonder if she'll be friendly with an old fellow of forty?"
"Don't be in such a darned hurry," growled Gibbs. O'Brien glanced at him sharply, then grinned with his unfailing good humor. "All right, all right, laddie. Excuse mel Let the young ones have their day is always my motto."

It was not the motto of the ladies. Since he came to 39 East, Gibbs had been the unwilling object of their devoted attentions and they had no mind to relinquish him now. At meal time, in the halls and on the stairway, some of them were always near. If he ventured into the drawing room after dinner, hoping for a few words with Penelope, one of them was beside him, instantly, demanding some attention. A week went by, arother, and another, and Gibbs had to remember only a few glances from blue, wistful eyes; a demure "good evening Mr. Giibbs;" a little, silvery laugh now and then when he gave the dinner table a funny story.
Then, just as he was beginning to despair, came Eralina to the rescue. "That li'l gal," she volunteered, "is powerful lonesome. Nobody to talk to but a pack of ol' jealous cats. She's gittin' plum discouraged. I 'spects to see her pack up and go back to Ohio 'most any day now."
"Well, I'm willing to be her little playmate, Evalina, but I can't get a chance. The superannuated felines to whom you so disrespectfully refer form a yowling circle around her whenever she appears."
"Forms a circle 'round you, you means!" scoffed Evalina. "Men are so helpless and no 'count! Why don't you be a li'l bolder? What you 'fraid of?"
"Of making things unpleasant for her. They all act mean enough now. I don't want to make things harder for her!"
"Yo' poor baby-lamb! Honey, don't you know that any woman, old or young, aint never made miserable by havin' other women jealous of her? It just adds the sauce to her puddin' when the others want the man what she's got! And the Madame, she's goin' to be tickled enough, to see that ol' bunch she has to cater to get their come-uppance!"

Gibbs threw back his head in a roar of laughter, but the shrewd words had their effect. He began that very evening to "be a li'l bolder" and the results proved Evalina's wisdom. He boldy led Penelope to the couch and sat down beside her, turning his back to the others. And though at first her hands fluttered nervously and her expression was half frightened he was rewarded by seeing her relax, little by little, until her eyes were happy and her laughter wholly light and care-free.

So the ice was broken and a charming little romance began to ripen in the old boarding house, viewed with spite and suspicion by the women, with indulgent approval by the men, with a sort of armed neutrality by Madame de Mailly. Hard as nails was the Madame in face and character. Thirty years of keeping an exclusive boarding house exclusive does not tend to soften the heart. So long as the girl behaved discreetly and paid her board in advance, young Gibbs could show her such strictly circumspect attention as he chose. She even, as Evalina had prophesied, allowed herself a grim chuckle now and then at the chagrin of the disgruntled ones.
But as time went by a worried droop touched the corners of Penelope's lips and faint shadows gathered beneath the wistful eyes. The grimness of Madame de Mailly ceased to manifest itself in chuckles, and began to creep out in the many little ways by which a landlady betrays that a paying guest is not in the best of standing. The women cast triumphant, meaningful smiles at one another, the men exchanged understanding glances and exerted themselves to speak to the girl with bracing cheerfulness, while young Gibbs threw all caution aside and frankly devoted himself to her.
Then came a night when Penelope, with a murmured excuse, slipped away from the dinner table without waiting for dessert. Gibbs, surreptitiously daring a tap at her door received no answer. She was late to breakfast next morning, and he saw with dismay that her cheeks were pale and her eyes heavy. All day she avoided him. Again that evening. and the next, and the next, she slipped away from dinner, and through the days he could get no word with her On the fourth morning the storm broke.
"Miss Penn. Madame de Mally"s voice was of erisp that it fairly cracklerl. "I notice that you are coming in very late. Does the study of music require such hours? Twelve o clock is not exactly a vitable time for a soung girl to be out alone'.
I'enelopès face paled. The table was very still. Gibbs wanted to ri-c and cry out against the cruelty of it, before the girl spokic

I hase gotten some concert work to do." she said. "It is some distance. and the cars seem slow at night."
" Very slow, I should think." Marlame said drily. "Well, it is nice that your voice can bring you in some money. since you neerl it!

I hot floorl sprang to the sensitive face as if a blow had stung it. Gibhs was on his feet, instantly, but OBrien rose nestle him with restraining touch.
steads. old man!" he whispered. "You won't help the little lady by making a scene. Wait till they all go, then lay the Madame out good!"

But Marlame, contrary to her usual custom. went out with the others. She had no wish to quarrel with her most desirable guest. Still, when Gibbs boldly spoke to Penelope and drew her back into the dining room, Madame turned back, and confronted them coldly.
"Your rent was due last evening, Miss Penn."

I-I shall have the money Saturday,' stammered Penelope, "if you could wait-"
"It is impossible to make exceptions to the rule," interrupted Madame. "If you do not pay this evening. I must take your room."

She sailed out. and Gibbs seized Penelope's hand. "Don't cry!' he begged. "I'd like to-
"Ah left mah handk" chef in heah!" interrupted a voice. and its owner eyed Penelope curiously while Gibbs politely sprang to pick up the white square from the rug.
"If sou'd only let me-" he began all over again.
"Parilon me! I have to take my medicine," cut in another voice, and a woman went to the sideboart for a glass of water, her cyes irankly gloating on I'enelopes tear-stained face.
"Look here." said Gibbs, masterfulls: as this intruler withdrew. "Will you meet me in the park at four oclock? At those rocks near the rose garden, where we sat one day. Then we can talk in peace. Will you?"
"Yes. It isn"t nice to meet a man in the park, but I'm disgraced anyhow, so what does it matter! I-I've done a dreadful thing!"

Sobling, she broke from the hands that longed to hold her. to carry all her burdens, to lift her dear face to meet his lips
"At four, then." he called, not caring who heard. They who lintened nodked with ghoulish delight.
"Ah distinctly heard him say "in the palk, the rocks near the rose gathden'" drawled one. "So low and common, like a nursemaid mecting the iceman! Really, that poor deah young man is being led astray in a shameful mannah!'

At four oclock the poor. deah young man sat on the rocks near the rose garden. By five minutes past four he had rearranged his tie four times. wiped his brow with his handkerchiel nine times, re-tıed his shoes twice and looked seven time- at his watch.

Then she came. walking slowly: her face pathetically sobered. her hurt, wistful eyes refusing to brighten.
"I've done a disgraceful thing." she said wearily, "but I had to. You see. there's Mummy, in her wheel chair, needine medicine. And the kidrlies, in school, nceding millions of things. And I addy. in his pulpit, needing freedom from worry so he can prepare better sermon:. I had to earn money some-how-I couldn't get a paid place in a church choir. I took the only way that offered. so I begged them to let me try my fortunes in New lork. A bad way! They'd be so hurt and ashamed-but thes'll never know. And the man is so kind to me?",

Fear gripped his heart for an instant, and then he almost laughed. This sensitive. innocent girl with the clear eyes and the tender mouth, bad! She didn't know what the word meant!
"You're excited and you exaggerate," he said. "Out with it. What have you done?"
"I-I-I'm a chorus girl!" The words Iripped out painiully, through trembling lips. "lou poor litile thing!" he gasped. "Why", my dear child, being in a chorus isn't a crime. All the great stars started that way."

The relief and joy in the lovel! face! With a hernic effort Gibbs restrained himself from kissing away the tears of joy that drowned the blue eyes.
"Now listen to me." he said. trying to cuver his emotion with brisk matter-of-iact speech. "I'm going to lend you money enough to pay Madame de Maillo two weeks in adrance. And I hope sou're going to tell her that-" "That you are going to marry me" was the way he meant to finish the sentence, but Penelope interrupted him.
"Oh. no, I couldn't take your moner! Besides, I don't need to. The manager of the show, Mr. Tillotson, is the nicest man! He noticed today that I looked worried and he is going to lend me money for my board and some new clothes. And if I'm a good little girl ant do as he says, he'll put me on in place of Mademoiselle Trixie next time she gets temperamental and threatens to walk out of the theatre. He's geing to take me home tonight in his car and give me the money:"
"But you mustn't do that! You can't! Child. don't you know what it means when a man offers you mones?

Her eyes widened with their look of childish wonder. "Well, what does it mean?" she demanded.

At that, at the frankness ant sweetness and utter, innocent loveliness of the girl. so near to him that a stray curl of her hair hlew out and brushed his cheek. Gibbs lost his head and scized her in his arms. drawing her close, putting his lips to hers with the lierce ardor that comes when soung lips ache for (Continucd on page 122)


Adele Rowland looks overher husband's shoulder to read in the Questions and Answers columns that she is Mrs. Conway Tearle.

The Tearles wanted a home with no frills. They bought this frame dwelling which boasts a setting of several acres and remodeled it, adding fardens and garage but retaining its quaint old atmosphere.

## WEST is EAST



Evans
Bryant has his own Company.

R
FMEMBER when
Mrs. Jones of Your Block Had a Marcel Wave and
All the Other Members
Of the Card Club
Had to have one, Too?
It's like that
With European Tours.
Everybody's Doing It.
There's Nothing to Do Nowadays
But Go Down to the Docks
And See Your Favorite Film Star Off for Europe.

DRYANT WASHBURN
D Just Sailed
On his Honeymoon.
Oh yes-he
And Mabel Forrest Washburn
Have been Married Seven Years, But
They Never Had a Chance
To Have a Honeymoon.
When they were Married, Bryant
Was Just Beginning to Star, for Fssanay, in Chicago; and he Coukln't Get Away from Making Love to IIazel Daly, In the "Skinner" Stories.
And then
Sonny Washluyrn Came Alone, and Soon After That.
The Washburns Moved to California, And Welenmed
I)wight Ludlow Washburn

Out There.
But Now Bryant
Is Through with his Paramount Contract, And has Formed His Own Company,
And Checked his Children
In Hollywood with
Their (irandmother-and

He and Mabel
Just Stepped Out.
LIKE Bryant; he
Has Brown Eyes, and
The Same Sort of Smile
You See on the Screen.
He's Not an Actor-
He's
A Business Man.
His Career
Has Been
A Business Romance; he
Used to Play \illains, and
Didn't Get
As Much as Some Book-keepers; but
He Worked, and
Saved his Money-and
Married a Girl
Who, he says, is
A Regular Fellow, and
A Pal as well as
A Sweetheart.
Bryant's Going to Try
To Steal a March
On the Other Producers by
Going Across and Really
Shooting Film in England, while
The Others are Talking about it.
His First is "The Road
To London"-and Bryant
Is Traveling it
Right Now.
FRANK WOODS
Came Up to Photoplay
To See the Answer Man.
Frank Woods was
The First Answer Man, and
He Sympathizes with our
Answer Man, and
Wanted to Wish him Luck
Our Answer Man wasn't Jn. so
Mr. Woods
Came in to See Me.
He's
Still Answering Questions, hut
Not the Kind about
Francis Bushman's Children and
Mary Pickford's Curls
He's Production Manager for Lasky, and Whenever Anybody wants
To Know Anything
About a Story or
A Title or
An Idea, he
Asks Mr. Woods
Frank Woods' Name
Is Never on the Scrien, but
He Ilas the Final Say-Sn
On all his Company's Pictures.

WE. Might Not have had A "Rirth of a Nation" if It hadn't Been
For Frank Woods
Thomas Dixon
Was Trying to Make a Picture
Of "The Clansman" with
The Aembers of the Touring Company
Of the play, as the actors.
Woods Heard about it,

## A Few Impressions By DELIGHT EVANS

And Told Mr. Griffith.
Woods wrote
The Original Scenario for it.
Later, he
Helped with "Intolerance," and
He was Chienty Re:pon=ible
For the Stories Filmed
By that Fine Organization Called
Fine Arts, which was
The Empire Theater
Of the Screen.
Frank Woods
Was Its Charles Frohman.
He Helped Make Anita Loos Famous.
He is always
Teaching some loungster
How to Write Scenario
Or Sell Ideas.
He Used to Be
A Newspaper Man, and Got
His First Experience
Answerins Questions
On the Dramatic Mirror
He Looks Like Santa Claus-
Without the Whiskers.
Once in a While, he Find-
A Minute or Two to Spare, and then
He and Mrs. Woods
Go Out to their Ranch
In California
And Raise Oranges.


Frank Woods was the first Answer Man.
She
1s Ellen Woods.
W\%ho Wrote
"Stars of the Screen
And their Stars in the Sky"
For Phororiv-
Between Then, I Gues
W.r. and Mrs. Woods

Know Feverything there is
Ahout Stars.


Northland Studlow


W|tze|
 Harold lologe: formor lemding woman has left comedy forever: the is Bum




# CLOSE-UPS Editorial Éxpression and Timely Comment 

## Rhetorical Alexanders

Reporters of the period aver that when Alexander the Great had completely Prussianized his small knownworld, he sathim down and weptcopiously because there were no more worlds to conquer. There are today a whole lot of rhetorical Alexanders, deploring the lack of adjectives as the son of Philip of Macedon deplored the scarcity of counties and townships.

Many of these gentlemen are in the pufflicating end of the motion picture business. They care not who makes wars or invents new sensations so long as they can find an occasional new superlative. All the old ones are broken and battered, with the varnish off and the teeth out. The language that served Shakespeare and outlasted him several hundred years has, in half a decade, become a puerile and inefficient mumbling. To speak of a photoplay as glorious, marvelous, incomparable and more thrilling than first love is merely to evince a casual, almost indifferent interest. The terrible thing is that if you really like it the old Webster's won't give you a word to say so. And should you be quite enthusiastic you can go and jump in the lakefor all your ability to communicate that fact to outside parties.

Before concluding this lament let us hasten to say that the press agents are not segregated sinners in this regard. Everybody concerned with the picture business prostitutes the language when speaking of screen produce. And audiences have caught the habit. The optifan nowadays seldom stops to describe anything; it's either grand or terrible, and that's all there is to it.

But this is probably just human progress. As we can't change the march of destiny we shall doubtless have to page ourselves a new language.

Beauty with. out a Soul.

A learned Frenchman said, recently: "You Americans are supreme in the photoplay world because your product is almost perfect; but your danger lies in that very perfection: your manufacturers vie with each other in extraordinary photography, in marvelous dissolves and double exposures, in extravagant scenery and vast numbers of people. In anything pertaining to mechanics and equipment you are and will probably remain the absolute authorities. But the narrative quality of your cinemic dramas is at a dead level. You produce pleasant and innocent little love stories, or else improbable melodramas which always terminate happily for the good and horribly for the bad. Of the real struggles of life, of the qualities of the human heatt, of the passions and ambitions
of men and women, as distinguished from the sentiments of the adolescent, your photoplays take little or no account. The whole world admits their superior beauty - but they are beauty without a soul."

We deny that our photoplays are mainly "beauty without a soul," but we may beware that they do not become just that. Whenever a thing becomes gloriously easy, deterioration waits just around the corner. The matter of technical excellence rests with the picture makers. The matter of substance remains, as it always will, with the public for whom the pictures are made. It is possible to write books and paint landscapes to please one's self, but the produced play, either in shadow or actuality, is perforce a catering to public taste.

We have, as the Frenchman says, conquered the world in photoplay style and form. It is up to the great body of American picture patrons to see to it that the heart of the matter is kept right-to see that the photoplay becomes and remains an interpreter of real life and its greatest struggles and aspirations.

There is nothing in the world so ephemeral, nothing in the world so really tragic, as beauty without a soul.

## Visual Education

There has been much talk about the libraries of the future being composed of celluloid; of the school-rooms being equipped with cameras and cans full of film instead of text-books-and there can be little doubt that all the prophecies lately made for the moving picture will come true. But how many of the seers and sages know just what the moving picture is doing today? Just how far it has progressed towards that ultimate utopia where it will be universally recognized as a real factor in education? Let us tell you.

Right now in the United States, there are more than fifteen hundred schools that use pictures as a regular part of their programs. This estimate is conservative-and all the time additions are being made. More than two thousand other schools have arrangements with local theaters, public halls, libraries, clubs, or churches by which educational pictures may be shown for the benefit of the students.

From Auburn, Alabama, to Alpine, Texas, schools have their projection machines in daily use. Washington, D. C., Buffalo, N. Y., New York City, Boston, Mass., and Los Angeles, city of the cinema, have the largest number of schools that benefit by pictures. You probably neverheard of Yreka, California, but nevertheless its Union High has its own projection machine.


Hard work on the speaking stage as Aphrodite reduced Dorothy Dalton's adipose tissue.

Assmoothand
clear cut as a cameo, Miss Dalton is satisfied with her lines at last.

Mae is one of those chosen fow who can
afford toleave little to the imagination.

THE Human Fت̈gger, its Curses, Etcetera Half a century ago the premier comic author and lecturer of these United States, one Artemas Ward, invariably selected this title when he wanted to give his audiences something really very'. very funny: The Human Figger lecture was sure-fire; a knock-out: , ) roaring saturnalia of furious fun.

Alas, if Artemas Warl walked the sphere today and attempted to pull off anything as crude as that, he would be the center-piece of a lynching party; the lynchers being ladies whose lines were bulging.
There are 01.-89.576 women in the United States according to the very latest returns from the Census Bureau. Of this number, 00.380.540 want to redtuce.

Fact ${ }^{\prime}$
If sou don't beliese it-
Weil, listen to the mamer of (as the society reporters say) Misses Farrar, Dalton, Brady and Murray. (Note: The ladies are mentioned in the order of their appearance and not indicative of their relative importance.) (One camont be too careful.

Now it is not the burden of this uplifting thesis to assume, imagine or even surmise that any of these favorites of the public ever had a hime that the demon Adipose Tissue was within hailing distance. It is not to the himed. not to be treamed of. indect, that there was ever a ripple in the smooth sudte girlish !ines of any one of the aforementioned hadies

Nesertheless-

## to Reduce?

MISS ALICE BRADY"? Pleased to meet you. How do you retain your lines if you don't mind the personal question? Exercise?
Is it difficult?
Oh. exercise and eight stage performances a week, with the making of pictures on the side, six days a week
"Ideal for reduction," she murmured.

## MISS DOROTHY DALTON? Ah, step this way

"Well," mused the lady who popped into the zenith of screen stardom with "The Carmen of the Klondike," "hard work on the speaking stage."

We saw it all in a swift, swooping second.
"Aphrodite!"
Why: of course. Hard work. Long hours of rehearsal. Weary-


Pl nto hy Savov Studios.

Geraldine Farrar reduced from 185 to 135 to play Joan of Are and keeps herself that way.


Alice Brady works in the studio all day, in the theater at night. Plenty of exercise keeps her slim.
ing emotional role. Tears. Real tears-wet and salty and everything. Climbing the tower steps to that pinnacle from which she-ah-cast aside her robes.

No wonder the dimpled Dorothy lost weight.

MISS GERALDINE FARRAR, step forward please. Oh. indeed? Listen, reader. Our Gerry says that she denies herself potatoes, bread. rich brown gravies (yumyum). and chocolate marshmallow sundaes. She sleeps seven or eight hours out of the twenty-four, takes a teeny nap after luncheon and walks and walks and walks. lou see, before she played "Joan of Arc" hefore the camera she weighed 185 pounds. By methods not a bit heroic-and she admits it was easy-she reduced to 135 pounds. Easy as pie! Poof! No trouble at all.

This was some time ago and since then we are informed Miss Farrar has not varied three pounds in weight. Always hovering around I35.

A
ND finally-Mae Murray.
Really, we felt awfully foolish calling Mae Murray. for after having seen "On With the Dance" it seemed so totally absurd, so blasted silly, to call this (Continued on page 120)


## The French Maid：

WIIAT＇S a Girl to Do？ How can I Get my Accent Across In a ready－made Apron
With a Star
Who，when I bring in
The Every－morning Mail， Makes Me Turn my Face Away
While she Stares into the Camera？
The director
Likes Me；once
He let me Stay in the Room When the Lady of the House Was Discovered
In the Arms of the Family Friend－ And the Husband Came Home，and Used the Gun in the Drawer．
I was the One
Who Ran Screaming
From the Room
To Call the Police．
But the Good Old Days
Are Gone when
I Used to Have an Affair
With the Head of the House，
And Wear
Stockings that Werent
2．75！
Well－as I says－
I W＇ouldn＇t Mind Ali that So Much－ If
My French Heels weren＇t Run Down．

## The Gardener：

IHAlE to（io Round In Overalls－people Who Likes to Wicar em Should Have To． And they Always Finel The Deadly Potassium In I／y Grecnhouse．

## The Governess：

I（lon＇t Like Children．

## The Cook

M．MK゙にS the Jies－ and they Throw＇Em
1 ：lways get
The Swinging I oor
On the Rebomad．
Rotlen Eiges－

## The Servant Problem

## By SYDNEY VALENTINE

Bad Vegetables－
Mon Dicu－
What a Life！

## The Butler：

［＇M Tired Of Introducing
The French Count
Who Came from
County Cork；and
The English M．P．
Who Eats Garlic．
I＇m Tired
Of Being Polite
To Hams
That Only Get
\＄5 a Day．
I Don＇t Like
That Silver Salver
That They Give Me


To Bring the Cards in On－ It＇s a Tin Relic
That Says＂Edelweiss＂on it．
I＇m Tired
Of Placing Haughty Finger－Tips
To My Lips
In Silent Scorn
When the Low Comedian
Does a Fall Over
The Tiger－skin Rug－
（He＇s the Realest Guy
On the Lot．）
I＇m Tired
Of the Hoyden Niece－
Fresh from the Country－
Who Mistakes the Tea－wagon
For a Baby－carriage．
No Decent Chap
Would Ever
Listen in at the Phone
When the Principa＇s
Are Discussing the Plans．
Or Hide behind the Curtain
When the Hero
Is Testing the Combination
Of the Serial Safe．
But I Could Stand all this
If Only
My（ iilt Braid
Wann＇t＇larni－hed

## The Chauffeur：

【 C＇SED to Work In one of the Best Families．
Rolis－Arrow，l＇ierce－knight，
Delauney－magnetic－
I Knew No Other Language．
Now－
IIow I Have Fallen！
The Studio Bus－
The Comedy Ford－and
Once in a While，the
Packard that Drives
The Wall Street Broker
To Work．
I Have Presided in the Front Seat
When the Rich Manufacturer＇s Son
Takes his Father＇s Fairest Employee
Home from Dinner．
And when Questioned
Next Morning
I Can Nover Explain
The Broken Glass．
I Have Such a Short Memory．
I Drive
The Intriguing Wife
To the Park－
And Back．
I Call For
The Beautiful Actress
And Stand By
As she Climbs Aboard－
And Nobody Ever Looks at Me
I Particularly Dislike
The Daughter of the IIouse－
The Flapper
Who Pretends to WVant
To Learn to Drive
Her Father＇s Car－
And Fal＇s for Me．
（Sometimes I Even Have
To Marry her．）
In the Slapstick Chase，
When the Car Goes Over the Cliff－
What Becomes of Me？
Nobody Cares．
I Could Live Through it all－
If the Bright loung Man，
Fresh from College－
Didn＇t Always Say，
＂Flome，Janies！＂

## Domestic Chorus：

T
E First hundred strikes
are the hardest！


# Why Girls <br> Don't Leave Home 

# A heart to heart Family Circle talk with the mothers. 

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WE were passing an East Side moving picture theater, the Gentle Lady and I. It was a gay little theater, hung with rivid posters and signs-signs that announced coming attractions in flamboyant scarlet lettering a foot high. We paused, for a moment, in front of one of the signs, to read the lettering.
"Your Daughter," it told us in blazing type, "A New Photo Play featuring-" the name of a certain well-known star fol-lowed-"in a gripping drama of home life. Mothers-attention! Do you want to know the secret of happiness-and unhappiness? Do you want to know why your girls leave home?"

The Gentle Lady, who is white haired and appealing, turned to me with the flicker of a smile just touching the corners of her pretty mouth.
"That's an interesting sign." she said, "isn't it? But-well, it's very vague. Don't you think so? I suppose that it's purposely vague-to draw an audience." She laughed softly, and then-
"I fancy that I should go in to see the picture," she told me, "because I'm the mother of three grown girls. But they're such happy girls, and I'm so happy being their mother, that it doesn't seem necessary. 'Do you want to know,' " she was quoting from the sign, "'why your girls leave home?' Oh," she laughed again, but there was a curious catch in her voice.
" Ny girls don't leave home my'girls don't want to leave home-Thank God!"

I patted her arm with a pat that was meant to express sympathetic understanding. But I did not speak for several minutes. When, at last, I did speak I asked a question.
"Just what is your system," I ques. tioned, "your system of home-making? The system that has been so successful in keeping your girls happy and contented? Other mothersoh, many of them-have told me of the difficulties they have to meet with their daughters-"
"I don't think," said the Gentle Lady" doubtfully, "that I know exactly what you mean. What sort of difficulties could a mother have to meet-with her daughters?" I explained.
"There's Mrs. Clark, who lives on our block," I told the Gentle Lady, "her girls have all gone to business-there are four of them-and their business ties seem to have taken the place of home ties. They aren't interested, any more, in the house that they live in-and that house is Mrs. Clark's only interest. Mrs. Clark resents their absorption in something she does not understand-something she has no part in. And the girls resent her attitude of resentment. The girls, I hear, are thinking of taking an apartment in the city where-they say-they will have peace." I paused, and then-

MRS. Black lives next to the Clark's house." I said, "she has only one daughter-an extremely attractive daughter. Naturally the daughter has a great deal of attention


Margaret E. Sangster
-a pretty girl usually has-and Mrs. Black feels that it isn't quite right. Mrs. Black has a way of saying that when she was a girl she didn't permit young men who were calling to stay after nine-thirty in the evening. And she says pointedly that she didn't go to the theater or to dances. She scolds her daughter for wearing dresses that are too extreme, hats that are too impractical, heels that are too high. She objects even to talcum powder. She says it is in a class with cosmetics and make-up.
'Well. Mrs. Black's daughter told me, last week, that she was about to be married. She confessed that she didn't love the man. particularly, but she said he was the quickest way to escape from home. She couldn't stand her mother's eternal criticism and picking and intolerance.
"Those are two cases, right on our own block. A third one is Mrs. Williams. She has a boy and a girl. She is the sort of woman who refuses to permit her children even the simplest amusements and pleasures. And so they have taken to doing just about what they want to and making all sorts of excuses to cover their tracks. They don't ever confide in her; they don't ask for advice or approval. They don't even tell her the truth, any more. They just go aheadthough furtively. I saw the girl a few days ago in a motor car with two flashily dressed men. She was rouged, overdressed, giggling. I saw the boy, on the same day. He was slinking down the street, his cap over one eye, his hands in his pockets. Evidently he was going somewhere, and just as evidently he did not care where that place might be."
I paused, glancing in the Gentle Lady's direction. It was almost as if she felt the question in my glance, for she looked swiftly up into my face.
"les," she said slowly: "I suppose there are mothers like your Mrs. Clark and your Mrs. Black and your Mrs. Williams. But-" suddenly her face was all alight, "there must be ever so many more mothers who are not like Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Black and Mrs. Williams. There must be ever so many more mothers who know how to make their homes happy and comfortable."

I hope," I said, "that you're right. But-well, you haven't told me yet what a mother must do to make her home happy and comfortable?"

THE Gentle Lady's face was very serious as she answered. And a light lay in her eves-a great light.
My dear," she said, "I have one daughter who is very attractive. And I have two older daughters who are successtul in business. And I never have the least bit of misunderstanding with any one of them. I'm interested. you see, in the problems of my business girls. I ask about their work and read the sort of books they read and keep up with the (Concluded on page 129)

The Fighting Chance" provides an entertaining screen romance out of what many think is Robert W. Chambers' best love story. Anna Nilsson is Sylvia and Conrad Nagel Stephen Sivard, the drinker.

By
BURNS MANTLE

AIAST amount of water has come over the falls in the scenics since the first motion picture temple was fashioned from an abandoned shoe store. It doesn t seem quite possible that so great a change could have taken place in a quarter century.
lesterday I was protesting because the gentleman who ran the motion picture theater just around the corner insisted on sealing it hermetically on three sides and then placed a fat ticket taker in the door to discourage such vagrant breezes as might try to steal in there. Today I pass through a lobby that i. bigger than that entire theater into a foyer that is roomier than the lobby. The door man is thin, and suave and uniformed. and there are gold-tipped electric fans back of decorative grille work to titillate and encourage the circulation of all the air that comes in through scientifically located ventilators.
lesterday I felt my way uncertainly down an aisle that once had a strip of woven burlap matting to deaden the sound of shuffing feet, but which had acquired a series of pitfalls and snares over which and into which I stumbled, disturbing the gentleman whose straying arm was supporting the shoulders of his seat.mate, the while their side hair mingled unconventionally. Today I walk on padded rugs up a marbled stairway, past a succession of smiling attendants entered in a competition for honorable mention and stray dimes; along the front of a balcony in which a battalion of Foch's army would not be crowded, down a wide step or two, there to sink into a loge seat the like of which, for width and sprmey comfort. was neter seen outside a furniture store window. And look around upon an audience that, even in the encouraging dimness, is as mannerly and as well-groomed and odorless as any that ever watched the lights play upon Geraldine Farrar's shapely shoulder blades from an orchestra stall in the Metropolitan opera house.
l'esterday I writhed under the pounding of a piano tuner set at playing incidental jigs while seventeen policeman chased one guilty comedan and achieved seventeen falls in fifteen minutes. Torlay I hear an orehestra of eighty musicians play the "Faust" music, assisted by a socal chorus of forty, and a group of prof (wional grand opera soloists who oblige with the principal arias of Gounod's opera. Followed by a scenic in natural colors. And an interpretative dance for which a special scenic hackground has loeen prepared by a famous artist. And a uction of edtorial paragraphs, comic and serious, that. even
five years ago would have been thrown out as being too "highbrow" for the multitude. And another bit of chorus singing.
lesterday I sniffed at the crudeness of a domestic drama played by a group of artificial automatons with chalk faces and mul-black lips and eyebrows. Today I see the same drama in a new version that ranges the world for scenic backgrounds and all the art shops for nifty interiors. and presents a cast of real actors whose masks are at least recognizably human.
les indeed. A lot of snow has melted on the tops of the Canadian rockies since the motion pictures first offered family entertainment at family prices in a family neighborhood. And it is well that we pause occasionally and count our blessinenot one by one. but six by six. For though you may not have padded carpets and velvet-voiced ushers, or large orchestras and singing ensembles, or artistic interludes and roomy palaces, or local Rothapiels to run them for you-

Compare what you had with what you have-and be fair.

## YES OR NO? - First National.

JLDI' O'GRADY and the Colonel's lady live pretty close to each other in New lork and environs. There are many places in upper Fifth avenue where the colonel's lady can tand on the marbled portico of her miniature Italian carlen and toss a bon mot or a brick over the rear wall at the ( Grady person. who lives just beyant. And the problems of these two ladies, though that of Judy is mostly concerned with food and how to get it, and that of the other with life and how to lise it. have many points in common. They are for example, both frequently subjected to the great movie temptation: Shall I make the best of the man I have or fly to another (and stronger) guy I know not of?

This universality of theme makes "lies or No?" an interesting picture. The contrast puts a dash of spirit into the old stuff. Having two ordinary stories of women who were assailed by temptation told as one takes something from eath and makes a third story that, though still ordinary, is spiced with novelty: The rich lady: wood by that arch-despoiler of stage homes, Lowell Sherman, says yes. She is willing to forsake the husband she feels does not appreciate her and take her chances. But the poor lady: also somewhat neglected by her busy man, is still loyal enough to turn down an importunate chauffer and hold to her vow to stick. "for better. inn
worse." As a result the poor lady gains contentment and a pleasant home, while the rich lady, deserted by the lower who never intended marriage, shoots herself.

In many respects the two characters she plays in this picture represent Norma Talmadge's most telling contribution to the screen, so far as I am familiar with that record. She certainly is entitled to the best parts her managers can get for her. She is not only a striking screen personality, but she possesses an inherent sense of drama and a commanding sincerity that are never more priceless than when they are called upon to make the old stuff worth while. "Yes or No" will probably prove one of her most successful pictures with her loyal following. Director Roy Neill has done well with the story, his comedy contrasts being particularly well handled. In these Natalie Talmadge and Edward Brophy score. Rockcliffe Fellowes is a good honest husband, and Gladden James a good type as the would-be wicked chauffeur.

## THE FIGHTING CHANCE-Paramount-Artcraft.

THERE are many who claim that one of the best love stories with which Robert Chambers ever dallied is contained in "The Fighting Chance." It belongs to the first of that series which he has rewritten so often since he began to capitalize his gift for writing the stuff that sells, and it is backed by something more than his usual superficial study of character in the homes of the very rich, the very unmoral and the very human humans of the Rolls-Royce set. Director Charles Maigne has evolved an entertaining and holding romance from the material. The fight of Stephen Siward to conquer his hereditary taste for liquor and that of Sylvia Landis to overcome her inordinate pride and her love of money and finery is human enough at base to appeal to all classes. Sylvia engaged ierself to the rich Quarrier because he had the money to support her in the manner to which she believed she had been born, and Stephen tried to put himself out of her life. But in the end Quarrier is given his congé and Stephen gets the better of the booze, thus permitting the sort of ending that sends romantic oldsters and youngsters home satisfied with their evening at the movies. Conrad Nagel is the Stephen, a promising new juvenile of the screen who is fortunately not pretty enough to spoil him and still attractive enough to win a following. Anna Q. Nilsson is the Sylvia. A good actress who is always a decided adornment to any film. Maud Wayne, Bertram Grassby, Clarence Burton, Frederick Stanton and Dorothy Davenport-Mrs. Wallace Reid who makes her reappearance on the screen here-give capable performances in support, and the interiors are particularly effective.

## ONE HOUR BEFORE DAWN-Hampton-Pathe.

MOST mystery stories are interesting, no matter how familiar the mold in which they are set. "One Hour Before Dawn" is such a picture. Starting with a well-directed and well played prologue, in which a hypnotist incurs the enmity of one of his subjects by making a fool of him, it establishes a logical motive for revenge. Later, when the hypnotist involves himself in a controversy with the hero, who insists that the divine will is strong enough to resist any seemingly supernatural influences a charlatan can bring to bear, and that no innocent man can be forced to commit a crime against his will, it slides easily into a murder mystery that is both baffling and skillfully maneuvered. The hero, willed by the hypnotist to kill his (the hypnotist's) enemy one hour before dawn, dreams that he does, in fact, commit the crime. Circumstantial evidence seems to bear out his belief. But a wise detective proves that the hero is innocent and has little difficulty in fastening the crime on the real murderer. H. B. Warner is not only a good actor, but he has had a most comprehensive training in this type of part since his "Alias Jimmie Valentine" days or' the stage. He studiously avoids any temptation to overact even the most melodramatic of episodes, and by his own sincerity strengthens materially the story in which he is the dominant figure. There are good performances, too, by Anna Q. Nilsson as the heroine, by Frank Leigh as the hypnotist, and by Howard Davies as the victim. The photography is good. Henry King did the directing.

## THE MUTINY OF THE ELSINORE-Metro.

FINE sea story. I found it more interesting, more realistic and less deliberately brutal than "The Sea Wolf," and quite as effectively screened. The effort of most directors


In many respects Norma Talmadge's two characters in "Yes or No" represent her most telling work. This picture should be one of her most successful.

"The World and His Wife" should teach people that slander is a positive force for evil. Alma Rubens and Montagu Love play the leading roles.

"The Mutiny of the Elsinore" is a finc sea story-even more interesting than "The Sea Wolf"-with an excellent east headed by Mitchell Lew-is and Helen Ferguson.


Go and Get It" provides hair-raising adventure centering around a reporter's pursuit of a murdering chimpanzee inflicted by seience with the brain of a human.

"The Spirit of Good." featuring Madlaine Traverse as a female Bill Hart. is a story of a bold, bad woman of the West who gets religion and reforms.


Gcorge Ade: story, "The Slim Princess." is ideal for Mabel Normand, oulving her problem of how to be funny although
in filming a Jack London story is to supply with great vivid ness the physical ugliness that London freely left to the imagination. The result adds little to the appeal of the story and is quite likely to minmize its romantic values and its holding quality as an adventure. Edward sloman, in directing " The Mutiny of the Elsinore," has kept both his main story and his characters well in mind. The manliness of honest John Pike, who sought to do his best by his old friend. Capt. Somers. by making a man of the latter's weakling son. is kept well to the fore, and the love story of the boy and Maraaret West is always an attractive and softening influence. Thus the mutiny itself, a fine bit of realistic clrama ant as stirring a sea ficht as I have seen screened, and the treachery of the brutish criminals who seck to thwart the plans of like, are high-lighted incidents, which they should be, rather than the sole excuse ior the picture. The cast. also, is excellent. Mitchell Lewis giving a fine performance of I'ike. Helen Fersuson making pretty Peggy an attractive heroine and Casson Ferguson doing well by the boy Dick. kecping him just this side of the line that separates the mollycoddled youth from the likable and manly juvenile. There are good character parts by William Mong as the "Rat," and Noah Beery, as the thieving and conspiring Mellaire. This is easily one of the best adventure pictures of the month.

## AlVAY GOES PRUDENCE-Paramount-Arteraft.

JOHN ROBERTSON comes marching out of the gloom of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and makes "Away Goes Prudence," with Billie Burke, in the sunlight of that comediennes smile. Proving the Robertson versatility. and his sound Scotch common sense in his selection of antidotes. The "I'rudence" story is a fluffy little comedy full of those surprise twists that never surprise anyone but make for drama and some suspense and call forth a heartening line of giggles from the girls. The heroine is an active young animal, full of spirits and a determination to stir a little jazz into the humdrum of her home life. She takes up aviation, or aviation takes her up, and thereby she arouses the ire of her conservative family. particularly that of her fiance one Percy Marmont in this instance. When he protests, with all his British seriousness. that she cease being a little fool she decides to kilnap herself and make him and all the others sorry for what they have said. Away goes Prue-leaving a black-hand note behind saying that unless she is ransomed something awful will happen. But she goes only so far as a kindly wash-woman's, who slyly telephones home about her. Then the fiance determines to scare her by having her really kidnaped-and the lat engaged for the job decides to double-cross the fiance and do the job right. As a result Prudence is in langer without knowing it, and fiance is whacked on the head. and there are many complications before the pleasantly sentimental ending. It is a Josephine Lovett story and a Kathryn Stuart scenario. Miss Burke is competently supported by Bradley Barker. Dorothy Walters, Charles Lane, Jaud Turner Gordon and Albert Hackett.

## SHIPWRECKED AMONG CANNIBALS-Unmersal.

IT was rather foolish of Universal to try to create a sensa. tion with "Shipwrecked Among Cannibals." The picture itself is so unusual, and so interesting by reason of its nowelty. that any attempt to exploit it as something that was snapped on the sly, while tribes of bloot-thirsty cannibals were licking their chops and hungering for the hlood and thesh of the director and the camera man hidken in the foliage. serves only to cheapen the impression the scenes make upon the autience. Why should the cannibals want to eat a director? They don't go to the mosies it is a challenge to everyone who sees the picture to iry to prowe to his own satistaction that the press agent is a liar-neither a diticult nor a particularly satisfying thing to do, and rather dissracting. This particular picture. however, is so mool that no ill-advised adrertising campaien can spoil it. It is, in the main, what it purports to be-the pictorial record of an exciting aclienture among a strance amb barbarous people. It reveals their habits, their customs and their weird motions of personal adormment. Its accompanying titles. Which are musually well written, are informing and of value. It is one of the films that should be placed in the archives of the National Geographical society and presencel.
(Comfinued on page gr)


The Car That Made Good in a Day


Here's Two on D. W. G WOLLD like to know where Richard Barthelmess kept his valet. He had quite a beard when falling, dead drunk, on the beach, but when-"The Idol Dancer"-with the beautifully marcelled hair-found him the same morning, he appeared smooth-shaven.
"The Idol Dancer's" adopted father tosses a dress into her lap. She picks it up and looks at it. The dress tossed into her laps is white with a plaid in it about three inches square. In the close-up, the dress is a dark color with crossed white lines about one-half inch apart.
C. H. A., Jr., Bridgeport, Conn.

Referred to Our Motor Editor

ISN'T it rather peculiar that no matter how long one stays in a house or hotel-when they come out the engine of an automobile is always running? No self-starter is needed, just put it in gear and ride off.

I will admit that "Marriage for Convenience" was a good story but rost all of the picture was taken at night. During the whole time no lights were seen burning on the automobile. Rather a shortage of electricity and an overflow of gasoline, I should say!

> NAomi Jaffe, Birmingham, Ala.

In Fact, It Started Another Revolution IN "The World and Its Woman," some soldiers of the Russian Red Guard try to enter the apartment of the singer, Marcia I'arren, played by Geraldine Farrar. The men batter down the door a second after Gerry has climberl out the window. They enter the room and the door is badly shattered. A moment later Geraldine mects Lou-Tellegen in the hall outside the same door-which now is quite whole again. I should think those Russian Red Cuards-good extras, too, would have felt rather badly about it. But then-Russians are rather used to futility of one sort or other.


## Immaculate Enid

GIRLS going on their vacation would like to know how Enid Bennett can kecp herself so spick and span under all circumstances. In "Partners Threc." when she is left in the desert to dic of thirst and is wandering about with her hair down, there isn't a hairpin to be secn. After she finds the old man who lives in the descrt, the next morning she is seen with her hair fixed properly and pinned sccurcly with hair-pins. She may have had the forsight to carry her vanity ease conccaled about her because the old man ecrtainly didn't own onc. Her duster is carcfully torn to shreds. but her coat looks as if it had just been pressed.

All on "The Road Called Straight!"

WHY doesn't a film company pay some attention to detail? In a Louis Bennison picture. "The Road Called Straight"-in the scene where the old lady left the child in Bennison's arms while she stepped off at the station to buy some milk and the train pulled out leaving said baby stranded -the picture of the train leaving the station showed clearly the rear end of a pullman; but lo and behold the train displayed no rear marker lamps. An instant later the same train was shown disappearing in the distance and to our wonder, we saw the rear car to be a Pennsylvania R. R. suburban coach with its distinctive port-hole rear windows. Also, the train now displayed the perfectly proper rear marker lamps. without which it is absolutely unlawful to operate any train on any road in the U. S.
William E. Perry,
Hot Springs, V'a.
'Igh Society
MILDRED HARRIS Inferior Sex" helped a lot of little incongruities along. She calls the chauffeur while she and her husband are at their country home. The chauffeur exits through door, but his shadow remains. Mildred cooks a meal for her husband to surprise him. They have two cooks but seemingly no other servants. If hen they sit down to dinner Mildred has her apron on in a long shot, but in a close-up she has no apron on. When he comes home she does not put her arms around him but in a few scenes later he has flour marks on his shoulder. When she does put her arms around him she puts them near his collar while the marks were at the top of the sleeve. H. M. A., Los Angles, Cal.

To Save Footage
IN a picture called "The Hand Invisible," a woman calls up on the telephone. She litts the receiver off the hook and immediately begins to speak to the desired party. This often happens-in the films-and lid like to know how they do it.

Patient Waiter, Milwaukec, Wis.


LAWN•BATISTE HANDKERCHIEF LINEN NET• ORGANDIE•VOILE

DOTTED SWISS


# Keep your cotton blouses as dainty and fresh as your silk ones 

JUST because they weren't silk you thought they could be laundered any old way-your dear little blouse all of rose colored voile and the slim French chemise of flesh batiste banded with soft old blue. So you calmly put them in with the regular laundry, with the thick, heavy, strong things.

But how soon they grew sad and worn! How quickly they lost the charm of their freshness!

It was so unnecessary-all the pretty things needed to make them last was the same gentle Lux laundering that you always give your silk blouses and underwear.

Rubbing roughens them, takes away their nice smoothness. It tears fine hemstitching and works havoc with lovely lace.

Don't go on washing your voile and batiste blouses, your lawn and lace underthings the old ruinous way. With Lux you can keep them whole and beautiful longer than you ever before thought possible. Just pure bubbling suds to dip them up and down in. And rich lather to be pressed through the soiled spots.

The grocer, druggist and department store have Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Fine cotton and linen fabrics cannot stand ordinary scrubbing any more than georgettes and chiffons.
 Use one tablespoonful of Lux to a gallon of water. Whisk to a lather in very hot nater. Let white things soak for a few minutes. Press suds gently through soiled spots. Do not rub. Rinse in three hot waters. Squeze water out. Do not wring. Dry in sun and press nith hot iron.

For Colors-Add cold water until just lukewarm. Wash quickly to prevent colors from running. Rinse in three lukenarm waters. Dry in shade and press with warm iron.

## "Here Are Ladies!"

Stars seen on the sereen in name only. Isn't it a shame their faces never get a chance?


Directly above observe Jane Murfin. a charming refutation of the theory that lady writers are sartorial freaks. She has written plays and scenarios and is soon to produce her own screen storics. Center. Anita Loos, star of the satirical sub-title. whowrites storics for Constance Talmadge.



# Is Beautiful, Natural Wavy Hair Worth 19응 

Read How You Can Obtain the Famous Nestle Home Outfit for Permanent Hair Waving On a Liberal Trial Basis :



WITH most great inventions, necessity was the mother of the Nestle Home Outfit. It was created by Mr. C. Nestle, inventor of the noted Nestle Permanent Harr Wave, its mission being to take care of the multitude of women who cannot come themselves to have their hair permanently waved at the famous Nestle establishment in New York. Even now it is in use in more than 10,000 homes, and is proving a joy and a comfort to every woman who uses it.

On receipt of $\$ 19.00$ we will send you the Nestlé Home Outfit, complete, subject to approval within seven days. You can use materials for five permanent curls. If you are not satisfied for any reason, return the Home Outfit and receive a refund of $\$ 17.00$.
We couldn't make such a liberal offer If we were not confident that you will find the Home Outfit what we know it to be, and that you will wish to retain
it for the lifetime of service it will give you. It is simple, safe and sure-an exact copy of the process used in the Nestlé New York establishment.
After your trial of the Nestlé Home Outfit, your mirror will reveal the beauty of the wave produced-simply washing the hair with soap and water, will prove its permanency. Nothing affects the Nestlé wave, not even salt water.

## What It Will Do

The Nestlé Home Outfit gives a soft, luxuriant waviness to the lankiest, straightest harra nutural waviness that adds tremendously to feminine attractiveness It brings happıness; it does away with hair worries - the nuisances of curling irons and night curlers The Nestle Home Outfit will last a lifetime.


## What It Won't Do

The Nestle Home Outfit will not-cannot-bring the slightest harm to the hair or scalp, for it uses absolutely no chemicals of any kind
It will not "kink" the hair or make it dry or brittle.
It will not produce successful results on dyed, bleached or white hair.

Send your check or a money order for $\$ 19.00$ today-and recene the Nestle Home Outfit, complete, by return mail. For fuether information send for our free booklet. Please address Dept. E.

## C. NESTLE CO.

Largest Permanent Hair Wavers in the World



The Chency Acoustic Throat

The HUMAN VOICE and The Cheney
The beauty of the human voice as bestowed by nature, can hardly be surpassed. And its principles, adapted to The Cheney, give rare beauty to the playing of this instrument.
Just as sounds are gathered and controlled in the living human throat, so are sound vibrations gathered and controlled in the acoustic throat of The Chener.


Etta, Spokane.-You say I am cold. Well, I once told a woman I would go to the furthermost ends of the earth for her and she answered. "When do you start?" That made me a cynic. Niles Welch is doing a second James Oliver Curwood story for Vitagraph. He also makes pictures for Lasky. He is thirty-two years old and is married to Dell Boone. They bungalow in Hollywood.
I. D., Howell, Michigan.-Diogenes lived in a tub and Socrates drank hemlock. I live in a hall-bedroom, but I can't get anything to drink. Tom Meighan was born and educated in Pittsburgh; he was a legitimate and stock player, appearing in London and with David Warfield in this country. He is married to Frances Ring; he has black hair, brown eyes, and is a six-footer. His new stellar pictures are "The Prince Chap," "Civilian Clothes," and "The Frontier of the Stars." Harry Carey isn't a heavy; he is a star. In other words, he is the stalwart, upright hero of such Universals as "Overland Red," "Bullet Proof" and "Human Stuff." Your remaining questions will be answered in another incarnation, Ilah.

Van, Chicago.-I am not like the man who said, when asked how many stenographers he had: "Two-one to take dictation and the other to show to my wife." In the first place, that's an old fashioned joke; and in the second place, I haven't any wife. Photoplay still prints in Chicago. The lake breeze is good for the presses.
C. B., Texas.-Aren't you afraid you'll run out of questions if you ask so many each time? Alice Joyce and Tom Moore were divorced; she is now Mrs. James Regan. Mabel Normand is her real name; she isn't
married. Richard Barthelmess' second name is Semler. Ella Hall is Mrs. Emory Johnson; she last appeared with Francis Ford.

Exilda, Spirits Lake.-Your town is out of date now, to say the least. A quart is hard enough to get-but a lake-! You say you may be a movie star some day and wish me to be more careful about ages. If you'll only give me your new age every year I'll be glad to oblige you. Dorothy Dalton's age is recorded as twenty-seven. Pearl White says she is not married.

Anyta S., Wisconsin.-It is estimated by fur-dealers in America that women purchase three hundred million dollars' worth of furs annually. Most of these are worn in the summer, I suppose. Jack Holt is with Lasky; he is married. Katherine MacDonald is not married; consult directory for her studio address. Sessue Hayakawa, Robertson-Cole. I have lost track of George Fisher; wish he would speak up and come back. Jackie Saunders is with Fox as leading woman.

Benjamin Rogers, New York.-I can
only give you one cast at a time. Here's "Everywoman," Paramount Artcraft special directed by George Melford: Everywoman, Violet Heming; Youth, Clara Horton; Beauty, Wanda Hawley; Modesty, Margaret Loomis; Conscience, Mildred Reardon; Truth, Edythe Chapman; Vice, Bebe Daniels; Wealth, Theodore Roberts; Love, Monte Blue; Passion, Irving Cummings; Nobody, James Neill; Flattery, Raymond Hatton; Lord W'itless, Lucien Littlefield; Stuf, Jay Dwiggins; Bluff, Noah Beery; Puff, Tully Marshall; Age, Robt. Brower; Time, Chas. Ogle; Dissipation, Fred Huntley; Auctioneer, Clarence Geldart.

Mary, Seattle.-So you think being my stenographer must be very exciting. I suppose you think I throw inkwells at her and make her untwist the refractory ribbon of my remingwood. You don't know my stenographer. Don't call me "old thing;" my hair is not even white at the temples. Melbourne MacDowell played Black Jack with Dorothy Dalton in "The Flame of the Yukon." With Ince in 191\%.

Clarice, frons Missouri.-I'm telling you-I'm telling you, if you'll only stop and listen. Edna Purviance is very much alive She is still leading woman for the immortal Charlie. It is rumored Edna is to be married to a wealthy young Los Angeles chap, but I don't believe it; Edna would surely tell me. Gloria Swanson is now a star with Lasky; she did not go with Equity, as first reported. She's Mrs. Herbert K. Som born.

Clifford Dile Grand Rapids.-It is gratifying to note that little boys grow up and think that teachers ought to be given enough to live on. Owen Moore was married to Mary Pickford, not to

Taken by permisson from "Piclure Show', and Other Pcems," by Siegfried Sassoon, copyrighted by E. P. Dutton E Co., New York.

## (Continued)

Alice Joyce. Miss Joyce was married to Tom of the Moore clan. Miss Pickford is now Mrs. Douglas Farbanks; Alice Joyce is Mrs James Rezan. Matt Moore has never married.

Dorotimy K., Vascolver.-Yes to all of your questions: Pearl White wears a wig, Dick Barthelmess is married, Constance Talmadle has bobbed hair. Gloria Swanson's first husband was Wallace Beery, who played the villain in Douglas Fairbanks' picture, "The Mollycoddle," and Jack Mulhall played opposite Alice Lake in Metro's "Should a Woman Tell?" Another question: is that all for today?

Mrs. Hart, Baltimore-A good many of Bill Lart's friends will be considerable relieved to know that you are not THE Mrs. William S. Hart. Now perhaps they will believe I occasionally tell the truth. Eric von Stroheim was born in Austria. He was a newspaper man and magazine writer before he was an actor. He now directs and acts for Universal. His latest is "Foolish Wives," not yet released.
B. M. C., Stampord.-You want to know if there is a chance of getting a look at Wallace Reid. If you mean on the screen, step into the nearest theater and you'll have no trouble. If you mean in the flesh, camp outside the Lasky studio in Hollywood every morning from nine to ten, and from six P. M. to midnight and if you're lucky you may run into him. Dorothy Davenport Reid comes back to pictures in "The Fighting Chance," the Paramount picturization of Robert Chambers' novel, with Conrad Nagel and Anna Q. Nilsson in the leading roles.

Irene, Susantille.-Once a letter like yours would have driven me to drink. In "The Fatal Ring" the priestess was played by Ruby Hoffman. Constance Talmadge is a blonde. Lottie Pickford is making a new picture for her own company according to last reports. Mary has no children; Lottie
has one-Mary Pickford Kupp. Mary Miles Minter is ninetcen. Corinne Griffith has dark brown hair and brown eyes. Anita Stewart is twenty-four; she's Mrs. Rudolph Cameron off-screen. Don't tell me that's all you want to know!
R. J. G., Cinicago - There are, in Chicago, these film companies: The Rothacker Film Mfg. Company, the Emerald and the Essanay, which latter concern may or may not be active now. I'd advise you to consult your telephone directory for further information. I am no longer in the Windy City, so I can't make a personal investigation.
A. D. S.-Why, the ancients first started cropping their horses' manes in mourning for their great generals. There's nothing new; etc., as others have said before me. Hoot Gibson is a cowboy hero for Universal. I'll tell Mr. Laemmie that you want to see him in features.-Hoot, not Carl.

Olive Thomas Admirer, Olympla Wash-ington.-So Mrs. Jack Pickford is your favorite goddess. Don't blame you, I'm sure. She's twenty-two. Fannic Ward is still abroad; her new picture, "She Played and Paid," has been released over here. Olive has blue cyes and brown hair-a regular Irish beauty.
L. M., Marion- I am sure I don't know what you think I am. How am 1 supposed to know the hobbies of our presidential candidates? Keeps me busy trying to dope out fillum stars. And I refuse to divulge my political preferences. If either of the candidates needs me to help them, I'll be very glad to accept an appointment: I always did want to live in Washington. In this I believe 1 am a litt'e more honest than most politicians.

Angelina and Sara, Des Moines.-William Duncan was divorced from Florence Dye, and has since married Miss Edith Johnson. Miss Johnson, who appeared opposite Mr. Duncan in all his serials for Vitagraph, is really a brunette but for some reason,
best known to herself, wore a blonde wig in pictures. Now, bowever, she is again a brune in "The Silent Avenger," the latest effort, in chapters, of the Bill Duncans. Antonio Moreno is not married; be is thirty-two. Dorotby Gish isn't engaged.
A. R., Portland.-lou think you can read me like a book? All right, only never try to put me away on the shelf. Eugene OBrien is a study in brown: brown eyes, brown hair, and nicely browned complexion. You sce, he's an athlete. He isn't married and made his first entrance on any stazethe infant-in Denver, in 1884, November 14.
J. A. S., Great Lake, Ill.-Glad to be able to help you. Biliic Burke plays in ligbt comedies. Here is a list of all her pictures: "Peggy:" for Thomas Ince; "Gloria's Romance," a serial: and for Paramount; "Mysterious Miss Terry;" "Land of Promise," "Arms and the Girl," "Good Gracious Annabelle," "Make-Believe Wife," "Misleading Widow," "Sadic Love," "W'anted a Husband" and "Away Goes Prudence." Miss Burke is married to Florenz Ziegfeld, creator of the famous Follics and Frolics entertainment, and has one little daughter, Patricia.

Blue-eyed Betty:-l liked your letter. lou say you would be a movie actress willing'y if you cou'd play opposite Wally Reid. Most girls aren't so particular. Walls works at the Lasky studio in Hollywood. His wife, Dorothy Davenport. returned to the screen in "The Fighting Cbance" ior ParamountArtcraft. The Reids bave a small soa, Biil.

Cream Puff, Woodland, Cal-People who live in the past deserve to have no future. Jules Raucourt is in Belgium now. He has played with Marguerite Clark in "Prunel.a;", also in these films: "Somewhere in America," "The Outcast," "Please Help Emily," "At First Sight" and "My Wife." Louise Glaum, J. Parker Read Productions, Culver City, Cal., May Allison, Metro.
(Continued on page 115)


WHEN first I stumbled on the rug And fell upon the floor-ker chug! (All done on purpose to amuse
The lad, and heal his new-made bruise) I thought that he would die of laughter. And then, immediately after.
He cried: "More, Daddyl Do it morel Come tumb'in' down upon 'e floorl"

I did it yet again, and he
Laughed most uproariousk at me.
"More!" he incisted. I obeyed And still again a farce I made Of all my grown-up dignity; To case his pain's malignity. Eacly time his laughter grew more strained, Till from my antics I refrained.

Bu, : shall ner forget the look Of wonderment that overtook His childish features, to disec ver That when my folly I did over Again and yet again to please him, No paroxysm came to scize him. Some day he'll spend a lot of money Re-learning: "Old stuff isn't funny:"

# Three common mistakes that mar the skin 

## Much homeliness is caused by three common little mistakes

FIRST of all many women powder the wrong way. Then they are troubled all the time with an ugly glisten.
If powdering is to be at all lasting, the thing to do is always to apply a powder base. For this a special cream is needed, a cream which disappears instantly and will not reappear. Pond's Vanishing Cream does just this. It is made entirely without oil. It vanishes the moment you apply it, never to reappear in an unpleasant shine. Before you powder, take just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on the tips of your fingers. Now powder, and don't think of it again. Pond's Vanishing Cream holds the powder fast to your face two or three times as long as ever before.

ASECOND mistake that many women make is failing to protect the complexion from the wind, sun and dust. Wind drys and roughens your skin; sunlight darkens and coarsens it; dust works into the pores and injures them. You can protect your skin from this injury by applying the right protective cream.

For this purpose, as for a powder base, of course you must have a cream that will disappear and not reappear. Pond's V'anishing Cream disappears instantly and will not crop out again in a hateful shine. It has a special softening ingredient which protects the skin. Before every outing lightly touch your face and hands with Pond's Yanishing Cream. It leaves your face smooth and protects it from wind, sun and dust.

## Pond's

Cold Cream 83 Vanishing Cream


BECAUSE you have learned to depend upon Pond's Vanishing cream for a powder lase and to protect the skin from the weather, do not make the mistake of forgetting the importance of cold cream. The very oil which makes cold cream impractical for use before going out is what the skin requires at other tines. The pure, creamy oil base, in Pond's Cold Cream, makes it the most perfect cleanser you have ever known. Before going to bed, cleanse your face with Cold Cream. You will be horrified to see how much dirt comes out. Do this regularly and your skin will be kept clear and free from dullness.

Pond's Cold Cream has just the consistency that is perfect for working well into the skin, giving a wonderful massage.

Get a jar or tube of each of these two creams today at any drug store or department store. Fyery normal skin needs both.


# Home 

To find things consid erably changed on the old vamp-ground.

$\bigcirc$NCE upon a time there was a sinuous, svelte, and silky young woman with curly blonde hair, a retrousse nose, and the slenderest, mockingest laughing eyes ever set under long black lashes.

This young woman was a vamp. Of course she was a vamp! She didn't have to wear slinky gowns with trains to be one-she was born that way. She stole hearts whether she was attired in the latest imported negligee, or trim riding togs. She went her way of breaking hearts and wrecking homes without so much as batting one of her long curly lashes.

Cleo was her name. Cleo Ridgely. She was our vampingest blonde vamp -in the films. She was positively pitiless-her ancestress, the first Cleo, had very little on her. Scarcely a working day went by that she did not ruin the life of one of our more prominent leading men. Then, one day, she fell in love. With a young director named Jimmy. James Horne. And married him. And gave up her venturous career to settle down and keep house and have two perfectly beautiful babies. Twins.

For several years a domestic life satisfied her. It still does. But she looked at pictures the while-and found that the styles in vampires had changed. They still broke hearts and wrecked homes, as in the good old days; but they used finesse instead of ferocity. tears instead of tiger-skins, and preferred powder-puffs to pistols. So Cleo decided to go back and begin all over again.

You'll see her after her retirement in "Occasionally Yours," in which she will test her vamping talents with that vampire of the sterner sex, Lew Corly: Cleo has a vamp's boudoir and wears a vamp's pajamas. But you and I know that after the day's work of vamping Lew is over, she'll go home to Jimmy and the kids, tell them all about it, and have a good laugh at our expense.

Cleo was not always a ramp. Oh no. Why, back in the days when you saw two recls for a nickel, with an illustrated song thrown in, Cleo was the screen May Wirth. She used to rile-my land, how that gal could risle! She once made a transcontinental trip on a plucky pony-was the only woman to do it in so many days or something like that. They called her "The Transcontinental Girl.

She decided to go on the stage in the first place hecause she saw her cousin. Victor Moore, the comedian, exit to louel applause and she thought how wonderful it must be. Cleo finally made her big hits in houses whose applause she couldn't hear: but she found the life of the studios much more interesting than the artificial footlight existence. You probably recall her as a Kalem star in 1014, as Wallace Reid's leading woman for Lasky in '15 and "is, and in the title role of the film version of "The Chorus Lady.". She was a perfectly grand vampette in those days. But then came Janes Horne to interrupt her promising career as Cleopatra's little daughter, and he carried her away, as Mrs. James Horne, to a Hollywod bungalow: And her favorite role became a decidedly domestic characterization, her director a tiny mite named Junc Jassmine Horne, and her leading man, James Jr.

## Calion <br> 5)


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# HOW I FOUND MY FORTUNE IN A MAGAZINE 

An Inspiring Story of How One Girl Solved the Money Troubles for Her Whole Family

By ALICE FORMAN

"I guess you can't get your shoes this week, Mary," said Father. There was a choky little catch in his voice, for he knew that Mother needed the shoes.
The fact was that Father's salary and my salary combined would not stretch to the limit of our needs. There were three dear little hungry mouths to feed besides our own, and the six of us to clothe.
And the high cost of living does kecp fearfully high.
I used to lie awake at nights wondering whether something couldn't be done to make whings go better. Poor Father could do nothing, I knew. Years and worry had weighed down his spirit. But I kept thinking that there must be something that I could do to increase my stenographer's salary so that Mother would not have to walk about with patched shoes, and so that the children could all have Sunday dresses.
Sunday dresses for the children! The thought was so delicious, that, although I didn't have enough money in my purse to buy even half of one dress, I picked up a fashion magazine one day to look for little styles that the darlings could wear if they only had some one to buy dresses for them.
A page of costumes designed by Emil Alvin Hartman caught my eye. Beautiful costumes they were, graceful, fanciful, filmy things. Oh, if they were only for me! I choked down a little lump, for I knew they were beyond my reach.

But oh, how I was tempted to picture myself in each of the dresses, walking about with grand airs at gay parties!
Poor me! For a moment I pitied myself. And then I remembered suddenly that it was designs for the little girls that I had opened the magazine to find. I half sobbed and quickly turned the page.
Curiously enough, I saw the name of Emil Alvin Hartman on the very next page. He told a story that made me hope for better things. He told of the work of Fashion Academy, the school of costume and millinery design of New York. In from three to four months, he said, absolute beginners were learning fashion design easily and pleasantly during their leisure hours in the comfort of their own homes.
He mentioned names of former students, girls, middle aged women, and even elderly women, who have written to Fashion Academy to report their wonderful success as professional fashion designers. One young woman, for instance, three months after her graduation from Fashion Academy, working at her own convenience for different people, earned $\$ 125$ a week, and designed costumes for Lady Duff Gordon (Lucile). Another, two months after her graduation, earned $\$ 100$ a week.

And these girls, Mr. Hartman said, were only two of a great many who had almost immediately won marvelous success in the fascinating profession of fashion design.

Stories like these were hard for a twenty-
seven-dollar-a-week stenographer like me to Delieve. But Mr. Hartman invited any one who wished, to investigate. That same night, although I had no knowledge at all of fashion design, I wrote for the booklet sent out free on request by Fashion Academy. It contained not only information about the wonderful opportunities in fashion design, and beautiful costumes and hats designed by Fashion Academy students, but also enthusiastic letters from former students who gave full credit for their success in the designer's profession to Fashion Academy.
Names were signed, and addresses given.


So, to feel absolutely certain, I wrote to the vriters of some of the letters. From them personally I received the same enthusiastic recommendations of Fashion Academy. In rearly every case, the writer had been a novice at the time of her enrollment with Fashion Academy.

It is a whole year since I first looked through the inspiring Fashion Academy booklet. I have already lost my speed on the typewriter, for I haven't been a stenographer for eight months. A year ago I enrolled with Fashion Academy. After a little over three months of easy, fascinating exercises during my leisure hours at home I received my diploma from Fashion Academy. Several weeks later I began work as a professional designer at $\$ 50$ a week. I am now earning much more. And Father no longer has to worry about Mother's shoes or my little sisters' dresses. We have everything we need to make us comfortable now, and my employer tells me that my fine salary now is little more than a beginning.

One of the finest benefits that I have received from Fashion Academy is that now I can dress myself beautifully on a very small
outlay of money. In the first place the Fashion Academy lessons taught me that each woman has a figure, a complexion, a personality of her own. I learned that the costume and the hat should be suited to the figure, the complexion, and personality of the individual. Now I know that it is utter nonsense to expect a dress exactly suited to another woman of entirely different type to look well on me. And I now have for my own a complete knowledge of the artistic principles that govern correct dress. I create charming original styles in both dresses and hats for myself. The result is that all my friends keep asking me what I have done to make myself so beautiful. I am not a whit more beautiful now than I was a year ago. It is simply that now I design styles in dresses and hats that conceal my every defect and bring out every little point of beauty that I possess. My clothes now express my personality.

What is more, I can make every kind of dress from the drafting of the pattern to the last stitch of the finished garment; and I can make any kind of hat, from the fashioning of the frame to the final bit of trimming. Needless to say, I can now have three or four dresses for the price of one bought in a fashionable shop; I can now have hats for almost every occasion, for the cost of one hat bought from a milliner.

But best of all, I know that my style of dress or hat is not worn by every fourth woman I meet. I, alone, wear my designs, for I create them myself.

You, too, can learn fashion design in from three to four months, in easy, fascinatingly interesting lessons prepared in the comfort of your own home. You, too, can learn how to dress, so that your friends, also will wonder to see you becoming more beautiful almost day by day. Or you can learn fashion drawing for illustrations in fashion magazines. Fill in and mail the coupon below or send a letter asking for FREE Illustrative Booklet 2010. You will be placing yourself under no obligation to ask for it.

## Fashion Academy, Inc., Studio 2010

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New York City

Fashion Academy, Inc., Studio 2010:
Please send me Free Illustrated Book'et 2010, containing information about your home-study courses in costume design, fashion illustration, and millinery design. Also concerning dressmaking and tailoring.

Name

Address
(Continued from puge fi)
for he knew he had never mentioned wanting the pendant to anyone else. They were coming too fast for Harry, so he took refuge in the grand old platitude, "It never rains but it pours," and drove off to tell Lenore all about it.

That young person was obviously pleased, but she took it rather more calmly than Ifarry expected. Bxcited, Lenore was shrill -almonet objectionably :hrill Now she wat only gurg1y. Was it possible she did not appreciate the honor shown her by his father's practical recognition of ber as the future mistress of the Bullway household? However that might be, Harry's pique was soon soothed away by the cuddlesome arts of the siren, and he left her for a tour of inspection. of his machinery and live stock, after making an engagement for a trip to Riverview Inn that evening.

RIVERIIEW was one of those spots where the only difference prohibition made was that drinks cost four times as much and only the most expensive ones were to be had. It was quite gay. Harry and Lenore began the evening with a bottle of wine-served in beer glasses and called sparkling cider. The effect on the two persons was very different. The wine did not go to Harrys head, because there was no room for it, his head being crammed to suffocation already. Similarly, it did go straight to Lenore's head, because there was more room in that handsome piece of furniture than anywhere clse about her. They had a couple of dances and were starting on another bottle of wine, when the head waiter brought Harry a message. Brewster and some other men were in the grill, and he wanted to give Harry a few tips concerning the polo ponies. Harry promised to be back in a minute.

He had hardly disappeared before Billy Gibson slipped into his chair, helped himself to a glass of wine, and turned to Lenore with a sneer.
"Looks as if you've hooked him," he said.
"Don't be nasty, Billy," she retorted. "You and I can be friends, just the same as ever. Don't spoil this. There's a mint in it. Come on-dance with me."
Lenore had her own method of placating Billy, and by the time the dance was half over he was quite tractable. But as it ended he led her out to the indiscreetly shaded werandah instead of back to her tab'e. The wine and the exhilaration of the dance took the edge off their caution. They conficlently beliewed they were talking in whi-pers, but Harry, going back to the dining room, heard their voices througl an open windlow. He didn't want t" eavesdrop exactly, but he stopped and glanced out through an opening in the curtains.

Lenore was handing something to Billy. In the dark he missed it and it dropped on the cement floor, jingling. It bounced into a streak of light and as Billy stooped to pick it up, Harry saw that it was-a key. He jorked back, and made his way to his table as if he had seen nothine. Lenore arrived af few seconds later, on billy's arm. Her brain was clear cnough to teli her at a glince that Harry wis angry.

N

## The Man Who Had Everything

 ARRATED, by permission. from the Goldwy production, adapted by Arthur F. Statter from the story of the same name by Ben Ames Williams, and directed by Al Green with the following cast:Harry Bullway.
Prue Hinn.
Mark Bullway Matt Sills.
Lenore Pennell. Joel
Perciōal Higden.
. Jack Pickford
Priscilla Bonner Lionel Belmore Alec Francis Shannon Day William Machin Lucian Märtines
"Now don't be bat." she cooed, as soon as Billy had left them. "You were away so long, and 1 couldn't refuse to dance with him, could I, when I was all alone ?
"Well, I don't like him. He's a snake. I'd rather you wouldn't have anything to do with him. I'romiee me that you "ont."
"Then I won'tafter werte married."

And when will you marry me, dearest?'

It was a toush probem to ducide quickly: If she married him tomorrow she would get a million dollars. If she waited twenty-cight days she would have received, according to Bullway"s proposition, upwards of three million, and get the million wedding present as well. It was worth a gamble.
"In exactly four weeks," she promised.
Half an hour earlier the idea would have given Harry a thrill. but now the memory of a key jingling on cement produced a discord.
For the first few miles of the ride home, Harry was silent. Lenore sat close and clung to his arm, until he told her it wasn't safe, explaining that he was not used to the powerful car yet. At last he worked out the idea that had been going through his mind, and drawing up by the side of the road, under the shadow of a big tree, he stopped the car, took Lenore in his arms, and kissed her.
"Dearest," he whispered. "I've got a little apartment of my own now. I got it today, a place where we can get away from everybody. Wiil you go there with menow?"

Lenore had been a little worried by his unaccustomed silence, and was afraid he was slipping out of her grasp. This was risky, but she was playing for high stakes, and felt she had to play the game throush as she knew it. So she kissed him, and whispered her consent.

Harry started the car again, and again retired into the silences. Lenore was surprised to find the car traversing the streets in the direction of her own home Soon they drew up in iront of her apartment.
"But Harry-I thought-"

## "I've changed my mind." he

said, shortly. "Goodnight."

I- the seclusion of his room that night. Harry indulged himself in a new luxury - thinking And he did very well at it for a young man who liad ab-tained =0 long and persistently. Aiter he hat finished calling himself names he made better progress. Ind he went to sleep as full of good rentutions as a rapperry is at verels
The resolutions were still with him in the nom ing when he arrived at his

father = office. Two of them he had already put into effect. the urat by having Ilizden tell Lenore, when she telephoned before he Wis out of bed. that he was not at home; the econd by declining to have nis breakfast जrved in bed. Another he divulged to Prue Winn.
"Iice reformed, Prue. Im going to work," he said, not without a touch of pride.
"Oh Iharry, I'm so glad," she exclaimed.
But Harry pursued her, and captured a hand.
"I'm glad you're clad. Prue," he said, and went into his father's office.
"Dad. I've waked up," he said. "Im through with Lenore P'ennell-and al that fooli-uness."
"Did she break it off?"
"'No, I did."
"I'm glad, Son. I was sure you would. And now-what?"
"I don't know, exactly. But I'm going to hunt for a job-and when I land onewell, watch my smoke!"
There! It was out, and Harry was elated to realize that his spoken determination gave him even more of a thrill than his shower of good fortune of the day before. He was treading air as he passed from his father's office to the smaller one occupied by Prue.
"I'm going to show him-you"ll see," he chortled, and in sheer exuberance danced up to Prue, swung the astonished girl around the room and kissed her.
Prue broke away from him with a sob. Harry looked at her, astonished, partly that she should take a little thing that way, and partly over a sudden discovery that it felt strancely good to have Prue in his arms. ts he mumbled an apology, his father's buzzer summoned her, and Harry went out to trail a job.
"It's working," Bullway informed his secretary, gleefully. "Take this letter to Miss Pennell. Dear ladam: I enclose my. check for one cent, according to agreement. This closes our account. I might add, to save you embarrassment in the event of your trying to sell the jewelry my son gave you yesterday, that it is worth ju:t $\$_{31.75 \text {, }}$, as I had it made up to order ior the purpose.'
"And so"-did I hear someone say ?-"the reformed youth married the pretty secretary, and they lised happily ever after."
Wait a minute. Let Harry tell it.
"I got a job easy enough. Bronson put me to work selling bonds among the men I knew around the clubs. I thought it would be a tough job, but it was a cinch. Wherever I went, as soon as anybody saw me coming, out came a theck book. For a week or so. I thought this was just becaluse I was a natural born genius for tinance. But as soon as I got on to the ropes I found the best salesmen in the world couldn't get rid of bonds that "ray. So I quit patting myself on the back and tried to se if I couldn't figure it out. Things werc comine too soft. 5 ome day I would wake up and find myself back where I was before - in love with Pennell and everything. It mught have taken me a lone time to get nest, only one day Rronson told me he had decided to take me in as a decided (Continued on page zar)


HERE'S another new star in the fir-mament-MissGrace Christie, whose Silver Bubble dance is such a charming feature of the John Murray Anderson revusical comedy "What's In a Name."

# YOUTHFUL STARS of America's Stage-and THEIR DRESSING TABLES 

We never suspected embroidery and knitting contributed anything to Miss Christie's success in her unique dance until, in a moment of confidence, she said, "My Silver Bubble, they tell me, moves with the gossamer lightness of thistle down. It never would if my hands were not velvety smooth - a condition I credit largely to Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Curiously enough, I first used this cream to keep my hands from 'catching' when doing embroidery and knitting. Oh, yes! I do a lot of both."

##  <br> GUARANTEED LOVELINESS-Whenever you see a bottle of IIinds Honey and

 Almond Cream on a dainty dressing table, you may depend upon the owner being a woman of loveliness - the possessor of those attributes so admired and desired by everyone-a complexion of soft, glowing clearness, and hands slender. white and fragrant. Delightful coolness is the first sensation when applying Hinds Iloney and Almond Cream. Then follows a wonderful healing and softening process-a remarkable refining of the skin's texture and restoring of the surface to its natural clearness.FOR TR1AL: Be sure to enclose amount required, but do no not sond forcign stamps or forcign money. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 5c. Either Cold or Disappearing Cream 5 c . Talcum 2c Face Powder sample 2c; Trial size 15c. Trial
Cake Soap 8c; or a Week-End Fackage, including all these Toilet Requisites 50c.

## A. S. HINDS

## 228 West Street, Portland, Maine



# -the oranges? drink 

ORANGE-CRUSH


HIVE years ago the first drink of Ward's Orange-Crush was sold. Since then it has won a permanent welcome in every city and town in this country.
The distinctive orange deliciousness of the drink is obtained through the exclusive Ward process, which skillfully combines the fragrant and delicate fruit oil pressed from sun=matured oranges with purest sugar and citric acid-the natural acid found in all citrus fruits.
Wird's Lemon=Crush-a companion drink made similarly by the Ward process-is rich with the tasty and refreshing flavor of California Iemons.
at fountains or in bottles
Prepared by Orange $=$ Crush Co., Chicago Laboratory, Los Angeles
Send for Free Book, "The Story of Orange-Crush"


## Kodak as you go.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., The Kodak City

## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 70)
and it should be accompanied, wherever shown, by an explanatory lecture, prepared by the young men who made the films and read by a local educator. Too much credit cannot be given William F. Alder and Edward Laemmle for the thoroughness with which they went about securing the pictures, and the fine judgment they used as to their pictorial settings.

## GO AND GET IT—Neilan-First National.

THE difference between the average director and the exceptional director is discovered in the treatment they give a commonplace subject. Marshall Neilan is an exceptional director, and proves it again by taking the commonplace story told in the highly colored and rather foolishly exaggerated newspaper yarn, "Go and Get It," and dressing it up and tricking it out with stunts until it has become a "special," as exciting as it is improbable. A young woman who owns a newspaper that is being mismanaged injects herself into its staff as a society editress. During her adventures as a reporter she meets the usual journalistic genius who is being held down by the managing editor, sees that he is given his chance and glories in his success when he makes good. In building up this plot Neilan has deliberately, and with considerable skill, made use of a varied assortment of hair-raising adventures. The assignment the young reporter is given, the story he is told to "go and get," concerns a scientist who has transferred a human brain, that of a murderer, to the head of a chimpanzee. Once the animal's human brain begins to function he starts in murdering all those who have incurred the enmity of the murderer. Before he can land the beast, the reporter is obliged to chase one man in an aeroplane; change to another plain in midair; land on top of an express train, and later on the deck of a steamer at sea and finally shoot the chimpanzee as he is about to add another victim to his list. Improbable stuff, but fairly thrilling, and amazingly well photographed. Pat O'Malley is the Fairbanksian hero, Agnes Ayres the heroine and Wesley Barry adds an amusing touch of comedy as a lively office boy. An impressive makeup is contributed by "Bull" Montana as the ape.

## THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE-Cosmopolitan-Para-mount-Artcraft.

"THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE" should do some good in a gossiping world. It should teach people that slander is a positive force for evil, and that briefly encouraged it can work incalculable harm. But whether audiences trained to look only for the conventional romance in pictures will be properly impressed by its significance I cannot say. In the Echegaray opus Don Julian has married a wife years younger than himself. She is deeply in love with him, and though she is happy in playing around with his young godson she has no thought of disloyalty. Don Julian's neighbors, however, and his jealous relatives, will not believe this. Teodora, the wife, they insist. must be in love with Ernesto, the godson, because it is only natural that youth should call to youth, and by their insistence on the point, by their sly winks and their pointed innuendos, they gradually poison the mind of Don Julian until he accuses the young people of having betrayed his trust and drives them from his home. Thus are they forced into each other's arms for their mutual protection. Robert Vignola has done good work in the directing, and it is well played by Alma Rubens, she of the pretty face, the startled eyes and the limited dramatic equipment; Montagu Love, Gaston Glass, Pedro de Cordoba and Margaret Dale.

## THE INFERIOR SEX-Mayer-First National.

THIS is an elaborate attempt to prove something, I don't know just what, that ends by proving nothing at all, unless it be that movies are movies and nothing more. If its authors, directors, editors and cutters had held to what apparently was their original theme, based on the failure of many wives to go through with their jobs as homemakers and housekeepers, and the minor domestic tragedies resulting therefrom, a good picture might have resulted. But soon after the story is put into action it slips away into the conventional rut of a loving wife's scheme to arouse the jealousy of a husband who is giving signs of sickening on a steady diet of osculation. There is a counter-plot in which a disappointed wife does accept the attentions of the pestiferous idler and escapes discov-
(Continued on page 124)


Involving hypnotism, "One Hour Before Dawn" is interesting melodrama in which Henry B. Warner profits by his training in "Alias Jimmie Valentine.

"Whispers" is the story of a girl who breaks out of socicty. a becoming vehicle for Elaine Hammerstein who always plays lifelike American girls.

"Girl of the Sca" is, if you can forget the plot, an interesting trip through an aquarium, in which Betty Hilburn appears as a shark.


## The

## Ritz-Carleton

## of Culver City

WHEN Uncle Henry Seymour established he calculated it would be a fourteen-hour-aday rassle with Maw Earth to shake lier down for a living. During a plowing session one spring be noted excavation going on at the neighboring farm. "Whut's goin' up here?" he asked. "Motion picture studio." "Hm!" ejaculated Uncle Henry. "Wall, I reckon they's room fer both of us," and returned to his plow. One day a young rustic approached Uncle, obviously a farm hand out of a job. "Could I get a sandwich? Piece of pie, maybe?" he inquired.
Uncle llenry had a big heart, but his code was "He who eats must work." He told the boy so.
The young "farmer" laughed good-humoredly. He explained he wasn't a farm hand, but a motion picture actor. It was Charles Ray.
'Gosh!' cjaculated Yncle Henry. His entire kamut of emotions cou'd be expressed in that one word.
But Charles Ray-sure enough, it was our own Charley-rot his handout. And it was a handout de luxe; cold chicken, homemade bread, pumpkin pie and apple cider. Some cieler, that! Six ghases of the hard variety and you're groggy for the afternoon.
Thu wats marked the beginning of an epoch in the Seymour fortunes. The excellence of the Seymour larder spread rapilly at the Ince Studios. Next noon there were a score of screen folk begging for a snackfor a convilderation. Now "Aunt Millie" Sigmour nonchalantly serves everylody from rugked usa captains like Hobart liosworth on Whe right, to Ruwian Grand Dukes.

## Entertaining

## Mary's Beaux

"I
A.M proud of that little sister of mine," Sy Margarel Shelby, siter of Mary Miles Alinter. "I cannot tell you how proud 1 am , and besides that would sound cgotistical: but I can say from the bottom of my heart that being siter to a celebrity is not exactly a bed of rows. Mary: fans want photographs of Mary's ister. Mary's fans clamor to see Mary's sister in Mary's productions and, last but not least, Mary's sister muit entertain Mary's beaux. I can look down the vista of years and I see nothing but Mary's beaux. They bezan arriving at a tender age in the care of their nurees and governesees and even in those not so far distant days it was Mary's sister who dried their tears. Nary is a young lady now and the infants of yesterday have given way to countless delightful young men and boys, but Nary's sister has mere1y graduated to a more dignified position. Mary's beaux smother me with flowers and deluge me with candies. I am showered with invitations to lovely dinner parties, 'a deaux' with the usual pink lights, soft music.. etc., ad lib. Then 'He' eazes longingly into my melting orbs and whispers, 'How is Mary? Tell me about her.
"I even dream of a future as the sympathetic wife of one of Mary's erstwhile beaux."


## After Thirty Years-

## a Real Hosea Howe

AIFTER thirty year of successful stage performance, the character of Hosca Howe, the central figure in Edward E. Kidder's "Preaceful valley;" finds it true-t interpretation on the screen with Charles Ray in the role "When Charle- Ray's company bought '1eaceful talley" 1 sail to my wift: "1Hooray! After thirty years, here is the real Mo ea Ilowe come to life," said the plays author. Mr Kielder declared he fe't that Charle: Ray would duplicate in the screen version, the wonderful success of Sol Smith Ruwecll, who played Hosea Howe, year after year untul the character rubbed shoulders with Denman Thompson's own in "The Old Homestead." In the old fathioned photograph on the right we see the original Ho ca Howe; in the larger picture, the new one.
"Thirty years ago Sol and I tried out the play in Duluth, Minnesota," said Mr. Kidder. We went into a drug store in Duluth where they kept the pegboards in those days instead of the modern ticket system. When a ticket for the theater was sold, a little peg was stuck in the number of the seat on the per-board and that was all.
"We were not represented on the peg-board! Lawrence Barrett was almost sold out. Lotta had a good house for her shows as always. Maggie Mitchell was doing wonderfully and Joe Murphy was in the moncy. As for Sol Smith Russell in Peaceful Valley, he did not appear to exist
"We almost wept. 'Why are we being discriminated against?' we demanded of the clerk Where is the 'Peaceful Valley' peg-board? The clerk took another look at us. 'Oh, are you with the show?' he asked cordially. 'We!l, you sce, your pegboard was sold out three days ago and so we put it aside. Didn't sce any use in leasing it lay around.'
"And thus was 'Peaceful Valley' started on its long journey, which has not ended to this day and which seems to be taking a new lease on life in the pictures.
"To my mind, Charles Ray is the natural heir to the role of IIosea Howe. He has the one precious thing that Sol Smith Russell had outgrown-youth! Y'outh-and thirty years," ended Mr. Kidder.


## Supposin' You Were She?

SUPPOSIN you were a pretty girl with a lot of stored-up talent; and supposin a lot of movic directors had gone to your ma and your dad with ofiers to put you right into big parts in the movies: and suppoin' there was a five-year contract with one of the biggest producers of 'em all, just waitin' for your fo'ks' John Hancocks; and supposin' it meant a great big future and-then supposin' your dad said: "What, at that kid's age? Well, 1 should say not. She's going to finish hich school and then she's going to tisar and thenwell then we'll see about it
Miss Rosheen Glenister, aged fourteen, agrees with her dad about it
damma Glenister was for havine Rosheen jump into the promised stardon over-night. But Papa Jack Cilenster (who ought to be an insurance broker insteat of a busines man-he publishes magazines) belferes in the fullest preparednes: Already little Rosheen has many accomplishments. She is an expert swimmer and diser, the pupil of her dad, who in diys of vore was the tirst man to swim the Niagara rapids. English channel and negotiate the famous Boston light stunt. And Rosheen sines, too.
"But dadlie is right," said Rosheen Obedience-and from a comine mowse star! No wonder the directors are all quite mad to have her.


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# Old Man Coincidence 

By JOHN ARBUTHNOTT

IM old man Coincidence, And I've got a reach Like an ourang-untan.
I've got the longest arm
That ever snaked out
To slip a girth under a caved-in plot
Before the old girl fell apart.
It's some arm, believe me,
For when Alaska Ike
Strides into the Dance Hall
On the stroke of twelve,
And snatches the cowering Girl who shouldn't be there
From the Bad Man, who's turned up the Ace
(Which, by the Law of the Yukon, means she must be his'n)
And when Ike tilts her chin up for a Once Over
And stares into the orbs with the beaded lamp-fringe
And gasps out: "Gawd, 'tis my Little one!" -
Why, that's Me, Just Me,
Getting in one of my Long Shots.
And when Timothy Corntassel flaps bye-bye
To the moss-set bucket and the mon-cows
(Because Innocent Susic has fallen again
For the good old perennial City Deceiver stuft)
And carpet-bagged but grim-jawed
Goes off to the Wicked Metropolis
And tries to forget, but makes goond,
And runs to white waistcoats,
And pounds the end of the mahogany desk
And becomes District Attorney,
And when the Veiled Lady is led in by the Cops,
And discloses her map, sobbing "Timothy!"
And he sees it is Suste herself,
His long-lost Susic-
Why, that's Me again;
It's Me, with the old Long Arm
Darn near wrenched out of its socket
But still on the Job!

# What Happened to Ruth 

## By BEATRICE IMBODEN

Iwas Spring on the campus! Fairies had come and suddenly spread over the gray buildings and brown grens and gold, of fragrance and sunlight.

But there was no Spring in the heart of a slender, dark-eyed girl crossing the the eyes of a friend.
"Cheer up, Ruthie! Naybe it's not so bad as you think," laughed this rosyclieeked maiden slipping her arm in Inuth's.
"Dot, what's the usc of it all?" passionately burst out Ruth. "1 $\mathrm{T}^{\circ} \mathrm{m}$ going to quit college! I'm young, alive-l don't, "Why to grind away three more dull years! place where one can have good times!" "You know it is not-for us!" "Ruth repressed her almost sternly "Let's be good times. We just study and go to poky lectures and slip into the back seats of concerts so no one will notice our clothes. And that's all! No, I'm going to stop! I'll go to the city next year and
"For what?" asked Dot.
"For clothes! Of course! What do you suppose I 'm haranguing about?" jerked
out Ruth. She turned her head away quickly. "I w-wouldn't care if 1 could have just one new Spring suit-I wouldn't ask for many clothes!'
"Oh," murmured Dot knowingly. For a couple were approaching-a tall, laughing boy with an attractive girl who wore jauntily a pretty Spring costume.

Why, hello Ruth!" exclaimed the boy, Want to hear the news?", home y'esterday.
"'I-I haven't time now"
"I-I haven't time now," and Ruth hurried on, dragging Dot with her.

Why won't you let Alex talk to you?" reproached Dot. "He's a dear-and about
the most popular boy in the University." the most popular boy in the University." "In my old blue suit-and Grace Morrison all togged out?" demanded Ruth icily. Dot with warmth. But Ruth's gloom was compliment-proof.
"Well, goodbye, I'm going upstairs to study," She said as they reached their
boarding place. In her room at last, the boarding place. In her room at last, the
books lay untouched. She was wistfully recalling a moonlight Night last August when she and Alex had planned to spend this Spring together.

They were from the same little town and for years Alex had deserted his fine, big home on the hill to spend evenings in Ruth's rather thread-bare little sitting room, where her school-teacher father and dear mother made him welcome. But in Millersville everyone knew and Ioved the
Allisons-clothes didn't count. At conlege Allisons-clothes did
don't think an those pretty, happy sorority girls are snobs," Ruth told herself gloomily. They don't know me and my plain clothes make me awkward and shy." And it certainly was not Alex's faulthe had tried his loyal best to take her into clothes and good car good looks, good clothes and good car had quickly placed him. But after one or two unhappy evenings, when Ruth had suffered agonies in her main white graduating frock, among bused his invitations and shat her refusals, invitations. Finally, cut by her 'I refusals, he , had ceased to see her flung herself on the couch and sohbed she Saturday, Ruth's Aunt Susanna down from the city to see her. "She's wonderfull", see her.
Uncle Harvey lost his mothey told Dot. Uncle Harvey lost his money threc years than before. She's so clever!', even better Aunt Susanna proved fash
ise. She attended a lecture or two vis Fised classes, and eyed Ruth criticaly, vis"Where are the parties and athlet events and such?" she suggested. "I thought college nowadays was one glad dream for you young folks."
"Not for me," said Ruth shortly.
"Well, well, I must look into this when you come to visit me in June," and Aunt Susanna deftly turned the subject.
Ruthege dragged out to the year's end. Dot heard little from her coming back. But a mysterious card came in June bearing the word "Eureka!" Then onc in August, "Meet me at the train in September," which Dot did one crisp Fall morning. as passengers filed off the was wondering nizing a smart, slender figure in a blue
raveling dress whose tailored touches and good lines simply
"You dear, to come back!" cried Dot. "W'ly, how stunning you look-and how pretty, she was beautiful now! Some miracle liad touched her: Alex rushed up to her just then. "So glad to see you,", he cried. "How dar-erdandy you look," he rushed on, a little confuscd. "Our frat gives a little dance romorrow night. And Ruth smiled acceptance
After lunch two trunks came for Ruth, much to Dot's amazement. Last year one small one had sufficed.
"I'm dying to knoty what's in them," Dot said. "May I see? 1 scent a surprise -you seem so mystcriousl
At once Ruth unlocked one. Then she drew from its tissue paper wrappings a -elvet, a lovely taupe colum, Frenchily set off by a tiny vest of gold and pink brocade. With this went a taupe georgette blouse, beaded in gold, pink and old blue. "Where in the world did you get that Ruth smiled, then lifted out an evening dress, crimson silk covered with petalflame color, shoulder-strapped with tiny hand-made satin roscs.
"Ruthie Allison, you don't mean that dream of a gown is yours?"
Not answering, Ruth took out another dress, with panniers and quaint peasant said you should wear!' exclaimed Dot.
"Here is my favorite," smiled Ruth calmly, displaying a dainty ercation of cream-colored satm and sitver lace. Dot, she whispered. "Three party frocks! Surely there can be nothing more!"
But, there was-a blue silk "for Sundays, exquisitely braided and faintly ouched win scarlet, an intricately draped printed voile, an misty grays and lavenders wh a violet girde, a smart brown checked woolen frock with clever flare pockets and tiny leather belt.
"Just one more, except for shirtwaists and such, said Ruth, nifting out a wondertul evening coat, aero blue with white marabo
friend.
'No, I didn't rob a bank or find a pot of gold," she began. "And I didn't exturned frightened eyes on her-something had surely affected Ruth's brain!
"Honestly! I'll prove it by this expense account. Taupe velvet, brocade and georgette, $\$ 28$ (I plunged on that costume). Tulle for party gown $\$ 6.50$. The foundaion was an old red silk cover for our suare piano, faid a way and forgotten.
"The evening coat was mother's longald dress of hers. And do you recognize the braided taffeta? My last year's best dress! The other party dress contains three and a hali yards of crepe satin and three of silver lace, at a cost of $\$ 21.70$." "Don't dare analyze that compound of moonlight and mystery!" commanded Dot. The traveling dress was my last year's, suit, the checked wool a madc-over, too," "But who made them? IIas a Fifth Avcnue modiste adopted you?
ee, Aunt Susanna told me reply. "You She learned to scw wonderfully right at home, and she insisted that I could, too. And I did! Why, after only four lessons made some dear 'undies,' two waists and chiscked wool horror Miss Simms, the Millersville dressmaker, had evolved. Don't lersville dre
you like it?
"ou like it?"' you learn all this at home? "Vho taught you? I'm breathless to know!'
Why, the Woman's institute, of course. I was soon able to make really claborate copied some models from a fashionable shop. Then I made some darling clothes for several kiddies at home and earned enough for slippers and boots. During Christmas vacation I've promised to help on a bridal trousscau-and thereby help my Spring suit!" "Do you think I could learn to on?" Dot's voice was unsteady now
couldn't hel learning! The text books

seem to foresee and answer every possible question. The pictures are simply marvelous and the teachers takc just as perhere in the college classrooms?
"I know that the W'oman's Institutc has really made me morc capable than most professional dressmakers-after , just these ew months of study at home
"Well, you won't be able to kecp Alex eyes grew dreamy. Shemeaningly. Ruth's saw hersclf in the among his frat friends, while he watelied jealously, or in the rose-and-flame dress which turned her into a vivid, glowing gypsy, transformed her lips to scarlet betment, listening to an ardent question. And she knew her dream was really a prophecy: For a sequel to Ruth's story peep into a sorority house the following Spring.
There are Ruth and Dorothy in a group gins. They had And it should have been a year carlier! have known what darlings you two are had we not been, attracted first by your delightful clothes! Clothes really are a you going to do this Summer, Rutho, are "I won't tell," she laughca." "But just you girls bring back all the feathers and scraps of velvet you can
"I know," said one wise maiden, "the Goman's institute teaches millinery, too. Ruthie? to make us some bridesmalds hats, What happened to Ruth can happen to you. More than 65,000 women and girls in city, town and country have proved that you can qưickly learn at home, in spare makc all clothes and hats or prepare for success in dressmaking or millinery as a busincss. costs you nothing to find out what letter, post-card or for you. Just send a below and you will receive-without obligation by return mail-the full story of happiness school that has brought the clothes, squings having daint, occoming truc, and the joy of being independent in a successful business, to women and girls all over the world.

## WOMMAN'S INSTITU'TE

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$\square$ Ilome Dressmaking
$\square$ Professional Dressmaking
Millinery
Cooking

## Plays and Players

## Real news and inter-

 esting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.By CAL. YORK

WHEX he was in New York the last time. Harold Lloyd was bombarded with questions as $t 0$ whether he and Bebe Daniels were married. Harold denied it. Ho said he and Bebe were the best of friends, that he liked playing with her and was sorry when she deserted his comedies for the drama-but that as far as their being married was concerned-why, it was ridiculous! To prove it, the young man hauled out a lot of telegrams from some young film ladies on the coast-Lila Lee, Mildred Davis, and others-and said, "If I were a married man, would I get wires from all those girls?" Perhaps Harold wouldn't.

MOLLIE KING is a mother. She is, ander in private life. Kenneth Dade Alexander. Jr., made his first appearance in July. The Alewander romance was-and is -one of the most charming incidents in theatrical history: Mollie is an Irssh girl who has been on the stage all her lite; she is a flutiy and beautiful blonde with never a care in the world. She met Alexander and promptly fell in love with him. It was a cate of first sight with him. too. He is a member of a proud and wealthy old southern fanily, who might have taken it to heart that their son had married an actress if the actress hadn't happened to be Jollie. The marriage turned out splendidly-Mollie isn't even planning a return to the screen since Kenncth, Jr., has arrived.
A? T the time this isule gors 10 press,
conntance Talmader ported engaged to anybody.

MARC IHCDERMOTT tells this one. M1 I certan well-known director who with a dominecring manner was driving in his high-powered motor along a Long I-land roat fine old home bordered the roathide. One in particular intrigued the director so that he commanded his car to halt while he got out and walked up the thower studked pathway. He sals in the line uld plare an ideal "Colonial location." Ile lifted the knocker on the splendid door.


You have often wondered what Billic Burke's husband-and the creator of the famous Follies-looks like. Well, here he is. And here is Billie: and here. too, is Maxine Elliott, celcbrated beauty of the stage. Billie first met Florenz Ziegfeld at a dance-it was a mutual case of love at first sight. They have a little daughter. Patricia.

A solemn butler came, stood, and took in the figure of the director-attired in a loud theck, with a vivid tic in which was set a sparkling diamond. "Want"-began the director impressively: "Nothing today," said the butler as he slammed the door.

JIACK PICKFORD and a iriend walked $J$ into the library of a club the other day: produced a chess-board, drew up chairs, and bent over the board with the most earnest attention. Several men came up and watched then. Jack and his partner became more and more grave; their attitude was one of experienced application-thes were, evidently, scientific players who tizured out every mave before they made it Soon quite a crowd had gathered. easer to witness a game between two experts. Halt an hour parsed-and finatly J.eck and his iriend got up and walkei awse. They didn't know the first thing about ches

A
WELL KNOWN actor and his new and equally well-known wile were ravelane acros the country. The conductor, on his way through the pullman, asked. "Pardon me. sir but is this lady your "ife?" "I don't know." replied the actor, "what state are we traveling through "

HS rumor reached your of the devotion of a certain film director to a certain famous sampires It is no myth, no imagi-mation-but an affection, or should we shy
infatuation:- which causes the director in question to refer feeling to his "great love" for the sinuous lady; and which also is the cause of the director's hitherto devoted wife sceking a dirorce. Scems a shame, because people who know both parties say the vampire is inclined to be fickle and maly not wish to marry the diector after he has gone to all the rouble to alow his wite to divorce him. Anyway, the vamp went to Europe to avoid any unpleasantness which might arise. She hat had ample tmining in the films 10 know just what course to fol low in a care like this.
I Ot'ISE HItFF'S five year Selznick con-- tract la-ted about that many week: Difierences arose over the young star's second scenario, dififerences which the company labelled "temperamem" and Mis Huff undoubtedly labelled something else. It ans rate, Lovise teft Fort l.ce that, and went rizht over to Metro, where she is plasine the leading role in "Fime Feathers." She can afford to be as independemt as she pleaッ--he's married to a nillionaire.

YCOU mas have wondered what happened (1) Edith Storey She signed a contrat with Robertson Cole Everyone thought. of course, that she was to star-she has never done anything ele since her splendid work tirst won her bilm recognition But now comes her first eompleted mroduction-
(Contimued on page 100)


# He cannot tell youbut you have a right to know 

T${ }^{4}$ HIS is the feeling I am left after reading the letters men have written me.
Convention has sealed his lips. If the thing of which you are so blissfully unconscious were only a streak of soot across your chin. an inch of petticoat showing below your skirt, a hairpin out of place-even an impertinent wee hole above the heel in your oxford-he might mention it.
But this is different.
It is so personal. And yet, since it is vital to your happiress, you have a right to know it.
That is why I have felt justified in taking up arms against the conspiracy of silence that surrounds the subject, and publishing the facts about perspiration. In doing so, 1 counted on criticisin, and I got it. But all through it, it has been wonderfully gratifying to receive, as I have, scores of letters from both men and women supporting and approving these frarik discussions.

## An old fault - common to most of us

It is a physiological fact that there are very few persons who are not subject to perspiration odor, though seldom conscious of it themselves. Perspiration under the arms, though more active than elsewhere, does not always produce, excessive and noticeable moisture. But the chemicals of the body do cause noticeable odor, more apparent under the arins than in any other place.

The underarms are under vers sensitive nervous control. Sudden exciteinent, embarrassment even, serves as a
nervous stimulus sufficient to make perspiration there even more active. The curve of the arm prevents the rapid evaporation of odor or moisture -and the result is that others become aware of this subtle odor at times when we least suspect it.
How well-groomed men and women are meeting the situation
W'ell-groomed men and women everywhere are ineeting this trying situation with methods that are simple and direct. Thes have learned that it cannot be neglected anv more than ans other essential of personal cleanliness. Ther give it the regular attention that ther give to their hair, teeth, or hands. They use Odorono, a toilet lotion specially prepared to correct both perspiration moisture and odor.

Odorono was formulated by a phesician who knew that perspiration, because of its peculiar qualities, is beyond the reach of ordinary methods of cleanliness-excessive moisture of the armpits is due to a local weakness.

Odorono is an antiseptic, perfectly harmless. Its regular use gives that absolute assurance of perfect daintiness that women are demanding-that consciousness of perfect grooming so satisfying to men. It really corrects the cause of both the moisture and odor of perspiration.

## Make it a regular habit!

U'se Odorono regularlv, just two or three times a week. At night before
retiring, put it on the underarms. Allow it to dry, and then dust on a little talcum. The next morning, bathe the parts with clear water. The underarms will remain sweet and dry and odorless in any weather, in any circunstances! Daily baths do not lessen its effect.

Women whofind that their gowns are spoiled by perspiration stain and an odor which dry cleaning will not remove, will find in Udorono complete relief from this distressing and often expensive annoyance. If you are troubled in any unusual wav, or have had anv difficulte in finding relief, let us help wou solve your problem. Write todar for our free booklet. Iou'll find some verv interesting information in it about all perspiration troubles!

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The Odorono Company
516 Blair Avenue. Cincinnati, Ohio

North Style Book for Fall. Shows

(Continued from page 98)


Nowadays whenever a director wants a new location, he catches the next ship to $\mathrm{S}_{\text {pain }}$. or France. Georgc B. Seitz and Co. are going to the land of bull-fights and senoritas to make-no, not a serial, but a feature. The pigeon-toed pullet at the left is June Caprice, and the sweet bouquet at the right. Marguerite Courtot, both leading women. (Mrs. Scitz is going, too.)

Moon Madness" - in which Edith is ing in "The Great Air Robbery" is rememneither starred nor featured. It seems she didn't please somebody or other out there, so they took her name off the billing. And they do say her work is the best thing about this "special" production!

$\mathrm{O}^{\prime}$LIVER MOROSCO is coming back into the game. He has formed a two million dollar company to film his stage successes. Among them are, "The Humming Bird," "The Bird of Paradise," and "The Master Thicf." Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne will return to the screen in their original roles in the latter play

AT press-time comes the account of Mildred Harris Chaplin's newly-filed bill for divorce. She alleges cruelty, and declares that although their marriage occurred on Oct. 23, 1or8, the union was not known for four months, due to her husband's plea that the announcement would interfere with his professional carcer. Mrs. Chaplin asks that, pending the completion of the suit, her share of the community property be awarded to her and that Chaplin be restrained from disposing of pictures he is making, said to be worth $\$ 750,000$. The temporary restraining order was issued by the Superior Court.

## LIEUT. OMER LOCKLEAR, noted "stunt" aviator familiar to movic-gocrs,

 was killed on August 3, climaxing a 10.000 foot plunge in his airplane while the movic cameras clicked below, Locklear's assistant, lieut. Milton Elliott, was also killed. The thrill-making fatal plunge nocurred in the glare of giant searcl-fighte. Lock'car's dar-ing in "The Great Air Robbery" is remembered by many. During the war he was an acrial instructor at Kelly Field, where he was arrested for "deliberately risking his life and government property . . . by leaping from one aeroplane to another in mid-air.

WONDER if Nazimova will sign again Retro? Her contract with that company is nearly completed. It is doubtful if Madame is as great a drawing-card today as she was a year ago-due mostly to vehicles which have in no way approached her sensational "Revelation." United Artists would be glad to have Alla join them, it is said: but she declined once before because she would rather be the Big One than one of the Big Four. Charles Bryant is still her leading man, busincss managerand husband.

SIR JAMES BARRIE is coming to this country to assist in the production of his first original story for the screen. Arnold Bennetl will come to Hollywood to learn to write scenarios. 11. G. Wedls is studying continuity now in order to adapt his own storics to the screen. Next, I suppose, we will hear that Ceorge Bernarel shaw is writing sub-title for Jesse Lasky
D II. GRIFFITII has incorporated. He with the largest capital of any concern in the induatry but one-Selznick's. It is rated at tifiy million Stock is being of fered to the dear public for a convideration That's a lot of money to earn dividends on It will require many. "Birth of a Nations. (Continucd on page 102)

# A New Art <br> is calling to people who have ideas 


#### Abstract

Motion picture producers and stars are searching the country for new workable story-ideas, for there's a famine in photoplays which has now become acute. New writers-now unknownmust be developed soon. So this is a call to you to take up a new profession and win a new success.


S
OMEWHERE in America this year scores of new photoplaywrights must be developed, and your opportunity to win success is as good as anyone's.


Dorothea Nourse Attributes her suc. cess as photoplay writer to the Paluer Plan.

For literary ability is not required-one need never have written previously for any purpose whatsoever.
Ideas about life, imagination, and a willingness to try are the sole essentials.
Who hasn't thought while viewing some picture, "I have a better idea than that"? And who hasn't had the desire to try to zurite that better photoplay?
The thing to do is act noz-begin to-day-learn how to put your ideas into the proper form for presentation to producers.

## The Form's The Thing

NEXT to ideas, the most important phase of this new art is the arrangement of ideas. And that is what is now being taught most successfully by correspondence through the Palmer Plantaught to people who have never written and who never thought that they could write.
Note the pictures of men and women on this page. Learn what they have done. Only a few months ago they, too, were novices like you. Only a few months ago they, like you, became interested, and sent us the same coupon that you can send.

## 5000 New Photoplays Are Needed

THE dearth of photoplays plots is an actual one - 5000 new ideas are needed. The great producers must have many for immediate production.
For $20,000,000$ people are attending motion picture theatres daily, and they don't want the same plays twice. This, remember, is now the world's fourth largest industry, and is still it's fastest growing one.
Producers are paying from $\$ 250$ to $\$ 3000$ for successful first attempts by unknown writers. They must hold out these
inducements to get the stories, to develop new writers into photoplayzurights.
On this great wave scores will rise to new fame, and you may be one of them. Don't think you may not be-"what you think, so you are," is a truth that all should seriously ponder.
In addition to those whose pictures are shown, the following novices have lately won success under the Palmer Plan:

George Hughes, of Toronto, Canada; Martha Lord, now staff writer for Clara Kimball Yountg; IdyI Shepard W'ay of Boston, author of "Keep Him Guessing" (Selznick) : Elizabeth Thacher of Montana, author of "Reforming Betty" (Ince); James Kendrick of Texas, creator of six stories since enrollment less than a year
G. Leroi Clarke Formerly a minisFormerly a muniser. Lold first pho toplay for $\$ 3,000$. ago; and Frances W. Elijah, author of "Wagered Love," recently purchased by D. W. Griffith.
You have as good a chance as these to succeed and sell your stories.

## The Palmer Plan

THE Palmer Plan of Education in Photoplay Writing teaches the technique of photoplay writing. It is indorsed by the substantial men of the profession because it represents their ideas of the proper kind of training-and the training of new writers, they plainly see, is the industry's vital need.
So on our Advisory Council are such famous producers as Cecil B. DeMille, director-general of the Famous-Players Lasky Corp., and Thos. H. Ince, head of the renowned Thos. II. Ince Studios. Also Lois Weber, noted director and producer, and Rob Wagner, who writes of the industry in the Saturday Evening Post.

Twelve other leading men and women of the profession contribute lectures to the course.

And the best known players of national reputation who constantly need new plays, unqualifiedly indorse this cludes plan. It includes personal instruction and criticism


Mrs. Caroline Sayre She wrote"Live sparks" in which J, Warren Kerrigan

## starred.

by experts in all departments of the art. It is of university calibre in all respects. It brings to you all the best experience of the practical men of the profession. From no other group can one learn so much of the essentials of the art.

## A Feature of This Course

THE Palmer Plan also includes a vital aid to students-the Palmer Marketing Bureau, headed by Mrs. Kate Cor baley, acknowledged judge of stories and author of photoplays for William Farnum, Frank Keenañ, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew and many other stars.
This is the bureau to which producers come for photoplay-stories - the great clearing house for idea-material for the screen. Situated in Los Angeles, motion picture capital of the world, and in constant touch with the great studios, this bureau helps to sell your work.
Scenarios are submitted in person by this bureau direct to producers, stars and editors. This is an exclusive service available to all Palmer students.

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Please send me, without obligation. your new book, "The Secret of Success: ful Photoplay Writing." Also "Proof Positive," containing Success Stories of many Palmer members, etc.

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College days ahead! Mother and "the gov'nor, " in the coming months, will be present only in dreams. Give the boys and girls farewell kecpsakes of jewelry. They will conjure up for them visions of the old fireside and the loved ones at home. Their memory-magic is never failing. They are "Gifts That Last."

National Jowuller, Publicty Alveciation dmamond pearls. gems. JFwfiry watines. Clucks-silverwari


Jack Mulhall and Conrad Nagel caught in the act of annoying the neighbors. This photograph was taken just before the relief party, headed by the Lasky studio manager. descended upon them. Their wives wont stand for harmony in the home, so they have to exercise their musical talents elsewhere.

ELLIOTT DEXTER has left DeMille E and will star for Rockett Film Corporation, sponsored by the brothers Rockelt. Mr. Dexter's first stellar vehicle will be "Truant Husbands." The new company should shoot straight up.

RALPH CONNOR'S storics of Canada will be filmed in their orisinal locations. Gaston Glass, of "Humoresque" recognition, will play the leading role in the first production, "The Foreigner." Once an Edison troupe including Mabel Trunnelle went to Canada on location and they are still talking about it up there.

EDITH ROBERTS is no longer with UniC yersal. Two new stars have been added to the Laemmle organization: pretty little Eva Novak, sister of Jane, and Glady's Walton, a Lyons-Moran discovery.

THE opening scenes of the new Cecil $B$ DeMille special were shot in a butcher shop on Hollywood Boulevard. Heavens, where will the last scenes be?

SOMEBODY asked Anita Stewart for her telephone number the other day
"Oh, yondness, 1 don't know," said the lovely star distressedly, "Go ask the telephone girl. 1 never call up myself yu know.

MARV and Doug spent the fourth of July in Coblenz, Germany, where they were entertained by tieneral Atten and the doughboys. Mary bought all the American Blags she could find, to distribute to the

German girls of the town, and Doug did all his stunts. In England, the Fairbankes: were entertained at the home of the Duke of Sutherland, who was their guest during His Grace's visit to America. Europe wants them to come again and stay longer. Dous wanted his illustrious wife to remain abroad for a longer vacation, but Mary wrote to a friend that she was crazy to get back to work! The first thing she did after her boat docked was to sign Frances Marion to write all iuture scenarios for her and also to direct. Miss Marion and Mary should form a fine team.

W 110 is the so-called "French" actress being featured by one of the larger producing companics? Can it be that the general manager's recent visit to the French capital had anything to do with the "discovery" of the hitherto unappreciated beauty?

ROBERT GORDON has been the screen love of many ladies-but never before has he had three sweethearts in one picture. He has been simned for the lead in "Three Women Loved Ilim," the first release of the new Cayuga film company, which operates at lthaca, Nell Vork, under the auspices of I. N Wistey and Gardncr Ifunting, former paramount exccutives.

TIIE champion "credit line" has been discovered on the prosram of a current theatrical atraction in Xew lork. It is, "Sweater worn by Miss Biank made of Minerva Yarn!"

# Plays and Players (Continued) 

staff. Reed has a play called "Dear Me" in which Hale Hamilton and Grace LaRue are successfully appearing in the legitimate. By the way, after a lot of complications Miss LaRue has become Mrs. Hamilton. The former Mrs. Hamilton, Myrtle Tannehill, when instituting divorce proceedings, named Miss LaRue as corespondent.

BEING a Duke's daughter isn't all that it's cracked up to be, apparently. There's Lady Diana Cooper, before her marriage Lady Diana Manners. She is the daughter of the Duke of Rutland, and one of the loveliest-and liveliest-ladies in English society. But Lady Di, as they call her, has always wanted a Career-capitalized. Sine would like to go on the stage or better still, into the films. When David Griffith was in London he nearly signed her to come over to America and appear in pictures for him. Lady Diana was willing. But the Duke-ah! And the Queen of England is said to have taken a hand and promised her royal displeasure if Lady Di were permitted to indulge her whim. Kings can't cut off heads any more, but they can be very distant when the occasion arises. So Lady Diana, once more, has had to stay at home and be a good girl.

HELEN JEROME EDDY has long deserved stardom. Now she is to have it. The versatile young actress is the latest acquisition of the Smith Syndicate, a Los Angeles concern which also has Zasu Pitts under contract. Miss Eddy isn't a beautybut she can act all around most girls whose chief claims to fame are Follies figures and a well-furnished make-up box.

HERBERT STANDING, one of the grand old men of pictures, is proud of his son Guy, now Sir Guy Standing, K. B. During the war the young actor was in the Royal Naval Reserve as lieutenant commander and later as commander. He was recently knighted by King George in recognition of his services. All the Standings are English, you know.

WHEN you see Conway Tearle as the leading man of R. A. Walsh's new Mayflower picture, don't be alarmed. Tearle is a star, all right-but Lewis J. Selznick, speaking for National Pictures, loaned him to Walsh for one picture.

MAURICE TOURNEUR has directed Hope Hampton in one picture. Miss Hampton's celluloid debut, "A Modern Salome," was not exactly an artistic triumph. We wonder, what the Tourneur-directed "Tiger Lady", will be like. Jules Brulatour is interested in the Hampton company and he is also Tourneur's backer. So for one prospective "Tiger Lady" we already have a "Treasure Island" and a "Victory." Jack Gilbert, young actor whom Tourneur took under his wing and made assistant director, will guide Miss Hampton’s screen destinies in the future.

YOUNG JACK PICKFORD has terminated his Goldwyn contract by a mutually satisfactory arrangement. He will have his own company, beginning work upon the completion of his present production. Wonder if Jack and the beautiful partner of his long-distance marriage-Olive Thomas-will ever play together?

YOU might have called this past scason scandal summer-if you liked alliteration. There was a divorce suit involving two of our best-known young leading women-one a blonde serial performer, the


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When you think of high food cost think also of Quaker Oats. One cent still serves a large dish of this food of foods.

Other breakfast dishes cost many times as much. Meats, eggs and fish, for the same calory value, average nearly ten times the cost.

No price can buy a better food. The oat is the greatest food that grows. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness. Its fame is age-old as a body-builder and a vim-food.

Quaker Oats, whatever they cost, would be the proper breakfast. It is wise for everyone to start the day on oats. But the cost is a trifle. It means not only better feeding but a vastly lower food cost.

Quaker Oats should be your basic breakfast. It was always important, but never so much as now.


## Saves 35c a meal

Note the cost per calory of some necessary foods, based on prices at this writing. The needed breakfast calories in Quaker Oats will cost the average family about 35 cents less than they cost in meat foods. The calory is the energy unit used to measure food value.

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Serve the finest oat dish you can get. It costs no extra price. Quaker Oats is flaked from queen grains only - just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. So this brand is famed the world over for delightful flavor.


Hair-free Underarms
W HETHER your costume be W athletic togs or evening gown, the underarms should be smooth. The only common-sense way to remove hair from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs is to devitalize it. DeMracle, the original sanitary lıquid, alone works on this principle. Unlike pastes and powders which must be mixed by the user, De Mirade is just the right strength for instant use. It never deteriorates. DeMiracle is the quickest, most cleanly and easiest to apply. Simply wet the hair and it is gone. FREE BOOK with testimonals of eminent Physicians. Surgeons. Dermatologists and
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## Desllirace

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other a titian-haised heroine of screen sex. dramas. Both have denied that they had anything to do with a dancing actress divorce from her dancing partner-husband. A star new to films was sued by her pro-ducer-husband for divorce; a prominent film director was named in the action. A matince idol of yesteryear who is still doing his best to earn a living by his carefully marcelled hair and eloquent esebrows. has joined New York's famous Alimony Club because he isn't contributing to the support of a former wife and two children. Outside of these little things, not a thing has happened.
JEANVIE MacPHERSON has signed a J new contract whereby she will have to write only two storics a year. Miss MacPherson is Cecil DeMille's assistant in the production of his boudoir dramas. It pays to write snappy stories of sex-Jeannie has a Hollywood home, a car-and has even taken up airplaning.
H OOT GIBSON., a young man who ride: H bucking bronchos for Universal in a manner which nets him many ian letters a day: has agreed to appear hereafter in fulllength features
A. Ma querentil nilsson is going to sweden. her native fand While she is there she will probably make two pictures. The lovely Anna has not been home to see her folks since the has achieved film fame, and she will have a real ovation in the Land of the Midnisht Sun. By, the way, the film people over there work only in summer. But it's not so soft as it sound--their working day begins at four in the morning, and some times they rehearse one scene sixty times!

DOROTHY GISll wont have to wear Dher heavy black wig for at leasta month. No. she isn't going to be a blome to
again-but she and Mrs. (iidh have gone to Europe for a vacation Dorothy has three more pictures to deliver on her l'aramount contrate She ha-n't announced her planafter that.

HOU'SE PETERS is a new star. J. Par1 ker Reid, Jr.. who is Louise Glaum ; manager. and who alio presents Hobart Bosworth. is said to have signed the elusive Mr. Peters, ior a series of pictures. This actor's stellar contracts have never ;eemed to take.

BETTV COMPsON゙S pictures wil all be released by Goldwy. The girl who played "Rose" in "The Miracle Man" hatraveled a smooth glory-road since that record-breakine hit. George Loane Tucker is said to be interested in the new Compson productions. It will be remembered that Tucker was once with Goldwy as director-general-he personally directed "Polly of the Circus." Mae Marsh's first and best Gold. wyn picture.
K
ITTl GORDON: embellishes her vauteR ville act with a story reciting that ashe was leaving a movie theatre on Broad. way, where she had enjoyed the program. an elderly lady, leading a small girl by the hand accosted her hesitantly. "Ilou don't mind if I spatk to you. do you?" asked the old lady. "You see, we are so fond of you -and your name has been a houstholt word with us, as you might say, ever shee we saw you in pictures." Mise Cordon smited her delight. "And would you let uhave one of your photoyraphs? $\cdot$ Delighted." said the tall and stately Kitty Then the old lady turned to her little grandchild and sail. "Come. Gertic. come and kiss Madane Petrova

## A

> No about Petrova.

Returning irom her triumphani vaudect'e tour in her stunning car to the Talmadze tudios: which are in a somewhat crowded section of the city. Malame Petrova paid a social call upon the beateous Norma, who was finishing a new picture, and then started for her car. About one hundred neishborhoold kid-were climbing all over the his motor and the chaulitur dared not start away with his emphyer, who vainly beesel the chiblen to camper out of harms was The kids refued. With a gesture of de-parr,

## Plays and Players (Continued)

Petrova emptied her purse of coins of all denominations into the strect and during the young riot that followed managed to make her escape.
CREENWICH Viliage parties are the latest fad in eastern filmdom. Every week a party of noted stars goes out for a wild, wild(?) time in the launts of Bohemia. Greenwich Villagers are still talking about the time Mary Pickford took a party of girls down there for a hen party. There were Norma Talmadge and Constance, Anita Loos, Frances Marion, and Dorothy and Lillian Gish. Mary was recognized and almost mobbed by the children; while young girls crowded around asking for autographs. Another time the Talmadge and Gish sisters went to the Village very much incog.; they didn't care to have anyone see them. In a tiny tea-shop a woman came up to Constance and said, "You know, I hope you'll pardon me-but I can't help telling you you look exactly like Constance Talmadge!"

F VIDENTLY the English producers are L not going to sit back while American producers invade their locations. Already they are planning systems whereby their productions may be released in this country. Stoll Film Company, Ltd., of London, one of the largest producing concerns on the other side, is arranging for the distribution of its output in America. Hepworth and Alliance Films are not asleep either. Few English productions have been shown over here-First National released one, "Choosing a Wife," which was not a marked success, although some audiences liked it.

ARRY SEMON will leave Vitagraph as , soon as he completes two new comedies, It is said Vita will concentrate on "specials" in the future. They have let out most of their scenario staff, oldest of its kind in the business, established for eighteen years. To get back to Semon: he will probably form his own producing organization. His leading woman, Lucille Zintheo-Carlisle, will leave him soon, being destined, as are all comedy queens, for "drahma."

Where is Mary Fuller? Nobody knows-but a lot of people seem to care. The Answer Man's mail contains at least a dozen letters a month asking what has happened to Mary, but even the Answer Man is up against it. Mary Fuller has disappeared. Her actor-friends from Edison days have tried to find traces of her, without success. A lawyer who formerly handled her affairs has failed to locate her. No doubt she prefers to remain in seclu-sion-but why? An intelligent woman, a splendid actress, still young-why should she wish to hide from the world? It is a question no one seems able to answer.

"WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE?" has just played a successful one-run engagement before a distinguished audience which held a poignant interest in the theme of the DeMille film in which Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels and Tom Meighan shared honors. The audience comprised the inmates of Sing Sing prison with the front row seats occupied by fifty bigamists. The bigamists were the butts of many a merry quip by the burglars, highwaymen, forgers, swindlers and firebugs while the picture was on the screen.

THERE is "air stuff" in Dorothy Gish's, new picture "Up in the Air with Jane" which will be released in the late autumn



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Honesty may be the best policy, but Noah Beery says it sometimes pays to be the other way. Noah has been playing crooks, thugs. gamblers. liars, and murderers for years now. and he has managed to scrape enough together to install himself and his wife and little boy in a new home in the California hills.
and her leading man James Rennie doesn't find a bit of use for a "double" in the stunt stuff. He was a Captain in the Royal Flying Corps, a bunkie of the late Captain Yernon Castle, and saw two years service in the great war, a year overseas and a year as instructor on this side of the water.

THE Democratic Convention at San Francisco drew quite a large play̆ from the film colony at Hollywood. Anita Stewart drove up and had as her guest Mrs. Maud Murray Miller, mational committee woman from Ohio. Many well-known stars glimmered about the lobbies of the Palace and the St. Francis or procured tickets to the big Auditorium. Tony Moreno went up, too. But he didn't see the convention in session. When he got back somebody asked him about it.
"Go out to the Auditorium to see the balloting?" inquired the friend.
"N-no, I deedn't." said Tony with a sad shake of his head.
"Too bad. Couldn't you get a ticket?" "Si, si, I hase a ticket, but you know, by gosh they so darn many cute lookin' little girls around San Francisco, I never get lime to go out dere!"

M
Il.DRED HIARRIS CHAPLIN has been sued in a Los Anseles court for $\$ 375$ for a beautiful mininture of herself done on ivory by A. A. Meripol, wetl known miniature painter. Charlic Chaplin is joined in the suit with his wife by the artist, who claims that he worked for a month on the painting and that Mrs. Chaplin sat to him more tham a dozen times. I'ossibly some of Mrs. Chaptin's admirers would be interested in such a prize, since-
as rumor has it-it will probably never reach the destination for which it was originally: intended.

HERE is a terrible blow for some of those ardent fans who delight in raving about Harold Lloyd's "clean, high class comedy."

The man is an absolute rum hound
Didn't you know that?
But it isn't as bad as it sounds.
He plays it with 52 cards-no, by jove. I believe it's two decks-and it hasn't anything to do with raisins or yeast or s gallon crocks
He's quite a shark and his favorite indoor sport is organizing rumm parties for his friends.

ERIC VON STROHEIMS passion ior E realism has resulted in a most unique tangle between the Universal director and the Federal authorities in Los Angelewhich hated von Stroheim before a United States court with several of his employee on July 1 ith, and has not yet been completed. In order to give a dash of realit, to some Monte Carlo stenes in his new play, "Foolish Wives." von Stroheim had engrased ant manufactured "certain printin the likeness and similitude of a plate desizned for the printing of aenuine issues of the obligations of the government of France, and certain enerasmes. photu. graphs, prints and impressions in the likeness of certain genuine 20 and 1000 francnotes of the covernment of France"
(So stated the complaint.) Section ${ }^{101}$ of the Federal statues provides that it in illegal to make any similitude of money ot the U. S. or any forcign power. It is not

## Plays and Players

## (Continued)

necessary to show that the making of the counterfeit is intended to defraud. So while nobody intimates in the slightest degree that fon Stroheim or anybody else wanted to spend any of this money, the law knows only two kinds of money, "good and bad," and Universal is apt to owe Uncle Sam a bit of honest-to-goodness minted stuff before the director gets out of trouble. Those accused with von Stroheim were Glen De Voe, Froelich, C. J. Rodgers, of Universal, and Clarence Riley of a Los Angeles engraving firm.

THE formation now in progress in Los Angeles of the "Screen Writer's Guild." an organization to be a branch of the Author's League of America and to be composed of men and women actually writing for the screen successfully as a business, is one of the most interesting developments of the writing angle of the picture game that has yet unfolded.

Members of a committee of thirty, appointed at a recent dinner at the Los Angeles Athletic Club where 200 screen writers, photoplay dramatists, original story writers, scenarioists, etc., were gathered, are now formulating plans for the actual working basis of the Guild.
Frank Woods, in a speech at the dinner which started the movement outlined clearly the purposes and benefits of such a Guild, the protection to manuscripts which its affiliation with the Author's League would insure and the increased co-operation between authors and producers.

FASHIONABLE girls' schools and high schools around Los Angeles and Hollywood are in the grip of a wave of "picture collecting." 'Member when they used to collect stamps, and pressed flowers, and autographs and souvenir spoons, and post cards, etc? Well, now it's pictures of stars, favorite actresses and actors. They swap 'em, too. If one girl has two or three Mary Pickfords she might trade one off for a Colleen Moore, or negotiate for a Tommie Meighan in return for a coupla Wallie Reids and a Clara Kimball loung. One girl has two hundred and seventy-one, I believe, and one young woman has 79 of Mary Pickford. Miss Pickford holds her own absolutely as universal favorite. Everybody likes Mary best, it seems, but then everyone has her own special second choice. Oh well, it's an innocent pastime.

T'HE passport fee to Tia Juana has been raised from \$2 to \$io. "Gce," remarks Jerry Storm, who has been having a brief vacation since he severed his connections with Mr. Charles Ray, "the way they pick on us poor movies is something awful."

FANNIE HURST, having returned from the Democratic convention, is out at Universal writing stories for Priscilla Dean. Don't know whether the terrible shortage of houses in Hollywood is going to have any effect upon her domestic menage or not.

THIS might be entitled "All on Account of a Dog," or "How Fatty Arbuckle Went Wrong." He told it himself. Several years ago he was touring-and it was some tour-with Ferris Hartman in a musical comedy called "The Campus." He was playing a part usually referred to as "O my elbow." In it he sang, danced, did card tricks and doubled for everybody that wasn't feeling well. But chicfly he sang. They were playing Manila, P. I. It was a hot night. A very hot night. A very hot night in Manila. Fatty wasn't in the sec-


## "Please Taste Them" Van Camp's The New-Way Baked Beans

Our Domestic Science experts delight in Van Camp's Pork and Beans. And to millions of homes they send out this urge to try them.

For decades we, like others, baked beans in old ways. Then we brought here famous chefs. Then college-trained scientific cooks. Then women schooled in modern culinary arts. And they worked for years to perfect this famous dish.

Then we built this kitchen - the finest in the world - at a cost of $\$ 1,700,000$. And here, with every facility, they produce these new-style beans.

## The modern way

The beans are selected by analysis. The boiling water is freed from minerals which make skins tough.

The baking is done in steam ovens. Thus high heat can be long applied without bursting or crisping the beans. In the old ways of baking, beans were hard to digest.

They are baked in sealed containers so no flavor can escape. They are baked with a matchless sauce, so every atom shares the tang and zest.

The result is beans whole and mellow, flavory, zestful, easy to digest. It has brought to millions a new conception of baked beans. Compare it, for your own sake, with the beans you know.


Pork and Beans

Three slzes, to
serve, 3, 5 or 10 ?
Baked With the Van Camp Sauce-Also Without It Other Van Camp Products Include
Saups Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter
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Van Camp's
Tomato Soup
One of the 18 kinds - the finest soups created.


Spaghetti
Italian style, but made with the rarest ingredients.


Van Camp's
Evaporated Milk
Fully twice as rich as mitk. man's milk-like cream.


## Lift Right Off !

## No Pain at All



Apply a few drops of "Freezone" upon that bothersome corn, instantly it stops hurting; then shortly you lift that sore, touchy corn right off, root and all, without the slightest pain or soreness.
End Any Corn-Anywhere!
Tiny bottles of "FREEZONE" cost but few cents-drug stores

Plays and Players

## (Continued)

ond act, $\equiv 0$ he went out in a large vacant lot behind the opera house. remored all the clothing art would permit, and lay down on the ground to cool off. Somewhere, a dog howled. It was a complete artistic rendition of Fatty's feeling at that particular moment. So Fatty answered. He how'ed back. The dog howled. And Fatty howled. The dog howled :ome more. Then Fatty howled, too As the ground cased the heat and the doz eased his mental turmoil and profanity of disposition, Fatty howled right well and happily: When he went in for the third act, hed lowt his voice comp'ctely. Couldn't sing a note. Never got it back. So, what could the poor boy do but go into the movies? (I don't know whether they found the dog to play the last act for him or not.

DORIS MAY and Wallie MacDonald are still spending most of their time denying the oft printed announcement of their marriage. Press-clipping bureaus still send it in with startling recularity. And the funny thing is that it doesn't seem to make the slightest impression on anyone -the denial, I mean. Everyone congratulates them on sight. When they lunched together at the Garden Court Tea Koom in Hollywood the other day, there would have been rice in the air if there had been any on the menu, I'm sure. Well. Doris shouldn't have worn a drooping pink hat covered with white roses. She surciy looked bridal.

JUlian ELTINGE arrived in Los Angeles after many months in the Orient and went to visit his mother and father in his beautiful home at Edendale. "I may be a prodigal all righe," said Tulian gayly, "but you don't see any fatted calves about me."

DONT know whether Jeannic MacPherson is making the breeches an excuse for aviation or aviation an excuse for the brecches. Anyway, seeing that she flies every afternoon as soon as the studio can spare her, the scenario writer is wearing the most adorable outfit of dlannel shirt, smart riding breeches and shining boots these days at the studio. It's terribly becoming and so convenient to work ingives the mind a freer tone, I daresay.

LARRY SEMON, Jitagraph's conedy king, frequently uses a herculean colored gentleman in his comedics. He answers to the name of "Zack."
"Zack" formerly worked in the Fox Sunshine comedies, but there were too many lions as co-workers in these comedies to please him, and Zack resigned.
Playing upon his well known aversion to these beasts, several wass in Semon: company. made frequent and audible queries as to when Zack was "going in with the lions." for the big thrill scenc in al forthcoming comedy.
Larry played in with the joketers, and caled Zack up to him:
"Let's sce, now. Zack," he suld "lou do animal stufi. don't you?"
Zatck hesitated a moment and then made anwer, slowly and impresowely.
"Yies chief. Ah do animal stuli all right, and the animals is goldrich, canaries and white mike and the whte mice is the only quadrupeds Ala dol"

OTIRHEARD at Retty s on a hot summer afternoon (Betty's heing a famous and unique little eatime 1 nm in 11 ollywood). Grace Kingsley, of the 1.on Angeles Times-"My dear, I bear you're encaged."

Plays and Players
(Concluded)
Miotion Picture Ingenue-"Yes, dear, I am.'
Grace Kingsley-"Well, that's a nice little story:"
Ingenue-"1"es, isn't it, but please, Cracie, don't publish it now, because I haven't got my divorce, yet."

DONT look for the name of Mrs Morgan Belmont in the cast of "Way Down East," for you won't see it. The society leader has taken the name of "Diana Duncannon" for film purposes. Accordin's to everyone at the Griffith studio, Mrs. Belmont was the most popular person out there. She was democratic as the humblest extra girl. On one occasion, an injured dog enlisted her services. A handsome Coach dog fell off the sea wall on the studio grounds and dislocated a joint in one of his legs. Mrs. Belmont knew all about dogs and while other people were wondering what to do, she showed the nearest men just how to push the bone back into place.

RUMOR alonz Hollywood Boulevard and at the Studio Club appears much concerned with the frequent-increasingly frequent trips of Lew Cody to New York. It is even being predicted and prognosticated that Lew has seen his former Friend Wife, Dorothy Dalton, in "Aphrodite" more times than art could justify. In fact, nobody in Hollywood would be surprised to see an announcement of an intrepid fourth or fifth reunion in that case. But then, nobody in Hollywood is surprised at anything.

CA.N an artist's temperament bar a general manager from the set? Is nine A. M. too early for a pretty girl star to face the cruel camera? And has a star a right to take two or three days ofif at the company's expense if her tooth aches and she is in no mood to laugh and look sweet while the nerves are splitting her head with aches and pains? To these questions Mary Miles Minter says "Yes" And Mary won her nine days' trial in Federal Judge Trippet's court in Los Angeles against the American Film Company to recover parts of her pay which the film company had deducted from her $\$ 2250$ a week salary. The jury gave her 84.000 , practically all she asked for, and Mary shook each juror's hand and gave each a smile.
The contention of the defense was that Miss Minter's painful toothaches did not develop until she was at dinner with Adolph Zukor, who at that time told her she might be employed by the Realart corporation if she wished. Subsequently, the defense stated, she was employed by them at a considerably greater salary than $\$ 2250$ a week. On one occasion she is accused of laughing into the camera at the American studio and spoiling the scene. For a short time the courtroom was turned into a picture house, and the picture with the alleged laugh of Mary was displayed. Mary denied that she laughed purposelyand the jury, after watching the film, agreed with her.
A question was raised as to Mary's real age, and an affidavit introduced made by Pearl Miles Reilly, Mary's mother, in $19 \mathrm{I}_{2}$ in which she then swole that Mary was born April 1, 1892, so that Mary could appear in some picture in New lork without violating the child labor laws. But Judge Trippet held to the last affidavit of Mrs. Reilly, that Mary was born April r, 1902, as the correct affidavit of Mary's date of birth.


## All statements approved by high dental authorities

Most teeth are dimmed more or less by a film. Smokers' teeth often become darkly coated.

That film makes teeth look dingy, and most tooth troubles are now traced to it.
Millions now combat that film in a new, scientific way. This is to offer a test to you, to show the unique results.

## You must end film

The film is viscous - you can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

Ordinary brushing methods leave much of this film intact. So millions find that well-brushed teeth discolor and decay. You must attack film in a better
way, else you will suffer from it.

## Watch these new effects

One ingredient is pepsin. One multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva to dissolve the starch deposits that cling. One multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva to neutralize mouth acids as they form.

Two factors directly attack the film. One keeps the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily cling.

Pepsodent has brought a new era in

## Pepsodent

## The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chicf cause of pyorrhea.

## Efficient ways

Dental science, after painstaking research, has developed effective ways to fight film. The world's highest authorities now approve them, after careful tests.
These ways are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And leading dentists everywhere now advise its daily use. A ten-day tube is being sent to everyone who asks.
teeth cleaning. It fights the tooth destroyers as was never done before.
Send the coupon for a 10 -Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the filmcoat disappears.
You will always brush teeth in this new way when you watch the results for a week. Cut out the coupon now.

> THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
> Dept. 779, 1104 S. Wabash Ave. Chicago, Ill.
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## PATENT-SENSE

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David Warfield may be telling Tommic Meighan some secrets of Theodore Roberts' past, at any rate he is enjoying himself with his old, and new, friends.

## It Happened in Hollywood

Even a broken leg has its compensations in California, says David Warfield.

DON'T break your leg! But if you do, do it in Los Angeles.

David Warfield is that originator of the Irishism. The great actor has just spent many weeks in a Los Ange'es hospital, recovering from injuries sustained when an automobile struck him while he was on his way to the theater to fill his Los Angeles engagement. At the mere suggestion that this might have happened any place else, he throws up his hands in horror.
And it isn't because of the sunshine-and the roses-and the palm trees either.

It's Movies.
For you see, in Hollywood, now Los Angeles' most famous suburb, Mr. Warfield found the renowned Movic Colony. And in the Movic Colony he found dear friends of by-gone days and by-gone plays, whose lives had drifted into other channcls. Ile had time for real "visits" with them while his uscless leg held him prisoner.

He found, too, the great artists of the screen. He was able, during the period of recuperation that came after his release from the hospital, to see and hear, as a most favored and appreciated guest, all the inner workings of the great picture inclustry
He was showered with flowers and gifts until, as he quaintly put it, "I looked like I was keeping a flower shop." The cards that awed nurses removed from these fragrant offerings of love and admiration, might have served as a "Who"s Who in the Mavies.

Just suppose it had happened somewhere else!
Tomid he have found "that fine boy" Tommite Meighan, three years a memher of his company, always a tenant of his heart with an arm load of rowes from his own garclen-waiting like an anxious young equerry for orders to execute?

Would we have been regaled daily with a new story, speciatly invented or discovered, and told in the soft, slurring voice of Tony Moreno, "another nice boy, that Tony"?
Wou'd he have received a royal visit from the bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, and reccived, so it is rumored, one of the very rare "bride's kisees" from the lovely Mary?
Could he have spent laze; reminiscent hours with William H. Crane. with Dusty and Bill Farnum, with Theodore Roberts with Madame Nazimova?
Or have received a morning call from Polly Frederick, clad in smart riding breeches for a ride on her pet mustang and a veritable cure for every ill in her radiance and good cheer?
The night before the accident. Warneld tood on the porch of Tommic Meighan's home, looking down over the fairylnd of Hollywood. and said to Mrs. Mcighan: "I almost wish something would happen so that I wouldn't have to leave here.
Eridently some little god heard him and laughed.
He told me all this a few diys after he left the howpital, when I saw him at the Metro studio. Tommic Mcighan, who unfortumately lad to work for a living instead of acting constantly as bodycuard and companion to his idol, hat left him there for a visit with Joe Engel. Metro = chief executive.
Ife looked splendid, and as though he had actually been enjoying himedf save for a slight stiffness in his leg. which nerewitated the use of a heary stick. the re-ults of his misfortune have completely disappeared
"I hare enjoyed myself." he said. with that terribly human smile of his that has helped bind America's heart to him for so many vears. "I really have, because it happened just here where I had so many friends and

## It Happened in Hollywood

## (Concluded)

so many people of my own kind and profession. And you know I believe absolutely in happy thoughts, good thoughts, as a curative agent. The man who is happy and cheerful recovers twice as quickly.
"I have enjoyed visiting the studios. You know there are studios in the East, of course, but if you want to visit them, you have to say good-by to your wife and pack your grip and be gone a long, long time. Here I have seen and appreciated for the first time the tremendous amount of work and concentrated ability that go to make up pictures.
"How it has developed! I believe, too, that it is developing us as a people, making theater-goers out of us, raising rather than lowering the standard of the theater, as competition always raises a standard.
"It gives so much that the stage can never give. It shows the people the beauties of the world. Why, just think how we rave if a man shows a little real water on the stage, a tiny effect of reality and beauty. While on the screen you can see everything-literally everything.
"The world loves beauty. I am not surprised at the enormous success of young and pretty girls on the screen. We all like to look at beautiful pictures.
"As for me-I-I still don't think I shall make a picture. It is not for me. The things I have I am afraid cannot all be put on the screen. The voice, it cannot reproduce. I am afraid to separate myself'The Music Master' for instance-from my voice. If I could preserve for the future some things the public has been kind enough to love, I would do it. But they were not created for the screen and I fear they would not be reproductions, but skeletons."
Mr. Warfield left Los Angeles for New York, accompanied by Tommie Meighan, when the screen star finished his last picture "Conrad in Quest of His Youth." If David Warfield is glad his trouble came upon him here-if come it must-certainly everybody in Los Angeles, and particularly everybody in Moviedom, has appreciated and enjoyed (and perhaps profited by), the example of his good cheer, his simple, wholehearted interest, and the gentle warmth of his unassuming greatness.

## A Good Prescription

"ONE large dose of motion pictures taken at least three times a week, mixed if possible with light comedy, good music and dancing."
This is not the fantastic idea of a motion picture exhibitor, says the New York Times, but the actual advice of a noted brain specialist.
This specialist, Dr. Carleton Simon, an alienist and a prominent member of the American Psychological Society, is incidentally a recent convert.
He expresses himself as satisfied, that as a mental stimulant and sedative the "movic" had its place in pathology.
"The motion picture," he says, "is the most ready and potent enemy to excessive introspection available. It cannot be overdone. There is no such thing as a 'movie' habit. There is no 'habit' involved in frequently visiting the motion picture shows, except that which makes the individual thirst for more knowledge of human nature. It is an axiom that one-half the world doesn't know the other half.
"It seems a peculiar psychological fact that the books we enjoy most echo the thoughts we think. The motion pictures of today succeed best as they touch a corre-
sponding chord in our sponding chord in our own natures."


By HENRY HARCOURT


HE was thirty and had come home to the little ol home town to settle down.
He had been gone a dozen years and he had tasted life. He had sailed before the mast on a lime-juicer that rounded the Horn; he had punched long-horns in the Argentine and had been stranded in Port Said; he had sauntered down Picadilly in right regimentals, and he had slaved in the bowels of a P. \& O. liner from Shanghai to 'Frisco; he had won handfuls of gold counters in the Casino in Monte Carlo. and he had washed dishes in a cheap eating houre on the Bowery; he had been the acceptei suitor of the richest heiress in Melbourne. and he had shared breadfruit and bakerd bananas with a young lady of copper complexion in Tahiti; he had played piquet in Nassau, and he had won the willing heart of a great actress in Palm Beach; aye, he had done all these things and had come unscathed but for his memories.

He remembered the girl with the hazel eyes and the hair like flame, and he loved her as truly now as he had in the dead-and-gone day when he had kised her good-bye whilet he fared forth to find fortune.

And she had waited and remembered, tom

THEI both sat silently through the picture that was thrown upon the screen at the new theater that evening.
And when they parted at her gate that night, she held him away when he would have kissed her and she looked into his eye thoughtfully:
"No. dear," she said slowly, "I can newer marry you."

But, Cleo, you said-" he protested.
I know, dear." she replied, her face turned away from him. "But the man I marry must be brave and fearless. He must dare to do great things for me. He must be like Douglas Fairbanks or Tom Mr or Eddic Polo or those wonderiul men who reatly do things-brave-hearted heroes who-"
But he was gone.

# What Do You Think? 

## Letters from PHOTOPLAY readers

 are invited by the editor. They should be not more than three hundred words in length, and must have attached the writer's name and address.

Editor Photoplay,

## Sir:

Several years ago I happened in to a theater where "The Coward" with Charles Ray was being presented. The picture was almost finished when I entered and Ray threw out his arm in an appeal for forgiveness from his stern old soldier father (Frank Keenan). That arm did the workconverted both the father and myself. It was the first Ray picture I had seen and from that moment I became his most ardent admirer.

But of late I have been annoyed by the total lack of accuracy with which his director handles the rural scenes. To say they are overdrawn is stating it lightly. I am surprised that a person of Ray's intelligence would allow such nonsense in his otherwise delightful pictures. I lived in the country seventeen years and I happen to know that country people have a small amount of intelligence. The farmer makes it possible for the city people to live, yet the "movies" do not hesitate to ridicule and misrepresent him in every way. "Paris Green" and "Homer Comes Home" were so grossly and stupidly exaggerated that I almost took a dislike to Charles Ray.

Of course, Charles Ray wouldn't care if I ceased to admire him, but why pick on the unpretentious, hardworking farmer?

Madeline Glass,
1040 Arapahoe St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Editor, Photoplay,
Sir:
Joshua stays not the hand of the sun.
The eternal sun that has tolled off the millions of centuries since the creation of the universe, and created, through its symbol of faith to move a mountain, the thousand inheritances of the Land of Promise.
The same sun whose infinitesimal patient rays of life have penetrated the frigid snows of the mountains and caused the spring freshets to carry the life giving elements to create the prairie grass lands, the valley fruit lands, the lands flowing with milk and honey.

The effulgent orb whose labor for millions of eons has created inheritances that the brutal hand of man has destroyed in a few decades-the God-given inheritances that man, through a degenerate commercialism, might offer his sacrifice at the altar of Mammon.

The same shining sun that back in the dawn of time looked down on the Garden of Eden and saw Cain shed his brother's blood and bring into existence the desire of man to destroy God's gifts to satisfy his passion and glory.
The sun that down through the centuries has seen some of the fairest portions of the earth turned into death lurking deserted by the "Curse of Cain."
Today the whole world is paying the penalty of man's transgression. The depletion of our natural reserves has almost reached the exhaustion point. The whole
world is in a social flux, the symbol of the long-promised economic millenium.
The Joshua of today is the moving picture. Its psychology is speeding the ceaseless order of Destiny. As the sun's radium rays have the power to penetrate the deepest recesses of nature and extract therefrom life, so also has the X-ray of the psychology of the moving picture the power to penetrate the brain and conscience of man and extract therefrom the light of reason. This power and economic necessity are the gift of God to conquer the worship of Mammon.
Thus, the moving picture, God's Angel to preach the brotherhood of man, is making a social melting pot of the peoples of the whole world. Out of this crucible of a social, moral and economic Armageddon will come the pure gold of economic justice and spiritual freedom.
The powers that control the moving picture have an obligation to society-they can use this psychology to alleviate the suffering of the coming Armageddon.
IV. R. Houghton.

## Editor, Photoplay,

Sir:
As we are all on the lookout for easy money you will likely be interested in my discovery.
I received your check for $\$ 10$, being my winnings in The Photoplay Magazine Letter Contest. I slipped it to the paying teller in one of our leading banks, saying, "How much do I get?" He consulted his daily memorandum on exchange and percentage and answered, "10.85."
My humble deductions are that if a fellow can earn money in the United States and spend it in Canada, he would put a crimp in old man worry and eliminate, very considerably, the sting from the high price of haircuts.
J. A. Shanks, "Five Points,"
${ }_{1281}$ Fairfield Road, Victoria, B. C.
Editor, Photoplay.
Dear Editor:-
In the July issue of Piotoplay Magazive you print a photograph of Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink and refer to her as "the world's champion picture-goer." In this assertion, I fear you have "slipped up." There isn't any woman living who can possibly go to motion picture shows more frequently than my wife, with the exception, of course, of those who are directly connected with the cinema business.
Mrs. East attends them three and four times a day and she often finds it necessary to go to one show more than oncebecause the picture houses do not change the program frequently enough.
In fact, I have thought of having erected one or two additional movie theaters here, in order to have a new performance on at all times, for her particular benefit.
C. H. EAST,
Charleston, W. Va.

lenore ulric says:
"Beauty at your finger tips speaks volumes for yois in public. I consider HY'GLO sbe best trsurance for weil kept bands." '-Lenore cleric.

$A^{5}$the little French - Canadian girl in "Tiger Rose," Miss Ulric brought to the great outdoors a figure of superb daintiness, perfect in every detail to the tips of her delicately groomed fingernails.

She and other beauties of the stage, who realize the necessity of a faultless toilette, without qualification endorse

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MIRLT GOIDMIN

[^15]

Mary Johnson, the Mary Pickford of the Land of the Midnight Sun.

# Sweden's Sweetheart 

They love her, but Scandinavians fight to see Charlie Chaplin.

FROM G. L. Frolich, Hudvudsta, Sweden, comes news of the film-makers of Scandinavia. Lately the two principal Swedish corporations, the Swedish Biograph Company-whose product, "The Girt of the Marsheroft" from Selma Lagerlöf's native novel has been shown in this country-and the Scandia Films, have combined. Each will retain its own studios and the activities will be conducted separately as before, each with run its own theaters in the principal Swedish cities, and each will turn out photoplays in competition with the other-but there will be a joint capital and a common board of directors.
The situation so far as Sweden is concerned is thus very much the same as before and the combination has its point directed abroad. The step has no doubt been taken to strenethen the position of the Swedish fitms market in other countries and mainly, perhaps, in the United States. Nothing definite has been given out but apparently plans are afoot for establishine of fices abroad for distribution of their own films and purchasing plays for production in Sweden, acquiring playhouses in suitable places in America and ciswhere and, in a word, take whatever steps are necessary to get a footing there.
The litest photophay of the Swedish Bio. Co. that is ready for the screcm, is a dramatization of a story by Setma Lavertöf calted "Sir Arne"s Treasure." an exceedingly.
somber and trasic mediaeval tale with plenty of dramatic or stirring scenes but hardly enough dramatic action. It is well staged. however, and the scenes are both historically interesting and very fine sea and landscapes from the pictorial point of view: Mrs. Mary Johnson is very sweet as the unhappy heroine and the other parts are well enough done.
The play will shortly be released in the United States and should prove interesting. The unrelieved tragedy of the piece is : handicap for achicving a popular succese but it is on the other hand deserving of the highest commendation and well worth seeing on account of the admirable stage direction, photography, and good acting in difficult parts. The frozen North is beautifully depicted and is not arctic seenery but actually taken where the affair is supposed to have happened, the province in Sweden that gave the name to the likings. There is plenty of the soldiery of the day, rob. beries, murders and comlagrations, and the only thing really miscing is, as stated, a little more of the rollicky side of life, and the lovemaking is cut too short. This is a point shared with other Swedish films; they cling too closely to the sombre and the sorrowful.

The talk of the Swedi-h filmgoers is Chaplin and his dog. They have had to call out extra police, in many places, to keer the lines in order outside of the houses that have "A Dog's Life" on the program.

## Questions and Answers <br> (Continued from page 80)

H. I. N.. Houston, Texas-I am a perpetual bearer of bad news, it seems. Too bad to break your heart, but Gladden James is married. Mrs. James is a nonprofessional. (I hate to do things like this -but what other alternative has a poor Answer Man? I ask you.)

Miss Vivian, Grand Rupids.-From your picture I should say Grand Rapids turns out some choice furniture. But, you say, you are devoted to Niles Welch. So is Dell Boone, his wife. Among the past releases in which our Nell-I mean Niles has appeared are, "The Luck of Geraldine Laird," "Beckoning Roads," "The Virtuous Thief" (oh Vivian!!) "Stepping Out," "The Law of Men," and "The Courage of Marge O'Doone." Welch is an American.
M. F., Cincinnati-I don't try to keep up with $m y^{\circ}$ expenses; I try to get away from them. I am a glorious failure, my child. Tony Moreno is still making serials for Vitagraph, working in the west. John Barrymore is an elusive young man-last I heard he was vacationing in Canada-but of course that will be old stuff by the time this is read. Address him care Lambs Club. r 30 West 44 th Street, N. Y. C. He is divorced from Katherine Harris. Elsie Ferguson, care Paramount-Artcraft. She is in Japan right now.
E. K., Greensbtrg, Ps-Why is a woman like a railroad schedule? Because she is never on time, I suppose. I must ask you, in the future, to refrain from telling riddles; it annoys my stenographer. Pearl White, Fox studio, Ioth Avenue and 56 th Street. N. Y. C. Jane Lee is seven; Katherine is ten. Virginia Lee Corbin has lived eight years; Baby Marie Osborne, nine. The late Harold Lockwood was born in Brooklyn, New Jork; he had blue eyes and brown hair, was five feet eleven inches tall and weighed 175 pounds. He was in vaudeville and stock and musical comedies for seven years before he went into films in 1910.

Albert Kling, Saǐ Rafael.-You want to help out Harry M. F. of Washington, D. C., by imparting the information that Ted Lorch is the funny fellow who always plays the villains in the Billy West comedies. Rising to speak for the absent Harry M. F., I thank you.
J. C. M., New York City.-Once I was on the point of marrying so I would have someone to sew the buttons on my shirts. But I have waited so long that now I can no longer afford the shirts, so I've never married. Olive Thomas was the girl in "An Even Break," She is twenty-two and married to Jack Pickford

Mrs. M. P., New Bedford, Mass.-You say that when you read your story to that editor, he nodded several times. Perhaps he was asleep. Eddie Polo, Universal. Earl Williams, Vitagraph. Jack Dempsey, Pathe. Don't mention it.

Tillie, Bridgeport.-Yes, indeed, Cecil DeMille is married; he has a fine family, too. No, he's never changed his wife that I know of. George Larkin is married to Ollie Kirkby, who used to play in Kalem films.

Helea M., Detroit-I certainly have a middle-western majority this month. Write to May Allison care Metro. Howard Esta-brook-whom I suppose you mean by Herbert Sesterbrook-may be addressed at the Lambs Club, New Vork City. Earie Foxe is on the speaking stage now.


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## Questions and Answers

(Continued)
P. M. D., Cincaco.-1 suppose some children wonder what their father's boyhood must have been because the parent always knows just what question to ask when hu wants to know what son has been doing. Mary Miles Minter, Realart studios, Hollywood, California. Miss Minter lives with her mother and her sister, Margaret Shelby:
M. N., Catskill, New York.-So you think Wanda Hawley and Winifred Westover look alike. Beyond the fact that both are bloniles, I detect no resemblance. Wanda's married; Winifred isn't. Pearl Wbite wears a wig in her pictures. Her own hair is re-l mean auburn.
R. C., New Hampshire.-You ask me confidentially, what kind of a girl I'm going to marry. I don't usually confide in people -but I'll make an exception of you. It's none of your business-and if I didn't like you I wouldn't tell you that much about her Certainly, send your letter of reproach to our Wilium. Maybe he'll reconsider his retirement. Who knows?
Procd Fatiler, Wilmingaton-So your wife is planning a motion picture career for your new baby. Well, be careful to select a nice name for him-so many babies will be named after him when he's. a star. Best wishes to all three of you.
C. B., St. Louts.-Don't ca'l me the human ouija board. My goodness-1 answer something more than "Yes" or "No," don't I? Jack Singleton played Jordan in William S. Hart's picture, "The Toll Gate." Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver in 1883; he was on the legitimate before he went into pictures. He weighs 166 pounds, stands five-feet-eleven in the rare occasions when he is on terra firma, has black hair and blue eyes. Mrs. Doug was born in Toronto, Canada; she was a child actress on the stage and was in David Belasco's production of "A Good Little Devil" which she later did for the screen, for Famous Players. Jack, her brother, was born in Toronto in 1895. That's all for you.

Sweet Eighteen, Harrisburg.--So you would like to meet me but as you never come to New York, fear it is impossib'c. And I'm sure I couldn't get away to come to Harrisburg-so there you are-and here I am. Tom Carrizan, now playing in the filmization of those fancy Nick Carter stories, was married to Mabel Taliafcrro, but they are now divorced. The Carrigans have one small son. Douglas MacLean is married, but not to Doris May. Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis; he weighs 170, has light brown hair and blue cyes, and is one inch over six feet tall.

Bess, Indianapolis.-Have I ever talked to Norma Talmadge and wasn't it thrilling? It was for me-I don't know about Normil Harrison Ford is twenty-eight years old; he is dark as to complexion. Wanda's husband is J. Burton Hawley. She's twenty-three Shirley Mason is five feet high and weighs ninety-five pounds-nice little armful for a lucky leading-man. Shirles's real-life opposite is liernard Durning. Your others are answered elsewhere.

Frances, N. Y-Many men marry their stenographers thinking they will take notes after they are married. They do-bank notes. Lucy Cotton was Eugene OBricus leading woman in "The Broken Melody" Mahlon Hamilton was "Daddy Long Legs" in Mary l'ickford's picture. So you are takin Mary Pickiort's picture. So

Mary D., Los Avigeles.-You sing popular songs? But are they popular with your neighbors? Now, I don't mean to malign your voice; I do some singing myself; but I never never never sing popular songs. I couldn't, you see. Bert Lytell will probably appear on the stage in a new play while he is in New York. His picture, "The Price of Kedemption," is released in September. He is making "The Misleading Lady" now. You'll get your Lytell story; juzt be patient, Mary.
S. F. F., Springeleld.-Harrison Ford has been married. He is said to have the fine:t library-first editions and all that-of any film p.ayer. Ford lives in Hollywood and works there, too, at the Lasky studios. Lew -whom you formally call Lewis-Cody may be reached care tbe Gasnier Studios, Los Angeles. His latest is "Occasionally yours," in which he is supported by Betty Blytbe and Cleo Ridgely. Robertson-Cole releases the Cody pictures.
Elizabetif, Seattle.-\iola Dana weigbs ninety-six pounds and is four feet eleven inches tall. Your letter was as brief as Viola. Why not write again and ask more questions?

Laperta F .-I have found that trying to get out of work is the hardes work of al!! Besides, it doesn't pay. Creigbton Hale in "The Idol Dancer." Hale also plays in Griffith's "Way Down East." No-"Way Down East" isn't the same as "39 East," although both have been popular stage successes. The Griffith play is from Lottie Blair Parker's old record-breaker, while Constance Binney is making the picturization of Rachel Crothers' "39 East" for Realart. The fiction version of the latter appears in this issue of Photoplay Magazine.
E. E., Dr'beque.-There are some people so ignorant as to believe that Rex Beacb is 3 summer resort. Beacb isn't blind-whatever gave you that idea? He is president of the Eminent Authors Film Corporation, which releases through Goldwen.

Naxce, from Philadelphilu.-I hate to disappoint you like this, Nancy: But really, I have not got red hair. Neither are my eyes blue. I am awfully sorry. I'd do anything else for you, but I can't lic; I simp:y have not got red hair. Bebe Daniels is nineteen; Doris May; eighteen; Priscilla Dean, twenty-iour. Alma Francis is Mrs. Robert Gordon. Bob is now playing leads for the new Cayuga Film Company, at Ithaca, New York. His first picture is, "Three Women Loved Ilim." (Wonder what Alma has to say about that? But it's only a picture.) Norma Talmadge and Anitd Stewart have not dyed their hair. They wore blonde wigs. N゙orma and Anita and I do not believe in dyeing our hair.
Sablie Sxodgriss, Pasubixi-Charles Dickens should have known you. I really don't know that Harold Miller is the handsomest man I have ever seen in my lite. I've never seen llarold, which is evidently an oversight on my part. He has played in "Upstairs and Down," "World of Flame." "The Peddler," and "The Heart of a Fool.
H. D., K゙N Kake - 1 read your article, my dear, and particularly enjoved your quotations from Shakespeare. Priscilla I Nean has appeared in "The Fixquisite Thicf," "Kiss or Kill," "Wicked Darling," "Wild Cat of Paris." "Brazen Beauty," and "Pretty Smooth." Priscilla is our most adorable crook. She's married to Wliceler Oakman.

## Questions and Answers <br> \section*{(Continued)}

Dallas-New lork.-Why don't you travel more so you can get cosmopolitan atmosphere to use as material for your writings? You have a wonderful style of expression and it should not be neglected.

Blanche A., Philadelphia.-No, I don't think a man sloould become angry when his wife throw's things at him. But if she happens to hit him-ah, that's different. Theda Bara is thirty; she was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, and she isn't married. At this writing she is in Europe with her sister, Loro. Her last stage appearance was in "The Blue Flame." She will probably do it in pictures some time.

A J.IFHawker.-You marsel that one small head can carry all I know. I have quite an expansive cranium-but I was born with it, it didn't develop. Elliott Dexter has left Lasky; he is the star of the Rockett Film Corporation, in Los Angeles. He's married to Marie Doro.
M. S. S., Tacoma.-I eat almost any kind of cake, but I prefer chocolate. Of course if you don't make chocolate, I'll eat any other flavor. I'm not particular, really. Mary and Doug sailed for home July 21. Marguerite Clark is thirty-three; she is coming back ta the screen, I hear, possibly as the head of her own company. She is Mrs. H. Palmerson Williams in private life. A good many of our stars have married millionaires: Marguerite, Louise Huff, Alice Joyce, to mention a few.
T. S., Toledo.-The prize-winning question of the month: is Vivian Martin related to Joe Martin? Joe, my dear, is our champ chimp. His only relations in the movies are some of those arrow-collar men who wear tight belted coats and work their histrionic eyebrows overtime. Joe is married; his wife plays opposite him. I'm sure Miss Vivian won't be offended, because how were you to know that Joe Martin is a monkey?
A. W., Silier City.-Ince is not pronounced Inch. The "g" in Thomas Meighan's name is silent. Hope Hampton did not play in "Rio Grande;" she has only done one picture to be released, "A Modern Salome." Hope isn't married. Rosemary Theby in "Rio Grande." June Caprice has gone to Spain with the George Seitz company She will co-star with Seitz. Mary Miles Minter and Doris May are not married.

Srractse Fan, New York.-I can't tell a woman's age, but some other woman usually tells me. Yes, Edith Johnson is married to William Duncan and is also his leading woman. Pauline Curley is Tony Moreno's leading woman in "The Invisible Hand." Jean Paige is Joe Ryan's co-star in "Hidden Dangers." All these are Vitagraph serials.

Beat゙ti Spot, Balthare.-Glad to see you're back again, I'm sure. Here's the cast of Goldwyn's "The Slim Princess:" Kalora, Mabel Normand; Pike, Hugh Thompson; Popoza, Tully Marshall; Governor General, Russ Powell; Jeneka, Lillian Sylvester; Delective. Harry Lorraine; Counsellor-General, Pomeroy Cannon.
G. I. S., Caldwell, Idaio.-It is said hippopotamous meat is as good as pork. But my word-you can't keep a hippopotamous in the parlor. Stuart Holmes appeared in the Pathe serial, "The Isle of Jewels." Toodles, Jr., was not in the cast of "Excuse My Dust." Monte Blue is with Lasky. He's six feet five inches tall.


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## (Continued)

Ilarrie, Harrisburg.-Some women would rather have a new scandal than a new hat. Tom Mecighan's late pictures have been, "The Prince Chap," "The Frontier of the Stars," Conrad in Qucst of His louth," "Easy street." Marc McDermott is now with Fox. This fine actor plays character roles in "While New York Slecps," and "My Lady"s Dress." In hoth of these picture - Estelle Taylor has the leading feminine part. Mrs. MacDermott-Miriam Nesbitt-is not playing in pictures any more. Tsuru Aoki is Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa; she stars for Universal in "The Breath of the Gods" and "A Tokio Siren." Sessue's late $=$ is "Li Ting Lang."

Rossie E. Barret, Sprisgrield.-You are a sweet thing to send me that sugar. I ate it just as it was, and enjoyed it. In fact, I got all stuck up with it. Thank you for keeping your promise. Please write whenever you want to and ask some new questions.
K. S. F., Port Cimester.-I was in your lown once. Next time I come I'll look you up. Alfred Whitman was last with Hodkinson, in "The End of the Game" and "The Besi Man." Alfred Hickman is Nance O'Neil's husband; he's in Realart's "30 East" now. While it is Howard Hickman who is married to Bessie Barriscale. lou're welcome. Hope this strajghtens out the relationship tangle.

Tillie.-Never heard of Bessie Lemon in pictures. I fear, Tillie, that you are trying to spoof me. There are a lot of other Lemons hut I've never heard of Bessie. Francelia Billingt on with Universal. She was the wife of Sam DeGrasse in "Blind Hushands."

Frantic Fan, Ohio.-If you wish to understand others, you must first strive to understand yourself. Gale Henry is married. I don't know Viola Dana well enough to consider her a vamp. I suppose she's a very good vamp in pictures. Corinne Griffith often wears a wig on the screen. Shirley Mason isn't engaged; she is married. I haven't the favorite pastimes of all those stars, hut I do know that Lillian Gish likes to read, Ethel Clayton's hohby is collecting rare hooks, and that Priscilla Dean is chiefly occupied keeping house for Wheeler Oakman. I hope you will not he so frantic after this.

Vallerie, Texas.-So nice of you to help me earn my weekly wages. I don't know what this column would be without curious girls like you. By curious in this case I mean, of course, inquisitive. lour sketch of Norma Talmadge is very good. Alma Tell, who scored quite a hit in "On With the Dance," doesn"t give her age. She is on the stage now in "The Rise and Fall of Susan Lennox," from David Graham Phillips story. Alma is a sister of Olive Tell. Olive won't tell her age either-ouch! So you had a long letter from Cullen Landis.
II. G., Cimarleston, S. C.-So you met Dorothy Gish and her mother when they were in your city on location. That's fine. I'll be glad to tell Miss Dorothy that you think she's the most adorable girl in the world. Vou also met Ralph Graves. No, he and Dorothy are not cneaged; you're all wrong about that. Sorry if Dick disappointed you by marrying Mary Hay instead of Dorothy, You have yet to learn, it seems that stars and their leading men very rarcly fall in love. Thanks for your sweet praise, as Blanche Sweet says in autographing a photograph.

Júst Jeas, Wilkes Barre.-So Euzene OBrien has been married, has he? Well, well! And Dick Barthelmess has heen married before, and Ralph Bushman is only a cousin of Francis $\mathbf{X}$., not a son? 1 am sure Mr. OBrien will be surprised, not to say startled, at your secret information about him; while Richard Barthelmess-hut I doubt if you can annoy Dick. He has learned to turn a deaf ear 10 all rumors. Mary llay is the first and only Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, and they are very happy. As to Ralph not heing Francis' son, hut his cousin-well, suppose you write to Ralph ahout that. And in the future don't pay so much attention to idle gossip. I have replied to it in this case hecause your assertions were so far-fetched as to be funny.

Elsie Janis Fan--lour favorite is in England right now. She i-n't and never has heen married, and her real name is Bierbower. She is America's greatest mimic. She is in her early thirties.

Mrs. I. C. E., Orlando.-Thank you for your most charming letter. It is an encouragement to feel that one's efforts, however humble, are sometimes appreciated. Iou are ahsolutely right in your opinion of Mary Pickford; she is worthy of your faith in her. Fannie Whard is married to Jack Dean, her leading man. She hes a daughter who is the widow of an English millionaire. Geraldine Farrar is married to Lou-Tellegen; she is thirty-eight. $\qquad$
C. B., Chicago.-If you and your mother really derive pleasure from thinking me a woman, I shall he chivalrous and forbear to deny you the illusion. But honestly, do you think a woman would have patience enough to answer all those letters? (Now I haíc put my size-twelve shoe in it.) You may reach your favorite Geraldine Farrar, at the Metropolitan Opera House. Vew York City. She is, appearing in pictures to be released hy Pathe. Her first, now completed, is "The Riddle: Woman" from Bertha Kalich's stage success. Lou-Tellegen is not playing opposite his wife in this; he is on the stage in a new play. The Tellegens are, at this writing, in the Adirondacks for a rest. Call again.

Lena, College Point.-A true artist takes art, hut never himself seriously. Jou may obtain Pearl White"s "Just Me" at any bookseller's. Forrest Stanley was in stock before taking up film work. He made his debut in Morosco pictures. He played with Vivian Martin in "His Official Financce" and for C"niversal in "The Tritlers." He was with Katherine MacDonald in "The Thunderholt" for First National and is now Cecil DeMille's leading man in the DeMille domestic essays. Ann Forrest is the leading woman. Stanley is married to Marion Hutchins according to mỵ last census.
L. M. S. East Orange.-Someone, you say. should write a song entitled, "I Didn"t Raise My Boy To Be An Extra " You wish you could be an actor and not start as an extra, either. So do a lot of others. L, but there is no royal road to stardom and the sooner you convince yourself of this fact the better. Rose Tapley was born in Petershure. Virginia she is not actine at the present time. Wially Vian is a director now. Billy Quirk also-Quirk was lact with Pathe.

Mr. J. B.-Lillian Rambeau in "Jenny Be Good" with Mary Mikes Minter Adrlress her in care of Realart. Anyone enjoys life: but most prople only struggle through an eristence.
(Continuce on pasc 135)

## The Camera Detects <br> Thought <br> (Concluded from page 29)

thinking or imagining all the nice things she can about him. If Miss A. thus concentrates I maintain that the result will be a natural expression of love, the more concerntration the better. On the other hand, if Miss A. allows her mind to get the better of her and begins to think that she doesn't like the man at all, that he is nothing to her, that he wears atrocious ties and bad clothes or that he hasn't shaved, why it is bound to show in her acting, which will be forced and mechanical.
There was very little action in "Romance." That was a typical "thought" picture. Doris Keane's work was the result of long stage study of her role, it is true, but she was obliged to concentrate nevertheless, for the screen was entirely new to her.

I knew a girl who struggled along in pictures for five years and never rose above being an extra. Her attention was called to this matter of thought. One day for want of somebody else they put her in one little scene with the star. It was an execution scene. This girl just concentrated her whole mind on the thought that the man was the greatest friend she ever had, that if he were killed she would lose everything, and she convinced herself that the whole thing was real. That scene stood out above everything in the picture and gave the girl a start which eventually made her a star.

Just try this theory on yourself before a mirror. First try to express anger without any attempt at thinking yourself really angry. Your efforts will be physical and the result will be a peculiar grimace. Then begin to think of some wrong which has been done you, concentrate upon some person you do not like-and look at the result. You will find you have expressed anger in your own natural way. In other words, you have become an actor.

## A Tip on Predestination <br> (Concluded from page 48)

lively as a grasshopper, with a smile like the soft summer sunshine, a disposition quite divine and a heart as warm as Cytherea?

And then the lady to the extreme leftwould you guess from her air of placid detachment, immune as she doubtless was on the historic day when this portrait was made, to the wiles of the tintyper and the urgings of a spectator to "look nice now, dear,"would you guess that she would complete this trio of famous beauties and world favorites within the brief stretch of time that we measure in less than two decades?

As for us, the moment we looked upon the faded: cracked tintype we knew that there was a wonderful story there, living right on the surface and just begging to be written.

We did not study psychology, cause and effect, rationalism, the Freudian theory, predestination or astronomy when we went to school. We have never thought much of the ouija board nor of the effect of Saturn, Venus, et al., upon the fate of the humankind.

But it takes only half an eye to gaze upon this tintyped likeness of three very young ladies to see it all.

Oh, lucky reader, think of the future of these ladies and how little the shabby tintyper, back in 1903 or 4 or 5 or whatever it may have been, realized the good fortune that was his.

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## "Do You Want to Reduce"

(Concluded from page 65)

Perfect Thirty-Six to ascertain how one keeps ones lines that, well, we blu-herl. quite furiously, too, with mortification to think of having committed a faux pas.

However, Miss Murray smiled sweetly and proceeded to testify as follows, to-wit, and
"Why should women want to be thin? Women-all of $u$ s will admit it-want above all else that their look= shall please men." (Murmurs from the gallery.) "If they please other women at the same time-fine! But it doesn't make much difference about that. And I don't believe there is one man in a hundred who prefers really thin women to those who are attractively rounded.
We applauded softly and in a relined way the useful word "rounded." Ladies, there is no getting around it; that is a wonderful word-rounded.

Then Miss Murray proceeded
"Some one suggested the other day that it is because every woman is a vampire at heart, and that the general conception of a vampire is a thin mysteriously snaky person, that the majority of women struggle to be, or say they would like to be, thin as a rail. I dor't agree with the one who said so. I think that the majority of women are wholesome, and for that reason I can-
not understand why the majority of them should rebel against looking wholesome and strong:
'At any' rate, I don't want to be thin. I want my tace to be round and well filled out. I want my shoulders and elbows to be dimpled" (they are, Mac, they are) "and show no bones. I don't want to be fatpray don't mistake me there. Too much tat is just as unlovely a- not enough of it. But I want my weight 10 be in proper proportion 10 my height.

And Miss Murray went on to testify that the milk diet does it.

Mrjusts one's lines, 1 mean to sExy
Keeps one pepped up, but not too peppy:
Feed; the tissues and all that sort of thing.

MAsses Farrar, Dalton, Brady and Mar ray, we thank you.
Our readers thank you
Let us now adjourn to the nearest cinema palace where at least one of you may be appearing on the silver-sheet and beguile. entertain and upholster our minds with practical demonstrations of the lines of which we have spoken so freely, frankly and openly

The case of the Human Figurer vs. Adjpose Tissue is adjourned.

## When the Dollar Works Overtime

## (Continued from page 50)

willing to pay $\$ 60$ for a pair oi shoeand $\$ 200$ for a "simple little rock." Those are the women who keep prices up. Just remember this when you hear a woman boasting about how much she paid for her new Fall suit and hat. Consider that it is the fault of her and those like her that you have to pay more than you can atiord.

Did you ever go through a pile of hats near the end of the season and run across that lovely $\$ 15$ shape you saw earlier in the year? Now you will find that it is marked-in the basement-at \$r. Talk about the thrill that comes once in a lifetime! Believe me, ii you want to combine a good time with real money-saving try becoming a basement sleuth. The dress that the haughty saleslady upstairs tried to give you in exchange for iso will be found here at the comfortable price of $\$+5$. The basemont has good-looking shoes at eight dol-lars-they charge twelve for them upstairs. If each and every one of us would decide this season to go gaily past the specialty places and give the basement counters the rush there would be a decided difference in the prices that the brigands of the specialty fetish charge.

And while I am discussing economy, I want to tip you of to the fact that there is money to be saved in dealing with any of the reputable, established mail order concorns dealing in articles for women's wear. One of the girls who plays good parts in the studio, and who is always well dressed, told me the other day that before she cane to News lo ok, she bought all of her clothes, even to her sloes, from one of these concorns. When she cane to New look and compared prices in sone of the so called smart shops with the prices given in the catalogues of the mail order houses, slue kept right on doing her buying by mail.

On the strength of her experience, I made a few experiments with very pleasant results. I was surprised to find that almost orrery house guarantee satisfaction

There are in the externs many tine lines of goods that are sold at a generally known price, thus presenting profiteers from sousing you. A concern that is making a ni-
tonally known brand takes pains to let the public know the prices on its good- for their own protection. I have often seen the same goods sold in the "Smart Shops," at ridiculous advances.

I am the last one in the world to zug gest irumpy, badly home-made clothes, and unless you are clever with the needle and have a bent for putting things together with taste, it is safer to go to the good stores, or the ones you know by reputation.

$I^{-}$(he old days when a dollar in our pock cts meant something more than a tip to the waiter most of us used to be ashamed to frequent the ten-cent store:
But today, ah! today how different things are! When we enter the five-and-ten emporium we are just as likely to jostle Mrs Van Renssalaer Diges on her way out. All the world has learned the virtues oi the lise-and-ten. If you are not acquainted with then try it the next time you want new dish towels, or lead pencils or lowers for your hat. They are all there. The greater number of my hats are trimmed with flowers from the fise-and-ten

We were all frantically ready to help during the war. If we didnt knit ourselves blue in the face, we foxtrotted all night at the "khaki and blue" dances, or we poured coffee and cut sandwiches until every bone in our bodies ached. We were glad to do it. It wis our job at the time. Now we are needed just as badly at a ditierent kind of work. It's a kind we haven't been used to and we don't like it. But it may come a bit caster if we just remember that every litthe economy we practice sill help to relieve the situation in these days of scant produceion. Every cent we save will help to bring things back-plerhaps not back to the care. less plenty of prewar days, but back to a more normal basis and a more rational out look. Unless you start your dollars to work ing overtime that day is sere tar oft.

Next month Miss Talnadge sill discuss some of the problems inchdental to "Getting lour Home Ready for Winter."

## The Man <br> Who Had Everything

 (Concluded from page 86)'You can take me in as a partner,' I said, 'but you can't take me in-entirely Who's putting up the money?
"Then I got it in a flash, before he answered. The whole thing was a put up job of Dad's. He was giving me everything I wanted-and I remembered the old blind man's 'curse.' I told him to go to the devil with his partnership, and beat it for Dad's office.
"I knew Pruc must be in on it, too. What a mutt she must take me for. That hurt worst of all. I had discovered that of all the fool things I had done, the biggest was to overlook Prue. And it hurt to feel that she was in on the conspiracy to make a boob out of me. I had it out with them both-took Prue into Dad's office and told them straight. I wanted to make a go of it on my own, and Dad had to lay off.
"I wandered down the street, wondering what I could do to make good, and first thing I knew I ran across the old blind man, selling pencils. I stopped and told him what his curse had done. And I thanked him-yes, thanked him. Well, we got talking, and he told me a few things I didn't know. He had been sick, and Prue had been to visit him. I beat it back to the office.
'Prue, I can't do the thing I'm going to do without a partner. Will you go in with me?' I asked her.
''What are you going to do?' she asked.
"'Get married,' I said.
"And I want to say this for myself-I may not be a world-beater as a business man, but I'll make a darn good husband."

Photoplay Technique in a College Course

ANOUNCEMENT is made that a course in the technique of the moving picture will be included in the curriculum of Columbia University, in New York City. The course is a part of the Department of English and was tried out this summer with signal success-so go the reports received.
"The course is still in an experimental state," said Dr. Hunt, who is in charge of this department. "What we are attempting is to determine for ourselves the value of the motion picture as an aid to instruction in biography, history, industries, English, science, biology and whatever other studies lend themselves to picturization."
The courses in the writing and construction of the photoplay, given under Mr. Patterson, take up the motion picture from an entirely different angle.
"We are going to try to teach those students who show talent the actual technical points connected with the writing of photoplays," said Mr. Patterson. "We have our laboratories for this right in the motion picture theaters of the city and in our own classrooms, where from time to time we show current films and attempt to analyze them from all points that could be of interest to writers for the screen. This will include all of the camera tricks and devices. The student must have a pretty fair knowledge of the limits and possibilities of the camera, the use of the close-up, the fade-in and fade-out in the development of the story, adaptation of story and dramatization of setting."



## Cultivate Your Beauty


kises and youns hearts ior the hiry time felt the thame of love

And then, a little, signiticant coush barked into their rapture, shattering their heaven, bringing them back to earth, to =ece a familiar tigure looking at them with a rightcous horror that was plamly tunted with delight at their predicament.
"Ah suahly am surprised at you. Mistah Gibbs! I thought you were too well-bred to fall so easily!" And the intruder swept on, holding her sharp chin very high

Like a whirlwincl, Penclope turned to Gibbs, stamping her little joot in rage.
"Oo-oh! See what you have done to me! Bringing me here like a nursemaid meeting her lower on a park bench! And treating me like that! And letting me be seen and disgraced! Fou offered me money! Is that what it means? Now I never can go back there-but I know what I can do, and III do it!

And while Gibb- stoorl helpless, stunned by the suddenness of her passion, she ran from him, out across an open green space, toward the thick growth of trees which iringed the Arenuc.

She came out on the payement and stood for one frightened, dreadful instant on the curb. A long yellow roadster drew up beside her. "Hello, kiddie," said a cheerful roice. "What you doing here without your hat? Jump in with Poppa and we'll go buy a new one."
"Mr. Tillotson!" she gasped, hesitated ior the fraction of a second and stepped into the car, which shot ahead. down the long, glittering Avenue
Just dive seconds later, Gibbs, panting, dishevelled, her little white hat in his hand. dashed up, and stood there, staring up and down, in dismay and perplexity
"Did the earth open and swallow her?" he demanded, aloud, heedless of the curious glances he provoked
"Keep away from de squirrels. Mister," counselled a grinning urchin, tapping a grimy little forehead significantly

It was six hours later that Gibbs dashed up the steps of 30 East, and into the parlor where one of Madame de Mailly's musical evenings was in progress. There was something about him that brought the whole company to their feet, breathless.
"Is she here?" he demanded. "Has she come ?"
"Oh, is that it j" asked Madame de Mailly, icily. "If you don't know where she is. who should know

Look here," Gibbs turned his back on the Madame and appealed to the men, "she's alone, somewhere, in a cab, with a villain of a musical comedy manager. Shes as innocent of what it means as a baby. I tell you weire got to do something!
"Ah'm surprised you-all are so casily fooled." began a soit voice, "the girl knows-"
"Shut up!" thundered the peritect Southern gentleman. "This is a time ior something besides talk "
"Right-o, my laddie!" said O-Brien. "Now cool down. and let's get it straight.
"She ran away from me in the park this afternoon - thaf woman knows why," pointing an accusing tinecr. "At eight I went to the musical comedy where the poor child was singing in the chorus to make money to send home to her family. Just hefore the curtain went up the stage manager announced that the star was inctisposed and her unclerstucly would appear in her part. The audience was disyrunted. of course. Then the curtain went up, and on came our little girl! Firom the tirst minute the hate the autlence with her. At the and of the pertormance the! called her hach
iwelve time- She's a wonder! And she thought it was a disgrace to sing in a choru. -the little innocent thing. from a country parsonage!
"But where in she now?" broke in OBrien briskly
"I hustled around (1) the taze door you sce she had told me that this Tillotson bad promised to bring her home in his car tonisht and lend her money. she didn t know what that meant! I was just a second tro late to stop her. I followed in a taxi. I zot held up by* a traffic cop, and I lost them. We've got to find her and brins her home!
"Brace up. Gibbs," O"Brien counselled. "We'll find the little girl, all right. In fact, we hute iound her!" he added with a sudden change of voice. "Hello, Miss Penn, we were just beginning to get anxious about you!"

For there, in the doorway, stood Penelope. in a new irock. a new hat. a new cloak over her arm, a new, hard light in her eves, a new, bitter note in her voice.
"Iou needn'i be anxious." she said, "Im quite all right now. Here is your money, Madame.

The roll oi bills was all that her hand could grasp. A little gasp went up from the whole group. Penelope's eves went irom one to the other, mockingly, and rested at last on the eves of Gibbs.
"lou see." she said. ah, the bravado, the bitterness of the young voice!- "I know now just what it means when a man offers a girl money!
"The brazen little hussy!" breathed one, while men and women alike gasped at her audacity. But O'Brien, keen of sight and perception, trained in the world of men and women, bent forward and looked for an instant into Penelope s eyes. Then he straightened himself with a little smile.
"This way out." he said. authoritatively. "All of you, except Gibbs. We're in the way here!"

He herded them out, through the doorway, into the hall. But. wonders of wonders, Madame de Mailly who had not spoken, nor taken her eves from Penelope' face since she entered the room, paused. as she passed the girl, and spoke with a queer. grim tenderness
"Mr. O'Brien's not the only one that can read faces," the said. "My business makes me keen and hard. I'd have sent you away. it you couldn't pay-that's my rule and I haz'e to stick to it! But this girl's done no wrong, Mr. Gibbs. Look at her eyes!"
"I never once thought she had!" declared Gibbs. and closed the door on them all.

Outside in the hall stood Tillotion. a twinkle in his small, rather bulging eyes, a half-detiant, hali-sheepish smite on his fat. red face.

The kiddie wanted me to wait." he said. "Wanted to introduce me to you all, so you could see what a nice man I am! viell. iriends. I may not be the nice man she thinks me, but shell never find me anything else! Put her little arms around nie tonight after the big hit and cried and said I was the hest man in the world next to her daddy. And he's a preacherl Good Lord, I didn't know anvehine so sweet and innocent as her was left in the world. Spoil it? Not on your life!

Somchow, the group melted away until Tillotson was teft alone with Madame de Mailly. Deliberately, he opened the door, a tiny crack, and looked into the parlor.

Gihbs was bolding Penclope in a manner that showed plainly he never would let her fo again Ancl on their young faces hoy the light that comes but ance in a whote (Conchaded on page 1:3)

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## The Shadow Stage

(Contenued from Page or)
cry with the heroine's help, but it adds litthe of interest to the story. "The Inicrior Sex" is an hour of pretty Mi.dred Harris Chaplin in a series of attractive poses; a chance to renew a pleasant acquaintance with Milton Sills, the canest of screen husbands, Mary Alden and James O. Barrows.

## HIGH AND DIZZY-Rolin-Pathe

HAROLD LLOYD'S advisers continue o add to the promise of his future by keeping him in the sort of farce that has at least some of the qualities of light comedy. In "High and IIzzy" his amusing adsentures are motisated by his experience with the home brew of a friend. The two of them become uproariously full of the explosive and Harold's plater experiences following the sleep-walking heroine around the rim of a skyscraper are given just enough plausibility to excuse them, without taking anything from them as improbable but laughable farce.

## THE BEST OF LUCK - Metro

ADAPTER LE VINO and Director Ray Smallwood would have had better luck with this Drury Lane melodrama if they had scrapped everything but the main romance. Take a Scottish lord who is obliged to sell his ancestral estates to an American; make the American a pretty American girl who is a distant relative of his lordship's family; bring her to Scotland incognito-and you have the beginnings of a telling romance. But trick it out with bald movie stuff of seductions and seaplanes. driving rains and sea divers, motorcycle "recks and automobile clashes and the story becomes nothing but another stunt movie that carries no conviction and comparatively few genuine thrills. It is a pity to see so good a story wasted, especially when the intention is so good and the material so plastic. The cast of "The Best of Luck" is one of quality-Jack Holt making the hero person a likely youth and Kathryn Adams doing full credit to the adventurous American who is there with the cash and the spirit. They are capably assisted by Fred Malatesta and Lilic Leslic. Many of the shots are excellent, and the early scenes particularly well directed.

## THE CITY OF MASKSParamount - Artcraft

THERE is a pleasant overlay of fancy Masks." It gives free rein to the imagination without seriously belittling the ordinary intelligence. What a city of masks this ereat city of New Vork really is. How little anyone knows of his neiglibor, and nothing at all of his neighbor's neighbor. The ridiculous becomes almost plausible under the lure of the George Barr McCutcheon romance, frankly fashioned for children grown tall, but not too wise. In this instance a little group of foreign notables, drisen from their homes across the sea, make the most of their Thursday evenings off by holeling court and resuming for a fow hours the positions to which they were born abroad. Thus the pawnbroking lady becomes a princess, and the dealer in antiques a lord chamberlain, the Kussian fidNer a count, the corner jeweler a duke of Burgundy, and the chatuifeur and goserness who carry the love story reveal themselees as really Lord lirie and Lady Jane. There is a touch of poetic justice in Lord Eric's rescue of Lady Jane from the unwelcone attentions of the cheaply vencered aristoc-
all well played. Robert W゙arwick is nicely suited to the role of the distinguished chauffeur, and Lois 1 Wilson is attractively modest and supremely ladelike as the noble gowerness. who had rather work humbly for a living than sponge on her friends or capitalize her social position. There is a good bit of characterization in Theodore Kosloff's shivering but still proud genius, and Edward Jobson cleverly: if not altogether consincingly, differentiates the two roles of the butler and the boss. But can you imagine a McFadden become the political ruler of Manhattan returning voluntarily to his butler job on Thursday nights for the fun of the thing? Arragh, go on! Thomas Heffron did the directing from a scenario by Walter Woods.

## By Photoplay Editors

## HOMER COMES HOME-Ince-Paramount-Artcraft

CHARLES RAI: playing another one of his twelve-o'clock fellers in a nineo'clock town. Charles is the original and best local boy who makes good-but sometimes we wish he would play something different. He is as ingratiating as ever, and adds a new name to the long list of charming ingenues he has loved: Priscilla Bonner. This is the last, but one, of the Ray-Paramount series.

## JENNY BE GOOD-Realart

THERE would seem to be no reason ior telling Mary Miles Minter to be good. She is anyway $\mathrm{Vl}^{\circ} \mathrm{e}$ should like to see her be very bad for once, but would Realart let her? If you like Mary you'll tind this bet-ter-than-aberage Minter entertainment. It's not so saccharine as some, while M. M. M. is naive and fairly natural.

## THE PREY - Vitagraph

THE same old story: The girl who sacrifices herself to save her brother from disgrace. The honest and upright young district attorney who loves the girl. The oily villain-he dies of apoplexy in the last reet. If he hadn't the hero would have been obliged to kill him-and a young district attorney should neser do that. When the girl is Alice Joyce you can put up with anything, esen this moth-eaten theme. The negligee Alice wears is the most attractive costume we have ever seen on the screen. Miss Joyce improves with esery picture. Have you ever noticed that she lets her hands act. too?

THE FLI COP-Vitagraph

LARRI SEMON is really iunny licre He works hord all the time but somehow does not leave you as exhausted as you usually wre after two reels in a slapstick cabaret. There is excellent trick stufi. if you like that: grood burlesque, providing fance dancing done by o low comedian reaches your risibilities; and pretty Lucile Zintheo-Carliske, if you like her-and alnuost everyone does.

## KISS ME CAROLINE—Christic

TIIE real hedroom farce of the screen. Al Claristie has, with this rapid conteds', achieved painlessly what other producers have attempted in vain with their lavish picturizations of expensive and risque Rroadway hits. They are all the usual com-

## The Shadow Stage

(Continued)
plications which ensue when Bobby Vernon impersonates his pal's wife to please his pal's father, and pal's sister and her chum come to risit them. Bobby is a continual scream: while Charlotle Merriam, a pretty blonde, and Vera Steadman, who formerly performed in tanks, provide the embelishments. We should call this the best short comedy of the month.

## PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATHMetro

AMAD, mad story: A naughty, naughty farce. "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" was snatched off Broadway and Forty-Sceend Street. It should have been allowed to die there. It was fairly funny on the stage but on the screen it is apt to give you a bad case of the blues. The players try so hard to be cut-ups that you begin by hating them and end up by feeling sorry for them. In spite of its reckless display of pajamas and negligees, the story is about as devilish as a midnight supper at a boarding school with all the little girls smoking cigarettes.
Please, gentlemen, be careful about buying any more Broadway farces.

## WHISPERS-Selznick

"WHISPERS" is the story of a gir who breaks out of society. As such it is a becoming story for Elaine Hammerstein, who has a real gift for giving life-like pictures of modern American girls. In "Whispers" she is seen as a girl who has been brought up in an artificially colored atmosphere and who nearly becomes involved in a divorce suit. The picture is sentimental but quite charming.

## THE SPIRIT OF GOOD-Fox

MADLAINE TRAVERSE disguised as William S. Hart. "The Spirit of Good" is the story of a bold, bad woman of the great West who gets religion and reforms. If you want a good cry,-or a good laugh,-watch "Champagne Nell" sing "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight.

## THE SLIM PRINCESS-Goldwyn

Dy you remember when Ruth Stonehouse appeared in "The Slim Princess" for Essanay? George Ade's story was too good to be killed off with one attempt so here is Goldwyn's version of the tale of the Turkish princess who was too thin to appeal to the local bachelors.
The story is ideal for Mabel Normand and it solves her problem of how to be funny although beautiful. In spite of the goracousness of the settings and the obvious attempt to make "The Slim Princess" something very nifty in the way of pictures, it is Miss Normand who brings out the real George Ade humor of the story.

## GIRL OF THE SEA—Republic

CIRL OF THE SEA" reminds us of a Coney Island shore dinner. If it weren't for the fish, there would be no point to the thing. The best thing to do is to forget the plot and make up your mind to take a trip through the aquarium. The leading man is an octopus and the leading woman is a shark. Human actors lend them good support, and the Girl of the Sea is attractively played by Betty Hilburn. The spirit of the bounding main is here-so if you like water stuff, swim to it.


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The Shadow Stage (Continued)
MOON MADNESS-Robertson Cole "MOON MADNESS" brinzs Edith Storey back to the screen and so, aside rom any question of its merits and its demerits, it is worth seeing. In the old days, we used to watch Miss Storey's acting and think that she had been born too soon,that the screen was not ready for such a cerebral actress. And now, after an absence cluring which time the screen has advanced immenscly, Miss Storcy comes back in the old-fashioned type of picture to which she "Moon Madness" is the story of a French girl brought up by an Arab tribe who goes to Paris and,-well, you know the rest. The picture is attractively staced but the role played by Miss Storey could have been filled by any star. It is a little beneath the dignity of such an able actress.

## THE MISFIT WIFE-Metro

$W^{\text {HO }}$ dees not love stories of poor litfamilies and, after being snubbed, prove that they are honest-to-goodness heroines with hearts of gold? Alice Lake makes her eecond starring appearance in just such a Cinderella role. It isn't an original story but it's pleasant. Forrest Stanley is her leading man.

## THE ROSE OF NOME-Fox

IF you like to see the villain pursue 'em then you will like "The Rose of Nome, for it has two villains. Both of them are refined wife-beaters and between them they hound Gladys Brocktrell for the conventional five reels. This picture is a melodrama of the Northwest where a Good Girl leads a hard life.

## UNDER NORTHERN LIGHTSUniversal

ANOTHER story of the Northwest. The hero is a member of the Royal mounted. The heroine is a French girl with a heavy subtitular accent. The plot is the same old thing, only a little bit worse. This is a good picture to see if you are waiting for a train and haven't anything else to do William Buckley is seen as the hero and he makes a pretty eyeful for flappers. Virginia Faire is our lovely heroine

## COMMON LEVEL-Climax

YOU nust see it to believe it. It is the parallel history of a wheat magnate and of Attilla the Hun. Attila is killed before he hits the righteous path but the wheat magnate, warned by the tale of the hunnish conqueror, reforms and his sweet and uplifted smile marks the happy ending
Some of the Roman scenes are pretentious but vulgar. The technique of the film, with its old-fashiomed vision scenes, will probably strike you as belonging to another and dlistant day. Edmund Breese and Claire Whit-
do the best they can with it.

## LA LA LUCILLE-Universal

IN spite of the fact that it is a beelrnom larce, it is funny. It has a certain reck less smap that makes you forget that it is ridiculous. Adapted from a musical comedy. it still retains its girlish lamghter Those two jolly boys. Eidde Lyons and l.ee Moran, play with the zest of vaudevillians while Anue Cornwall is la la Lu-

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## The Shadow Stage (Concluded)

THE DISCARDED WOMANHallmark

"T'HE DISCARDED WOMAN" aims to be sensational but, as a matter of fact, it is just the same old sex stuff, crudely produced and presented in bad taste. The story won't bear repeating in a magazinc that goes into the home. Grace Darling and Rod La Rocque have the leading roles. Business of blushing for them.

## THE GIRL IN THE RAINUniversal

CROOK melodrama pleasantly sweetened with a large lump of romance. "The Girl in the Rain" is a nice little picture, not too bright and good for human nature's daily food. Anne Cornwall plays the principal role. She is kept busy these days.

## THE BORDER RAIDERS-

## Aywon

BACK again to the great West. "The Border Raiders" is a tale that has been told a thousand times. The settings are picturesque and evidently the real thing Outside of that we can't say much for the picture.

## A Little Domestic

## Drama

(Concluded from page 47)
"Sounds reasonable," said they in chorus. "Where were you married?"
"Ha, ha! In Reno. We started thereto take the curse off. We were married last January, and we wanted to keep it a secret. We did, for quite a long time, but-people got to peeking around and-better to be considered married than immoral, isn't it?" said the female of the species.
"I haven't decided," said the man.
"Fact is," said Priscilla, with one of those fascinating smiles, "he acted so darned married he gave the whole show away."
"Fact is," said Wheeler, pulling the little curl over her ear, "no woman can keep from tagging the man that belongs to her.
"To get back to the previous question," said I. "Why did you marry him?"
"I-liked him," said Priscilla, with a blush.
"And why did you marry her?" I asked her other half.
"Thought she had brains enough to make us happy-and she's got such darn pretty ankles."
"You look awfully domestic," said I.
"We are," they agreed.
Gracious, what are the movies coming 10 , with Priscilla Dean tamed and liking it, Gloria Swanson interested only in baby clothes, and Bill Hart laid up with a couple of busted ribs?

If something isn't done, they'll get so respectable nobody in Hollywood will have anything to talk about.

Incidentally, Mr. Oakman, who made his first big screen hit in "The Ne'er-Do-Well." will be seen opposite his wife in her new Universal starring vehicle, a crook picture which she says is the best thing she's had since "The Wild Cat of Paris" made her a star overnight.
Both Mr. and Mrs. Oakman have been long in pictures, and the bridegroom was in the A. E. F. during the war.
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Author in Wonderland (Continucd from Poge 39 )
every one who thas anylling to do with it is young-generally young in years, but always young in spirit. The reason ior this. I suppose, is that they nu-t move with the time, and the csestece of youth is the abil ity to learn. Every one $i$ have seen in the moving picture busines is acutcly aware of the fact that they are dealing with a new and expanding human interest, whicb, ii they are not very alert, may move so rap. idly as to leave them behind. They all talk of its endless posibilities, how it may turn into a method of scientinc discorcry, or into a great educational $s y=t \mathrm{tm}$, or into the most powcriul weapon of indu-trial efificiency-or into all thrce. The people interested in it are watching very respectifully to see which way the giant is going to sweep them.
This is a very difierent attitude from that of the stage, which has so long and so powerful a tradition back of it that its eyes turn back more often than forward. It is a very dificrent atlitude from the older magazines, which only the other day were still trying to make a paying business of educating the taste of their public along the lines the editors themselves approved. The result of this double object was that the editor used to have inevitably a critical attitude toward his authors-of the stylist because he did not sell the magazine, and of the popular writer because he did not elevate his readers.
There is nothing of this in the point of view of the scenario editor. He is in immediate touch with the exhibitors of his pictures all over the world. He has accurate knowledge of what is successful and what is not. He doesn't scold his authors, and he doesn't usually haggle with them. What he doesn't want, he rejects, and what he does want, he pays for. That is why authors like to deal with the movies.

THE movies certainly have not the hidebound conventions of the stage, but they have some conventions, of course.
They have, for instance, a language of their own.
Just as I might speak of a cripple or a deaf mute, indicating a human being lacking some of the normal faculties, so the moving picture man speaks of a "still," meaning that kind of a photugraph lacking the normal power that every picture ought to have of portraying motion.
Some day some one is going to write an article on the special powers required by directors of moving pictures. In a cursory view of the subject I was struck by the fact that directors require and usually have the ability to enforce their wishes by the mere power of their personality. Leaders of orchestras-kreat leaders-have the same quality. And yet I saw a director terribly snubbed by a collie dor.
Collics, as every one who has known one knows, are haughty creatures even in everyday life. But a collie acting in the movies is prouder than anything you can imazine Although I ought not to say this, for the one I have in mind-Jean. her name wascame over in the midit of a relhearsal and spoke to me in the most friendly manner possible. But to the orders of the director she would not pay the least attention The hero and the leading lady carried out lis sugkestions with the greatest prompt ness, cven the camera-nan obeyed him. but when he said to Jean: "Now, ko and get the slipper," she merely raised her eyes to her own master, who was standing out of range of the camera, and gave him a look which seemed to say: "Doesn't that man know that I never nay any attention to anyone but youp" After this had beed

Author in Wonderland (Concluded)
established, her own would say-far more quietly than the director: "Go and get the slipper, Jean," and she would bound away to get it so fast that the camera-man protested that it would not do at all, and methods had to be devised for slowing down Jean's ready obedience.
It was during this discussion that she came over and thrust her long cool nose into my hand, and made me feel as no one else had, that I was extremely welcome in the studio.
Later I met her on her way out to lunch.
She was even more unbending after business hours, and condescended to be even a little bit silly, and whisked her long fringed tail about.
But then great artists must have their relaxation when the strain is over.

# Why Girls Don't Leave Home <br> (Concluded from page 67) 

topics of the day so that I can understand when they talk about current events. I don't bore them, at dinner time, by complaining about grocery bills, or the price of meat, or the way the laundress tears the table linen. I talk intelligently about things they want to talk about and, when I can't talk intelligently, I listen intelligently.
"As for my other daughter-my prettiest one-" the Gentle Lady laughed understand-ingly-"I try to remember my own youth, and to understand, because of that memory, the problems she is facing and the little worries that are troubling her mind. I try to remember, when young men stay rather late in the evening, that times have changed, slightly, since I was a girl. I try to remember that the dresses I wore probably looked as extreme to my mother, in her day, as the styles my daughter wears, today, seem to me I try to remember that new customs seemed just as radical twenty-five years ago as they do now.
"A girl's confidence is the very easiest thing in the world to lose. She is apt to retire into a shell of reserve, even with her own mother, if she is treated in any way that she considers unfair. It is a mother's biggest job to study her daughter, and she should do it just as an efficiency expert studies a business that he hopes to put on a splendidly successful basis.
"I look upon my daughters as my profession. I try to understand them, to help them, to work with them just as a private secretary tries to work with her chief. If a private secretary doesn't do her work and do it well, she's usually discharged, isn't she? And so it's likely that she tries very hard not to be discharged. If a mother-" the Gentle Lady broke off meaningly and glanced at me. "Well, Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Black and Mrs. Williams are being discharged," she said abruptly, "aren't they? Because they're not giving the profession of motherhood the best that's in them. I don't want to be discharged."
"So your solution," I began, "is-"
The Gentle Lady interrupted.
"My solution," she said, "is a simple one It's just being as human and understanding as possible; just studying a daughter's personality and needs, quite as a man studies a business problem; just gaining her confidence -and keeping it when it's gained-and," the Gentle Lady touched my hand with light fingers, "and just not forgetting one's own youth!"


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## Foiling the Fictionist

 (A Very Short Story)-"and so, under the circumstance, we feel that we must foreclose

## He said the last word

Miss Billie O Noel finished the final little circle of the Pitman character that stood for "foreclose" and then, with an odd little igh, closed her eyes and tumbled off the chair.
(The Editor said that you have gut to start off a story with a lot of punch in it. Make a situation with one bold stroke of the brush, although, for the life of me. I cant see how a chappie can write a short tory and use a brush. But editors are queer dodgers, at that. Now this one, for whom I am doing this particular masterpiece, insists that he must have bustness stories that have a love interest seeping through every other paragraph. And
then he simply razes if there isn't any dialogue and, of course, the mystery le-ment-that has to be thought of. Let's see. Where was I? Miss Billie O:Niel tumbled off the chair. Really, she more properly crumpled up into a pathetic little heap and slid gently to the floor, but most of the authors are doing that to death. I never saw anybody crumpled up in a pathetic little heap, but 1 admit it does and real well, don't you fancy, eh??)
Mr. Porterhouse appeared to be annoyed Mr. Porterhouse appeared to be annoyed io points home. It is a neat example of intensive authoring. By naming the emplover, for you will observe this is a bustness story, "Mr. Porterhouse," I give you a good mental picture of him; "Mr. Porter-house"-you see-elegance, wealth, arrogance, and all that; ruddy complexion, brutal exterior, and so on. And then, too, you will observe how well I make another vital point; he is "annoyed." See? Not sorry, nor surprised, nor anxious. Just annoyed. What does he care, this fat, opulent, arrogant employer, that poor little Iris O'viel has fainted or collapsed or something? He is not interested in the personal element of his stenographers. He is just annoyed. That is the word-annoyed. I lowe that word in this particular place and I am sure it will sell the story.)

He inhaled deeply and his mustache bristled.
"I'm-awkward, rather," he fumed And he arose, and picked the girl up and carried her to the sofa in a corner of the room. Her face was very white and he wondered if, perhaps, there was something more serious than a mere fainting spellan overclose room, or-

Mr. Porterhouse leaned over the girl prostrate form. He placed his car against her bosom to listen to the heart-beat

And then-
And then-
And then-
He heard a slight scraping sound He straightened up sharply and wheeled to face the door.

A woman, standing upon the threshold eyed him with a frosty glitter in her eyes (What's that? Shucks, you'ie gone and guessed it. Bah! What's the use of finishing the story? Of course, it was his "wife!)



## MrFfair Was Quite Gray

It was falling out, getting brittle and stringy. My scalp was filled with dandruff and itched almost constantly
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## "39 East"

(Concluded from page 122)
lifetime. As they looked, I'enelope sighed happily, and spoke
"The world is so full of lovely, good people!" she said.
Tillotson closed the door again. He winked his little bulgy eyes very fast, and laughed a bit unsteadily
"Sort of makes you believe in things again, don't it?" he sighed.

## The New Star

PERCIVAL POLISH, the bandolined and brilliantined beau who had long considered himself the bright particular star of the Bandbox Studios, was p'ainly annoyed. "Why is it that there is to be a new star in the next picture with Hortense Henna? he yelped at the casting director.
"Ask the big boss," replied the other man. 'I guess he thinks it will be a hit. They're all doing that stuff now, you know, Percy. Don't get sore about it. It hadn't ought to make any diff to you. Vou've got Hortense so id, haven't you?

Solid!
He was a swagger fellow, and there was swank to him.

For instance, on the very first morning he swung leisurely across the open stage and, after regarding the beautiful Hortense, stepped over to her side and kissed her! True, he did not kiss her on the lips, but upon her dainty, white hand-so bold he was.

And when the set was ready, the director, with a raging giower and his accustomed frown, stepped out with his megaphone and barked at the New Star.

But did the New Star cower and shrink?
Not a bit of it. . . . He barked back at the director and turned abruptly and left the set flat. It was half an hour before he could be persuaded to return. And, give the devil his due, the director forgot his haughtiness and offered to shake, his hand extended with genuine friendliness.

The New Star regarded the Director sternly, sneezed in his face, and turned his back upon him.

The on-lookers waited for the blast, which never came. The Cranky Director had met his match at last.

T
HE picture was immensely successful.

- The New Star was better even than his discoverers had said.
But most important of all, the big boss was delighted and sent for the cruel director forthwith.
"That picture with the New Star is a wonder," said the big boss, fairly bubbling over with enthusiasm
"I did the best I could," said the eviltempered director with an absurd attempt at humility.
"You!" shouted the big boss. "You! Why, you tramp, you never had anything to do with it. This fellow just eats it up. He's the best in the movies today. I only hope we don't lose him-that's all."

And then he sat down and wrote an order to the treasurer:
"I don't know what you are giving him," it said, "but double the amount you are spending on the New Star from now on." And he signed his name.

So that afternoon the New Star feasted royally as he had never feasted before. Instead of the unconsidered trifles to which he was accustomed, he had real beef-steak, nice and raw and with a bone here and there, and topped off with a pan of rich cream. When he had finished he greeted the rest of the company with a joyous bark and a vigorous wagging of his funny little stubby tail. The New Star had come to stay.

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There has never been so imaginative and powcrful a thing done in America as this battlement of Klingsor's Castle in "Parsifal."

Rubens and Gaston Glass and Montague Love and Pedro de Cordoba and Charley Gerrard were playing. The carpenter, thinking to help and probably distrusting Joseph Urban on anything except "girl stuff," brought this cosmopolite as a guide and set of instructions-a set of picture post-cards! He also found photographs of a house in Southern Spain which he thought should be copied. But when Urban had finished his gentle explanations the carpenter, abashed, discuvered that l:e didn't know what a patio was, and further, that he had brought, as an example of the city architecture of New Castile, a new French chateau built in Andalusia by a war-profitecr!

I have described Urban a very gentle man. I must also add that he is a very quaint man, but much of the quaintness adheres to his soft, timorous, and entirely individual dialect. It is the dialect of an educated German, spattcred with the terminology of half a dozen languages. He speaks, really, very good English, with a large garden of words to pluck from, but there is an occasional rumbling of Tcutonic gutturals and the slurring of one brought up on double-dotted ii's and ä's. I shall not try to reproduce it, for I'd only burlesque it. It can't be done in print.
His quaintness gets into his vicwpoint, too.
As I sat conversing with lim there entered, for a short but loud argument. a young, prominent, egotistic and quite generally uneducated director whose principal qualifications are force and action-certainly not subtlety. He endeavorenl to beat down the man who was responsible for his picture's appearance. He had mone of his own way, and finally departed, silenced like a large cannon that no longer has any ammunition
"Well," sighed 【Trban. "I shan't try to correct him again. I can't be his grandfather."
"What do you mean?" I askert.
"That's where his erlucation should have starterl-at least two generatims lack.


He is a very kente man, very tolerant, wery enthusiastic about other men's enthusiasms.
'THEY all like to argue with Urban. They ness. The idea of an art-director who knows anything above painting scenery as the director of the picture wishes, and upon sets that he and his carpenter have designed, is quite new to the trade. Too new to be swallowed without a struggle.

Another one came in. He had a modern Chincse story, in which you get a retrospect, in vision form, of a wonderful old Buddhist temple. U'rban had attended to this, and magnificently, too. But the director didn't know it. With C'rban that temple was a matter of lights and focuand real lens-magic. With the director it was the old-fashioned movie convenience of a more or less clumsy little model on wheels. He busied himself ardently with his own descriptions.
"You build her up right there, about three feet high, and I wheel it up or push it back-she gets big or she gets small, just as I place the platform-you know what I mean!
"Yes," murmured the long-sufferer artist,
in his kindliest tone; "I know, you want rubber temple
But quaintest of all, I think, is the story of Urban's first triumphant failure in America. He had cut completely loose from Austria in rors. A protuction or two for the Boston Opcra made his name known to producers, and he was engaged to construct the equipment for an entirely immative production which save great promise for the metropolis The move to America hat taken practically all of his resources that were not tied up in his new studio. here. He was paid in checks. He lived at the Kinickerhocker Hotel. The produc. tion failed. He wrote his own check for his hotel bill. It came back-his empleyer's checks had not been good!
Horribly embarrased, the artict calied the proprietor of the hotel and offered him everything of value on

## Marietta Serves Coffee (Concluded)

his person as surety for the bad debt so unwittingly contracted. Unwilling to accept these, yet sympathetic, the hotel man urged him to tell his whole story to the bank. At this time he could speak no English, yet he made his way to the depository, found a clerk who spoke German, and was just pouring his tale into his ears when the first vice-president-who was a linguist as well as a innancier-overbeard, and called Urban into his office. He came out with moncy for his immediate needs and a hundred dollars for his expenses back to Boston-where, of course, he had a studio, and work in abundance quickly to rehabilitate himself.

That vice-president is a bank president now, and he and Urban are fast friends. Urban restored his account there as quickly as possible, still maintains it, and the bankpresident's boast is that Urban has never made a stage-setting in New York that he basn't seen.

# The Little Girl in the Parsonage 

(Continued from page 35)
field in which he was winning swift recognition. Then the whole family moved to Brooklyn. And there, joy of joys, Doris might go to dancing school.
It was wonderful, but still- Some of the girls had such darling dresses! All frilled and fussed up with lace and ribbons and fringe and everything! Especially fringe! Doris would have been glad to go to Heaven if she had been assured of fringe on her angelic robe.

SOON after that, Doris made her first appearance on the stage. The play was "My Aunt From California.". It was given by a church society, and Doris took the part of a charming maiden named Felicia. She loved it, with its chance to wear a long dress, put up her mop of shining curls, and use grown-up language. But she had to kiss the hero!
At every rehearsal, Doris faltered when she came to the critical point. "We needn't kiss until the real night," she'd say.

And then the "real night" came, and Doris' courage failed. She simply could not lift her face and kiss the man, impulsively, as she was supposed to do. She grew scarlet, she stood still, she waited, while the prompter hissed from the side, "Go on, Doris! Do it !" The audience "caught on" and began to laugh. The big, blond hero took things in his own hands, bent-and Doris was kissed, while the audience applauded hilariously !
So you can see why I, looking back to this night of Doris' first appearance, marvelled at the bit of daring, sophisticated femininity, which was Doris Kenyon now. I thought of all the years I had known the Kenyons; of the scholarly critic, editor, and poet who is her father : of the dignified, conservative lady who is her mother; of the charming married sister, with her growing family ; of the brother who is a member of the New York state legislature. I thought of her quiet home, which has never lost its atmosphere of the wholesome American family that recognizes religion as a vital part of life.
"It's a long, long trail from the little girl in the parsonage to 'The Girl in the Limousine," I thought, with a sigh for the girl of long ago.
I had luncheon with her at the end of the season. I'm so glad I did. For at the


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The Little Girl in the
Parsonage
(Concluded)
table in the big hotel, I found waiting for me not the Girl in the Limousine, but the pirl of the parsonaze. Just the same radiant little girl, with the touch of wistfulness in the shining eyes, the swift transitions from laughter to seriousness, the joyous certainty that somehow, if one does one"s best, everythine is sure to come right!
"Like it? You don't think I l:ke that part, do you?" she gasped. "Of course I don"t like it! But if people on'y played parts they liked we couldn't have a theater! You have to take your chance when it comes. and do your best with it
"While I'm on the stage I'm the Limousine Girl, just as truly as I can be! When I come off . . . . Well, we don't have to carry our stage selves into real life, you know.
'Yes, my family was shocked at first-especially: Father. He never did see the play: but once, but poor Mother never missed a night. However, she was in my dressing room, not in the audience, and that helps!"
"And the farce has been a great success."
I said.
"Yes, here in New Vork, from the first night, and also in staid Boston, where we were all afraid for it. But in Chicago it fell flat, in the beginning. Oh, I was so heart broken that first night when nobody scemed to like us. Nobody laushed. Vobody ap-plauded-or so it seemed 10 mc ! I wanted to cry, and I had to keep trying to be bright and funns:
"After the first act, when my heart was down in my shoes, one of the men told me that the best dramatic critic in the city was sitting out in front. He pointed him out to me, as I was waiting to go on. I studied his face, and I was so scared! I just stood there and said over and over in $m y$ heart, "Oh, God, please make him like me! Oh, God, please make him like me!"
"And he did like you ${ }^{2}$ " I asked.
"Yes. He spoke very nicely of my work And after that first night the play got to going and was a success. there, after all."
"Iou be'ieve it helps to pray. ${ }^{"}$ I couldn't help the question!

The lovely face of Doris looked a bit bewildered, a bit shocked. It was as ii one had asked a child at its first gift-laden Chrisima= iree, "Do you believe in Santa Claus ${ }^{\text {P" }}$
"Of course," she said simply. "Why. you know how I was brought up. My father never taught us to wait for some certain time of day to pray: or for some certain place to pray in. Ever since I can remember I have asked God instantly right on the spot. to help me when I needed help. And I do it yet. in the sume little-girl way. And 1 know it helps!

Why:" she laughed, "haven't I alsoys zone to church and to Sunday school? Hasen't I alwas belonged to mision bands and sung in church choirs? H.sven't I marehed thotrands of miles in those BrookIrn Sunday school parades, standine on one foot and then the other for hoars waiting for then to get started? Hasen't I had my: father's and mother's teaching all my life? You don't forget those thirgs, juti because you have a few new experiences ${ }^{1}$

And suddenly I realized that I had been mistaken, that it ecasn't a long. lons trail from the (iirl in the Parsonage to the Girl in the Limousine: that when the I.imousine (iirl comes off the stage she shrugs her shoulders and the stage costume slips off. to be replaced by her own clothes, and then she shrues her soul and the stace character slips away, and there's our own Doris again the little girl of the od Methodist parsonage, with the green tree in the yardl

## Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 118)
The Three Twins, Ciitago.-I have a sneaking suspicion that your other letters werent answered because you didn't sign your names. But I am really a kind-hearted old fellow, and ean't bear to see three young ladies suffering for want of information about Carlyle Blackwell. Your favorite has been married but his wife divorced him. I regret to report, also, that the former Mrs. B.ackwell has proposed Mr. Blackwell's name for membership in the justly-celebrated Alimony Club of New York. Carlyle recently appeared opposite Marion Davies in "The Restless Sex." Blackwell is thirty-three.

Silvia, Ocean City.-Bebe Daniels isn't married. Her first Realart production is "You Never Can Tell." No, George Bernard Shaw didn't write it. "Oh, Lady, Lady," the popu'ar musical comedy, has also been purchased as a prospective vehicle for Bebe. The Talmadges, their own studio, New York Wish you'd consult our Studio Directory once in a while.

Harry Clark, Madera, Cal.-If you were a little more observing, Harry, you would notice that I have said Bill Desmond, and not Bill Russell, is married to Mary McIvor and the father of Mary Joanna Desmond. Bill Russell is divorced. In the future, please look again before you criticize. I am often wrong, but once in a while I am right.
M. E. G., Verona, Ohio.-Hoot Gibson is married to Helen Gibson. Both are exponents of the athletic form of fi'm drama. Hoot is twenty-eight; address him at Universal City. The only record I have of Esther Ralston is her appearance in "Huckleberry Finn" for Paramount. You might address her there. Clyde Fillmore is married to a non-professional. Roy Stewart is thirtysix years old. Will that be all?

Bill, Iola, Kansas.-So you are one of these frank persons who always behaves as he feels. Well, I hope you'll be feeling better the next time you write. Enid Bennett is married to Fred Niblo. Both have their own company now. Alice Joyce is still with Vitagraph; her latest release is "The Vice of Fools," in which Robert Gordon again plays opposite her. Antrim Short with Viola Dana in "Please Get Married." He is Blanche Sweet's cousin. Dick Barthelmess in "Way Down East;" he's twenty-five.

Dorothy, Toronto--No, I shouldn't call him a great author. Everyone always agrees with him. Irene Castle has not made any pictures since "The Amateur Wife." Nazimova Bryant's new ones are "Billions" and "Madame Peacock." Norma Talmadge in "Branded."

Martha, Minneapolis.-I don't feel that I really know the star you mention. I've only run across him once or twice, and then he was with his wife. Julian Eltinge has been touring the Orient; he may make some new pictures now that he is back in America. Herbert Rawlinson opposite Ann Little in "The Black Fox." Ann is again with Lasky. She recently played a lead opposite Bill Hart.

## Miguel Galope, Manila-Thank you for

 your kind letter. No trouble at a!l to answer your questions, which are in good taste, to say the least. Lillian Russell is married to a Pittsburgh milionaire. Anna Q. Nilsson, Lasky, Ho'lywood; Mildred Reardon, Fox, New York; Mollic Malone, Goldwyn, Culver City: Mae Gaston, Broadwell Productions; Jean Paige, western Vitagraph; Marion Davies, International. Your others are answered elsewhere. Be sure to write again.

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## Questions and Answers

## (Conclided)

Doder, Larame - Con-tructive criticism what you hand the other fellow When he says the same thing to you, it's fault-finding. Edith Thornton was the leading woman in "The Whirlwind." 1 didn't see the picture so can't tell you if I admire the leadine man's hair-cut. Which reminds me -1 need onc.

Blue Eyes, Carthage - So the doctor told you you needed a little change. Why not ask him to give it to you-if he's anything like my doctor he probably has all of yours. Natalie Talmadge very often plays in her sisters pictures. She was with Constance in "The Love Expert," and with Norma in "Y'es or No." as the little maid. The Talmadges are all abroad right now-Mother P'eg, Norma. Constance, and Joseph Schenck, as well as several secretaries and a corps of maids. Dorothy Gish and Mrs. Gish crossed at the same time as the Talmadge parts; all of them went for vacation purposes only. Your other queries attended to in other items.
L. M. F., Portland.-Talk may be cheap -but you should see my telephone bills! Yes, there is a Gaston Glass in pictures; he played the French officer in "Mothers of Men;" was Leon Kantor in "Humoresque;" acted opposite Alma Rubens in "The World and His Wife," and is now in Canada playing the leading role in "The Foreigner," the first of the series of picturizations of Ralph Connor's stories.
E. M., San Gabriel, Cal.-It is the rule of this department-as you will see at the top of the Questions and Answers columnsto give only one cast at a time. Therefore I selected "The Barrier": Merridy, Mabel Julienne Scott; John Gaylord, Russell Simpson; Dan Bennett, Howard Hall; Lieut. Meade Burrell, Victor Sutherland; John Gale. Russell Simpson; 'Poleon Doret. Mitchell Lewis; Ben Stark, Howard Hall; Runnion. Edward Roseman; No Creep See, W. J Gross; Alluna, Mary Kennevan Car. You will notice that both Simpson and Hall played two parts in this.
K. M.. Toronto-Ruth Roland is doing a fifteen-episode serial called "Ruth of the Rockies." The first episode is called, "The Mystery Trunk." Jack Mulhall is married and has one child. You lose your bet. don't you? Harold Lockwood died of influenza. Ruth Roland is about twenty-seven.
V. DE B., New York City-You were
very nice to tell me all those pleasant things about $m y$ department. Now all 1 have to worry about is whether or not you mean them. Sessue Hayakawa may be reached care the Brunton studios, Los Angeles. He is married to Tsuru Aoki, who is also a hilm star. One of her latest pictures, for Universal, is "The Breath of the Gods." Mary Maclaren has left Universal.

Mrs. Carkoll A. M., Marsufifld.-Many a hard-working husband finds it hard to share his wife's enthusiasm about Bert L.ytell. Here is the east of "The Spenders" (Aetro): Dick Berbie. Bert Leytell: I. II: Berbie. Thomas Jefierson; Elmer Robbins, Clarence Burton; Stetson, W'illiam V' Mong Melen Stetson. Clara Morris. That cast somads like an indirect atsertisemem for a certain brand of head-cosering.

Marr. Short Ann Swelt - Vivinh Martin has her own company, as I beliewe I lave rematked hefore Eugene O'Brien isn't married, and never has leen married. His mother is his best girl.

K B. B. Hope, Ark.-lour physician will never tell you which is better, the ounce oi prevention or the pound of cure. He sells both. Mabel Normand is with Goldwen: she isn't married. Katherine MacDonali releases her pictures through First Nationa! Her latest, "The Notorious Miss Lisle." in which she is supported by Nigel Barrie. Dorothy Dalton"s new Paramount is "Guilty Love." Mise Dateon worke in New Jork City.
O. J. M., Caxby, Mmen-Jou are reireshingly polite. Accordingly 1 hasten to reply in kind. But of coursc. I couldn't pos:ibly be as polite as you were. Ade'e Rowland is Mrs. Conway Tearle. Tcarle has been married before-several times. D. W: Grifith works in the east altozether now. in Mamaroneck, New lork. David Wark lives in New lork City

JEaN, Iows-In these days of equal suffrage the widow's mite is now the widow's might. You aren't old enough to vote, are you? But you seem to have your favorite candidates all the same. Here is the cait of "Bitter Sweet:" Farmer Slater, Gcorge Stanley; Joan, his wife. Anna Shaefer; John, W'ebster Campbell; Ruth, Corinne Griffith. Miss Griffith is now a Vitagraph star-and leading man Webetcr Campbell is also her husband.
B. D. B., Kaxsas - les, the army was excellent training for many of our young men -only some of them can't seem to get out of the habit of charging.: Dustin Farnum in "The Corsican Brothers." Duity is still with Robertson-Cole, Eddie Polo is very coy as to his age. He's married. Zeena Ǩcefe opposite Owen Moore in "Piccadilly Jim." She is featured for Selznick. Victor Moore is in vaudeville now; last seen on the screen in Klever Komedies. Eileen and Josie Sedgwick are sisters.
B. E. W.. Salt Lake City:-1 haven't the cast of that play. Are you sure that is the correct title? Besides, there are so many young men in pictures who light well and make love beautifully. Joull have to give me a more complete description.

Billie Whiskers.-I can't shimmy. A: a rival of Gilda Gray 1 am decidedly not in the running. The only thing I can shake is my head, and that works overtime. People are aluays asking me questions to which 1 must periorce reply that I don't know. I really have no idea of the middle name of that actress' divorced husband.
Bessin: K R., Cheaco-Conway Tearle is forty. He is a star for Selznick, his pictures to be released under the National Picture Theaters banner. 1 liked Doris Keane in "Romance". Rod La Rocque is $=0$ young that he doesn't like to admit it. That's rather rare for a keading man. He innt married. les.

Rex leslef. Sichmots. B. C.-The lat record 1 have of Glady: Leslie is in February. 1020. When she played in lyan Abramson's "A Child for Sale." Have no information as to Bryamt Washburn's brother but 1 know he is not acting in pictures. Bryant is abroad richt now

B F. P., Lothsume- Fmory Johnom may be reached at his home, 1834 Fl Cerrita Place, Hollywood, California. He is the husland of Eilla Hall. I think he will answer you if you write him as swectly as you wrote me. We leading men are so susceptible.

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Irisky Mrs. Johnson
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A City Sparrow
Fithel Clayton in
sins of Rosanne
A Cosmopolitan Production Humoresque
A Cosmopolitan Production The Restless Sex
Dorothy Dalton in

Dorothy Dation in
A Komantic Adventuress
Cecil B. Destille's Production "Something to Think About
1.1sic Frrguson in

Lady Rose"s Daughter
Genrge Fitzmaurice's Production
"Idols of Clay"
George Fitzmaurice's Production "The Righ to Love
Borothy Gish in
Latte Mias Rehellion
Willism S. Hart in
Whe Cradle of Courage"
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Brvan! Washhurn in
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## Contents

## November, 1920

## Cover Design

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## Rotogravure

Alice Joyce, Pauline Frederick, Conrad Nagel, Louise
Huff, Estelle Taylor, Forrest Stanley, Nazimova, and
Mary Thurman.
For Mabel and Jack Editorial 27
Parasites of the Fifth Industry John G. Holme 28
Declaring War on Fake Picture Stock Promoters
Seriously Speaking
Delight Evans 30
John Barrymore's Romance
How He Wooed His Bride.
Enoch Arden
Drawing.
Homes the Movies Built
Proving That Players Are Really Domestic.
Film Reviewing From the Press Box John Handshaker 38 "Romance" as a Baseball Critic Saw It.
Earthbound (Fiction)
The Story of the Photoplay.
They're Off!
Jerome Shorey 39
(Photographs) 43
Five Cinema Stars Europe-bound.
(Contents contimued on next page)

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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue
Save this magazine - refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertanment. Make this your reference list.
Page 54
Earthbound ................. Goldwyn
Page 55
Something to Think About.
Paramount-Artcraft
A Cumberland Komance...... Realart Page 86
What Women Love. . . First National Cupid the Cowpuncher..... Goldwyu Page 110
Trumpet Island. .......... Vitagraph
The Jack-Knife
Man................
Vidor-First
The Perfect Woman....First National Crooked Streets.. Paramount-Artcraft Page 112
The White Moll. ................. Fox What Happened to Jones.

Paramount-Artcraft
Hairpins .... Ince-Paramount Artcraft
Page 113
A Dark Lantern............. Realart
The Great Redemer........... Metro
In Folly's Trail........... rinniversal
Her Honor the Nivor..........Fos
The Poor Simp............... selznick
Page 114
Up in Mary's Attic..... Fine Irt Lady Rose's Daughter.

Paramount-Artcraft
The Love Flower
( riffith-United . Irticts
Page 115
Little Miss Rebellion.
Paramount-Artcratit
If I Were King....................Fox
Page 116
The White Rider..... ... Masterpiere Love Madness.
J. Parker Reil-Hodkinson

An Arabian Knight. Robertson-Cole Bride $13 . . . . . .$. . . . . . . . . . . Fox
Convict 13................. Metro
The Little Wanderer.
Metro
. Fox
A Chorus Cirl's Romance.... Metro

## Contents-Continued

A Misplaced Interview "Tex" Meets Anna Nilssun.

How to Hold Ilim
Pointers for Wives.
Which-Actor or the Camera? Adela Rogers St. Johns 48 William Conklin Discusses Therr Importance.

Chez Madame About Petrova.

West Is East
Meeting Mildred Harris Chaplin.
Your Home and Its Winter Clothes Norma Talmadge 51 Household Suggestions by Photoplay's Fashion Editor.
The Shadow Stage Reviews of the New Pictures.

Imaginary Interviews Norman Anthony 56 Mabel Normand and Her Pet Lions.

Closeups
The Art of Dry-Point
Explaining Walter Tittle's Chosen Medium.
Rotogravure
Norma Talmadge (a Tittle Dry-point Etching), Diana Allen, Madge Kennedy and the II. B. Warners.

To Be Shot at Sunrise
Keeping Up With Alice A Running Visit with Miss Brady.

A Peep Into a Man's Diary What a Leading Man Thinks About.
Polly With a Past (Fiction) The Story from the Metro Picture.

Why Do They Do It? Flaws in the Pictures, Caught by the Fans.

Bobbing For Apples Another Home Circle Talk.

Dressing Rooms Some P'eeps "Behind the Scenes."

The Squirrel Cage Not So Seriously Speaking.

Questions and Answers
The Crabbed Scene
"How I Would Run a Motion-Picture Theater" Announcing Winners in Plotoplay's Letter Ccntest.

Plays and Players News from the Studios.

Ten Rules For Humor By the Author of "Pigs Is Pigs."
Kid Mc Cov Gives a Temperance Lecture Norman Selby Can Still Fight.

Editorial Comment 57
W. H. de B. Nelson 58

Norman Anthony
63
Arabella Boone 64

Mary Winship 65

70

The Answer Man 79 Ellis Parker Butler 107
Edward S. O'Reilly 44

Dorothy Phillips 46 49

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Burns Mantle 53


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"How I Would Run a

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Theater"

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 of people laugh and every laugh means money for the man who creates it. Andy and Min earn big money for him every day.

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## Watch for <br> "SUN DOMN SLIM"

1$N$ these super-strenuous days it's a positive treat to have someone like Harry Carey around to
bring us back to sanity - he's so lazily, laughingly to have someone like Harry Carey around to
bring us back to sanity - he's so lazily, laughingly human. Harry doesn't take life as seriously as most of us. He suspects it's pretty much of a big joke, anyway, and he'd rather trip up the lean and hungry Cassius in his picture and make him bust his nose than plug the poor villain with a six-shooter. Easy and natural, full of seemingly unconscious mannerisms that make you laugh. is it any wonder that human Harry Carey has come to be the best liked of all Western character players? See him in "Sundown Slim," rightful successor to that delightful scamp "Overland Red," and you'll see one of the best pictures the screen has ever known.



## When the Gorilla Sang!

Thuterint priser an intant blen int leaped out at her side mimicking the uncouth. hilfenus There in thal dingy night court-in the pale flare of the

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## Studio <br> Directory

For the convenience of our caders who may desire the ad dre-ses of film companies we give the principal active ones below hrst is the business oflice indicates a studio; in some both are at one address.

$\qquad$

CIIRI:TIF; FILM CORP. Sunset Boul, and Gower

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Looking out over the business district of great American cities, we sometimes wonder at the piles stee, concrete and stone which rise from the street level and tower hundreds of feet in the air. What is the secret of their stability? Why does not the jar and vibration of traffic, the honey combing of
subways, the terrific blasts of storms and winds subways, the terrific blasts

But the secret lies hidden in the depths of the earth-sometimes a hundred feet or more below the street level. When the construction of these giant sky scrapers began, the first thing the builders did was to sink great piers down to bed rock. Upon these rose the foundations and finally the towering super
structure. Only the sweeping away of the bed rock structure. Only the sweeping away or the bed rock cause the fall of one of these great structures.

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## Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Dont Know It!

TIIIS is the startling assertion reeently made by E. B. Davison, of New York, one of the highshing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write,
who really can and simply haven't found it out? Well, come to think of it, most anybody can tcll a story. Why can't most anybody write a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few
possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us?' Yesterday nobody dreamed man eould ily. Today he dives feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny
mortal atoms of his fellowmortal atoms of his fellow,
men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility"' is a reality today.
"The time will come," "when millions of people will be writers-there will be countless thousands of ario, magazine and newspaper writers-they are new world of them!" And do you know what these
writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the menarmies of them-young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following
the plow, or teaehing schools in the rural distriets, and women, young and old, by
seores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles
sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes-you may laugh-but these are

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. Don't you belicve the Creator gave writer? Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisty, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're lueky chanee they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given theimagination ree rein, they might have astonished the worid!
$\mathrm{B}^{\text {UT }}$ two things are essential in order to become ciples of writing. Second, to learn to exereise your aeulty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you

LETTERS LIKE THIS
ARE POURING IN: Every obstacle that menaces
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flotsam and jetsam of Life-even in your own home, and plays-a wealth of miess incidents happening. Every one of these has the seed of : or saw an aeeident, you could come home and tel the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would stood by and wrote down exaetly what you said sound just as interesting innt your story would nagazines or seen on the sereen. Now, you will natuwhy can't 1 learn to write?' LISTEN! A wonderful been book has recently subject-a book that tells all about the Irving SystemCithod of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazng book, ealled "The W'onder Book for liviters," shows how coneeived.written, perfected. sold. How many who don't denly find it out. How the Seenario Kings and the Story
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young and old may learn to turn their spare looursinto cask.


[^17]Get rour letter in the mall before you sleep tonight. Who knows-it may mean for yoll the Dawn of in Nep

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your right arm. The stronger it gets. The prineiples of writing are no more complex pelling prineiples of any other simple thing hat any Jody knows. together a story as asily as a child sets up a miniature house It is a mazingly easy after the mind grasps thesimple "know how." A little study a inttle fidence, and the thing that looks hard often
turns out to be just turns out to be just
as easy as it scemed diffieult.
Thousands of people fine education in order to write. Nothing is arther from the truth. writers were greatos est seholars. People st seholars. fortrikrs.

# The Subtle Art of making the foot look smaller 

It is all a matter of shoes; if they are made to fit the foot in action, their limes will give that small, trim look


There was once a beautiful Princess, so the old stors goes, whose feet were the wonder and admiration of ill in her father's kingdom.
so small, so dainty, of such slender grace were thes that artists loved to draw them. So high was the shapely curve of her instep that water could run under it without wetting the sole of her shoe.

Story-book, rather than flesh-and-blood feet, they were. dud yet - where is the woman who does not wish her feet to appear small and shapely: who does not love to , wear inart hoes; to be alwayssnugly fitted, trimly shod? lt is vuch a matural, feminine desire - monso easily powible of attainment.
The verret is in shoe made to fit the foot in action.

## W'hat moving pictures shozi

the arip of moving picture film-shows the foot in 4arimu positions of action. It illnstrates how different the mosing foot is from the foos at rest.
If a shoe is not matle to accommodate itself to the dnlerent positions and motions of the foot, it is bound (a) be thrown quichly out of shape.

The secret of making the font lonk small The outline of an whect determines its appearanceofsize. Sud a moving objecthandifferent lines than it has at rest. there dexigned for the font in action have different


This erip of moving pl cure film shows how your foot changes; how different
it is from vour foot at test
lines-soft, snug, clinging lines that move naturall! with every motion of the foot - not against it.

The designers of the Red Cross Shoe recognize these principles. They base their meanurements upon a study of the foot in every possible position, av hown by hundreds of movie photographs.

Then they test each style on live models in continued action, for weehs, before its final acceptance.

The result is a shoe that is differem-a the that retains its lines aud gives to the foot in action that small shapeliness so much desired.

And there is wonderful comfort. tow. Nade (1) fit the foot in action, there is no pressing and cramping it needs no "breahing in."

## The new styles are ready

It Red (cross Shoe Stores ever!where the smart new models await your selection. Among them you will find iust the one to give your foot the daiut? charm sou so desire.
Perfect comfort - from the firs! Perfect usle - ta the last' soraipht thoomb wearing qualitien Xum is the time to get this atisfaction itt Ked (ross shone Write for the Footwear Style Guide Bonh - vent without charge. With it we will send you the name of sour Red Cross Shoe dealer. or tell shut low tu order
 1)amdridge Surer. ("imeimati utto.




Hoover.

T'T is easy to magine why they nicknamed her "Polly." Of staid Boston ancestry, she went on the stage via the chorus ronte. Did she remain in the chorns? She did not. Have you seen Panline Frederick's finest effort, "Madame X.?"


Fdward Thayer Monroe

O
NE would like to write a sentimental poem to Louise Huff. She is so fragile, so flower-like-but then whenever we get to the second stanza we are certain to remember that she is happily married and the mother of Mary Louise.


Alfred Cheney Johnstou.

UST look at Estelle Taylor! Would you not say she was straight from sunny Spain-perhaps Paris? With those so-ravishing eyes, and the fiery grace? But this new little celluloid ingenue was really born and brought up in Wilmington!

witzol.

GVE:IVYOX: has been wondering who will take the place of Thomas Meighan aud blliott Dexter as the here of Mr. De.Mille's domestic dramas. We refer you to Forrest stanley, whom you may recall as a lending man in Morosco days.


Hoover.


Evana

# The World's Leading Moving Picture c Magazine <br> PHOTOPLAY <br> Vol. xVIII <br> November, 1920 <br> No. 6 



## For Mabel and Jack

WTOULD you, day after day, send your eight-year-old Jack into a luxurous restaurant and let him choose at random, brandishing a little boy's bar, baric appetite to his own eventual destruction, or at least serious discomfort?
Would you permit your ten-yearold Mabel to wield her wild will in the shops of ready-made apparel, emerging thence to amaze the pedestrians, humiliate you and frighten the few remaining horses in our streets?

Would you encourage either child to read, or attempt to read, all our literary classics, or would you countenance a detailed study of every narrative in the Holy Bible?

You know you would do none of these things.
Yet, in a general way, you make few attempts to guide them in their film diversions. And every now and then, in consequence, some quack doctor of public morals talks about the "pernicious movies"

The mind of a child is the most susceptible, sensitive, permanent record in the world. There ought to be films especially for children, both educational and entertaining. There are such films now, but not enough of them, and there are no concerted attempts at children's evenings, children's afternoons, or children's programmes.

Your exhibitor is a business man. Prove that you want film education and film entertainment especially for your child, and you will get it. Many an enterprising picture-man has actually started children's days, only to abandon the practise because of neglect and non-appreciation.

You never will shut out the honest, though ofttimes tragic stories of real life. Real life is the basis of art in shadowland as well as in literature and the drama. But you don't cry down "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Easiest Way" because you know they are not proper pabulum for little sister and her brother. By demanding, you provide other books for Mabel and Jack.

You must do this in the photoplay.


# The Parasites of the Fifth Industry 

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is on the trail of the Fake Motion -Picture Stock Promoter.

By JOHN G. HOLME

THE movies have never hidden their lights under bushel baskets or light-proof receptacles of any sort. The industry has always gladly and frankly admitted its genius, influence and amazing growth. Thus movic fans hear every so often in the course of every twenty-four hours something about the marvels of the movies. They hear, for instance, quite frequently just now that the motion-picture industry has become the fifth greatest industry of the country -fifth greatest in point of capital invested, in money expended, the greatest in influence exerted.

And this magic structure has sprung to its high eminence from nothing in less than twenty years.

This new industry-this new art-has developed this amazing growth because America has been able to summon to its call a new type of business genius, men who combine an artistic appreciation and imagination with sound business judgment and vision of the future possibilities of the movies. These leaders of the industry have established big corporations on reasonably firm foundations, some of them listed with the safe and sound industries in the financial markets. Some of the leading banking institutions of the country have invested in the stock and bond issues of these enterprises.

No wonder the men whose genius and hard labor helped create this miracle of art and mechanical skill swell their chests in pride. Only a few years ago the industry was a sort of an ugly duckling, spindling. mangy and squint-eyed. And behold, now it has become a beautiful swan. But every now and then these fathers of the movies may be seen scratching their polls with worried look in their eyes. That is when they hear, as they often do, that the motion-picture industry seems to be battling for first place among American enterprises in a less enviable sense. It is mighty close to outstripping any other industry in the number of unscrupulous financial adventurers that have collected about its fringes.

Every day of every week sees new motion-picture companies organized, big stock issues thrown on the market, and new and wonderful plans disclosed to coin vast fortunes. The public is invited and cajoled by promises and pledges of great earnings to invest its money. While these new companies are being organized and financed, other companies, which were new and full of pledges and promises a few months since, are going into bankruptcy while their promoters who were going to perform such miracles, actually do succeed in performing one miracle. They disappear-fade out, as they say in the movies -and with them disappear all the hard-earned dollars of the trusting investors.

Practically all of the companies whose stock is being sold to the public through alluring circulars and newspaper advertisements are being promoted and officered by men of little or no experience, technical, financial or executive. Yet these men hold out promises of fabulous profits in an industry which is known to be one of the most technically complex and financially hazardous of any modern commercial venture. These promoters assume and the public takes for granted that it takes no more skill to make moving pictures and make them pay than it takes to sink a shaft and erect a derrick in an oil field. The fact is that the motion-picture industry is more
than a commercial venture. It is more than an industry. It is an art, a new art, elusive and mercurial. The braniest men of the business world have not yet succeeded in stabilizing it and bringing it fully under control of standard business principles. It has no fixed standing. It is changing from day to. day-changing so fast that even the acknowledged "wizards" of the profession have a hard time keeping up with its developments.

Photoplay is daily flooded with letters of inquiries from its readers asking for advice on stock issues offered by men of whom the oldest veterans in the industry have never heard. Scores of other letters come in from readers of Photoplay telling of new companies promoted by men who have never touched anything in the motion-picture world without blighting it. ए'нотоplay has in its files the circulars of these adventurers. These circulars are generally alike in one respect. Novices and wreckers, alike, promise hundred and thousand-fold profits on a few dollars' investment. They all cite the great successes of the craft. They all tell about the fortunes made out of "The Birth of a Nation," "The Million Dollar Mystery," "Traffic in Souls," etc. The writers of these circulars have fairly bankrupted the generous deposits of laudatory adjectives of the English language in dilating on the future of the movies, and the growth of the movies. They tell of the millions who attend the movies. and the number of movie theatres now filled daily and nightly, and the number of theatres now being built, and the number of millions of persons who will see the movies this year and next year and the year after.

And every line in most of these circulars is distorted with exaggerations. No mentior is made of the many failures, no mention is made of the millions lost. No, judging from these circulars, every person who has gone into the morie business is a magnate. The fact is that these promoters have gazed on the splendor of this new art till they are blind, and so they have to lie to themselves and to their victims about its splendors. They have become like the patrons of Fultah Fisher's boarding house who

> "lied about the purple Seu That gave them scanty bread. They lied about the Earth beneath. The Heavens overhead."

And millions of persons, uncritical, unthinkine. and gullible beyond words, are induced by these fakers to part with their money to become "partners" in this miracle of art and celluloid. What are the results?
The motion-picture industry-the legitimate industry-to which honest business men have devoted their hrains and money, to which thousands of actors and actresses, playwrights and novelists are devoting their genius and conscientious labor. is besmirched by these swindlers and hated by the victims of the swindlers who assume after they have been fleeced that a! ! motion-picture ventures are built on fraul.

The files of the state and federal prosecutors bear many unsavory records of motion-picture fakers who have robbed
(Continued on page 120)

# Seriously Speaking 

A very solemn consideration of Dorothy Gish.

By DELIGHT EVANS

IT is a terrible thing to be misunderstoocl.

The fact that Oscar Wilde and other eminent authors have repeatedly assured us that to be misunderstood is often to be great, carries little or no weight with the heroine of this brief essay.

Dorothy Gish is our particular Little Nell. She is perhaps the most misunderstood star in pictures. Popular tradition has not, decidedly, done right by her. And I think it is only right that you should know about it.
I have no doubt you think she is a sort of female Fairbanks who delights in performing facial gymnastics after office hours,
to the horror of her gentle mother. Mrs. Mae. That she wears her black wig all the time, not even removing it when she retires. That she does little in her spare time but stand before her mirror and practice new ways to act funny-

W'ell, she doesn't.
The youngest Gish. Dorothy, is not gay, but grave. She never laughs on Sunday; she could never be accused of impersonating Pollyanna; she is rather, a pessimist. Anyone who has to be terribly funny six days out of seven is a pessimist. I suppose. And a comedienne is expected always to be funny People watch her with a broad grin all ready to use, waiting for her to say some screaming thing, or make a funny-face. Dorothy gets a lot of fun out of being a pessimist, she wouldn't be one if she didn't enjoy it. She's an optimistic pessimist. She is pretty nearly always disappointel with herself on the screen and yet she is forever :elling funny stories she hears on herself in the audience, as for instance wher: a man behind her said, "She"s funny"but she certainly can't act."

She hates the words "persunality" and "ingenue." So when you write her. eschew the two. Her motto is "The Worms will get you" and she believes they are particularly on the lookout for "ingenues" with "personality."

Dorothy is one of these individu. als we call, for want of an apter name, "highbrows." She can talk about such things as the progress of psychoanalysis or the prose of Pater But she believes. too, that too much study is worse than none, and finds hilarious relief in such mirthful moderns as Stephen Leacock. She wishes. by the way, that she were a writer instead of an actress because writers can write after they are old and gray. but most actresses are good only so long as their appearance pleases. When she speaks of old age-so many, many years distant for her-her mouth droops and her eyes grow very serious indeed, and you wonder if she can be the same baby who. a minute ago, was telling of her own "infant" days in the theater when she heard someone call her a "little comedienne." She burst into tears because she thousht a comedienne had to be an extrencely ugly person with a red nose and whiskers.
She is one of those natural-born leaders who would always be the presiding spirit of her own coterie. In loareling-sehool, where she spent a lorief period. I've no doubt she was the undisputed princess of pajama parties. the empress of inter-class athletics. She would be-she was
born that way. It is quite unconscious, this imperial quality about the littlest Gish; she is charmingly oblivious of it. But I have noticed that whether it is at home bantering big-sister Lillian, or at the studio superintending a set. or at a dancing party where every man present wanted to dance with her, she is the ruling spirit. A very tiny, blonde-haired and gray-eyed ruling spirit, but none the less independent and impressive. She, thinks she is afraid of burglars and earthquakes bad directors and cruel cameramen, but she isn't.

I've seen her, on the other hand, cry when she didn't Tike one of her own pictures. She's as conscientious and unconceited as that. She has never made the usual mistake of believing herself a tragedienne, but she would like to do something besides broad comedy: something a little deeper, a little truer to life. She has a keen understanding, a subtle sympathy with all the world, and she should be permitted to give full expression to it. As a matter of fact, Dorothy is not an actress of grotesque exaggerations; she would fare far better if she could ease up a bit, throw away the yir and act herself. If you saw "Old Heidelberg." one of ber ofd Fine Arts films, or "Betty of Greystone," you know what I mean.

She says she can't imagine herself married. Of course she will marry some day. It would not be possible for Dorothy Gish to go through life unmarried; she's far too feminine and too pretty, and such a good pal that all the men she knows adore her. The girls and boys she plays to, all over the country, have been disappointed because she hasn't married: (1), Dick Barthelmess; (2), Bobby Harron; and (3), Ralph Graves. Dorothy isn't engaged. When she is, it will all be announced in the accepted fashion and she will be married in a regular church and have a wonderful wedding. And I'll wager she will stay married-and-everything.

It is Mrs. Gish, her mother, who deserves the credit for Dorothy. The Gishes never make up except for the "set," they dress quietly; and they have a real home. Dorothy and Mrs. Gish have gone to Europe for a two months' vacation. No work, no worry. no heavy black hairing for two whole months. "Think of the quiet, peaceful time we'll have!" said Dorothy, just before she sailed, "no war, no air-raids. You know when we went over before to make 'Hearts of the World' it was nerve-racking. We were in eight air-raids. We will go to Italy this time. I've always longed to see Italy. And Constance is crossing on the same boat!"

Constance, of course, is Constance Talmadge. Dorothy's chum. They are the Two Inseparables. Whenever any friend of theirs meets Dorothy without Connie or vice versa, he asks, "What's the matter-is she sick?" Dorothy sincerely believes that Constance is as pretty, as charming, and as clever as


That black wig she wears in most of her pictures is the bane of her existence.
$\qquad$

## Still Waiting

SFIE was a waitress in a railroad restaurant in a small Montana town She was a good waitres One day a traveling man came in and happened to look at her.
"Say, kid," he said confidentially, "you ought to make good in the movies."
She saved her tips and in a year had hoarded enough to get to los Angeles. She had her name on the extra list of a large studio, and one day she was called. It was her first chance, and sho became confident when she whe given a cap and apron to don, and told that she was to have a bit as a waitress in a restaurant scene.

The assistant director took the trouble to explain the scene to her. "We want somebody to look like a real waitress. Deft, efficient. You and Miss Truelove have this scene alone. Irnu ought to photograph. Go to it." She did; she spilled the soup down the star's back.


Helleu, the etcher, says she is the most beautiful woman in American society.

## John

The story of the wooing of America's leading young actor and Mrs. Leonard Thomas.

## B

ADA PATTERSON

production of "Richard III." Not solely because of its dramatic artistry and intensity, but because she intended to marry: John Barrymore.

## And she has!

The beautiful young woman with the brilliant black eyes and the flashing smile was Mrs. Leonard Thomas. Quietly she had taken steps long before to secure a divorce in the Paris courts. It would be granted. There was no que:tion. no doubt of that, but the law is teclious. Its steps drag with maddening slowness. The divorce was assured but certain documents were yet to be signed. certain seals atfixed. Therefore Mrs. Thomas deemed it wisest to sit in the balcony and avoid the banter and the questions of her set that was so near to filling the fower part of the little theater.
In her seat among the "gallery gods." with them but not of them, the brunette beauty known to society as Mrs Leonard

O© the quaty March night of John Barrymore's premiere in "Richard III" a 1all, a heautiful young woman wrapped in luxurious furs. stepped from her limousine. Followed by a woman companion she made her way heneath the gay striped awning stretched by the lymouth Theater for the "limousine trate." l'et though the sablewrapper young woman manifestly belonged to the "hmousine trade." from her shining black coifture, to the Eiffel tower heels of her satin pumps. she did not make her stately way to a box nor down the aisle to the coveted twelfth row. Arriving carly she hat tendered the toor-keeper a ticket for a balcony: -cat. smiled at his apparent surprise and made her way to the ligh seat of the gallery gods.

Irom that unaccustomed sent she watched the play as thutwh she had never seen the tragedy of the ill-favored king. the wathed the minutest mosement of the star. When the durtoin fell and rose again and again while the crooked-back the came torward glomily to bow his acknowlectement of the dutiences approval, she settled back into her furs and Wiled a though the triumph were her own. And that in a 1 Aa-ure it wa.
the had gene over eath line uf the play with him. She hat w,the hel the rehearsals from the dusk depths of the Plymouth dubtorium Often the young man whose shriek of demoniac lamphere in one of Richard's rages will he quoted as a masterpicte of "ctage hasinese" by commentators on the stage for Eaneratoms. lest the stage after one of his ceenes to contior wh her lic. he was keenly intereded in fohn barrymore's

Thomas, to the reading public as Michael Strange, author of poems on life and love and disillusion, some published stories. and a few plays not yet producel, had a few uninterrupted moments in which to look backward. An unwise habit, if too

## Two Poems by Mrs.

From a book of verses in a collection entitled "Miscellaneous Pooms" published by Mitchell Kennerly.

WTHAT does it mean to have lived =To have eried at the pain of our lot What does it mean eo have loved?
To have sished for the things that are not.
What does it meau to have wroukht some glow
Fur the gods to inhule $\bar{F}$
Ouly the aching at thought with woe
That is silent and pale.
Sol if in this summing of mine
The only adventure is death.
l.et os wath through the sen towned the line

Thut ehohes and dissevers the hreuth.
Tosereet the ndenture ar Denth.

# Barrymore's 

Romance
greatly indulged. Recall Lot's wife and her conversion into a monument of salt for that same backward turning. But no such menace hung about Mrs. Thomas. She could look back upon the girlhood of Miss blanche Oelrichs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Oelrich: of New York and New York and Newport. A gilded girl she had been, for society's exclusive summer capital had no more admired denizen than brilliant Blanche Oelrichs. Some of the millionaire youths of the millionaire colony were a bit afraid of her because the whisper had gone round that she was really clever, don't you know. bad even admitted that she wrote verses now and then. One youth had seen the verses and swore that they rhymed. All save one that stumbled its way along a bit, "like the Walt Whitman stuff that Prof. Eyeglasses fed us upon in the literature period at college." But the lure of her smiling black eyes and her flashing smile had outweighed the fear of her blue stocking propensities.
The young men came wooing in battalions. Leonard Thomas, son of a Philadelphia banker, partuer of the Drexels, won. The most exclusive set in America was well represented at the wedding. "It seems to be a love match." whispered Mr. High World to his wife, who whispered back: "There is no reason why they should not be happy."
At first they seemed to be. Mr. Thomas, who dabbled in music for amusement, composed . waltz, dedicated it to his wife, and called it "The Blanche." It was reported that Mrs. Thomas took a studio, as narrow, as theap and as dimly lighted as others of its kind, in an ancient building on Fifty-seventh Street. She sought seclusion in which to set down her thoughts without interruption. Apparently Mr. Thomas had no objection to her frequent withdrawals to flirt with the muses. His was not the stand of a New York lawyer who, failing to dissuade his wife, a fairly well known author, from writing, told her that if she wouldn't divorce herself from the pen she must divorce herself from him.

## Barrymore

TNTO the Fields with me, The grey windy fields of complete freedoin;
And as you pass the well,
Throw into it all your material inheritance!
Don't regret the hot sum.
But learn to warm yourself in the wind.
Neither must you landuishafter eompanions,
For your solitude will teach you to find out someone.
Run into the fields with me,
The grey windy fields of eom. plete freedom.

Ars. Thomas had been married ten years before. Since that event she had been declared by Helleu, the sisiting etcher. to be the most beautiful woman in American societs. She had led the suffrage parade through Fifth Avenue. There "as a book of "Miscellaneous Poems" signed Michael Strange" and known to be hers. And there were two small sons, Leonard Moorhead Thomas, aged nine. and Robin May Thomas, aged five.

She was distinguished for original entertainments. One of the fetes given by herself and her husband displeased one of the Newport clergy, who fulminated at it. The ball which stirred him to denunciation was given on Saturday night. It ended Sunday morning at six o clock with Moncure Robinson in the costume of an Apache chief leading Mrs. Thomas: guests across the golf links while some devout ones were going to early church service. She smiled a little reminiscently at this. She had defended the ball vigorously as a typical and harmless Newport affair.
(Continued on page 12.4)


John Barrymore-a very recent portratt.


## Homes the Movies Built




Two generations have laukhed with the tamous Canby of "Arizona," as interpreted by Theodore Roberts. This is the modest mansion of Canby's creator, in Hollywood, near the studio where Roberts works. They say Roberts has a larger menagerie than any celluloid celcbrity. He has not only kennels for his bluc-ribbon dogs, but an aviary which houses many varictics of birds. And Mrs.

Roberts has a family of cats


When they are not visiting the King and Queen of England, their Majesties Douglas and Mary Fairbanks, King and Queen of the photoplay, hold court in this chateau in the Beverly Hills. Doug's swimming pool is in the foredround. Mary has said that they have room enough for the largest house-party ever assembled-and as a matter of fact, the world-famous newlyweds plan to do a lot of entertaining as soon as they return from their honeymoon. One of the features of the dwelling is a spacious sun-parlor; another, the projectionroom Mary built so that she could see the films of her friends whenever she pleased. Of course there are kennels for Doug's dofs.


Pauline Frederick's new home is not yet completed. In contrast to some of the structures erected by movie money, this is a gem of architectural beauty. It adjoins the famous Doheny estate. Polly lives here with her mother, who is also her pal; and they love to give wonderful dinnerparties, to which some of the most celebrated stars of the screen are bidden-and most of them come.

No, Louise Glaum does not live in a spider web. as you may have thought. The trail of the vamp has led to the beautiful country home pictured on the left with an old mill adding a quaint. picturesque touch to the spacious grounds. The Glaum place has perhaps the most old-fashioned at mosphere of any of the celluloid palaces. Louise has to perform in elaborate boudoir "sets" at the studio all day - and naturally she enjoys the spacious grounds which remind one of the old homestead. She can ride and swim and tenniall within her very own domain. Nice, isn't it ?

# Film Reviewing from the Press Box 

## (The Editor's failure to tip his mitt handicaps the film critic.)

By WEED DICKINSON (John Handshaker)

RE.IDERS:

WELL, Rearl crs, I will sertainly tell the world that I am the Toughest Luck Guy in the Una"erse. bar none! At catchweights I woukd make Job the Baly in the Bible, you rememser, which is invested with Boils. Bunions and Unwelcome Ad(ise) look like he wav born with a silver servce in his mouth. believe me! Was hard uck colors, I would-put rainbows right out oi jizness, by compairi--n!
Well, the other day I am called up by the editor of this РнотоPLAY paper and routed away from a ball game I am covering for my paper. It seems this baby is hot on the rail of a guy to review some films, and sort of help cut Burned Mantle who dopes out the Shadow Stage, so he gets me. Well. I figure he has done a pretty good daze work for him.elf at that. and tell him so saying I will take the job and no puestions ast. It looks pretty soft for me, too, because Hay Broun which used to write baseball right alongside if me, is now calliny actors and actresses names around town instead of balling out ball players, onl has it softer for himself than a guy working on the Ilexican Alint!
Well. as I am saying, this baby calls me up and ay- will I review a picture a month for this sheet unil he says I may as well start off on "Romanse." Fell. he thoes not say anything about what this Rumanse" ic-which I later find out to my sorrow and herror he should do' It is not right to send a suy out on a mew jol) like this and not tell him The weing to a l uneral or a Frolic. Realler, hey? Thld the Editor tip his mitt a little and leave me crab) olf the sienals, I wulld know what kind of a tame 1 am up akamst: but as it is 1 am more in he dark than I'recilent Witon is on when Congrees is goine to cross him next! However, of -hat anon. so we rewners say.
W'ell, I take it right out of there on the ham, be me inxious to get niy work done, and hurry around to the Theatre where this "Romanse" i arme thewel up and sit through it "in wrappecl wemtion" (Keats, I believe). I do not like the * cent bectuse ! lalf to wore the plays in the orh and can met real mes noath after I get out :luth never happorn in a ball game at the loon rrumels, brellese me'l): but 1 am a Game (ius how I thatertake a juh, and I lizure I can go back mill we the show a couple of more times and then will mot noed :my nont 1 mm full of ideas. 111 w,


The other day the Editur of this Photoplay det me to review some films.

Well. Reader. I do not want to miss any bets fas I am very anxious to make a Impression in the Editor of this sheet the first time out), so I go back and see the show three more daze hand running. It is all about the Infernal Triangle with a grate Souprana in it named Cavil Leany, which makes a very suspicious Debew in New York singing in "Filet Mignon," the Grand Uproar piece. This is in the ooies, or Thereabouts, in the Lncivil War period-or about the time Bull Ran. Well, the Debew gives her a big drag with alt hands, so far as I can make out, and she is Fated and Dined all over the lot.

Of course, this Cavil Leany is the heroine of the show, and the hero is Tom Armstrong. a Skripture Slinger, which looks at first like he is going to be the kind of minister which spits on his hands before offering Advise! Well, this baby meets Miss Leany at a tea-fight which is pulled ofi in her honor, and he does not know right away what he is up against; but he finds out later, believe me! It seems one of the Male Sowing Circle of the Gotham of that period, as we reviewers say. tips Tom off before that Cavil is a DemiMundane sore of dame which has the late Gavy Debris looking like a piker. Well, this bird tips Tom, as I am saying, that Cornelious Van Tile (one of Tom's friends and the clean-up cuy in the batting order of Tom's Church!) builds Cavil a castle in Southern France, or Somewheres, some time back: but of course Tom does not take many stocks in this, figuring perhaps this guy is a Gossip-which is a high order of Feminine Life, of course, Reader, but a very low form of Masculine Protoplazum, as we geologists would scientitically labell it.

Well. Reader. Tom falls for this jane like she has pushed him off the Flat Iron Buildinz' It is "Love at lirst Nieht" with him, and betore one real is oler he is giving her his Baby shoes and a couple of Tintipes of honself - which is a tip oif on what a $\mathrm{A}-\mathrm{I}$ Sap he is! I do not know how he expects to get by with a dame which has been given castles to on a pair of old thees and these Degarriotipes; but I -uppose Ed Shelilon (the author) stack this in to shew what a simple, unworthly muz le is. He is simple, all richt enough; but not :o awful unwortdly: as tevilepes later when he conies arouncl to Convert Cavil, and ends up in a clinch (Continurd on mase S4)


Nick looked at Jim, his face full of yearning, sorrow, and pleading. He spoke, not in a human voice, but a message from his spirit. "There's only one life. Jim, and it's eternity

## EARTHBOUND

## A powerful story of the struggle of a man's spirit to pass in peace from the carth.

## By JEROME SHOREY

IUNDERSTAND Jim Rittenshaw has forgiven his wife," one of the gossips of the New Netherlands Club observed to the idlers in the lounging room.
"Say rather that God has forgiven Jim Rittenshaw. Harvey Breck retorted.
"Still talking in riddles, Harvey," the first speaker said. with the sort of tolerant smile they all used when speaking to or about Breck. He was regarded as something of a lunatir -harmless, of course. No danger of him going off his head and creating a scandal like Rittenshaw did, though of course Rittenshaw had provocation. But Breck-well, Breck was a privileged character, moony, dreaming, always dragging God and the future life into the most commonplace, worldly matters. Sometimes amusing. sometimes a bore-and yet you couldn't help liking him in spite of everything.
"Perhaps you would like to know the inside facts of the Rittenshaw affair, in words of one syllable, without any of what you call riddles," Breck suggested to the gossips.

This was promising. There was a murmur of eager anticipation, and chairs were edged nearer to Breck. Everyone knew that he was closer to both Jim Rittenshaw and Nick Desborough than anyone else, and it was generally supposed that it was he who had persuaded Daisy Rittenshaw to testify vol-
untarily at her husband's trial. If he would tell what he knew, it might be worth hearing.
"Of course, therell be a good deal of this that you know already." Breck said. "But I'm going to tell it from the start. and if I wander ofi into the occult, well, you'll have to forgive me, for the dividing line between what you call real and what you call unreal is sometimes pretty hard for me to see." * * * * *

The thing really started when Nick Desborough, Jim Rittenshaw. and I, were at college. I don't know how it happened that I ever became a close iriend of two such hard-headed fellows, but probably it was for something the same reason that a big woman is sure to marry a little man. Opposites attract each other. They were all for the practical side of education. Fortunately-or unfortunately-my ancestors had made it unnecessary for me to carn a living, and so I went in for philosophy. Nick and Jim used to try to figure some way that I could make a living out of what I was learning.

One night, in my rooms, I turned on them. I told them that philosophy was the only way of discovering what we really live for, and everyone must be living for something. I challenged them to express their idea of life in a creed, and after a long discussion they wrote one down. It read:
 it as Ane'. and every man fic himali.
I T-s aby a voriny doply oi egalism and ywhiul
 $A n=2$ nelf it mil areat bravall. they on $n$ : er-ape terng - ee or less 1 nitl-nced by it. There the Ritten:haw trugedy L- n.

Ti. $i$ seed tly in the grourc. . rmant to at anp arm $=$ if "ars ineay ! ars. We vere grachated, and l-ani Nick ent ibls besnes. Bith succeted, bith married. bith - oerrud to hove everyhing any man could want. Niks wile, Lir ne vas tevtied to him. She accroed herself. fir a ASH aiter the trazely, oi neglecting to make herseli as attracwie as she $m$ tht have dne. especially aiter therr dauchter. C nsle. was birn. But I droit be leve it whu fore malic any C nale. Was birn. But I dron be 1 e
nitierence. heth su well satisfied with their sreed $i$ "every man for himseli" hat thes were headed for disaster.

Tim s sife. on the contrary: aeier arer wed any opportunty is =ake herseli attractive, ior lim. y r iur anyone e.se. Daisy Ritienthaw hat absurted her husband's lea it hie-that everyone was entited to all toat was within reach, no matter to whom it might happen to bellag. And Nick happened to cme within reach of her brillant iascinatiun. It's all very well to say that. rezartless oi belieis, the firs: cause in the code of honn i a sentleman is 10 hold sacred the home of his iriend. But I teil yu. there can be no code of honor with such a clause as "No God, no in. n- tuture life" Boih Nick and Im were living by this creed. and Duliv had learned it too.
What I am tryinz to make you see is this-that with the circumstances reversed. Iim woud un1 ube !ly have acted exactiy as Nik acted. and so he shared equally in Nicks guilt. Nick and Dass. irractel one another. met secret y in I made love to one another. and naly deciled to run away tozher. Carnine loved Cick so Yeepy that ber intuition warled her. an l she, in her desper.ti $n$. ... kn ving which way to turn karge 1 Jim.
Win. you all know what happerel The aitern on that Daisy
 The ther avay, Jim met him un -h westair, and shot him throuzh -he teart

Auctrone to Nick's nonn creed. relt w = the en oi him-a heap i fied fin $h$ at the ion of the - atre; o e takicn away = me place, furter and more r léss intaten. Willing n huar I had duuble prowi Sa• Nick ball $\because$ - cerere that life *as nti atector? which begin:

I) fing the it it fincue frien 1 ai $=$ th non. the las): i liredking
 R.viribaw's h tre was on the racil


 cold thisi beli rl: me. Sue hud vel - Nove $=0 N \cdot 11$ nut knmw shit
 The wen ior whom she we the she.
 Thed I llf nit neod to sprak.


N chं wifc, Caroline, was devoted to him She neglected to make tow uther haud. belicved heresit entited to all that was withoo
when the moment came. Caroline, too. seemed to be prepared for my news, but she was stronger than Daisy: There was no hysteria, no outbreak of grief, but only a slight quivering of her lips as she turned away silently and went up the stairs to her room.

Dr. Roger Galloway, the rector of St. Mary Magdalen's Caroline's uncle, was there, and Connie. The child was bewildered rather than grief-stricken.
"But I saw papa, just now," she insisted, plaintively
Dr. Galloway was equally puzzled by the child's remark. He said that just before I arrived, he and Caroline were in the drawing room, and heard Connie. out in the hall. say; "Hello, papa." The child then went to the door of the room. and called to them. "Papa's come, but he look:-difierent." Dr. Galloway and Caroline went wut into the hall. but saw
nothing. Caroline put her hand on her daughter's brow
She's feverish." the mother saill anwously: "I hope she" not going to be ill."
"But mother, I saw father, and so did Leo. Look"
Connic's constant playmate. Leo. a big wolf hound. wa: standing in the hall, looking, seemingly at nothing at all, but the hairs on his neck were bristling. and he was trembling.

As they stood there, wondering: I came in to tell them that N゙ick had been killed.

Make what you like of it-I'm telling you the facts. But Ill tell you what I believe, and this accounts for all that happened. both then and later. What we call death is simply the line that divides one phase of our life. the life we know, from the other life we cannot know. If we cross that line at peace with ourelves and our fellow men, we pass at once to the other life. But if we have done wrong and are not forgiven, or have caused troubles which we have not righted, we are earthbound. We cannot go on to that other life until we have been forgiven, or have straightened out the tangle we have leit behind. In this transitory stage, we seem to be visible from time to time, only to those who are in sympathy with us, who understand our trouble, or who love us deeply: Daisy saw Nick, though only vaguely, because she really loved him, in her way. Connie saw him, because she loved him. Caroline could not see him because her heart was still bitter against him and Daisy. With Jim in jail, accused of murder and estranged from his wife, and Caroline unforgiving, Nick's spirit was earthbound. All that happened subsequently was due to his efiforts to extricate himself, and pass on to that other life.

I don't mean that, all of a sudden. Nick's character changed, and he began trying to do good instead of evil. That came gradually. At first he was just bewildered at the circumstances in which he found himself. He wandered around the familiar scenes and among familiar people. because he diḍn't know what else to do. He had to learn. like a child. And little Connie, with her clear, childs vision. seemed to understand best of all of us. She followed her mother upstairs to try to get some light on the thing that was troubling her.

- Mamma, you are driving papa away from you," she said.
"But Connie-I loved him su!." Caroline moaned.
"les, mamma. but you don't believe he loves you and wants to be near you." the child persisted.
she couldn't have understood what she was saying, herself. she was just a voice for some influence she could only feel. But it broke her mother's cold reserve, and the tears flooded down for the first time since she heard of Nick's death. let she could not find forsiveness in her heart.

To tell the truth. I wasn't thinking of Nick at all. up to this time. but of Jim. He was in the clutch of the world's ollest law-a life for a life. There was a good de-iense-the unwritten law-and I supposed he would use it. I said as much when 1 went to see him.

I shall make no defense," he said.
But Jin, I said, "if you don't, youll han?.
I killeal mis leat frumel over a boosh misunderstanding," he epplet dovits ant with sgmition ce "I am prepared to taki 16 e ( tompornce
-I bnow why you hilled him," I began, but he interrupted m.

- Her name must not be brought into $1 t$," he said. "I know what you are thmking, but you are wrong."
'Ihere was no use in argung with him. His jaws were set, and lie would not budge. He declared he would not take the stand in his own behalf, nor would he ask Daisy to testify. U'nless she spoke voluntarily. Jim would hang. There wasn't much hope, but I decided to see her myself, and put it up to her strawht-whether she wanted two lives on her conscience instead of only one.

Unfortunately, I met her at the church where Nick's body was lying. I had intended leaving a wreath on his cottin, before going to see Daisy, but as I was entering the church I met her coming out. This was unfortunate, because she and Caroline had just faced each other across Nick's coftın, and Caroline had glared her down. She had regarded Daisy's presence in the church as hideous efirontery, bordering on sacrilege, and said as much in a half dozen biting words. This hurt Daisy all the more because her visit to the church was half affectation. She was fond of Nick, of course, but it was half her sense of the picturespue that had led her to St. Mary Magdalen's. The unexpected encounter with Caroline had put her in a bad humor, and she tried to avoid me. But I was too full of my determination to be diplomatic, and I led her to one side, insisting that she hear what I hat to say.
"Jim isn't guing to make any defense," I blurted out. "He is determined to protect your name."
"To protect my name? What do you mean?" she demancled in a stecly voice.
"Ire insints that jou had nothing to do with his quarrel with Nick" I told her.

Of course heil say I had nothing to do with it, if I hadn't. wouldn't he " she replie 1, and I could see a flash of something like elation in her evers.
"Hacht you," I asked her, point hank.
She turnce away with a great pretense of offended dignity, but I stopped her.
"Thy dh you scream, 'Jim has killed Nick,' when I went to tell you about it, and before 1 had a chance to say a word?" I asked her.
"Because," she gasped. "I-saw-him'"
I thousht she was soffening, and I followed it up.
"You are the only person in the world who can save Jim," I plearked

Stre stitiened again
"I don t know what you are talking about," she caid coldly. and walked piant me, out of the church.

I came hack here (o) the club, wendermg what there wis that I combl ite and my theughts turned to Niek. I realized how unhappey he must be, uceng now as he must see, what a mese he had lett behind him. Sitting over in that corner, in his favorite chair, sukfenly the same fecling came over me that I had experienced at his hoor when I went to tell Caroline of his death 1 fooked up, and there he stood hefore me, as of un oh any one of you is this minute.

I never want to see the lace of a man. dead or alive, with such an expression an there was upon Nick's then. All the sufiering in the world was written there. and an unutterable appeal for help. Then, in a flash. I understood the whole difin. culty, and understood, too, that the colution of the problems of the next world was the same as the solution of the problems of this. Vou were here. Rhodes. Vou remember. I spoke to him. I said:
"Love, Nick. love. Not love mistreated and gone urong. but pure love is our salvatton, in this world, and in yours."

He secmed to understand my meaning and was trying to ask me what to do, Rhorles, when you broke the spell, and he disappeared. You seemed to think I had gone crazy: and came up and slapped me on the back. I told you I had seen Nick, and you thought it was a tremendous joke, and asked me what he lookerl like. Do you remember what I said-
"He looked tike a mandamned!"

It was Dr Galloway. though, who finally set Nick on the right path. It was shortly before Jim was to come up for trial. and Dr. Galloway was troubled. One evening he went to the church to pray for guidance, and he found lick theresaw him as I saw him, an agonized soul. Roger Galloway's entire life has been passed in close communion with God: his is a great soul. He understood Nick's need.
"My", poor boy, you're suffering," he said.

Nick bowed his hea I. and Roger continued:
"lou"ll always sutier unless you take the right way: As Fong as you cling io our world, you will suffer the torment that our world never fails to inflict. The creed by which you and Jm lived has led you both to catastrophe. but catastrophe is not tinal ruin. There is a world that would wetcome you, that would teach you through this very agony to becin again at the bottom, and climb toward the heights.
ds Roger was -peaking. Vick seemed to he undergoing some tremendous strusgle. It was his cilort tor readjust himself to a new outhook up $n$ life-his new life as well as his past
"You are earthbound, Nick," Koeer naid. "sguare your de. counts, and go!"
Sowly the apparition faded awny, as if in ohedience to Roger's command. Dr. Galloway told me afterwards that it seemed as if he had been dreaning, but as he awakened he could not douht the reality of the experience. Nor will you doubt, when I tell you how Nick set about it to square lis accounts.

Waisy had gone to stay with an aunt, who had been an invalid for year she lised in seclusion, on a hig estate, and it was in a fittle summer house near hy that I aisy and Niek had had most of their secret meetings The day of lim: trial Daicy was sitting with her aunt on a litte arbor. When a -trange restlesones ame over her. which she could not explain Felling her atus fhe was going for a chore walk. she strollel way into the wowle Ifardly realizing what direction she was gemes. he won tound herself at the summer house She had mot heen there sme the last time she saw vieh the ume -he agrectl to run awas with hita. She ermed to turn and gn hack to the honse, hut womething held her there she did not see Nork, and os the afterward deceribed to me what followed she sadel it sermed like the sulden awakening of her cont science something said to her:
(continued in poseo ras)


Everybody"s sailing--here are those celebrated sisters. Norma and Constance Talmadge, about to depart for a hard-earned vacation. Both worked night and day to finish their new pictures in time to eatch the boat. Joe Schenck weent with them and they met Mrs. Talmadge and Natalic on the other side.


And here is Dorothy Gish. When she went to Europe before it was as "The Little Disturber." to take pictures in the war zone for "Hearts of the World." Now, with her mother. she is traveling in ltaly and France. Whatever happens. Dorothy's latest trip will be comparatively peaceful.

"She is a tall. graceful. pretty, nice. entrancing. ruddy haired girl about fiv.
foot seven and weighing about one hundred and thirty-five pounds dressed

# A Misplaced Interview 

The famous writer of Texas stories loses his notes but becomes a great admirer of Miss Nilsson.

By EDW'ARD S. O'REILLY

BI the way". said the editor nonchalantly. "Wrant you $t o$ intervicw another movie lady?
"Mishty sorry.". I announced hastily. "hut I got an important appointment.
"What is it:" he wanted to know.
Have to give a Chinaman a music lesson," says I, not havHE time to think up a better one. "It will take all daỵ and most of the evering.

What day have you got this Chink booked for?" countered the editor
"Tuesday." said I. taking a chance on a seven to one shot.
That's all right," he chuckled. "You have an engagement for Monclay:

Who is the lady? I asked surrendering to the inevitable.
Nise Inna Q. Nikson," he admitted.
Ifelt a little better about it then, because I have alwaves lcarl Miss Xilsson spokers of as an awful nice young lady the worked in a picture down on the Texas border once and - he boys all favored her highly

Therefore on Jonday I shaved, put on my green necktic and wanclered up Fifth drenue to the Vetherland House where Dise Anna Q is boarding. It is a fine hotel too. with plenty -If furniture and decorations. and statf of ex-crown princes in omform to show you arouncl.

When I erot out of the ceveator I was met at the dour of

Niss N Nilson's flat by a maid. It is queer how these stars always have a maid standing around in the background when they are setting interviewed. Sometimes they even have the house detective when I arrive.

Niss Nilsson sure seemed glad to meet me, even though we were as you might say, practically strangers. She invited me into the parlor and set me down in one of these big stufied casy chairs, with padded arms that just fit your knees.

While she was taking her corner I stole a sly look at the famous lady. She is a tall. graceiul, pretty, nice. entrancing. ruddy haired girl about five font seven and weighing about one hundred and thirty-fwe pounds dressed.

Ifer gown was a creation of dark cloth with a kind of mos. quito nettin of white lace sewed on the outside of it. She wore sorrel silk stockings and bay shoes. I may not set the lescription of her costume just right but the effect was sure swell.

Well. In ready to be interviewed." she said, settling herself daintily in the corner of one of them lounges they make in Davemport. In.

When I had started up on this interview I wrote down a lot of queations I intended to ask. but when 1 dug down in my vest pocket 1 discovered to my chagrin that $\mathbb{I} d$ lose it. It sure put me up a trec but I had to say something so I becan:
-]s it true Niss Nilsson that you are a Swede?"
(Comtinued in page 11S)


# How To Hold Him 

By DOROTHY PHILLIPS

(Mrs. Allen Holubar)

## The famous motion picture star gives a few pointers to wives. The reverse side of this interesting question will be told in a future issue of Photoplay

GOOD wives often do a great deal of harm in this world. They make badness so extraordinarily attractive by contrast.
Women are matrimonial ostriches. They hide their heads in the sanas of virtue and moral law and refuse to admit that marriage is a competitive game in which getting a husband is merely the first trick.

Ind it is my absolute consiction that more men are driven from the path of marital virtue than are led. Marriage is a woman's game.

I never heard of a man leserting a good audience, did you?

That is my personal idea of the prime requisites of a good wife. It typifies the woman against whom Salome might dance with or without her seven veils in vain. Man may want but little here below, but part of that little is to be listened to. I am more afraid of the woman who knows how and when to ask intelligent questions than I am of the one who wears a heart-shaped beauty spot on her eighteenth vertebra when in evening dress.

There is one thing dearer to a man than home or mother-more powerful than sex instinct "tiger-tiger"-and that is the sound of his own voice. Clever women have used that weapon against him since Ninon de L'Enclos "as wildly adored at 70.
Women are always puzzling about the sort of women that attract men. When they're analyzed that successfully they've solsed the problem of how (1) retain a husband's aliections, circumsent the willent tamp and reduce the livorce average.

A man may be infatuated "ith anything that wears petticoats-but there is only one kind of a woman that inspires lasting devotion, and that is the "oman who always makes a man feel gond.

The other woman wouldn't have a chance in the majority of case if the wife didn't stage manage the alfair for her. A hushand is as hard to drive away from a good home as a bull dog. But he ll follow the first etranger that whistles if he downit get enough to eat, a gnod place to sleep, his own comiortable reading chair and light, ind a little petting now and then.
liou sere wheri you reme richat down to it. there is mo such thing as "pore!" wife or a "bad wife" Wives are either suturnful or unstucessful. And I want to tell you right now


The author of tnis article and her husband. Allen Holubar, one of the most suecessful directors.
that nothing that keeps a man from breaking any of the commandments is beneath a woman's dignity. I'ink crepe de chine will sometimes tie a tighter matrimonial knot than sheepskin or clean linen.

Don't let anybody kid you that it's mid- Yictorian to ietch your husband's slippers. If he tet- his shoes off. his slippers on, and his feet comfortably settled on a foot stool. it Il be a lot more effort to go out to meet oome chicken.
First of all, be frank with yourself. Don't pose and pretend you are superior to the task before you. The trouble with a lot of good wives is that they aren't working at it. Almit that you love your husband, that you want to hold him. A woman with a good looking husband is in the same position as a woman that owns a diamond necklace. Possession is nine points of the law but she mustnt leave it lying around loose.

The first thine a "oman must learn is that all men are exactly alike. Some are iat and some are thin, but that's as far as it goes. Men get older. but they never get better. Iae is the Great Reformer. Don't let yourseli believe that "John" is any different from any of the rest of then. Jou can alway- tell a woman who trusis her husband by the unhappy look on her face Men are like babies. Thes have to be taken care oi.

But the vers peychulogical facts that have made marriage a permanent institution give you an Sce handicap if sou'll onl! take

Nan is naturally a do. mestic animal. Every man has a secret bankering for marriage. He is afraid of the emotional exitement of single life He knows he'll get caught somer or later and the uncertainty is unplea-ant to him. He wants a home. He is primarly a vactim of the "woman legent"-the dear old lesend that represents woman as "an helpuncet for man." He craves rest from the turmoil. He dreams of a tender breast where he may gain strength to carry on the battle of life.
boes he get it?
Not always. Not often. exen. But when he does Cleopatra hersclf couldn' wean him away

Marriage is a habit. Nothing is so hard to break as a habit. The wife who becomes a pleasant sort of habit with her husLamd an heave a lone sigh of relief. It a hard thing to find someme that you like to live with, that doesn't either hore
or antagonize you. When you've established it, it takes a lot of vamping to break it down.

Men are tired. It is almost chronic. We are living a terrific pace. The man of the house comes home almost every day physically, mentally, morally, tired. worn out. It takes a lot of unpleasantness to rouse him to the effort of going out to look for some other woman to help him recover his scnse of the joy of life.

But dear Heaven, how unpleasant women can be !
I wonder why: I often wonder why. I have been wondering why for years. A woman seems often to have an impulse of cruelty toward the man she loves that expresses itself in sulking, in coldness, in unkindness. But she purchases this wine for her pride at a terrific price!

It is only love-experienced men that are led on by coldness and indifference. Most men need to be encouraged. They like the subtle flattery of being chosen, singled out. Their iteal is the woman who always expects victory of them but to whom they can express their failure with every assurance not of censure but of comiort. Whatever the tradition, women are always the stronger. They are the mothers, not the creators but the perpetuators. That is-or should be- "what every woman knows."

A man may forgive a woman forty lovers, arson, theft and treason, but he will never, never, never forgive her for humiliating him in public. Don't make your husband out a liar for a couple of miles or a few thousand dollars. Let him get away with it. It isn't necessary' to contradict him, even if he claims that Hiram Johnson wrote the League of Nations.
Men are lazy, generally. They haven't much social instinct. Many a roman has stood over her husband with a club to get him to go to some party where he met the pretty girl that started the trouble.

Economy is the one thing for which a man never forgives his wife.

The woman who saves money for a man at the expense of her personal appearance is merely starting a bank roll for some other woman to spend. Men do not admire fashions, but they insist upon charm and no woman can be charming without pretty clothes.

Have dainty clothes-not necessarily creations, nor extremes, but pretty things. I don't care if your husband declares you're heading the bark of matrimony straight for the Bankruptcy court-that's better than the Divorce court, isn't it? The sex instinct of a man may have been polygamous in the old days when a harem was easy to get and inexpensive to keep, but nowadays a wife who always looks charming, whose hair is bright and autractively dressed-whose skin is soft and delicately tintedwhose ngure is graceful and vital-whose clothes gratify his eye even if they put the fear of God in his pocketbook, will make her husband look as monogamous as Adam in the garden of Eden.

The ancient courtesans of Alexandria laid aside a certain part of their income for perfumes-a sum nearly as large as that which they paid for their homes. (Perhaps they figured it wasn't much use to have a home if you had to live alone in it.) I've never seen a man who wasn't susceptible to delicate. discreetly used fragrance.

There are three things a successiul wife has got to be-a good cook, a good listener and an inspiring sweetheart. She can hire a substitute for the first, but Hubby will do the

A
HUSBAND is as hard to drive away from a good home as a bull dog. A woman with a good looking husband is in the same positiou as the woman who owns a diamond necklace. Possession is nine points of the law but she mmstn't leave it lying around loose.

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Would you rather make a perfect husbaud for somebody else or keep a nerdium one for yourself?

Don't cry. The only time a womat can cry successfully is in the dark and even then it isut the most effective thing to do.

A man generally has just one esseutial for his second wife-a good disposition.
selecting if there have to be any understudics for the last two.
Always encourage your husband to say pretty things to you. Men are apt to believe what they say rather than to say what they believe. When a man gets out of the habit of saying nice things to his wife he gets out of the habit of thinking them. And it's nature for a man to be thinking nice things about some woman. The only way to encourage him is to be appreciative when he does say them and to gise him some cause.

Don't use the words "always" or "forever" if you can help it. Those two words send an actual chill to evcry man's heart. If he gets the idea planted that this is apt to be his last romance, he'll start on a still hunt for adventure. Women shorten their romances by starting to make them last forever. The only way to makc romance last is to make it so pleasant it cannot be forsaken.

It's a mighty hard thing to tell a man his faults without directing particular attention to your own. Human nature is ever on the defensive. Would you rather make a perfect husband for somebody else or keep a medium one for yourself? The happiness of a lot of these pretty little No. Twos you see nowadays is built on some woman's attempt to reform a man. The finest line in the world lies between what a woman can actually do to help a man in his development and what she can do that will drive him from her.
Remember, if a man is happy, he is apt to be good.
A happy love, a pleasant home, a contented companionship are a man's best protection against vice of every kind. The vampire seldom finds her prey in the man who is happy at home. She steps in usually when discord, trouble, nagging, petty quarrels-the little foxes that eat away the vines of matrimony-have made a man mentally ready for her advances. Happy love insures its own fidelity.
But if you have let some other woman step into your love life-you've still the upper hand if you will take the time and patience to use it.
There are three things that you must never do.

Don't cry. The only time a woman can cry successfully is in the clark and even then it isn't the most effective thing to do.
Don't make scenes. Men hate them unless they can play the star role.

Don't let him know you know. You can stand a lot of things if the world believes you in ignorance of them.

A woman should try to analyze the charm this "other woman" has upon her husband.

If it isn't because of her own failings-as 1 believe it is in nine cases out of ten-it's probably novelty: so have her around as much as you can. "The Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady"-you know. She soon wont be so much of a novelty after all.

The secret of success at a time like this is to take it very, very easily. Dynamite is quite harmless unless you light the fuse. He'll come back, and next time she ll have better sense than to let him get away from her.

Don't try to compete with the "ramp" at her own game. Too many women do that. As a matter of fact. the average wife cannot expect to compete with the professional beautr, the studied coquette. Anyway, men are generally: little intrigued by beauty or so-called seductiveness.

A man generally has just one essential for his second wifea good disposition.
(Continued on page 122)


W'illiam Conklin isn $t$ sure that actors are as essential as the camera in the making of a picture and masbe hes right. at that. Here is William gossiping with Enid Bennetr in "Hairpins."

## Which-Actor or the Camera?

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

L-TEN: that suy bas been married five times and now "' looking for a-" be merfectly good actor, but IV. dear, he may be a periectly good that girl acts as if she was about sixteen instead

Dun't repeat it. Lilian. bu: he tried to date me up. and hi = wife hasnt got a decent raz to her back, andWhat is it ?
Aw. yu knw . . Gossip.
Rea y. thouzh. super-plus-gossip. That is the special kind that ne hear: when hanging around a studio, and hangins arnual a stuillo out here in the City of the Ancels, i. e.-Los Ancele-- : the greateit oi all round sport there is. It has even shaled the Pursult of the Lonesome Pint which. risht after Mr. Visteal's call sacrifice. was quite a popular pas--ime
S. Fangres atent the charming rose-clustered courtyarl of Thama. II In $e^{\prime}=$ Culver City stu tio I lent ear. as the sayine Eve it Willum Conklin who was favoring lovely Florence Viser an! myeli with his varivu opinions concerning-the
 just fnishe! with a sene i's the new picture "Beau Revel" The zowip as trathifully set down above was mere studio 3- phere.
We. tere govipet. Varicus thinzs. Enid Bennett leaving to have hur kn orcanization. the creat success of the DousLs. Machean cóselus. Eduarda of Now Jersey for Presidin $A=$ then $=$ cbord-mayte I did it-startel the old
round of chatter to the eifiect that one thing is as important as another in the production of a picture.

Then William Conklin barked.
-The camera is the mosi important thing for a picture.
And I made a mental note right there and then that he had said a mouthful.

The way they talk about picture: now-a-days reminds me of the story about the little boy whose mamma gave him a good whaling one morning for shooting B-B shots at a neighbor's cow The spanking rankled in Willhe's bosom and he burned for revenge. When night came he sat at his mother's knee and his face held a beautifully chaste and innocent expression. His list of blessings was unusually long and included all irom S. Claus to the new kittens. But when he rove at last he faced his mamma triumphantly and shouted:

> Doggone it. I hope you noticed you weren't in it

That's what theyd like to do to us actors, I waser. I hope you noticed you weren't in it

But. although I was a stage player ior years and yearsI made my debut with Grace George twenty years ago-. I am -trong for the photoplay no matter what they" do to us"
Conklin is just closine his second centract with Ince.
He has played prominent parts in many bis Ince pictures. His most recent successes were "sex." in which he played the leal opposite Louise Glaum: "Hairpins." with Enid Bennett: The Woman in the Suitcace" with the same star: "McNier" with Hobart Bosworth and now "Beau Revel." with an all-star cart. includine Lewic -. Stone. Florence Vidor, Lloyd Hughes anl Kathleen Kirkham
 tmerican surgeon-and return to pictures.

## WEST is EAST

MILDRED HARRIS CHAPLIN Looked at Me Sadly
"Pearls-" she Said,
In a Low Voice-

- Pearls-I Love Them.

I Would Love to Own
Many Pearls. See-
This is My Favorite Ring-
A Pearl.
I Have this Little Pearl Necklace-
But They Say
Pearls Mean Tears.
Mine have Meant-
Tears."
I Thought she was
Going to Cry, but
She Didn't.
"Charlie's Picture
Is Playing here this Week,"
She Said, Still Sadly,
"An Old Picture,
A Re-issue, and
It is Just as Popular
As if it had Been Made Yesterday.
Of all Charlie's Pictures,
I Like 'The Bank' Best.
Please," She Said,
"Do Not Ask Me
About My Domestic Troubles.
Isn't This
A Lovely Cameo?" She Sighed
As she Sipped her Soup.
"It Belonged to my
Grandmother-no,
My Great-Great-Grandmother."
"Ancl your Diamond Wristwatch—• Is that, too, an Heirloom?"
She Paid no Attention to Me.
"I Love Fords," she Said Instead,
As she Buttered a Roll.
They are Such Fun.
1 Don't Know Whether
To Get a Cadillac or a
Loco. I'm Ilaving
The Most Terrible Time
Trying to Decide.
She Wrinkled ber Lovely Brow In Thought.
"In Future 1 Hope
To Spend Six Months of the Year In California, Making Pictures.
And the Other Half
In New York
I Love
My Next Picture-
J Play
A Socicty Girl in it.
On," she Stoppecl a Minute,
"That Reminds Mr.
1 am (ining to Meet
Remge Tanderlilt
Nest Werk."
Wi. were Awed into Silence.
"1 May Go on the Stage.
Mr. Woods Wants Me to.
Ill have to Have My Voice Trained."
She Gazed Reproachfully
At Her Ice-Cream with Chocolate Sauce, Which, in Turn,
Gazed back at her Reproachfully
For Not Eating it.
The Poor Girl
Hasn't Had Time
To Shop, even, she
llas Been So Busy in Manhattan
Appearing in Person
In the Theaters and
Meeting Mayors and
All the Best People.
But she Seemed Bored-
Bored with it All.
She Rose-and
Walked Out, Slowly and Sadly,
And as I Followed her
1 Heard People Say,
"That's Mrs. Charlie Chaplin-
She's Suing him for Divorce."

-Don't ask me aloout my domestic troubles." bekted Mrs. Chaplin.

## A Few Impressions By DELIGHT EVANS

When I Said Goodbye to her,
She Let her Limpid Blue Eyes,
That Always Look as if
She were About to Burst
Into Tears,
Rest on Me a Moment,
Contemplatively.
But all she Said was,
"I'm So Glad
You didn't Ask Me
About My Domestic Troubles."
This is Just to Remind
Charles Meredith
That he Broke His Promise.
He Promised Me
To have his Picture Taken
To Go with this; admitting
At the Time, that he always Felt
An Awful Boob
Sitting for a Photographer
And Always Put it Off
As Long as Possible.
IIe Certainly Did.
There's No Reason Why
He Shouldn't Have his Picture
Taken, Except
That You Would Never Say
It was a Good Likeness
Of An Actor-
He Doesn't Look Like one.
He Started Out to be
An Architect.
He Went Back-stage
At Stuart Walker's Theater
In Indianapolis, and
They Thought he was an Actor
Looking for a Job-and
Engaged him on the Spot.
He's been a Leading Man
Ever Since.
He has Ideas of his Own
About Picture Production,
And Tries them Out
. Ifter Office Hours.
le's a Young
Jekyll-and-Hyde
Who Makes Love to
Nice Ladies like
Ethel Clayton all Day,
And then Comes Home
And Puts on a Character Make-Up
And A:toni:hes the Neishbors
By Beating a Film Wife
On the Front Lawn.
(He's Marrict-Happily.)
But
He Went Back
To Californis without
|laving his Picture Taken.
So How Can I Write
Anything about him?

# Your Home and Its Winter Clothes 

Household suggestions, particularly interesting to servantless women, brides and flat-dwellers.

By NORMA TALMADGE<br>Photoplay's Fashion Editor

IREAD once of a woman whose life had been passed on a farm, and who suddenly fell heir to quite a sum of money. Some one asked her what she was going to do, now that she needn't work so hard. "Well," the woman replied thoughtfully, "I reckon that I'm going to get me a good comfortable rocking chair and set it here by the window where I can see the sky, and then I'm going to set and rock for quite a spell."

You see, in the sort of home she had there hadn't been time to "set and rock for quite a spell" and I think this is true of a lot of our homes, it doesn't matter how handsome they are. Most women in this servantless era are inclined to think that the time to rest will never come again. In my opinion one of the big advantages of this disturbed period is the incentive it gives a lot of us to put our mentality at work in figuring out ways to simplify this serious problem of running a home and making it a lovable, livable place.

I believe a home should be the place for good times for every member of the family, and-it doesn't matter how industrious you are-good times aren't associated with a place in which you have to work all the time.
The four walls of our home will see more of us in the coming six months than they have in the six months just ended. Those who have been away for the summer are back from mountain or seashore with a renewed interest in the spot in which they will spend the winter. And for those who haven't been away it is highly important $t$ hat the home should seem "different" than it was during the summer. It doesn't matter if your home is a spacious edifice with many rooms, or a tiny apartmentone of the chief joys of a home is the fact that its size doesn't matter, it is our place, and that's all that counts.
I know a woman who gets. I believe, as nuch fun out of changing her house around ciery spring and fall


Store all summer things in boxes that are labeled with a list of their contents. and put the things that are least likely to be wanted farthest from the door.
as some people do out of a trip to Europe. There isn't any danger of a person like that getting into a rut, or finding her home monotonous. And it is the inspiration of the good times she has that has made me want to chat with you this month about the homes we are going to live in this winter.

Personally, I like to have a bit of home with me wherever I go. In the studio I have onc-a two-room-bath-and-kitchenette. The latter is fitted up with all sorts of electric things and is the dearest place in the world to prepare a lunch-or tea, if the director lets us off in time for the latter. In the closets in this tiny apartment we have worked out a plan whereby everything may be found at a moment's notice. A set of boxes, labelled plainly with their contents, helps one to find any hat, furs, or similar articles without loss of time. The different clothes needed in making a picture are arranged in the order in which they will be needed.

If you are storing away the summer things, you will save much time and wear and tear on your temper if you devise a system for your attic or store room. Do not, if you value your patience and strength, use the family trunks to store things in. If yours is a traveling family, likely to flit at a moment's notice, make things easier for everyone by having all the trunks. empty, placed nearest to the door. Store all summer things in boxes, that are labelled with a list of their contents, and put the things that are least likely to be wanted farthest from the door.

Another time-saver for the servantless woman is a sewing closet. Try if you possibly can, to derote one closet to this purpose. Again provide yourself with a group of boxes, pasteboard ones of consenient size to store on the closet shelves. In these boxes place the different articles that will be needed in the sewing room, thread in one box, laces in another, materials, hooks and cyes, etc., each one with the list of

## Photoplay Magazine

content- pasted on the end of the box that is toward the dosel door. This is a big time-saver, for you are able to sell at a glance just where any of the different sewing materials ire Speaking of sewing makes me think of an old lady I wed to hear about when I was a little girl. She was looked up to as the greatest example of thrift on our street. because she always saved the basting threads when she pulled them out of a garment.
A lot of the girls who were June brides are beginning their first serious attempts at housekecping this fall, and let me tell you, girls, you are going to have some wonderful times putting that new home to rights-as well as some tragic ones when the cake falls and the oven burns. I Iot of you are going to be called good house-
keepers. It's a splendid title and you'll be proud of it, but I hope that every one of you will be prouter if you are known as homemakers. There is such a difference between the two! And it is such a marvelous thing when one can combine them.
certain man of my acquaintance frequently calls at a friend's house and goes through a procedure that has come to be a rite with them. First he solemnly seats himself in a comfortable chair pulls up another one to put his icet on, then pulls out an old and very black pipe which he proceeds to "load." The smile on his face when that pipe is going well and his feet are up on the other chair is wonderful to behold. You see, he is married to a "good housekeeper," the kind of woman who wouldn't dream of letting him smoke in the house or put his feet up on chairs. 1 don't suppose that woman ever heard of the "two hears." My Sunday school teacher used to tell me that the bears were "bear" and "forebear" and somehow I always wish ©ery girl had learned aloust them when she went to Sunday school. l'erlaps if they hatl, more of the big girls would try to make home a comfortable place for their hushands. Of course, it N a bit trying to have your window curtains all smoked up and you don't like ashes on the living room rug. Perhaps you won't mund it so much, however, if you remember that curtains will launder and a hes are grood for rugs. Besides, and this is something that a few married girls seem to overlook sometimes, it's hathome, too, as well as yours. So when your home is donning II- winter clothes thi year I do hope there won't be any ban againce smoking, or any cushions too nice to use.
(ining back for a mitute to this matter of time-saving Horough systematic aramgement, let me tell you that it is the whe thing that make- the difference between the woman who bas plenty of leisure and the woman who works all the time. Once of the clever, lator-saving conerivances that I saw recently. was devised by a woman who has taken to doing her own lomoswork during the time that prices stay at their precent


There was no practical way of enlarging the living room, so the problem of its size was solved by installing just one dominant piece of furniture a great davenport plaeed before the fireplace. around which, back and ends, was built a table
altitude. This invention was a bux for the bathroom, to hold soiled linen. It was made three feet long, two feet wide and thirty inches high. This box was covered on the outside with blue and white oilcloth. to match the blue and white fittings of the bathroom, and was enameled on the inside. Partitions on the incide divided it into compartments for ditterent kinds of clothes. These were put in their proper place, when removed, and there was no lengthy sorting of the laundry:

Where space is at a premium-and high rentals have made this a vital problem with most of us-the clever eirl or woman will turn her attention to utilizang the in-ide of closet doors. Cretonne to match that used in the bedroom may be used to cover the inside of the door and to this may be attached pockets for slippers and other incidentals that are better in receptacles than lying about. And if you want to add an additionally dainty note to your room, try lining your clothes closet with the same cretonne that is used to embellish your bedroom.

Eliminating unnece:sary articles of furniture and making those that are used attractive is the keynote of beauty for the small room or apartment. One of the most attractive homes I have seen recently has been remodeled from an ugly narrow house. Its transiormation is the work of a great scenic artist, who has given the same thought and skill to making a gem of this tiny house that he gives to arranging the most elaborate stage picture.

There was no practical way of enlarging the living room, so the problem of its size was solved by installing just one dominant piece of furniture-a great davenport placed before the fireplace. tround this davenport, both back and sides. has been built a table that is fitted from top to thoor with a series of shelves for holding bnoks and magazines. This table was made by the villace carpenter. from sketches by the artist. and was stained and polished by the artist and his wife. The completed cost of it was less than fifteen dollars. The top of this table bore two large reading lamps and was wide enough to serve as a tea table, work table or any other desired purpose. The only other articles of fumiture in this enique rom are a large loungine chair and a built-in window seat piled high with many-colored cushions. To give a greater effect of space in this room rugs have been abolished, and a narrow strip of velvet carpet in dull blue runs around the davenport and table. This room combines the maximum of comfort with the minimum of effort in taking care of it

By the way. the marron dining room in this house has been made strikingly lowely ly means of a long, narrow table in black oak that runs down the center, whth pedestals at either end of the table for holding wide, low hrass howls for fowers Like the living room, the flowr has marrow strips of earpet. that
(Continued on page 122)


By Burns Mantle

The theme of "Something to Think About," is that love can conquer all human ills, with Elliott Dexter as the patient and Gloria Swanson as the potion. It is a good picture. interesting, and beautifully screened.

ADDING their bit to the revenues of the postoffice department are those who write to inquire of the editor why, in the name of all that is reasonable, this picture, or that picture, is permitted on the screen; why, in fact, there are any poor pictures shown, and when will the cheap and the vulgar exhibition cease to irritate a faithful but fretful moviegoing populace?

Occasionally the queries are varied. One gentleman recently inclosed a stamped envelope to carry back to him an answer which would tell him just where to lay the blame for a poor picture. He was not discouraged with the average quality of entertainment his home theaters offered him, but he was puzzled. When a picture was not quite up to snuff whom should he blame? "Is it the producer's fault?" queries he; "or the scenario writer's? Or the director's? Or the star actor's? Or the exhibitor's? Or the fans?"

The ready answer to which is that not knowing, we cannot say. It may be the fault of any one of these-or of none of them. They have all been party to the picture's production, but no one of them has been directly and absolutely in control of its making.

Frankly, the more I see of pictures the less patience I have with the complaints about them. Not because there is not plenty of reason for complaining, but because the general improvement has been so marked of late that that seems of vastly more importance. True, there are still many poor pictures being made, just as there are many poor plays being produced, poor books being written and poor pictures being painted. The poor we have always with us in more senses than one. But the improvement in pictures is steady. There were more good pictures made last year than in any other twelve-month period since genius fitted a crank to a camera. There were more good pictures made or begun in the last six months than in the six years previous thereto.

True, the improvement to date is mostly confined to the larger and more ambitious companies. But they are the
leaders, and the standards they set are certain to be followed. Goldwyn is accomplishing wonders with its Eminent Authors' series, not in its productions under this trademark alone, but in the influence the series is having, and has had, on the output of the regular staff. And as each of the competing companies recognizes the quality and importance of this competition they, in turn, have tried to better it. Famous Players long since decided that the old Paramount cry of quality above everything, which was lost in the various amalgamations, is after all the best slogan to tie to and is making valiant attempts to recover from the effects of hurried and careless procluction into which its working staffs were allowed to slip a year or two ago. Metro is still struggling earnestly to make good with "Fewer and Better Pictures." Cosmopolitan, which, heaven knows, has produced its share of cheap pictures. has given its staff a new mark to shoot at with "Humoresque." The William Fox interests are in the market for better material than they ever have bought before, and Universal leavens their poorer productions with an occasional special that does the new order credit.

No, it is a time for cheering rather than complaining. And doubling in the role of cheer leader now and again adds variety to a critical gentleman's life.
But, to get back to our correspondent and his bewilderment as to whom to blame, this much is to be said against the system of picture making: So industry in the world makes so brazen a practice of hiding behind an alibi. No one is responsible for anything. The bad picture is always some other fellow's fault. The good picture may be credited to this man or to that one, but there is always the whispered information that it really is the work of a struggling unknown, or the result of a hali hundred suggestions from various members of the stafi.

If title cards told the exact truth, nine out of ten would in effect read: "Mr. Hiram Bazam presents Miss Stringa Pearls in 'Her Second Set of Uppers.' written by Thompson Underwood from a suggestion by Grace Remington, and rewritten

"The Jack-Knife Man " is a homely story of a gentle old man brought into contact with the love of a nameless child. The atmosphere is of the old Mississippi River days. Fred Turner and Bobby Kelso head the cast.


In "Hairpins" the producers re-create the slovenly wife who blossoms forth into beauty when she realizes her husband is stipping away. It is a human little story, featuring Enid Bennett and Matt Moore.


Trumpet Island" is a Gouverncur Morris romance, which will the one of the ealked-of picture of the fall and winter Marfucruc de la Motte is the licrome and Wallace MacDonald her companion.
six times by our oun scenario staft to meet the approsal of Mr Bazam and Mis: I'earls, and later completely revised by the director, Hokum Smith, with the assistance of Cutting Murphy. and finally edited, assembled and titled by the Messrs. Bazam. sutcliti. Underwood and Smith. their wives. neighbors an 1 intimate friends, and approved by Miss Pearls and the olfice force.
lou cannot reasonably blame the producer, for he is almo: as wax in the hands of his associates. after he has furnished the money to buy the original story. He must please his star and his director. his distributing agenes and what he conceives to be his public if he is to make mone! for his sockholders.

You can't blame the scenario editor or the continuity writer or the production editor, for they are beholden to the director who will make the picture if he 「ikes it. or reiuse to make it if he doesn't, and the star. whose contract includea clause permitting her to accept or reject any story or scene submitted. and to order the rewriting of anv character she does not understand.

You could blame the director if you knew nothing of hihandicaps. But if he doesn't take liberties with the script no one will accept the picture as being his! And if he doenot please the star she (and often he) will not act. And if he does not do the thines, or at least a few of the thing. the producer suggested he should do he will be unpopular in that quarter. And directors are human.

The star is responsible for a lot. but. my dear. doesn't she know positively that there is a conspiracy" on foot to "ruin" her reputation as a star by not giving her the right kind oi parts, so they can cut her excessive salary: Doesn't she: You ask her, and see.

Vou could blame the exhibitor for wiring his exchange to send him another of those hot ones-if you hadn't gone in great numbers to see the last one because you had heard it was a little off color. And you could blame yourself and the other fans if you did not know that the movies are the only moderately-priced entertainment left you and that every nor mal human being is curious and restless and craves some sort of relief to the deadly monotony of merely living.

And so it goes. But this situation is clearing. 100. It is the system which is really to blame, and the system is gradually changing. Just now there is a supertluity of cooks and the broth is frequently scorched. But one by one the cookare getting their two weeks notice. The production unit is growing smaller and pictures better. First the producer was everything, then the director, now the writer is in the ascendant. Eventually the three will work in ssmpathetic coöpera-tion-these three and no others-and then you will see-what you will see!

No one can see as beautifully screened a picture as "Earthbound" without being conscious of, and grateful for, the steady. improvement the screen drama is making. The dignity with which the subject is handled is on a par with the impressiveness of its photographic beauty and its technical periectionIts message is provocative of helpful and sane discussion. Whatever one's personal convictions mas he concerning spiritism and its attendant theories. And yet the underlyine drama is basicly as simple as it is sound. One who has lived by the creed that there is "no God, no sin. no future life" betrays his friend and is unfaithful to the woman he has married He meets a violent death at the hands of the friend and his soul remains earthbound until the wronge he has committed are righted in the light of the knowledge acquired over there Thus his unhappy spirit haunts the scene oi his untine? taking off while he attempts to get the message actoss to thone whom he has wronged. C"ntil they understand and iorgise him he cannot go on. The thing we call conscience. Basil King. the author. sugecsts, may reasonably be no more than the whispered warnings of those who have pasced on and then been drawn back through love of us to show the was. Through the intluences of the restless spirit of the dead man the temptress who was mainly responsihle for his sins of the thesh vol. untarily takes the stand at the trial of the man accused of the murder and. by her confession. irees him. A little lereasonably, hut still with dramatic effect. the injured wife is made to inderstand and fo forgive. And then the earhboun ? spirit is released to seck the higher realms of the spirit world It is not essentially a sympathetic picture. I iound. for os. ample. that my nwin interest in it broke somewhat with the appearance of fle ghow. Somewas he seemed to ne rechly
to deserve his purgatorial experiences, and to treat rather shabbily the devoted wife whose forgiveness was so necessary to his progress heavenward. But it may be I was led to concentrate on the cleverness with which the director, T. Hayes Hunter, has manipulated his double exposures, rather than on the story. Probably I should see the picture twice to do it full justice. I believe, too, it could be trimmed to good effect. The actors are wisely chosen for their competence, but they are given too much chance to act and then hold up the story doing it. A few feet of suggestion is worth yards of pantomime in the footage of a tense story. The performances of Wyndham Standing, both as man and ghost; of Mahlon Hamilton as the friend who shot him; of Naomi Chillers as the wife, Flora Ravalles as the wicked lady and Lawson Butt as a sort of chorusing friend who served as the author's spokesman, were all good. Elfrid Bingham is responsible for the excellent scenario.

## "SOMETHING TO THINKABOUT"-Paramount-Artcraft

IAM pleased to report that, temporarily, at least. Cecil De 1 Mille has moved out of the lingerie department into the -torybook section of the Famous Players' studios in Hollywood. His newest picture, "Something to Think About," is as old as "Hazel Kirke" and as new as a novel by Mary Robcrts Rinehart. But it is a good picture, an interesting picture and beautifully screened. The "something" of the title will be accepted as Christian Science, I suspect, by the scientists, but it is broadly a sermon on the text that love can conquer all human ills, and not likely to excite controversy: A wealthy young man living in the big house on the hill becomes interested in and pays for the education of the blacksmith's little daughter, who lives below him. When the child returns from college, with her hair up and her skirts of fashionable length. the wealthy young man falls in love with herbut he is lame and cannot ask her to marry him. Then the little girl, out of gratitude and to please her father, proposes to the lame man and he is very happy. But she runs away with her schoolboy sweetheart next reel, and darkness settles over the big house. Only the kindly philosophy of the gray-haired housekeeper helps the lame one stand up under his disappointment. "Right will triumph," she preaches, and holds love thoughts over everyone. Sure enough, years after, the blacksmith's daughter returns, a widow and in rags. And though she is turned out by her angry father, and contemplates suicide, the lame boy finds and saves her. After her fatherless child is born he still cares for the two of them, and by the time the lad is three or four, and both the gentle landlady and the grateful heroine have held love thoughts over cverybody, the lame boy is able to throw away his crutches, grandfather becomes forgiving and the ending is beautifully happy. The De Mille sense of beauty of scene, and his care in the selection of the decorative and significant detail, help immensely to cover the obviousness of the story's development. The visit of hero and heroine to the county fair is an illustration, with its ironic clown and his reiterated sneer that "the strong man always wins." The cast is as perfect as casts can be. Theodore Roberts is a masterful figure as the blacksmith. Elliott Dexter is entirely sympathetic but never maudlin as the lame man. Nonte Blue is excellent as the schoolboy lover, Gloria Swanson plays the heroine with great carnestness and considerable dramatic power, and Theodore Kosloff serves the story admirably as the clown.

"A CUMBERLAND ROMANCE"-Realart

THE one-man producing unit is a great success so far as Charles Maigne is concerned. He writes his own scenarios and directs his own pictures, and as a result he is able to take a simple story and develop it as it appeals to him, without the interference of a producer with a star to exploit or a star with nothing more important than her own ambitions to serve. "A Cumberland Romance" is a pleasantly told, consistently developed little drama, prettily decorated with the scenic beauties of the open landscape and an occasional dash into the rougher mountain country. The John Fox atmosphere is admirably preserved, and the mountain-folk characterizations not unduly exaggerated. An easterner, working in the southern mountains, meets a maid taking her corn grits to mill. He is much the grandest man she ever has met, and she falls in love with
(Continued on page 86)

*A Cumberland Romance" is a John Fox story, featuring Mary Miles Minter as the barefoot heroine, modestly portrayed, and with some unexaggerated mountain folk and seenic beauties.

"In Folly's Trail" Carmel Meyers returns to the screen. The picture tells a trite little story of an artist and his "inspiration." Thomas Holding, a good actor, is the leading man.


In spite of the melodramatic beginning. "The Great Redeemer" achieves dignity and distinction, telling a story of redemption at the gallows. It is really worth secing. House Peters and Marjorie Daw arc featured.


Dram by Nerman cAmhony

## Imaginary Interviews

MABEL NORMAND

GI: NTLE Reader, after you read this you will probably murnur, "some lyin";" but I asure you Danid had mothing on the when I interviewed Bli- Normand!
When I was ushered into Miec Normand's drwing room, the sounds that reached my therviewic ears led me to beliewe the latest $11 / 7$ record was being played but when 1 mictake into Broms Park! Believe it or not. G. R., there was Miss Normand sitting calmly in at chait strokine the brow of : rumbline linn! She smiled weetly and soid, "Pray, be sated!" I prased all right, and seated myself gingerly on the edge of a chair, with one eye on a window: After I could catch me
breath I stammered, "Are these !-your p-ppets?" She lauched and pattine a leopard. crouched on her other side. saial, "Ye: I'ni just crazy about wild thines! 1 onls need two more now to complete my collectiona Director and an-"
Before she rould say "Interviewer" and "Sic em," I Fairbanksed out the window!

# CLOSE-UPS Éditorial Expression and Timely Comment 

LabellingThere is a fault, common to most of our directors and scenarioists, which they inherited, more or less
from the less subtle part of the old Them. legitimately, from the less subtle part of the old speaking stage. And the less subtle part is by far the greatest part of the speaking stage, as anyone knows. The reference is to the practise of artlessly labelling vice and virtue, personified, by the attitude of the surrounding characters.

Let us explain in particular.
The villain of the average piece needs no designation from his first entrance. From the first he is unsuccessfully besieging the heroine. From the first he is, somehow, opposing the hero. From the first he is always performing against the grain of the audience. On the contrary, the Good Boy Who is Going to Get Her is always doing the right thing, though his compatriots on the screen may not realize it at all. As we write we have in mind an excellent photoplay, not yet released, in which two sisters, running a parallel course of life, are so plainly Right and Wrong, personified, that from the middle of reel one there cannot be the slightest doubt as to the romantic outcome.

This is wrong not only because it destroys suspense and dramatic interest for the intelligent, but because, as well, it is a violation of the laws of life. Not one of us is all good, and there are very few people in the world who are all bad. Moreover, the leading percentages in female virtue very seldom tie up with a correspondingly high ratio of masculine honor, and vice-versa. The best subjects for photodrama are not fairy tales and allegories of good and evil, but selec tions from the infinite and factful variety in the drama of life. And nothing is lifelike, nor even highly interesting, which is plainly labelled, like preserved fruit, at the moment it is pickled in celluloid.

## シ

## The Gospel of Americanization.

There is one artist to whom no call of fashion or vagrant or hysterical sex furore has ever appealed or shadowed her work upon the screen. She has not sold her birthright of true American womanhood for a mess of wanton scenes to jack up the satiated palate of the film fan.

The true standard of patriotism is built upon racial instincts derived from social customs. These customs become part of us and form the basic principles by which we guide our daily conduct and upon which we have builtour ideas of American Womanhood. Miss

Pickford has standardized and definitely outlined a type and spread it throughout the world to the lasting benefit of the rest of us. This little woman in ten years has done more to spread the gospel of Americanization than any other living medium. In every part of the globe she has represented American womanhood to its best advantage and we women owe her a debt for never having proved recreant in her latest pictures to the trust which she invited in her earlier efforts.

Wherever a Pickford picture has gathered and held firm admirers it has recruited just that other part of the world to the banner ot Americanization.

That Super The original use of the fluous "Super." word "super," theatrically and pictorially speaking, was to designate a person of the cast of so little importance that he was not even classed as an actor. Now, like a poor relation who has struck oil, "super" has become prominent and important, omnipresent and annoying, a verbal creature of many aliases and as busy as a card-sharp among immigrants.
"Super" has also become very cheap. It is, now, just a brass-plated superlative.
"Super-features," "Super - productions," "Super -stories," "Super - direction," "Super -acting"- and so vaingloriously on.

These only remind us of a flirt's protestations of love. It is a pity that the publicists and the labellers of the movies cannot exercise more ingenuity - to say nothing of taste - in the adjectival side of their proclamations.

The old excuse that the reading and buying public wants nothing but standard goods and the old stuff in words doesn't go any more. A real science of sensible advertising has risen around crackers and leather belting, motor tires and ladies' hosiery, steel saws and tooth-paste. This tempered, sane and consistent though persistent advertising is effective and enormously profitable. In the sense that it depends upon cash sales for its continuance the motion photo play is as much a ware as Akron rubber, and its buglers should be aware that they are not sounding their calls to fools. In description and characterization it is probable that the photoplay is susceptible of a more diversified and more interesting range of expressions than any other form of artistic or industrial activity. It gets less than any other-much less. It almost seems as if nowadays they were trying to do it with one word: super.

# The Art of Dry-Point 

## An appreciation of the medium of portraiture reproduced on the opposite page.

By W. H. de B. NELSON<br>Editur of the Internationsl Studio

IN the good old days I which were not really good except by virtue of 20 th century patronage and tradition) when the sum of all learning could be grasped by one man and inscribed into one volume. people knew quite a lot or else nothing at all there was no compromise between intense iznorance and surpasing knowledge. with a decided leaning toward the former condition. Today: however, hous azons change tout ça, and so many and devious are the paths of learning and information that every one is, perforce, a Jaggard behind the chariot of progress, in the nigh hopeless task of attempting to keep pace with the infinity of pursuits, each demanding a certain amount of expert acquaintance with the mechanism, even to understand something of the matter if it should only chance to be the subject of conversation. Which explains how the degrading institution of administering tabloidal intelligence, or knowledge-in-anutshell, has come into being and grown into real significance! It is more than likely. therefore. that quite a number of well-informed people are unacquainted with Walter Tittle. dry point portraitist, and his unusual dexterity in his chosen medium

First. then. a word or two about the artist.

Before taking up etching. Tittle served a strenuous apprenticeship to illustration. running the entire gamut of the principal magazines, to all of which he has amply contributed, besides finding time to write and illustrate books that have met with good success. All this endeavor. however, has been subservient to his love of portraiture, in every medium including oil.

Foi years he has been a irequent exhibitor at first-class show: including (Mr. McBride notw'hstand ne) our National Academy. Two years ago he tempted Proridence by holding a one-man show of some thirtysix etchings and dry points at the Irt Institute of Chicago. where he had the sati-faction of discovering that besules the Intiture itseli. several private collectors and a number of pubht aalleries felt the necessity of acquiring example: of his work This growing interes in Tittle's portrature on the part of learling museums and libraries has carried his printin " the collections of such important in-titution- a the Nell Virl: Public Likrary and the Congresennal Lilorary at Winhingter. L) (
Intirtunately for picture-que biography Tittle wat not bern in a log cabon ior were his parents unselti-h enough to be wmahasked or exen partwcalped by vindictive Jndian. he dil not meature th thek and treacle in a country -tore not -nce taking up his re-dence in New York las he so tar vielded to the time-honored urge of selling newspapers; and fin ciflenty he is a broeraphical disappointment


Walter Tittle in his Washington Square Studio.

He sat at the feet of the late William M. Chase and the very present Robert Henri, excellent masters of distinct outlook, and as far removed in their pursuit as one could well conceive. Between their conflicting ideas of art Tittle has interposed his own, and with the grammar and syntax of his profession at his fingertips, he possesses a wealth of endurance. vigur and individuality more than sufficient to bring his bark intu good anchorage. And from the "bark" it is a -hort step to the bite," which is after all the essence of etching, be it dry or wet. An etching is achieved by corroding the copper plate. that is biting into it by the aid of acid in contradistinction to a dry point where no acid is employed, but where the drawing is done direct on the plate with a steel point or a diamond. With the etching. the longer the exposure to the acid, the deeper and richer the portion of the plate acted upon. during which action the other parts of the plate are protected from the acid by a coating of etching ground. The etcher works out a time-table of exposures that his drawing calls for, and the most delicate lines receive, of course, the shortest bath.

In a dry point the point cuts into the surface of the copper making faint or deep lines as hand and wrist dictate. When taking a proof, the ink is spread upon the plate and the artist proceeds to wipe off the ink bya horizontal application of the rag. leaving a deposit of the touch ink on either side of the furrow, resulting (after printing) in a line much wider than the actual line incised. Besides width and blackness this line presents a "feathery" edre. . black tone made oi such lines suitably separated yields a quality luminous and velvety, of an intensity that lovers of this melium find intensely alluring. The "burr" sometimes is seraped away when delicacy of line is required.
When a variety ot tome is wanted, gray withm grays. in subte eradation. ilry point is not the best medium to employ hence we lind the great masters of the past. only to dention Durer, Holbein, and Rembrandt. combining etching anl try punt on the same plate

In conclucion, one cannot hut notite with telight how Pittle bringe out a charming and distinct quality in each sitter Emphatic blacks in each face are well distributed and make a unit. in the language oi the studio, nothing punches a hole Cinod visible thapen ni dark give "class" to hiv drawnes Walter Tittle has of late been pleasantly occupied with portraits of Bille Burke. Ceraldine Farrar, Man Pickiond Norma Talmater and wher celebrated stars that have foune ${ }^{1}$ tume to dazzle him in his workmanlike studio at No. : Washington Square, North.



Murlella.

A DIVINTTY of the dance was Diana Allen. But like many of her pretty Ziegfeld Follies sisters, she found an opportunity in fihms and recently made her silvessheet debut. Dima from Sweden has been an Ameriean since the age of five.



M


Drawn by Norman Anthony
To Be Shot at Sunrise


Alice and "Jimmy" in "Sinners.

FIRST, you call up her press-agent to lind out what time she will-or will not be in. It really doesn't matter. Then you make an appointment-for any old time. And you go. And you wait.
Then you call up her press-agent. "Miss Bracly hasn't shown up," you say: There will be many excuses from the preseagent. Then she will sugzest, "You might call up her home."
Sou do that. lfer secretary answers. "No, I don't know when shell be in. Vou might try her at the hairlresser'sshe may be there, and then again, she may not.
she isn't. Sou remind yourself that Alice's husband, James (rane, is opening that very evening in a new play, at the Theater لou go orer to the -..Theater, Vou ask to see Vr. ('rane He appear-affable, smiling, urbane " Ity wife?" her sty. "No, I hasen't seen her since lunch She may be at the modiste; then asain, she may have sone to the photographers. If she isn't there-

## But you have gonc.

The studio. Mios Brady's director directing Miss Brady's company, but not Mise Brady Miss Brady's maid in Mins Litals's dreseing-roons wondering where Miss Brady is. Ar. Pemrhen timbins, artivt, lowking for Miss Brady- he had an 1ppesintement to make a sketeh of her Vousit down bey the - he of the camero-and wait.

There finally comes a small-sized but noiey commotion from

## Keeping Up With Alice

Devoting a day to the undertaking, only to discover it can't be done.

## By

ARABELLA BOONE

the door marked exit. Someone is, as u-ual, usin? it for entrance. The commotion becomes a crowl. mosing in the general direction of the Brady set - Miss Bradyos director. Mr. Stanlaws. Mis: Brady's mail. and several assistant directors add themselies to it.

You hear a very determined feminine voice say. "Not today. I'se got a thousand appointments I haven't kept. anyway. Some other time. No close-ups-1'm tired. No-l 10バI know where that hat is Alabe tomorrow: Is that the new camera"-etc.. etc., etc.

The crowd parts: the commotion sulsides. Out of it walks a small straight figure in brown, with brown hair and brown eves It is Miss BradyAlice Brady, daughter of Bill, wite of Jimme Crane. Very much the wife of Jimm. (rane. Slarried a gool many monthe and more in lose than ever. You can tell it to look at Alice when she talks about him. She's not a sentimental person. Nice. but she does love Jimms: Woukin't have married him if she dien't.
lou may think that because Nlice is within speaking distance one can keep up with her. You don't know . Aice. She meets an assistant director's iriend and discusses clothes with Hedda Hopper. the samp in her new pecture, she kids Lowell Sherman- - you have to be a dearless hernine to kid Lowell sherman. she goes off in a corner for two seconds with Mr. Stanlaws- the artist chap-and comes back bringing a lifelike sketch of herself. If you aren't out of breath you follow her up to the projection room while she watches several new teet of her latest tilm Then she settles down to talk about-Jimmy
"I didn't have anything to do for a week," she says, "eo went ofer to Vilantic ('ity to see limm's new play-tryout. opening night and everybhing. Then 1 traveled around with him for the first week of it. Swfully funny 1 said to mw father. 'To think 1 should come to this-to be the fathful wife of a traveling actor" It's going to be a great succeos. that play. See if it isn't.
"No. Jimmy won't play with me next season on the stage in 'Anna Dreente'-title will be changed. hy the way-and he probably won't be me leating man in pictures either bou know there is wailly only one seod part in esery play and a alwase get it in m y own. and that's not fair to Jimmy. I d got a wonderful joke on Jim. We were leasing the theater in Al lantic City where he was playing and three girls were hancin? around waiting for the hero of the necasion to appear Thes saw Jimmy first and just as they were ahout to mol him caught cirht of me
"Theve forgot all about Jimmy" "Oh. theres Mree liradi-" they yelled I certainly stole that show '
"Wrise got a new apartment. That's whe 1 was of tote. (Combinued on page 124)

# A Peep Into a Man's Diary 

By

MARY WINSHIP

THIS is a shameful confession. But it's all Harrison Ford's fault. Not even a leading man should be so trusting and guileless.
He never should have left me alone in that apartment!

Nor should he have worn those hornrimmed sun glasses. For while they undoubtedly protected his eyes from the glare of the Hollywood sun on the Lasky lot, they also screened "the windows of his soul" from my investigatory eyes. It's just impossible to actually judge a person if you can't see his eves.

So when he left me in that wonderful library of his, one of the finest, most carefully selected collections in California by the way and the result of years of search, study and investment, I fell.

On the antique desk I saw a little black book. Like a good many other little black books, it started all the trouble.

I didn't intend to more than peep. But I caught a word or two, and I always did adore diaries, and the masculine scrawl seemed so much more the real Harrison Ford than the man behind the glasses, that as I have confessed, I fell.
This is what I saw;
July 3 rd. - I stumbled across an old magazine in a book store todlay: On the front page was the explanation of some sort of contest. or selection idea that President Eliot of Harvard was working out concerning the five books a man would most want to take with him if he were going to be cast away on a desert island. What strange ideas people do have, even college professors. But that struck me as not uninteresting. It might prove a rather good chart of character, if one could have a list of one"s friends' selections.

I've been looking over my books. Of course I should probably insist on taking at least twelve and so get sunk before I ever hit the island.

However, I weeded out five. "Lord Jim" (Conrad), the Doves Press Bible, Shakespeare's works complete in one volume (I have one that I'm quite fond of, though I prefer to read him in separate volumes) Alice in Wonderland, and Dan Beard's Out-of-Door Handbook. (One must have some utility, eh?)

Ves, that list isn"t bad. I should miss my "Soldiers Three" dreadfully, and all Shaw-why isn't he complete in one volume, and my early English plays?

But it is a bit of an idea
July 4th.-This is a strange Independence Day. However, my port is holding out nicely and getting mellower every day. I am becoming convinced that a bit of implied philosophy can turn all things to account-even 18th amendments. Socrates lead Xantippe. I've a new thing on the Russian Ballet, with iilustrations by Rene Bull that is a magic carpet into the heart ot Persia. One can find a kick in many things besides liquor.

Such a funny thing happened to me last night. I discovered that I am probably the only living screen actor who hasn't any stills of himself. It never occurred to me. In some ways, I have a very strange mind. I wonder why I never kept any


Harrison Ford in the library he'd like to take to Eliot's Island
stills? I wonder why I am not interested in motion pictures? I felt quite stupid at this dinner party because I could not talk intelligently about motion pictures. Someone asked me questions about films and film people, and I couldn't answer.

Only there was one old duffer who was a bit of a whip on Renaissance morals. II $e$ had a go. The girl next to me, quite a pretty thing but with very few clothes on, it seemed to me, remarked that she didn't know they had morals during the Renaissance. What odd ideas women have! I clon't wonder I've remained a bachelor. I'm much too timill to venture upon such unknown and turbulent waters. Ethel Clayton is one of the few women I've met who understands books. We talked tor hours during the two pictures I just finished with her.

July 5th.-I have been reading a description of the Shalimar (iardens, near Lahore. Found it in an odd little book. a collection of letters written by a girl on her honeymoon around the world to her mother at home. It never occurred to me that one would write letters on a honeymoon. But when I analyze it. it seems quite sensible. This book says that on the gateway at Shalimar are these words in Persian. "Sweet is this garden: through envy of it, is the tulip spotted. Its lamp is the rose of the sun and moon."

I like that. It awakens a wanderlust. Why don't I go to see the places I read about? Somedlay I shall. I teel sure of it. I will make pictures for a while more, then I will go to see Greece, the places where things happened that I love.
Mais ou sont les neiges d'antan. It will all be so changed that I-"
It ended there-the page. I wanted desperately to go on. But I couldn't just deliberately turn a page, could I?
But 1 did want to know more about this young leading man.


T was spring in the smooth green stretches of the park, all tlecked with violets and daffodil-bordered; spling in the long, clean-ly-washed miles of the most interesting thoroughfare in the world; spring in the faint notes of the hurdy-gurdy floating over from the next avenue-a block away, geographically, a thousand miles removed, socially:

But it wasn't spring in the heart of Rex \'an Zile, striding across the park with nothing but a savage, decapitating flick of his cane for the smiling dafiodils. It was November, or possibly late February! Bleak and raw, with a cold, drippy fog creeping up from a moaning sea; with a wind shrilling plaintively through bare, creakin! branches; with oceans of icesloshly, slithery, soggy, soft ice -spread over everything, but especially over Rexs spirit.
He swung into the Avenue, glowering at a flock of innocent babes whose kiddy-carts and prams cluttered the exit. For twenty blocks he gloomed along. Then some mental string gave is sharp jerk and brought him to an abrupt stop before one of those recent marsels of architectural achicsement, a Fifth Avenue apartment house.
"Oh all right!" he answered the reflex half audibly: "I might run up and see the fellows. A bit too early for them, maybe. but ther won't mind if I wait and smoke. If I paid twelse thousand a year for an apartment I'd want it used every minute, day and night!"

The ebony' bird confined in the gilded cage that lifted him to the tenth floor assured him the young gemmun would be in any minute now suh. receiving for this valuable information a ferocious scowl and an absent-minded half-dollar.
"(Curious how some folks is free-handedest when theys mad!" commented the blackbird as the cage shot downward, leaving Rex standing, a bit uncertainly: at the apartment door.
The uncertainty came from the fact that the cloor was ajar. just the width of a book which kept it from slamming as the brecze from the river romped thruugh. Inside, someone was playing the piano and singing in a joyous. lilting, unmistakably young voice. snatches from old ballads that Rex's mother had sung to him, at bedtime. several thousand years ago!
"Have they got a lady visitor?" he wondered, his mind making a running surver of the families of Clay Cullum and Harry Richardson. "No sisters, no cousins, no young aunts! I feel it my duty 10 insestigate."
llis light touch at the bell brought silence, then light, swift footsteps taptapping to the door. "The singer is opening the door herself." he thought. But the door. swinging wide at that instant, showed only a girl in the black dress and white apron of a parlor maid.

But shech a maid! A face that was all fresh. dewy innocence. all pink and white widd-rociness, all wist ful, dark-lashed eyes. full-cursed, rosy lips, and fluttering wases of color, running up from creamy satin throat to hide in the cloud of dusky hair. "Come in. Mr. Vian Zile," she invited. "Mr. C"ullum and Mr Richardson will the in any minute now:
"How did you know my name ${ }^{2}$ " he demanderd
"Ive been hore three month." she answered. "Youse called often in that time
"But I never saw you"
"You mean you never happened to notice me," she corrected. "That proses 1 am a perfect mail, neat, useful. unwhtronse like a door mat. Now, your hat there. your stick there. Will you wat in the muvic room, Mr. Van Zile?"

# POLLY 

## It was manufactured for her, so she didn't have to live it down-just turned it into a Future.

There's company:" he demurret, hanging back. I heard her -inging.

Her eyes took on a sartled expression. 'Don't tell them. please. I oughtn't to have done it, with the door open. But Thursday's the housekeeper's day out and I couldn't resist."
"Nonsense. The boys are a good sort. I fancy they like a simging maid."
"Oh, please don't say anything about me' I promieed M5 Mason, the housckeeper. that İl be just a regular. well-thehaved maid."

And what were you before you began mail-ing, may I a-k?
"Nothing interesting. Just a girl from the country who couldnit make her dream come true."

Dreams don't come truc!" The gloom that had lifted ior a moment. settled again over the face of Rex lan Zile. The girl laughed out. like a gleeful child.
"Mercy! What a thundercloul!' What's your dream. Mr Man-with-a-grouch "'
Quite innocently: perhaps. but not the less cifiectively, she had taken the one never-failing way to a man's heart. Never since the dawn of creation has there been a male beine "ho would tail to respond when asked to talk about himeelf. Rex drew a long breath, and settled down comiortably on the divan She perched on the piano bench, nervously alert. hearl tilterl. like a bird ready to dart away at the slightest warning.
"My' dream is a girl-the most wonderiul. beautiful girl in the world," he declared. solemnly:

She took this as seriously as if it were unusual for a black frown and a pessimistic tongue to spell girl-trouble.
"You love her and she doesn"t care for you iet?" she sugrested.
"She never will. the's dilierent. She doesn't eare about anything other girls fall for bances tennis, motoring, teas. country clubs, theater:none of them mean anything to her."
"Gracinus! ©he isn t a girl, she's a -a mummy.'"
"She's worse than that She's a reformer!"
"I reformer?" The girl frowned inquiringly. It's amazing the difference in frowns! Van 7iles had heen a black disfigurenemt. hut this one hal an absurd. prosocative appeal Thell she laughed. and when she did that her nose wrinkled up in the fumnest little. grimace. "You're laughing at me." she accued
"I'm not." defensively. "Reforming is a diseave A slow. lingering. incurable dnease' Those who get it can't do or think of anything else. Nothing interests them unless it needs reforming For instance this girl might go to a cheap dame hall. to do somethine about it. you understand, uplift it. or fut it out of howiness. Or she might attend a rotten show for the same reanom. Or he friendle with a man because he was bad and must be made gond. V'ou see what I mean ${ }^{2 \prime}$
"And you are so perfect you con't he improsed, so the - bot intermed. I underamel." said the girl, remurely.

Oh. come now. fim not such a conserted fool an 1 sont 1 But I has ent any ghatere vicen any whe that are wild enough to make her sece me an acoce" fom junt an ordinary" (hap m her own walk of life"

## with a PAST

By<br>LULIETTE<br>BRYANT

"Well, can"t you get any wild ways? Seems to me you might be able to acquire some vices, temporarily," the girl began. Quite suddenly, she flew from the edge of the piano bench and alighted on two trimly shod feet, some distance away, where she stood, impassive and demure, as two young men came in. Then, having given them a bunch of letters on a tray, she vanished, without a glance toward Van Zile who was staring after her rather foolishly.
"Who's that girl?" he demanded. "Where'd you get her?"
"The maid? Darned if I know," said Cullum. "Where'd we get her, Richie?"
"Mrs. Mason picked her up somewhere. Name's Polly. That's all I know about her. But by all that's unusual, what does this mean? Has the irreproachable Van Zile, the perfect specimen of American manhood in its pristine purity, been flirting with our mail?'
"I have not!" snapped Van Zile. Remembering the scared "yes as she said "Please don't tell regular maid!" he went on hastily: I promised to be a the country-unusual type, you know."
"Ahem!" coughed Richardson, suspiciously. "Van Zile, the immaculate, is beginning to sit up and take notice. Well, you let our little Polly alone. She's a deft, efficient, selfeffacing little creature, which is all that a maid should be.'
And suddenly, unreasonably, hot anger flared in Van Zile's heart. "Don't be such a darned snob!" he snapped. "You mention a maid as if she belonged to another order of humanity. After all, the girl is flesh and blood like the rest of us, you know."

It's the spring weather!" declared Cullum with mock solemnity. "It's gotten into his blood! They always begin that way-seeing pretty girls where once they saw but serving maids."
"Or maybe he's caught the reforming fever," ventured Richardson. "They say it's contagious. Hes going to uplift the lower classes, beginning with our Polly. How about it, old man, does the fair Myrtle still play round with the submerged tenth and fail to notice your existence?"
The black frown came home to roost between Van Ziles brows. "She does." he confessed, "won't even go to the Club dance. Says it's a waste of time!


Inside, someone was playing the piano and singing. in a joyous, lilting, unmistakably young voice.
"Posituecly! Why waste time with a man like you when she mipht be associating with a burglar?" jecred Cullum. "Look here. old man, why don't you fall from grace and need reforming:
"You're the second person 10 make that suggestion this afternoon," Van Zile said. "l'ol-er-that is. a girl I know said the same thing to me. In fun, of course. '
"Well, it misht help, at that." Cullum was warming up to the istea. "Take the downward path and litele Myrtle will come clashing after you!
"By George, it might work," said Richardson. "Let's see, what can he do? He can't start a career of drunkenness very well, it's tou hard to get the makin's. It's got to be women. my boy: That's the best way!"
"Sure thing!" cried Cullum. "Works wo ways: makes Myrtle jealous and at the same time proves youre going to the dogs. louve got to fall into the toils of a regular dashing. dewlish. dangerous female wholl make you notorious. Ireferably French. The Irench ones never shy at a little publicity!"

Van Zile was horrified.
"But I couldn't!" he protested. "And even if I could get into a thing like that, how could I get out when I wanted to? No-jt wouldn't work.
"Lort, that's so!" groaned Richardson. "the poor. helpless
"Of course!" echoed Van Zile, turning to her with a smile. Thereupon they all fell to explaining. claborating, assuring. cajoling, bribing, and finally pleading. But Polly was ubdurate. Masquerade in wonderful clothes. at a fashionable inn on Long Island as a fine French lady of international heart-wrecking fame: (jo to dinners and balls and club events with Rex dangling after her as if he were bewtithed. Be coached on all social points by the chaperone they would furnish her? Stir up the whole colony by her daring flirtations? I'retend to be saved from drowning by the well-known millionaire clubman. Rex V'an Zile:

Oh no, thank you sirs, not litzle Polly: Half of Polly"c blood was Parisian-actress, but the other half was Methodietparson.

It was Van Zile who had the winning inspiration, just a* they were ready to give up in clespar.
"Miss Polly," he said, "what is your real ambition? The thing you've ireamed about and hoped for and prayed for all your life? The thing you meant to do, when you came to the city?"

And as he spoke gently and sincerely: =o did little Polly answer, out of her frank. innocent heart.
"To cultivate my voice, firet here and then in Paris. To be a great, great singer!":

And for the sake of making that iream come true, couldn't laby!. His ramp would hold him up for a couple of million! Listen! I have the inspiration now-a make-believe vamp: One wholl play the game with us, for a consideration, and then go peaccably: away."
"But where are we going 10 get this samp-person?" demanded Cullum.

A peal of the door bell interrupted. The demure I'olly appeared, answered the ring, brought a special delivery letter stopped to straighten some breeze-tossed papers. Richardson tore the letter open and gave an exclamation of dismay:
"It's from Duquette, and he's written it in French! Rotten luck! I'll have to wait till morning to get it translated at the office.'
"I will read it, sir, if you wish me 10!"

They all stared at Polly: who had come forward looking more demure than ever as she made the offer. Too amazed for speech, Richardson handed her the letter. the read it aloud, translating as she went. without the slightest hesitancy.
"Are you French?" asked Cullum, as she finished.
".Ily mother was," she answered. "I learned French with my English, from the time I could talk."

Pollys soice had grown wistfully reminiscent. For a self-forgetful instant she stood quite still, a little flush staining her soft cheeks. her eyes staring at something far off, something beloved. The others were silent. They could not know that little I'olly saw a shably, rambling country' parsonage with a garten at the back where a child and a laughing. sunny-haired mother had played; with a pancy-loorlered path at the front, down which the winsome monther was carried one day, leaving the child to comfort the gentle. broken-hearted parson until God heard his praver and let him follow her: with a little white bedroom where at girl had packed an old trunk, and sung, and soblecd, and started ofi to make her Ire:ams come true They could not see all this, yet as she came baik from her reveric with a little shrug, halif-apologetic, halfsucy, but wholly, adorably French, Cullum saw a great light
"There!" he exclaimed, "is our French vampirc!"

"Of course" (rierl Richardson.
yot play the part we ask? After all, your deception would be harming no one, and if the plan did work as we hope, you would know you had started two people on the path to happiness before you took the road to fame."

There was a seriousness in Van Lile's voice, that surprised even himself. A few minutes before the plan had been a mad prank. Somehow. it had become a thing of immense import. He wished, desperately, that little Polly should be willing to play this strange part for him.

And little Polly's gaze, searching his, wavered suddenly, and fell, and rose again, bravely.
"I'll do it," she said, "to make my dream, and yours, come true!"

If the most fashionable set of the most fashionable colony on Long Island was not always bored to the point of extinction by mid-summer, and ready to welcome any interesting newcomer as a relief from the season's monotony, the mad plan could never have had a chance at success. But a carefully planted item or two in the news sheet that chronicled society"s doings, and a still more carefully circulated whisper of the expected arrival of Mademoiselle Paulette Bady, a mysterious French siren who had wrought havoc with countless lives, to say nothing of a throne or two and pecks of crown jewels, set the rocking chair group to buzzing. the tennis group to conjecturing, and everybody else to prophesying.

Mlle. Paulette made her first appearance at the Ciltwick Inn, whose register bore her dashing unscrupulous little signature, on the evening when the Life Savers' Association wat being given a benefit performance. Everyone was there. Even the severe and purposeful Miss Myrtle Davis hatl graciously lent her presence to the noble cause. She was sitting with Rex Van Kile, Cullum and Richardson near by, when Paulette came down the broad, open sweep of stairs, quite alone.

A little flutter of excitement ran along the assembly room at sight of the regal little figure, audaciously gowned. wonderfully coifed. descending the stairway, as unconcerned, apparently, as if there had been no staring eyes focused on her movements.

The brazen creature!" whispered the women, "not exen a pretense at modesty. Do you see how low that gown is?
"The plucky little thing!" muttered the men. "holds up her head and takes the women's once-over without a tremble: Bu you see that throat and those shoulders:"

Paulette, coming on through the whispers and the murmurs. had a little mishap. The clasp which held her superb string of pearls, slipped its fastenings somehow, and the necklace would have fallen had not Rex Van Zile suddenly sprung forward and caught it.
"Well! I never saw Rex so observing or so dextrous"" exclaimed Miss Myrtle, rather tartly.
"He hasn't often had anything like that to observe," laughed Cullum, who had moved nearer. "Look at that, now! Old Rex is making progress with the fair one!"

For Mlle. Paulette had paused, let her eftes rest full on the face of Rex for an instant, then smiled and murmured something for his car alone. And he, with but a backward glance at his friends, had turned and walked beside her toward the conservatory.

To Miss Myrtle's utter amazement she diil not see Rex again that evening. At twelve o'clock she went home filled with surprise, rage and a queer feeling of chagrin which she was unable to classify. Vext morning, out early (1) collect subscriptions for her Mission, she hearl nothing but talk of Nlle. Paulette. And through all the comment ran allusions to Rex Van Zile's capitulation to her wiles.

By evening she had begun to worry about Rex. She went so far as to telephone his honme. only to hear that he had a dinner engagement with IIlle. Paulette. "I suppose he couldn't refuse to dine with her, after he had saved her life," cooed Rex's sister sweetly. "Oh y'es, this afternoon. The whole colony is talking about it! Wonderful of him, wasn't it? They say she is irresistible-she must be, to take our Rev off his feet so completely. les, it does worry me a little, but what can $I$ do?"

Miss Myrtle's thin, rather colorless lips were set grimly as she turned from the telephone. "I rather think $I$ can do something about it! she thought, and for the first time in her life began to think earnestly about Rex and his affairs.

And while Miss Myrtle planned her campaign for reclaiming Rex from his wicked infatuatii? he sat with the siren at a conspicuous table in the Giltwick dinner room, while all the fashionable world looked on and wondered.
"It's going wonderfully, isn't it?" he demanded.
"Yes, they all think you're quite mad about me," said little Polly. There was the faintert touch of something-was it wistlulness or fatigue, or what?-in her voice. Under her eyes lay faint violet shadows. Rex looked at her closely.
"You're too tired," he said, authoritatively. "I"m going to carry you off for a long. moonlit ride. It will do you a lot of good."
"And give them something fresh to tulk about," she said.
"They'd better not talk about you:" he
(Continued on puge ios)


It's Eusy I'hen Vou Kunz How

OE of the scenes in "Parlor, Bedroom, and Bath" shows an automobile with a 1920 license, yet our hero is able to get all the champagne he desires at a hotel. J. B. P., Boston, Mass.

IIollywood II'Aristocracy
MIRI MILES MINTER'S picture, "Nurse Marjorie," is laid in upper-class England. But when a man-servant brings Mary a newspaper, it is plainly seen to be The Morning Telegraph-a New York theatrical publication.
H. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bc: Your Pardon
[ that the mug used by William Farnum in "The Adventurer." -upposedly bottomless, was really quite all right. Just the common pewter pots, with glass bottoms, are often seen in Europe; they are used in any lirst-class hotel. I own several myself, but evidently they are not generally known in the United States. That director must have lived abroad.

Charles F. Walling.
Toronto, Canada.
Never Mind-The Snow Ilas Only Salt
IN "Just a Wife. Christmas party for a crowel of little children from the slums. When they leave. several are seen to have no hats. and one is actually barefoot. I pitied the poor (hildren.

Mrs. S. A. Pratt,
Des Moines, Iowa.
A little llet Weather

T(MI M11.", in "The Daredevil," after chooting up the robbers' den, rides through the water from the falls alove and a few minutes later is pursued by the villains, none of them wearing rauncoats, yet their six-shonters are going like thunder.

The hero in "Captivating Mary" Carstaire" after ruming on a wet boe ement. eains the house, enters sits on the arm of a chair and calmly strikes a match on the sole of his shoe.
lack Kerrigan. in "Convict on." escapes in a stray machine and linally runs it into a pond. He leaves the submerged car and ohtains entrance to a mansion and is discovered by the datehter of the house. When he thews off his aripping outer ramonat his clothing is pericetly dry.

Doris Does a Little Sleight-of-Hand
I NOTICED this in "Romance." The young rector shows 1 the opera-singer his mother's necklace of many strands of pearls with a locket containing his baby picture. She removes her own long chain with its pendant cross and places it on the mantel-piece while he puts his mother's necklace around her neck. In the next instant. as she crosses the room, she has on her single-strand chain. although it is supposedly still on the mantel-piece because she takes it from there in a few minutes and gives him back his mother's. How did she do it?
E. B. A., Stamiorel. Conn.

He Lost That, Too
IN a scene in "The Man Who Lost Himseli." William Faversham is wearing a dotted tie and soft collar. He then rushes into the next room wearing a black tie and a starchet collar. What became of the dotted tie?
J. C., Springfield, Mass.

Pretty Chilly LDP There I Selznick's "The story of the northwest. it can be plainly seen that there is no glass in the windows of Hilgrade Lodge.
H. M. S., Akron. Ohio.
"The Last Strau"
NE of the most glaring incongruities I have ever seen in pictures occurred in Fox: "The Last Straw Buck Jones is hog-tied and his guns are taken away from him. He gets loose and later on in the picture he is seen crawling up on the villains with both gun: on his hip!
E. I. G.

South St. Paul, Minn.
A Mere Matter o! His-
tory a splendisl picture"The splenclid llaz-ard"-an old manuscript is unearthed hearimg the date "November 5. 18:1." The aged writer of the manuscript, once an adherent of Napoleon Bonaparte, lamented the fact that the little King (Napoleon 11)-Francoi- Charle Joseph Napoleon Bonaparte, was not alive Is a matter of fact the youncer Napoleon was then very much alive 11 is death did not ncour until July 22. 18:32.

K P. M. Wake Forest C"ollege, Kalcigh. N. C.
Bad Robe!
A. nurse in Wallace Reilds picture "Sick Abed," Bebe Dan1e\% puts her pencil in her mouth. No real trained nurse would lo that


When you cut the cuticle you leave little unprotected places all around the delicate nail root, which becomes sore, rough and ragged

Soften aha remove surplus cuticle without cutting. See what a firm, smooth, even edge Cute gives your cuticle without cutting


## The wrong and the right way to manicure

CUT TING the cuticle is ruinous. When you cut the cuticle you leave little unprotected places all around the tender nail root. These become rough, sore and ragged; they grow unevenly and cause hangnails.

You should soften and remove surplus cuticle without cutting. Just apply a bit of Cuter, the harmless cuticle remover, to the base of your nails, gently pressing back the cuticle.

The moment you use Cute you realize how exactly it is what you have needed. It does away with all need for cutting, leaves a firm, smooth line at the base of your nails.

First file your nails. Then wrap a bit of cotton around an orange stich (both come in the Cuter package), dip it in Cuter, and work
around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Then wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle when drying them.

For snowy white nail tips, apply a little Cuter Nail White underneath the mall. Finish your manicure with Cuter Nail Polish.

To keep the cuticle particularly soft and pliable so that you need not manicure as often, apply a little Cute Cold Cream at night on retiring.

Regularly, once or twice each week, give your nails a Culex manicure. You will never again be bothered with coarse, overgrown cuticle or hangnails.

Cuter Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream come in 35 cent sizes. The Cuticle Remover comes also in 65 cent size. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and at all chemists shops in England.

## Six manicures for 20 cents

Mail the coupon below with two dimes and we will send you a Cute Introductory Manicure Set, large enough for six manicures. Send for this set today. Address Northam Warren, $11+$ West 17 th St., Sew York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam W'arren, Depe.71t, 200 Mountain St., Montreal

## A heart to heart talk with the Family Circle

By<br>MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WIEN I was a little kiddie I used to look forward to Hallowe'en with nearly as much happiness and nearly as many anticipatory thrills as Christmas or a birthday awoke in my breast. Christmases and birthdays were wonderful times of present giving and joy and congratulations and extra-special things to eat, but Halloween was a day of mirth and magic and mystery! Hallowe'en was a day when you wore your old frock-a day when you could tear stockings and lose hair ribbons without beiny scolded. Hallowe'en was a boisterous day-a day when spirits were high and laughter was the king of the universe.

I remember the Hallowe'en parties I used to go to; not conventional parties-in the real sense of the word-not the sort of parties that made starched white frocks and blue sashes and squeaky shoes and ultra clean hands at all necessary. They were cordial, informal parties and one went to them cordially and informally robed in gingham-often faded gingham-and barefoot sandals, like as not.

The games played at the Hallowe en parties were not polite games, either. They were more or less rough and tumblemore or less hit or miss. We weren't interested, somehow: in the lady-like games of "Drop the Handkercaief," and "London Bridge" and "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush." We played "Blind Man's Buff," and "Old Witch," and "Tag." Anel then, when every other game was exhausted, we bobbed for apples. And that, somehow, was the crowning point-the climax-of the party.

Who hasn't bobbed for apples? Everybody: I reckon, who has had a real childhood has known the fun of seeing a great wooden tub filled with water and floating with red fruit. And creryone, with his hands held tight behind him, has ducked into the tub and tried to capture an apple in his eager white teeth.

Curiously, there was never any cheating in the game of bobbing for apples. If a child could not capture the wary prize he retired laughingly to the ranksand another chiid took his place. No youngter-that I can remember-ever tried to encourage the apple with his fingers. He came up with his eyes and ears and mouth full of water-but he came up goocl-naturedly!

And then, once in every score of chances, some kiddie would get an apple. He usually got it after hard and desperate bob-bing-but he got it. And when he did the others would clap their hands in whole-hearted aupreciation and would show, he their unclouted faces, that they were not in the least bit jeatous of his prowess. There were no whisperings of-
'It was only luck"' There were no sneers-and no raised ceblorows.


Markaret E. Sansster

Tplay Life's game with childhood's joyous laughter, And childhood's disregard of doubt and fear;
To play without the dread of what comes after, Will make the victories you gain more dear!
To never win a single point unfairly,
To praise the points that other folk have gained, Will máke you meet the Final Test more squarely, With childhood's vivid banners all unstained!

One cannot help wishing that folk were like that in the big game of Success. For, after all. the game of Success is not unlike the game of Bobbing for Apples. And we who long for some heart's desire, that spells succes- to us, are like eager children-with much of the naivete, and often the good sportsmanship, of childhood left out!

We gather around a tub filled with water-we grown-ups. And the water is bitter with the salt of tears-tears that were shed for a broken dream or a disappointment: and floating upon the water are the apples of desire. And some of them are labelled "Happiness," and some are marked "Mones," and some are tagged with the label of "Fame" And we watch the particular apple that we want with wistful eyes: and oiten we crowd forward, not waiting for our right turn. And when we do that there is confusion and chaos. And oftentimes heads are bumped and nobody gets anything-not even a bite of the fruit!

The pity of it is that the ones who fail in the game of Success-who come up with ears and cyes and mouth full of nothing but water-do not retire laughingly to the ranks. The pity of it is that sometimes they try to cheat-that sometimes they endeasor to win by using methods that are barred out of the same. And the greatest pity of all is the fact that the ones who win are sometimes sneered at by the crowd-that often the whisper of-"Oh. for his luck."' follows the victor as he bears away the fruits of victory:
It's like that in evere fueld-in art and music, in poetry and husiness, on the stage or on the screen. Folk are often ton ready to discredit the winners-often too anxious to reach their own victory hy any method at all. They are too willing to take another's place, to crowd forward. And they are too anxious to dis out some hidden fact. some umpleasant secret, in the life of those who have won.
The children at a party are seldom jealous of the one who wins the prize. Xeither are they anxious to belicte that the wimer was unskillful or a cheat. Theyre much more apt to le wholeheartedly glad when somebody comes out ahead.

The heart of a child is something to be desired hy the wise man or woman. The soul of a child is a priceless treasure to be cuarded against the world. And the ahility to play games as a child play's them, is one of life's greatest gifts!

# The Brunswick Method of Reproduction 



## Examine the Oral Tone Amplitier

WHEN you examine phonographs, seeking to decide which make you prefer, note the shape of the Tone Amplifier. How does it compare with the oval horn of moulded wood on The Brunswick, as pictured above.

Look at the rear of the Amplifier-is there a cast-metal throat? Is merely the front of wood? Note that no metallic construction is used in the Brunswick Amplifier.

These are vital investigations. For upon the proper application of acoustic laws depends the tone quality of a phonograph.

The Brunswick Tone Amplifier is a later-day development. It brings improvements and refinements. It avoids old-time deficiencies. It brings finer tone, truer artistry.

Other features of the Brunswick Method of Reproduction are similarly superior. The Ultona, for instance, not only plays each type of

record better, but it is the only one that is counter-balanced. This cushions the contact between needle and record-doing away with the usual "surface" noises. It likewise prolongs the life and beauty of the record.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction brings many epochal advancements. So no music lover, in face of such developments, can afford to choose a phonograph until he has heard The Brunswick and made comparisons.

Your ear will quickly appreciate Brunswick

## THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY <br> General Cffices: 623-633 S Wabash Avenue, Chicago

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# Their Dressing Rooms 

YOU know yourself how it is about dressing rooms. From the very beginniny, as Mr. Kipliny would say; the very worl has been something to conjure "ith, not only for stage-struck girls, and college boys, but for everybody that loves the stage. What a lot of perfectly good novelists would have done without it, is difficult to conceive.

There's been ju:t lately a bit of an celipse. What with censors and the high cost of building, dressing rooms have had a tendency to become staid and small. The glamour has faded a bit, the wit and the gossip and the excitement have died.
But you've got to hand it to the movies. With them has come, somehow, a surprising revival of the social clement of the dressing rooms-its innovation as a sort of "petite salon." Stars invite their friends to tea-husbands and wives working on the same lot manage quite a bit of home life over the electric coffee pot-members of a company congregate over the chafing dish, and gossipthere are even little dinners brought in hot from home by smiling maids when "Madame or Monsieur" is too tired to drive home between day and night sequences.


CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG has a dressing room C designed after the mission architecture and set in the midst of a most exquisite garden, where she sits under a striped umbrella and has her tea. Friends-intimate friends sometimes are accorded the privilege of dropping in and occasionally having their fortunes told in the tealeaves. Miss Young having a great reputation as a fortune-teller. When she wants to rest between seenes Clara Kimball ushers her guest into her tiny parlor and presides in gorgeous Oriental negligee as she tells about "that dark man who is soon to come into your life."
$F$ LORENCE VIDOR'S dressing room in KingVidor's (her husband's) studio, sugkests her taste in every line of its quaint old-fashioned paper and eretonnes, and the old mahogany furniture that came with her from the south. But she has one distinctly modern innovation in the shape of an eleetrie waffle-iron on w.hich she bakes marvelous waffles with honey. Here's her waffle recipe:
One eup sifted flour, one tablespoon cornmeal, one tablespoon lard. one tablespoon sugar. Thoroughly mix and stir well before wetting the mixture. Add enough cold water to make a good batter, then add yolks of two egks. also the whites beaten stiff. Put into this batter two teaspoonsful of best baking powder just before cooking. Bake in hot waffle-irons, well-greased.


N Colleen Moore's dressing room at the Christiestudios there is always a gay and festive atmosphere. Colleen likes to pive tea parties. Here she and Durothy DeVore are indulsing in a thrilling game of checker:it looks as if Derothy has just made a disastrous move. But before they go back to the "set" they will have fudge, cakes, and tea-Colleen makes delicious tea by putting a bit of dried orange peel in the tea pot. Try t sone time.

ANITA STEW'ART and Mildred Harris Chaplin have adjoining white California plaster hunkalows. that cost $\$ 6,000$ apiece. They are threc-room cottakes equipped with kitchenettes. Anita is a gracious hostess: if you are luck y enougla to he invited to visit her dressing room, you will have your selection of Anita's soodlooking hushand. Rudolph Cameron, or her leadink nan. Ward Crane, for a dancing parterer while Anita turns on the phonopraph and takes up the persians.

# Little rules that help you look your best 

Occasionally you meet girls who are beautiful without effort; but most lovely people are lovely because they know the rules. To make the powder stay on, to prevent roughness, dullness, linesrequires intelligent care. Here are a few simple rules, approved by skin specialists, which ever! woman would do well to follow.


The bedtime cleansing that brings a clear skin. Never retire without it
One of the chief reasons for a "muddy" look in the skin is the dust that gets lodged deep within the pores.
The only means of keeping the skin clear is to remove deep-seated dust. For this cleansing you need an entirely different cream from the one you use for a powder base, and protection. The right cream for cleansing is one prepared with an oil base. The formula for Pond's Cold Cream was especially worked out to supply just the amount of oil to give it the highest cleansing power. At night rul Pond's Cold Cream into the pores of the face, neck and hands, and wipe it off with a soft cloth. Give your skin this cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream regularly and you can keep your skin clear.

## Mail this coupon today <br> Free sample tubes

## POND'S EXTRACT CO.,

116-W Hudson St., New York City
Hease send me, free, the items checked: - A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream - A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount

- A 5 c sample of Pond's Vanishiug Cream $\square$ A sc sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Name.
Street.
City

Never permit your face to look shiny Powder-Yes. Just enough powder to have that soft, natural look. And when you powder do it to last. Powdering in public is an admission that you are uneasy about your appearancc.
The only way to make powder stay on is-nos to put on an excessive amount -but to begin with the right powder base. Then you can carefully powder your face, and never have a moment's concern about its losing its soft, fresh appearance.
For this you need a cream which will not reappear in an unpleasant shine. Pond's 'anishing Cream does not contain a bit of oil. It disappears at once ncver toreappear. Be forc you powder take just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream-a tiny bit-on your finger tips. Rub it lightly in to your face. Notice the instant smoothness it gives your skin. Now powder as usual. See how smoothly the powder goes on-how natural it looks. You will find that it will stay on two or three times as long as ever before. You need never again fear a shiny face.


Catch the little lines before they grow deep
By starting in time you can keep your face free of the wretched little lines that will keep starting. For this, too, you need a cream with an oil base, a crean that will work into the skin gradually. Pond's Cold Cream has just the smoothness and body required to make a perfect massage cream. Every normal skin needs both of these creams. Neither cream will foster the growth of hair.

Get a jar or tube of each at any drug or department store. See how quickly they make you look your best.

## POND'S Cold Cream \& Vanishing Cream



## 1 rough skin a sign of carelessness

To go out even in the milder weather of winter without protecting your skin is simply reckless; for wind and cold whip the moisturc out of your skin and cause roughness.
Skin specialists, suy you can protect your skin from this injury by applying, before you go out, a cream which makes up for the moisture that the wind whips out. For protection, as for a powder base, you need a cream without oil. The same pure, greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream which you use as a base for powder, contains an ingredient famous for years for its softening, protective properties. Always hefore going out smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face and hands. It is a good dea to carry a tube of it right in your handlag so that immediately before and after motoring you can soften your hands and face with it. In this way the delicate texture of the skin will not suffer from exposure.

## Never let your skin look tired

When you are tired, yet must look your best, you can bring your skin new freshness by applying a crean that is instantly absorbed by the weary skin. The instantly disappearing qualities of Pond's Vanishing Cream give it a remarkable effectiveness in bringing immediate freshnes.s to your skin. Just a bit of it rulbed into the skin relieves in a moment the strained look around mouth and eyes and brings new transparency to your complexion.




 stuyned up to lict to comfort her，＂don＇t take on so Just think ewhat asplendid clor ateter tolen that watch we slould nive have known Fliat a foine fcllow your man was！＂－Tis Bits．

 farce is over，＂－Mespansian＇s last words

 words were of Nell Guynne＂Donit let loot

D

## Defi thonlder whicen you spull some？sul he

 cause the old romans used salt in their sact the Penates．and to spill it was to incur the wrath of these household divinitities．By throw ing soine of it over the left shoulder the ancientRoman helicyect that he was calling down the displeasure of his houlsehold gods upon himselif fither than his neighbor．

## $W^{\mathrm{E}}$ ，get ，，${ }^{\text {a }}$ good many qucer，cuatomers at

 Put in what for suspicious cliaraclers： pood many other officers．there＇s one fellow we dor wave tom shout whisting or singing to himself．Crooks don＇t do that． to＂The same thing is true of the partics of$\mathrm{D}_{\text {，up }}^{\text {iRECTAR }}$ andy jou fun to hridge，fook
 S

## fall kind would fimb better．－- ？$Y$ ．Sunn

 frree distribction． farmers really care for the free secds？
fil dunno．Nost of tem would rather have automobite parts．＂ $W^{11, A T}$ is the difference between a Coutd you name，offhand，sixteen thesc creat Coton Gint Phanting Machins：

 factured hy machine；Sand Blast for Artificial ice making on a large scale；
 $W^{11}$ Wint hame Hincore thirtecn opleras； 8so and this same orecra Tannlaanscr ：ilmomd Rastand alho has thirtecen let－ the elirteenth memher of the Firchch $M^{\prime}$ ． 760 wis the first Amm．in
 lnmmor，erems in conver the whole sulb．
$\qquad$
at night and trymg out their voices．They＇re sometimes a nuisance to oblar feople who watit to slecp，and we have to tell them to put the soft redal on the melody sometmes，but they＇re （rooks don＇t sing when they＇re on their way

POLICE．I．N－lou＇ve been loafing round this ow beat it．
Citizen－I＇m not harming anyone．officer． There＇s a sick man across the street and if
anything should happen 1 want to be on laand
＇ENG．IGED at your ace！Why，you can＇t get ＂Tharried for fourtecn years yct．＂right，muvier－we can＇t get a ＂That＇s all r！ght，muver－we can＇t get a house till the


RUSSIAN SUBSTITUTE FOR＂MOVIES＇
N ihe market places and on street corners in many Russian villages and citicse the＂Peep show＂，fore－ runner of the moving picture，may still be seen．A miniature staze is arranged in a tight proof box，with a serics of colored scenes like the＂drops＂in at theatre．
Ey pulling strings，the slowman causes a series of these colored pictures io appear before the spectator who peeps through astercoscopic lens．A small oil lamp
ol only of his students but of the dean of his depariment．Itis famous ＂busting＂course comes at an lincon－ eently his students pelitioned the dean to change the time of inecting．The dean，they say，summoned the lecturer
and mentioned tic mater． and mentionel the manter． －ked the lecturer．would be excellent，＂ suggested the dean． ＂It＇s a good hour，＂agreed the lec－
twrer．＂That＂s fine！＂said the dean．＂It＂ll ＂That＇s fine？＂said the dean．＂It＂ ＂All right，＂remarked the lecturer． The dean，it is simid．congratulated himself on the ease with which the change had been marle untal the next
morning．when the It cturet telenhoned． ＂Concerning that 11 o＇clock class，＂ he said，＂Who＇s coing to teach it ${ }^{\text {s＂}}$＂

ICCORDIX゚C，TO TIT．BITS
BEFORF:

I R．ITE father：＂l distincil
nose＂＂（calmly）：＂Fxense me，sir－ under her very nose：
A MlNISTER meeting a parishioner and ahout whose domestic haptimess terrible stories were rife，saluted lam ＂well，Jolin，and how is all soing ＂Ols，hapnile enouch！＂returned Iolan ＂I＇m glad to hear it－you know there ＂Rows！＂and I Ihn，＂Oh，ves，there are wlenty of rows Whencver she ses
me she eates the firsi thing to hand． if dish or anything．and fires it at me．
if she hes me，blic＇s lianpy，if she


## 18 リ1FR 11AN゙1S

$F^{1 R: T}$ Tlapher－Tane compares her
secon 1：lapner－It ow shat？
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come to ask if vou will sise me a come to ask if you will sive me a


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# The Car That Made Good in a Day 



TG. Manila.-If I ever marry, I should like to marry a good cook. But she'd leave me, like as notthey all do. Have no record of any serial called "The Fatal Fortune." I have all other brands of serials; some with even more terrifying names. There were Pearl White's "Black Secret," Leah Baird's "Wolves of Kultur," Jack Dempsey's "Daredevil Jack" and a few more like that. The cast of "Soldiers of Fortune" reads as follows: Robert Clay, Norman Kerry; Hope Langham, Pauline Starke; Alice Langham. Anna Nilsson; Mr. Langham, Melbourne McDowell; Mendoza, Wallace Beery; Pres. Alvarez, Wilfred Lucas. It was directed by Allen Dwan, for Mayflower.

Trayis, W. S., Pandora, Texas.-If fiction magazine writers were wise they would publish the last pages first, to save lady readers from turning back to find out how the story ends. May Allison was born in Georgia; she isn't married. Alice Lake is twenty-three; she was born in Brooklyn. Viola Dana, one year younger, was born in the same borough. Miss Dana is the widow of John Collins, who was her director. Marie Prevost is twenty-two; Natalie Talmadge, twenty. Looks as if we have had a peek into a good many family Bibles lately, doesn't it?
Bobbie, St. Paul.-I am still a cynicvery still. But I emerge occasionally to enjoy a sunset, a lemon pie, or a Sennett comedy. Not all in one evening, however. Mary Pickford is Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, my child. Have you been in the wilds for the past six months? The news of the PickfordFairbanks marriage traveled to every civilized country. Bebe Daniels was born in this country but I think she has a dlash of French ancestry. She works in California. Marguerite Clark will come back to the screen soon, I hear.

Jane Margaret.-So when you saw your answer a cold, chilly thrill came over you. I'm sure I had no idea of affecting you like that. You will probably get a colder one this time when I am obliged to tell you there are a good many girls who look well in bathing suits and still haven't been able to swim into pictures. Even Mr. Sennett's studic hasn't room for all the pretty girls who want to break in. Juanita Hansen is making a new serial now, for Pathe, under the direction of George B. Seitz.
L. M. S., Shanghai,-Chinese typewriters are now being manufactured- that is, writing machines with Chinese type. Since the new Chinese language was adopted in 1918 it has become possible to print the simplified form. I get a good many letters from China and always enjoy them. Here is the cast of "The Mystery of the Yellow Room": M. Stangerson, William Walcott; Mlle. Stangerson, Ethel Grey Terry; Joseph Rouletabille, Lorin Baker; Frederick Larsan, George Cowl; M. Robert Darzac, Edmund Elton; M. de Marquet, William Morrison. No trouble at all.


## The Crabbed Scene

THE director was ready to shoot the big scene. Goldine Gladgirl patted her sequined bosom and prepared to smile upon the he-vamp who was to call upon the stroke of midnight.
"All set ?" shouted the director, through his rusty megaphone.
"Aye, aye, cap," quoth Props, who personally preferred water stuff to this.

But suddenly Goldine Gladyirl screamed.
"There ain't any-" she cried. "Ain't any what?" shouted the director.
"There ain't any chay-long-" True.
There was no chaise-longue. And what clandestine rendezvous can be held without one?
-The Close Observer.

Milded, Kentucky - Your questior.s weren't too long-there were too many of them, that's all. Six answers is about my limit. I've got to protect myself some way, you know. Theda Bara was born in Cincinnati, Ohio; she is in her late twenties. June Caprice is not dead; she has gone to Spain with the George B. Seitz serial company to make a picture. She ll be back soon. Marguerite Courtot went, too. Eugene O'Brien, Selznick. Dick Barthelmess, Griffith.

Florence, Washington.-Wanda Hawley is her married name-J. Burton Hawley is her husband. Wanda used to be known on the screen as Wanda Petit when she played for Fox. Her eyes are gray-blue, and she is just twenty-three years old. Realart is starring her. They do say she makes wonderful lemon-cream pies.

Susan Dolores, Palo Alto.-There is no doubt that most criminals have a good side, but it isn't that good side that lands them in jail. And we wouldn't have any drama on our screens if the scenario writer, in introducing Pesky Pete, informed us that he was really good at heart. James Crane is Alice Brady's husband. You say he wears enough make-up to cover three actors. He plays with Alice in "A Dark Lantern." Yes -and write again.

Lillian, New York. - The Mayflower would have had to be ten times its size to accommodate all the people who claim to have come over in it. J. Barney Sherry is your favorite. He's a fine actor. Sherry was born in Germantown, Pa. He commenced his screen career with Thomas Ince; he has also been with Universal. He is five feet nine and weighs two hundred pounds. Also, his hair and eyes are gray.
Blayd, Brockwayville, Pa-A Danish princess has received the degree of doctor of philosophy. The princess is said to be the first college girl among European royalties. She probably won't be the last. Royal ladies are becoming quite modern posing for moring pictures and everything. Ann Little is with Lasky, playing leads opposite the various male stars. She co-starred with Jack Hoxie in "Lightning Bryce," a serial for another concern. She was the Indlian girl in "The Squaw Man" for Paramount. Wish they'd give Ann another part like that.

Lhiling, Stavcuraeld.-I am overcome So mary nice letters bring the blusles. I -urdy appreciate what you say. You want an art section picture of Shirley Mavon. Her latest, to be releazed, is "Love's Harv-(-t" Margery Wilson is directing her own company now. Jack Richardon's wife is L.ouise İester, who used to be the "Calamity Ann of those old living-A pictures. Haven't a record of that tilm; when was it released, please?

A B. H. S. G., long ago you first "rote to me, I
hould think that - Bad lligh School (iirl" wou'd have been graduated by this time. Watter McGrail is thirtyone. Iddress him Lambs Club, N . C. Buster Keaton is a Kansas product. He doesn't say when he was born He was on the stage for sixteen years before making his acreen debut with Roscoce Arbuckle. keaton lives in Lone Beach, Cal.
lone, Oshkosht --I tiad most audiences more interesting than the actors. I like to overhear the scraps of converzation about the ingenue's adoration of Wallace Reid. the middlea g e d spinster's fondness for Bill Hart and the small boy's noisy admiration of Eddhic Polo. Emory Jolinson is married to Ella Hall. Address them both at $183+$ El Cerrita Place, Holywood, California No trouble at all

Qtishionale, Brooklyn. - Please do not flatter me. The best of us never urvive over-estimation and I want to live-in these col-umn:-a long, lon: time. Nac Allison would rather not tell us her age, so unless you can get a peek
at the Allison family bille, you'll probably מever knew. Evelyn baugh, Bert Lytell:wife, is not in pietures. Buster Keaton co stars with William Crane in "The SapHeat," Melro's picturization of "The Vew Henrietta," Winchell smithi- pla!
Cunck 1\%, Owosso--Youneedn't fear that beratue you don't uex periumed paper you bon't be welcome. You are thrice weltonne because you dont. Bill Decomond, Hampton E:ric von Stroheim, Universal. So you love villains and wamp, But only in the alwtract, I suppore. Real life is seldom as wicked or an leatutiful an the movies make it. Bleas 'em, anyway-the movies, not the billimes and the vanpls.
 Forrent, that dynamic little blonde actress o1) 'Wangerous D.心." W.1- Hetly whh Tom


A Cubist Portrait of Chaplin.
"Footlight- and Shadows." Write to hina care Selznick. Ralph Giraves, Grinith, Mam. arone-k

Eu., Buffalo.-Mac Murray undoubtedly. lent distinction to that courtroom in "On With the Dance." But she must have been a difficult thing io cross-cxamine Sbe imarried to Robert Leonard. Lila Lee, Lasky, Hollywood. $\qquad$
D. M F., Britt, low: - The new woman is one who can make her husband stand meekiy by while she cast: her vote against his favorite candidate. I would enclowe twenty-hise cents for a picture when writing to a player it few send their photographs free, but you'd better slip in the stamps to make sure Most of them are very busy, so do not expect prompt answers. Mary and Doug were only in Europe for month's vacation

Elaine. - Thoie actresses you mention are chorus-girls in some musical comedy and 1 haven't them in $m y$. directory. I can only give you information on film celebrities-with an occasional excep Lion. Dustin Far num and Winsfred Kincston in "The Scarlet Pimpernel * Bétty Compan: pictures wila be dis tributed through Goldwyn. 11 elen Fercuson, Melro studios, Lo: An gele: Doris Keane is not naking ans more pictures, but United Arti-t, Cor poration wall prob ably forwarl your letter to her she is married to Basil Sydney, who played the yotmr rector in "Romance." Here' the cast of "Eyes of the Wurkl" Svbil Andres. Jine Vo sak: Mr. Taime

Makjokiz. Desivik-1 dorit notice matas people making pie of rai-ins ans more Lottie Pickford is Marys sister she is the mother of the little girl-Mars l'ickford Rupp-whom you have seen pictured with Mary and with Olive Thomas (Mrs. Jack ['ickford) Theta Bara, care d. II WiondVerw lork City June Elvilige is in "The Girl in the Spotlight." a new mu-ical comcedy:
T. Broohmix-Pleme combult our studio direstory. which will give you all the addreane of the compatmes you atiked for.
 legen in a Simpler. That - nothine - I have sect him in : Cincmat Vex Ontow wis ferve oferrell opponite ( Ilive 'Ihomos in

Kathleen Kirkham
haron King, Jack Livinscton, (imrad I.a Granse. Monroe Salisbury: Brian Oaklea Fred Burn-; Edaard Taine, Jack MacDon ald, John Morston. Irthur Travare- Jame Ratledge, Edward Peil.

It S Jormin, IIskrisat ke.-Aorrs sour other amewers were delayed Perhaps your queriss had been answered betore Juanit Itansen is twenty-three. she is workime in the east now, for $l^{\prime}$ athe Ceorese $B$ seite directed her new erial Fiva and Jonm Vowak are sisters, Jane is a well-known leading Woman for (iobdwy. Manhall Vilan production- I.asks. and other while Fith. her younger si-ber, phater in "('f m Mary" dilic" and other comedoe is Ball Hart's learling woman in a borthoom ing llart release. and is now a new thisend -ar Fileen I'ercy, Fox. (ieuree Walsh, Firet National. ( (ontanued un pooge 120)

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a family. Everything we eat or wear has gone up so high, and salaries haven't kept pace! "But now we have more than the necessaries We have beaten the terrible old H . C. of L.ments too.
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the work they can turn out more. The the work they can turn out more. The
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Thanks for Attention
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Send me full particularubout Mnking Mone we Home with mniling, etc. It in underxtood that this does not obligate me in any wey

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# "How I Would Run a Motion-Picture 

## Theater"

Winners of Photoplay:<br>Magazine's Letter Contest

TIIE third Photoplay Contest - - How to Run a MotionI'icture Theater"-revealed the secret desire of thousands of readers and motion-picture devotees. But whether the dream was being nursed in Mexico or Maine, the dominant desire was to have the motion-picture theater a community center.
The larger palaces and auditoriums are admired but not deured. The picture theater of today must have the intimate note 10 make it a success and anything which will tend to make the audience feel at home creates a new friend for the box office. In the smaller cities the majority of the audience is composed of women and so women have been the most critical in their suggestions. True to the fact that the theater must be comfortable above all else, the consensus of opinion made the following deductions final:

1 - Comfort
2-Ventilation
3-Atmosphere
4 - Pictures
5 . Music
In the first class there was a unanimous demand for comfortable seats with plenty of room between the rows. The disturbance caused by the late comers suggested a remedy in using the center aisle for exiting and the side ones for entrance only. Thus, as the audience arrived, it would move to the center, leaving the ends of the rows free for the later arrivals who would not then disturb any one by passing. Another suggestion was also made for larger chairs to be placed in the center rear at a higher price for those desiring or needing extra room and comfort. Courteousness of employees seemed as important as comfortable seats and in this respect the preference was given to young women both in front of the house and in its management.

The second most important asset was fresh air in winter and sumnier.

The impression that in the dark one feels the need of better air circulation is true of the theater as in the home where the windows are always opened wider during the night. One must feel the fresh air in the theater when seated in the theater.

Third-The atmosphere of the auditorium must communicate a restful impression. The motion-picture theater is the only one of its kind to which people go to rest body and mind and the decorations can spoil or produce the atmosphere of quiet and rest more than anything else inside the theater. Crarishness jars and lessens the hysienic effect of the interior but simple tones in mural and lobby decorations will attract more than gaucly libhts and violently colored display bills The motion-picture theater has passed the circus-carnival stage and the less of this about a theater the better. The house should look as though a good housckeeper was running it as she would her own home and no good housekeeper pack up her house with artificial flower or guilds her banisters.
lourth-There is a univerabl demand that certain types of pictures be shown on stated days. Thus Monday would he -hown Western films: Tuesslay a feature; Werlucsilay a serial and so on throughout the weck until Saturilas brought the slap-atick comedy for the kidhle who had come for their

# PRIZE WINNERS 

Following are the lucky contestants in PHOTOPLAY'S letter contest, "How I Would Run a Motion-Picture Theater," as announced in June PHOTOPLAY.
First Prize, \$25.00 - Adelaide F. Brown, 97 Union Street, Rockland, Maine.
Second Prize, $\$ 15.00$ - Edna M. Newman, 3819 Hays Street, Dallas, Texas.
Third Prizes, $\$ 10.00$ each - Crawford Wheeler, Monument, Colorado; Vera Williamson, 2523 Gettysburg Avenue. Sawtelle, Calif., and Janie Maurine Hagy, 1906 Buena Vista Street, San Antonio, Texas.
money: worth oi iun and could shout themselses noarie in getting it. If this regime were followed the suggestion of season or weekly tickets is a good one. In this way a resular attendant could buys a book of coupons at the beginning of the year and pass them on to any member of the family who desired any particular kind of film on a regularly set day. A slight reduction for the year or monthly book would be advantageous to both manager and patron. In connection with the pictures there could be a slip supplied to be tilled in by the patron stating his favorite brand of film. actor or suggestions for the betterment of the management of the theater itself One will often write a criticism when not able to tell it or have the time to register a complaint. This sugyestion box could be in the lobby and be the means of the house manager holding his hand on the pulse of his patrons. There should also be a time-table of the runs of the films in the front of the house that one could know before entering at what hour the film which they have come to see. would be shown. This is done in the vaudeville houses and should be adopted by the moving-picture theaters where the greater majority of the audience drop in between trains or appointments. In illuminated clock over the proscenium arch would be an inestimable help. The European theaters hase had these time pieces in all their theaters for years and we need them more here where the clock is king

Fifth-The expensive orchestras are not apprechated or desired by the regular patron of a motion-picture theater. Here again. the home effect is preferred by a small number of players who are stronger on the right theme for the right film than determined to make the audience to see how well they can tear a symphony to pieces in between pictures The old violin and piano brought more tears in a snow scene than all of the fifty-picce orchestras could extract in a sear. This symphony idea is a refinement of the old carnival bally-hooing idea and costs more mones to the manager than aratitude from his patrons.

A few women would like wating rooms for their chablren and nurseries where they could be leit while the mothers watched the show in peace to themselses and to the surrounding patrons. These nur-eries could be attended by youns girls in exchange for their almisoion or ii a slisht fee were charged, by a regular attendant. But whatever the worn ot the manager is today 10 get and keep his patrom, it as prove by this contest, that the "plat: not alf the thine" by any means-it is the house and its management and intimate $a^{\text {a }}$ mosphere which encourages and holfs the litele indisulual wh, forms the great majority and bickhone of thin countrythe movine-picture patron

## And No Censorship, B'Heck!

THf: motion-picture thester is the Phse ot Forsettone iorgetting tired feet. tired bearts. Ponelmes. ar Frien. Hobland's latest erouch. Hence the theater thwit needt

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## The Valley of SilentMen

by James Oliver Curwood

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As you travel the long water trail of this wild Tree River Country you will come to know men and women who meet a thousand perilswhose eses glisten with the love of adventure. Men and women whose hearts are big, whose blood is rich and strong, whose souls chant themselves to the skies. You will not only read but you will live the story of Sergeant James Kent the best man trapper in the Roxal Mounced who lied gloriously to save a friend, and of Marette, that wondertul little goddess of

## The Valley of Silent Men

1 mont thrilling story as well as one it he most beautiful romances it h. . -ver been your pleanure to read. Hit the trail (o) God's Country wi:h fames ()liver Curwood in The Valles it Silent Men-

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# Film Reviewing from the Press Box 

that would make a couple of Polish IIrealers look like they was no closer together than Hindoostan and Harlem! Before this comes off, however, he ask the dame right in this Van Tiles" presents whether everything is on the L'p and Up between them, and is there any strings attached on to this castle bizness -which also proves, Reader, what he is a A-I Sap all right; because anybody with any cents would know this Van Tile is no architect and is not building Castles for dames for practice! It also shows this Bird Tom is a smooth worker, like a file, asking questions like that before the jane herself, hey?

Well, she confowes right there some ropes was tied on to the French Shattoe he builds her, at that; and of course she breaks down and Tom bre:ks out, and there is a Big Enunciation Scen where he tells her to take it on the lam right out of there! She says she will "Take the Vale," whatever that is; but anyway Tom believes herand so do I, Reader, because I think she is a jane which will take anything Portable that has less than two mortgages on it!

Well, she goes right over to the joint where she is staying and is just pulling off a biy party with Van Tile, and is smoking Between the Acts and throwing the butts over the balcony down on poor Tom which is standing in the snowdrifts outside, when Tom is the proud receptacle of the idea that he will run right up stares and Convert her! Believe me. Reader, as a Converter he is a Terrible Bust;-because you can not Convert women by biting them in the neck! As a Converter, "one muzzle is more to be desired than much fine molars" (Skripture, I think). However, I will state that for a minister this guy is pretty well posted on the best Strangle IIolds!
Well, he gives her the Bums Rush at the Finish, and marries himself off to Van Tites Neace, or Something; which delights his spinster sister-the sort of a Skirt of which the poet wrote when he indibted "Lavendar and Old Face." And that ends that. Reader!
Wenl, I am very pleased with this comedy, at that: and think it is one of the funniest shows all together I have ever scene! I see it once or twice more to be sure I have got all the Details correct, and then go and write a review which Bill Shakespare himself would be proud to have a "by-line" hung over, as we reporters say! It is very amusing, as I point out. except perhaps the leading woman is not slapped-stick enough, and hokays of orchards and other hot-house flowers is thrown at her in her Song Seens. instead of property pies, -but probably the producers run out of pies lately. There ia big demand for them these diaze at that. and no so percent reductions in ight!
I am also handed some hearty lauchs over the hero, which wears his hands motly in Iris hair, tearing it as carcless $a=$ was he Fd Pinnaud or Old Dr Iterpitide and kinew he could get it all right back again! He is very funny, is is it all, and moch heaving is done by all! The expressums of sonve of the euys' shouklers is enough to make । Prohibitionist hagh.

## The Double Standard

WHY is it, gentle rcader, That upon the silver-sheet The croo-el double standard Doth prevail when sexes meet? II
Adventurers are heroes bold
Beloved by al, we guess;
But no one but the blindest love
The brune adventuress.
(We don't know how it is, but
blondined adventuresses always get by.) - Jushn Fair

The costuming is also very good comody; Cavil running around with Whoop Skirt below the waste, a Policeman = badge 10 hold the corsage of thowers on her stommick, and a Bar Sinister across her back! She has on White Sable and All, and is further equipped with a rope of pearls which looks like garlic strung on spagetti! It is a very funny film, as I am sying, and I give it a good write-up, saying there is new producers in the sield which will make Jax Senate Comodies look like they w'as a Topickal Review of a Funcral.

Well, Reader, I turn in this to the Editor. and 1 give you my word he is madder than a Politician just deprived of his voicel Hc says I am so Dum I make a Half-wit look like Soloman, and that this is a very serious Diamma, and a Powerful Film, and all; and here I have handed it a review like it was a Keystone! However, Reader, I can not tell what it is only be skeing the pitcher, believe me. and I do not see, as I am saying to begin with. why the Editor does not tip me off to the kind of film it is, so I can review it easier! I am better on tec. nickle critici-m of Dramma anyway ! But this Editor. which is now very sore, does not let me know what is coming off! It is really all his fault I do not see how come he does not tell me this is real Heavy Heart Stuff; unlese perhaps he thinks it is the Author's Secret. and that he should not spill the beans on the guy which writes the show, hey. Reader? That is it, probably

Well, I am pretty sore over this, oi course because I am tiguring I will make a Big Rep for myself off of these artickles I am to write, so I tell this Editor I will do them for nothing will he only print them. I am after Fame, Reader, more than Money, as the poet says. Well, he says the artickles are good for nothing all right, but that he will run a few and see can his sheet stand the strain. He says he always wants to put the magazine to a good test, so he can prove to the advitizers what a good Medium it is. we publishers hath it.
This is the ausensible reason he hands me, but if you ask me I will say that this guy is willine 10 run the artickle's because he is getting them for nothing. Was somebody to release the copyright on Webster's Work you would probably see the Dictionary being run in installments by this baby, believe me! He is a good enough guy, as I am saving: but tight. Wias he to "cast his pants upon the waters they would return to him after many days" with the pockets tilled with ireshly caught fish on each rusty tish hook. I wilf bet! This baby is so tich he makes a Einraged Oyster look wide open as the cirand Canyon of Arizona!

However, I am going 10 write the artickles for nothing, as I am sying, and I an always wanting to write for the magazines for a living, so I will not kick for a while I at least break even; which is better than these Fish da which hire Carnaegie or Limoleum Hall for musick recitals and pase ota free duckats or Annie Oakles: "for cajuacit!" thereby putting themselves in a swell tinanci, hl hole, hey?

## In SQUARE cornered box 50 cents

Guaranteed to contain DOUBLE the quan-
tity of former round cornered 25 -cent box


ON the stage or in the audience-with the stars of drama or the leaders of societyFreeman's Face Powder has always been a prime favorite.
Clinging, dainty, and with an exquisite, delicate fragrance, Freeman's gives to the complexion that soft, velvety look and feel of a baby's skin.

## $I_{r e}$

At all toilet counters or send
5 cents for miniaturc box

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## The Shadow Stage

## (Continued from puge 55)

lum. He realizes that he shouldn't marry her, but hasn't the heart to tell her so, and the wedding is arranged. Then there is a threatened tragedy that straightens things out atmirably: with the right bos getting the right girl in both sections of the country. Mary Miles Minter plays the barefoot heroine modatly and effectively, and there are good performances by John Bowers as the "furriner" and Monte Blue as the mountain rative.

## WHAT WOMEN LOVE-First National

TIIE Doug Fairbanks of the Screen Girls' Athletic association is Annette Kellermann-or would be, if there was any -uch organization. She is the stuntiest of the feminine athletes, and, poised for the dive, the stunningest as well. In "What Women L.ove." which is her newest picture, she opens the meeting by boxing with the butler. After that she takes a swim in the lake, stealing the bait from off the hook of a mystified fisherman and twirling his boat about like a merry-go-round until he throws his home brew into the water and pulls for the shore. Later she joins a lot of other bathing girls on the beach, displaying her prowess as a manipulator of the giant ball. and goes from there to diving from a stern and excessively rockbound coast presumably into the seething whirlpool below. Finally she dives from the crosstrees of a achooner into the bay and there, under the water fights with the villain of the play and kicks him in the stomach until he is not only willing to cry quits, but probably to lay off playing villain for several weeks. Connecting these activities of the tireless Annette is a story which seeks to prove that even a gogyle-eyed mollycoddle may win a heroine if he will mend his ways and learn how to fight and whip Walter Long. What women love is a fighting man. It is a fine picture for the Kellermann fans and an entertaining picture for anyone. The swimming and diving exhibitions are quite wonderfully screened by the trick of showing the start of the dive and then cutting to Annette under water in her tank. Wheeler Oakman, Walter Long and Carl Lllman are in the cast

## HAIRPINS - Ince-Paramount-Artcraft

I must have taken quite a little courage for Fred Niblo. I. as director. and C. Gardner Sullivan as author, to try again with the familiar theme of the slovenly wife who blossoms forth as a fashionable beauty when she realizes that her husband is slipping away from her. But it is greatly to their credit that they have proved again by the trite but true observation that it is not what you do, but the way you do it, that counts on the screen. "Hairpins"" is as simple a story as any Cinderella romance. The heroine keeps her household accounts in perfect shape. and is a perfect wonder with dustcloth and sweeper. But she looks a frump, and can't see that it matters. She's married. isn't she? She's made her fortunc -such as it is. She loves her husband, and he loves her What is there to worry about more important than saving mones; and keeping the house clean? So husband begins casting his eyes at his nifty. little stenographer, and is beginning to think of a separation and that sort of thing when his careless wife comes to. She buys herself some clothes, acquiriny a "fast" friend, goes on "parties" and finally, when her now outraged mate demands an explanation, succeeds in convincing him that they are both wrong-and both right. A human. conistent. psychologically: sound, well told little story; adt mirally directed by Mr. Xiblo, among the sanest of his tribe. and as carefully and prettily played by Enid Bemnett. Matt Aloure. toon. i- a reaconable sort of protesting husband.

## CUPID THE COWPUNCHER-Goldwyn

$\mathrm{M}^{\text {a }}$ wenty-year-old nicce ascures me, with polite condesecenever to be a popular movie star. Not for me. And I have as mulh right to my herves as she has to hers, haven't 1? Bettor vix reels of Rogers (with titles), say I, than whole cycles of the pretty youngters who don't know how to do anything lout make puppy love to vacant-faced tlappors
sull. I confess Rogers has his limitations
long as his wenarimst kecps him just outside the circle of romance, with(wit daring to senture incide, he is as holding a hero as any of (Continued on pase roa)


Justin McCarthy's novel. "If I Were King" has been filmed with spectacalar dash. There are enough thrilling scenes to satisfy the most greedy. William Farnum has sufficient ease and poise to interpret the difficult part


There are few comedies to be seen these days as grood as "Cuptd the Cowpuncher." Will Rogers is a fine matchmaker and ${ }^{3}$ holding inero so long as his secenarioist kecps him outside the circle of romance.

"What W'omen Love features the Fairhanksan prowess of Annette Kellerimann and discloses that women luve a thishtung tman It is an cntertaining picture for anyone Whecler Oakman plays a supporting rolc.

## ромресiar



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Her flashing smile, her sparkling eyes, her glowing color fill him with inspiration as he goes rushing off onto the gridiron, for she knows the secret of beauty - Instant Beauty the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

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Pompeian Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom, at all druggists, 6 oc cach. Also Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, Pompeian NIGHT Cream, and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a $30 c$ talcum with an exquisite new odor).

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Miss Marquerite Clark posed especially for this 1921 Pompeian Beauty Art Panel, entitled "Absence Cannot Hearts Divide." The rare beauty and clarm of Miss Clark are faithfully reproduced in danty colors in this Art l'anel. S ze, $28 \times 7^{1 / 2}$ inches. Samples of the three Instant Beauty preparations named above sent with the Art Panel. pelan Fragrance. a talcum. All for a dime (in coin) Please clip coupon now.
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## Plays

and
Players


#### Abstract

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion-picture people.


By CAL. YORK

LESS than a week after the death of Robert Harron (a story concerning which appears on page 00), the film world of artists and fans were shocked anew by the death in Paris of Olive Thomas. Her death occurred carly in September following mercurial poisoning, a fatal potion which was taken by mistake for headache sleeping powder. She and her husband, Jack Pickford, were in the midst of their honeymoon trip which had been planned repeatedly since rory, the year of their marriage. Jack Pickford made a heroic effort to save his wife's life by forcing her to swallow thirty-two glasses of water as first aid treatment. Miss Thomas real name was Olive Elain Duffy: Hard work in the Ziegfeld Follies chorus won her distinction in both Follies and the Midnight Frolic. She was at one time one of Cotham's most favorite artist models, and was declared by Harrison Fisher to be "the most beautiful girl in the world." She was a full-fledged Broadway favorite when the movies "got her." Her first try-out was in a Famou: Players Owen Moore Picture. Later, with Triangle, she found real screen success and her marriage to Jack Pickford followed. Their marriage was kept secret for more than a year. This was as she wished as she did not want anyone to think she was trying to win prominence on borrowed celebrity. She was 22 years old at the time of her death.

$\mathrm{H}^{5}$IS friends in the Hollywood and
Beverly Hills Beverly Hills motion-picture circles are much regretting the change in a youthful male star, whose sudden rise to fame equaled ondy- by Fairbanks and Chaplin, seems to $h_{\text {itve }}$ spoiled a natural sweetness and simplicity which were his chief charm both on and off the screen. Anyway, his household in the exclusive circles of Beverly Hills, is about to go provisionless as a result of the royal methods of existence which he and his hitherto charming little wife have assumed Beverly. Hills, though the most fashionable suburb of Los Angeles, is small and hoasts only one grocery. This grocery boasts only one small, liverer delivery wagon.

A few days ago the grocery boy drove the truck up the white gravel driveway of the star's home. After the manner of Ford truck:. it spit a bit of oil on the entrance


Can a leading worran love her director even it he chances to be her husband? We judge so by this photograph, which would indicate that Florence Vidor will even stand by and watch friend husband foozle on the fifth hole without laughing. That's the supreme test. Florence is the young lady who has since justified PHOTOPLAY'S stellar predictions for her, made when she was doing bits. King Vidor is perhaps the soungest successful director of the present-day screen.
was: Whereupon Mrミ Star appeared upon the step within a few fect of the delivery boy, accompanied by her English butler. She regarded the boy firmly, then turning to the butler, she said, "James, will you please tell this young person that he is never, never to drive up our driveway again? If he does, I shall have him thrown out." "Voung person," said the butler, turning to the boy. "Mrs. Star wishes me to tell you that you are never to come into our driveway again. If you do, she will be compelled to have you thrown out."
"By golly," said the boy. relating the incident to the cook of another Beverly IIIll: star later in the day, "they'll starve before I ever deliver 'em another load of groceries." I'unny of course, but of such stuli are Bolsheriks made.

CIIENDOLIX is the little daughter of C Mr. and Mrs. Allan Holubar-Dorothy Philltps Gsendolyn had been naughty amit her father, as he kiseed her goodnight, tokl her to ask God's forgiveness when she sand her prayers. After she had been tucked in bed. Mr. Holubar asked if she had obeyed him. "Ies." said Gwendolyn, "I asked for God's forgiveness and now I'm sorry 1 , lid Mr. God wasn't home and I asked Mrs Cod,..and I expect it's all over Heaven by now.

OHN゙ BL.tCKilOOD, acting a- representa-
tive for Thoms: II Ince, came to New tive for Thoms- If Ince, came to New lork looking for beauties. He preked ser eral of Broadway's choicest chorus girls. gave them contracts and tickets for Los In. geles.


F
 pistol. Robere llarron pasced awos in Bellevue Inspital. New lork City, Sumday morning, September 5. The fotal imury was received late Friday nisht while the oung film star was unpackeng his trunk in the Hotel sermour. The revolver explofled when it fell out of some clothes. The bullet pared thromeh barron's chest hot he was able to get in the telophone and notife the hotel deck. He was rathed in Bellevue Ilospital Robert lharron's screen

street Bingraph studins be climbed. br winning personality and sure-fire elramatio tatent to the eminent position that is.as ants realle beginning. Many wil remember his enthusiastic work opposite Mas Mar-1 in thone wanterful ald liongrophas. They will recall him when Grimith aspired to greater iroductions- "Intolerance." "Wearte of the World" and others. "Robby "s" pictures were in be released be Metro: he bad just storted probluction of one with a dominant comeds strain, in the studio at Mamaroneek lle was unmarricol.
(Continated on page 92)


Plays and Players

## (Continued from page 90)



Neither Julian Eltinge nor Polly Frederick count a day complete until they have had a canter in the park." That's the way the society journal would phrase it. We only know Julian and Polly were glad to renew an old acquaintance when the vigorous impersonator of bewitching widows returned from his trip around the world.

IF YOU heard that rumor that Mary Mile Minter, or Juliet Shelby, really Reilly was to change her name again, don't you believe it. It seems that a childhood friend of the young star visited her and her mother recently, and they were seen together frequently, and Dame Rumor got busy, so that Mrs. Shelby, Mary's mother, had to issue the following denial: "Percy Helton (for such is the youne man's name) is a childhood friend of Miss Minter, the two having played together as children of the stage. Because of this long friendship I personally invited him to come west and spend his vacation with our family: We are all good friends of Mr Helton, but as for an engagement, that is absurd

PAULINE FREDERICK has filed suit Pagainst Witlard Mack, for diverce Mack: real name is Charles Mchaughlin. Miss Frederick charges him with misconrluct, mentioning "an unknown woman The Macks were married in $101 \%$, shortly after Mack was diworcal from Marjoric

Rambeau. who named Miss Frederich as corespondent in her suit.

$C$EORGE ARLISS is, at last, positively to appear for the first time on any screen. The occasion will be "The Devil," a play which Arliss acted on the stage. About three years ago it was announced he would make a picture of his legitimate success, "1)israeli." but the deal fell through.

FUFR1" Thursday night is "Photoplayers"
E. Night" at Sunset Inn, a popular seaside resort at Santa Monica, within a few miles of Hollywood liou have to reserve table: about two weeks in advance because it's well worth secing
One night not long aso Viels Dana entertained with a supper party of about twenty consenial spirits. They favored the rest of the gathering with in impromptu program that broucht down the house. Buster keaton diel a Salome dance, in a enstume concocted metly from the kitthen utenils.
(Continued on page 94) where yon live, becanse all the instruction is carried on by mait. And it is no disall vantage if you are employed during the day, or have houmelold duties that oecupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the work as you wish. and just whenever it is most converient.

1 soon learned to copy models I saw in the shop windows, on the street, and in fashion magazines. Every step was so clearly explained that the things 1 had always thought ouly a professional dressmaker could do were perfectly easy for mo!

But tho biggest thing my Woman's Instituto training taught me was the secret of distinctive dress-what colors and fabrics are most appropriato for different types of women, how to develop style and add those little touches that make clothes distinctively becoming.

Well, when I found I was getting along so splendidty, I decided to turn my study to further profit. I called on several women who for years had gone to expensive city shops for their clothes. They weleomed my suggestion that I could create the kiud of clothes they wanted and save them money besides.
The very first afternoon one ivoman gave me an order. I worked like mad on that dress! When it was finished she was so delighted she gave me two more ordersone for a tailored suit. From that timo on, it was easy.

In less than six months, I had given up my position at the office and had more dressmaking than I could possibly do alone. I had to get first one, then two, women to do the plain sewing. Now I am plaming to move my shop from home to a business block in town.

Of course, our own clothes problems are a thing of tho past. The dresses mother and I wear are always admired, the chil dren have an abundance of attractive clothes and there is no more worrying about moner.

Moro than 70,000 delighted women and girls have proved that you can quickly learn at home, in spare time, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes, or prepare for success in dressmaking or millinery as a business.

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it prevents many little Ekin troubles if assisted 1 ay occasional use of Cuticira Ointment to soothe and heal. Cuticura Talcum imparts a delicate lasting fragrance leaving the skin sweet and wholesome.
Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Taleum 25e. Sold throughout the world. For
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None Better No matter what the price



50c Ench - 12 for $\$ 5.00$
 S. IRAM, Dept.89, 209 W. 4 हth St., New YorkCity


We wish we could call this the first domestic disturbance in the new serial. "The Married Life of the William Duncans." Mrs. Duncan is Edith Johnson, the lovely heroine for whom Bill performs all those daring deeds in chapters. But here it's only a ease of not cnough gas and neither of them seem to take it seriously.
that will forever remain a classic in the minds of those who saw it. Viola Dana and Alice Lake played a game of strip poker, which was unfortunately interrupted at the psychological moment by "Fatty" Arbuckle garbed as a cop. Teddy Sampson gave a remarkable imitation of the good old days before we went dry. Falty also made a speech, announcing some of the coming releases:

Such as: Mildred Harris Chaptin in "A Dor's Life.

Mack Sennett in "Twenty Thousand Legs Uncler the Sea."
Charlie Chaplin in "The Price of a Good Time.

Earle Williams in "The Price He Paid."
Jack Pickford, star of "Everywomun
Miss Fitzgerald (Mr. Arbuckle's supper partner) in "I Know I Got More Than My Share.

Iouglas Firirbanks and Mary Fick'ord in Married Life.

F-ORDS have hecome a fad in filmdom - Bery star who is a star has her limousine, of course, and sometmes a rombter in addtition but jus for fun-for larks to the hoach, pionics and such-sonie of our lowelice leading haties hawe purehased llemy's
product. Blanche Sweet has one; so has Anita Stewart. The Gishes are seen every day-off on the roads of Mamaroneck in their fliver. And all of them probably get vastly more enjoyment out of this mode of travel than they do in their custom-built chariots.

IF IVE are 10 believe all we hear, fielen Ferguson will become the bride of William Russell in December. Helen started out as an extra in Chicago for Resanay; then she proceeded to Manliatern anel thence to Callfornia, where she is now in ereat demand as a leading woman. She has played with bill Russell in soweral pitures. He was divorced foom Charlotte burton some time ago Heton is still in her teens.
$W$ E'D like to sec any other companve $2 r y$
in take any of its stars away from lita eraph, we would. So, it secms, would Albert Smoth. Alice Joyce and Larry Semon were reported to be about in leave. but Iresident Albert F . has let it be known that he will proted his contract rights in the courts on the slightest provocation lle has issued a "warming" in the "rrade" in "bich he says Comedtian
(Contimurd an page 96)

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YOU get to smoking Camels because you appreciate their fine, refreshing flavor! And, you like them better all the time because they never tire your taste!

Camels quality makes Camels so appetizing, so continuously delightful. And, Camels expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos gives them that wonderful mildness and mellow body.


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WHAT woman of forty, or fifty, does not prefer to receive the deference everywhere paid to feminine beauty rather than the reverence the world accords to old age?

How many women entering at forty upon the golden period of woman's life with all their other attributes of beauty and loveliness preserved, have seen their brightest dreams shatlered by the premature graying of their hair?

Fortunate those thousands who have learned how BROWNATONE eliminates mouse-gray streaks and restores to leaden dingy hair the col. orful beauty and life that makes even the plainest young girl attractive.

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and valuable booklet on the care of the hair.
Two colors: "Likhe to Medium Brown" ond "DorkBrownto Black." Two sizcs; 50 cents and Two size
$\$ 1.50$.

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.
egyncion wr yout


Winifred Westover was reported to have gone to Sweden to star for a Scandinavian company. The report happened to be true. Here is Winifred in a scene from "The Smile that Was Found Again," her first film to be made in the land of the midnight sun. She is supported by an all-Swedish cast.

Semon is under contract for thirty-six pictures and has made only five so far, and that Vitagraph has not spent money to boost Semon only to have him lured away just as he is winning considerable recognition. And, after all, you can't blame Vitagraph for feeling that way about it.

IRENE CASTLE TREMAN may yet be a senator's spouse. Her young husband has been nominated for state senator. He is Robert Treman, son of an Ithaca, New York, banker.

SI.NCF: Irene Castle left the stage. Dorothy Dickson has become the acknowledged favorite of dance-loving Broadway: She came from the Middle West and married Carl llyson and the two of them danced their way through Chicago cabarets to Manhattan musical comedy. And now George Fitzmaurice has persuaded Miss Dickson to make her debut in celluloid. There is a role written for her in "Momey Mad," an oriminal scenario by Mrs. Fitzmaurice-Ouida Bergere -which will give the dancer an opportunity to display her talents. The Ityons have a home at Great Neck near that of the Fitzmaurices, so it's a friendly affair.

BC'STER KEITON declares that his ambition is "to have money enouch t, avel and amount to absolutely nothing. Inybody who saw "The Saphead"
preview recently, however, will declare absolutely that Keaton is going to run Harold Lloyd a close race for the honors that Charlie Chaplin appears to be about to relinquish.

DYOU remember Pauline Bu:h? She hasn't been in pictures since they served two reels and an illustrated song for five cents. She used to play for American and later starred for Universal. Then she married and retired. She`s coming back soon.

IT takes quite a bit to stop traffic-or even a pedestrian in Hollywood. Ese herself would probably be pased by as a new movie version of Aphrodite or something like that. But one very beantiful star, of quecnly stature and delightful candor, who shall be nameless. managed it the other day without malice or intention. The star was in one of the smart little shops on Hollywood Roulevard frying on some new models She saw a friond drive up to the curb in hor limou-sine-a friend she hadn't seen for some time and particularly wanted to speak to. She dashed out of the shop and perehed on the step. But her weteome was coldly repulsed. "My. God. Betty." shrieked the friend. "Oh. heavens, quick l" The star fainted across the sidewalk and fell into the shop. She had forgoten that she had removed everything except her shoes and stockings and a chiffon teddy-bear for the purpose of "trying-on!"

Plays and Players
(Continued)


George Stewart is our latest leading man Pehaps we should say juvenile, as he only recently left school. He is Anita's only brother, and you may see him as Mildred Harris Chaplin's leading man in "Old Dad.

THERE is an empty place in the happy Hollywood motion picture clan. We miss "Lock." We miss the sound of his dashing, brilliant aeroplane, that at last betrayed him to an untimely death. We miss his smile and his quiet, pleasant voice, and his good fellowship. We miss him, bareheaded and grinning, so often with his little "pal," Viola Dana, at his side-at every party, in all the fun and work of the picture game.
An aviator who saw the fatal plunge declared that-blinded by the glare of the searchlights and the reflectors on his wings and the confusion of coming out of five spins-Locklear and his pilot Elliott, evidently thought the lights on the oil wells were the stars and that they were headed upward as they drove into the ground 150 miles an hour.

Many of his friends followed the flagdraped casket beneath the squadron of airships that paid him honor. And many a gay party is hushed while they "turn down an empty glass."

MILDRED HARRIS CHAPLIN is suing her husband for divorce-again. She is said to want half the proceeds of his unreleased picture, "The Kid"-a five-reeler into which Charlie has put his best recent efforts. At this writing, Mrs. Chaplin is in New York, while Charlie is in Salt Lake City, Utah, where papers cannot be served on him. He intends to hold this picture of his in spite of First National's warning that it has contract rights to it and will prosecute any company which tries to buy it direct from Chaplin. Charlie is quoted as saying, "I have spent $\$ 300,000$ on 'The Kid' and two years' hard work; my best has gone into it. I am willing to give Mrs. Chaplin her divorce, and a dignified and substantial settlement, but I will not permit her to restrain me from selling the picture. I will remain here until the picture is sold and there will not be any divorce until it is sold." Mildred Harris meanwhile is making plans to further exploit her married name on the legitimate stage. She charges Chaplin with mental cruelty and failure to provide in her suitcharges that will be denied.


Quaker Oats, the food of foods, costs one cent per large dish. The price of one chop serves 12 dishes.

Five dishes daily cost $\$ 18.25$ a year, while just five eggs a day would cost you $\$ 82$.

Quaker Oats supplies 1,810 calories of nutriment per pound. That's the energy measure of food value. Round steak yields less than half that.

A boy needs 2,000 calories per day. They would cost 13 c in Quaker Oats, in eggs about $\$ 1.30$.

These costs mean little in a day. But note what they mean on a year of breakfasts for a family of five.

## Cost per year for serving five, based on this year's average prices

1 chop each, per day, \$219
Average meats, \$146
2 eggs each, per day, $\$ 164$
Average fish, \$146

## \$125 Saved

Quaker Oats breakfasts, compared with these other desirable breakfasts, save at least $\$ 125$ per year. The Quaker Oats forms the supreme food, almost the ideal food the greatold fame. The best food you can serve in mornings is a dish of Quaker Oats. Serve othefoods at other meals. People need variety. But use this one-cent breakfast dish to cht the average cost.

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Packed in sealed round nackages with removable cover.


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Every mail brings letters frorn some of the two million I. C. S. students telling of promotions or increases in salary as the rewards of spare time study.

What are you doing with the hours after supper? Cen you afford to let them slip by unimproved when you can easily make them mean so much? One hour a day spent with the I. C. S. will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best.

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success means-can you let another single prieesuccess means-can you let a nother single priee-
less hour of spare time so to waste? Make your less hour of spare time so to waste? Make your
start right now! This is all we ask: Without eost, start right now This is all we ask: Without eost,
without obligating yourself in any way, put it up wo us to prove how we can holp you. Just mark to us to prove how we
and mail this coupon.

INTERHATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS BOX 6528 . SCRANTON, PA.<br>Explain, withoul obligallizz me, how I can qualify for the  - FilfCTHical, FsMingefil  lelesraph Engineer lelephone Work  Mnchanteal Iraftoman Mertinn Ahap l'ancllea oolmaker<br>Gas Engine Operallng CIVIL I:NCINIHK - Muronplige nd Mapplng  Marino I nyticer Ship Dralramp<br>Contractor and linlider Concrele IHuilater Stzucluzal tngineer  - Sheel Metal Worker <br>- SALESMANSIIIP - WDVEERTISING; - Sliow Cord Wriler - Sign Painier<br>Railroad Trainman MLLUSTRAINNG - Carloonling - RESINEABS MANADRMENE<br>Z BOOKKEE14ER<br>- Minnorrapher and rpplet<br>- IRAFHC ANANGER<br>- Commercial l.aw<br>- Goorher<br>- Nomzan Reboal Reblanto<br>- CIVIL SIERVICE<br><br>- Al゙TOMOBII, OHVRATINA 

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## $1104 \%$

Plays and Players
(Continued)


There are thrills you never see on the screen. The danger is not when the stunt is accomplished, but when it misses. Jean Paige was supposed to be picked up by this rider in a swift serial abduction-but he failed to reach her as he dashed by.

SPEAKING of the Great Neck actors' colony-the Albert Parkers recently gave a wonderful birthday party for their little daughter at their country home. The son: and daughters of neighboring celebrities were guests-little Miss Hyson, Dorothy. Dickson's daughter; Philip and Jamie, sons of Ernest Trucx; John Drew Devercaux, grandson of John Drew, and many others. Norma Talmadge was there, and a lot more famous grown-ups, but they didn't spoil the fun.

TIIEDA BARA. when reported by the newspapers on her return from Europe, was hailed not as the vampire but as the "emotional actress" We should say MisBara is making tremendous strides. Her sister, Loro, was married to a newspaper man in Europe.

WILIIAM DESMOND has gone to Cleveland, to make a couple of pictures, to be gone several months, leaving hisix months old dauchter, Mary Johanna, for the first time. "Won't he miss her?" asked Mrs. Wallie Reid of Mrs. Mary McIvor Desmond, mother of the Desmond heiress. "I'es, l:ut he took about 5.000 feet of hitm of her along and he can run that whenever it gettoo awful," said Mrs. Desmond.

AMONG our film stars there are many wise ones who have amassed considerable fortuncs. They save their salarics and so do not have to worry about wrinkleseither facial or those of pullic favor. Mary Pickford is a rich woman. So is Gerabline Farrar While Bill lyart has just added sixty five acres more to an already large estate at Westport. Conn. Some day when he retire be will make his home on his eastern acreConsider Charla Ray: Wallace Reid, Bryant W:ashburn-young stars who have tidy sumtucked away With the adwent of motion pictures, arting became a butiness

WE hope you won't take it too hard, but you are not going to sec Hope Hamp ton as Tourneur's "Tiger Lady," after all No. She will be "the lion lady" instead Here's how, as we used to say: They cot a tiger, a perfectly splendid tiger, for the picture. The tiger was reputed to be ferociouonly in appearance-really a nice, ecentle beast. To prove it he nipped his trainer neck. So, as they weren't filming the farfamed story of the "Lady and the Tiger. they were forced to use a lion instead The story may not be as exciting as planned but then one cannot sacrince everything to realism, can one?

SCPPOSE you were a pretty girl who livel in Milwatee and alwess wanted to go into pictures And that when you went to a film ball you were chosen the mot beautiful girl in in contex And you were told it was the Christie company that had choen you and that you were to get ready to eo to California to start your career. But then -suppose your mother and father wanted to make sure, and wrote to the Christie ilm company in Los Angeles asking for particulars. And the Christic company wrote back and said the conteit was not authorizet. that they would inve-tigate and charge the false promoters with misrepreentation What would you do then? lou'd probabis do jut what Myrtle Moran dis When the found out that the contest in which the wadeclared winner was only a lake , he deeded to save her money and go to Cahiornia ans way-and try for a career on her own

MWIMME ELIEANORI DUESE, one oI the ereatest actrecys of modern timeis said to be a pauper in Rome She has been fored to appls to the covernment for a pell sion as an oftiocr's widow to support hercelf And not lone age the wat the idel of audiences atl over Europe, hated as a su-

## Plays and Players <br> (Continued)

preme tragedienne, honored and feted and admired!

STEWART EDWARD WHITE, who is famed for his wit among other things such as novel writing, big game hunting and soldiering, journeyed from his home in Eurlingame to the Ince studios at Culver City to see the film version of his famous story, "The Leopard Woman," the latest Louise Glaum starring vehicle. According to his description, he sat for a while watching the screen. Then he leaned to his nearest neighbor and said: "This is very nice, but I came to see my story. When are they goirg to run that?" "This is it," said the neighbor. "Oh, is it ?" said White meekly. When it was over he staggered forth, so he put it, and remarked meekly to a friend. "It's a wonderful picture. I was completely fascinated. But you see my book was 436 pages long. I devoted two pages to the Leopard Woman's past and four hundred thirty-four to her present. While thes've given four and tbree-fourth reels to ke: past to one-half a reel to her present. But then, I don't say I'm right. It's certainly a wonderful picture. Perhaps it would have been better if I'd written the book that way."

THE Pickford Family now seems to be fairly well established. Jack Pickford took out naturalization papers this month in Los Angeles, Cal., when the process that made him an American citizen was completed his name became legally Pickford instead of Smith. Mary's brother, like herself, was born in Canada, and Mary became an American citizen only when she married Douglas Fairbanks. Just think, she can cast her first vote this fall!

Following this, Mrs. Charlotte Smith, mother of Mary and Jack, petitioned the California courts to change her name legally to Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, stating that all her children now bear the name Pickford; tbat one of her daughters is known as Mary Pickford Fairbanks, the other as Lottie Pickford Rupp and her son as Jack Pickford; also that she has an adopted daughter legally named Mary Charlotte Pickford (the child of her daughter Lottie), and that therefore for business and social reasons it would be a great relief and aid to her to be Mrs. Pickford, and could harm no one. Undoubtedly the courts will grant her request, the Pickfords will be a part of American history as are the Barrymores, and the name Smith lose forever its cinematograph glory.

ANN FORREST has been shifted from the leading role in the new Cecil de Mille production to a remarkable star role in "The Faith Healer," the George Melford special now in construction. Agnes Ayres is to play the role in which Miss Forrest began the De Mille picture. The news rocked studio circles for a day, but the explanation seems fairly simple. The new De Mille picture has a portion laid in the tenements, a portion of action which calls for infinite sympathy and pathos, for the kind of acting that wrings the heart and catches you by the throat-the kind of exquisite work that Ann Forrest triumphs in. The other fortion calls for the type of physical beauty, appeal and loveliness De Mille has made famous-the type crowned by Gloria Swanson. As the story developed under De Mille's magic wand, the pathos element slipped into the background, the plot swung another direction, and little Ann with her big, simple eyes and her gentle ways, seemed miscast. Her spiritual appeal and her delicacy were lost. De Mille saw this-Melford was clam-

#  <br> Never Sleep With a film-coat on your teeth 

All statements approved by authorities

Millions of people on retiring now combat the film on teeth. They fight it day by day. And those glistening teeth seen everywhere now form one of the results.

You owe yourself a trial of this new teeth-cleaning method. Dentists everywhere advise it. The results it brings are all-important, and they do not come without it.

## What film does

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. Feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. And dentists now trace most tooth troubles to it.

The ordinary tooth paste does not end film. So, despite all brushing, much film remains, to cause stain, tartar, germ troubles and decay.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

## Ways to combat it

Dental science, after years of research, has found effective ways to fight film. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. Together they bring, in modern opinion, a new era in teeth cleaning.

These five methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent-a tooth paste which complies with all the new requirements. And a ten-day tube is now sent free to everyone who asks.

## Watch the teeth whiten

You will see and feel results from Pepsodent which brushing never brought you heretofore. A week's use, we think, will amaze you.

One ingredient is pepsin. One multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest all starch deposits that cling. One multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva to neutralize mouth acids.

Two factors directly attack the film. One of them keeps the teeth so
highly polished that film cannot easily cling.

Watch these effects. Send the coupon for a 10 -Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. Note how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

The book we send explains all these results. Judge what they mean to you and yours. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

## Pepsodent

## The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY Dept. 883, 1104 S. Wabash Ave. Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to


Will Rogers-and Will Rogers kids. Mrs. Rogers is trying to hide behind Jimmy-whom we all know astride the pony. Rogers owns a ranch in California and naybe you think all the little Rogerse don't know how to swing a rope, and ride'
orme ior her service for a regular $\cdot$.am Forrest part," in "The Faith Healer witch in leading ladies, was effected.

Gdil KANE is now Mrs. Henry Iden Ottman. They were married at Ottman's country place in Saratoga. Miss Kane is appearing now in "Come Seven." Octarus Roy Cohen's comedy of negro life in which Earle Fove has the leading male role.
$J$ UNE ELTIDGE comes back to the screen $J$ in an important role in "Fine Feathers." Louise Huft decided she didn't want to play in it, after all; so Metro called upon Clair Whitney and June Elvidge to fill the gap. The statuesque June has been playing in a musical comedy on Broadway since her desertion of the flicker drama.

FDNA FERBER is said to be considering E a Universal contract to write her iminnitable stories in scenario form for Priscilla I ean and other stars. Funnie Hurst is on the coast now conferring with U official: preparatory to preparing her first original :tory for the screen.

AGNES IIRES a beautiul young woman who has done some rood work with Marshall J̌ilan and others, should fill the exacting De Mille role to perfection. She has been "loaned" to the De Mille company Incilentally: Goldwy has been endeavoring ly erery known meall to borrow Ann
Forrest from her tive-vear Lask contract, to star in "Bunty l'ull- the Strings," but without success. She was origmally:

T111: following lederram was received the Other day by Robert Gordon': doting parents, who live in Hollywood "Am learing for thaca on location with three women who love me und my wife-Fverything going fine-Bols.
"What does the hos mean?" ga-ped his
father, while the mother bectan tw wrong iner hands. The telegraph compan!, being careless oi caps and quotes hadn't given "Three Women Who Love \$le" the attention proper to specity that it was the title oi the new Robert Gordon picture. But homes have been wrecked on le-s.

WHILE they were in New lork, Mars
and Dous attended a periormance of and Douy attended a periormance of
Follies as guests of Florenz Ziegfeld There is a dance performed by two principalnamed "The Mary and Doug" after the tamous honeymooners. They were wathiny the stage with interest when Mary noticed a pretty little girl with dark eyes and curls in the chorus. "She would make a good leading woman for your nest picture. Doug." Mary said. "She certainly would." agreed Fairbank:, "providing she photographs well" Liesield wa- decidedly averes to surrendering still another oi his iamou- beautic: to the tilms but when Mary l'ickiord did some of her best persuading, Flo couldn't say no so Kathleen Ardelle-that's the little virl - nome -packed up and caught the next train 11 California. Shell have a film career it the photographs anywhere near as sood as the looks.
 girl are hiding behind them. K.therine M... Donald is diaguised in a particubarly vicioulooking pair. Because the declares that the Hollywood sun actually faded the color of her eyes 1

TiII: recently territic gasoline shortase in 1 Los Angeles hit the motion picture people hard For days cars lined up fitt deep at the few stations that had ga- to the por tioned out three sallom-. One tine exemins May Allison said to her Japanese chautieur ts the polished her new limou-ine: "Well. Tom. have you gasoline enoush to take me for a little yin?" "Madame," said Tom, "I (Continued an page roz)

# Importers Prices Direct On DIAMONDS 



WE are diamond importers. We buy direct from the cutters in Europe and sell direct to you by mail. In that way we eliminate brokers' profits and save you in many cases from $35 \%$ to $50 \%$ of retail prices on diamonds. This year we are able to offer more extraordinary values than at any time in our 42 years of business. Through the vastly increased buying power of the American dollar in Europe we were able
to make large purchases far below market prices. We are giving customers the benefit of these big savings in the new 1921 Basch De Luxe Diamond Book. A copy is waiting for you free. Send the coupon today. Don't buy a diamond until you have had a chance to examine our wonderful money-saving offers. Just compare the amazingly low prices in our Diamond Book with retailers' prices and judge for yourself.

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We guarantee the carat weight, quality and value of every diamond in our catalog. We give a legal binding contract to refund in cash full price less $10 \%$ any time within one year should you wish to return your diamond for any reason. We also guarantee to allow you full price in exchange for another diamond at any time.

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Quincy and State Sts., Dept. E3521, Chicago, Ill. Please send me free, without obligation, your 1921 Basch De Luxe Diamond Book showing your new offers in diamonds and jewelry.
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## Plays and Players

(Continued)
have four zallon-. I plea-ure to ride you for three.

T.HAlES HUXTI:R. who directed - "Earthbound, which is a great picture despite the fact that there were practically but five principals in the cast, tells this one I well-known director was filming "The Last Supper" as an inecrt for a picture The pre ident of the corporation came on the set and counted the tharteen figure in the scene "What's this?" he howled. "only thirteen men in that great bis set!" "Certainly;" re plier the director "the Twelve Apostle and the Master." "That won't do: you'll hase to fill it up," retorted the manager. "udel -ome extra apostles."

MAKI PICKFORD FAIRB:INKS is di home in Beverly Hills. However, no tody but her famuly has eeen her Becau-e Mary is resting from her vacation.

ALOS ANGELES paper recently printed a story that Tony Moreno = youthful ambition was to be a bull-fighter. The following day two indignant and irate gentle. men of evident Spani-h extraction called at the studio to sce Mr. Moreno. They then stated that they were representatives of the bulfighter's union (or words to that effect in Spanish) and that they had heard he clained to be a bull-tighter. "Ii so. where and what bulls have you lought?" demanded they "My goodness," said Tony, "I newer fousht any bull. But I guess at that I could night these litte bits of calves 1 see you gus: fighting all the time in the movies. If you're such good bull fighters as all that. why don't you go back to Spain where they raise real big cows, ch?"

HAROLD BELL WRRIGHT, the noselist. whose works have been successfully screened, was married August 5th, in San Diego, to Winifred Mary Potter DuncanThe wedding was very quiet and news of it did not leak out for some days after the ceremony: Wright was divorced from hifirst wite about a year ago.

## Club Feet Corrected

## Born with Club Feet, Garland Akers was brousht to the Melain Sanitarium for treatment. The two photographs and his parents letter show and his parents letter shable results secured. "We camot begin to tell you how debughted ne bure to see Gultand's dehohted we wrre to see Gulland' feet so mice and straight when be came home and to see him looking enough, fur giving him strasght use clubbed feet that he had u'hen he



THREE, PENCILS, rool name enstared in Gold, 50 cts,


Babe ruth har. madd a picture called "Headin" Home." Ho-hum.

COME years ago-we won't say how mans - bill Hart and Tom Ince were sharing not-luck logether in a hall bedroom in :s New lork boarding house. Now when Tom passes Bill on the street he barely nodInce put Hart into pictures; later bill went his own way. Now J. Parker Read, Jr., Ince's husiness assuciate, is suing Hart for So4.000 alleged to be duc Read for service-

■RINCIS $\therefore$ BUSHMAN and Beverly - bayne and the youncest Busliman-four teen-months-old Riehard SLinshury-have arrived in California. They have settled down in a bunsalow and expect to appear soun in a new play by Oliver Morosco and at the same time transler "The llalf lireed" and "The Master Thici," the latter thear legitimate rehicle of last season, to celluloid The Bushmams have been decidedly popular in the provinces but have not yet ventured ta come to New lork in their stage mal The nearest they got to brobdsay was the Bronx.

HENRY W:M.THALL i- playing in sam Franciseo, on the staze in Maude Ful-ton- new [ula, "The Humming Bird." Oliver Mareme will probably make a picture of the later on Nazimova is mentioned as the stat sho will probably play the leading rele in New Vork.

(Continued)

PRESIDENT WILSON has become a candidate for the honor of being world's champion picture fan. Almost every day, we hear, he calls for his projection machine and operator and in the East Room of the White House has a little performance all his own. His favorites are Bill Hart, Doug Fairbanks and Charles Ray. In fact, the "wild and woolly" western picture have even supplanted his once-favorite diversion, reading detective thrillers.

HOBART HENLEY has married Corinne Barker, last seen on the screen in "The Silent Barrier." And where do you suppose they went on their honeymoon? To Europe!

TRENE RICII has just secured a divorce from Lieutenant Colonel Charles G. Rich in Buffalo. This will be a surprise to many who did not even know she was married. She is, you know, the young woman who always admits in the final reel of a Will Rogers picture that handsome is as handsome does.

DOUCLAS FatrbankS is back at work again. He is being directed by Fred Niblo, who will not begin work on his own productions until he has completed the Fairbanks' feature, "The Curse of Capistrano." Mary Fairbanks, too, is buckling down to work after her triumphant honeymoon tour, and Frances Marion is directing her. The story? Oh, that's a dead secret.

ZASU PITTS eloped with her leading man, Tom Gallery. The pair, chaperoned by King and Florence Vidor, left Los Angeles for Santa Ana, where they were married, the Vidors witnessing the ceremony. Zasu and Gallery played opposite each other in two pictures and decided they'd like to keep it up in real life. He's the son of a former Chicago chief of police, while Zasu is the quaint child whom Mary Pickford discovered and gave her first part in "The Little Princess."

CATHERINE CALVERT has returned to the screen. The handsome brunette-in private life the widow of the late playwright, Paul Armstrong, and the sister-inlaw of Rolf Armstrong, who paints Phoroplay's covers-makes her reappearance in a Vitagraph special. She has signed a three-year-contract with the Smith organization. Miss Calvert has one small son to whom she is devoted.

P.ATTI HARROLD, sometimes erroneously designated as "Pattie," but in reality named for the great singer, Adelina Patti-is about to make her film debut. She is the daughter of Orville Harrold, the opera and concert singer, and recently filled with great success the role of "Irene," left vacant by Edith Day and Adele Rowland in the popular musical comedy of the same name. Patti was in the chorus at $\$ 75$ a week when Miss Rowland decided she didn't want to play any more; Patti was hustled into the leading role at a moment's notice, also at $\$ 75$ per; she made a hit-and it's safe to say she's getting considerably more than her orisinal salary now. David Griffith took a film test of her and she passed. She's a petite brunette.

MRS. SIDNEY DREW is to write scenarios and direct Alice Joyce for Vitagraph. Miss Joyce consulted her lawyer not long ago as to the advisability of breaking her contact with Vitagraph-it has two more years to run. Her lawyer told her she must

-but whe wouldn't be charmed away by such good company-and Nabisco?

Many appetizing discoveries are made with the aid of Nabisco Sugar Wafers. These alluring dessert aids enhance the goodness of fruits, ices, beverages, and sherbets, blending delightfully with any sweet, however delicate its flavor.

Sold in the famous In-er-seal Trade Mark package



## Expressive

 Eyes! PICTURED BY PRISCILLA DEANEYES that mirror emotion, eyes that attract attention - their beauty is emphasized by luxurious lashes. Eyebrows and lashe, darker than the hair accentuate the piquancy of your face. Lashes that are glossy reflect a sparkle in your eyes.

Use LASIILUX after powder-
 ing. It darkens the eyebrows and lashes, makes them lustrous and well-groomed. In addition, it nourishes the lashes with a delicate oil and stimulates their growth.

LASHLUX comes in two shades, Dark and Brown. Also Colorless, for use on retiring. In a dainty brown box, with a tiny brush, 50c.


## ROSS COMPANY

29 E. 23rd Street, N.Y. C.

At all drag stores and toilet goods counters; or direct from the makers.

## LASHLUX means luxuriant lashes 504

## Howi I Would Run a Theater <br> (Concluded)

I would sacrifice "narry" an offering on the altar of "bunk." I would give the eternal lie to the pet notion that the people want rotten pictures. We do not. We do not ignore such pictures, and leave the show, it's true. Because when we have paid over our prectous "quarter" we are determined to stay and see the thing through It's grit, folks--not taste.
When I get my ideal show started, everybody drop around.

> Edx: M Newmin.

3819 Hays St., Dallas, Tex

## Co-operate With Schools and

 ChurchesIF I were to undertake the operation of a motion-picture theater somewhere, I should wish to build or remodel a moderately harge theater in a city of about forty thousand people. I should then base my policy of management on the following principles.
First. A roomy, well-ventilated theater interior, equipped with comfortable seats. Quiet decorations, in which harmony, simplicity, and symmetry wight be combined. An entrance and foyer free from flashy colors, blinding light, and too-numerous mirrors.

Second. A staff of employees who could develop a real interest in their work and whose courtesy would attract patrons to the theatre.

Third. An orchestra in which ability should outweigh numbers. A musical director who could place the musical program on a high level.
Fourth. A well-balanced program of pictures unqualifiedly clean, inspiring, and true-to-life. Selection of feature films on the principle that "the play's the thing." No lurid sex dramas, stories of extravagant social life, or portrayals of crime in its various forms. A news or topical weekly every day. and once a week two or three special infornative films on matter of education, health, and industry. Clean. sparkling comedies as often as they could be found

Clear, steady projection.
Fifth. Suggestion boxes in the foyer, with blanks available on which patrons might write their comments upon the programs shown and present suggestions for better service.
Sixth. Coöperation with schools, churches, libraries, and public welfare institutions in their efforts to promote civic progress. The presentation of special films during campaigns, on holidays, and at the various seasons.
In conclusion, I would endeator so to manage my theater that it would be counted as a civic asset and would be patronized as such by the families of the city.

Cratiford Whefler.
Monument. Colorade

## No Vaudeville or Amateurs Here

IF I were runniny a neirhborhood theater 1 I would consider these two big essentials the foundation ior success. First- the selection of only hish-class pictures, and, second the faultless presentation of same by means of a perfect screen and up-to-date equipment in projection room. These two esentials should be combined with the following refinements:


## Enticing, Alluring, Fascinating Beauty

HERE is a complexion blessing for every woman whe values he: appearance. Just think of it - a dainty face powder cold creamed. Something new! Something different! A marvelous blend that enjoys the distiaction of a United States Government Basie Patent.

## MaMeda <br> Cold Creamed Powder

Use La Meda Cold Creamed Powder in the morning and you are sure of a soft, velvety smooth, powdered finish that lasts all day regardless of weather or perspiration. A skin eharm that gives no overdone or artificial suggestion.

While the rest of your friends are finding it hard to keep themselves presentable, you can look fresh and sweet at all tines, without continually dabbing with your powder puff.

La Meda Cold Creamed Powder is a really wonderful preparation of distinetive originalit! and merit. Scientifically correct. Made by a special process. Absolutely pure. The toilet requisite of exquisite refinement.

Any druggist or toilet counter anywhere can get La Meda Cold Creamed Powder for you or we will send it postpaid on receipt of 65 cents for a full size jar. Three tints-Flesh, White, Brunette.

# Send $12^{4}$ for Guest Size Jar 

## La Meda Mfg. Co., 103 E. Garfield Blvd., Chicago Please send handsome miniature test jar of LA MEDA

 Cold Creamed Powder in the tint. I enclose 10 cents silver and 2 c stamp for postage and paeking. (Or 12c stamps if more convenient.)Name
Address
I usually buy my toilet goods from


## GIVEN

## $\$ 20$

UKULEIE Kawaiian Gultar, Yiolin, Mandolin, - Guitar, Comet, Tenor Banjo or Banjo





 HALL \& RUCKIL, 112 Wawerly Mlace, New York

## How I Would Run a

## Theater

## (Concluded)

## Extra fine ventilation-even John Barry-

 more cannot hold the breathless attention of a yawning, headachy patronComfortable seats-wide enough that your neighbor's elbows will not encroach on your territory, and spaced far enougs bet seen rows so that your knees and fect wil not suffer as your neighbor goes pas! yuu to his eat.
Music closely interpretative of the ricture, yet nobtrusive, and distracting not one iota of the at*ention frcm the story or the screen.

Attractive lobly. The neighborhood theater must reflect hospitality and this should be most appa in is the lonby:

Difrerent garb fo ihe theatel winter and sur.mer. Mosi ut the pat"ons are "steady customers" and a change of whoings, lighting effects, etc., will hase a stimulating effect upon their interest. An unobirnsive perfume used throughout the theater gives a delightful and restful efiect.

Restraint in the use of advertising posters at the entrance would reflect good taste. A very few carefully chosen sheets, artistically framed, give an inviting appearance to a theater not 10 be obtained by placarding as though for a circus.

No amateur nights, or saudeville. The mixture of vaudeville and pictures is not satisfying, and as to amateur performancesthe only spectators who do not actually suffer are the relatives of the performers.

By considering patrons as quests, and training employees to be courteous, efficient, and hospitable, I believe a neighborhood theater conducted along these lines would be highly successful.

Vera W'illiamson
2523 Gettysburg Ave., Sawtelle, Calif.

## How a Little Girl Would Conduct a Theater

Of all the many movie houses in the United States, the ones which show the best pictures are the most popular.

The movie theater of niy dreams is not in the crowded streets of some large metropolis: it is in a remote town, in the western part of the continent, where the people are uneducated and without the means of cultivating the arts and sciences which are increasing around them.
Sufficient ventilation would make my theater comfortable in summer and winter. and according to the health laws, it would be considered a clean place. Tlain in desien and pleasing to the eye would be the interior decoration. I would employ the best of films to educate my patrons, while an electric piano would furnish an added attraction for those who loved music,

I would try, through my theater, to bring joy and happiness into some lonely cowboy's life and to lighten the monotonous labor of the western sirl.

Then, by way of educational adrantages. I would show twice a week, News Reels. tours, slow motion films, and any other showing the progres of the world.

How happy 1 would feel to know that my theater fimple and plain as it would be might be the foundation of a barge, thriving cits.

[^19]1000 liuena Vista St., San Antonio, 「exas.

# Ten Rules for Humor 

## The author of "Pigs Is

 Pigs" gives them for aspiring humorists.
## By

## ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER, author of "Pigs Is Pigs," "The Jack Knife Man," and other humorous stories, has Ten Rules of Humor as clearly defined as the Ten Commandments.
This fact became known the other day in Calitornia, where, with Mrs. Butler and all the little Butlers, four in number, he is enjoying the weather, writing a new novel, and overseeing preparation for the screening of his novel, "The Jack Knife Man," a First National attraction, for the picture rights of which King W. Vidor recently paid \$13,000.
"How do you make people laugh?" Mr. Butler was asked.
"We.l," said he, "y'know you can get just as big a laugh by poking a baby in the ribs as you can by composing the finest line in the world. There isn't much degree in laughter. Humor is largely mechanical. It has certain paces, rules, systems. All humor is merely a variation of these methods.
"Wit, however, is different and originates in the mind. Goethe once said that every bon mot he coined had at least $\$ 25$ worth of education, reading and knowledge behind it."

Mr. Butler outlined his Ten Rules of Humor as follows:
"The first Method of Humor is what I might call a breezy exaggeration. It predominates in American humor. It is an inflated chest expansion. You take something only slightly important and permit it to grow, to wax large, until it is extreme'y important. A slight variation from the normal, aggrandized, enlarged tremendously, is a sure-fire success. Mark Twain was fond of this style. I used it in my article "Movies Is Movies" in Photoplay for July.

Second, we have the use of the other Jerson's real or pretended ignorance. Almost all child humor is founded upon the child's ignorance of something we fully understand. International and rural bumor of various kinds emanate from this. Wrong use of words, or, even to go further, another person's faults or peculiarities, may be classed here.
"Third is what I call the naive mode, which Barrie so often employed in his early Scotch stories. By that I mean a seriousness, an alertness, about something that is really impossible, absurd or ridiculous. For example, I read a story just the other day about a postage stamp society which, at a meeting caled to deplore the unornamental designs of postage stamps, appointed 1 committee to do away with the plain stamp now in use in the United States and persuade the government to issue a series of stamps displaying the scenery of California. That is the height of naive humor.

Fourth is the ridiculous, the calling direct attention to something we consider impossible in connection with ourselves-the fat man, in the silk hat, on a slippery pavement for instance. This is probably not funny to fat men in silk hats on slippery pavements.
-Fifth. the repetition of something more (Concluded on page 123)


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Polly with a Past.
(Continued from page 69)
burst out, savagety: "Medtling wel gos- H1s face was troubled, but Polly laughed,
sips!" "But we want them to gossip, don't we?" she protested, her eyes rounding in their absurdly childish way.
"Of course," he conceded, hastily. "But do you know, little Polly, I'm afraid it's a rotten deal we're giving you!' ce her queer little nose-wrinkling grimace. "Never mind," she said, "ii it only bringe your dream and mine to pass!"
"Ves, that will make it worth while." he assented. but if Polly had been a little more observant, she might have felt a distinct lack of enthusiasm in his tone.


Rex. with a backward glanee at his friends, turned and walked beside her, audaciously downed as she was, to the conservatory.

They lingered over their colfee until a tall, rather angular young woman, beautifully: gowned, in a quiet sort of way, came up to them. She hasl a serious face and very deep, carnest eyes. "My dear Rex." she began, "where haze you been all day!" She turned to the wideiged Polly with kindly condescension. 'I am Myrtic Davis, one of Mr. Van Zile's oldest friends. And I wondered if you woukd not sing for us
Van Zite (rembled at the unexpectedness of this move liut bittle Polly remained guite calm. "If it will give pheasure, 1 shall be most glad," she said: and went with them both over to the litte sroup around them piano.

Introduced to this circle. Polly remembered her part and played it so well that the men were frankly captivated, the women almost as frankly shocked. A dashing, daring song slo sang, another one, still bolder then she stopped, with a litte shrug of her shoulders.
"This one I must not transhate," she said "Sour blunt Fenglish is defficle" for these things! You understand French, you men? Tres bonne!"
And then she caucht the look in Rex Van Zike's eyes and stopped, a little catch in her breath.
"Alter all," she said, "I will change my mind-like a woman! I slall sing a ballad $1^{1}$

Polly with a Past

## (Concluded)

Around her waist was a trating scart of some soft, shining stuff. She caught it up, now, and drew it deftly over her shoulders, covering her scrap of waist and jeweled shoulder straps, folding it into a quakerish tichu that transformed the briltiant siren into a quaint, country maiden. With a word to the accompanist, she lifted her face, fixed her eyes on far-off things and began to sing, in a voice of wistiul, tremulous sweetness, a simple, goodnight song, almo.t a hymn. And to all these men and women, as she sang, came memories trooping--white trundle beds; low-roofed rooms with the -un peeping through dormer windows; vitlages set in woodsy spots; tender, wrinkled mother-hands.
In the silence that followed, the turned with a little bow, gave her hand to Rex and slipped away. But not too soon to hear the voice of Myrtle Davis: "Quite a wonderful actress, is she not? We!l, Rex's uncle will be here tomorrow, and none too soon! The girl can be bought off, of course!"
Van Zife whirled, angrily; but Polly's small hand held him back.
"After alt, it is what I want! To be bought off! Two thousand dollars I shall ask. Then, my dream will beyin to come true. And as for yours-Miss Myrtle surely is interested now. Our little plan has succeeded admirably. Come, you promised me a long, quiet ride."
He did not trust himself to speak, just then. He helped her into the waiting car, took the wheel, and they were off, down a iairy trail of road sprinkled with dust of stars. On, on they went, out through the open country, while little Polly smiled and dreamed, and the moon laughed on ahead. At last, when the road ran down to the sea, they stopped, and the waves came up to meet them, singing of age and youth, of dreams and dangers, of sorrows and gladness, of death and life and love! And as they listened the wise old sea gave to both of them peace and wisdom and understanding.
"Little Polly," he said, softly, "my dream wasn't what I thought. I'm awake. And it's you I want,-just you! Could you love me, little Polly?"

The round child-eyes looked up, sweetened, deepened. The funny grimace crinkled the sweet. fair face. He bent, until her lips, fresh and fu!l and incredibly innocent were almost touched by his. Then-
"I meant to have you tove me!" sait demure little Polly.

## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 86)
them. But once the course of true love smooths out for him he is practically gone. In "Cupid the Cowpuncher," for instance, the early scenes are all but perfect. W'iliam is a good matchnaker-ior everyone but himself; a homely, humorous philosopher of the range, heart whole and fancy "ree. Then comes the rancher's pretty daughter, and "Cupid" falls. The beginning of this romance, too, is fine-so long as there is doubt as to the outcome. But pretty soon the story's ended before it is well besun by the plainly established preference of the crirl, and the attempt to pick it up again by having her decide she must go to New York and try for a career is only partially uccessful, and not at all reasonable. Depite this break, however, there are few as yood comedies to be seen these days as "Cupid the Cowpuncher": iew as rich in detail and incident, few with as well handled scenes as those of the medicine show and the
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lassocd Ford and misbty few with as many honest laughs in the titles. Helene Chadwick, who has talent as well as beauty, is the leading woman. Clarence Badger did the directing from an Edfrid Bingham scenario and an Eleanor Gates story

## TRUMPET ISLAND - Vitagraph

TRUMPET ISLAND" will be one of the Rarked about pictures of the tall and winter. It is easy to believe that Tom
Terriss and his cast spent months and endured all manner of hardships that this might be a super-feature in fact as well as in the advertising. The "air stuff," as the climax of which an airplane is sent hurtling through an electric storm and ends with a crash in the treetops of a lonely island, however it may have been obtained, is much the most realistic of any similar scenes to which we have been witness. The story is a Gouverneur Morris romance, which is sufficient to stamp it with a certain originality and charm, and the scenario and titles are by Mr. and Mrs. George Randolph Chester, which something of a guarantee of quality. A young girl, convent reared, falls in love with soldier boy back from the wars. Her father decrees, however, that she shall marry one of those withered roucs of the drama who can bring her wealth but no love. The soldier boy acquires sudden wealth and loses his head, and then seeks to recover his equilibrium by going to live on that good o!d abandoned island of the movic seas. The girl, dutifully agreeing to marry the roue on promise of being taken in an airplane on her wedding tour, from which she expects to dash herself to death, is eventually dropped at the boy's feet on "Trumpet Island," her memory gone but her sweet self miraculously preserved. Together the youngsters live through several happy weeks, and then they are found and threatened with a separation that you very well know never takes place. A big picture in the true sense, and an interesting picture, rich in adventure, not too extravagantly illogical and pictorially arresting. Marguerite de la Motte is an attractive heroine, Wallace MacDonald a plausable and likable hero.

## THE JACK-KNIFE MAN -Vidor-First National

THE family will indorse "The Jack-Knife Man." Mother and the girls will like it because it is homely and true and sympathetic. Father and the boys will approve because it is shot throush with bits of adventure on a Mississippi houseboat. There is wholesome comedy and a strain of senti-
ment that is not permitted to become cleap or maudlin, and what the sophisticated fanatic may dismiss as hokum is honest hokum. In addition to these commanding virtues it presents King Vidor at his atmospheric best in his treatment of Ellis Parker Butler's story: The scenes are effective, the landscapes beautiful, the rain a little thick but very real and the river shots tru: enough to suggest that they were taken along the shores of the old Father of Waters itself. The story suggests all the other stories of gentle old men brought into contact with the love of a child. Peter Litne, something better than a tramp, considerably less than " Eentleman, falls heir to "luddy," the four-year-old offspring of a careless lady who dies while she is escaping from a life of which she has grown weary. The little fellow shuggles down close to the ehd genteman: luart and when the authoritios, represented by an avaricious agete of a home finding so
mures and likewise decamps. To amuse the boy he whittes toys for him out of soft pine ticks and is happy-until "Booze comes along. "Booge" is another ne er-dowell with the true paternal spirit, and Peter's jealousy of Buddy's love fior him is both pathetic and amusing. The ending sees all parties to the adventure happy, with leter marrying a widow lady that he may have a real home for the boy and "Booze" taking again to the open road. Tbe cazt is beaded by Fred Turner, whose characterization of Peter is excellent. Harry. Todd, an cqually good Booge and Bobby Kelso as the boy. Florence Vidor and Lillian Leighton lend capable support.

## THE PERFECT WOMAN First National

YOU can always depend upon the Jobn Emerson family, the other sixty per cent of which is Anita Loos, for an idea. And upon Constance Talmadge for the carrying out of an idea, if she bas even a little help from ber director. But you can't always depend upon the idea lasting througb six reels of snappy comedy. "The Perfect Woman" has a wonderful beginning. The most attractive Mary Blake, determined to become the secretary of James Stanhope, whom she admires extravagantly, applies for the place and is rejected as ranking somewhere in the zero class, according to the tests of cbaracter applied by the Stanhope expert. Buying a textbook on character development Mary determines to reverse the decision. She slicks back her bair, sticks out her chin, bides her laughing eyes behind horn-rimmed spectacles and goes back for the job. This time the same expert reports her 100 per cent the perfect woman and sbe is engaged. Follows a rush into farce, with tbree camera bolshevists threatening Stanbope, and Mary vamping each of them into forgetfulness preparatory to knocking bim senseless with a statuette and packing him away in a clothespress. There is some fun in this scene, and the titles, as usual, help a lot, but it is not nearly so good as the opening scene promised. Good-natured Constance doesn't care, however, whether the idea holds up or not. She goes skipping through the scenes with the most attractively nonchalant comedy method the screen knows, and getting the most she can out of every shot. Charles Meredith is the leading man, and David Kirkland did tbe directing.

## CROOKED STREETS - <br> Paramount Artcraft

CROOKED STREETS" is a baly travclogue with a man's story added. Most of the scenes are supposed to have been taken in Shanghai, China, and by cutting in little sections of the actual Shanshai and matching them skillfully with the studio scenes an unusually convincing sense of atmospheric location is obtained. The development of the atmosphere, as a mitter of fact, is considerably better than the development of the story, which is slow in starting and frequently blurry. In this one Ethel Clayton is a secretarial young person who applics and obtains a job with an importer of antiques. She accompanies him to Shanghai and there decides to inaugurate a tour of inspection of the city's slums during which she shall be unaccompranied. A foolish decision that plainly foreshadows a surprise finish. Inuring her visit to the slums she is insulted by a huge French sailor and defended by a smaller but more intenser Englisluman. The two agree to fight for the (Conlinucd on page 112)

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## DHOTOPL.AY MaGiMZNE- IDNERTISING SECTION



## The Shadow Stage <br> (Continued from page 110)

possession of Ethel, and the resulting bout is, for all its familiar features, both pictorially and dramatically one of the best of the last cighteen or twenty similar seenes we have seen in movieland. There is a real interes in the outcome, and a well sustained suspense In the end Ethel reveals herself as quite different sort of secretary than anyone sus
pected, and the Englishman proves to b British Secret Service agent worthy of any heroine's admiration. Jack Holt, who con Linues to improve as actor and plausible hero plays the English chap, Frederick Starr is xcellent as the sailor, and Miss Clayton is an agreeable heroine.

THE WHITE MOLL-Fox

THE Pearl White fans, than whom, I un1 derstand, there are none fannier, are going to enthuse over "The White Moll!" It is the serial queen in ten reels in place of forty, and it can all be seen at a single sitting. It is the first appearance of Miss White as the heroine of a feature picture Usually she has been left from week to week hanging by her eloquent cyebrows to the skylight above the villain's den, or suspended over the cauldron of boiling oil, or just on the point of shooting a succession of holes through the miserable carcass of old man Nemesis. But in "The White Moll" she starts and she completes her portion of the evening's entertainment without interruption Her adventures are much the same as they have been in the serials, but the story is a better story than most and the settings and direction are much above the average. The heroine in this instance is a girl of the underworld who is led to reform when her father, a master crook, is shot and killed while trying to rob the poor box of a church The girl's repentance is sufficiently sincere to inspire a wealthy man to finance her as a settlement worker. As "The White Moll" she circulates among her former pals, and though she labors earnestly to convince them that crime doesn't pay, she never "squeals" on them to the police. Her chief adventure concerns her efforts to prevent the leader of a gang from dragging a released convict who wants to go straight back into crime. It is an exciting story and holds well together in the scenario prepared by E. Lloyd Sheldon from a Frank L. Packard original. Mis White is convincing, a courageous and fre quently a very pretty heroine, and her serial experiences have developed her sense of melodrama. She is most ably supported by Richard Travers, Thornton Baston, Walter Lewis and Eva Gordon, and Harry Millarde" direction is excellent.

WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES-Paramount-Artcraft


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## The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

A DARK LANTERN — Realart

$I^{\text {T }}$T is a turgid sort of romance that is unfolded in "A Dark Lantern," adapted from a novel by Elizabeth Robins. Alice Brady wears some beautiful clothes but even the most modern fashions cannot disguise the fact that this is an old-fashioned story. What modern girl falls in love with a Balkan prince? What modern girl suffers a nervous breakdown because she is disappointed in love? The picture is the sort that is devoted mostly to conversation about obscure problems and you come out wishing that the whole cast had dashed over a cliff in an automobile. James Crane is Alice Brady's leading man. The author says that he has a face like a dark lantern, from whence comes the name of the story.

## THE GREAT REDEEMER - Metro

"THE Great Redeemer" is one of the new pictures that is really worth seeing. In spite of a conventional melodramatic beginning and a rather cheap and weak ending, the picture achieves a certain dignity and distinction. H. H. Van Loan is said to have taken the story from real life. Briefly it tells of a bandit who is serving his term in a state penitentiary. Near him is a murderer who, facing death, refuses the consolations of religion and hurls the Bible from his cell. The bandit picks up the Bible and in it he finds a painting of the crucifixion. Having some skill as an artist, he copies it on the wall. In the dead of night, the living Christ takes the place of the painted figure. The murderer goes to his death at peace with his Maker and the bandit goes back to the world, a man with a soul.

The production was directed by Clarence Brown under the supervision of Maurice Tourneur. For the most part it is fine and sincere and beautifully acted. House Peters, as the bandit, and Joseph Singleton, as the murderer, have moments of inspiration. Marjorie Daw brings real feeling to a conventional role. "The Great Reedemer," like "The Miracle Man" and "Earthbound," proves that religion, properly presented, is a stronger theme than sex.

## IN FOLLY'S TRAIL—Universal

CARMEL MEYERS returns to the screen "In Folly's Trail," which isn't meant to be a joke. The picture tells a trite little story of an artist and his "inspiration." Except for the attractive presence of Miss Meyers and some pretty settings, it is just an "evening killer." Thomas Holding, a good actor, is leading man.

## HER HONOR THE MAYOR - Fox

$I^{1}$T is a short-sighted policy that selects a I poor vehicle for a new star. Eileen Percy is the star. We don't know why. But then again we don't know why not. Anyway, "Her Honor the Mayor" was adapted from a weak and foolish stage play and it is no better on the screen. Outside of that, Miss Percy is welcome to her front row seat.

## THE POOR SIMP-Selznick

OEN MOORE plays another "silly ass" role in "The Poor Simp." It isn't a dazzling comedy and the humor doesn't exactly gush up as a gift from nature, but still Mr. Moore is funny as the man who is a hopeless nut until he is forced to fight. And then he tears to it and gets a lot of pleasure out of it. Nell Craig, who has been off the screen for a long time, is Mr. Moore's leading woman.


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## The Shadow Stage MARY'SATTIC - Finearts

WH.AT burlesque shows are to the theater pictures of the " $\mathrm{C} p$ in Mary's Attie type are to the screen. Their public is that which is attracted by the appearance of a diving gerl in a one piece suit-and more numerously attracted by a row of diving girls in everal une-piece -uits. The adventures of Mary in thin in-tance are merely an excuse to introduce the zirls in the symnasium of her college, and though the comedy peg is legitimate enoush-has ing to rlo with Mary"s attempt to conceal the fact that the is married to the athletic director nd the mother of his months-old baby-it is cmpluyed to eive the slap-tick boys and the pursuing comedian: who fall over everything n sight, including themselves, a chance to rerform. It is, to employ an ancient illu:traion, exactly the kind of picture you wibl enoy if you enjoy that kind of pitture Howard Donaldson wrote it, W. H. Watson directed it, Jane Novak and Harry Gribbod play its principal roles. The bathing suitform a fitting background.

## By Photoplay Editors

## LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER Paramount

APICTURE that would have appealed in maiden ladies of the mid-victorian $\mathrm{pt}^{-}$ riod is this latest vehicle of Elsie Fercusun It is from a story by Mrs. Humphry Warl and it is very, very English-that i. we eu) pose it is English. It has a crochety old Lady, ard a wicked Captain with a mustache and medals, anci a good young Lord, and Elsie. Elsie has to pay, and pay, and pily, because twice in the first part of the picture she ran away irom her husb:inds-she play her own mother and grandmother. you understand. She really feels badly about it, poor dear, and heaves, and blinks her eyes. and finally takes poison. It doesn't kill her: just makes her realize what a good sort the young Lord is, iffter all, and what a blasted blackguard the fortune-hunting Captain. He dies. Since he was well played by Divid Powell, we were sorry. Hugh ford has done nothing in his direction to help things along. Burns Mantle is blaned for the scenario but we believe the original fault goes back farther than that. Whower thought this story would make a good picture ought to be made to sit through it

## THE LOVE FLOWER Griffith United Artists

FIJE suare dyo Duvid Wark Crumith hept his own counsel and made "The Burth of a Niation " Todry be takes double-page advertiements in the Eaturday Evening Post to tell about "The Love Flower" This new Grifith release is, admittedly. ot "-hort story": it makes no pretenstons to preablnes ${ }^{1}$ But even so it is not Griilth lt might have been done by any one of our leser director It las beautiful moments in photograplis. . - lecart-throb or two. a bit oi young love It has vigue references to "the Law" On the other land it has no real dram.a, -mill uponte is is u-u.al in the later ciriftith is bays, we h.we a carciul introduction to our pincipals: it panseaking planting of at mowphere-and then, for three reels, nothome Nothinge, that is but sume gorseous ceeners and one gorecous eirl lf Mr Crilitl wishes us to become well acquanted with h latest discovery he will not be disappointed Wi. have -ech Carol Deimpster dirough the moty closerup and under water: we have wen her outlined rgain-t the sky, the wind


Makes
stubborn hair casy to comb, neat and attractive


Miss Betty Parker

## The Shadow Stage

 (Continuted)whipping her fllmy costume about her. We have secn her one expression for love, hate, fear, and the other cardinal emotions. As an actress Miss Dempster is an excellent highdiver. But she may have doubled; we never thought of that. There is one thing to be thankful for: the villain, such as lhe is, does not desire the heroine. He confines himself to hounding her father, who is finely drawn by George McQuarric. Richard Barthelmess plays a young man of wealth who is sailing round the world looking for adventure. Does he find it? Perhaps not-but he has an opportunity to win Carol and many close-ups. Griffith really went to a southorn isle to get atmosphere for this, but his "Broken Blossoms," made in Holly wood, had more of the breath of the Orient than this has of the South Seas. That delicacy and poctry he used to give us are absent. You will go to see it; perhaps you will be entertained. But in a year whict also presents "Earthbound" it will make no great impression.

## LITTLE MISS REBELLION Paramount Artcraft

LONG. long ago we cherished a hope that sometime they would let Dorothy Gish play a real girl again. Every time we see a new D. Gish picture, that hope goes glimmering. It went out altogether during this one-the story of a pigeon-toed princess of a mythical kingdom overthrown by the bolshevists-it's bad enough to read about them in the newspapers every day without having their make-believe activities thrust upon you. And we can't help but think that the real article doesn't strut and pose like George Siegmann, here, as the chief bolsbevist. There are several moments when you'll laugh, and laugh-that's Dorothy. Others when you'll want to have a good cry -that's the plot. Ralph Graves, the mosi beautiful boy in pictures, plays the lead. Let's do something about Dorothy. Sign a petition or something. One more like this and-goodnight, Gish.

## IF I WERE A KING-Fox

WLlutam fox walked right into the King," for Justin Huntly McCarthy's story calls for the sort of odds-bodkins atmosphere that the wise ones say will not do on the screen. For his bravery Mr. Fox is being rewarded with success. The public likes a change and "If I Were King" furnishes the ploper relief from modern, realistic dramas. Mr. McCarthy's novel has been filmed with spectacular dash. The picture has enough big scenes to satisfy the most greedy. J. Gordon Edward's direction is adequate without being inspired. You never get the impression of seeing the France of Louis the Eleventh, but you do feel that you are witnessing an excellent reproduction of the times.
The adventures of Francois Villon, the vagabond poet, have been too sufficiently well celebrated in song and story and by E. H. Sothern, to need recounting. In fact, he is one of the truest and most real of romantic figures. There is whimsy and humor in the tale of his meeting with the King and there is romance in his winning of Catherine.

To speak frankly about William Farnum's performance of the role, we think that the part should have been intrusted to a younger and slimmer actor. But to be strictly fair to Mr. Farnum, he knows his business and his long stage experience has given him a certain ease and poise in a part that demands virtuosity. Betty Ross Clarke is a charming, although placid, heroine while Fritz Licber gives an impressive picture of the king.


## Talk With Your Favorite Screen Stars!

How often have you wislied, after seeing Anita Stewart in her wonderful pictures, that you might have a little chat with her? or with Clara Kimball Young or Bert Lytell or dozens of others of your favorite stars? How often have you longed for an autographed photo that you could keep for all thme?
Now you can have, in your own home, the answer to both your wishes. Your favorite star will talk to YOU on your own phonograph, through the

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(3) Arautograph; (4) An intimate ch

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and send the list with the coupon. Do rot wait until you

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Enclosed find \$1. for which please send me the three TALK-O-PHOTOS checked below.

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| :---: | :---: |
| No. 60 | "1 Wish 1 Were a Hcro" by William Russell |
| No. 74 | "Happiness" <br> by Gloria Swanson |
| No. 79 | "Girls I Have Loved" by Lew Cody |
| No. 80 | "My Prize Love Letter" by Clara Kimball Young |
| No. 81 | "My Ambitions" hy Anita Stcwart |
| No. 82 | "Who Would Change Places with Me" by Mildred Harris Chaplin |
| No. 83 | "The Vision" by Bert Lytell |
| No. 90 | "My Real Self" by Mae Murray |
| No. 91 | "How to Become a Star" by David Powell |

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in bralutirul hall production, all of out
rich values in Xmas Gifts, Tells aetly he hu
vantuse tial cre

## The Shadow Stage

## (ontmued)

THE WHITE RIDER - Masterpicio
 Rider" is brother Joe, who is a mere作, he can do stunts and in thi picture he seems set on breaking his neck
The thrill provided by voung brother art the only things in the piture that will makt you glad you partell with your dime and war tax. IJilecen Sedgwick

## LOVE MADNESS -

J. Parker Reid-Hodkinson
$A$ \#D stil we have another picure with not tarred because Louite Glaum is the ady in electric lights. C. Gardner Sullivan wrote the story and it is a good one, once you have forgoten the hectic title. It provides Miss Glaum with an angel-and-devi role. She is a good woman who turns vampire to save her husband who is on the brink of being hanged as a murderer. The story keeps you interested and it is spiendidiy acted ind presented

## AN ARABIAN KNIGHT-

## Robertson-Cole

$T$ His is an improvement over previous pictures starring Sessue Hayakawa be cause it gives the Japanese actor a real
chance at character drawing. He is seen as a lying, likable Arab who is mistaken for the re-incarnated soul-mate of a rich American spinster. The melodrama is routine but the humor has the Havor of the Oriental fairy stories.

BRIDE ${ }_{13}$-Fox
W YOOF! Woof! oh, to fly even higher in Whigher criticism, Bow! Bow! Here is William Fox's very first serial. Although the reviewer only saw the first five episodes, it is casy to tell that the plot is a hardy one that will have to be killed with a club in the fifteenth chapter. The serial is all about a gang of piralces, the United States .ary
and the glory of American womanhood. A in all pictures of this kind, the character are just sheer nuts. But if you love dealh defying feats of unparalleled heroism, then you will rush through dinner on Saturday fight to go sec "Bride 13." Marsucrit Clayton and Jack OBrien play the leading but

CONVICT 13 -- Metric
W HiLE we are on the subject of unluck) Convict I3." It isn't a serial, it is merel? two-reel comedy, but it is so bright and "Buster" Keaton has something of Wiflat Collier's gift oi humor plus a wonderiul athily ior clowning. The burlesque woli nasty club
THE LITTLE W ANDERER - FOX


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 Deafness


Perfect hearing is now being re stored in every condition ot deafness or defective heanng from mess Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds. Perforated Drums, Dischargefrom Ears, etc. Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears"' require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple wheres, which the wearer easily fits intomfortable. Write foday for Ourl 168 page FREE book on DEAF. UESS. giving you full particulars and testimonials. WI'SOI' EAR DRUM CO.. Incorporated 064 inter-Southera Blds. LOUISVILLE, k と

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# The Shadow Stage (Concluded) 

## A CHORUS GIRL'S ROMANCEMetro

$F$ SCOTT FITZGERALD'S story has an $F$. original idea and so the author can't be blamed if the picture is not better than it is. It presents, however, two human beings. One of them is a shimmy dancer and the other is a young student, a mental prodigy. This strange romance of "head and shoulders" is presented with humor and feeling. Viola Dana drops her obvious funmaking and gives a good straight performance while the acting of Gareth Hughes is so excellent we wonder why film producers aren't better acquainted with him.

## Kid McCoy Gives <br> a Temperance <br> Lecture

KID McCOY is pretty well known to photoplay patrons. Sometimes he is announced under the ring monicker which he wore while he swatted his way to early fame; in very dignified shadow passages he has occasionally been catalogued according to his christening, Norman Selby.

People have borrowed his celebrity at various times, but he had to wait until last month, in California's Venice, to have anyone actually borrow-and get away withhis fistic prowess.

Among his admirers was an anemic little fellow, with ten times as much money as health, who became a protegé of the Kid's while in the Southland searching for muscles and lungs. Visiting the famous film resort, "The Ship," the protegé slyly dragged a bottle from his hip and in a very few minutes was much more than halfseas over. This was too much for McCoy's system of physical reconstruction, and he promptly seized his subject by the hand and led him, unresisting in the iron grip, toward the door. The check-room for hats and coats abutted on the dance floor, and without meaning to do it, the little fellow jostled a burly chap fox-trotting with his partner. The burly one stopped dancing and roaringly demanded an apology. McCoy explained, for his patient was now somewhat incoherent.
"Who asked you to butt in?" bellowed the big one. And not recognizing at all the man he addressed, he continued: "If you really want to mis in this I ain't at dll unwillin!!"
"Now be a good little fellow, and run right along selling your papers," grinned McCoy, half-turning away.

For answer the giant gave McCoy a resounding open-handed slap on the cheek, audible all over the room.

[^22]
# Thousands of Women 

Have Restored the Natural Color of Their Hair


## Women No Longer Hesitate

Gray hairs are the first telltale sign of age. Yet they are often premature.

Women have long suffered their hair to become gray because they did not want to use greasy, distasteful dyes.

Now women no longer hesitate. For science has discovered the way to end gray hairs without resorting to the old-time, crude dyes.

It has given to women this scientific hair color restorer. In from four to eight days it restores gray hair to its natural color.

Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer has proved itself in hundreds of laboratory tests and to thousands of women. Leading hair dressers and beauty specialists use it.

This scientific hair color restorer is a clear, colorless liquid. It is pure and clean as water. And is applied simply by combing it through the hair. It doesn't interfere with shampooing, nor with curling and dressing, as usual. And will not fade or wash off.

In from 4 to 8 days every gray hair will be gone.

## (D) (cirvicy gorthmanis Scientific Hair Color Restorer

## This Test Convinces

Women now use Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer with as little reserve as the powder they use daily.

However, we want women to first be convinced of the wonderful results of this scientific hair color restorer. And to know the pleasure of using it.

Our method is to offer free a trial bottle and special comb. Try this on a single lock of your hair. Note the results. How easily it is applied. And how it differs from dyes.

Cut out the coupon now. Simply mark the exact color of your hair. Or better still enclose a lock of your hair.

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Hundreds of American homes know this day as

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## The

## 1) nudential

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home office


Yes, I was born in Sweden, 'he admited Where were you born?
"Texas," I confesserl
"You know I worked in a picture in Texas," she voluntecrell "It was Rex Beach's 'Heart of the Sun-et.' I lowed the border and the great desert spaces. Oh, those rides over the mesas, and the ranches and wonderful suncets

The desert was very dry, hot and deserted though. All it neederl was water and good society.

That's all hell needs, ma'am," I said be fore I thought how bad it sounded. Over whelmed by con-
fusion I retired hehind my hat, but she laughed tizht politely. Seeing that I was speechless Miss Anna Q. came to my rescue.
"How do you like moving yictures?" she ask $\because d$, with a quaint touch of original ity.
"Not so bad," I answered. "Evervbody has to fall for them. Even old Hank Lailllaw."
"Who was Hank and how did he fall?" she queried.
"Hank was the meanest man west of the Pecos, and one of the richest," I told her. "Got his start hiring a bunch of Mexicans to haul wood to the railroad and paying them half of the wood for their work and the use of their teams.

Never was known to overlook a dollar or
 get beat in a trade. Used to charge the prairie dogs rent for their holes Owned is big ranch and fed his cowboys on jack rabbits. In the morning he'd send the hands out before breakfast with three rocks and if they didn't come back with two rabbits they got fired.
"In this way he piled up a stack oi money so high it would take a run to jump over it. One summer he went to El Pilso io do hi winter drinkin' before the fall round up, and there trouble followed him.
"Siw a moving-picture conusany workin and got kind of hypnotizel with the ided Hired the whole outtit and brousht them back to the ranch to get rich quick He harl a hishly original idea. Wanted to produce Shotewperare's dram:a in cowboy co-tume Thought the public wanted novelty
"Six months latur be wat busted body is liable to tall for the pictures

As I talked my eyes had been sooutina arouncl the room it was different from the usual ranch of a movie lady- "There want a Pckingese pup on the place nor a picture of Miss Ditsson on the watts Boots lined the room and I discosered that mose of thent were in foreign languages.
Whon 1 asked her she almitted that the spoke German, French, her matere Scandina sian, ind of cuturec linglish
thought I'd better vo. on her hat and picking up her parasol. though I hated to disappoint her. mighty proud. came to Forty-second street -e her again 1 da-lied after her Lund for ?" my rexpr. tiones: them questions written on 1 thingle

How many languages do you speak ${ }^{2 \cdot}$ she questioned.
"Five," I boasted, not wantinz in be outiopped by a lady, "Tagalon. Japane-c. pis con Chine-ic, Chihuahua Spani-h and -ome Enclith.

When we lir=t landed on thi side from the other sifle, she was sctected by the artist Penrhyn Stanlaws as the mozt beautiful American girl. From posing as a poster girl she went to the old Kalem company and stayed there four year:
I ain't well posted on the biosraphy of pictures so I mufied most of the names of the photoplays -he made famou: One I remember -ceing in San Antonio once was called "The Auction of Sout:." It was all about the time the Armenians were massacred by the Turks, an! the Kurds and Wheys.
"What are your plans for future work?" I asked. That's alway a good question when you re lowk ing for information and knowl edge.
"They are rath er vague," she confided "I'll tell you a secret, how ever. There is a probability of my returning to the stage for a time I am considerin" an ofier to appear in a Broadway production now Oi course I will never desert the picturces alto gether."

For sonse time she had heen zlancing at her wrist watch, : O I
"Please don't hurry;" she pleaded. putting
"Sorry, but I muit go," I insisted, al
So we rambled down stairs and the invited me to ride to Forty-second street in her car First thing I knew there I was tloating down Fifth Avenue, sitting right beside Miss Anna Q. where anybody could sce me. I felt

Alas, all too soon, as the authors shy W.
Sadly I watched her enter the buld ink and step into the elevator. I was addened hy the thousht that perhaps I misht never
Juat then I found that crarette parmer with the questions on it Wavins it wildls
"Just a minute," I bespeched. "Tell me what does that C in the middle of your name
"It means Qurrientia." she shouted back
"Are you married?" I yelled, referring to
But the answer was loat in the elewater shot up into the rauted gloom of the upper

If I exer -ce her asam I'm gome whor

## How To Hold Him

(Continued from page 47)
Most men are vamped by some woman not nearly as attractive as their wives. Wives ought to be smart enough to deduce from this that it's because they don't play their cards right. The history of war shows that a strategic general with a few men often defeats superior forces.

But the great thing-the ever, all important thing for every wife to remember is this-men are always disarmed, controlled, won-by flattery. It is the one thing they never outgrow-the one thing they are never proof against-the one thing that they never learn to combat even when they desire. It's impossible to give them too much.

Men can resist everything except temptation. And it's "no disgrace to run when you're scared." Take a little trip with him -manage a vacation, go away from the scene of disaster.
Serenity is the jewel in the crown of womanhood.

Remember I am writing all this for wives. I am not saying it is as it should be. But it is as it is. I'm not writing a defense of wives nor a condemnation of husbands. One could do that, too. I am simply telling you a few of the things I have learned in studying women and men and the world.

But as I said in the beginning, marriage is a woman's game. If she doesn't like it, let her stay single. But if she marries, she must accept the fact that the responsibility for its success is 99 per cent on her shoulders.

## The Movie Broncho By JOHN ARBUTHNOTT

IM the pinto
You see in the Pictures.
I'm the double-cinched goat
That the she-star mounts
And rides like a Spring-Bok
To reach-(O Gawd, is there time?) -
The Governor's home,
Before some Hank in hair-pants
Gets the noose in the neck.
That's what I've come to-
But a time there was
When I unraveled a mile
In a shade over three,
And a seven-barred gate
Was fun to me,
But, hully-gee,
Those good days went
When they made me into a ferry-boat
For Breeds and Moors and Mexicans
And Arab Chiefs and Texicans!
I'm a mattress now for their tumbling stunts;
I'm a target now for their pistol blanks,
And a racing mate for the old Way Freight;
I'm a back-drop now for the Cupid stuff,
And a balustrade for the Hero bluff;
And at every mile
There's a worried boob with the same black box,
And all the while
There's a clicking sound that gives me shocks,
As I'm straddled by stiffs and jerked up short,
And loaded with ladies in dire distress,
And confronted by Sheriffs with leveled gats,
And sent racing up in the nick of time
To save the Blonde from the Outlaw Bird.
I'm beginning to wish
That these poor fish
Could get a touch
Ot what, by gol,
I'm proud to call
Horse-Sense!


## Hermo "Hair-Lustr"

is the secret of the well-dressed hair of the most brilliant stars of the Stage and Screen. A Harmless, Greaseless, Stainless preparation, beautifies and benefits the hair and scalp. Gives to the hair that beautiful, soft, glossy, well-groomed appearance so necessary to Stage and Screen stars and to men and women of refinement. Hermo "Hair-Lustr" does away with mussy, stubborn, untidy looking hair. Preserves and beautifies it.

## For Men, Women, Children

Hermo "Hair-Lustr" can be used by the entire family because it is absolutely harmless, is beneficial to the hair and scalp. Wiry hair becomes soft and silky. Enables everyone to wear their hair in the most becoming style.

## Guaranteed Harmless

Greaseless, Stainless. Use Hermo "IIair-Lustr" 5 days. If you are not delighted with it we will cheerfully refund your money in full. Once you use Hermo "Hair-Lustr" we know you will never be without it again.

## Two Sizes 50c and \$1 at Your Dealers

If your dealer can't supply you we will send it direct, prepaid upon receipt of price. Get your bottle of Hermo "Hair-Lustr" today without fail. Thousands sold daily. Remember your money back if dissatisfied.
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Always say "Bayeı" and insist upon a "Bayer package"


The "Bayer Cross" on Aspirin tablets silver. Both mean Genuine!
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"Bayer package." Be sure the "Bayer Cross" is on package and on tablets. Then you are getting the genuine Aspirin preseribed by physicians for over eightcen years.


Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few eents-Larger packages.
Aspirin le the trade mark of Izayer Manufacture of Monoacoticacidester of Sallcylicacla


Kill The Hair Root

The Parasites of the Fifth Industry
widows, orphass, waitroses, stenugraphers and other wage-earners of their savings.

Thee Po-t Uffice Inspector throughout the country are busy trying to keep flaudulent advertiements and circular: out of the mats.

Advertl-ing as-uctations having for their object the exposing of untruthful advertiements in the press divide their time between the oil and the movic fakers whom they are trying to chase out of the advertiang col umns of newsaper and magazine:

The bone:t motion picture companies are by far the heaviest individual loser- Their losses are he vier than those of the persons who give their cash to the fakers. The latter lose only their money. But the reputa tion and credit of every reputable motion picture producer and exhibitor suffer evers time a movie bubble bursts and the detals of the robbery of women, children and wage earners comes to light.

Photoplay has undertaken to expoee some of these parastes of the motion picture industry. It promise to be a messy and rather in unpleasint job But somebody has to do it. It has got to be done. This maga zine is fairly conversant with the motion pic ture industry since its inception. It is Photoplay's business to know what is going on in the moving picture world.
But Photoplis does not know of a single instance of a company. promoted by popuar subscription through circulars, newspaper and magazine advert.sements, that has eier paid one cent of ditidend. Vor does Photoplis know of a single company thus promoted that has paid back one cent of the capital And dlhough the editors of Photoplay knoz most of the leaders in the motion p.cture indulty, they know of no person who has eier heard of a company, promoted through popular subicription, that has made

Ind why should the percentage of tallure:
Because the motion picture industry is an Because it is so highly technical. Because it requires high-sataried directors, highsalaried actors and writers, and to operate and capitalize this combination of artistic skill and the bighly complex mechanics of film production, the motion picture cratt re quirs hard-heated financiers and experienced distributors of the inished product.
-But, sas the promoters. Wall sireet and the great masters of finance in this land of great financiers are investing in the
novies.
Well. Wiall Strect ha- been known to gamble in the past. Our big fimanecers are not bove taking a chance with their coin. But When they sit in a same. they examine the cards and the chips, and before they take hand they learn sonothing about the same
The bis banking houre of 1 Wall Street a
in the movies, but before they invested ent they caretully sudited the books of the companies in which they invested, and when they dhe inver the sent along their own tru-ted representative to look efter their money bars. Will stect has invected in a fen of the enundey of the motion pieture cimpanter but only after W $\begin{aligned} & \text { all sirect hat }\end{aligned}$ looked into every nook and corner of said omplanics:
Moreover the beg hankine houece whet have insered in motion pecture companie
cipect no dmazing protits for the ver! sim
ple reason that the motem picture inilu-tr

There are few nullionaires who hase numb
There are tew mullomases who hate mate
meir money in the business. One pieter

## The Parasites of the Fifth Industry <br> (Concluded)

may reap a fortune, but the next one lose half of it. The third picture eats up one half of what remains, and at the end of the year, the producing company officers pat ihemselves on their weary backs if their books show a net profit of seven er eight or ien per cent. on the capital invested.
As we pointed out in the beginning of this article, the promoters of motion picture companies who seek financial support from the public always harp on the great individual -uccesses of filmdom and never mention the failures. They always cite the case of "The Birth of a Nation." Now "The Birth of a Nation" was produced by a company which has never produced any other picture. To David Wark Griffith's genius and the genius of his well chosen assistants the phenomenal success of this film epic was largely due.
But the stock promoters neve: mention Triangle Films, which gave us sume excellent screen dramas, but failed. nevertheless, to live up to the glowing advertisements on which its stock was sold. Instead of the brilliant promises made to investors, Triangle stock is now Houndering in the market at less than fifty cents a share.
In its next issue. Photoplay will offer its readers some concrete examples of motion picture companies which have cost the public dearly in cash. Photoplay believes in a square deal for all engaged in this great industry, having no financial interest in any motion picture compeny. In these days of high cost of paper, the publishing business is not the easiest in the world. but it is a whole lot safer than the motion picture business.
In the meantime, if your curiosity is tickled beyond endurance, if some hypnotic motion picture promoter should get a conversational half-. Kel son on you, and pour into your ears the magic tale of gold to be minted in the movies. just break away for a few minutes. Extract from your pocket-book two red copper pennies, invest them in a postage stamp and write Photoplat for advict.

## Loves of a Leading Man

## THE women I have loved-in pictures

There was Dorothy who loved the parts of the thwarted virgin. She fancied herself quite in love with me (modest me!) but when we came to write finis, she scorned me and said I was a weakling and a clinging vine, whereas I should be the sturdy oak. 1 left her unashamed
Came then fair Lady Lydia who loved the luscious things of life and who delighted in pictures of the tiger-skin, the divan with lemon coloured moiree, and silver lanterns and pomegranates. At the end she wept and said I was a good sport. For which I did not care, since there are so many of them.
And the de'ightful V'irginia. Dear girl, she flattered me and said I was a waster and a roue. I was only twenty-seven and who ever heard of a rouc, I ask you, at that tender age? . . She said, when I kissed her farewell beneath the stars, that I would never forget her. What man ever does forget any woman he has kissed?
Came Camille!!! .. Exquisite as pain; cruel as Herod; cold as a winter dawn; intoxicating as crimson wine; clean as crestal and chaste as Diana. whispered good-byes, she said: "I ou haver been a perfect gentleman!". . . I can never forgive her.
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Winter Clothes

## (Concluded from page 52)

run around the table at just the rizht distance to support the chairs. One of the innumerable clever touches in this house is the insertion of mirrors in the paneled walls, at the right spot to give a reflection of the opposite room and thus enhance decidedly the desired effect of space.
If your table lamps are too bright for working or reading by during the winter evenings, there is a clever convenience now in the way of tiny Japanese screens that break the lizht sufficiently for comfort. These pretty screens are made in just the right height to set about a table lamp and in colors to harmonize with any room.
A girl I know recently inherited a lot of that golden oak furniture that is an abomination in the sight of the Lord. Moreover, it came just at the time when she was planning on furnishing a tiny apartment for herself and having visions of a few nice bits of mahogany. Well, the golden oak arrived and the girl pluckily gave up ber dreams of mahogany and set to work with a puint brush. Two coats of dull black paint worked wonders on that stuff. Then a stencil pattern was brought into play, and glass knobs used in place of brass handles. The resule was one of the prettiest apartments that you can imagine, the dull black furniture and soft yellow curtains harmonizing beautifully. Iellow curtains, I would like to add, are the best color for a north room. In this way you make your own sunshine and may laugh at dark days.
If you kept your eves open during your summer trip I am sure you must have brought back some notable additions for your home. In spite of the talk that our country people make nothing distinctive, you will find plenty of things that are unique and lovely. Go out far enough among the farm houses and you will find braided rugs that will be lovely in your bed rooms. Patchwork quilts may also be had, and if your vacation took you south, you will find lovely examples of handwoven materials for curtains, table covers and rugs. The Southwest will give you Indian pottery in many patterns and colors, while there is still pewter and bits of brass to be had in out of the way corners, if one searches.
With the present prices of everything relating to the home. the wise housckecper who is getting ready for the winter months will study the matter of reducing her electric lighe bills. This can be efifectively accomplished by supplying two sizes of light bulbs. For a general illumination in halls, closets and other overhead lighting use ten-watt bulbs. Then for reading lamps, or where you want other strong light, use fifty or seventy-five watt lights. loull be surprised what a difference this makes in your light bills.
But no matter where else you save about the house, I hope you'll be exiravagant about one thing-do have long, heary curtains that may be pulled over the living room and dining room windows. When there is a storm howling outside, think what it mems to pull those soft, red curtains over the windows. poke up the fire to a brighter blaze and turn the reading lamp, at juit the required brightness! Try it, if only to find out what delightul nest your home in winter can be if you make it so.


## Ten Rules For Humor <br> (Concluded from page 107)

or less unexpected. Pigs is Pigs" is a good illustration of this. It starts as a sane story about an express company, an express man and a pair of expressed guinea pigs. Due to the well known rapidity of guinea pigs in multiplying, every time the express man comes around there are a few more pigs. Then there are a lot more. Each time, it's funnier. This is what I call beating upon the drum of humor.
"Sixth is the sudden let down from the extremely serious to the extremely frivolous. Mark Twain uses this where he is describing a young man who receives a severe cal'ing down. The arraignment is noble, serious, solemn. But when he described the young man. he says he reminded him of a spider dropped on a hot skillet. First, a look of wild surprise. then he shrivelled.
"The sixth examp'e likewise explains the -eventh method. the use of extreme analogy. calling attention to an agreement or likeness between things in some circumstances or effects when the things are otherwise entirely different. This is the basis of many cartoons.
"The eighth is the more or less disguised practical joke, horse play. physical humorthe custard pie in the face. Strangely enough. if this is led up to in the right way. it is not raw or coarse, but is apt to be more effective than any other form of humor.
"Ninth is the gradual expansion of an idea that has ridiculous possibilities, on the theory that if a litt'e of a good thing is good. more is better.
"The tenth is intempestivity, untimeliness, something that has no particular humor in itself happening at an opportune time-mal apropos humor. For example, things happening at a funeral, a wedding. a christening, or a gathering of a serious nature.
"Of course, it is understood that the author and the reader set themselves up as a superior set of persons. Humor is always laughing at something and the author must convey the impression that he and the reader are laughing together at something.
"Characterization is not humor. Characterization is the setting for humor. The better the setting, the more effective the humor. The contrast of action is more sharp'y defined. Things are often funny because of the character of the person who does them.
"The after dinner speaker who starts out by saying 'Mike and Pat were walking down the street one day' is the bunk. Everybody at the tab'e knows instantly that he has taken a stock setting-or no setting-for some words. There is no humor.
"The great American novel? A my*ha symbol-an impossibility. None can write THE great American novel any more than he can describe the spectrum in one word."

AL.ARGE-speaking both as to corporation and avoirdupois - producer is very strict about the "No Smoking" signs on all the stages of his huge studio. Heaven he!p the poor actor caught smuggling a fatima or corona-perfecto. Whenever the producer leaves his luxurious office to take a trip around the plant, he deposits his black cigar in a convenient cubby-hole in the wall. A little ingenue had watched him hide his smoke in that place several times. One day, when he was carefully watching the scene, she found the cigar and carcfully laid it on the floor in the producer's path. Of course he found it-but could he raise a row? He could not-and the actress knew it. He was the only man in the place who smoked a cigar like that.


## Right care means good-looking hair

Men and women both should have it

Authorities agree that regular wisely directed care is the secret of good-looking hair. They agree on the use of "La Creole" Hair Tonic, Its important ingredient, "Euresol," is recognized by the Council of the American Medical Association for the treatment of dandruff and other scalp affections. No other hair tonic possesses such distinguished approval. Apply "La Creole' two or three times a week, rubbing it into the scalp with a rotary motion of the finger tips. Scalp eirculation is stimulated; hair roots supplied with needed nourishment, and a beautiful, vigorous growth of hair results.

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- 'Lu Croole" Lifuit Shampoo bringes a cum. bination of delghtful, stimulating. cleansing gualities never before attained in a shumpoo.
Its formula, based on mentholized coronnut oil. its formuha, bated on menthonzed coronnat onf. of scalp glowing with clean health and vigor for proper functioning, and makes hair look its best. After shampooing ulways apply "Lu Creole" Hair Tonle.
"LA CREOLE" HAIR DRESSING is a treatment for the gradual restoration of the natural dark color of hair that has grown gray, gray streaked, or faded. It must not be confused with dyes. Refinement opproves its use.

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## (keen Fourself Fit <br> Keep Vourself Fit

HOWARI) C. RASII Prese Natural bouv brace fois

Keeping Up with Alice
(Concluded from page 64)
Well, not because of the apartment, but trying to get it ready in time for a dinner party tumorrow night. Wonderful, having a home of your own, but an awful bother, isn't it ?"
(You forbear to remind her that interviewers seldom experience the sensation of having homes of their own.)

I may do 'Forever After' sometime on the screen. Don't know yet I'm having a grand time studying for my new part in 'Anna.' I have the role of a little A-riman girl-broken English and all that. I have to sing, like this"-and Alice aired ber voice. "And I've got to cut out this"and Alice lit a cigarette.
A telephone call for Alice. "Y'es-oh, was that for four oclock? It's only four-thirty now. I'll be right over-'
Back to you. "Awfully sorry-simply have to rush-always late for something or other -goodbye.'
And then, as you're leaving, you overhear
a third-assistant-director and a cameraman Alice Brady has a charming camaraderie, a piquant good-humor, an everready wit. She's too busy to be up-staze, too sensible to be over-modest. She's Bill Brady's only daughter and Grace George's step-daughter. Sbe's been on the stage ever since she was a subdeb, and she will probably always be on the stage. She wouldn't be at home doing anything else, and she couldn't stand doing nothing. But as for keeping up with Alice -it simply can't be done.

John Barrymore's Romance
(Continued from page 33)
The stage had interested her. She with Mrs. Norman Hapgood produced "Masic," Gilbert K. Chesterton's play, and "The Little Man," by John Galsworthy. Maxine Elliott's theater was secured for the purpois. Since she was interested in the stage it was natural that it should have been a red letter day for her when she met the then fast being recognized greatest of the younger American actors, John Barrymore.

It had come about with such ease and naturalness that fate did not reveal even one designing little finger in the matter.
Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Thomas took a cottage "down Eashampton way," as the natives put it. The smart little colony in the Long Island town where John Itenry Payne lived in a weatherbeaten house for which he longed when he wrote "Itome Sweet Home," and where the great popular preacher, Talmage, lived, was denizened by gentle folk. It was healthful for the two young sons it well as their clders.
There Mr. and Mrs. John Drew lived in Kyalami ( K aftir for "Where we live"), a sub)stantial villa on the sand dunes near the ocean. Mrs. Russell Colt (Eithel Barrymore) came often with her children to visit "Uncle Jack" and "Aunt Dodo" and "Cousin B e." There came, ton, John Barrymore for weck end virits to his distinguished uncle. Mis John Barrymore, once Katherine Ilarris, and a member of an old and honored New York family, was conspicuously alsemt. There were rumors of an otrancement between the pair. Mrs. Barrymore clectetl to remain in Los Angeles, where it was said she had fre quent conferences with lawyers.
The mecting? It came alout in the cozy way of summer cottages. There was a neighhorhood tea. Followed the daily gathering
of the smart clans on the beach at the fashionable hour of eleven. Everybody there. Everybody included the Thomases, the Drews, the Barrymores.

The acquaintance thus pleasantly and informally begun in the summer was vitalized into a friendship in town in the winter. Mrs. Colt (Miss Barrymore) always a favorite with New York society, went about now and then to homes where she met Mrs. Thomas. Sometimes Brother Jack accompanied her. Mrs. Thomas, being deeply interested in the theater, there was much shop talk when the trio met. Mr. Thomas preferring golf to tea, and horses to the stage, was absent. Already. at Easthampton and in New York, rumor had said that in the Thomas menage there was not complete harmony. The pair who had been married seven years were discovering incompatibility of tastes and temperament.

Early in iom 8 Fate's finger was perceptible. Mrs. John Barrymore had secured a divorce in Los Angeles. She had alleged desertion. Her plea was granted. Mr. Barrymore was free to resume his bachelor life.
It was predicted that soon again he would become a Benedick. But gossip had no target for her willing tongue. For two years the voung actor devoted himself with fierce assiduity to his art. By rungs of "Redemption." "Peter Ibbetson," "The Jest" and Richard III" he had swiftly mounted to eminence. Yet for all this full and frank reriew of the past Mrs. Leonard Thomas could not foresee the future. That the young actor, who had plainly overworked and was painfully nervous, should break down utterly at a performance of "Richard III." That good Uncle Muldoon should take him up to the favorite farm at White Plains. That for five weeks he should be kept incommunicado.

My boy-ye seem that to me because I knew your father and mother before you were born," said the granite remoulder of men, "I believe you are in love. Nobody told me. I know the symptoms. When a man is in love he is at his worst in every way. His reasoning is defective. He is whimsical. His judgments are bad. You must not go to the telephone. Don't I remember that your brother. Lionel, was in love when he was here? His favorite stunt was to draw up a chair and use my telephone for an hour and a half at a sitting. Gou must receive no messages so that I may cure you the sooner."

But there was one bit of news that the unbending Muldoon did not keep from his patient. One of the numerous calls that rang over the wire to White Plains concerned the final signature to Mrs. Thomas's long delayed Paris divorce. Mr. Muldoon had no reason to regret letting this bit of gossip seep through his guards. His patient's recovery increased with amazing swiftness after that news. The news came on April 1o. Mr. Barrymore left Muldoon's on or about the first of May.

They were married in a friend's apartment at the Ritz Carlton August 5. Ethel Barrymore and Mrs. Lionel Barrymore were present to bestow the approval of the bridegroom's family. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Oelrichs smilingly witnessed their daughter's plighting of her vows to the actor. So these two, both of whom had been married ten years before, assumed new ties in a new decade.

They left New York in an automobile. The bridegroom made a vague reference 10 the Adirondacks. But they went to the =mart little seashore town where they had met. They teaed and golfed with John Drew and Ethel Barrymore, with Mr, and Mrs. John Devereaux (Louise Drew). The romantic cycle was complete.


$A^{\mathrm{R}}$RE you "groping in the dark," -trying blindly to learn what is holding you back from true success and the good things of life?
Two brothers went blindfolded through life for many years. Their story shows that the sure way to success is to awaken and develop your hidden faculties, which lie unused in most men and women.
One boy made a splendid record at school, and when he took a position with a large corporation, friends predicted he would make a name for himself. But for eight long years he stuck tight on a detail job, working hard for long hours, yet failing to get ahead. His salary of $\$ 125$ a month caused great hardships in the rearing of a family. He applied for other jobs, but somehow he could not impress people. Eight years of grind had wrecked his self-confidence and smothered his initiative. He had not realized the folly of leaving undeveloped the most powerful qualities of his nature.
The other boy was a dismal failure at school. Finally he entered an art academy, but did not show any ability. A business college failed to drive into his head the fundamentals of a business education.
Discouraged, he took a place as a packing clerk in a large wholesale shoe firm,-where brawn and not brains counted. But on this twelve dollar a week job he failed to make good, and one day found a notice in his pay envelope, "Services no longer required."

## How One Brother Won Out

Finally he drifted into a position as salesman for a large advertising company. He was deeply impressed with the remarkable personality of the head of this firm. and resolved to study him and his methods. It was the turning point in his life, for soon he realized that his idol possessed in an unusual degree such powers as concentration, memory, constructive imagination, and faith.
Within a short time this drifter found he was building within himself a most powerful force-a force that would carry him to the highest goal-a force vital to the success of any man or woman, - the force known as Personality.
After thirteen long years he had proven himself, had torn away his blindfold. He is now a director and America. and at the age of thirty-three his income is more than one thousand dollars a month.

## The Power of Great Men

The biggest thing in life is the power to make others like you, believe in you, and place supreme conf. dence in your ability. Develop this power and no llow often in a social gathering do you see graduates of leading universities who are diffident, self conscious, and lack that electric spark of life-Per. sonality! Others without even a grammar school education, because of having developed even a few of their hidden talents, are able to hold attention. make friends, and are always welcome in social or busmess pers. They are building upreme personality
The hidden powers you possess are like the gold in the mountain, the seed unplanted, the unborn inven-tion,-wasted and useless until you bring them to light and put them into action. You canuot afford to let them lie idle a moment lougcr!
Get This Free Book, "PERSONALITY SUPREME" This book has a message for you, big, broad. inspiring. It brings you the starting news that, no matter where you are, what you are doing or want
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How to Remove Hair Before Dressing Up
While preparing for the bath there is a necessary preliminary to the final dress-up--"youthifying"
the underarms by making them hairfree. The most generally approved method is to wash the hair off with lil-Rado liquid. Women like it because it is so the hair so perfectly.
Apply El-Rado with a piece of absorbent cotton. thoroughly saturating the hair until it is seen to become lifeless then remove and wash with some
plain water. After shaking on a little talcum the skin will show up smooth, clear and dainty. Even those who are accustomed to other methods of hair
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liquid is good for the skin. El-Rado is sold at drug stores and toilet counters in 60 c and $\$ 1.00$ sizes, with money-back kuarantee.

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Questions and Answers
(Continued from page so)
L., Central City, Neb.-Doris Kane is married to Basil Sydney, who played opposite her in "Romance." Che Witney and not David Griinith directed this. I hear young Mr. Sydney is coming back to America to accept a film offer. Carol Dempster and Clarine Seymour, Dick Barthelmess and Bobby Harmon all appeared in 1). W. Gritfaith's war picture, "The Girl Who Stayed at Home." Perhaps I should say one of D. W. Griffith's war pictures-he made several.
E. C. F., Malurlez.-You didn't offend me in the least. I appreciate honest criticism almost as much as I appreciate praise, which is saying a great deal lou see I am frank, anyway. Monte Blue is working in the east now, playing the leading role in Charles, Maigne's production of "The Kentuckians." It is said Blue is slated for stardom. There will have to be a new crop of leading men to take the place of all those we are losing via the stellar route.

Diode, Tacosra.-Broadway by day is a distressing spectacle. The Great White Way thrives on artificiality-and the sun shows it up. But by night-ah, that's different. There are the giant kittens rolling up an eternal ball of silk against the sky; there is the girl in the great swing-swinging, swinging over the tops of twenty-story buildings; there is a motor car that seems always about to bear down upon you-and never does. I am speaking of the electric sirens. You say you broke your ankle climbing for apple blossoms. What an exquisite privilege-to be able to break one's ankle climbing for apple blossoms! What is an apple blossom? Marguerite Clark has been married only once, and she is still Mrs. H. Palmerson Williams. She's in New York City now.
M. D., New York. -He who wastes his own time usually wastes other people's as well. Tom Mix is married to Victoria Forde, who used to play with Lee Moran and Eddie Lyons in Universal comedies. She is not in pictures any more. Jack Perrin played the title role in the serial, "The Lion Man."

Nellie B. Lyons, N. Y:-One of the first lessons any husband learns is that the "only hat that would ever be becoming to me" is the most expensive one in the shop window. William Scott is your best bet among leading men. He is with Fox and is usually seen opposite Gladys Brockwell in this emotional lady's pictures. Gladys leads such a hard life on the screen-if some scenario writer would only write her a part without a past ill it!

Alulas Kay, Evanston- - I know several celebrated Horns. There is Cape Horn, and Green Horn; horning in and that horn (y) hand of toil. But referring to films I suppose you mean lorn with an e-Janics Horne, who is Cleo Ridecly's husband and Lew Cody's director. The liornes have two children, a boy and a girt.
M. J., Sr. Purl. What? Can it be pos--bible? A girl who has never seen Richard Barthelmess: So that you may remedy this oversight rich t away, I hasten to tell you the pictures he has appeared in: With Horothy' Gish in "Hope Chest." "Boots." "Ill Get Him Lect." For Griffith in "The Girl Who stayed at Home," "Scarlet Days," "The Idol Dancer,", "Broken Pilosemms," "The Love Flower," and lately "Way Down East." It's the Talmadges real name. Of course
Olive Thomas likes Jack Pickford: She's married to him. Right now they are abroad together.

## Questions and Answers

(Continued)

11. F. L., Chattanooga-I have failedmiserably. All my life I have tried to give biting, caustic answers. And now you tell me you think I am "a treny bit sarcasticat times." That is certainly damning with faint praise. Gloria Swanson is in retirement at present; when she returns to the screen it will be as a star. Eugene O'Brien has never been married. Dick Barthelmess and Mary Hay are newlyweds.
P. J., Tucson.-You want a telephone book, not an answer man. Do you really expect me to tell you the addresses of ninetyseven stars? If it were only ninety-six I might stretch a point and answer you-but the ninety-seventh was one too much. You can reach Martha Mansfield at Selznick. Mabel Normand, Goldwyn, Culver City. Douglas McLean, Thomas Ince studios, Culver City.
P. T., Vancouver.-In India, I am told, there are squirrels as large as cats. Which is not very important even if true. Anita Stewart is married-and happily-to Rudolph Cameron, who is her business manager. Cameron played opposite Anita in several Vitagraph pictures-perlaps you remember him in "Clover's Rebellion." Anita is twen-ty-five. She'll send you her picture.
A. M. W., Falfurrlas, Texas.-You say you have been thinking over that little argument we had last month and have finally decided you agree with me. I'm sorry, but it's too late. I've changed my mind. Constance Talmadge has blonde hair. Sometimes she wears a wig in her pictures. Bessie Love isn't married. Her real name is Horton.
Star, Electra.-Never had so many Texan correspondents before. You're pretty faith-ful-to retain Richard Travers as your best favorite although you haven't seen him for two years. He was a captain in the army. He is married to May Franklin and appeared with Pearl White for Fox. Address him there.

Young America, Haverhill, Mass.-You want to know if that picture is worth staying home from a party to see. It depends upon the party. It's a good picture, but a good party runs it close competition. Toss a coin or something. If it's a birthday party I'd say see the picture-which will only set you back about two bits and tax. While cut-glass punchbowls. candlesticks and other birthday remembrances have considerably advanced in price lately. Of course, suit yourself.
B. M. M., Dunkirk.-Bob Leonard isn't married to Ella Hall, but to Mae Murray. Miss Hall is, in private life, Mrs. Emory Iohnson. Monte Blue is not related to Rod LaRocque, although there is a resemblance now that I think of it. I am one of these unsuspecting persons who can sit through seven reels of film without seeing one single thing to contribute to the Why-Do-They-DoIt department. Vivian Martin was a child actress with Richard Mansfield and other noted actors. She was born in Grand Rapids.

Isabel, Wesleyville, Pa.-Y’es, she's a 'ery clever girl. After she's talked to you five minutes she has convinced you that you are the brightest chap she ever met. Pat OMalley with Agnes Ayres in Marshall Neilan's "Go and Get It." Pat has a wife and little daughter. Harold Lloyd, RolinPathe. Bebe Daniels, Realart. Priscilla Dean. Universal City, Cal.
(Continued on page 130)
 ,


Their sting may whip color into your cheeks for a moment. nevertbeless thev leave your skin dry and harsh.

But under the cooling, soothing touch of Sem-phas Jo-ve-nay, the pink complexion cake, the skin becomes smooth and firib. Used before going out, it supplies the uatural oils your complexion needs, and prevents chapping. Used after coming in, it cleanses the pores from cvery particle of dust.

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## Earthbound

## (Continued from page 42 )

"In an hour, Jim will be on trial for his She tried to escape the thought, but another came hammering home-
"lou alone can save him
She tried to answer this by telling herself that Jim had declared he did not want his life if he had to owe it to an exposure of her dishonor. But the voice that had spoken to her before, replied-
"Nick has paid. lou must pay, too."
The thought of the scene in court, her confession, the ordeal of public disgrace, terrified her. She shrank from it and shrieked aloud, "№, no, no!" and fell, weeping, to the ground.
Meanwhile the trial was swiftly coming to a close. Little evidence was needed. merely the formal prooi that James Rittenhouse, on a certain afternoon, on the stairs of the New Netherlands Club, had shot Nicholas Desborough and killed him. The prosecution "rested" and Jim's attorney, helpless in the face of Jim's determination, announced that the defense had no evidence to submit. There was the pause that precedes the final summing up, when the door of the coartroom opened, and Daisy came slowly up the aisle. She stopped at the railing and said to the bailifi, who had come to meet her,
"I am Mrs. James Rittenhouse. I want o testify for the defense.
While the bailifi was taking the message to the judge, a buzz ran through the room. There had been gossip, but nothing definite. The spectators leaned forward cagerly, as the judge consulted brielly with the attorneys and then requested Daisy to take the stand. Jim had risen when she came in, as if to protest, but sat down again and stared in astonishment at his wife. She had not even gone to see him after his arrest, and the last thing he expected was that she should volunteer to clear him. She wasted no words in preliminaries or explanation. She was calm, and her voice was clear and carried to the farthest corners of the room.
"Mr. Rittenhouse shot Mr. Desborough because in an hour Mr. Desborough and 1 would have gone away together."
She paused, as if waiting for the attorneys to question her, and then went on:

Mr. Desborough was anxious to be loyal to his friendship for my husband, and to his wife and child, but I urged him to go with me."
Her words came more slowly now, but without faltering. It was as if she had decided that it was not enough for Jim to be acquitted, but that nothing short of com plete revelation would suftice.
"We must all pay," she added. "I want to pay now. It was all my fault
Jin knew what the confession must have cost ber, but he showed no sign of gratitucle His expression was hard and unforgiving, and there was a sneering curl on his lip.
Of course it was a foregone conclusion that the jury would bring in a verdict of "Not guilty:" after this dramatic denouement. As the courtroom was clearine slow1y, Daisy came up to her husband, looking as if she expected some word of forgiveness. but he merely said, coldly:
"You sured my- life, Daisy.
I thank you Then, as an afterthought, he blurted ou: rouchly, "Why did you do it?
The question, but perhaps eveen more, Jim's manner, took her unawares, and she stammered,
" - 1 think- -Vick told me to
It was untouhtedly the truth, hut it was truth at a wrong moment, its effect duinted ly. Jim's ancer and jealousy
"He had you in life." Jim sneered, "and "He had you in lite. Jom neered,

With this, Jim turned away from her, and left her standing there, a woman shamed before all the world, without a hope of recompense for her sacrifice.

But it was only of Nick that I was thinking now. Larthbound through Jim's refusal to forgive, he must linger on, and on, exiled from his proper realm. His accounts were not squared until Jim could be led to see the truth. The days passed, and there was talk of a divorce. Jim was living at the club. He had not scen Daisy since the trial. Jou remember what a pitiable spectacle he was, not caring how he looked or what anyone thought of him. He was barely cxisting, in a sodden daze.

Then, at last, one day Nick was able to reach him. It must have been a supreme, sublime effort. You all recall how Jim, after having hung about the club, brooding, all that time, until the place became horribly dismal and there was talk of requesting him to resign, suddenly moved out and went home. There was no explanation, and it wasn't just the sort of thing you could ask him to explain. So you said, a while ago "I understand Jim Rittenhouse has forgiven his wife." Well, here's what happened.

I was standing at the head of the stairs, where I had been talking to Jim, and he had started down. Just as he did so, I looked down, and saw Nick at the bottom of the stairs, starting up. They were in exactly the same positions they were when Jim shot Nick. Jim hesitated, seemed about to turn and run upstairs, and then stopped. Nick looked up at him, his face full of yearning, sorrow and pleading. Then I heard Nick speak-not in a human voice that I heard with my ears, but a message from his spirit, and Jim heard it too:
"There's only one life, Jim, and it's eternity."

Nick came up the steps again, and laid one hand on Jim's shoulder, and again came his message:
"We live on and on, as the sum total of what we have made ourselves."

Jim seemed to be trying to ask something, but his lips would not frame the words. Nick, his face lighted with love, went on:
"We were both wrong, Jim. Old Harvey was right."

Slowly a new expression came into Jim's face. One of Nick's hands still rested on his shoulder, the other was pointing upward, and Jim's eyes followed it. The bitterness and hardness vanished from his lined features, and suddenly he exclaimed, softly yet eagerly, one word:
"God!"
"Forgive and be forgiven," Nick said, with a smile of infinite happiness-and disappeared.

Jim staggered and clutched at the banister. I ran down and put my arm around him, and he clung to me frantically.
"Take me home, Harvey, take me home," he gasped.

Harvey Breck's audience was silent a few moments after he stoppcd speaking. Then Rhodes said, with a nervous laugh:
"Your story is convincing, Èreck. But do you think-Nick-has gone-for good?"
"For good," Breck answered, with emphasis. "Caroline saw him that same evening. He went to say goodbye to her. She had already seen Daisy and forgiven her. He had squared his accounts, and she saw him disappear into the sunsct."
"And that's what you meant when you said God had forgiven Jim Rittenhouse?"
"As I hope, when the time comes, He will forgive me, as all of us need forgivenessyes!"


## "You've Gone Way <br> Past Me, Jim!"

"Today good old Wright came to my office. All day the boys had been dropping in to congratulate me on my promotion. But with Wright it was different.
"When I had to give up school to go to work I came to the plant seeking any kind of a job-I was just a young fellow without much thought about responsibility. They put me on the pay-roll and turned me over to Wright, an assistant foreman then as now. He took a kindly interest in me from the first. 'Do well the job that's given to you, lad,' he said, 'and in time you'll win out.'
"Well, I did my best at my routine work, but I soon realized that if ever I was going to get ahead I must not only do my work well, but prepare for something better. So I wrote to Scranton and found I could get exactly the course I needed to learn our business. I took it up and began studying an hour or two each evening.
"Why, in just a little while my work took on a whole new meaning. Wright began giving me the most particular jobs-and asking my advice. And there came,
also, an increase in pay. Next thing I knew I was made assistant foreman of a ners also, an increase in pay. Next thing I knew I was made assistant foreman of a new department. I kept right on studying because I could see results and each day I
was applying what I learned. Then there was a change and I was promoted to forewas applying what I learned
man-at good money, too.
"And now the first big goal is reached -I am superintendent, with 2 n income that means independence, comforts and enjoyments at hone-all those things that make life worth living.
"Wright is still at the same job, an example of the tragedy of lack of training. What a truth he spoke when he said today, 'You've gone 'way past me, Jim, —and you deserve to. Heads win-every time!"'"

Yes, it's simply a question of training. Your hands can't earn the money you need, but your head can if you'll give it a chance.

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Questions and Answers (Continued from page 127)
hivll and Jlaivy, Devil's Lake, N. D.have heard better dialogue among fourthrow llapper: than I have in many a dlighty farce on the stage. Sorry I have di:appointed ou so sorely. Pleave try to believe in me, folks when the comes home with seven trunks and a French maid. (Mercy-aren't We naughty this month?) I can only re-
peat that Pearl White says she ion't mar
D. W., Crincago.-Lieut. Locklear wakilled in August. He is survived by hi, wife and two children. The For picture--
in the making of aerial "stunts" for whic!, he met his death-is called "The Skyway n an." Ten per cent of the pronts will be yiven to the families of the two aviators-
Locklear and his companion. "The Great Air Robbery" was the Universal picture in which he starred.
M. Ward, London, England.-The Prince of Wales, I should say, is one of the most popular film stars on the screen today. At any rate he gets more applause than most leading men. Richard Barthelmess' name in Dorothy' Gish's picture, "Boots," was Everet H'hite. In "Scarlet Days" he played Aldurez. I can only give you one cast; here is "A Daughter of Two Worlds": Jenny Malone, Norma Talmadge; Her father, Frank Sheridan; Kenneth Harrison, Jack Crosby; Slim Jackson, William Shay; Uncle George Ned Burton; Harry Edwards, Gilbert Roo ney; Sergl. Casey, Charles Stattery; Sue Harrison, Virginia Lee; Mrs. Harrison, Winifred Harris; Mr. Harrison, J. E. Radcliffe.

Jazz.-You surely lived up to the name ou gave yourself when your first letter shimmicd into my office. Vour writing does a regular turkey-trot down the page, and as for your stationery-well, Irving Berlin could write a rag about it with no trouble at all. You're a Jazz Bảby, as Ann Pennington used to sing. No. Ann isn't in pictures any more; but I wish she cl come back Bebe Daniels is nincteen, and a Realart star Her first is "You Never Can Tell" with Bebe as a good little bad girl-whatever that means. She isn't married, to Harold Lloyd or anyone.

Carlotta, Ellectra--1 don't get your joke but then my sense of humor is on its vacation. They say there was a woman once who heard a joke and then told it correctly but I have never happened to run across her. Usually they begin with the whip end and work forward. Arline Pretty is-but that isn't her real name. Sorry I don't know what it is. Mack Sennett isn't married Harrison Ford, Lasky Studio, Hollywood. Cal.

Katileen, Murphysboro, Ill.-Will forward your paean of praise to the Gish girls. Dorothy and Mrs. Gish are in Europe now.
Her latest picture is "('p in the Air with Janc," in which James Rennic is her leading man. Richard Barthelneess is stifl working at the Grilith studio; he is in "Way Down East " If will be a star early in the coming year. He is married to Mary
Hay. Darrel Foss, Universal.
M. E. C., Detroht-Billie Burke was born s far back as 1886 , but who would ever suspect it-if there weren't horrid Answer Men to ferret our facts? Billie has been on the -tage abmut fifteen yearc. "Billic Burke" refer to a form of curled coiliure mate famous hev the present Mrs. Ziecfeld Nazimova rlid ". I Doll': Hollec," by Hesen, on the

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Questions and Answers (Continued)
Jean, Detroit.-Some stars send their pictures gratis. But more ask twenty-five cents and donate it to charity. Alice Joyce turns over the money thus received to the Actors' Fund. Nazimova is with Metro. Tom Moore, Goldwyn.

Sylvia, Sauk Rapids.-I'd do almost anything to gain a friend for life-even to asking the editor to put your favorites in the art section. Thank you for the nice things you say about this department. My strongest rival, it seems, is the art section-and I'm sure I can't hold that against the beautiful ladies who grace it. There-isn't that a grand speech? Come again sometime.
L. J. B., Herkimer, N. Y.-No, "In Search of a Sinner" wasn't written from Constance Talmadge's real life. Haven't I told you, child, time and again and over and over, that Constance has not yet met the man lucky enough to persuade her to say yes? She probably has more proposals than most princesses and heiresses but she has not yet taken any of them seriously. She's in Europe now. Lionel Barrymore is in Whitman Ben-nett-First National pictures. The first two are "The Master Mind" and "The Devil's Garden." He is married to Doris Rankin. Brother John is married to Blanche OelrichsThomas.

Mona.-I liked that "Hello" way of opening your epistle. Just like that-Hello. As good as shaking hands any day. Louise Huff? Well, I don't know just where you can locate the lady at the present writing. She was with Selznick, and left; then she went with Metro-and left there, too. Perhaps you had better wait until she signs a new contract before you write to her. She's Mrs. Edgar Stillman in private life.

Josephine.-Lewis Sargant played Huckle-
berry Finn and Gordon Griffith was Tom berry Finn, and Gordon Griffith was Tom Sawyer in "Huckleberry Finn." Sargant has the lead in Director William Taylor's new kid picture, "The Soul of Youth," in which the famous "boys' judge," Ben Lindsey, appears. Gordon Griffith has played the young "Tarzan" in the picturization of Edgar Rice Burrough's fanciful tale.

Friend from Java.-Thank you for such a good letter. So you go to picture theaters Tuesday, Friday and Sunday, and wonder why the American companies, with the exception of Pathe, have such poor translations of captions. I certainly will look you up if I ever come to Sourabaya, but I'm afraid I'll never make it. Who would write the answers while I was gone? Write to Eddie Polo, care Universal City, California

Mrs. J. G., Wyoming.-Like dentists, Benvenuto Cellini was a worker in ivory and gold. Wonder if they called him "Ben" for short? Eric von Stroheim was born in Austria, His latest production is "Foolish Wives." Write to him at Universal City.

Julius Starks, Angus, Texas.-So you are an ardent movie fan and reader of Photoplay and live out in the country and get sort of lonesome at times and would like to hear from people interested in the same things that you are. Well, we don't go in for correspondence clubs or anything like that, but if somebody reads this and wants to write to you, I can't help it, can I? Mary Pickford is working again in California. Frances Marion, her warm personal friend, who has written some of her best scenarios, is now directing her. They haven't given out the details of the production as yet.


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## Questions and Answers

Fexinay Fan. Burfon:- The latest, I hear, s visiting card for high-bred dogs. A larye stationery con ern ha- jut sent out an announcement to this effect. A variety of card cases may be oblained. Oh. chloroform. where is thy sting? The Wallace Reids have only one son, Bill. Y'ou want a story and picture on Crauford Kent. He's s good actor, ien't he

## O B C Cantox -Niles Welch's lil ol home

 town is Stamrord. Conn. Dick Barthelme native village is New Vork City. Niesworks in Ho lywood Dick, in Mamaronek, New lork. Boh are married. as 1 have remarked at various and sundry times in these learned columns.
Katherinl Kent, Kansas.-Will reall. give me some fried chicken if 1 come In Kansas? You see I have been fooled so many time atout lemon-meringue pic and
fudye and chocolate cake that naturally I am skeptical. In othes words, I want to smell the chicken sizzling in the pan before I believe it. Anita Stewart is Mrs. Rudoph Cameron and when she isn't working at the Louis Mayer studios lives in an Italian house at 3800 Mission Blyd., Los Angeles. Clara Kimball Young, Harry Garson studios, L. A. The Talmadges, their own

Mrs. H. Harvly. Chicago.-Please accept my sircere apo'ogies for keeping you wailing. I think Eric von Stroheim will send you his picture, but if I were you I'd write to Eric at Universal Citỵ. California, and make sure. Von Stroheim is said to be engaged to Miss Valerie Germonprez, who played the brunette bride at the inn in "Blind Husbands.

Babby: Chicago--Some husbands are quite faithful. They don't even find fault with the way their wive bring up the chil
ciren. Doni marry in haste, Bab-think if White Halter MuGrail did play. with Pearl White in "Pearl of the Army", as I said before. It was one of her last Pathe serials. Pearl is making features now for Fox. "The Tiger's Cub" and "The White Moll" are her first two releases
T. O. K. Deswer--No, no, St. John Ervine is not a scenario writer. He is an English playwright. and two of his successes, are "John Frrguson", and "Jane Clegg." Perhaps you got the idea of his association with films from the fact that Margaret Wycherly, who plays "Jane Clegg," is the wife of Bayard Xeiller, Metro's production manager and scenario chici. Noah Beery is married and has one son He was born in Kansas City in 1884. He was on the stage with Mansficld and is in fims with Lasky. Hos most important role was in the name part of "The Sea Wolf" He is a brother or

## Mirgivas Dart, Richmond.-You like me

 ection of the Magazine better than aniother part. Do you ever write letters to other part. Do you ever write letters to
the Vidior?. Conway Tearle, he of the macnificent eycbrow-juncles, is now a star for Selznick His first for that company is
"Maromed Hearts" with Zeena Keefe vor"Maroned Hearts" with Zeena Keefe Nor-
ma Talmadge in ".les or Vo?" Elaine Hammerstein's lateat is "The Point of View." whike Eusene OBrien has recently appeared in "The Fisurchead." And here is the cast of J. Squart Blackton's "Missing": Sir Il'itliam I.arrell. Thomas Meighnin: I.t. George Surrall, Robert Gordon; Mr. Hoseson, Winter Hall: Vell, Sylvia 13reamer; Hester, Ola Humphrey; Mrs. Greysen. Mollie McConnell. Ciccly, Katherine OCommor.

Isabella. Martissblrg.-1 do not kiow Mr Francis X. Bushman, oo cannot enumerate his personal possessions, but 1 do know that there is a large amethy-1 ring amony them. That is, be wears one. Wi!liam Russell was divorced from Charloth Burton some time azo. Write to him. and to Buck Jones, at Fox western studios.

## Elizabethe Ellzabethtown - Cynice suy

 that one cannot undertand the great puctnor care to understand the little poets. That docsn't seem to prevent a lot of people fr m trying to write verse. Hope is alway: sprin.ing, I suppose. A good thing, tuo--or we wouldn't have any light summer fiction. I don't know how many times Willard Mack has been married but I do know that both Marjorie Rambeau and Pauline Frederick have been Mrs. Willard Mack at various times. Miss Frederick has sued Mack for divorce. They have been separated for some time.S. K., Omo-I havent heard what Duns May's new plans are. Alice Joyce was Mr:Tom Moore; they were divorced and now Alice is Mrs. James Regan, Jr. Her litule daughter, Alice Jovice Moore spends halई the year with her father in California. Jack Pickford has left Goldwyn; haven't heard what concern will release his new pictures. or even what those new pictures will be.

Miss Flativery, Washingios:-You say you like to shimmy, but not in company. Too bad some of the more strenuous thoul-der-shakers donit share your opinion Some shoulders don't seem to care who shakes them. Now I suppose I shall have letters of protest from devotees of this so-called dance from every civilized country: Oh, well-I am always getting letters of protet about something. Geraldine Farrar in "The Riddle: Woman.

Coñie, Brookline. - The suicide oi a good scenario is always a trazedy. However, it's more often murder. on the director's part, or the star's. I can't imaqine sometimes who selects these storic: we see, anyway: So few of them are really adaptable to the shadow stage. I was atraid you were a snob until I read that part of your letter referring to "the dandy fellow" with the smile. Earle Foxe. Jr, was Sitocr Spurs. Foxe is now on the stage playing with Gail Kime in a new comedy, "Come Seven." Can you imagine the debonair Foxe in blackface-cr shou'd I say, tan-face? But he does it-in a play of negro life by Octavus Roy Cohen.

## B. D., Medicine Hit-Oh yes, these an

 swers are easy to write. Much easier to write than they are to read But 1 really. dio the best I cin with them. Sonke of them need a lot of discipline. Helen Holmes isn't dead: she's just involved in litigation Her company sued her and now she's suiny them. I simply can't figure out who's suing whom these days. John Bowers. GoldwynL. B., Mavil:-You say Willace Red won't bother with your letter because there are so many miles between you two On the contrary; that may be why youll get an answer-particularly if you told him son liked his eyes. Constance Binney, Realart, … Miss Binney isn't married, the lives in Xew York with her mother and sherer Faire. l'es, I know her-she's a charming young lady:
Nulue, Tonno.-That picture is ton old. Wiarwick's new one is "The Fourtenth Man." He is no lonecr aftiliated with Paramount Mary l'ichford is working at the Robert Brunton studios in Los Anceles.

## Questions and Answers (Continued)

Louise, Omana.-I venture to remark that many pictures originally laid in America will be released with all sorts of European settings. Everything's Europe these days. In a perfectly good small town romance we'll probably have the heroine pack up suddenly and go to Europe, telling the hero, via the subtitle, "I'll meet you in front of the Parthenon," so they can uee a shot of that edifice obtained "over thers." This epidemic will lend variety to our films, anyway. Mary Garden is not making pic tures; she is abroad right now but will probably come back here for the season at the Chicago Opera. Viola Dana, Metro.
K. K. K., K noxville.-Yes, you are right. Sometimes a player is made a star and maintained a star for years on the strength of one fine part secured probably by luck. That, we might say, is the artistic unearned increment. Dorothy Gish is twenty-two. That was Natalic Talmadge with Constance in "The Love Expert."
T. F., Lansing.-As I am not a genius, I am pretty well behaved at all imes. Vou can come up to call on me without any sear that I will juggle my desk and type-writer-although I may juggle words. Clyde Fillmore was Mary Miles Minter's leading man in "Nurse Marjorie." I do not know whether he is married or not. You may write to him care the Lasky studios. He has also played opposite Ethel Clayton. Miss Minter is not married. Her new picture is "Sweet Lavendar."

Katherine Louise, Nashyille.- Perhaps you will write poetry some day. "Not I, sweet soul, not I," as the poet says. But if you ever do write poetry please don't compare night to a sable cloud, or a pretty girl to a flower. Still, if you simply adore Antonio Moreno you probably won't be that kind of a poet. Tony lives in California and works for Vitagraph, making serials. Olive Thomas is abroad right now but she is coming back soon to continue her picture work for Selznick.

Lois, Ardmore, Okla.-Yours is the first letter I have ever had from there, so you are blazing a new trail. Wallace Reid and Dorothy Davenport have only one son. Jack Pickford and Olive Thomas have no children. Have no record of a Carl Miller -don't you mean Charles Miller?
H. H., Georgetown.-Certainly colored stationery may be used-but it takes a lot of nerve. So you think I earn enough. It depends upon what you call enough. I manage to get along, yes; and I probably enjoy life more than I would if burdened with a fortune. I should always be trying to think up new ways to spend my money. As it is I have no such difficulty. Shirley Dason, Fox. She and Viola Dana are sisters. Mahlon Hamilton is married. Does one have to be especially educated to join the movies? Not especially.

Mystic Rose, Plainfierd. - I wouldn't scold you for anything-or nothing. The Mystic Rose can do no wrong. I like what you said in your letter about illusions; you have the right idea. Plose believe that I look like that drawing-only of course I am much more handsome. Pearl White works at the big new Fox studios on Tenth Avenue, Manhattan. All the Fox eastern companies are quartered there now. Yes, Ann Forrest is a fine actress; pretty, too. So you admit what I said about women. Well, you're a good sport, as we plebes put it.

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## Let Als Send

 Mor a Suit

Questions and Answers

## (Concluded)

L. T., Pati:ksox-These players appeared in "Ahes of Love": James K. Hackett. Effer Shannon. Wabel Julienne Scott. Rubye de Remer, I'aula Shay, Hugh Thompson, Bill Davidson, Willam Bechtel and Dora Mills . Adams. Not a bit of trouble, I assure you.
I. B., Texas-I believe I am the innocent means of more people losing wagers than any other individual. I really can't help it. If you have a bet on that Dorothy Gish is married, and I tell you she isn t-and you lose-I can't help it, can 1? I'm only trying to tell the truth. Id be glad to help you along in any other way: Vincent Colen:an in "Should a Husband Forgive?" Others answered elsewhere.

Silvia, Havana- - I hope weoll be good friends, too. Your picture is delightful-do you really look like that? If so, I wonder still less that many people I knon are spending their vacations in Cuba. I think your grandfather is quite right - you should wait until you are older and have completed your education before you even think of going on the stage or screen. Mary Miles Minter may be reached care Realart. She will write to you. I am sure. I would, if I were Mary.
M. W... Wiarsaw - Don't be diccouraged just because yeur hirst script was returned with thanks. Dor't jou know some of the greatest writers have had to submit their stuff again and again before it was finally accepted. Try again. Grace Darling in "The Shining Band," adapted from the book of the same name. Clara Kimball loung did "For the Soul of Rafael;" it has been released. Watch out ior it. I can't identify that picture from your vaguc synopsis. It wasn't "Sinners," however, although most of the characters seemed to be

Doris, Alberta-Don't worry-Pauline Frederick hasn't left the screen nor is she contemplating such a step. She just signed a new contract for a term of years with Robertson-Cole. Her first release will be "Iris," from Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's play: Talk to your theater manager about showing the Frederick pictures. Miss Frederick is divorcing Willard Mack. She has no chiliren.
II. P., Ombha.-I do not know eversthing about everybody. I'm not nearly as old as that. Outside of offending me very much by attributing to me the wisdom that might come only if one lived a million years, I like your letter. I like girls with green eyes and freckles, anyway. Mary Pickford, Anita Stewart, the Gishes. Tainadges and Shirley Mason will all send you their photographe, I think. Won't you drop in any time?
 that 1 fail to keep you faithful ones listed in niy memory book. Glad Photorlw has never disappointed you. Nice llollister come: back in Goldwyn's "Milestones." Lottie 13 riscoe is still in retirement. Florence Turner was in California the last I heard making two-recl conedies. Wial Rogers is one of my favorites, 100.

Will Rogers is one
I). S. Kaxist City-Learn to listen to other peophe talk betore sou legin to take lesoons in clocution Then, of course, you won't want to take any lesons. Charle Meredith is the "nice young man" who played with Margucrite Clark in "Luck in Pawn" Meredith is married. He has acted opposite Fithel Clayton. Blanche Swett. Conctance Talmadee and Florence Vidor. Owen Hance Gomade. Sclznick. Walter Jiers, I.atky studios.
M. E. M. Wiflincoton-Does Mr. Irvine Cummings expect to ruturn to the stare next scar: You d better consult your ouija boaro im no mind reader. Irvinz is married ana ha: a small =on

B M F. Nfw lokk - We had a revell in the Shadow Staze department of Bert L: tell's Metro picture. "The Right of IVay It was splendidly. done. You want to hear more about Zacu Pitts and Cullen Landi I'll see what I can ilo for you. It was lielet Ileming and not Martha Hedman who was "Eserysoman" in that Paramount pre. duction A Bebe Danicl- tory is comins soon. Thank= for sour intere-s

Browa Eyes. Pishlinflphia-some ladiewho have been disappointed in love go in for uplift: others bob their hair and go to live in Greenwich Village. The village has of late become a rendeztous for popular starette who like to think they are beine delicioull? naughey when they go down there for a cul of tea. Conway Tcarle is thirty; he is mar. bied to Adele Rowland, a: I se remarked a. various and sundry time- in these here colsums.


#### Abstract

Anvette. Rhone Ishand.-Eighty-ive of cent of the world's automobiles are manufactured in the Inited States I hesitate to think how many of these come out of little old Detroit. Corinne Griffith is married to Webster Campbell, who played opposite he: in "Bab" Candidate." Marie Prevost i- noi married.


## Katherise A. Jwhsos-Glad to nuet

 you. You insinuate yourself into my good graces by subtle teminine thattery and then take advantage of my good nature by asking too many questions. However. you"ll find the answers to most of them elsewhere in this department. so I won't hold it agains: you this time. Dorothy Gish may be a blonde asain some time. She will probably form a new afililiation upon her return fron: Europe, as her F'aramount contract expiresoon. about Cox cocktail., why not Hardme hishballs? Made of srape-juice, of course Dary Pickiords real name was GladySmith: now it's Mrs. Douglas FairbankAlrs. Charlotte Smish is now Mrs. Pickford. the court having permitted her to change ber name. At the same time Jack smith changed his name to Jack Pickiord and Mary Pick. ford Kupp. Lotii: - little girl. becami Mar! Pickiford.

Bobbetti New Lxolwo - Your unce say- he is willing to hug any sereen stas 'ot one thousand dollar: a weck and how can he get on the erreen, as he ha- red hair Tell your [incle Bob most of u- iod the ame way whether we have red hair or not-only most of $u$ : wouldn't have to be paid. And tell him the litte girl who fell in the wel in Mary Pickiord's picture. "Daddy Lons Legs." was pulled up all right and that IVi.. ley Barry's ireckles are real and he: madk a fortune ailin 'em. Ind tell y our lincle Bol bou can write to me at often as you like a fiar as I'm conecrned Wi-h all litte er rl ai cight wrote -uch senod letter-

[^24]
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 PICTURESalphabetically 1.15TED

Roscoe ("Fatty") The Round UP. A George H Melford Production ' Fpunnmo:nt Picturn*
$\div$ Enid Bennett in "Her II usband's Friend" 1 Paramosent Pather *

Billie Burke in "Frisky Mrs. Johnson" A Paramound Gidun: *

Ethel Clayton in "A City Sparrow" A Ppuramount Pricure *

Ethel Clayton in Sins of Rosanne' A Paramount Priture*

A Cosmopolitan
Production
-. Humoresque A Paramount Spucture *

A Cosmopolitan
Production
"The Restless Sex" I! Paramount Pictune *

Dorothy Dalton ir "Half an Hour" A Paramount Pactur

Dorothy Dalton in "A Romantic Adventuress" A Peramoun: Pucture *

Cecil B. DeMille's Production Something to Think - I Yaramount Pucture

Elsic Fcrguson in Lady Rose's Daughter' A Paramount Puthre*

George Fitzmaurice's Production
"Idols of Clay" II Puramount Picture *

George Fitzmaurice's Production "The Right to Love" If flenmeunt firctarn* *


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 PICTURES(Continued)
ALPHABETICALLY LISTED

Dorothy Gish in "Little Miss Rebellion" * A Geromount ficture

William S. Hart in
-The Cradle of Courage' A Wm. S. Hart

* A Piramount Pucture
$\div$ Douglas MacLean ın "The Jailbird"
* A Paramount Pictur

Thomas Meighan in
"Civilian Clothes"

* A Parmount Guidan.

George H. Melford's Production
"Behold My Wife"

* A Punamurnt Guiture

An All-Star Production "Held by the Enemy"

* A Piramount Guture
$\dagger$ Charles Ray in "An Old Fashioned Boy" * A Puramouna Pictun
$\dagger$ Charles Ray in "The Village Sleuth" * A Guramount faction

Wallace Reid in
Always Audacious" -TouioursdeL'Audace") * A Aranwent Puture

Wallace Reid in "What's Your Hurry?' * A Guramouna Gadar

Maurice Tourneur's Production
"Deep Waters"

* A Girimount fridere

Biyant Washburn in
"Rurglar Proof"

* A Giramourt Gitur

Bryant Washburn in
"A Full House"

* A funamount factare
†A Thos. M. Ince Production


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JAMES R. QUiRK, Editor

Vol. XVIV

## Contents

## December, 19:0

## Cover Design

From a Pastel Portrait by Rolf Armstrong
Rotogravure
Carmel Myers, Ann Forest, Dorothy Dickson,
Clara Kimball Young, Charles Ray, Wallace Reid,
Agnes Ayres, Geraldine Farrar and Billie Burke.
The Boy of Destiny
Editorial 27
What Does Marriage Mean?
Cecil de Mille Gives the Answer.
Raising Riches
Irene's Life-Story
The Male Background
As David Powell Personifies It.
The Parisian Cinema
Satire by an American Artist Abroad.
"I-Mary MacLaren" Sydney Valentine 36
Her Thoughts on Life and Things.
The Woman in His House (Fiction) Luliette Bryant 37 Told From Mildred Harris Chapl n's Picture.
The Wages of Sin
Norman Anthony
41
Launching the Winter Mode Norma Talmadge 42 Photoplay's Fashion Editor Writes From Paris.

Editorial Offices, 25 W. 45th St., New York City
Published monthly by the Photoplay Publishing Co., 350 N, Clark St., Chicago, Ill. Edwin M. Colvin, Pres. James R. Quirk, Vice Pres. R. M. EAStMan, Sec.-Treas. W. M. Hart, Adv. Mgr.

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No. 1

Adela Rogers St. Johns 28
Mary Winship 32
Janet Flanner 33
Ralph Barton 34
$\qquad$3741

> (Contents continued on next page)
Olive Thomas ..... 44
Robert Harron $\}$ ..... 45
A Day Off ..... 46'Gene U'Brien Stays Home.

The Mighty Messenger
The FIIIms and Social Workers.
West Is East
Meeting Jane Murfin and Monte Blue.

## The Beauty Killer

 Drawing.How They Began Glimpses Into a Director's Primer.
From Two to Five When the Stars Were Young.
(Photographs) ..... 54
Close-Ups Editorial Comment ..... 57
The Shadow StageReviews of the New Pictures.
Justine Johnstone
The Screen's Perfect Beauty.
The Testing Block (Fiction) Jerome Shorey ..... 62
The Story of Bill Hart's New Picture.
The Glad Game
Let's All Be Pollyannas.
Margaret Sangster ..... 66
And Now-FictionMontanye Perry47Illustrations br Norman Anthony.
Delight Evans ..... 49
C. W. Anderson ..... 50
(Photographs) ..... 51

"There's Millions In It!"
Photoplay's War on Fake Film Stock Garnes.
"There's Millions In It!" John G. Holme ..... 52
Burns Mantle ..... 58
Delight Evans ..... 60More About Photoplay's $\$ 14,000$ Contest.
Polly Drew and Her Home (Photographs)67
Where She Works and Plays."Why I Do Not Believe in Censorship"70
Prize Winners in Photoplay's Letter Contest.
The Squirrel Cage A. Gnutt Hard Ones From a Rather Soft Brain.
Why Do They Do It?
Jump In With Your Letters!74
When the Front Porch Became a Location ..... 76
Stage and Screen Visit Senator Harding.
Questions and Answers(The Answer Man)79
Otis Skinner On the Screen, ..... 80 Making a Perpetual "Kismet."
Plays and PlayersCal. York87
News and Comments From the Studios.
Confessions of a Title Editor ..... 102
He Begins Work Where the Director Leaves Off.
The Innocent Bystander ..... 108
Solitoquy on "IIoakum."
Parisian Cinema ImpressionsRalph Barton 117

## Bill Hamilton's Girl

By T. C. WIGNALL Illuserated by eNay Wilson Preston

# The Gossamer Web 

By JOHN A. MOROSO<br>Illustrated by Will Foster

TVO great short stories, by writers of international reputation, illustrated by artists of equal fame, will lead off Photoplay's great \$14,000 short story contest in the January issue, out December ist.

Many of the leading writers of America have submitted stories for this contest and it is safe to assume that some of the most remarkable fiction of the year will be found in this publication.

"THE greatest satisfaction a wife can have is to know that she holds at man who is loved by other women"Says Wallace Reid in Рнотоplay for January. Mr. Reid is well qualified to write such a story as "How to Hold a Wife"-for he is not only the idol and ideal of thousands of women, but he has been hap. pily married to one woman for some time. In an answer to "How to Hold a Husband" by Dorothy Phillips in the October issue, he writes his expression on Women: women as wives and women as sweethearts.

[^25]A Finer<br>Typewriter<br>at a<br>Fair Price

# A Stenographer's Advice On Typewriter Buying How to Save $\$ 36$ 

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This Oliver Nine is a 20 -year development. If any typewriter is worth $\$ 100$, it is this, our latest and best model.

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## Photorlay Magaze-Anvertising Section

## Become an ARTIST



The stories of Federal Students who have prepared themselves to win success, are convincing evidence of the splendid opportunities open to day to well-trained commercial artists.

The letters which follow are but a sample of many hundreds in our files. They give you the experience of Federal Students in their own words-and also what leading illustrators, designers and art employers think of the Federal home-study Course in Commercial Designing:

## A \$3,000 Salary-"Opportunities Unlimited"

 A few years ago I was living in a small town in Illinois, a telegraph of one of the largest illustrating concerns in America, receiving a salary of $\$ 3.000$ a ycar, engaged in a work that is intensely fascinating, and where the opportunities are practically unlimited. It was indeed a lucky day when I sent for 'YOUR FUTURE," and decided to develop the talent I possessed for drawing." - B. C. Robertson, Minneapolis Minn."I came here to an advertising company the first of the year at a salary of $\$ 120$ - my first position as a commercial artist. The third month, without asking Everybody here has a good word for the Federal School, and 1 tell them you Everybody here has a good word for the lederal School, and I the them You years ago my tuition was paid for, but your kind interest continues to follow mears."-Margaret Mosley, Detroit, Mich.
"I can't begin totell you how much good the course has done me so far. My work has improved vastly and I'm getting more outside work than I can handle. The course, bcing thoroughly practical, has commercialized iny view-
haint so that my
ay point so that my "lay-outs" are, really pulling. Incidentally, my satary "as

## "My Work Worth \$100 per Week"

## anly My work went over ig wher $\$ 3,500$ or Car Co., but they said they

 Detroit thoush work to make it worth subw per year to them, was toid in think is wonderfut, and easily worth the price of the course itself. The Federal Course has taken me from the ordinary, to the better class in consider rably less time ' han I I could have done it by mysself.". C. P. Maltrnan. Columbus, Ohio."Without the training and information of even the first two and especially
 cause of the interest, encourarement. and practical information from your course, have what 19 practicaly my. own studio and wwice as much work as
can do-and such interesting work., Alice E. Black well. Lakewood, Ohio.

## $\$ 300$ to $\$ 400$ in Spare Time

thin The Federal Course is the most compteter. practical and thorourgh of any-
 While lhave not completed the colrse thave rectived sulticient instructionst." sil $V$ Cline, Cherokee, lowa.
"I linve ny own studio and have specialized in fashlion and feature draw-


What Leading Designers and Art Studios Say of the Federal Course
" Please accept from me my appreciation of what your School is doing. I have in my art department three men who are students of your course which is very efficient, and seem to display an individuality in their work generally. Their work is also practical I have recommended your course to various young people, and always tell them that with any co-operation on their part I cannot see how vour course can fail."-Alex. O. Leve. Art Director, Larkin Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
"The Federal Course covers well the field of Commercial Art." - Franklin Booth, Noted Illustrator, and Member of the Federal Advisory Council.
"We have been in the engraving and illustrating business over a quarter of a century, and have employed a sreat many artists, and visited a great many art schools, but we have never seen anything so practical as your art course." - Suffolk Engraving \& Electrotyping Co., Boston. Mass. (This concern has one of the largest art departments in the New England States.I

The Federal School Management is doing a wonderful work in the thorough manner in which it is conducting the School. This is the first time that I have allowed myself to be connected in any way with a corresber of The Federal Advisory Council.)

## Send Today for "YOUR FUTURE"

If you like to draw, you owe it to yourself and your future success to read this book. It will give you a true vision of the splendid field of commercial art, which can never get shows remarkable work by Federal Students. both men and women, tells of their successes. explains the course in detail gives endorse. ments by many more leading illustrators and desimners, and shows how you can learn at home in your spare time, under a plan that absolutcly insurcs wour salisfaction You cannot afford to be without this book. Send for it today, enclosing $6 c$ in stamps, and kindly stating your age and occupation.

## USE THIS COUPON

Federal School of Commercial Designing
 3220 Federal Schools Blds.. Minneapolis, Minn

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America's Foremost Emotional Actress and Darzling Star of "The Heart of Hurmanity"in a Geat Universal-Jewral Production de Iruxe


You saw her in that greatest of all war plays-"The Heart of Humanity"you remember her marvelous double role in "The Right to Happiness"-you have yet to see her in the most appealing pho-to-drama that DOROTHY PHILLIPS, the American Bernhardt, ever made.

Here, in tl. is powerful, truthful story of a girl's ambitions, is the picture of your dreams. A drama that takes you out of yourself and gives you scenes to remember all your life. For you might be Aurora Meridith-and her great decision, your own-for it comes once to every woman.

Do you want to get in the Movies?
Write Dramatic Mirror, 133 W. 44th Street, New York

## "Do You Know What It Means To Be a Slave?"

Do you know what it means the seizure, the desert journey, the whips of the drivers, the house of the dealer, the shame!
"Take me away from HIM! Lock me up so that I cannot escape, beat me if you like, and I will tell you all that I know, but while HE is my master I will never betray HIM" -
Exquisitely beautiful she crouched there, trapped and in fetters, black-eyed and silken clad-an exotic vision from the Orient-and plead with the clever detective to tear lier away from the monster she called "Master."

Who was this super-being, before whom the strongest men trembled-to whom was known every secret of science - who embodied the cunning of all the ages whose power was absolute and far reaching whose astounding career is described as only one man can do it in

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for the whole set on approval. Send them back it our expense if they are not more
than you expect. To set the discount, meni lic comen- - oodey. ...........
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$\qquad$ and

Photoplay Magazine-Adyertising Section


# What Is Nerve Force 

By Paul von Boeckmann

## Lecturer and author of numercous boeks

 Energy, Respiration, Psycholosy
-Bladder

The Sympathetic Nervous System
$\qquad$

## The Prevention of Colds

## of the various books, pamphtets and tre tise

 which I have written on the subject of hevil and efficiency. home has attraterd more fiom itle "The hatu sin tole There is no haman being absolutely immun y and deeply are not ensily susceptitle to Colds This is clearly explained in my book NERUR FORCE. Other important factors, nevertheless play an important part in the prevention of Colds-factors that concern the matter of ven These factors are fully discussed In the book het abore mentioned, and I shall agree ty selld FORCE.
## No ailment is of greater danger than an or

 dinary colde, as it maly lead to influmphGrimpe, Pneumonia or Tuberchlosis. More death resulted during the recent "Flu" ephlemic that were killed during the entire war, over 6.000. Sind for a cony of the booklet "The I'reven. fion of Colds." Cou will agree that thls alons is worth many times the price asked for buth books.

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To persons who have not previously heard of my method, this may seem a pretty bold statement. But I will gladly convince you of its accuracy by referring you to any number of my graduates in any part of the world.
There isn't a State in the Union that doesn't contain a score or more skilled players of the piano or organ who obtained their contre training from me by mall. I


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only 4 . 4 . ${ }^{\text {recent developments in scientifc teachin. For the }}$. student of moderate means this method of stuy
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Business men are demanding stenographers who can typwrite faster and more accurately than the average. They are paying $\$ 35$ to $\$ 50$ weekly to men and women who can turn out great quantities of neat, accurately typewnitten letters and other matter.
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Ho average speed is 30 to 40 words a minute and the age salaries paid are $\$ 12$ to $\$ 18$ per week. Yet it isears now for anyone to typewrite at the amazing speed of 80 to 100 words a minute-and hundreds of stenographers who do that are earning $\$ 35$ to $\$ 50$ weekly,

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# One year ago he was a bookkeeper <br> The illustration above tells the new, modern story of <br> which brings advice whenever needed on special business 

what training will do for a man. From the high stool of a bookkeeper to the mahogany desk of the Man Who Directs -the Higher Accountant with the big pay and private office, who now gives orders where he used to take them-all accomplished with a few short months of specialized training.

Are you content to remain a bookkeeper-clerk-correspondent - merely one of the "office help"- or are you ambitious to stand out from the other men in your organization? An important position is open when you are ready to fill it.

## Be an Expert Accountant

No man can go far without training. No matter how bright you may be, your natural abilities must be turned into the right track before you can run swift and sure to the goal of success. The trained man always has the callreally experienced employees win promotion because they're qualified to hold the high-pay jobs.

Spare time training is the practical stepping-stone to mastery of business analysis for ambitious workers in office, store or shop. Clerks, bookkeepers, stenographers, correspondents, salesmen, can progress rapidly to positions as Expert Accountants by devoting a little home study daily in spare time without interference with their business duties. The positions in this field pay from $\$ 3,000$ to $\$ 10,000$ or more a year.

## Train at Home by Mail

Why stop where you are when the sure, easy way to better things is right before you? Don't be a stuck-in-the-rut man, satisfied with a mere living, when you can be an Expert Accountant with a reasonable amount of effort.

The LaSalle method will give you a thoro training in Higher Accounting, while you hold your present position. The course is under the personal supervision of William B. Castenholz, A.M., C.P.A., former Comptroller and Instructor, University of Illinois; Director of the Illinois Society of Certified Public Accountants, and of the National Association of Cost Accountants, assisted by a staff of Certified Public Accountants, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. You will learn the very methods used in their own work!

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Please send me catalog and full information regarding the course and service I have marked with X below. Also a copy of your book, "'Ten Years" Promotionin One," all without obligation to me.

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ARTISTS are needed. We cannot train them fast enough to meet the demand. Men are wanted by newspapers for cartoon work, by large concerns to illustrate their advertising, by publishers to illustrate books. Salaries are higher than ever before.

## No Talent Is Needed

Don't be afraid of the word "artist." The old theory that an artist had to be born is exploded. We train you not only to draw, but to draw so that you can SELL your pictures. Oụr course starts you in at the basic principles. You begin by drawing straight lines, then shading, action, perspective follow in order, until you are making drawings that sell for $\$ 100$ to $\$ 150$. You learn almost without study, once you know the simple principles found in
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You receive personal instruction. It is just as if a teacher stood at your elbow and guided you. The corrections not only show you how to im-
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## Harn Nat Nita

Motion Picture-Commercial-Portraiture

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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.

AMERICAC FILMI MFG. CO.. 6227 Broadway. Cliscago: (s) santa Barbara, Cal.
BLACKTON PRODUCTIONS, INC.. 25 W*est 45 th t.. New Yurk: (s) 123 Classon Ave.. Brooliyn.

RORERT BRUNTON STUDIOS. 5300 Melrose Ave.. Los Angeles. CaI.
CHRISTIE FILMI CORP.. Sunset Boul, and Gower St., Los Angeles, Cal.
FIRST N゙ATIONAL EXHIBITORS' CIRCUIT. NC. 6 West 48 th St. New York;
Mildred Harris Chamlin aud Anita Stewart Studios. 3800 Mission Boul.. Los Angeles, Cal.
Norma and Constance Talmadge Studio. 318 King Vidor Production. G642 Santa Monica King Vidor Production, G6t2 Santa Monica Katherine MaeDonald Productions, Geor
aud Girard Sts.. Los Augeles. Cal.
FOK FILMI CORP.. 10 th Ave. and $56 t h$ St.. New York: 1 tol Western Ave.. Los Augeles. Cal. GARSON STLDIOS, INC., 1845 Alessandro St. Los Angeles. CaI.
GOLDWTN FILM CORP.. 469 Fifth Ave.. New Iork: (s) Culver Cits. Cal.
THOMAS INCE STUDIO, Culver City. Cal.
METRO PICTURES CORP..: 1476 Broadway. New York: (s) 3 West 61 st St.. Nesy Yorls, aud
1025 Lillian Way, Los Augeles. Cal.

PARAMOUNT ARTCRAFT CORPORATION. 48 J Fifth Are.. New York

Fanous Players studio, Pierce Ive. and 6th Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal.
PATHE EXCHANGE, 25 West 45 th St.. New
Vork: (s) Hollywood. Cal. REALART PICTURES CORPORATIOX: 469 Fifth Are.. New York; (s) 211 North Occidental Boul.. Hollywo
REELCRAFT PICTURES CORP. 729 Seventh Are., New York: (s) 1107 North Bronson Ave.
Hollywood. Cal., and 1729 North Wells St. Chicago. III.
ROBERTSON-COIE PRODUCTIONS, 1600 Broadway, New York.
ROTHACKER FILAI MIFG. CO.. 1339 Diversen Parkway, Chicago. III.

SELZNICK PICTURES CORP. 729 Seventh Ave. New York; (s) 807 East 175 th St.. New
York, and West Fort Lee,
N. J.

CNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION゙. 729 Seventh Ave New York:

Mary Pickford Studios, IIollywood, Cai. ; Douglas Fairbanks Studios, Ilollywood. CaI. Charles Chaplin Studios. 1426 LaBrea Ave. D. W. Griffith

- Mamaroneck. N. I. Orienta Point

USIVERSAL FILA MFG. CO.. 1600 Broadway. New York: (s) Universal City. Cal.
VTTAGRAPH COMPANT OF AMERICA. 1600 Broadway, New York: (s) East 15th St. and Locust are.. Brooklyu. ... 1.: and Hollywood Cal.



## "He Deposits \$500 a Month!"

"See that man at the Receiving Teller's window? That's Billy King, Manager for Browning Company. Every month he comes in and deposits $\$ 500$. I've been watching Billy for a long time-take almost as much interest in him as I do in my own boy.
"Three years ago he started at Browning's at $\$ 15$ a week. Married, had one child, couldn't save a cent. One day he came in here desperatewanted to borrow a hundred dollars-wife was sick.
"I said, 'Billy, I'm going to give you something worth more than a loan-some good advice-and if you'll follow it I'll let you have the hundred, too. You don't want to work for $\$ 15$ a week all your life, do you?' Of course he didn't. 'Well,' I said, 'there's a way to climb out of your job to something better. Take up a course with the International Correspondence Schools in the work you want to advance in, and put in some of your evenings getting special training. The Schools will do wonders for you-l know, we've got several I. C. S. boys right here in the bank.'
"That very night Billy wrote to Scranton and a few days later started studying at home. Why, in a few months he had doubled his salary! Next thing I knew he was put in charge of his department, and two months ago they made him Manager. And he's making real money. Owns his own home, has quite a little property beside, and he's a regular at that window every month. It just shows what a man can do in a little spare time."

Employers are begging for men with ambition, men who really want to get along in the world and are willing to prove it by training themselves in spare time to do some one thing well.

Prove that you are that kind of a man! The International Correspondence Schools are ready and anxious to help you prepare for something better if you'll simply give them the chance. More than two million men and women in the last 30 years have taken the I. C. S. route to more money. Over 130,000 others are getting ready in the same way right now.

Is there any reason why you should let others climb over you when you have the same chance they have? Surely the least you can do is to find out just what there is in this proposition for you. Here is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail this coupon.


-The clear, smooth, Haccless complexio

## Facts about her skin that every girl should know

IS your skin a constant source of worry to you? Do you find its care continually perplexing? The clear, smooth, Hawless complexion you long for does it seem to you a special gift of nature that only a fortunate few can hope to possess?

You are wrong if you think that a beautiful skin comes merely as the result of good fortune. Any girl, by giving the skin the special care its special needs demand, can win the charm of a smooth, clear, soft complexion.

## How to keep your skin fine in texture

I'crhaps the pores of your skin are becoming enlarged. If so, vour skin is not functioning properly-the pores are not coneracting and expanding as they should. To restore your skin to healthy, normal activity and give
it back the fine, smooth delicacy it should have, begin tonight to give it this special treatment:

Just before you go to bed, dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water, and rub the cake itsclf never your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on a few minutes untal your face feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse your face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whencer possible, finish ly rubbing your face with a piece of ice.

IIse this treatment persistently, and it will bring about a marked improvement in your skin's texture.

Special treatments for each different skin condition are given in the famous booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial

Soap. Get a cake today and begin using your trearment tonight. A 25 -cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use. Sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada.

## "Your treatment for oneweek"

Send 25 cents for a beautiful litsle set of Woodbury's stin preparations consatning your complete lloodbury treasmens for one week

You will find, first, the looklet, "A Skin lou love to Touch," telling you the special treatment your skin necds: then a erial size cake of Woodhurv's liacial Soap-enough for seven mights of any treatment; samples of the new Woodhary's Facial Cream; Wondburs's Cold Cream and Woodburs's l-acral Powder. Write today for this spectal new Wiendlury outrit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 512 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you lise an Camada, adaress The Andrese Jergens Co., limiled, 512 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Oniarso.


Freulich.

ONE of Californa's favorite children is Carmel Myers. She became an actress at a very early age indeed-when the price one paid to see her was two pins. Now it costs considarably more to see (armel. Last scasum she was on the stage.


Evane.

Abeatiful. The little blonde with the plaintive eves is one of our most persecuted heroines, and has won additional distinetion by being pretty even when she eries.


D



Hoover.
Here is Whiskers, who appears in Charles Ray's support in "Peaceful Valley."



.ияm-Peyton.

IT is a tribute to Geraldine Farrar that she has carved a career for herself on the screen whieh in no way depends upon her many operatie triunuphs. Gerry's first celluloid contribution was "Carmen"; her latest is "The Riddle: Woman.


 Next momth, Mr. C'harles Sjemeer Chaplin.

# The World's Leading Moving Picture c Magazine <br> <br> PHOTOPLAY <br> <br> PHOTOPLAY <br> Vol. xix <br> December, 1920 <br> No. I 



## The Boy of Destiny

$T^{\tau}$ is the history of every art-form that the master comes early. Not in the very beginning, but while the art is still young; after the pioneer, the greatest builder. After the first glow of the Renaissance, Michelangelo; after the tinklings of early Italian opera, Verdi; after the pioneer symphonists of Germany, Beethoven; after Marlowe and Ben Jonson, Shakespeare.

Beyond any doubt the Shakespeare of the screen is already living. Beyond any doubt he is an American, for every art-form is true to its nativity.

If the pendulum of the world is not stopped by the hand of unrest, the classics of optic literature will be conjured into celluloid within the next twentyfive years. Their maker will be an American to whom the photoplay is now familiar; he is today a real boy, who loves baseball and everything, for enduring art has never emanated from the anemic. Right now he is unconsciously learning to talk by pictures, to argue with pictures, to think in pictures.

It will take at least twenty years to solve the remaining primary problems of camera and screen and projection, just as twenty years must pass before this boy of destiny, born into a picture world, will know himself or other human beings. Our photoplays, emerging more or less unscathed from the ills and weaknesses of an art's childhood, are entering the serene field of character depiction and criticism of life.

This already-living Shakespeare of the screen will not only direct but will write his own works. From their very inception, they will be peculiarly his own. From now on, we eagerly await him.


Every man's wife looks like this to him when he wins her. Men love their wives-most men love their wives more than anything enearth. But later come scenes like this one - in the center above. And why? The man goes elsewhere to find the beauty he doesn't find at home.

CECIL de MILLE is probably the film's greatest authority on matrimonial problems. His theories of sex, marriage, women, and divorce are here presented for the first time. Whether you are happily married or not, or even if you are not married at all you must read this absorbing account.

# What Does Mar 

As Told by<br>Cecil B. de Mille

THIS is not a defense. Neither is it an explanation. No one who knows Cecil de Nille can imagine him either explaining or defending anything he found worth doing. He is capable of leaving the thing to the ultimate judgment of its own achievements.

Therefore it is merely a statement of purpose.
For, just as surely, one cannot conceive of Cecil de Mille as purposeless and wanton, doing a thing only for its effects, for gain or glory.
It is a statement of what Cecil de Mille believes about his own pictures. It is the first roicing of his mental attitude toward the criticism his productions and their immense popularity have received-a declaration that he believes he has a message to deliver to the world for the world's good, and that he is employing the most effective medium for delivering it.

It is a brutaily frank, white-hot exposé of Cecil de Mille's own theories of marriage. women, sex. divorcc-the theorles that have led him to produce such drama as "Why Change Your Wife?" "IDon't Change lour Husband" and "Old Wises For New."

It was not in the least intentional. We had been discussing the method, instinct. \&enius of selection which has enabled him year after year to hold his title of "The Star Maker,
And somelow or other, a question or two-the discussion of a great book and its philosophy of love; the first, cool, California night breczes brimging relaxation in the dim, deserted studio, after a blindonge hot day of hard work-led him to a wholly unexpected statement of his purpose, his message. that held me spellbound as 1 am frank to admit 1 have never been spellbound by any conversation before.

Cecil de Mille and his "sex pictures"-they have not gone unscathed. They have been too daring for that. Yet how few people have ever stopped to analyze the motive behind them. No one can wouch for the sincerity of another. Nor can they decide the right or wrong of a belief. I can only. say that I felt a sincerity and leave the right or wrong of it to each one who reads.
"I believe I have a message to give." Cecil de Mille said. when we hat been talking some time. "I believe I can do more to prevent divorce, that I am doing more to prevent divorce than any minister or anti-divorce league in the world. In the first place I reach so many, many more people. And in the second place, they see it so much more quickly:

The next time I interview Cecil de Mille I am going to have a dictograph installed first.
Memory can never reproluce the exact. hrilliant. diamondcut phrases. Some were startling enough to have left a decisise recorl on my brain-others in the rapicl tlow of his eloquence slipped by me.

But even with a dictograph. I still should fail to reproduce the personality of the man. He awakens at once an intense awe. Vet he stimulates a keen, mental enthusiasm. Ile seems vitally, almost painfully alive-a driving, compelline, yet pleasing force with which one could not be at ease for a lone. long time, but to which one would return again and again.
It is, I think an unusual wedding of the abolity to think and the ability to feel. Most men who have a capacity to do one to the limit, neglect the other. Great analytical thinkers have seldom possessed consummate emotional power. Nor have the artists of what is called "living," been real thinkers

The welding of the two in l)e Mille accounts for the combined magnetism and compelling force of the man.


In eighteen years of married life she hasn't discovered that the way to hold a husband is not to find fault with everything he does, but to prove so attractive he won't want to go out. She has got into the habit of picking. No wonder the divorce records swell

# riage Mean? 

## To

Adela Rogers St. Johns

"FOR centuries sex has brought disaster to the world because it has been shut behind a stone wall, the object only of hushed voices. You can't fight an unacknowledged thing."
"Women get into a strange habit of picking. It's a habit, purely and simply a habir. They start by saying, 'Please don't do that dear,' and end by saying, 'Go see what George is doing and tell him to stop it.'"
"A man doesn't buy his wife a diamond or a lot of roses or a new car to buy her off. It's a sincere attempt to show her his love hasn't changed.'

If his pictures conrey to others what he conreyed to me. they are messages.

## He taught me.

I am quite, quite sure that because of the things he said to me that night I shall be a better wife.

He opened doors to me, as a woman, that had been discreetly veiled if not tightly shut to me.

I had been describing an episode in a book-a man's reaching out for the last flame of his youth, the autumnal passion he knew to be his last love experience.
"And I suppose about that time he goes back to his wife." said Mr. de Mille musingly, "They always do. If a woman has the mental strength to stand the gaff, her husband will always come back to her and come galloping back at that. If she just has the moral poise to weather his yieldings to the beast within. Every husband in the world would go back to his wife if she stood pat.
"If women could only see that!
"A man does something he ought not to do, I make no excuses, understand. I do not condone. It seems the nature of the beast, that's all. And why, oh, why will reformers try to reform the world from the standpoint of what ought to be instead of what is?
"Anyway, he strays, falls from his allegiance to his wife. In reality to him it's a matter of small importance, so far as his feeling for his wife is concerned-of no importance, I might say. It isn't a thing he's at all pleased about. He takes a cold shower and says, 'Good Lord, what have I done? Why did I do that?' He goes home-crawls home, curls up at his wife's feet and says. 'Lady, please step on me.'
"You know that's actually what he does. He probably buys her a diamond, or a lot of roses, or a new car. It isn't to buy
lier off. It's a sincere attempt to show her his love hasn't been changed.
"If she accepts his repentance silently-if she reccives him gently, such experiences will not take him from her, they will bind him to her-until ultimately they cease altogether.
"But no. She doesn't do it. She draws down the corner of her mouth and says 'W'here were you last night?' And he, of course says 'Oh, I had a business conference, darling.' She finds out he didn't have a business conference and she says. 'Where zeve you?" Then he tells her he was playing poker with Jim. She finds out he wasn't playing poker with Jim. 'Ah,' she cries, I know where you were.'
"And the fight was or.
"From an intense humility and repentance she weeps. scolds and berates him into anger, defiance-finally into open revolt. She drives him into a corner where he is obliged to fight. Pretty soon he throws up his hands and says. 'Oh. hell, I can't stand this,' and goes out and does it all over again.
"lou see?
"Why, take a horse. Because it is his nature, he will thy at things. If, when he shies, you steady the rein, speak gently and ease him along, he settles down again and no harm is done. After a while he gets more sense and doesn't shy at all.
"But if when he shies, you take a rawhide whip and lash him with it, he will probably run away, upset the luggy, and kill you.
"I honestly believe that if I could show women the exact similiarity I would have done the world a great. an inestimable gnod.
"Because sex is the one lhim that everybody has.
"Its effect is a universal problem. It is the one thing one

## Photoplay Magazine



Now inere is posiively＝oi！ing imunal ebor：Dezul．


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## The Magnificent Mirage

Bv<br>HENRY HARCOURT

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## Raising Riches

## Irene's record - both as to family and fortune.

IT is strange, but I gained a sense of motherhood the moment I met her.
She had been introduced to me as Miss Irene Rich. She has been consistently presented to the public in a way to give the impression that she stepped from college on to the screen.

But there are some women who by the light of their eycs, the gentleness of their hands, suggest the completion of woman's destiny in motherhood.

Irene Rich, for all her splendid youth, is that sort of woman.

Bchind the illusion of the screen where she has become so identified with the kind of a girl who would fall in love with Will Rogers, I found a human interest story whose depths startled me.

Perhaps the screen public, which has taken her so swiftly to its heart, really docs prefer to think of her as a young girl whose only tears have been shed over a crumpled dance frock. Perhaps they do cling to the idea that she went into the movies because she loved art, or desired fame, or selfexpression.

Personally, I am not interested in girls just out of college. They know too much-and too little.

The Irene Rich I found behind the veil is more appealing than any I had dreamed of. A woman whom the world has buffeted, a woman starting the long, upward climb from the ashes of a shattered romance, with two small girls cling. ing to her skirts, and their bread and butter as the star to guide her.

For Irene Rich has two children, two lovely little girls, just leaving babyhool. The home she has built in Hollywood as the outward and visible sign of her threc-vear assault upon the temple of motion-picture fame, is their home. Her plans: "enter entirely about their future, her conversation about their neecte. Hor own carecr, though she loves it with the passionate love of personal atcomplishment and independence possible only to women who have experienced unhappy married lives, is conls a means to an end-and Martha Jane and Frances are that end.
"My life always seems to me to have started backwards," said Irene Rich. "My romance. mv marriage, my children came firn, and now my work. Usually, it's the other way, isn't it?


By<br>MARY<br>W'iNSYIP

her experience of life, I do not believe for a moment that she could have brought to the screen what she has brought. Only hard knocks have saved her from self-complacency: Only sorrow has kept her extreme sweetness from the saccharine.

She married first at sixteen-a boy and girl love-dream as fleeting as it was tragic. It fled, leaving behind, as a sign of its passing. little Frances, a slim, bloncic youngster with stcady, clear blue eves.

And on the rebound, she told me, the failure of this rosy romance flung her into the arms of a colonel of the $U$. S. Army nearly twice
her age. (Even now she is apt to speak of "orders from Washington" instead of "the New: lork office.")
She must have been quite lovely as the "Colonel's Lady:" The army life, the experience as wife of the commanding ofticer though she was much younger than women below her in rank, berond doubt gave her that poise, that assurance, that sweet dignity of bearing that has established her in pictures.
What it was that wrecked the bark of this second marriage, aiter a few short vears of struggle and discontent, she did not tell me. Only that she found herself a few months after litile Martha Jane's birth. alone-unwilling to accept aid from the husband she refused to live with. But since divorce, separation, is not looked upon with favor in the army, it goes without saying that she went throush some deep waters.

Her shoulders rippled with a little shudder when she spoke of it.

With her mother to care for the children, she came to Hollvwood.
"I was willing to scrub floors." she said calmly. "But I do it so badly l'm sure no one would have me, I wanted to be economically independent. I wanted. after what I had seen, to be myself and my children's mother. I decided pietures were the only place 1 could-if I succeeded-find work that would give ny little girls the things 1 wanted them to have."

Then began the weary round of casting oflices and agencies. She put her pride in her pooket and said quictly, "I've come

# The Male Background 

In which David Powell, our leading mere male, speaks his mind.

## By

JANET FLANNER

IM tired of being a male background," David Powell said seriously one afternoon. -Ever since I came to America and started playing 'leads' in cinemas I have been like a groom continually at a wedding with everyone whispering, 'Here she comes.' And that's because I am in America. It's because I'm in a land where the worship is not of hero but heroine. Had you ever noticed that?
"Do you mind if I talk about this thing a little?" he interrupted himself hastily. "No? All right. America worships women. then. And if you choose to doubt me. look at the cinemas. You have many more stars feminine then masculine, which is not the case

on the other side. And more than that, and this is the most interesting thing, you have developed a taste for getting at a love story only through the women's angle. That's why." he laughed. "I feel always like a groom at a wedding."
"In England," he says, "the audiences do not demand that their love stories be handed to them from the woman's angle. Even when the leading character in the play is a woman.
"A chap has a chance there," he repeated stoutly: "He's part of the story there: not, as here, a prerequisite of the emotionally successful woman without which, after she settles down, no home can be considered complete.
"I suppose I see it differently than you do," he apologized. smiling. "A visitor sees a land and its customs with keener eves than the native ever does. Besides that. I went into pictures fresh from shakespeare and shaw and that heightens one`s critical faculties, doubtless. I came over here in 'Capt. Bras*bound's Conversion' and before that had been with Sir Beerbohm Tree in his thakespearean revivals. The difference between the dramatic tastes of the British and the Imerncans." he hurried hack. and "felt this time he would finish the discussion with superb nicety, "is tha* you are interested in emotions solely 'That's why you are more interes'el
(Cominued on puge IES

## COMEDY TYPES STILL AT LARGE, OR-



Ralph Barton's penned impressions of Parisian movics and manners.

THE Person Bchind reads all the titles aloud and follows the - action verbally just as he does in America. But here he has an added joy - the seats are so designed as to leave a convenient aperture at the back large enough to admit his hardest toe.

Antidote: sit down suddenly on entering and pinch it off.

HOW to force an entrance into the Parisian movietheatre. (In one lesson - with diagram below.)
1 st - Draw yourself up to your full height and attempt to ifnore the "barker" and the electric bell.
2nd Read the sign carefully and choose which of a halfdozen kinds of seats you prefer.
3d - Enter into negotiations with the two lady experts involving the calculation of the droits des paurres, the old and the new war taxcs, and the cternal shortage of small change.
4th - Place what change you may have won in the various pockets you may have assigned to the postage stamps, paper notes, pence, entimos, centesimi, reis, paras, lepta, ochr'-el-guerche and perhaps a few French coins of which the said change consists.
5th - Tender your ticket to the two personages in the conning tower to have it viséd and marked with an altogether illegible seat number.
6th Abandon yourself to the damsels with programs (1 franc each), electric torches and - open palms.
7th And there you arc.


## A CROSS-SECTION OF PARISIAN CINEMA


in addition to the drawings on these pages, will be found on Page 117.

THE French are never so movie-mad as the Americans. 1 It is, for example, quite possible to find a setting like that at the right - two young things and a kiosque full of cinema advertisements - and to find, on eavesdropping, that they are not whispering the inside story of the latest Hollywood divorce at all, but are two demobilized war-brides, back from Ohio, each claiming to have had the worst American mother-in-law. - elle ma dit. 'I don like painted face! et jai dit. 'Eef I tal you all I don' like here I talk to meednight!"

Sketches and Satire by
RALPH BARTON



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, burned black in contrast to the somewhat pale messteurs de la presse cinematographique, and Mary Pickford, pale in contrast to the somewhat colorful Frenchwomen. did more, in a few minutes at a dejerner given them at the Restaurant Langer. for the entente cordiale between France and America than all the envoys ever sent from Washington. They were fagged (and looked it by the way London had gonc on over them and Paris was allowed time only to feed them, give them a hearty ban (that curious French "three cheers" expressed by clapping the hands in three series of five rapid claps each, followed by three single claps) and to promise them a welcome on their return in October "such as one gives to kings and emperors - or. rather, such as one gave to kings and emperors, since there aren't any more in Europe.
"Maree" read a little spech in a very American and charming accent but "Dooplass" plunged in without notes and committed this original bit of French:
"Messieurs et Madame! J"ai tres difficile pour parler francais, mais I will tell you something, jai ecrit le specch de madamc. Je vous aime beaucoup. J aime tres beaucoup Paris, les rues et les edifices, mais la beaute de Paris - cंcst les femmes! Pour nous - Paris toujours!" Then every onc went mad. Too much ado over a pair of movic-actors? Well, what two framers of the Treaty of Versailles have done the world as much good?


In "Shoes." her first role, for Lois Weber.

SIIF started in the Winter Garden horus. How pregnant whith meaning are those few words! She started in the Winter Garden chorus! Right off. what does that make you think of? A sabled siren with priceless pearls and luxurious limousines-several: pet poms and pellucid understanding? Exactly: One could write a book about it. It has been done.
I. too, would like to write a book about it. My book would be different. Quitc. Not colorful, but quaint. A book about"I, Mary MacLaren."

She started in the Winter Garden chorus! But she did not stay in the Winter Garden, or any chorus. Mary just learned enough about choruses in the Winter Garden chorus to be able to play, later, and very dramatically', chorus girls for the camera.
To describe her as I, Mary would never in the wide world describe herself -(she wouldn't anyway): she's a swect, wholesome, vigorous young woman, with a couragcous gaze-those clear cool blue cyes always look straight and frankly at you-and a finely poised head. and nice hands and athletic ankles. And she loves-at midnight, at noon, at any other time-choco-late-coated pecans. Pounds —and pounds of ${ }^{\circ} \mathrm{em}$ !

She had just come back to New York for the first time in four years. Mary -and Mary's mother.
"W'e used to live here, you know. I went to school in Jersey. But when you live in a place you never go in see any of its showplaces, do you?

And later Mother and I went back-stage at the theater-the Winter Garden -where I used to bo a chorus-girl. We watched all the girls for a while, and then chatted with the deor-keeper. It all seemed strange-and far off. And 1 wondered what would have happened to me if I harl stayerl-instead of going on-"

Why didn't Mary stay in the Winter Carten chorus?
Simply because Mary didn't like it. She wanted to go on the stage in the beginning. of course, and she thought the thung to do was to start at the beginning. Be a chorus-girl, in wher words. But she discovered after sheid been one for a short while that she didu't want to go on being one. So she threw down the spear.

The fanily-Mary's mother and her three daughters-moved to Californit Mary still wanted to bo an actress Phis time she wited the stutios. She was lookmge on when Loois Wederer saw her Diss Weloer wanted a sixteen-vear-oble girl-or a

"It's silly to say that the public docsn't want its favorites to marry! I should hate to think that a career could prevent me from marrying. Every girl wants to get married and have a home, and children.

## "I-

Mary
MacLaren"

Her life and her thoughts on things.

By<br>SYDNEY VALENTINE

girl who looked sixteen-to play the leading part in "Shoes." She saw Mary Mary was sixteen-and then Mary became a star.

Only recently did she attain her real standardswith Fannie Hurst's story: "A Petal on the Current." Miss Hurst, by the way. wrote from the East an entirely unsolicited letter 10 Mary commending her for her splendid work in it.

Mary and her two sisters once holidayed in a iashionable California wateringplace. They met many of the younger set there and went swimming and riding with them. Mary used her mother's name and they never suspected she was connected with motion pictures in any way.
"When ther found it out." says ilary. "they wouldn't believe it. They said, "Why, she was such a nice sirl!" in such a surprised way: That is all wrong.
"I should hate to think that a career could prevent me from marrying-some day:" she said. "I think cerery girl wants to cet married, and have a home. and children. It's silly, anyway: to say that the pullic doen't want its favorites to marry The noost :uciessful iilm stars are married-and many happily "Perhaps 1 imagined it, but it seened to me 1 caught a lime If some chap who was merely waiting around until the right Ir rl- Mary-said yes. Mary's mother doesn't want her to marry until she's iwenty-five.

Mary has two sisters-one of them is married to an army - flicer. The other is Katherine MacDonald. Katherine embarked on her own film career while she was managing Mary's Dary will prohblly remain in the East for a white. anyway: International thinks: she will make a lovely: Honde addition to their stellar lists.
"Here I devote myself to a fair lady all winter," complained Livingston, "and then she throws me over on the biggest night of the year, for a mere husband!"

## Woman

in His House

## By <br> LULIETTE BRYANT

## Proving that love and a simple faith sometimes triumph when science fails.



THERE are those who fail to believe in the mystic communion between the spirit land and this one. There are those who scoff at the idea of true friendship and loyalty, untainted by passion or selfishness. There are those who smile indulgently when they hear of a miracle wrought by mother love.

This story is not for them. It is for the man or the woman who has known a friend, a mother, and the blessed gift of faith.

When Philip Emerson, one of the best known of London's younger physicians, sailed his yacht up through the North Sea in search of solitude and rest, he took with him two things: a set of tired, jangling nerves, and the one person whose presence brought solace to them, Peter Marvin.

When he sailed back again, after a summer amid the mystic beauties of the Northland, he brought with him three things: a set of nerves that were healed and comforted; Peter Marsin, faithful, serene and unchanged; and a bride-a little maid of the North, named Hilda.

She was a quaint, delightful creature, all moods and passions, all fire and ice, all swift, short-lived anger and soft, tremulous tenderness. Untaught in the ways of the world, but wise in the lore of nature and of the books that lined three sides of the library that had been her grandfather's and her father's. The room where driftwood fires flung opalescent
flames against dark panelled walls, and the sea thundered up to splash the windlow panes.
"She'll be sorry!" said the men in Doctor Emerson's circle. "He has the cold, logical soul of the scientist. He never will fill the life of a tender, womanly thing like her."
"He'll be sorry!" said the women. "She's a quaint little thing, but utterly unfitted to take her place as the head of nis house. She can't fill the life of a strong, brainy man like him!"
"Neither of them will be sorry, in the very end," said Peter Marvin, with his slow, calm smile.

And all the men were right in some measure, but Peter most of all. And all the women, for once, were wrong! Philip never once was sorry. Careless was Philip, neglectful at times. absorbed in the experiments which for years had been the absorbing passion of his life, but never, never sorry that he had won the little maid of the Northland and brought her to his home.
She adapted herself quickly to the new life, as women do. She whose morning bath had been a dip in a decp, clear pool formed by jutting rocks, became fasticlious in the matter of porcelain tubs, fragrant bath salts, exquisite monogrammed towels. She who had been wont to run for miles over the rocks, with strong bare fect, learned to shrink from the touch of any fabric coarser than silk, to wear the daintiest of shoes. to walk only from the door to the curb where the motor

"Muvver-dear played with me." lisped little Philip, "and I fell and hurted my hand. It's all well now-Muver-dear kissed it."
waited; to play at exercise with fashionable, idle men and women, on the tennis courts, at the country club, or more frequently at the tea tables on its broad veranda.

Philip, when he had time to think about it at all, looked on at her transformation with an amused twinkle. Peter worried, at times, in his slow, calm way.
"Nonsense!" laughed Philip. "She's happy. She knows I hase my work to do. Don't croak, old man. Since you won't practice nor experiment yourself. I must do enough for two. Meantime, you can play with Hilda-two children together, in Fairyland!"

Philip could never quite forgive Peter for having gisen up the practice of medicine to "go in for clreaming" as Philip expresed it. "1sychic fidllesticks!" he called the new science whech absorbed the attention of the gentle, sensitive I'eter. Philip would bave none of it, but Hitda, with the touch of mesticinm that the Northland gives to all its children, would listen for hours, her wide, half-wistful eyes alight with interest and faith.
love and faith can work wonders!" she said to Philip, on one of the rare evenings when he left the laboratory and sat whth her in front of the grate fire carefully hemmed in with brave trappings, a pale phanton of the blazing fires of her childhowl. "I know they can, And yet, I worry sometimes, weir. Jisu seem su far from me, in there, with the nurse, the dowe (lowel, your whole mind engrossed in science, no room tor a thought of me!"
"Yinn don't understand. swectheart," he protested, gently. II: W,2 alsays gentle with her. hat doubly so now that the ture of her motherhoonl was near. "There aleedos is room for sou in my mind. Other thinge omse and go, but you are there 1 how ion 1 explam?" He patecel for a moment. then hiv fanc brightemen. "Souknow how whe with the somed of
the sea. up there in the North? You grew up with it in your ears. lou losed it. lou always knew it was there, though you didn't think, consciously every minute. 'I love the sea, I love the sea!' It was a part of your mental seli. And that's what my lose of you is to me-a thing that's there always, singing in my heart, though my mind is centered on other things and I'm not saying, consciously, 'I love her, I love her!'"
"What a lovely, lovely thought!" she whispered, star-eved and flushed with rapture. She would rememher it always. she told herself, no matter how absorbed or indilierent I'hilip might seem.

She forced herself to think of those tender sentences many: many times in the months that followed. Philip, atter the hirth of his little son. felt that Hilda had an absorhing interest of her own now, and became more and more aboorbed in his work. But though she loved her child passionately. Hilda was not the type of woman who immolates herself completely in motherhood. Home, child, husband, made for her the perfect triangle, and her mind revolted against the third side being always missing. Little by little. discontent and rehellion crept into the mund that had known only trust and affection.

When Philip Jumior was three years old. Hikla began to go much into society:
" 1 "m not going to bury myselt." she dectared. "I hase a wonderful murse for Junior, and if Philip won't play with me, others will. Bol, Livingston, for instance.

Philip laughed indulgently at her, across the hreakiast table "Scems a good sort, Boh Livingston," he said. ". 1 change from our prosy Peter. ch? Well. enjoy yourself. my dear. lou're roung, and gasety is cood for you."

But Poter's eves were troubled. and thilip stired unessila unker his untmiken reluke. "I'll surdy go io the Now lion
party," he promised. "Even if the discovery I've been after for five years comes and sits on my shoulder and whispers in my ear on New lear eve I'll chase it away and go play with my wife!"
She was very happy in this promise. She planned a new gown for the occasion. She told all her friends that her wonderful husband was coming with her. Bob Livingston sulked openly.
"Here I devote myself to a fair lady all winter," he complained, "and then she throws me over on the biggest night of the year, for a mere husband! Rotten, I call it!!"
"Couldn't you sue her husband for alienating her affections? That would be original!" laughed a bright-eyed girl, iewly home from a western state bringing the latest thing in divorces. "Cheer up, I'm quite anxious to see this wonderful physician who will deign to honor us with his presence."
"If he comes, he'll leave his mind at home in the laboratory!" declared Bob. "I hope you have a dull evening, Hilda. Won't you at least have tea at the Ritz with me that afternoon?"
"Indeed I won't. That afternoon belongs to Junior," she told him. "It's his birthday, you know."
"Too much family stuff! I'm all fed up on it," Bob averred, discontentedly. "Can't I come to Junior's celebration, then? Ill bring him things!"
"Indeed you cannot! Peter is coming to that. You don't care anything about children. You'd spoil our party!"
So Livingston was left to amuse himself as best he could, while Hilda and Peter romped with Junior all afternoon, and gave him a wonderful tea, with a real birthday cake, very simple and plain, but topped with four red candles, bravely burning. And at the very end, Philip came out to say goodnight.
"Nice birthday, son?" he asked.
"Yes! Muvser-dear played with me, and I hided in the ice box. And I fell and hurted my hand. It bled a little," proudly, "but I didn't cry!"
"Let Daddy see it, son," with quick anxiety.
"It's all well, now. Nuvverdear kissed it."
"You see, Philip, your son knows that mother love is a better cure than all your drugs!" laughed Peter.
"And Muvver-dear telled me a story about a man named Sigurd that pushed her in the water, and you pulled her out!" went on the child. "And then you brought her 'way down here, away from him. And Sigurd was poor, 'cause his back was all twisted, since babyhood!"
"That's what Daddy is working for-something that will prevent little boys from being cripples," Philip said . speaking in the man-to-man fashion which all small boys adore. "If my experiments succeed, there will be no more little twisted backs."
"Oh, it would be worth all the work and loneliness!" Hilda exclaimed. "Nothing is so dreadful as that-l'd a thousand times rather a child of mine were dead!"

She caught Junior down from his perch on the banister now, and ran upstairs with lim. "I'm going to have on my beautiful new gown when I come down," she called back. "Get ready, Philip!"
"Right-o!" he called. "My gladdest clothes are laid out!"
But when she came down, all lovely in her shimmering blue and silver frock, with the joy-light in her eyes, Philip was still shut up in the laboratory. For half an hour she waited. Then, as the clock struck nine, she tapped on the forbidden door.
"Philip! 1t's nine o'clock. You must dress."
"I can't!" His voice came out through the closed door, cold, unregretful, utterly detached. "I've reached a crisisI've almost got my serum! I cannot leave it now!"
Without a word she turned. face pale, eyes blazing, lips set in a firm, straight line, to confront a distressed, anxious Peter.
"I shall go with Bob," she said. "Ine said he would call, in case my husband deserted me at the last moment. Well, my husband has, and it shan't spoil my fun. Bob cares for me, really! Philip cares for me when he has nothing else to do!"
"Don't be bitter, little girl," begged Peter. "Go along and

"He isn't there." flamed Hilda. "Oh. Bob was right !"
have your party, if you will, but don't take that reckless mood with you!'
"It's the only mood I have!" she flung back, "and you needn't care. Philip doesn't."
When Philip emerged from the laboratory, two hours later, flu:hed and trumphant with his hard-won success, a sterneyed I'eter met him.
"lou may have gained an honor in the field of science," he said, quietly, "but if you are not carcful you will find it has cost you your wife. Hilda has gone to another man for comfortand she will get it! You're a fool, Philip!'

And Ihilip, human and understanding now that the spell of his work was thrown off, nodded in quick contrition.
"Ill dress now, and go down and surprise them, he said.

He was half-dressed when a telephone call came. He listened, anxiously. then changed back to street clothes, and ran down to Peter.
"Old man." he said, "there's a serious outbreak of infantile paralysis. Nineteen cases brought into the Elliott this afternoon. It'll spread like mad through the East side. And the children who die will be the fortunate ones. The others will be cripples, unless my serum works. And it will! It's got to! Now's my chance. Explain to Hilda, won't you?"
The door banged behind him while Peter stood. shaking his head doubtiully. The epidemic must be fought, of course. In a real crisis, no physician could shirk.
But he wished Hilda had not gone away fecling so bitter. It was going to be very hard to make her unferstand, now. Faithful Peter put on his hat and went out for a brisk walk, to let the night air clear his brain of its tangles. So it was that when Hilda, urged on by the suspicious whispers of Livingstone, telephoned to ask if Ihilip were still in the laboratory, the lutler answered. "No, Madame. He went out with the nurse, after you left the house!'
.She turned away, actually sick with horror and dismay: Il as, Livinestone right? Did Philip (are for the nurse who was his constant companion through the long hours when she, his wifi was shut out from his presence?
"He's still in the laboratory." she told Livingstone, bravely. But he know that she lied, and she fonw that he knew it. It was the heginning of a new chapter in life. for litule. IItala

It was broad daylight when the got home, wan eyel, with strange hard line in her voung face, and dashes of rouge supplsing the color her pale check: lacked.

I cuppone you're waiting up to scold me," she hegan. "Wrell, youl werdhit bother. Peter dear. Five got my eves open. I'hilin (.nn go where he pleases. and I shall claim the same

I'hilip is at the hospital," he told her. "Truly, he had begun to dress to go to you, when he was called there. They needed him, sorely. You wouldn't have him neglect a real call of need, Hilda dear!"

The truth in his eyes, the earnestness of his voice had their effect. She relaxed a little, and nodded, wearily:
"Well, we won't quarrel, Peter d'ear. I'm tired, and I don't much care. I shall sleep all day, if I can."

He watched her go listlessly up the stairs and vanish through the door of her own room. An instant later she reappeared, terrified. wild-eyed, the red splotches of rouge standing out grotesquely against her dead white face.

T'eter!' There's something wrong with Junior! Hurry!"
L'p the stairs dashed Peter. through Hilda's room, into the blue and white nest where the child lay in his snowy bed, flushed and dull-eyed, and faintly moaning.
The nurse came sobbing in from the next room. "He was all right when I went to bed, Ma'am. He never woke once all the evening, and was as natural as you please when I left him, at eleven. I'm sure he didn't call out-I always hear him if he wakes."
"He didn't call. It isn't your fault, Marie," Peter said kindly: "It takes them like this. always."
"IFhat takes them?" cried Hilda. "What is it, Peter?"
But Peter did not answer. He was watching the nurse who stood at the phone, calling the hospital. asking for Philip.
"But he is there," Hilda could hear her insisting. " He went there. bours ago."
"That's where he told you he was going."' she flamed. as Peter cane back. "But he isn't there at all! Oh, Bob was right!'"
"I have asked them to send another doctor, and a trained nurse." Peter said, gently. "And as soon as they can they will tind Philip. Don't be unfair. Hilda. Philip neglects you for nothing except his work."
"IIis work! I hate it !" she flamed. "I could hear his disloyalty to me, but when he lets his own child suffer it is bevond forgiveness. If he does not come now, before it is too lute, 1 will never speak to him aqain!"

All day they fought for the little life. the strange doctor, the nurse, and Peter. III day Hilela waited, forn with angui $\stackrel{\downarrow}{h}$ and lowe and dread. ill day they becought the hospital authorities to tind Philip and send him home. And all day Philip at in the tiny bedroom of a dark and filthy tenement, bottline for the life and the bealth of a wan, scrawne urchin u-ing his precious, hard-won serum on a child of the slums. while his own litte lad fought a lowint battle with the same dread disease.
(Continued on page 1IS)



The mode of 1921 emphasizes length of line. It was never better illustrated than in this dinner gown of black and white worn by Pearl Whitc. It is of Mallinson pussy-willow satin with jet pailetted panels.

PIRIS, September-For the last month or two weve been wandering slightly afield in our fashion talks, but when I'm writine to you from Paris it seems the most natural thing in the world to come back to clothes
Clothes are to Paris what steel is to Pittsburgh. I suppose if the average Parisienne were to be cast adrift on a desert hand she would immediately begin to achieve a very chic and dashing gown out of sea weed. She is like that-evers one of her that I have seen on the boulevards. If you hase an cye for line and color your first trip 10 P'aris will be one of unalloyed joy. No matter how shalby the gown or hat of a litle garl of the Paris shops she will twist a bit of ribbon in her hat, or a knot of it at her throat. and-voila!-she is chic; she has attamed the "something" that makes you turn about and follow with admiring eyos the trim, little figure and its trim, little, stubley shoes

She is one of the lowely sights of l'aris-the little girl who trips blithely along on her varrous errands-but one"s thought grow confused in trying to ditiorentiate between the losely Sthets here they are so many and so varied. Vet they all ne elt sonnehow, into a harmonions whole. When sour read thes the toret <now these of winter may be flyine and it will mean an ceort of wall for you to visultee l'aris a, I see it today-

# Launching the 

From Paris come hints by Photoplay's

Photography by Old Masters

By NORMA
the Paris stceped in soft, autumnal sunlight: the Paris tha: is lovely at dawn, beautiful in the mellow lisht of midday. and fascinating when the lights begin to glitter along the boulevards.

Viewed from the Arc de Triomphe-where one looks alon; the colorful length of the Champs Elysees-or across the Pon: leuf to old Paris, under sunlight or softly-jalling rain, it is equally lovely, this Paris of the artist, of the dreamer, of the sightseer from many lands. One of the things that I notice especially about the Paris crowds is that they seem always happy. One doesn't look to find much happiness in France, but it is here and very evident to the eye of even the most casual observer. It is a quict. cheerful sort of happiness, the


Such a rush for fur garments has never before been known cisher in Amcrica or France. This wrap of cvora and holinsh Gail Kanc is hucking is smartly lined in printed fusey-w-1llow from Mallinson. And she has a feather on her hat. tool

## Winter Mode

for the new season, Fashion Editor.

TALMADGE.

kind that seems to endure under all sorts of difficulties-as, indeed, it has had to.

One finds it everywhere, but it is particularly in evidence in the ateliers of the great designers of clothes-those men and women whose business was almost at a standstill during the war and who are now frantically occupied in gowning a world that has turned its thoughts once more to pretty frocks and delicious hats. These peopie have more much more, than they can do just now and they are getting a great deal of money for what they do turn out. The depreciation of the franc means little or nothing to the Paris makers of raiment, for they are tacking on a price that staggers even the lavishly supplied American buyer. I was present one morning in the


Paris decrees and America accepts the fact that embroidery holds the center of the stage this scason. June Elvidge is pleasantly resigned to this sensible Crown frock of Mallinson's. brown chinchilla satin cmbroidered in white chain-stitching.


Every Parisienne and indeed every American wants a kolinsky or sable wrap for the winter. Marilynn Miller's is of kolinsky and brown indestructible voile lined in that popular Mallinson pussy-willow: linings are so very, very important, you know-!
exhibition salon of a famous creator of molles when one of the New York buyers was trying to negotiate the purchase of a little confection in silver lace and pink chifion. "But fifteen hundred francs'" she was expostulating, "I want the dress. yes, but. good heavens! fifteen hundred francs. and the customs to pay after that-" she shook her head.

Madlame was firm. She was sorry, of a certainty: She was desolated that such prices should be. It was lamentable, it was most lamentable! Still, she could do no better. When I went into another room for my littings I saw the Imerican buyer going through the time-honored motions of signing on the dotted line. That's one of the best things visitors do over here. I'm not complaining at all, it's worth it, distinctl. worth it, yet it does seem that money instead of melting in its customary fashion takes wings and soars away. If you are planning to visit Europe this winter, my first advice to you is to double the amount of money you intend to bring along, and then tuck in another thousand for luck-you'll need it.

Right here I want to say that you needn't think it necessary to wait until you get to Paris for your clothes. In one of my previous talks with you I explained why the American tailored suit is far superior to that made anywhere else-Pario

stracur Proven

THE bright lights of Broadway were dimmed for Olive Thomas. The gracious little girl who was known as one of the world's greatest beauties died in Paris of acedental poisoning, in September. Her happy hearted smile, her charm, made her a living memory. This was her hast, and favorite, portrait.



SOME screers star: go back to the old home-town for their racations. Others go to the nearest fazhionable watering-place. And some go to Europe, taking several months off with nothing to do but Enzland, France. and Italy. They pose for pictures outside the Old Curiosity Shop in Londen; or in a park in Paris; or feeding Roman pigeons. But consider the case of Eugene OBrien. He didn't go to Europe. He didn't even go back to the old home-town. He had to work. He even thought he was in luck when his director told him he could have a day off. Guess what he did with it? He went home Home is an apartment in Central Park West, Manhattan. A place where Gene's books are, and his piano, and his pipe. A yood place to be.



I never had been introduced to a saloon-keeper before. This one was a clean-cut young man with good Irish eyes. "Your movies are certainly putting a crimp in my business." he said.

# The Mighty Messenger 

## How two social workers discovered their greatest ally in that modern Mercury - the motion picture.

By MONTANYE PERRY<br>Illustrated by Norman Anthony

IHAD realized for months that William was getting very tired of social working as it is worked. Not that he didn ${ }^{\text {t }}$ like his profession: he did. For fifteen years as part of a world-wide organization he had labored for the spiritual. mental, and physical welfare of boys, incidentally coming in touch with their parents, their pastors, their teachers and their aunts. Especially, he often sighed, their aunts!

He liked the boys and the boys liked him. And yet-well. William has the heart of a social worker, but the spirit of an adventurer, and by the many little signs by which any wife learns to interpret the husbandly mind. I knew that the spicit of adventure was approaching. So I prepared for a shock.

I got it. William came home from the annual banquet of the world-wide organization at one A. M. and woke me from a sound sleep by snapping on all the lights.
"Wake up and talk," he said calmly-William says everything calmly! -"I want to buy a motion-picture theater!"
"What? Where? When? Are you perfectly crazy?" I exploded. I don't say everything calmly.
"A motion-picture theater. Somewhere in a rery poor neighborhood. In three months. No, just perfectly tired." he answered. "Wouldn't you like to go away and do something different, just ourselves? Something unorganized?"

Sometimes William's blue eyes get round and excited and wistful, exactly like the eyes of a small boy who hears about a circus and is afraid he can't go because there's a garden to weed. This was one of the times. Instantly. I decided 1 was not going to be a garden to weed.
"I'd love it!" I plunged boldly. "Tell me more. quick!"
"I've felt restless for quite a while, but I've kept it away from you, till I had a definite plan to propose," he said. I let that pass unchallenged. They love to think they can conceal things, bless 'em!
"I'm tired of being a spoke in the wheel of an organization I'm tired of uplifting by rule. I'm tired of being paid for doing goorl." he went on. "I want to make my living with a regular business and be good to folks because I like folks, not because it's my job."


The boys floeked to William from the time he nailed up his first poster. Then they began to help him, and somehow profanity, eigarette-smoking, and mischief-making dropped from them.
"You want to be a personality instead of a program," I saicl. I was rather proud of that sentence, and William beamed.

So 1 have been wondering what business would naturally bring me in touch with the most people, and 1 think it is one of those necighborhoorl theaters. The proprietor of one of them wonlel get to know all the people for blocks around, wouldn't he?"

## "1"ou zould," I admitted.

"Ile'd find out all their troubles and weaknesses and help them work out their problems. Heal be in a position to lift the whole necighborhood to higher ideals, with his pictures, wouldn't he?"
"J"ou would," I admitterl again.
"We could sturly all the social problems at first hand. because the folks wouldn't know we're studying them. We wouldn't have to dicarm the suspicion that an institutional worker always has to orerome. Wed be just plain folks trying to make a living."

By this time I was as enthusiastic as William. We talked until milk bottles began to ratule in the courts below. and when I went to sleep I dreamed I was selling tickets through a little round hole in a window and our rector came to the show with Theda Bara.

Just thrce months later we moved ourselves and our household belongings into a building next to the corner of two crowded strects in the East Side. The corner building was a saloonpractically every corner was a saloon in those days. Our building had had a beer garden on its first floor, a Tammany club on its second. Now the beer garden, remodeled, was to be our theater, the club rooms our living quarters. The exits from our theater, our second floor, and the back room of the saloon, all came into a hallway which joined the two buildings.

By the terms of the lease, this hall. way belonged to us. At first 1 was all for compelling the saloon to close up its exit there. But William shook his head.
"Let's wait a little," he suggested. "We want to know our neighbors, and I suspect that a large proportion of them are pretty regular visitors in there."
"Well, they shouldn't be:" I declared, a little crossly. I fear.
"No, they shouldn't be. That's why 1 want to get acquainted with my neighbor, the saloon," he said, sober!!.

Our neighbor the saloon was not long in introducing itself. We were having a bit of lunch when there was a hearty rap at the door. William opened it and there stood a tall young man with cleancut features and good Irish eves.
"I'm John O'Reilly, your neighbor below," he said. "lour piano"s come, downstairs, and the boys'll give you a lift with it, if you'll show us where it's to go."
"Fine!" said William. "This is my wife, Mr. O'Reilly:"

I'll coniess I felt a bit dazed and uncertain. I never had been introduced to a saloon-kecper. in fact I never had seen one except on the stage. Maybe 1 subconsciously expected the hand he extended to be a hoof. But it wasn't. It was a big. clean hand with a strong grip. "It's nice of you to help us," I said, trying to rise to the occasion.
"Not at all. lou folks are the worst enenies I've got in business. but as long as a show had to open there I'm glad there's a Christian running it."
"Your worst enemies?" William questioned.
"Certainly. Before the movies came, we were the poor man's one place to go. He came in after supper and he spent the whole evening with us. And we got a dollar out of hims. Now he can take the whole fanily to the movies for less than he used to spend in my place, and they do it-a lot of them. Maybe they drop in for a drink before or after the show-and maybe the don't! Oh, it's put a crimp in our business, all right!"

They went down stairs, to put the piano in the theater. In a fow minutes I heard the notes of a popular song, and a chorus of men's voices came up melodivusly. "The bors" were trying it out. But I sat for a long time beside my untinished luncheon, thinking, plammg. Somehow, my meeting with O'Reilly had made me see, as I hadn't quite seen before, that in this new world 1 was vastly better fitted to be a student than a teacher ${ }^{\prime}$

And I learned such a lot in the year that followed! William dicl, too, though he knew (compmed on page 149)

## WEST IS EAST

THE door opened. and A very Pretty Lady Walked In. She
Looked like a Page
From Vogue-she
Dresses that Way, and
She Smiled and Said,
"How do you do?" and then
I Knew who it was-
No,
Not a Film Star, but
A Lady-writer-
Jane Murfin-she
Does Plays and Scenarios and
Is Easy to Look At
Into the Bargain-it
Only Goes to Show it Can Be Done.
She had Just Come Back
From California and
I Asked her if she
Had been Busy Out There.
"Oh, No," she said,
"I Didn't Do Much: Just
Two Continuities-and
Finished Several Plays-but Mostly,
I Loafed."
"Oh." I Said.
I Didn't Ask her
How she Happened
To Be a Writer, but
I'd Like to Know, Anyway.
She's
Smart Enough and
Witty Enough, but
She Smashes all those Old
Theories about
Blue-stockings.
It"s Too Bad
You Can't See her
On the Screen.

## THEN

Larry Trimble
Came In-with
His Dog.
Mr. Trimble is
A Very Nice Man but
I Never Can Pay
Much Attention
To him when
He Brings his Dog Along It's
A Dog all right-but
It's Bigger than a Bear and
A Maiden Lady Mightn't
Like to Meet it.
Mr. Trimble was
Making it Behave so
He Could Use it in a Picture.
He
Always has a Dog-
You Remember Jean,
The Vitagraph Collie?
Jean was Mr. Trimble"s Dog.
The New Dog
Acts
In "Darling Mine" and
Mr. Trimble would have
Given him More to Do
Only
It Seemed too Much Like
Keeping the Honors in


It's too bad Jane Murfin isn't on the screen.

The Family
He Directed
"My Old Dutch" With Florence Turner Over Seven Years AgoIt"s Still Being Shown. Miss Murfin is Going to Write Some New Stories for

"New York cramps my style," says Monte Blue

A Few Impressions By DELIGHT EVANS

Mr. Trimble to Direct
MONTE BLUE
Came from Indians
I Came
From Indiana. Too
So Unless you are
A Hoosier you probabl
Wouldn't be Interested
In What we Talked About
Mr. Blue is
A Very Tall Young Man-
The Very Tallest Young Min
I Have Ever Seen
He
Csed to be a Cow-puncher.
And he Punched untıl
He Got the Idea That
He Wanted to be an Actor
He Went to California and
Tried to Get a Job
In a Film Studio.
Nobody
IVanted him.
He Hung Around Ciriffith'=
Until One Day
When he was
Sitting on a Bench
Witls all the Other Extras. an
Assistant Director Came and silı.
"I Want a Man
To Do Some Work
II'-o-r-k!"
Monte Got Up;
All the Other:
Sat There.
"Are you Afraid
Of Work?" asked the 1. D
Monte
Just Looked at him
For Months Monte
Moved Props, until
A Director Noticed him-
He Couldn't Help It-
And Gave him
Small Parts to Play
He was a Heavy until
Cecil DeMille Saw him, ani
Put him in Leads-
With Mary Pickford. anis
Ethel Clayton, and Other
You Saw "Something to
Think About.
Monte Almost
Drowned Making
The Subway Scenes.
Next lear he
Is Going to Star
There's Nothing
Upstage about Mr Blue.
He still
Remembers when
ITis Job was
Teaching Connie Talmadse
To Drive her Chariot for
"Intolerance."
"But
I IVant to Go Back $\mathrm{IV}^{\circ} \mathrm{C}=$."
He Said to Me.
"As Soon as I Can
Manhattan Sure
Cramps My Style."


Dram by C. W. Anderson
Censor: "You've got to take that girl out "
Drector: "And shall 1 cut out the tropical scenery? That's rather lovely ton."

## How They Began!



COLD MINER, soldier, motion-picture director, U William D. Taylor started his career plowing on a wheat farm in Southwest Canada. The creator of "Huckleberry Finn" is now making another boy picture.


CHARLES MAIGNE started earning money as a private soldier in the Spanish American war. He continued in the army for over a decade as enlisted man and officer, then becoming a war correspondent. Entering picturcs his success was instantaneous. "The Copperhead" is considered one of the year's best pictures. He has just finished a new Mary Miles Minter production.

CAM WOODS hasn $D$ always directed Wallace Reid productions. He broke into the pay check class by helping install a pipe line between Jim Peak and Central City, Colorado. "The Dancing Fool" and "What's Your Hurry?" are the latest things he has done.
" 'OE"HENABERRY $\int$ left the Douglas Fairbanks fold to give Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle the benefit of his directoral genius. Grubbing weeds for the neighborhood of his youth gave him his start on the road to financial success.



Dram by I N Durlung.
A Fade-Out Picture entitled "There's Millions In It-For Someone Else." Orchestra kindly play something soft and sympathetic.

# That's the old reliable selling argument of the motion picture stock salesman-but is there? 

By JOHN G. HOLME

W$\mathrm{H}^{*}$ do some motion picture companies go wrong? Through greed or inexperience or both.
They stake out larger claims than their grubstake warrants, and starve to death before they can strike pay-dirt.

Promoters of motion picture companies are slases to the bad habit of biting off more than they can chew, and so they choke. Their business-table manners are not nice.

It is greed or ignorance or both that dooms more than ninety per cent. of the new companies that have been organized of late and that are now being organized, and whose stock is being sold to the public either "over the counter" or through brokerage agencies.

Let us for a few moments stretch our imagination to the limit. Let us suppose that Mr. Jim Honest. president of the Jim. Honest Motion Picture Corporation, is calling on us to interest us in his company. Now Jim Honest is an absolutely l.onest man. He tells the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.
"I have recently organized my comfany under the laws of the state of Lelaware," this is Jim speaking. "My company is capitalized for $\$ 500,000$. Ve are issuing 50,000 shares of prefirred stock with a par value of $\$ 10$ per share, and 25,000 shares of common, no par value. We give a lonus of one common with every two shares of preferred.
' $N$ No, I don't know any more about rotion pictures than I do abcut the crigin of the Chinese alphabet, but I can learn. I have never been inside ci a motion picture studio in my life. So far as I know I have never seen a motion picture studio. I am by profession a veterinary surgeon-yes sir, a horse doctor. I have also been an insurance and real estate man. I have gone bankrupt twice but I hope to make a barrel of money in the movies, and pay up my c 1 debts.
"Ýes, I admit this is a particularly bad time to organize a motion picture company. It is hard to dispose of our stock. I have to pay 50 per cent. commission to my stock salesmen, but they tell me that so many persons have been bitten by wild-cat motion picture schemes that it is impossible to sell our stock on a smaller commission. After we have sold our whole $\$ 500,000$ stock issue we shall have in the treasury only $\$ 200,000$ or $\$ 225,000$ in cash. About half of our $\$ 500,000$ will go to the salesmen, and, of course, we have to allow something for office rent, salaries of clerks and stenographers, cost of stationery, circulars, stamps, etc. And then, there is the item of my salary. I am running this company, and I an paying myself a decent salary for the first time in my life - \$500 a week.
"It is true I have never written a line in my life. I have never written a play or a piece of fiction or even free verse. I would not know a good screen play if 1 saw one, but I rropose to hire the best scenario editors in the business, the 1 cst directors and the best screen actors and actresses. My in :estigation has proved that the movic business is the biggest : mble in the world. But look at what the 'Birth of a Nation' $r$ ntted. I am offering you a good thousand to one shot."

Whereupon Jim Honest fades out without having sold us much stock, but we are glad he called for this simple reason:

That if minety per cent. of the motion picture promoters who are offering you stock for sale were forced to tell the trath, all the truth, and nothing but the truth, they would tell you practically word for word just what our friend. Jim Honest, has told us. And after listening to such a story, would you feel like buying any stock?

But there are actually scores and hundreds of Jim Honests in the motion picture business just as there are in other lines of business. They know the motion picture art and business as thoroughly as it is possible for bright, hard-working men to know it. But when they go forth to seek capital, they lay all their cards, face up on the table. They admit the hazards. They admit their shortcomings and the fact that some of their ventures have turned out badly, while on the whole they have been moderately successful. Their securities are bought and sold by reputable banking and brokerage houses that value their reputations. The stocks of these motion picture companies are listed in the market. They are subject to fluctuations in price. They are sold on the strength of straightforward financial statements.

But there are mighty few Jim Honests promoting new motion picture companies and selling their stocks "over the counter" to the public. If there were, the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry would not have taken the trouble to form its newly-organized Vigilance Committee with which Photoplay is cooperating in exposing the methods of motion picture companies which are inducing and inciting the public to finance their ventures.

For let it be known right here that no persons are so chagrined by the operations of wild-cat motion picture companies as the officers of legitimate motion picture companies with valuable assets. These legitimate producers have built reputations for themselves and their companies. Their reputations suffer whenever a wild-cat company blows up.

Let us now review the histories of some of the companies which have been organized of late and financed by the public.

The Birth of a Race Plotoplay Corporation was incorporated in 1916 with a Delaware charter. It was capitalized for $\$ 1,000,000$. Its purpose was to produce a screen play called "Birth of a Race" which was to be an answer to D. W'. Griffith's "Birth of a Nation." The promoters of "Birth of a Race" were Chicago men, and the company flourished in Chicago during its flourishing period.

The officers were Edwin L. Barker, president; F. H. Hibbard, Ir., vice-president; and E. E. Siler, secretary and treasurer. The personnel of officers changed. Orville IV. Lee became "secretary and custodian of records," and John Gullicksen. treasurer. The company launched a sales-campaign in Chicago immediately after it received its charter, a sales-campaign that the city of Chicago and the state of Illinois will long remember.

The circulars of the company contained precious little tidbits of financial advice, quoted from the alleged sayings of I. P. Morgan, Chauncey Depew, John D. Rockefeller and Anclrew Carnegic. One circular under the caption. "Officers and Directors and Prominent Persons Interested." qave the names of officers of the company and the names of Ex-Presi-
(Continued on puge 8z)


The playmate idol or Charles Ray's heart is Whiskers, the small wire-haired terrier who appears in nearly all of the star's offstage photographs. Whiskers represents the third deneration of Ray canine favorites. When Ray was a youngster Grandfather Whiskers was always with him at the old swimmin hole near Jack sonville. Ill. When he passed to the Doggy Beyond. Whiskers Jr. succeeded to his place in Charlie's affections, and now it is Whiskers III that shares Ray's fame. Ray calls him Whisky for short.

At an age when most youngsters are clamoring to hear fairy tales Bessic Love was actually telling them. When shic was only four, her reputation as a raconten extended throughout the Texas town where the family lived and kiddics for block: around would gather and listen in open-mouthed wonder to her tales. At seven Bessic was actually writing stories and for some time she expected to follow literature as a career Overstudy hroke down her health. so she took up motion pictures instead.

According to Constance Binney's mother, she was one of the prettiest babies that ever breathed. And so tiny! She was just like a big French doll. "The only thing I can remember about myself when I was young." says Constance, "is that I wanted to be a circus rider. I usei to spend hours at a time perfecting a s\%mersault or trying to balance myself on foot. I certainly got more than my share of bruises and bumps."



Mhad a sunbonnet tied under her chin to match every single frock; how she loathed those sunbonnets! So she took the bonnct placed on her unwilling head one morning and the greyhounds next door were persuaded to tear it to shreds. The ghastly remains Madge very neatly hid in all kinds of nooks and corners. "Where's your bonnet?" queried her mother. And Madge answered "Mother, dear, I don't know I'll help you look for it!" After thrce months of severe pangs of conscience Madke had to confess!

MABEL NORMAND rebelled against Sunday School! "There's no use my going," said Mabel plaintively. "Why should 1 get any better? I'll never be an angel cause they all have bluc eyes and ycllow hair. It was bad enough to find all princesses have 'em too. That's why I'm through with fairy tales and with Sunday Schools."

O $\begin{aligned} & \text { NE word" in the English language that }\end{aligned}$ I hate is "talent'," declares Mary Miles Minter (shown at the left.) "There is a funny story connected with this word and my childish understanding of it, and even to this day my family frequently tease me about my 'talents'. When I was five years old I went on tour with a play called 'The Littlest Rebel'. One day I overheard a heated argument between the stage manager and one of the women in the cast, a large and rather unpleasant woman whom 1 did not at all admire. 'How do you expect to get by with that stuff? the stage manager asked her indignantly. Placing her hands on her ample hips she sauntered insolently across the stage, saying calmly 'Oh. I guess my talents will get me by.' I gazed with horror at her well rounded hips and decided that her 'talents' must be that particular part of her anatomy. I was very chubby then. And oh, how it broke my heart when I overheard people telling my mother that 1 had remarkable talents for a child. I thought them very rude to speak of my unfortunate chubbiness and vainly tried to curb my healthy appetite, and I suppose I took up diet and reduction earlier than any other actress on record."

# CLOSE-UPS Editorial Expression and Timely Comment 

## Above

 Reproach. Robert Harron is dead, and there will be plenty to speak of him as a fine boy, a promising artist, or as a charming and engaging screen personality. PHOTOPLAY concedes these things, but it ventures to touch briefly upon another phase of his art-something perhaps too delicate to speak of were he still moving blithely and manfully among us-something in which he stood alone among all the artists of the screen.That something was the absolute purity of the characters he played, a purity which belonged even more to the boy himself than to the impersonations.

During his life, Bobby Harron did not always play heroes, though he played many such. Under D. W. Griffith, his mentor and sponsor, he sometimes enacted young men more or less encompassed by the toils of iniquity, but never, in his whole range of characters, did he depict a lad whose actions or registered thoughts would have caused the faintest blush to come to the most sensitive, most virginal cheek in the world. He never played anything except virile young men, yet, in the moral aspects, he was always absolutely above reproach. Real and rugged and healthy as these characterizations were, there was always something lofty and unworldly about them. Harron was one of the few artists who have ever lived who could make absolute male purity not only endurable but believable and admirable as well.

## ?

The Universal Charlie. China where the fon tive ole din plague of exhibit refuse or Land, where both sides have used grotesque statuettes of him as humorous targets-and here is a tribute from the Bolsheviks.

It is related that a Polish mission was isolated and captured near the frontier of their own country. Among their possessions was a camera and a few films; one, an ancient Chaplin. After a few days in dreary durance the Poles obtained the consent of their vigilant captors to set up a little show of an evening. The un-uniformed moujiks howled with delight, and several of them manifested as much interest in the machine as in the films. It was, therefore, but a few minutes' work to teach them the first preliminaries of cranking, once the reel was in
place. The Chaplin picture was put on, and the proud Bolshevik operators were permitted to handle the machine themselves. The ragged battalion grinned or laughed or merely frowned curiously-but they all looked on.

And when the picture was finished the Poles had gone in the darkness.

An hour later, uncaught, they crossed their own border to safety. But Bolshevia still has Charlie!

## The

## Bulwark.

 A number of film manufacturers had met in a discussion of the foreign market. Finally one of them remarked: "What we need in Europe, and in England first of all, is a raising of public taste to the level of the taste of the average American audience. The woman of leisure and culture, the art connoisseur, the man of the world-these, perhaps, have a discrimination much superior to our own, but the demand of the masses is far, far below our best photoplays, our finest travelogues and our advanced educationals. This was not always so, but somehow, in the last half-dozen years, the American picture taste has risen as tremendously as quietly; the screen has actually been an educator of the American people."Here is an unconscious tribute to the motion picture as a protector of patriotism. It is today one of the mightiest bulwarks of the American people against the germs of foreign unrest.

Ignorance is the bouillon in which the bug of anarchy is cultured. Education is best and most lasting when it is acquired as an interesting pastime. Every up-to-date teacher will tell you that the boy who absorbs his history thinking it merely a corking story has it for life, and for some useful purpose. If the professional detractor of the movies will pause a moment and consider the truth he may reflect that among much bad acting and amid many cheap stories there have been thousands of feet of information and many and many a lesson in politics and comparative welfare; telling about the other fellow is not one-tenth so convincing as showing the other fellow.

So the American film, in its various departments of laughter and romance, travel and discussion, comment, propaganda and exploitation, has served and is serving the highest ends of our people. It is an invisible bulwark against the destruction that stalks, a red wrath by day, a black spectre by night, on other shores.

# The Shadow Stage 

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



By BURNS MANTLE

THERE are two kinds of super-feature productionsthe Griffith kind and the others. But before you spiral to the conclusion that all that Griffith does is superlative and all that the others do suffers something by comparison let me assure you that that is not what I mean. The things that Griffith does best he does better than any other director in pictures; the things he does badly he cheapens quite as noticeably. In "Way Down East," which is certain to be the most talked of and probably the most successful picture of the year, the concluding scene of the drifting ice and the rescued Anna Moore is probably the most stirringly realistic single scene that has been screened, and on the other hand the bucolic comedy is as commonplace and colorless and trivial as any.

Personally, too, I quarrel with the Griffith lack of taste in the development of such episodes as that in which Lillian Gish is forced to writhe about a bed in the pain of childbirth and in the forced dramatic emphasis of such scenes as the night-long vigil with the corpse of the dead child-scenes that require the utmost delicacy of treatment to relieve them of that stark realism which is frequently revolting. And yet it is no more than fair to admit that there is effective tragedy even in these scenes.
There may be other directors who could have handled the age-old story of Anna Moore's attainment of happiness through suffering better than Griffith has handled it, but if there are I. am unfamiliar with their work. This Belasco of the screen

THIS department is designed as a real service to Photoplay readers. Let it be your guide in picture entertainment. It will save you time and money by giving you the real worth of current pictures.
has a definite gift for detail on which he expends an infinite amount of pains. His backgrounds are never merely plastered in, or set up hurriedly and carelessly shot. They are etched in and become not only photographically true, but atmospherically consistent and helpful to the building of the story. For example, the bridal "suite" in the country hotel to which the seducer took Anna Moore after the mock marriage. was rather elaborate when compared with what one might reasonably expect from the exterior of the same hotel, but it was a real room, perfect in detail and furnishings. And there was not an exterior that did not exude the very scents and smells of New England.

Griffith, too, is particularly careful in his choice of actors. After twenty years of Phoebe Davies on the stage Lillian Gish seems a little immature and childish for the sulfering Anna, but she is thoroughly competent and her director, knowing so perfectly her histrionic limitations, is careful not 10 press her too far. She inspires a quick sympathy and is able to carry the emotional scenes tellingly. Richard Barthelmess is a good choice for the honest farmer boy and! Lowell Sherman adds one more to his lengthening lists of seductions. Creighton Hale, in the one intelligently directed comedy scene of the barn dance, was excellent, and little Mary Hay added a touch here and there that seems to promise a screen future for her. Burr McIntosh, Kate Bruce, Vivia Ogden and Edgar Nelson lent competent support. Like all super-features. "WI ay


In "Civilian Clothes" Thomas Meighan suffers under the handicap of lack of good comedy material. Martha Mansfield plays the snob who allows herself to be disillusioned at her captain's civvies, resurrected at the end of his service.


There are few actors of Lionel Barrymore's quality to take the ecrecn ecriously. In "The Master Mind" he is an avenging nemesis, performing in a difricult rôle. He is capably directed
by Kenneth Webb.

"The Broadway Bubble" preeent: Corinne Griffith adain in a dual role. showing Rroaduay in it s varioue moode ae well as

Down East" would be a stronger picture if it were not so extended-if it were eight reels in place of twelve, say. But it is the one of the few super-features that will be able to stand alone. Anthony Paul Kelly provided the scenario, which some one has spattered with a mixture of good titles and bad.

## FORTY-FIVE MINUTES FROM BROADWAY- <br> First National

H["MA.I nature being what it is I presume it is only a waste of space arguing with the stars of the cinema that they should guard themselves against their ocrleaping ambitions as they would against a plague. They, like the rest of us, are eager to accumulate what they can while the accumulating is good. So, not being content with salaries larger than those paid the heads of great commercial enterprises they seek to make an independent fortune with each picture by becoming their own producers and organizing their own companies.

Theoretically this is sound business judgment; every man for himself and let the weaklings take what is left. But practically it doesn't work out Load down a popular star with the responsibilities attendant upon picture production and he immediately ceases to be as good an actor as he was when he was comparatively free of them. Set him worrying about his cast and his settings, his director and his expenses, and he loses grip of the part he is trying to play: Give him full responsibility in the selection of the stories he buys and his judgment becomes so varped by his personal interest in the leading role that he is unable to judge sanely those other qualities essential to the success of the picture as a whole. Set him playing the one part on which he knows the success or failure of the picture depends and he will overplay it nine times out of ten. Many an actor has made the same mistatic. with the result that after a hundred years of drama in America you can count on the fingers of one hand the successiul actor managers. And still have a digit or two to spare.

Charles Ray's recent experiences may be used to point the argument. Charles was doing very nicely until he decided to go it alone. Since then he has lost ground. His stories have not been as carefully or wisely selected, and his own performances in them have been lacking in the ease and natural grace that a measure of irresponsibility begets. The old boyish charm is giving way to the mature and deliberative performances of an anwious actor.
"Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" might have furnished a good picture for half a dozen of Mr. Ray's contemporaries. but for him it was a mistake. It is not easy for his followers to accept the engaging Charles as a pug, even though no attempt is made to make a fighter of him. Furthermore, the scenarioist and director have missed those adventures of "Kid" Burns which might have been the most appealingly picturedthe original meeting of the fighter with the young man who afterward became a millionaire and proved his friendship by sticking to his pal and making him his "secatery:" A previous meeting with the maid. Mary, too, would have strengthened and made less abrupt the development of the romance. There are. however, several good incidental scenes in this picture. and "ny Ray comedy is likely to be at least to per cent better than the average comedy:

## A VILLAGE SLEUTH-Ince-Piaramount-Arteraft

IX "I Village Sletith" Ray recovers a bit of the ground lost in "Forty-five Minutes from Broalway:" but here ton, :he eliort to bring the old Charles Ray back is quite plainly forced. He is too d!d a boy. for one thing, to undertake the adventures ascribed to him as a youthful disciple of lick ( arter and the story of the sanitarium doctor who was obliged (o) hide his family away in order to retain the interest oi his lacly patients is rather for-fetched picture stuti. The other characters were more unreal than real, so that the handicap of providing all the reasonable entertainment devolved upon the hero. Several of the comedy scenes he played excellently. and the hope is strong that his new worries do not permanentis. handicap him as a player. He is one of the screen stars we camnot afiord to lose.

## MILESTONES—Goldwyn

P WLL SCARDON, the director of "Milestones." tried to achieve an old Fonglish print effect in the erouping and photosraphing of his scenes and the result is rather trying on
he eves and depressing to the spirits. The fact, too, that Louis Sherwin was unable to relieve the story of its repetition and lack of contrast without taking many liberties with the play as written by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblock has not helped the picture. The second episode is practically a duplicate of the first, and by the time the third statement of the argument is reached the customers, as Louis would say, are ready to call it an evening and go home. The argument of the play, that youth is ever at loggerheads with age, and that the progressives of today are the reactionaries of tomorrow, is as effectively driven home as it was in the play, and the cast, headed by Lewis Stone, is thoroughly competent. Alice Hollister and Gertrude Robinson both retuĩi to films with excellent performances.

## THE RIGHT TO LOVE-Paramount-Artcraft

GEORGE FITZMAURICE'S "The Right to Love" is the familiar type of superfeature. It is not strong enough to stand alone on its merits, but by reason of its magnitude and its physical decorativeness it will add strength to any program on which it figures. In the composition of the scenes, in the realistic background afforded by a storm-swept pavilion on the shore of the Bosporus. in the splendidly imaginative interlude of a fairy story visioned by a small boy to whom it is related. it is all splendidly and most artistically handled by the director. But Ouida Bergere's story, or so much of it as has reached the screen, is at least dramatically extravagant and lacks the holding simplicity of the true stuff-the only qualities you will find on analyzing them that ever made for the success of super features. from the days of "The Birth of a Nation" to those of "The Miracle Man" and "Humoresque." The story is of a horribly abused wife whose husband not only establishes his mistress in his home and flaunts her before his family and friends, but also seeks to rob the missus of her child and to fasten innumerable crimes upon her. Her lover of former days rescues her from her unhappy state, committing a neat murder in the process, and the two sail away to the land of happiness. There are several moments of melodramatic suspense and many well handled scenes. The cast, too, is far enough above the ordinary to guarantee the story a value it would not otherwise possess. Handsome Dave Powell represents the forces that make for righteousness and Holme Herbert the opposition. There is a good bit of characterization by Frank Losee, and Mae Murray did as much with the drama as her equipment permitted and contributed an occasional display of her fair figure. Alma Tell and Macey Harlam assisted capably.

## THE PRICE OF REDEMPTION--Metro

THE price of Bert Lytell's redemption in this picture, considering the cost of celluloid and actors, not to mention, scenery, is excessive but justified. "The Price of Redemption" is a reversion to the Indian-mutiny, my-god-who-will-save-thegarrison? type of melodrama which gives the capable star plenty of opportunity to act right out in front of a series of colorful backgrounds, or in dimly lighted, thickly atmospheric corners underground, or through shadows of a deep blue night, with a spotlight burning fiffully in the immediate nearness. An expensive picture, and impressive in its bigness, with Metro's favorite crowd of trained Indians surging now here, now there, through imposing courtyards, into more imposing throne rooms, or milling menacingly around the outer walls of the beleaguered garrison itself. The story, that of the onetime hero of Akbar, who was brave enough to save the garrison but not strong enough to resist the Scotch, is a little jumpy. It starts with the establishment of Leigh Dering's heroism in India, proceeds hence to London, where a loveless marriage and other things have driven him to the club and the bottle, and then hops back to Akbar, where he takes to drugs as well as drink and is finally brought back to decency through the discovery that he is the father of the child that he thought belonged to his wife's second husband. Here he prevents his old pal, the Rajah. from blowing up a lot of English people and is reunited with his family. A good performance by Lytell in all the important scenes, wih help from Seena Owen, Cleo Madison, Landers Stevens, Edward Cecil and several others.
(Continued on page 85)

"Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway" shows a Charles Ray whose old boyish charm is giving way to the mature and delsberative performance of an anxious actor. For Ray, this picture material was a mistake.

"Milestones," from the play by Arnold Eennett and Edward Knoblock, is optically trying and cepressing to the spirits. Its argument is that youth is ever at loggerheads withold age. Lew'is Stone and supports are thoroughly competent.


You will gasp, you will shudder all the way through "While New York Sleeps," a William Fox melodrama. Mare McDermott and Estelle Taylor are prominent in the cast.

# It Happened To Her 

## All the gods smiled on Justine Johnstone and now she is smiling for the cinema.

Ey DELIGHT EVANS

ATHING of beauty, some sweet singer tells us, is a joy forever.

And a thing of beauty is hard to find. Beautiful sonnets and beautiful bonnets, beautiful pearls and leautiful girls-all these are extremely rare. You can go for days, sometimes, without seeing one-a beautiful girl, I mean. You may see pretty girls or piquant girls, girls with nice hair or good complexions, but a downright beautiful girl-seldom. She only happens once in a long, long time, but when she does, poets praise her and people applaud her and the wealth of all the ages is poured at her shapely feet. And right away she is pursued by rotund picture producers who want to star her.

It is a dreadful thing to think of leeauty buried in a studio. She is not buried as far as we are concerned, of course-but consider Her case-Beauty's herself. She may place one French foot on the neck of the world-and yet she chooses to spend her days-from nine till six, usually-in a bare barn of a place, inhabited with loud gentlemen who always wear hats, sputtering and devastating lights which sometimes do their best to prove that she isn't a beauty at all, and a deadly air of Commercialism which might burn our Beauty if she did not possess Beauty's twin, Youth.

And yet Beauty, nowadays, chooses it. Fairly cries for it, as if it were that medicine that is advertised as the Children's Friend in Need. Beauty isn't content to stay at home and receive the homage of the world-and incidentally its best products of modiste and jeweler and milliner and motorerfrom her choice boudoir. She must needs go out and conquer a cruel camera which is often unappreciative of Beauty's super lative sacrifice.

I went to a Studio the other day. It was an overcrowded studio, and the set was a ballroom set. There were carcless ladies in decollete, and careful gentlemen in black and white lounging about on the perilous period furniture. There was a cameraman. There was The Director, with a lavender shirt, spats, and a hat which he often removed to scratch his head. And, over in one corner, was Beauty, in a big chair, as far away from the lights as possible, sitting there, absolutely wasted, waiting for her call to come out to greet the "guests" she wouldn't have recognized in real life.

Readers, let me introduce-before going a step fartherBeauty incognito-in other words, Justine Johnstone. Miss Johnstone, subject or object of the lengthy panegyric just delivered. which you doubtless skipped, and with good causeMiss Johnstone, we say, has left the former haunts of Beauty and secreted herself in a studio, where she will woo fame with lovely lips and a perfect profile, marvelous eyes and a figure which Praxiteles might have loved to carse

Justine is a blonde. She was a blonde from birth and has remained one unaided by her hairdresser. She has the complexion that usually comes from a daughter of the Northern land of fjords and fishermen, once removed. She has a slow grace and a cood bumor which made her Manhattan's most 1'opular "hostess." She has a Good Husband. And yet she wants to he a Film star. W'ants to be liked by thousands outside her own immediate circle. Wants her name and her face known $t 0$ re-illents of Alanchuria as well as Manhattan. She wishes. in ether worls, to be Widely Known, where as now she is merely a celcbrity of theatrical New York.

Beauty is murh maligned. I'hilosophers have tried to tell us, ley long-distance commmication in the form of the printed pace, that Beauty is exerething. But for the benclit of those who don't helieve Oear Wikle and Keats, Shelley and Swinhorne and others, we hasten to tell you that Justine is more than heantiful. Oh my yes. She has intellisence.

The y den't waslly ${ }^{\text {go }}$ together. And there may have been
a time, who knows, when Justine was more concerned about a new aigrette than a new idea. But that was before she became ambitious. Once having decided to become famous. she went about it very systematically. She studied. She bought books-and what is more, she read them. She read them again. Then she went out and looked for a career.
She didn't have to. According to the critics she was in a fair way of becoming a second Lillian Russell and having new cold-creams and vibrators dedicated to her. She had been the star of musical comedies and roof entertainments. But she wanted to learn to act. So she went up to a small town in New England and for six months forgot she was Justine Johnstone and applied herself diligently to studying many "sides" and learning lines-a different collection every week.
She played slaveys and shop-girls. Played. we expect, about every known part included in a stock company"s repertoire. And when she went back to New lork. she had her own reward. She received offers for films and after her first picture, was made a Star!
Verily, Beauty is its own reward. Justine-to go back where we left her, in the big chair just oft the set-is playing a Countess in her first picture for Realart, and has a chance to be herself again. in gorgeous gown and expensive hats and the latest in ankle-straps. She was a study in gold-a gold eve-ning-gown. modestly displaying the perfect shoulder-blades which it is said caused several celebrated beauties to consider which was the quickest way to end it all; diamond bracelets sparkling on small but perfect wrists; a rope of pearls-

Let's say right here that Justine is a regular Greek goddess when it comes to dimensions. There are a good many goodlooking girls with venus figures; some women have perfect heads which resemble the ladies on old coins; and a very very select ferw have perfect hands and feet. But Justine-well. Justine is nothing if not a ringer for the Venus of Milosupposed by some archaeologists to be the mysterious Victory without Wings-but we ll not go into that; Justine has a classic head and is sensible enough to make her hair coniorm to classic lines: and Justine has fine hands and small wrists-and Real Ankles. Any time she cares to desert the drahma. Mr. Mack Sennett, Hampton Del Ruth, and the rest of the beach-combers will welcome her with open ar-pardon, check-books
We fear we have suggested the idea of an icy aloofness in Justine. Not so. She is benign as well as beautiful, sparkling as well as shapely. She is awfully good iun. And she is very much in love with her husband. He is very young, very good-looking, and the production manager for Paramount. Walter Wanger-a Dartmouth "man." and an idealist in the theater who came to the screen, bringing his ileals with him. He is mapping out an interesting career for his wife-has already bought "Monnlight and Honeysuckle" for her to play.
Her first "feature" picture is "Blackhirds." quite a heave dramatic assignment for such a small and perfect figurante. she is handline it vers well. from all reports.

This will not be her very first sereen appearance, you know: She "tried nut" in a Taylor Holmes" picture. "Nothing but Lies" in which she had the opposite leading role to the starcomedian.

Once upon a time Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wancer had a house in the country where Justine could play at keepine it-and a vers enoll house-keper she was. too. but now that she is workine, she must live in Jlanhattan, and on she and her hushand are clomiciled in an ultra-exdusive hotel on Fifth Avenue. where the appointments are perfect and picturesole: int surroundings for a cold Galatea, for even such a breathing hit of is ory as Justine.


She has left the former haunts of Beauty and seereted herself in a studio where she will woo fame with lovely lips and a perfect profile, marvelous eyes and a figure which Praxiteles might have loved to carve.


But Sierra Bill's thoughts were not sinister, for they were occupied with a picture of the girl which decorated the troupe's poster that fluttered on a tree.

SEVEN men, perched upon an all but inaccessible shelf of rock. watched a wagon train winding painfully out of the draw, across the valley, down the road that led to I'an Creek. Their interest was remarkable, because wagon trains were not, as a rule, in their line. A stage coach, heading for 'Frisco with the month's clean-up, or a too successful gambler heading for some camp where his reputation was not such a handicap, always engaged their interest. But wagon trains coming in from the other side of the Divide had always been happily, immune from their attentions, for hope was the principal treasure of such caravans, and hope is a commodity of no value to anyone but its owner. Against this rule, two of the seven rebelled constantly but unsuccessfully. Ringe, and the Indian, Wolf, would have raided everything that came their way, with strict impartiality, to keep in practice if nothing else, but Sierra Bill said "No," and when he said "No" there was nothing left for anyone else to say. His "Yes" and "No" were the constitution, by-laws and all the amendments in the code of the band.

So while the seven watched the wagon train hungrily, it was not the hunger of the vulture. Nor was it because they appreciated in the slightest deg, ee the beauty of the scene-the rough-hewn mountains scowling against the blue, the silver thread of the stream interlacing the brown and green of earth and woods. Theirs was the hunger of the penniless boy who watches the circus parade go past. For on their last raid into Pan Creek the seven had captured, among more valuable thot, a gaudy poster which now tluttered behind them, pinned by a bowie knife to a bis tree, announcing the imminent arrival of the Ellis Traveling I'lavers.
Of all human desires, the first born and the last to die is the desire to play. From the haby with its rattle to the greyleard with his golf, this desire persists, and the seven grim men on the shelf of rock were starved for plas. And it was one thing to swoop down upon I'an Creek, raid the Red Front saloon, swing into saddle and ofif again to a rattle of shots, and something entirely different to take their places in an audience watching a show. Jou cannot enjoy a show with one finger on the trigger and one eye on the door.

The afternoon was clowing down, and already the long shatown were making twilight in the valley, though the high shelf was still bathed in the horizontal rases of the sun. The wagon train would not be able to make Pan ('reek for supper, and dpparently its members had so decided, for upon reaching
a flat. open space, they drew up and began to prepare for the meal.

Sure wisht I could see that show," plaintively observed Slim.
"Know any other jukes?" demanded Ringe grumpily.
Sierra Bill said nothing, but a queer smile began to steal over his face as he gazed steadily into the valley. It was a smile that changed the entire appearance of the man. In repose his features were stern and forbideling-the features of a fighting man always braced for a fight. As the smile grew and expanded it made him over into a boy-the boy of Hallowe'en.

Reckon you're goin' to get that wish. Slim," he said at last. The others looked at him questioningly:
"Reckon they can give us a private performance right down where they're campin'," he went on. "Slim, you go down an' tell 'em to get ready, 'cause their audience is on the

There was no need for further explanation. The six saw the plan of their leader. They had stolen everything they ever wanted. Now they wanted a show, so why not steal that? The reasoning was simple and direct. Slim started ior his horse.
"And tell 'em it'd better be a damn good show." Sierra called.

Never was a strancer or gayer theater party, than that which rode down the steep mountain trail that evening, and never had this band started out more eagerly upon a foray. But while the others laughed and chattered behind him. Sierra Bill at their head had lost his smile again, and was once more the stern and forbidding leader. But his thoughts were not s:nister, for they were occupied with the picture of a girl which decorated the troupe's poster that fluttered on the tree. "Nellie Grey, Queen of Music" was the modest claim under the gaudily colored portrait, but even the crude reproduction could not conceal the dainty, wistful charm of the girl's face. So while the bandit's appearance was cold and hard, there was something soft and tender springing up within.
Slim had been diplomatic but firm, and the astonished Traveling Players, warned beforehand of the presence of outlaws in the neighborhood, decided that nothing was to be gained by defying orders, so the little troupe was ready when Sierra and his men arrived. The stage was a canvas spread upon the ground. The burnt cork artists of the "Minstrel First Part" were enthroned upon trunks and boxes. The audience decided to remain mounted and masked-and the show began.

W":th keener enjoyment than could have been guessed from their grave attention, the audience listened to the ancient mother-in-law jokes and heard Mr. Bones cxplain to the interlocutor why the chicken crossed the road. Their enthusiasm flashed up, however, when the minstrels. gratitied and rather surprised to find themselves still alive, disappeared, and were succeeded by two almost young women who sang and danced. Little eruptions of boisterousness among Sierras men were sternly quelled by the leader, despite insuhordinate mutterings by Ringe. All this Nellie Grev watched through a flap in a tent, and realized that this stern man was a master. So when her turn came she was not afraid, and tucking her violin under her chin she played her best for them.

She played old tunes, and played them gently, with feeling in every note, not so much as looking up at the sinister black masks. But behind the mask of the leater that strange emotion he had felt as he rode rlown the trail, surged up more strongly than ever. The girl was lovelier than he had expected, and the music recalled many things he had forgotten, things away back in distant years. Ringe was not so susceptible to tho music, but there was a glitter in the eyes that peered through his mask at the shapely shoulders of the girl. And when she was through he thung impetuously from his saddle, and with outstretched hand offering her a strange as-ortment of gold eoins and trinkets, said!
"Youre hetter'n a picture. Ciuess I'll turn actor an" join the troupe.
'The girl turned away
"Those were stolen-we don't want them." she said.
Before Rame could insist. Sierra was by his siele. gripping lis arm, and Ringe knew from the lonk in the leaders eyes that he was 1 mo mood for argument.
"Your rumin" the show ton?" Kinge growled
Reckon" Sierra replied tersely and turned to the girl with a small big of gold dust in his hand.

# The Testing Block 

"Was ever woman in this humor wooed? "Was ever woman in this humor won?"

By<br>JEROME<br>SHOREY

"This dust wasn't stole, ma'am-it was panned. Reckon we oughta pay f'r the show."
He forced the bag into her hand, gave a sharp order, and in an instant the Traveling Players heard the sound of hoofbeats dying away in the distance, and breathed again. Quickly harnessing their horses they pushed on for Pan Creek, anxious to get away from the scene of the adventure, profitable though it had been.
It was a good-natured, merry crew that rode back to the mountain stronghold, though Sierra rode by himself, silent and moody. When they had unsaddled he sat apart from the others, gazing at the poster on the tree, and dreaming strange dreams. He did not notice that the merriment was growing more and more unrestrained under the influence of heavy draughts of whiskey. Usually he kept his men under strict allowance, and there were no orgies permitted. Tonight he relaxed his vigilance, and paid no attention to them until Ringe approached him with a handful of broken sticks, and told him to draw one.
"There's three women with that troupe," Ringe explained. "We're drawin' to see which gets 'em. The three winners'll (iraw again f'r first choice."

Sierra sprang to his feet. "You know the rule-no women allowed in this band," he snapped.

Ringe, Sierra knew, had long been waiting a chance to rebel against the leader, and now believed he had struck an issue upon which the others would stand by him.
"I guess the winners can quit this band if you don't like it," Ringe replied, defiantly.
Sierra looked around at his followers. Inflamed by alcohol and a thirst for excitement, they were momentarily beyond discipline. An order would not suffice-he would have to act. In any other circumstances he would have been glad to let the game go on, glad to rid himself of Ringe, who, he was confident, would take good care to be among the three winners.

"I've won you - I'm goin" to marry you - now!"
but the thought of the fate of the girl with the violn made it ut of question $\because$ he made a quick decision.

No man can leave this ban 1 until he fiyhts his way out of $\therefore$ he said "Ill fight you-all of you. The last man on his ieel-goes."
It was a challenge that appealed to the outlaws-one man acainst six. and it was a fair fight-as fair as such a fight an be. They came up, one after another, and one by one *itnt down under his crashing blows, acknowledging their master, until only two were left-the Indian and Ringe.

I'm aimin' to take you last, Ringe," he said. and steeled Limelf for the final strugrle. Stripped and battered he met the rush of the wily Wolf, and almort went down but the sight of Ringes crucl eyes beside the poster of the "Queen of Nusic" put frenzy into his blows, until the Indian lay help-le-s. and Sierra turned to his most formidable adversary.
-ierra's physical strength was exhausted. He knew it, and Range knew it. But behind Sierra's phosical strenath there still stood untouched and fearless, the spirit of the man. Time after time it seemed that Ringe had him beaten, but each t me he came back to the desperate battle. fighting mechanicaily and ferociously with strength he himself did not know remained. He only knew he could not lose, and at last Ringe :dw. in a flash, that this was true-and this was the moment of victory for Sierra. With a savage rush he sent Ringe reeling, and casped:
"The last man on his feet goes-and goes alone."
Pulling on his coat he staggered over to the poster and tore it from the tree. Then, saddling Pinto, the horse he loved better than anything else in the world, he rode down the trail. He was a different man from the one who had ridden down just a few hours before, for the fight had brought to the surface all the latent savagery of his nature, and the tenderness that had been springing up within him was buried in a
tumult of wild emotions. He had fought for this woman and hed won, and he was going to claim her. She was his, and lic would own her.

With the town oi Pan Creck asleep. the Pinto horse bearing a swaying rider with a terrible, blood-streaked face, galloped up to the little hotel. The landlord was roughly aroused irom - leep by the fear-inspiring figure, who producing the poster of the Traveling Plasers, demanded:
"That violin woman from the show-where is she $=$ "
The landlord cowered. "I'll have the law on ye," he whimpered. "I'm a Justice of the Peace."
"That'll save a lot o' time," Sierra replied. "Come onwhere is she?
Persuaded into action by Sierra's gun, the landlord led the way upstairs to a room where Nellie and her two girl companions were sleeping. Awakened suddenly by the flash of the light from the lamp. they were too terrified by the appearance of Sierra, even to scream.
"I've won you," Sierra told Nellie. "I'm goin" to marry you -now."
"What-what do you mean $=$ " the dazed girl asked. "What are you going to do with me?"
"Learn my Pinto colt to carry clouble," the man replied. "Come on, Mr. Justice of the Peace."
Out of the terror and travail of that night of iear and savagery, a new happiness was born for the man and the woman, and five years later, in the gold camp of Placer. they had iorgotten everything that was brutal in their mating. For besides the love which they had found there was the child, Buster. And far from the scenes of his outlawry: Sierra had turned his intelligence and strength into honest endeavor. He owned a small claim which well repaid his industry: and his one aim in life was to keep Nellie from ever regretting the

marriage into which she had been forced. So far from regretting it, she was by now able even to laugh about it, and in all California there was no happier spot than the little cabin.

Then, one day, Sierra went out to meet the stage from Sacramento. He was expecting a set of "spellin' blocks" for Buster which he had commissioned the driver to bring. As he stood for a moment, chatting with the driver, one of the passengers inside drew back into the deep shadow. When they had started again, this man turned to the woman beside him.
"We're stoppin' at Placer, Rosita," he said.
"But, Meester Ringe, I thought we go to Gold Bar," she answered.
"I've been waitin' five years to get even with that man that was talkin' to the driver," he explained. "We're stopping at Placer."

Rosita shrugged. One place was much the same as another to her. Ringe, unable to hold the band together after Sierra left them, had adopted the career of itinerant gambler, and found the woman useful as a come-on. So they drifted from camp to camp, at home everywhere and nowhere. That night Ringe made arrangements to deal faro at the principal saloon of Placer, and waited for his opportunity. He wanted revenge on Sierra, preferably some kind of revenge that would throw Nellie into his power.

One night soon after, Sierra rode up to the saloon on Pinto, and Ringe, who had coached Rosita for such an occasion, slipped out of sight. Sierra went to the platform where the musicians were stationed, and asked the leader if he could let him have a string for Nellie's violin. The leader said he would have to go to his room for it and started away. Ringe stopped him on the way out, and with a gold piece persuaded him not to hurry.

Sierra seated himself at a table, Rosita strolled up, and after the custom of the place asked him to buy a drink for her. He declined, politely, but she sat down opposite him, and produced a pack of cards, which she shuffled, and asked him to cut.
"Dios, senor," she exclaimed, as she spread them out. "The cards see you as an outlaw."

Sierra looked up, startled, and she went on.
"I see a wife, and a son. But the wife not love you. You steal her some time and she want to go back. I see her in music and dance. She leave you soon."

Sierra steeled himself against betraying his feelings, pretended he was bored and.sauntered out of the saloon. But so cunningly had the facts of the past been woven into the bogus prediction of the future that his head swam. What was true and what was false in the woman's story? He had often wondered that the beautiful girl he had made his wife, could ever come to love him. Now he was face to face with the question -had she been shamming affection all this time through fear of him? He could not believe it-and yet-there was just enough superstition in his makeup, that he could not shake off the thought.

Ringe, meanwhile, hurried to the cabin. Nellie did not recognize him because the only other time she had seen him he was masked. He knew he had only a few moments and he wasted no time on preliminaries.
"Some of us know your husband used to be an outlaw, an' we thought you ought to know he's plannin' to take the trail again," he said. "He keeps meetin' up with a Mexican girl at the dance hall, an' we think he figures to work with her friends."
"I don't believe you," Nellie declared.
"All right, but don't say you wasn't warned, 'cause we're aimin' to break up this gang before it gets started," Ringe answered, and left her.

With the shadow of the past over their minds, the seeds of doubt found fertile ground. When Sierra returned, he and his wife could not but notice the constraint in each other's demeanor. A word, and it would all have been explained, but neither spoke the word. And when Ringe came again next day, and suggested that Nellie might learn something of interest if she looked in at Sierra on his claim, where he was at work, she hesitated, but went. And there, with little Buster playing near by, she saw what seemed a confirmation of Ringe's story. Rosita was standing beside Sierra, very close to him, it seemed to the wife, and they were in earnest conversation. There was nothing incriminating, but of course he would hardly make love to her in broad daylight, Nellie bitterly reflected. And with their boy playing innocently at the sluice-she was ready to believe anything. All she knew of the man she had


In a few short weeks Buster's recovery provided the wellearned peace and contentment for which they all hungered.
married rushed into her mind-his record of crime, his savage abduction of herself.
"I'll go to Sacramento," she sobbed. "I'll get work. I won't stay with him another day."
"You're doin' right," Ringe assured her. "There's a stage in an hour. Better take it. We might round up his gang any time, an' you better not be here."
"But my baby-I can't go without him!"
"That's all right," Ringe promised. "I'll see that he's sent to you right away. Leave it all to me."

The fortune teller had told the truth. So clearly had events seemed to corroborate her prediction that Sierra did not even attempt to follow his wife. He had stolen her once, and he would not force her again to live with him. She did not even want her baby, it seemed, and all his love centered on the boy. Buster fretted and pleaded for his mother, but Sierra made up all sorts of excuses. Still the child was not satisfied, and between the lack of his mother's care and his fretting, he soon worked himself into a fever. Sierra was helpless. The nearest doctor was in Sacramento and it would take five hundred dollars to bring him. Ringe had discovered Sierra's little hoard of dust in the cabin. after Nellie left, and stolen it. so that Sierra supposed Nellie had robbed him as well as deserted him. All he had left in the world was Pinto, and he held Pinto himself a small sacrifice to save the boy. So he rode down to the saloon and asked for offers.

Sierra had seen Ringe about several times, but was so numbed by his misfortune that it had not occurred to him to connect his old enemy's presence with the fortune teller's information about his past. So when Ringe came forward with an offer to buy Pinto at Sierra's figure, he was grateful. Ringe smiled inwardly as he paid for the horse with the proceeds of Sierra's own gold, and checked ofi his score:
"His wife, his money, his horse-pretty good start."
Sierra started a messenger to Sacramento for the doctor and went back to his cabin. His world was narrowing down to a very small horizon. but he would not count all lost so long as he had Buster. He moved about the house, blunderingly trying to do something for the suffering child, when his quick ear caught the sound of a galloping horse. Rushing to the door he saw Pinto, covered with foam and bleeding, tremblimg with fear. All his old ferocity leaped into life and set fire to his brain.
(Continued on page 120)

# The <br> Glad Game 

## A Thanksgiving Time Talk with the Home Circle.

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

PROBABLY everyone who reads this article will have seen the photoplay, "Pollyanna." And they will have known the wide popularity of the book that the photoplay was written from-the book that was first a serial, then a best-seller, then a play and, last of all, a moving-picture success.

Ancl-probably everyone who saw the photoplay went home wondering just what the charm of the story consisted of, wondering just why Pollyanna caught at the heart strings and lirought tears of ready sympathy to the eyes, and brought just as ready laughter to the lips. For many people were quick to admit that Pollyanna was too sweet to be true, that the narrative was too saccharin to be natural, that the plot was too slight to be worth while.

Pollyanna was published some years ago, by a magazine that employed me. W'e didn't know, as we edited and cut and proof-read the manuscript, that it was going to be at all famous-we joked about being happy and laughed at each other when things were all wrong and upside down.
" Don't be cross," we'd say when a page was late in arriving from the printer, "it might be two pages!"

And -
"Cheer up!" we'd advise when an overturned ink bottle deluged a white skirt, "it might have spoiled your hat, too!"

And yet, even thnugh we grew a bit tired of the saintly little heroine, we grew rather fond of her. I remember that the intervicwing of Eleanor H. Porter, the author of "Pollyanna," gave me a real thrill-and I remember that I went over half of the city with a fine tooth comb to locate the little girl-a shy, flaxenhaired kiddic-who had posed for the first illustrations of the story. Despite mysclf, almost, the charm of I'ollyanna got to me.

After a while, at the office, we began to be a lit shamefaced when we made fun of the book. And then we began to suggest, in rather good faith, that being happy wann't such a bad idea, after all. And then the managing editor asked me to write an article aloout the "Glad Game,"which. you will remenber, was Pollyanna's life philosophy. And I wrote the article and, in answer to it, there came let-ters-manyo letters-from all over the country:

There were letters from pleasant people who approved of the glad game, and there were letters from not-so-pleasant popple who were interested in it, and there were letters from peevish people who wanted to know more about it. There were thousands of letters from rich people, and comfortally situated people, and poor people. And not one of the letters saisl anything slighting about the glarl game. Not one of them said anything in favor of being unhappy, and unpleasant.
"I'm a crank," one man wrote to me, with most extreme franknese, "most everybody says 50 , and those that don't say


Markaret E. Sandstcr
so think so. I'm forever growling at my wife, and at my children, and at my grandchildren. and at my neighbors. Sometimes I have a real trouble-but sometimes it's only cussedness that makes me growl.
"I'm nearly seventy, now, and the other day I read about this glad game business. And it set me to thinking and I saw that I'd been dead wrong.
"I kind of reckon that it's too late, now, to begin over. I'm a crank and I'm afraid that I'll have to be a crank. But 1 can't help regretting over three score of wasted years! And I can thelp telling you that I regret them."

Particularly around this time of year, when Thanksgiving is in the air, folk get to thinking about glad games, and beisg happy. Even the most confirmed of cross-patches get to counting their blessings a la Pollyanna, when Thanksgiving-time comes to the world. They try to forget the high cost of living (though it's not easy with turkeys at Heaven-knows-what a pound!) and they think, instead, that they're glad of the strength that enables them to keep just a shade ahead of the enormous prices, and the low values and the inflated demands. Theyre thankiul for life and living and the care iree sparkle of blue November skies. They're play:ing the glad game because it's been the custom, for a good many years, to play the glad game at Thanksgiving.

People, fundamentally, are meant to be happy (look at the little gay-hearted thoughtless children)-it's only the worries and fears and perplexities inside of them that make folk-as the old man, who wrote me, said-into cranks!

Don't be a crank! Be happy: Flay the glat game even though your iriends are inclined to laugh at you. for it's a game well worth the playing. And if you play it sincerely enough. you'll find that the friends will soon stop laughing.

It isn't necessary to be as obvious about your gladness as Pollyanna was. It isn't necessary to shout hosamas when you break a leg because you didn't break an arm, too. Neither is it quite truthful to say that you're glad that some calamity appeared because it's good for your soul! And if a person told me that he was glad about toothaches, mosquito hites and hay fever I'd be inclined to walk away from him, in discust.

Be moderate and sensible and real in your gladness. Be glad when it's humanly possible to be clacl-but don't be inhuman in your happiness. Only try to smile in the face of adversity -only try to push up the corners of your mouth. as the child "did, in "Broken Blossoms." when real trouble comes.

And if you try hard enough, you'll never have a chain of wasted years to look back upon, and you'll be able to understand why Pollyanma has charmed huge audiences, and-lest of all-every day of your life will be a real Thanksgiving!

## And Now-FICTION!

 Watch for the January number of Photothe news stands, buy it.The first two short stories, accepted for the $\$ 14,000$ fiction contest, will appear in this number. You will find them up to Photoplay standard. You will find them up to the standard of any fiction in any of the best magazines in America. And throughout next year, Photoplay will continue to publish two short stories in each number - twentyfour in all, and each one of them will be the best that can be found and purchased.

They will be clean stories, stories of love, romance, adventure, stories that the sons and daughters of any family in America may read with the full approval of the fathers and mothers of any American family.

## Photoplay's \$14,000 Contest

is attracting the best short story writers in the country, so you may expect to find some of the year's most distinctive fiction in this magazine.

The fiction contest closes August 31, 1921, and no manuscripts will be accepted after that date. Address all manuscripts and requests for information regarding the terms of the contest to

Editor, SHORT STORY CONTEST

## PHOTOPLAY



This is a real home-and no wonder. for Polly is her own interior decorator. Above we see one wall of the long low library wist its real fircplace, its deep chairs, and its rows of books-illustrating the principle that books may be used for decorative purposes. These books. however, all have their pases cus. The grey ceiling and soft Persians give this room a restful air that is furthur carried out in the subdued lighting effects.

Here is a corner of the spacious hall, a hall which has an inviting rasher than a formal forbidding aspece. There is a cansas splashed with color above the console of wroughtiron and marble. Bright fresh flowers, in a Japancse bowl. lend a lively atinosphere of welcome.


At the left-Mrs. Drews dining-room. Herearesuccessfully combincd an almost austere dignity and a luxurious comfort. The wrought-iron table-legs and the cushoned chairs; the carved wall lights and the soft tan tones of the rugs and walls-a dclightful place to dine. Below, a detail of the dining-room. Supplemented with two Chinese vases is another of those consoles of wrought-iron and marble so much favored by

Mrs. Drew.

A drawing room that is almost always flooded with sunlight, with four large windows taking up one entire wall, and hangings of bright blue. The walls, in this room, are of a dark tan: the divan and chairs are upholstered in flowered chintz. This is a room of a refreshingly feminine personality; one feels that it has been lived in.


# Why I Do Not Believe In Censorship 

Winners in Photoplay Magazine's Letter Contest.

WE are taught by contrast from the time we are children and burn our fingers with a match and then put ice on the burn. So pictures by their development of the better side in our natures, have led the puilic to set its own standard. It has been thoroughly proved that there is no allurement in immorality in pictures and so truly are many convinced of this fact that the theater of today i. fast becoming the church of tomorrow: The old style evil picture was condemned by the freedom of choice as expressed by the community and the madness of censorship has been proved most convincingly ly its own weakness and intolerance.
Restriction in art destroys originality and the decision of what is art and what is wrong should be left to the public who see the picture from many angles instead of the biased one-sided view of the censor. If we have arrived at the stage when we have to have truths sugar-coated by a film censor, we had better acknowledge we are mentally incompetent and be done with it.

The amount of harm which the censor has done cannot be estimated. Parts of films are cut out which by their absence only stimulate the imagination and cause patrons to think just what have been eliminated. A censored part is often a simple allusion upon which the moral of the play hinges and in cutting it out the plot suffers, the artistic value of the picture is ruined and the public more antagonized than ever by the interference of the censor.
It is entirely a matter of education and not legislation, this censorship by the people. Hence the cure lies in the hands of each community whose spirit can dominate or condemn at will. Freedom of choice is the right of every one who goes to market whether it be the food market or the box-office one A blow struck at the box-office hits the most vulnerable part of the manacers' interests. It is there that the public in the past has hit the hardest and censorship need take no credit upon itself for the elimination of the immoral film-the public gets that citation.

There will always be the person who wishes to put skirts on the Venus de Milo or B. V. D.'s on the Apollo Belvedere: but general ralicule has fortunately killed off most of these art puritans. Do we want them bothering us again in the form of a censor? Shall the modern chisel of the director be stayed by the fastidious corporation called The Board of Censorship which more often disfigures than remolds? It also interferes with the public education, for there are two towns in the United States which have heen denied the license to open moving picture theaters even though no more damming films be shown than the news weeklies! If there must be some interfering political hand (naturally drawn into the honespot ley the odlor of gold) - the regulation by license as recomimended lyy the Special Investigating Committee appointed by the New Firk State Conference of Mayors, seems a lozical solution. If the community is interested enough in wanting its pictures left to its own judgment. its woice can be no better heard than in the cars of its congressman at Washington. Cry loudly and strongly until he takes notice. for. although there are laws to enforce conformity in ectablishing the standards of morality and good taste, the individual is responsible for them and

## PRIZE WINNERS

Following is the list of prize winners in Photoplay Magazine's letter contest, "Why I do not believe in censorship," as announced in the July issue.
First Prize, \$25.00-Ferd. A. Schliemann, 819 Eye Strect, Sacramento, Calif.
Second Prize, $\$ 15.00-L$. A. Stockwell, 1835 Fort Stockton Drive, San Diego, Calif.

Third Prizes, \$10.00 each-Lewis H. Eddy, 3430 Peralta Street, Oakland, Calif., Mrs. John Gratke, 407 U. S. Nat'l Bank Bldg., Portland, Ore., and Charlotte B. Horton, 431 Connecticut Street, Buffalo, N. Y.
should himself be the prosecutor when the code is violated. There is always a greater and stronger force above all law and it is wielded by the little individual-sometimes much downtrodden and ridiculed-but nevertheless. the strongest component of the ruling mass-IOU'?

## First Prize Winner Declares Censorship Is Rule of Minority

NO censorship of moving pictures is needed in a country like this. It would mean going backward. instead oi forward. We make this country what it is-the finest in the world-and we believe we are competent to look after our own morals too.

Censorship is a chance for graft, and we have had enough of that. We don't want mollycoddling by a lot of cranks and egotists who really care nothing about our morals, but only want to make an easy living at our expense. They remind me of the Scribes and Pharisees of old. who condemned Jesus because He would associate with publicans and sinners, and wouldn't condemn them as they did.

I believe in a free screen as well as a iree press. I think the producers and theater patrons are quite capable of getting together and working out the problem of good and bad pictures without any gobetweens.

The producers have already learned from experience that the people go to the good pictures and stay away from the bad ones. The bor-office receipts are the only censorship the producer needs to urge him to give the public what the want. "The Miracle Man" is a fine testimonial of their response to public demands. They have learned that the public likes the good clean play with plenty of heart interest in it, and that is the kind they are giving without any help from the censor board.

Censorship has never been infallible in its judgment. The condemning of good pictures and the passing of bad one's prove this. Censor boards have let personal and ottentimes political reasons sway their decisions, to the detriment of the Froducer. and the injury of the public whom they pretend to serve.

The motion picture has become a great democratic institution. It can be a power for good, if not interfered with by censor boards, who would crush its usefulness by making it serve their own ends.

Censorship is the rule of the minority over the majoritya pernicious evil that should be abolished before it encroaches upon the personal freedom that is our God-cisen heritage in this broad land.

Ferd. A schlievisio.
Slo Eye Strect, Sacramento. Calif.

## The Censor and King George a Pair

SINCE Magna Charta. the common people have struggled incessantly for their rights. Inch by inch our liberties were gained, hut not until rivers of blood were shed.
Martyrdom and imprisomment have been the rewards of those who dared think. Soon after the Civil Wiar, a few people with
(Cominued on page sto)


The Cutex Traveling Set \$1.50

Contains just what yow reed to keep your nails beautifully manucured-alifull-sizedpackages. Cutex Cutule Remover,
that does a:vay wuh ruinous cutting: Cuter Nail IVhite, to remove stains and discolorations and give your nat tits a snowy whateness: Cuter Cake Polish and Cuter Paste Polish (pink) to give your natls the fashionable fimish.
In addition you ret a doublecut steel file, emery bourdr, orange stack, absorbent cotton and an invaluatir rimle booklef on the care of the nats.
fll combined in a stunning ses.

## In one stunning set everything to keep your nails beautifully manicured

IN ten minutes, with these Cutex manicure preparations, you can transform nails you are ashamed of.

Start today to have the shapely, well-kept nails that make any hand beautiful. No matter how rough and ragged the skin around your nails is, no matter how ugly cutting the cuticle has made them, you can almost instantly change them into nails that are noticeably lovely.

Without trimming or cutting of any kind, Cutex keeps the skin at the base of the nail smooth, firm and unbroken. Just file your nails to the pıoper length and shape. In the Cutex package you will find orange stick and absorbent cotton. With a little cotton wrapped around the end of the stick and dipped in Cutex, work around the nail base, gently pushing back the cuticle. Almost at once you will find you can wipe off the dead
surplus skin. Wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle as you dry them.

For fascinatingly snowy nail tips, apply just a bit of Cutex Nail White under the nails. You will delight in the fashionable finish that the Cutex Polish gives. Your first manicure will show you how lovely nails can look.

For Christmas and birthday presents Last year over three hundred thousand women bought Cutex sets during the holiday season. Before you plan a single Christmas gift, look at these Cutex sets. Read the descriptions alongside of each picture. Any one of the three-in its handsome Christmas wrapper-makes a present that is new and fashionable.

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boards, flexible doublecut steel file, and a boards, flexble double cut steel file, and a
beautiful shite buffer aith remorable chamois. A really impressive Christmas prescn.

The Cutex Compact Set all the essentials 60 cents This is the Cutex set of a thourand uses. Many women buy six of these at a time. Fach consains a mintature Cultex Nail Whule, Culex Cake Polish Cutex Nand Paste, Cuter Care (pink). In and Cutex Paste Polsh (pink) In
addition you get your oramge stuck and emery boards-all the essentials for the modern manichre. Ilundreds and
thousands of these sets are bouths chousands year.




Error I sland

SEAKING of "boners." there were several pulled in Houdini's "Terror Island." The first one happened when the heroine, plus the famous "Pearl of I'o," is captured and trussed up in gunny sacks and several yards of rope. She is carried quite a distance to a boat, where she is slung on the deck like a bag of meal. She must have had a marvelous respiratory apparatus to breathe through all that wrapping. An ordinary human being would have smothered, but not so our little Beverly, for upon being unwrapped she displayed the sprightliness of a cricket on a hot hearth.

The most glaring inconsistency was in the matter of the letter from the captured man to his daughter, in which he tells her just where he is, and how to save him. Wonderful! Particularly in view of the fact that there had been, supposedly. no white men on that island since he had been shipwrecked: But his letter reached her through some sort of superhuman mail service. C. B. Bradford, Benton Harbor, Mich.

## Imprudent Prudence

I. "Away Goes Prudence" there is shown a close-up of Miss 1 Billie Burke as Prudence in the front seat of the airplane. When she lands she is in the rear seat. Did she change seats in mid-air as well as loop-the-loop? P. M. K.. Chicago, Ill.

Who Ilould Fire Seena? I "The (iift Supreme, erating room, wipes her hands all over the sterile gown of the surgeon who is about to save the hero's life. Ive known nurses to be fired for much less.

And did anyone ever see a blood transfusion done with yards of rubber and glass tulsing of the half-inch size? The hlood ran through as if there were 120 pounds pressure back of it. Send me the secret.

$$
\begin{gathered}
\text { E. S.il } \\
\text { Inclianapolis, }
\end{gathered}
$$

Incl.
Should a Stoker Tell? I 'the shipwreck scene in "Should a W'oman Tell?" the water comes into the stokehokl on the port-side and the two firemen shovel the water out with a shovel. Being a marme engincer by occupation 1 am curious to know where they showeled the water to, as no more came in.

Bernharelt Gerecke, Palmer, Mass.
Tcicle OPrieng
FUCBNE ORRIEX must be cold-very cold. In "The Figureheal" he goes about wearing his overeoat, muffler and dertey while others in the picture are in summer costumes amd sleep on fire-escapes.
C. M. W.. Baltimore. Md.

The Same W"ay
DISSING over the usual accurate eye of film-gamblers in taking a stack of chips at random and matching another of different size, I noticed while watching "The Valley of Doubt" that Bonnizet, after admonishing dealer to "deal from the top" wins an extra-large pot, immediately gets up and without taking the trouble to cash-in his chips. makes a dive for the door in pursuit of the heroine and her brother. I never won such a size pot but feel that the heroine would have to wait until I got my money. How do you feel about it?
J. D. Van Brake, Long Branch. ‥ J.

Changed Crafts
[. the first episode of the serial, "Elmo the Fearless." the "gang" on the "Santiam" set the heroine adrift in a fully: equipped life-boat. When we next see her, she is being tossed about in an ordinary row-boat. Some poor fish must have thought the life boat too good for her.
M. M. J., Winghendon. Mass.

Yon Can't Beat Baptiste
THE villain of course, his name was Baptiste-in Frank Mayo's picture. "The Brute Breaker," was the best I ever saw. He falls into a fireplace and burns his arms so severely that the fight is stopped and his arms put in slings.

But in two day's-two days. I say-he comes out to do battle with the hero, bandages off and his arms without a scar.

Francis H. Snyder,
Buffalo.


The Porter Forgot
SAW Earle Williams in "When a Man Loves." Barbara Tennant sends a letier from Japan to Lord Bamnister, in England. We see her giving the letter and a coin to a porter in the Japanese hotel. Then immediately we see the letter in the hands of Lord Bamister-and no stamp affixed!
M. Helen Freeborn.

New York.
How Curless of Her!
When the heroine of "I High Diser: Last Kiss" made her dive. she wore black silk stockines and high-heeled pumps. When she comes out of the water she has no shoes or stockings on.
E. B.. Peoria. Ill.

Sure-In The Silcut Drama
IN "Go and Cet It." Marshall Neilan's newspaper picture. Fat O'Malley is seen on the wing of an aipulane in mid-air talking to the man in the machine. Do airplanes have noiseless motors?

Robert Klingensmith. Wilkinshurg. Fa.

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## When the Front

 Porch Became a LocationIT became a location in August, before the grass had all been trampled out of Senator Harding's lawn, before the Marion police-both of themharl succumbed to nervous prostration, and, even before very many people had found The Front Porch. The movies were on the job with the Republican candidate for President of the United States as early as the newspapers, and they sent their representative contingent to greet him in his home even before any formal newspaper call, other than the visits of the regular reporters.
It was to be a combined pilgrimage from stage and picturedom, but when it left New York City late in an August afternoon, in three special cars, the screen folks outnumbered the stage stars two to one.
Prominent in the gathering were Miss Texas Guinan, who had just returned from two years of wild western picture-making; Eugene O'Brien, who went along to give Marion a look at a real live romantic actor; Miss Rubye de Remer; Lew Cody, treating the sedate state of Ohio to some male vamping, and Miss Zena Keefe. Notable in the representation from the speaking stage were comedian Al Jolson; Leo Carrillo, of "Lombardi, Ltd." fame, and Miss Blanche Ring.

After the crowd had detrained, and had been led to the door of greatness by an especially brazen and enthusiastic band, Senator Harding gave them the porch and the parlor, and Mrs. Harding, equally hospitable and cnthusiastic, proffered all the house

They simply told Harding that they and all their fellows were with him, and then they furned right around and came right home again!


Below- They seem to be for Harding and Coolidge. Henry Dixey holding the flag. Leo Carrillo just in front of him. You can't miss Rubye deRemer. On the right Lew Cody and Eugene O'Brien.

Above- Senator Harding speaking to the delegation of stage and picture stars. On the left is Miss Texas Guinan and the chap in the center who's taking


# "Picked Out for a Part!" 

A secret of success learned outside of the studio

By Doris Lane

The arrector raged and fumed while all was at a standstill in our corner of the studio. "thait told you." he bellowed at his assistant "that voli couldn't find a girl to look the part! Too small a part for a 'reqular' and ton big for an 'extra girl' who hasm't the mamer to carry it off. But we must find orte-and above all she must look and dress the part." after "ay I hung about the studio yard, hoping for a chance to work even as part of a erowd in the backoround of a scene. It was hard and uncertain-a pamble at best-but 1 lored it and prayed for
at higger things. I had been doing more extra work latel. stili i wasn't elleouraned. still wasn sure that the reason was what A "11 e kengl it wion get bach to my story

After the director had almost torn his hair out ower the holding up of that scene, his assisiam of extras. He looked us oser again very criti eally. Slididenly he beck. oned to me. Then he pointed me out and poined "why not iry her? At least slee knows a thing or two about elothes. she knows how to dress the palt!"'
So they tried me and they gare me that pome! For so long I had eome! For so long I had of a crowd. At lact I was pick then just a par still I couldn't know that I had made good. But after that scene was finished, the direehave rour name-please My first thought was, "I have made good;" was right!"
How well 1 remember the evening on whicl I met lier agitin after so many years! It the many when no extra work had been given me at the studio-I was walking slowly away. I stylishly dressed womatt came out of a door a few steps aliead of me. I hardly glanced at her. "One of the 'leads:" I thought. And I was sick of the sight of the "arored sisters." Then we met, and I gazed stralght into the face of Anme kearney

When last I saw her, she was still wearing hair-ribbons, and we were going to the same school in the east. We were so intimate in apart. isy her appearance, she had evidently risen much higher in the world than 1 . Noth. ing would do but that 1 must go with her t? her favorite place for dinner-where we could talk.

The first part of our talk was all of the old days. Ammst every other sentence began with, "Do you remember-? And then we came down to present day topies. She asked, "Mav you been working at the studin?" And I had to dim"t. ruefully, "Ňot very much." So I told her my story.
she said thoughtfulty.
work is an ojening to bigger thlngs. And then I confessed low little extra work I lad heen allowed in do; how it seented that the directors always overlooked me. she had heen stadring me as I talked, and at length she said. "1 think I kirws part of the trouble-maybe the reason why sou are orerlooked. There's a good deal III "Buss, you know.
"But I can't afford expensive thalngs!"
"It isn't price I'm thinking of," she said. "but what you wear. It is so casy to wear things that bring out any bad points which yon may have, and ennceal all your gond ones. clothes, to he right, must be expressive, and exbressive of you who wear them. Now, I can think of several things.
"In sclecting the right elothes, there are many considerations. Anrong them are the color of your hair, your eves. vour complexion; your flgure: your ace: your temperament. N゙ow. have blonde but not very brillinnt hair, a elear


## I was given my chance.

Now Im going to design you a (ress-noth. wear extraordinary, but just what you should I'm going to elange the trimming on your hat -the shape's all right. Then we"ll see what happens."

She wouldn't listen to thanks, but on the was liome she told me her own story-how she had advanced from sewing on dresses in the "property room" to designing costumes for the "stars." Designing--that was the secret of it. I had never thought of the importance of these things.
Two days later, in the little froek of Anne's desimuing, with the retrimmed hat, I appeared at the studio. The director eved us all critically and pieked out the lucky ones for the day. I was one of them! Best of all, at the end of the day lie told me to "come back tomorrow."
and rew days latro 1 went to see Amme lsearme, art of dress. She laurhed.
"I meant to tell yout before," she said. "Not only ean you acquire the theory of clesign for yourself, but you will easily and pleasantly learn to make your own things at a small eost. You can learn costume and millinery design-ing-as I did--in sour spare time at home a view to professional work and it wasu't long before I was where 1 am to-das
maker hefore soue ion couse were al d don know a thing about sewing.
"Tou don't need to a" she replied. "That" the heauty of Fashion Academy eourses: theyre so very simple and yet so thorough that the veriest novice ean understand then and become expert. I don't nean to say you should make a profession of it -rou have different ambid wear, and how to make it cheaply for yourselfwhy, it, would be invaluable to you-to any woman!"
""Yes, 1 know," said, "but the expense?" Fashion Academy courses. Why in one apme season. vou would easity save the price of the course sereral tmes. Now, my dear, just you write to Fashion Aeademy, in sew rork for intor mation about thelr home study courses."

I took her advice-thank goomess! Mv now, so $I$ was getting to be more regular now, so I was able to enroll with Fashion Academy for thelr course in rostume Deslgn
and I) ressinakhg. Rut it was bird then ent and I)ressmakhig. Rut it was hard to choos hetween that and others of their monrses. The
millinery Deslan tempted me. (Amd. hs the
complexion and blue-gray eyes. Yet you are wearing am almost orange-vellow dress ; there's a lot of red trimming on your hat and your wear a wide sasli of gras Don't think 1 ann trying to he nasty, dear, but titere are wrong beeome some woman but on you the effect is dull and liteless. You force yourself into the background.
way. I took that later.) 1 found that 1 need not give more than fwo loon's a week to the
fascinating, simple lossons. And soon, at home was designing my own colothes-thinks that made ing best points conspicuous. and 1 forced myself out of the bacekeromed and, as I have told you, 1 got my chance at last. I'm on the high road now: and I teel
that I owe it all to dinte that I owe it all to dinte
Kearney. in your too, cam learm, home, to desigurs and make original dresses. hates and wraps for yourself, to express your per-
sonality, conceal what ever detects you mas bring out
lave, and bring strongly all your points of bealuty. You will lave fine and stylish colothes which suit your individ. lum needs. And you can this sort for dresses of would cost veut one fashionable shon.
As only one example of F a S I i 0 n Academy graduates who have made designing their urofesThree months after graduation she was earniner か120 a week as a freelance designer, and incidentally she designed costumes for Lady Duti (inrdan (Lucile) let an absolute novice slie is only one ot many others who are cupually successful.

Fashion Academy is the one school of clesign recognized by the costume industry. The constant demand by mamufacturers. Fashion constant demand by manufacturers. Fashiont Academy instructors are not only teachers, bit
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EIDITH, Tesci:-So you wanted to write me the worst way. Well, I should say you had succeeded. I could hardly read the letter. I gather you are gasping to know if George Seitz, that fetching young serial director and star, is singly blessed or a benedict. Ah, Edith-he is married, and when the Seitz company, including George, Marguerite Courtot, and June Caprice, journeyed to Spain for locations, Mrs. Seitz went along. Here's cast for Hodkinson's "The End of the Game": Burke Allister, J. Warren Kerrigan; Mary Miller, Lois Wilson; Frank Miller, Alfred Whitman; Dan Middleton, Jack Richardson; Four-Ace Baker, George Field; W'ild Bill Simpson, Walter Perry.
Jacqueline, Grand Ledge, Mich.-Jackie for short, I hope. The main reason I can see for naming any baby Jacqueline is to be able to call her Jackie later on. Paul Willis was Francis Billings in "The Haunted Pajamas," with the late Harold Lockwood. Your French is faulty, mon ami-no French girl would describe herself as a petite little brunette. Try again, Jacqueline.
M. G., Verona, Ohio--I am not sure that every woman should have the votebut I am convinced that every woman should have a voter. Now, don't be angry-I only try to spill a little philosophy once in a while and you can skip it if you like. George Stone is nine years old. Winifred Greenwood is married to George Field. Mary MacLaren isn't married, and she has just signed a new contract with International. She left Universal some time ago. No noHoot Gibson didn't play Seth in "Blind Husbands"; that was H. Gibson-Gowland.

Martan, Madison.-You say you wish you were a man because a man's dress suit lasts for a long time while a woman must have a new gown for every dance. Yes-that's just the reason one dress suit lasts a man for a long time. Never thought of that, did you? You want all the plays that IIarguerite Clark, Jack Holt, and Sessue Hayakawa have appeared in during the last two years. In other words you want a special edition of Photoplay. That would mean about two hundred photoplays in all. It can't be done —not in one Answer Man's life-time, Marian.
F. F., New Brunswick.-Ages and ages! The starettes must dislike me intensely-I am always contradicting their press-agents. Ruth Roland is twenty-seven. Ethel Clayton is also in lier later twenties. Viola Dana is twenty-two; May Allison, twenty-five. Eddie Polo works at the Universal studio in Universal City, Cal. Malveena Polo is his daughter; she is also appearing in Universal pictures.

Dorothy, Albayy.-I'll answer your questions about matrimony if you'll tell me why is a raven like a writing-desk, with apologies to Lewis Carroll. Tom Moore hasn't married again; he's in "Stop Thief" and "Officer 606.". Marion Davies is a blonde; she isn't married. Harrison Ford has been married but he is now divorced. He's with Lasky. Helene Chadwick may be reached care Goldwyn. I have heard that she is engaged. Now-why is a raven, etc.?

Arlette, Lewiston, Maine.-Well, I may not be a genius but my answers certainly keep the wolf away from the door. You see I shout them off to him as I write and he wouldn't come nearer for worlds. Zasu Pitts is married now; she eloped with her young leading man, Tom Gallery.

Beth and Betty, Nelson, NebraskaGlad to hear from you two. You write a very nice letter for your early teens-by the way, which of you wrote it? Leslie Marsh is a niece of Mae Marsh. Mae's first new picture for Robertson-Cole will be "The Girl in the Woods." She's married to Louis Lee Arms. You'll hear from those stars eventually, I am sure. Why not now? Because they're all awfully busy.
E. A., Evansuille.-Love is blind, as the old saying goes-but the neighbors are not. Let that be a lesson to you, Eva. Thelma Percy was the cunning blonde-I an? quoting you-in "The Vanishing Dagger." She's Eileen Percy's younger sister. Marie Walcamp is twenty-six; she's married to Harland Tucker, her leading man. Marie hails from Denison, Ohio. Violet Palmer was born in Flint, Michigan. Is that all really?
E. D. V., Learoyne, Pa.-"Coincidence," released on the Metro program October 25,
was Robert Harron's last picture. Frances King, Mrs. Thomas Meighan in provate life, is not playing on the screen or the stage now. Bebe Daniels isn't married; she's nineteen. Tom Meighan's new pictures are "The Frontier of the Stars," "Easy Street," and "Conrad in Quest of His Youth."
B. L., Tulsa.-I could scarcely believe my old eyes when I read the other day that a woman in good health and not asleep had not uttered a single word for ten hours. Reading a little farther I noted that she was swimming across Lake Geneva at the time. I never met one yet that could keep still for ten minutes, not to say ten hours. It's Meighan's real name. He has no brother in pictures.
S. C. Brooklyn:-The best steps for a young man to take when his sweetheart's father orders him from the house? Long ones. Dorothy Dalton isn't married now; once she was Mrs. Lew Cody. William A. Brady is related to Alice-he's her father. Grace George is Alice's stepmother.

Etiele, Omaifa, -It is reported from the west coast that Helen Ferguson is soon to become the bride of William Russell. Bill is thirty-four; Helen is about nineteen. Nice little girl. Margarita Fischer is divorced from Harry Pollard. She has finished her American contract and at this writing is in New York City shopping and resting. She'll probably sign a new contract soon. I'll let you know.

Shawnee.-"Food for Scandal" was Wanda Hawley's latest Realart release. Harrison Ford played opposite her in "Miss Hobbs." Ford isn't a star, but a featured leading man who really occupies a stellar position in the opinion of many picture-goers. Don't mention it.
Concha, New Orlemes-Gaston Class is a godson of Sarah Eernhardt. He played in Sarah's company in France, then came to this country. where he took up picture work. He isn't married and you may write in him at 48 . West 40 th Street, New Vork City. Glass is up in Canada now, playing the leading part in a Ralph Connor story. Shirley Mason's real name is Mrs. Bernard I)urning.

If you mean her maiden name, it's Leonie Flugrath. Ifer sister Edna is married to Harold Shaw and is starring in Stoll photoplays in England.

Miss Bernice, Benkdstown, Ill.-Your favorite cowboy stars are Buck Jones and Tom Mix, are they? Well, inasmuch as both are with the same company-Fox-and work in the same California studio, don't write them the same letter.

Elizabetii B., San Francisco.-Why don't I get married? Because no one would ever have me? How old am l? Old enough to mind my own business. My real name? Whatever you choose to call me. Surely nothing could be fairer than that. Hazel Dawn lives in Amityville, Long Island; she hasn't been in pictures for some time but is appearing on the stage right along. Aleta Dore, a dancer, is a protege of Marguerite Clark. Corinne Griffith, Vitagraph.
M. K., Dallas.-I have done many foolish things in my life but I have never published in these columns the name of my favorite motion picture actress. To begin with, I'm
mormonish about them-I like them all. In the second place I would lose my job. Of course the second place ought to be in the first place but it's all right with you in any case, isn't it? Glad you like the Norma Talmadge fashion articles so well. The Lee kids are playing in vaudeville; you might write 20 them care the Palace Theater, New York City, and they will get it. Mary Miles Minter was born in Shreveport, La. Corinne Griftith, Texarkana, Texas.

Jimmy Sanaker, Mo. Valley, Iowa. Never put off till tomorrow that which you should have done day before yesterday. Take my advice, Jimmy. lour poem was fine. It is only too true-so true that I can't publish it for fear some of my readers will take it as a personal affront. They all ask those questions, Jimmy, but they don't like to be told how curious they are. Thanks anyway.
M. C., New York.-If Babylon fell I suppose Tyre was punctured. Now that that's off our minds-You can reach Robert Reeves at 223 South Flower Strect, Los Angeles, Cal. Cleo Madison lately appeared with

Bert Lytell in "The Price of Redemption." Address Min- Madison at the Metro studios in Hollywood. Drop in again

Georgla, Detroit - You call your persistent suitor a joke. Well, you can take a joke, can't you? Everybody can't marry a millionaire, not even in Detrois. Lloyd Whitlock played Helene Chadwick's husband in "Scratch My Back." Whitlock was born in Springfield, Missouri, and has been on the stage. He first appeared in Biograph films.
E. B., Wilmerdisg.-It was very kind of you to give me credit for your progress in English-more than kind, since I so ofted murder the language. I am grateful. Cultivate your taste for simple things-read good books, see good plays, and try to go to only the best pictures. The Editor anticipated you in the Barrymore matter: a story about John and his bride appeared in Photoplay for November. Marguerite Clark is not making any pictures at the present writing but she is to return to the screen as soon as she finds a suitable story, I hear. She's married to H. Palmerson Williams.
(Continued on page 100)


Otis Skinner in a Cinema "Kismet"

NO wonder Oein Skinner-who has held oue akainst the films longer than any other great actor of the lecitimate except David Warfield finally capitulated. They were so anxiousfor him to make a picture, they offered himevery inducement from an entire city built espectally for hum to act in, to this denial pentleman at the righe whose sole duty it is to follow. Mr.: Skinner around and render appropriate selections on his piano-accordion. Louis Gasnier is directing Skinner in "Kismet."

## Photoplay Magazine-Advertising Segtion

# How to banish the needless flaws that <br> <br> ruin your appearance 

 <br> <br> ruin your appearance}

It is so easy to let your skin acquire bad traits


WINI and cold, you know, are ruinous to the texture of your skin. They whip the moisture out of it-leave it dry and tense. Then follow roughening and chapping.

Skin specialists say that one can protect the skin by applying a softening and soothing cream always before venturing out. Never omit this. One little slip, and your skin has had its first dangerous lesson on how to grow rough!

Of course you need for this protection a cream which will not make your

face look oily before going out. Pond's Vanishing Cream is made without any oil precisely for this daytime and evening use. It cannot reappear in a shine. Lightly touch your face with Pond's Vanishing Cream. This leaves your face smooth and protects it from the weather. Do this every time you go out and your skin
will not chap all winter long. Regardless of the weather it will become more and more exquisite in texture.

Does the powder keep coming off your face, leaving you all shiny and embarrassed?

Perhaps you are expecting too much of it. Really, it is entirely your own fault if you put the powder directly on the skin and expect it to stay on of its own accord. The finest of powders needs a base to hold it and to keep it smooth.
For this use, as for protection from the weather, you need a cream without oil. Before you powder, take a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream and rub it lightly into the skin. At once it disappears, leaving your skin softened. Now powder as usual and don't think of it again. The powder will stay on two or three times as long as ever before.

When your face is tense from a long, hard day, yet you want to "look beautiful," remember that the cool, fragrant touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream smoothed over the face and neck will instantly bring it nerw freshness. Do this before you go to a dance. All the tell-tale weariness around eyes and mouth will vanish. Your skin will gain a new transparency. You need never let it get into the way of staying tired.

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check bedow. for which I enclose the required amount. ack below. for which $\mathbb{I}$ enclose the required amount.
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Whenever you want to look es-
pecially iovely, even though you
are trred. you can give your
complexion new freshness at a
moment's notice. Pond's l'arishin. Cream is famous fo
the eleventh hour freshening it bring. the ele:enth hour freshening it lring, your skin

Beware of allowing your skin to cloud up and lose its clearness. When this happens, it is because minute particles of dust have worked their way too deep into the pores to be removed by ordinary bathing. Really, it means that you have betn allowing your skin to go only half cleansed! To remove this deeply lodged dust you need an entirely different cream, a cream with an oil base. Pond's Cold Cream has just the amount of oil to work deep into the pores and cleanse them.

Before you go to bed an!? whenever you have been especially exposed to dust, rub Pond's Cold Cream into the pores of the skin. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth. You will say, " 1 low could so much dust have gotten into my pores"' Do this regularly and you will be rewarded by a clear, fresh skin.
Every normal skin needs both these creams. Neither will foster the grow th of hair. Get a jar or tube of each today at any drug or department store. You will realize for the first time how lovely your skin can be.

> POND'S Cold Cream \& Danishing Cream

## (Continued from page 53)

ielent William H Taft, Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois, Edward Oigood Brown, former judge of the Superior Court of Chicagu, Julius Rosenwald, president of Sears, Rowbuck and Co; George W Cable, the atuthor, the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, celebrated clerygman and lecturer, Edgar A Bancroft, chief counsel for the International Harvecter Company, and such Negro leaders as Emmett J. Scott and Dr. Robert R. Moton of Tuskegee Institute and others.

When the investigation of the Birth of a Kace Company began, these men promptly announced that they had no interest, whatever, in "Birth of a Race." Their names were being used without their knowledge or authority to strengthen the sale arguments of the men who were selling stock.

The company had been selling stock for nearly two years when someone noticed that the "Birth of a Race" officers and the stock sales organizations had overlooked a rather important item of precaution. Illinois had a "Blue Sky Law," and no license had been issured for the sale of "Birth of a Race" stock. Consequently every single sale in Illinois had been made in clear violation of the law.

Two of the brokers were arrested, Giles $P$. Cory of Giles P. Cory and Company, the principal sales agent for the stock, and F. W. Sherwood. Cory pleaded guilty at once and was fined \$1,000. Sherwood showed fight, but after a while decided to bow to the inevitable, and plead guilty. He was let off with a $\$ 100$ fine. None of the officers were touched, except in reputation.

Had the law been enforced to the letter, all the stockholders might have recovered some small part of their money, but only a small part, for most of their money had been spent. In the first place the stock salesmen received liberal commission, perhaps not so much as our friend, Jim llonest had to pay his salesmen. However, it was charged during the investigation of the "Birth of a Race" scandal that some of the salesmen received as high as 50 per cent. commission after the stock had been boosted from $\$ 10$, the par value, to $\$ 20$ a share. Part of the money had gone to pay the salaries of the officers of the company and clerks and stenographers, part had gone to the primters of the heady circulars, part for offere rent, and fimally, the company had started producing. It had contracted with Williant II Sherrill, precielent of the Frohman Amusement Corporation of New Vork City to film the story. Sherrall withdrew when the scandal boke in Chicago.

The stock could not be re-sold by brokers in Illinons. It was againct the law. But no law was now needed to check the sale of "Birth of a Race" stork Nobody would buy it. With rath fresh exposure of the bunineses methods of the sales organizations, with each arrest and fine, the stock tumbled
in value from its artificial price of $\$ 20$ to a fow cents. There was just a bare chance that the picture might make good and yield zorme money.

The Chicago newspaper investigating the charges again-t the company and its sales organizations estimated that about 7,000 persons in lllinois had invested in "Birth of a Race" stock, and that between $\$ 500,000$ and $\$ 000,000$ had been paid in by investors. These figures are perhaps exaggerated On February 20, 1018 , Secretary Lece issued a statement saying that "the 'Birth of a Kace' has issued to date 50,108 shares from which it realized approximately $\$ 350,000$, less advertising and overhead expense and the cost of resale of stock returned, has netted us $\$ 204.393$. Of this amount, $\$ 232.662$ has actually been spent on the production of the picture."

cates for the amount of money he had invested. The brokers refused to pive him his cernficates till he had completed his payments. He refused to throw good money after bad, worried hamself sick over his inve:tment and died.

The "Birth of a Race" scandal made it hard to launch another motion picture company in Chicazo, and the "Blue Sky Law" made it stil more difficult, as may be judzed from the last annual report of Mr. James R. Davis, manager of the Advertiecrs and Investors' Protective Bureau, affiliated with the Chicaso Aisociation of Commerce. Mr. Davis said that he had been called upon to pass on $\$ 400,000.000$ worth of securities, of which he had rejected under the "Blue Sky Law" \$201.000,000, a little more than half, as dangerous or fraudulent. Unfortunately, Mr. Davis is forbidden to state just how much of these rejected securities was motion pic. ture issue.
They all have big programmes, these companies that are offering to take the public into partnership, but few indeed have outlined such a Napoleonic project as the Crusader Film of Philadelphia.

Crusader purposes to produce $a$ screen epic depicting the history of this country: to be entitled "America, the Hope of Humanity," and fortycight smaller historical epics, telling in pictures the stories of each of the states of the Union. The company plans to filni forty-nine historical dramas. That is all. The territorics and dependencies are to be left out in the cold.

Under the caption. - Business Possibilitics of the National Dramas." page $\&$ of the Crusader circular, in inspired author or authors of Cruszder literature say. the italics being ours:
"The thrilling 40 productions. one super-production. America. the Hope of Humanity and the $4 S$ State Dramas planned by Crusader Filns will be so comprehensive as to practically. make (wery man. woman and child in Anterica a part of them. Fieryone of the $110.000,000$ Aincricalts :cill want to see them. for they will picture their own life. their families. their own achievements and those of

There are hundreds of snall investors throughout Chicago and Illinois, many of them widows and men, past the age of their greatest usefulness, who are still clinging to their certificates in the hope that the sixtyodel prints of the picture may sone tinie carn a fow dollars and pay dividends. But as this is written, not a cent have investors received. Assistant Ittorney (encral Raymond S. I'ruitt, who prosecuted the offerting brokers, tells the story of one unfortmate man, who had invented most of his life satvings, $\$ 3.000$, sombe of it in Liloerty Bonds, in "Biath of a Race." He soucht to recover his money. That was out of the guestion. He then demanded stock certifi-
theeir ancestors. These films will croicd the pheaters of our commiry, and give us now hopes and ambitions as Americans. Just a few figures to show what a market exists for the National Drama
"SCHOOL CHII.DREN- The educational value of this film is such that the $20,000,000$ sehool children throushoid the states must see this film when it comes to their individual tewns. It is of more salue to flacm than a ubhele year's sfudy in sehool; its patriotic effect is beyond calculation: it can he made the greuscis pozer for Good Cit1schobsp that ier haic cior knoich
"Cllt'RClILS- The moral character of (Continted on pase rog)


DO you know the subtle magnetism in beauty? It lies in one quality, naturalness.
There is nothing attractive in a "powdered" look. The artistically groomed woman uses powder to enhance, to emphasize her charms -not to "coat" her features.

Garden Court Face Powder is so exquisitely fine and soft that it adapts itself to any skin. Then, too, one of the four shades will invisibly blend with your complexion.

A little powder is enough if it adheres to your skin, and Garden Court Face Powder has a peculiar "clinging" quality. Try it over a foundation of Garden Court Benzoin and Almond Cream and see what a natural "depth" it gives to your complexion.

The delicate fragrance of Carden Court bouquet - an elusive harmony of thirty-two essences - pervades not only the misty-fine powder and the smooth cream but all the Garden Court toiletries

Face Powder
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Toilet Water
Extract
Benzorn and Almond Cream
Rouge

Send for genercus free sample of Garden Court Face Powder and the unusual booklet, "The Eighth Art", which contains interesting information about toilettes for every occasion. NELSON $\begin{gathered}1311 \text { Lafayette Boulevard } \\ \text { DETROIT. Mich.. U. S. A. }\end{gathered}$


## THE CRADLE OF COURAGE-Hart-Paramount-Artcraft

IAM sure you are going to like "The Cradle of Courage." It harks back to war times but it has a legitimate theme and it takes William S. Hart out of chaps and puts him into khaki as a bad man whom the war redeemed. He is a bit mature for the role of the sergeant he plays. but he is so fine and true an actor that this is no particular handicap for him. He makes you feel very deeply this chap and his problems. It wasn't easy for him to come back and resist the temptation to turn a trick that would net him a lot of money. He had to fight his pals and even his avaricious mother, but when they sneeringly suggest that the yellow of his service stripes has found its way into his spine, and that there were a lot more "yellow pups" like him in his man's army, if you don't get a thrill from his resentment of the charge you are ruled by a different brand of hero-worship than that to which we frankly subscribe and to which we react with a most satisfying thump of the cardiac organ. Once on the right road this đloughboy joins the police force and helps to break up the gang with which he formerly trained. The last third of the picture is rather conventional, and not half so convincing or as holding as the first two-thirds, but it is a fine picture for all that. Hart kecps the hero always in character. playing the quiet scenes beautifully and wading into the fights with his old Western enthusiasm. He is ably assisted by a cast that includes Ann Little.

## THE MASTER MIND-First National

LIONEL BARRYMORE is as much a credit to the screen as he is to the stage, and it is therefore easy to be prejudiced in his favor. There are few actors of his quality who have taken the cinema seriously and have lifted its productions away from the pretty boy term and doll-faced heroines of the puppet show. In "The Master Mind" the part he plays is relatively unsympathetic. He is an avenging Nemesis on the trail of a district attorney who had sent his allegedly innocent brother to the electric chair, but his acting has force and distinction and commands an interest that it would miss entirely in the hands of a player less soundly schooled or one lacking his intelligence and technical facility. In his scheme of revenge he becomes the master mind of the crook world and works out an elaborate revenge upon his enemy, only to be swayed in the end by the Biblical injunction that vengeance should be left to the Lord. This is the first of the Whitman Bennett productions for First National and has been most capably directed, both by the producer and his director, Kenneth Webb. The scenes have beauty and imagination and a very good sense of drama and of contrast is apparent in their staging. The camera work is particularly good. Gipsy OBrien screens well as the heroine, and is expressive in pantomime, and the others in the cast, which includes Ralph Kellerd, lend competent aid.

## CIVILIAN CLOTHES-Paramount-Artcraft

THE fine comedy idea that inspired Thompson Buchanan to write "Civilian Clothes" places this picture in the list of the agreeable entertainments of the screen, and Hugh Ford has taken full advantage of the play material and the opportunities offered for good titling. It is not a particularly good comedy for a star, however, and Thomas Meighan suffers from the handicap. He was easily the most attractive figure among the men, and his refusal to sulmit to the hick clothes and the easy vulgarities of the rough-neck captain weakened the best and the most convincing of the comedy contrasts. The audiences, however, delight in the lesson administered to the shallow little snob, who married her captain in France and later, when she saw him in civvies and learned that he was the son of the best cobbler in Racine, was ready to repudiate him. The supporting cast is nicely competent, with Martha Mansfield playing the society heroine. The scenes taken in Cuba are particularly attractive. The scenario was written by Clara Beranger.

## 39 EAST-Realart

1 T entertaining value I saw two pictures last month that were superior to any of the super-features in the list. One was
(Continued on page 12I)

"The Right to Love" is artistically handled by Gcorge Fitzmaurice. Ouida Bergere's story, or what of it that reached the sereen, lacks the holding simplicity of the true stuff. Mae Murray is the abused wife and Holmes Herbert the husband.

"The Price of Redemption" gives Bert Lytell plenty of opportunity to act in front of a series of colorful backgrounds, with Metro's crowd of Indians surging about. The locale is India and London. Seena Owen is in support.

"The Splendid Hazard," done by Allan Dwan, is a strandely fascinating story featuring Henry B. Walthall. Roscmary Theby and Hardec Kirkland.



Rupert Hughes-center-seems to think this is funny. Well, it ought to be - he wrote it. Naomi Childers is the bride-undoubtedly from one of our best families-and Tom Moore is a street-sweeper, in this Hughes essay. What will people say?

# Plays and Players 

## Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion-picture people.

By CAL. YORK

TTHERE'S a new one to tell every montl) on young William Wallace Reid, son and heir of the Wallace Reids. In fact, the son appears to be eclipsing Daddy as a raconteur.

The oither day he said to his handsome father, "Dad, why don't you buy me a motorcycle?"
"Ye gods," said Wally, "what do you want of a motorcycle? Didn't I just buy you a nice, big limousine to ride in?
"What good's a limousine?" inquired Four-Year-Old. "Now I ask you, Dad, can you be a messenger boy in a limousine?"
While his mother (Dorothy Davenport) was inspecting the lovely new home the Reids are building next door to Bill Hart's place, William Wallace strolled across the street to call on his friend, Mary Johanna Desmond, five months' old daughter of the Bil! Desmonds. Mrs. Desmond greeted him at the door and said, "Oh, hello. Aren't you little Willy Reid?" (by way of seeiny what would happen).
"Nope," said the young man.
"Well, who are you, then?"
"Plain Bill Reid," said he with dignity

AWELL-known producer was making the rounds in his studio and came upon an elaborate historical set under the Eupervision of his one high-brow director. "This set," said the h. b. director proudly, "goes back to Louis Quatorze." "Why, said the producer, "what's wrong with it?"

MSKY and Doug are going to tour the world, making pictures along the way. According to report they will start about December 15 -or as soon as both have finifhed two new pictures-and will make the fourncy to France by way of Honolulu, Japan. China, India and Egypt. In France Fairbanks will probably film "The Three Dusketeers." Mary will also make onc picture, European in story and detail.

LOIS WEBER has come out of her celebrated shell long enough to announce that she has two rew pictures ready for release and has purchased a studio to make more. She is also introducing another one of her "finds"-a young girl, Claire Windsor by name, who appears in both productions, "What Do Men Want?" and "To

Plase One Woman." you remember hoth Mary MacLaren and Mildred Harri- Chaplin were Weber discoveries.

TTHE old "Welcome" sign has been dug up and dusted cif for Florence Turner and Mabel Taliaferro. Miss Turner has signed with Metro and Miss Taliaferro is coming back as "The Painted Woman" in the screen version of "Sentimental Tommy" Oh yes-and Lillian Walker is once more in the public eye as the plaintiff in a divorce suit against a hu:hand most of us never knew she had-Charles Hansen. Soundlike old-bome week.
【RENE MARCELLITS spoiled a periectly grood presestory the other day I'lo Ziegfold is supposed to have inserted a clatuse in all his chorus contracts reading. "Motion picture work absolutely prohibited." Then Irene, who came to Ziggy's Follies from the downtown Greenwicl Village brand, announced herself as an acquisition to the Marshall Neilan film forces, to be seen liret in "The Lotus Eaters." Jrent is very, very balutiful.


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IIT is not often that anything happens to dim the emiles and moisten the eyce of Broadway's idols. The stars of that Great White liay are most of the time as dazzling, as unfalteringly bright as those huge eleceric signs which proclaim them to the world. But there was recently a gathering of celebrities whose names are synonvms for Broadway's best gifts of fame and wealth and gaiety, in which those celebrities palused to bow their heads and wije awne their tears. It was at the last rites for Olive Thomas-one of the loveliest and the bestloved of them all. Olive Thomas hasl diedtragically, three thousand miles from the hright gay street and the bright gay friends she loved. She first came to Broadway : little girl, and Broadway saw her rise from chorus-yirl to film queen. And Broadway knew her as the same "Ollie"-generoushearted, radiant-from Roof days and through her increasing fame.
St. Thomas Church-a solemn impresive gray-stone pile in Fifth Avenue-was the scene. The Reverend Eirnet $M 1$ Stires, one of Manlattan's most prominent clergymen, oliticiated. And among those in attendance were Harrison Fisher, the artist, who painted Olise Thomas so many times and who called her the prettiest girl in America; Myron I Selznick, who produced her pictures. Thomas - Meghan, her good friend; Eugene O'brien and (Owen Moore, who worked with her in
the same studio; Gene Buck. composer of Follies music to which she often danced across the Follies stage; Edgar Selwyn. Irw ing Berlin. Montagu Love, and otherFriends of Follies and film dave came Rubse deRemer, May Murray, May Le-lo. and Kay Laurell. And now the name of Olive Thomas, one of Brondways be:t beloved, has Hickered out in Broadway's signs; but the memory of the warm-heartel little girl will lise long in the hearts of those who really knew and loved her.

DON'T tell we told you, but we hear there is 10 be an carly addition to the Whecer O.kman fumily. lep-and that Priscilla Dean Oakman is going int, temporary retirement upon the completion of her latest Universal picture, which is another crook play for the original Exquisite Thici Pricilla is supported in it by friend liusband and Lon Chaney.

SPAAKNG of comediennes: wonder why Messer de Mille. Tucker or Crimith don't sign up Harriett Hammond, Phyllis Haver or Maric Prevost? They lonk like Swanoon or Compson material to us.

THe; Dupont:-now in control of thic Goldwin Company-are going to uplift the bim industry if the have to do it with dynamite


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Audress ..... ... ... ............. .....

[^26]Plays and Players
(Continued from page sis)


Breakfast for two a la Hollywood honeymooners. Here is Tom Gallery maniully assuring his bride. Zasu Pitts, that the toast isn't burned, at all. Tom is Zasu's leading man in films, too.

ONE way to be tamous is to be born in Gotland, Sweden, come to Xew York at an early age, get a job as a Ziegfeld Follies beauty and then procced by easy stages to the screen. Diana Allen, first heard from as a Fox actress, and now signed by Paramount to play opposite Monte Bluc in "The Kentuckians," did it that way

L
OUISE FAZENDA has left Sennett. No, she won't go with de Mille or Tucker or Griffith. She will keep right on doing her eccentric lady hicks for the Special Pictures Corporation, which also lately lured away from Nack's place Ford Sterling and Chester Conklin.

L'EW CODY is not going to make any more pictures for Robertson-Cole.

WHEX all the reporters in New York were pursuing Charlic Chaplin to get his vicws on divorce and marriage, Mr. Chaplin bravely announced that he wouldn't discuss his marital affairs and added that he was in New York on whasure bent. But, boys and gitts, what do you suppose he was really doing? He was reading Macaulay's "Hitory of England" in his snug little suite at the Ritz.

COIIIEEN MOORE gave the habitues of C the famoun Hotel Alexandria dining room a treat the other day when she entertained a bunch oi setect mosing picture beautics at a "regular" luncheon party Everything was done up in the best " $400^{\circ}$ tolle inchuding decorations in pink and las ender. cordeges and danaty favore to mateh The honored guest was Miss Lisheth Stone, a V̌ew Orkans cociety girl, and cousin of Miss Moore, who had heen passing the summer in Hollywool. The other suents included Marjurie わaw: Z:an Pills, Worin

May, Bessic Love, Carmel Myers, Pauline Starke, Grace Darmond, Dorothy Devore, Lois W'ilson, Aenes Ayres and Kathleen Kirkham.
It is whispered that this group of motion picture maidens united in a sort of secret society pledge to stay ohd maids-hr words to that effect-and that Zasu Pilts, who recently became the bride of Tom Gatlery; is the first to renounce the veil and become a wife. However, it seems only fair to surmise that she won't be the last. $\mathrm{d}=$ ohl maids, they present a very weak position.

MUST be nice for the Crane famil! Jimmy is playing at the Forty-cishth Strect Theater in papa-in-law Bill Brady: play. "Opportunits:" and Alice Brady Crane is right next door entertaining audiences in "Anna Ascends" at the Playhouse, so thes can visit between the acts. They are certainly the most devoted couple Broadway ever boasted

M1E. ML'RRIV leit Paramount. "ent to Europe for a vacation, came back, and signed with Paramount again. She left. they say: because sufficient inducementwere not offered her to make it worth while remaining. So she formed her own company. the Invincible Slow she's to be a Paramount-Arteraft vtor, and her husbandthe always-present Rohert Leonard-is to direct her Which will it be-the Mas Murray Productions or the Rohert $Z$ I.con ard Features? And what has become of the Invincible? They started out to sill tock to the pullic

BUCOLIC IRESS-(Los Angeles Times) "To Let-Beautifully furnished apart ment in Holtwoml Sarried couple preferred."
(Contumed on page oz)

# CARYL FINDS THE KEY 

## By Alice F. Funken

CARYL shut the front door with a same A glance ahead showed the srected lier every night as slee returned from work; the narrow stairs disappearing into the inky darkness to the mysterious reaims of a landuady nomewhere on the first floor. It was by no nieans the rightful home of a iun-loving girl. It wasn't even a good excuse.

Wearily climbing the stairs she groped her way along the hall to her room and turned on the light. Its bareness would have appalled one not accustomed to boarding houses, Caryl had become someWhat hardened to the scaly dresser with its grotesque, wabbly mirror; the sagging rockier; and tho worn carpet staggering lonesomely across the floor-but the lopsided iron bed had been the bitterest pill of all. Nany nights when the mattress bulged and the springs jerked and rattled, and sleep would not come, she lay in the dark staring at the streaks of light flashing across her court window and dreamed of what she would like to have.
'Tliose "like-to-have" dreams were really the only bright spots in Caryls life. She had no background of romance. She had worked since her fourteenth birthday, at first to support her widowed mother, and then to support herself. In days past she and her mother had lived comiortably
on her meager salary. Now, twice the money did not buy half what they had to have. Living conditions were crushing her down. There were only the dreams ahead.

Foremost in these dreams were visions of success in business. Ever since the day little file clerk, slie had wanted to be a "factor" in the commercial world. She had made a few advancements until she had become the sales manager's private sten(grapher, and there she stopped ascending. No amount of work or increased efforts seemed to bring the reward of greater responsibility and added salary.

Tonight she threw her shabby winter hat and coat across the bed with a feeling akin to despair. Coming home, everything seemed to conspire to renind hel that spring would soon be drawing near, spring With its demand for fresh clothes and disdain for the shabby. Last season's garments had been worn threadbare. There would have to be new things this year, but where were they to come from?

The evening would have passed like all the others, and her future would have imagined, were it not for a magazine which she had brought in with her to read lufore retiring.
It was one of the first really warm the simple magazine began to work. It was the sort of a morning that makes one thankful just for living.

Caryl on her way to work seemed to have lueen transported into a new world, a world she had been too careworn and too tircd to even see, beiore.
For Caryl was a very different looking cirl this spring morning. The fluftis of hair that danced out in the light breeze were set on by a jaunty hat, and the bunch of violets at her waist rested against a one-piece dress so stunning it took her breath every time she caught a glimpse of herself in a passing window.

There was no office force to gape at her entry, because her work was done in the private office of the sales manager; but as she slipped in through the side door, hung up her hat, and paused a moment to pat her trim collar, she was conscious of the the day she felt him watching her, sometimes pensively, sometimes appraisingly: The next day and the next were the same. found her outfitted in a perfect business costume and very efficient.

One Saturday morning when she entered the office the general manager was talking with her employer. He stopped sudThe sales manager called her to his desk.
"Ah-Miss Trenton," he began hesitatingly, "did it ever occur to you that women might handle this proposition of ours, as well as men?
"Indced it has," Caryl answered quickly.
know women could succeed with it."
"Well, the Chief seems to feel the same
way, I have persuaded him to let you do the initial "Oh, Mr. TVelsh-really?" The sales manager
suggested an intervlew with the Chief. And the Chief was so impressed and self-possession, and her busincss-ike articude, first saleswoman.
And so the magic of the magazine worked on siWhentiy the first tints of cummer came along it Carsl had made good, and the biggest thing ever ofcered at woman in the offered her. A force of women was olganzed and spread through was to be their chief.
Grod secrets are too wonderful to be kept. The magic of the magazine
was that kind. The day came at last when Caryl passed the word along that changed another life from fillure to success.
A little brown wisp of newest acquisition to the city force. Caryl had been pleased with her fiery enthusiasm, which transformed her small body to a thing of force-but there was
something lacking.
Carye summer afternoon she came into Caryl's office thoroughly discouraged.
'I've tried, Miss Trenton, and—and simply can't make jt go.
Caryl, cool in a fresh linen frock, looked searchingly across at the girl. She took in the warm skirt, the mussy waist, the shabby hat-then she smiled.
"Come home with me tonight," she said,
and I'll show siou what's wrong.
Back in the recesses of her delightful apartment that evening she unearthed a
strange collection of garments-the ones she had worn before her "transformation." "That was my best outfit several months ago," she began. "I had just abozt reached the end. I was sure I had the ability, but I couldn't market it. One is appraised and classed by appearances, in business, quicker than in any other place. One evening a simple magazine opened up a wonderful future to me. In that magazine was the story of a girl in just learned to make attractive, becoming clothes through an institute of domestic arts and sciences which had developed a wonderful new method by which any woman or girl, anywhere, could learn to sew right in her own home, in spare time. The Institute provided just the opportunity making.
"I could scarcely wait for my first lesson. But when it came, I realized that any woman could learn dressmaking by this wonderful new plan! The language is so simple a child could understandit, and the "The best part of wonderful.
"The best part of all is that right away fou begin making actual garments. Why, waist. The course can easily be completed in a few months by studying an hour or wo each day. And any woman who is at all intcrested in clothes couldn't help
learning rapidly. The text books foresee and explain everything. And the teachers take such a personal interest in your work? "Besides learning how to make every kind of garment at a saving of half or
more, I also learned the all-important thing in making clothes- the secret of distinctive dress-what colors and fabries are most appropriate for different types, how to really develop style and add those little touches that make clothes distinctively becoming.
"The lessons followed each other so naturally that I was soon able to work on elaborate dresses and suits. I learned, too, to copy models $]$ saw in the shop windows. on the streets, or in fashion magazines. In fact, this wonderful method of the Woman's Institute had really made me
more capable than most professional dress-

## All day long

shefclt him
niakers-after just a few months of sparetime study at home! "That's the secret of my success," Carvl concluded simply. "Every stitch of my Wardrobe was done by myself and the en-
tire outfit cost less than half what 1 han paid for my shabby old things.
"And-and you really think $I$ liare the
"I know it. You have selling abilitywhat you need is confidence in yourself and nothing will give you that quite so surely
as the knowledge that you are correctly dressed. It is the same in business or social affairs-the girl attired in becoming clothes, just the right thing for her particular type, even though they may be "Your clothes can make or wreck jour chances for success. It took me a long, long time to realize it, too. But the lesson was well worth waiting for and l hope fou'll profit by my experienee. Let the own clothes institute teach you to make fooking good and making good' go hand in lland. And I'll buy you the finest eight-course dinner you ever had if your sales haven't doubled in four months!"'
More than 70,000 women and girls in city, quickly learn at home in spare time how to make all your own and your children's clothes and hats or prepare for success in dressmaklng or millinery as a profession. the Woman's Institutc and what it can do for you. Just send a letter, postcard, or the convenient coupon below and you will of th happinegreat school that has brought the elothes, savlngs almost too good to bu true and the joy of being independent in al successful business to women and glrls all over the world.

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Arrofesslonal Dressmaking
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## Science Has Discovered How to End Gray Hair



## 

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| ing |
| :--- |
| tai | rectors Association. The affair was exceed-

ingly gorgeous in appointment and entertainment and the 700 people who gathered represented the elite of Los Angeles society as well as of the Hollwwond film colony: Willimm D. Taylor, Ceature director for Realart, was in charge of the entertainnent, and preented some unique stunts. Doraldima diel her faccmating bula-hula: Tom Mix and twenty of his cowboys in full regalia pulled a fake hold-up and separated the crowd frem ith spare cash; larry Semon paid 5500 for a bat and ball autograplaed by Babe Ruth, and Ben llampton gave a like amount for at pair of crutches belonging to one of the wounded heroes gresent-and Ihen returned the crutches. Over in one corner was a booth marked "For Men Only" at a dollar a man, which caued a good deal of excitement, but rumor hath it that it was (1 blank.

G
LADY'S BROCKWELL is to be fea 1 tured in an Edgar Lewis production, "The Sage Hen." A new role for Glads's. "ho usually played prairie chickens in her problem-plays for Mr. Fox.

JACK HOLT has a small son of indefinite and trying age identified by corduroys and missing front teeth. He is exceptionally fond of the phonograph. Whenever it stops, young Master Holt stops too-after the fashion we all knew in the dear departed days of childhood. The other day his colored mammy peeped in through the curtains and caught a glimpse of her idol postured like Victory about to take a blight. "My goodnes!!" said she awefully, "Will you look at that chile strike a statue? I jes' know he's goin' $t$ ' be an actress!"

TEN thousand dollars was raised for the Disabled Soldiers of the Great War at a ball given in September at the Alexandria in Los Angeles by the Motion Picture Directors Association. The affair was exceedrepreented the elite of Los Angeles society.

## (Continued from page go)



She used to smile when young Tom evinced a preference for games in which he could tote a toy gun and sport a small-sized sombrero. But now Mrs. Mix. mother of Tom, is watching her son reap a rich harvest of his boyhood drearns, as one of the leading cowboy actors in the movies. il really serious accidente have occurred in the masking of it, several extra women having been terribly injured in tloing some mob riding scenes. It has been familiarly referred to as "The Thiral Ser" Anyway, if reports are only half true it will be the mant sensational and risque production ever at tempted in America Per-onally, its a hit of a surprice from the man who made "The Heart of Humanits

LOIS WhILSON once won a beaty conL test, and ever since, directors have seemed to hold it against her She - never had a chance to do anything but the now-t innocunus ingenue rofes. Now William de Mille has cat her for the leading part in Continued on page of)

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and sec how well it commands the glance of approbation.
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Produce a natural, beautiful ripple have that remains in straightest hair a week or more, even in damp hair is flulfy onlyuse the wavers once offer every shampoo.
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It's worth coming all the way from Manhattan's Follies to California's films to autograph Wally Reid's best shirt. Betty Francisco started it. and now this shirt of Wally's has dozens of names of celluloid celcbrities scrawled on its once immaculate expanse.

"What Every Woman Knows," opposite stars and celebrities in Hollywood. The Conrad Nagel. M:ude Adams and Bruce McRac did this Barrie play on the stage.

SPEAKING of the Nagels: that goodlooking actor and his charming wife, Ruth lielms, are soon to welcome a new little Nagel into their Hollywood home.

SINCE the MacLean-May picture divorce, S the iormer better half of that celebrated comedy team hasn't been in pictures. But she's to try her hand at heavy emoting in Thomas Ince's picturization of "The Bronze Bell." What became of all those rumors of Doris May's engagement to young Wally MacDonald?

AFUNXY thing happened to me when was working in Nale and Fe male," said Raymond Hatton recently. The action called for me to take a drink from a mountain stream. I scooped up the water, choked and then "pit it out in a hurry. Mr. de Mille sid that scene wouldn't do. that a gentleman wouldn't spit that way: "What do you mean, a gentleman wouldn't? I asked. That water was full of tadpoles, and I swallowed one of them!'"

ARECEPTION was given to Covernor James Cox of Ohio. Democratic candidate for the Presidency, by the Asociated First National pictures at their new Hollywood studios during the Governor's visit to Lon Angeles. The Fir-t National declared that the reception was tendered on thehat of the motion picture indultry and invita-tion- were eent to atl the motion picture
afiair was an enormous succes and the Gorernor seemed to enjoy the stars as much as they enjoyed his brief and interesting address.

KING VIDOR has been granted his application in a Los Angeles court to incorporate himself for $\$ 2,000.000$. The money for the new company has been sub saribed by friends of the Vidor fanily and backers who helped this young director finance "The Turn in the Road" a couple of years ago \idor plans to go ahead with a free hand on a big scale, making four super-specials a year himself, overseeine four starring vehicles for his wite. Florence Vidor, and a series of comedie: directed by Cras Hutchinson.

IT seems to be a well-admitted fact that 1 cieorge Loane Tucker. creator of the great trumph, "The Miracte Man." was enormously pleased with the acting and persomality of Miss Betty Compson. Who played Rose and hater the lead in the second Tucker production, "Ladies Must Live" In fact. Mr. Tucker hailed his disonery as the great emotionat actres of the sereen Therefore the following-while a bit subtle-w on't go amiss
Finh Ellis played the leading male role opmsite Min Compon in "Ladice Mu-t L.ive." Naturally, with Mr. Tucher diereting, attention was generally centered on Miw Compoon.
Ther were about to shoot a close-up towe scenc-Betty and Bobs Said Mr Tucker. (Continued on page or)

## The Land of Romance

Few prople realize that they may enter into this charmed land, and contribute to it. Novices?-the greatest artists were once of that elass. ('hances?--just as many as in any other walk of life. You simply haven't tried.

# New Opportunities In Photoplay Writing 

Open to All Who Have Ideas

WHO will say that he or she has not average ideas and imagination about life? And who has not thought, in the theatre, that they have as good or better ideas for photoplays than some they have seen on the screen?
And did you know that literary ability has nothing to do with this new art?
One doesn't need "style" or vocabulary, but simply good ideas and the ability to express them clearly.
For photoplays are not written as stories
are, or as plays for the stage. They are built of ideas, which are put into pictures, arranged in a certain way.

Those who would write photoplays are most concerned with that particular arrangement. And now there's a way in which you can learn how to arrange your ideas.

When you have learned that, you have learned to write photoplays in the form acceptable to producers.

And producers will rejoice as much as you in your new success.

## For There's a Famine in Photoplays

THERE'S a need for 5000 new storics and producers must have scores of them to produce at once, for the demand is far exceeding the supply that present writers can prepare. Twenty million people are attending motion picture theatres daily and they are calling for now plays. Their interest must be maintained if the art is to survive. The opportunity to aid is yours. Who will rise to a new and perhaps "unexpected". success on this modern wave? Who is there who hasn't said to himself, "I am capable of doing something that I have not yet found, far better than anything I have ever done"?

## The Palmer Plan

THE Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing teaches you mainly how to prepare your ideas for acceptance. Then as you progress it develops you in all the fine points of the art. It is both a primary and finishing school, and it has brought out many star writers-Mrs. Caroline Sayre of

Missourl, author of "Live Sparks" for J. Warren Kerrigan; Dorothea Nourse; Paul Schofield, Ince writer; G. Leroi Clarke, who sold his first story for $\$ 3,000$; and others who have won success. "Ilis Majesty the American," played by Douglas Fairbanks, is a l'almer student's story. James Kendrick, a nother student, sold six stories less than a year after he enrolled.
We maintain a Marketing Bureau in Los Angeles, through which students can offer their stories to the big producers if they so desire.
Our Advisory Council which directs our educational policy is composed of Cecil B. DeMille, Thos. H. Ince, Rob Wagner and Lois Weber. All are famous in the industry and would lend their aid to nothing that they would not use themselves.

Twelve leading figures in the profession have included special printed lectures for the course. These lectures cover every essential phase of photoplay plot construction.

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## Cultivate Your Beauty






#### Abstract

Little did Tom Meighan's dad think when Tom was a lad back in Pittsburgh that he would grow up to be an actor-a move actor! But now that Tom is a star. John A. Meighan is convinced. and recently consented to visit the Lasky studio and meet Miss Gladys George. Tom's leading lady.


"Now, Bob, this will be pretty close up, and you have smeared your make-up a bit. Better powder your nose good, so you'll look all right before the camera."
Whereupon Mr. Ellis got his powder puff and delicately powdered-the back of his neck.

ALL the motion picture studios in Holly. wood ceased work during the time of funeral services held for Bobby Harron in New York City. The tribute to the memory of the film star-who was so well known and well loved in Los Angeles, where he began his screen carecr-was a spontaneous one on the part of all the actors and studio managers, and every lot saw wet eyes and heard words of praise and sorrow during pause.
R
OSEMARI THEBY is to have her own company and will do one of George Bernard Shaw's "stories," according to report. Wonder which of the witty Irishman's "storics" he has finally been prevailed upon to part with for film purposes? Charles Meredith and Lon Chancy are included in Miss Theby's supporting company.
W ILL Ann Forrest be the screen's "Peter W Pan"? Looks like it-for Willian de Mille is soon to start production on the Barrie play. and of all the actresses employed by the Lasky people Ann seems the only logical candidate for the Maude Adams role. She is mentioned, too, as the "Wendy." Why not have her double?
You needn't be surprised if you hear sone time soon that Barbara Castleton has consented to become the fourth-or is it only third?-Mrs, Willard Mack. While she was plaving on the coast for Coldwen Miss Castlcton became a good friend of the then Mr. Mack, Pauline Frederick. Al Woorls, by the way, lately started production on a new play be Mr Mack called
"The Girl in the Dance Hall," in which it was rumored Barbara would have the leading role; but disagreement: between playwright and producer caused the latter to call it off.
Maurice tourvelvr used a hock oi Indians while filming "The Last of the Mohicans." One day while he was on location be asked his assistant director what to call the redskins. Then Tourneur shouted through his megaphone: "Speed up that action-Murphy; Dungan, O'Brien, and O'Shaunessy!"
FR.ANCE has lost her best beloved screen $F$ star-Susanne Grandaise, known as "The Mary Pickford of France." She was killed in an automobile accident. William A Brady released two of her pictures on his World program in 101\%, "A Naked Soul" and "When Truc Love Dawns." \$1lle Grandaise was an ingenue of strencth and spirituality and was exceedingly wersatile in expression. Her countrymen idolized her much as we do our Mary.

TWO errors inadvertently crept into our October issue. Miss Kathryn Stuart, clever seenarioist for Realart, should have been credited with the scenario of Constance Binney's picture which appeared in tiction form, " 30 Fast." intecatl of Julia Crawford Ivers. In this department. Georze Loane Tucker received the credit for directing Mae Marsh in "Polly oi the Circus." whereas Mr. Charles T. Horan spent three months making this picture for Goldwyn.
A NOTHER chapter has been added to that Vitasmph-Semon scrial. The Smith organization is suins the comedian for 5407.3 .3 , charging that Semon threatened to lireak his contract unlese Vitagraph increased his salary to $\$ 5.000$ weekly for sis pictures. Mr. Semon's demands will not seem
(Continued on pase os)

## Tonderful Diamond Values Direct from New) Sork.

## 10 Months to Pay




$I^{\mathrm{T}^{\text {P/ }} \text { Sact a chame to oegry }}$ though you are a chronic sufferer. Besides the unpleasantness it causes you, think how offensive it is to other people.
Regular usc of Kondon's relleves the mostehronic catarrbaltrouble. Apply it nightly, Inside the nostrils. Kondon's is antiseptic and heallag: destroys cerms: prevents irritation in the nasal passages: assures regular nose
breathing and good nights' sleep.
KONDONS

over-modest to most people. particularly considering the fact that he was practically unknown before Vitagraph gave him a chance to show what he could do. He aims, adds the company, to spend $=0$ much money on his two-recl comedies that Vitagraph will be obliged to reccase him. Just another merry little mix-up, that's all.

PEARL WHITE is going to be a real P dramatic actress with cmotions and the right sort of clothes. Fox will star her in film version oi Henri Bernstein's drama, The Thief.
$\mathrm{R}_{\text {OD LA }}^{\text {OD ROQ }}$ ROQU has gone on the stage, $R_{\text {thereby }}$ fulfilling a life-long ambition. appears in Alice Brady's new play. Rod first went into pictures when he was about sixteen; he played old men then. Now he should make a fine juvenile.

## Plays and Players

## (Concluded)

ARTHL'R ZELLNER, of Metro"s scenario staff, tells this one. The patrons oi a emall theater in New lork statc complained Lecause the manager favored certain players. A committec of protest met him one night after the performance and akied him why he showed some actors and actresses in much larger pictures than the others in the cast. He had to explain that the operator has nothing to do with close-ups.

FAlNIE WARD and ber husband, Jach $F$ Dean, are still in Paris. They act as guides, philosophers and friends to visiting cinema stars.

MaURICE TOL'RNEUR is filming "The Last of the Mohicans." All the Indians near Los Angeles who haven't had jobs since Tom Ince quit making "westerns" will have a chance to retrieve their fallen fortuncs.

## A New Baby Star

## She helps illumine the hero's lighted match.



The spot thrown on the wall by the ordinary battery flashlight.

YOU have known many stars, but here is one destined to cause a baby revolution in film production, to shine far more brightly than many stars longer established but not nearly so brilliant. This new twinkler began to illuminate film circles very recently. Her name is Miss B. Arc
Reve Houck, of the Thomas H. Ince studios-he is chief electrician out therediscovered her. She is, in fact, his particular protege. He knew about her five years ago, but realizing that she was then too young to make her film debut, he has held off presenting her until now, when she is perfected in her art.

She has made a brilliant hit already. She is particularly sure of herself in those scenes where the hero strikes a match, in meditative mood, to light an introspective cigarette. She is marvelous, too, in the sequence in which Bull the burglar makes his stealthy entrance into the library of the banker's country place. Miss B. Arc comes in when Bull finds the picture of a purchased ancestor of said banker, behind which, as in all cood (movic) titraries, there is the Safe. Mi-s Arc is very much in the limelight right here. In fact, she is the Flashlight.
She is not-do not mistake us-any ordimary battery tlashlisht. She is a baby are, said to be the smallest automatic light ever turned on in a studio, but she hats 1.000


When the new are is substituted for the battery the light is greater.
candle-power. Houck is her inventor, and he has been working for five vears to get the sort of liche he wanted. He says he ha: it now, and it solves all the wexatious problems of registering on the screen the dificerent kinds of illumination.
For, you know, when the actor strikes a match in the dark, it docs not register more of a gleam on the screen than a firefly in the middle of a honeysuckle vine. It is the same with lamps, candles, and fireligh. So it happens that every time anyone lishts a match or a lamp or tlashes a dlashlicht in the film, various lighting devices have to be ued in simulate and etrengthen the feeble glow of the original illumination. Houck has perfected five different types of his baby arc, all operating on the same basis. The match substitute is the tiniest, seven-eighths of an inch in diameter, and four and a half inches long. The actor can conceal it in the palm of his hand while the connecting wires extend up his slecse and down his irouser leg. When he lights his match he preses the button of his baby arc, and you com seat se the little mole on his nose. When Bull the burglar uses his nashlight 1 is with deadly effect-the safe of the nillonaire is sure to be rifled, the lovely governess is certain to be suspected, and the plot opins merrily on-for Miss B. Arc is gleamine. What, in fact, would films be without her?

# The Squirrel Cage <br> (Concluded from page 72) 

I the Dark: Two things that can alwars be found: The sharn cdge oi a door-and a jretty girl's lips.-Eiening Iclegram.
THE census taker runs up against many amus I ing experiences. Chief among these are the explanations some people offer for the various answers they make to questions put to them. one of the census Workers in Kansas Cit asked a woman whether slie could read. She answered, rather hesitatingly, that she coulc not, and then hastened to explain. was in the werning and tha was in the evening, and we hadn't no light. and VICAR (wishing to be very severe): "130 you know, John, whenever I see you in an intoxicated condition I think of a certait Jolv!. 'Licky dog, lucky dog.' „——Tit-Bits, 1 thinks IT all depends upon the spelling, I suppose hat zeapous husbands never seem to get jeal ous. Now, if it were the other way about! Well-

USE a typewriter? Well, next time you swear at your Coremingwood, think of the poor stenog in India, where the machines must write the 360 characters and signs of the Bengali alighabet.

PROFITEERING?
THEL were discussing the high prices of proI visions, when a small boy butted into the conversation.
Jam has gone up, too," he remarked. "Ma lud then it suddenly. dawned upon the lad that he had irjured his case by talkin' too much.
$D^{10}$ you know that the moon is getting nearer the earth at the rate of about fourteen cannot explain why. At that rate, well all he moon-struck in about 19,028,501,400 vears. Isn't life just one worry after another, though?

PERHAPS some of us may get a thrill out P of the fact that, while we are drinking to Gre another only with our eves these days-or beer has gone down and the kick up.

A COLORED doughhov who had hit Paris with the ein sisters mingled with stronget draughts, woke suddenly in a still befuddled condition in the great urban cemetery of Pere la Chaisc, whither his uncertain steps had taket nim. To make it worse, there was an air raid going on.
The brother looked around him out of momentarily half closed eyes. On every side stretched long rows of white monuments. Sirens shrilled from the city streets. Dazzling beams of white light stahbed the heavens. There could be but ene conclusion.
Hastily going through his pockets, he drew forth his possessions-a hottle of s'm blanc, a wack of greasy cards, a much-worn pair of iwories -and hurled them from him.
"Cit gone away fum me, evidence," he mut te ed. "Now, come on, Mistuh Gabriel, I'se erd! ! - The American Legion If eekly.

## GOSSIP

She: "Evervbody knows about it. Some peofle take her part and some her husbands. lere Ma : "And a fell eccentric individual and their (wn business." -Tit-Bits.
" $\mathrm{D}^{\text {O you suppose there ever was a human }}$ asked the cynical man
". 'es," said the genial citizen.
Name him
"Robinson Crusoe."-Tit-Bits
P.ITIENCE: "I understand Peggy repeats hing she hears.
Patrice: "Not everything, I hope."
"Because I understand she has a parrot which vas reared by a sailor."-Y'onkers Statesman.

## ENCORED FOR AN ENJOL

A B.IRITONE, invited to contribute to the Arograme in a village concert, was told "would local blacksmith was the chairman, and singer chose the immemorial "\illage black smith." The song went with great éclat. In loud acclamation, the singer was encored and encored again and again. He returned to the piatform and. in response to his welcome, was bout to perpetrate all operatic classic. when tire chairman leaned towards him and said: 'Ove: don't zine nothin' different. Just ye zing th' zime zong again; but put in an extra verse to zay as 'ow I lets out boizicles on 'ire.


## in a million homes

Suppose you read that breakfasts had dropped 85 per cent. Think what good news that would be in these high-cost times.

In countless homes breakfasts have come down. In late years millions of new users have adopted Quaker Oats. Those homes do save 85 per cent as compared with meat, eggs, fish, etc

## To save $\$ 125$ a year

Quaker Oats costs one cent per large dish. It costs $6^{1 / 2}$ c per 1,000 calories. the energy measure of nutriment.

It costs 12 times as much to serve one chop - 9 times as much to serve two eggs. A bite of meat costs as much as a dish of oats.

In a family of five Quaker Oats breakfasts served in place of meat breakfasts saves some $\$ 125$ per year.

The oat is the food of foods. It supplies 16 elements needed for energy repair and growth. For young folks it is almost the ideal food. As vim-food it has age-old fame. Each pound yields 1,810 calories of nutriment.

It is wise to start the day on oats, regardless of the cost. Yet it costs a trifle as compared with meat.

These figures are based on prices at this writing. Note them carefully.

They do not mean that one should live on Quaker Oats alone. But this premier food should be your basic break fast. Serve the costlier foods at dinner.

## Cost Per Serving

Dish Quaker Oats
4 ounces meat
One chop
Serving fish 8 c

Serving fish .
Bacon and egg 8c

## Quaker Oats

## For the children's sake

This brand is flaked from queen grains only - just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

These delicious flakes cost you no extra price. Get them for the children's sake. They make the dish doubly delightful.
Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover


## wirt An Oddd.ch pearl NECKLACE



The recipiem now has 4 men chemmer com paned meck

Ask Your

## Questions and Answers

Continued from pose हैo

Mks. J N. S. Cinattanooga-So I mo about thirty and goet looking and wear tortoisehell glases. I an certainly glad to hear it. I had enturely a dififerent idea, you see. oorma Talmatere designs many of her own lothes, and once in a while turns her hand 0) the construction of Constances and ㄷatalie's frock-but 1 wouldn't go so far as to ay she supervises all of them. She wear= a dozen dreseses in one picture, herself, so it would be a pretey large order, even for Norma. Mrs. Schenck is five feet two inthes tall ant weighs :10 pounds. Bebe Danicls yas born in Dallas, Texas; she's five fect our and tips the scales at 123 . She's a Realart star.


#### Abstract

Iktise, Winsipeg.-It was Murger who said, "Loves a stove consuming a deal of fucl-where the man does the burning and the woman the lighting. While the one turns to ashes, the other stands and watches." All movie stars are not acquainted with each ther-what a question! Some of the well known chums of the pictures are Dorothy Gish and Constance Talmadge, Lillian Gish and Mary Pickford, V'iola Dana and Alice Lake, and Teddy Sampson and Rosemary Theby. There are many genuine friendships amony movie stars.


R. H., Chicaco- - The prize question of the month: "I presume if Mary lick'ord decided that she wanted George Walsh to act with her, he'd have to go, wouldn't he?" I'm afraid you presume too much. Irene Castle is said to have formed her own producing company-she's left Paramount, you know-to be backed by her husband, Robert Treman. Don't know how true it is, but will let you know positively later on. Irene is twenty-seven, weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds and stands five fert seven inches.
,otrene in a cottage Who, me? Why, I couldn't afford it. You'd like to have Eugene O'Brien or Ralp': Graves for a big brother. That's too bad. Gail Henry's studio is in Santa Monica, Catifornia.

Miss Hill.-Onc of the Sisters, I suppose? Norman Kerry is shy on the age subject but he did tell us he weighed one hundred and eighty pounds. He has dark hair and eyes. has Norman-and he's two inches over siv feet tall. Really!

Embje B.. Penvsylmom-May hlison just appeared in "The Marriage of Willian Asche" but so tar she has never starred in The Marriage of May Allison. When she does you'll be the first to know.

Mass Pat of lndian - Víter seeine some comedians in alleges comedies, 1 sometimes. wish they would put bricks in those pies. Certainly they don't waste good custard pics on thane fellows! It they to I think 1 ll get a job billywesting. \iola D.ına was only. eleven when she started on the stace. She was the original "Poor Little Rich Girl" in the lesitimate. Haven't Miss Dana's per sonal address hut a leteer in care of Metro on the west coast with surely reath her

Fidmis: Brookiso - When I see smap hota of some of thone he-stars cleming up the: moter care I wonder if the? haven't miwel their vocations. Louice Vale, wife of Traver Vale, the director, died of intluenza in Otor ber, 1018. Victor Heerman is a director He is not a relative. lant a good friend of the late Bohby Harron So was Tom Weighan Molly Malone, Coldwy.

1: 1: 1. Sottid Clion, Ky -Thank りns for your lether. I am sorry you have had to wait -olong for an an-wer but there were many others before you Jou wanted Anita Stewart on the coner. Jou have your "I-\|l --she's on this onc. Dick Barthelme-s :-twenty- Five Write again.
E., Indanapols-: y jou injoy n. write-ups. Id be ectting stuck up if I be lieverl all you cut-ups. Mars lickiorel = five feet tall. She so of the smalle-t star, in picturc-in actual inches "such a litte Queen!" She made a picture of that play for Famous Players some fow vears azo. Her first two United Artizts productions are "Pollyanna" and "Suds-" the latter being the film version of the play called " Op of . Me Thussb" which Maude Adams performed on the -tage

Gkack. Wabax, Mas-lours was a delightful letter. I approve heartily of your entiments and bour stationery: 1larrion Ford was married to Beatrice Prentis. Harold Lloyd is twenty-seven; be's with Rolin-Pathe. Richard Travers in "The Whitc Moll." Others answered clsewhere.
T. P., Clarksbu\%c.-You neglected to enclose the stamped addreseed envelope 50 I dm answering you here. This is jut as personal as it can be. Tuberia. Marsuerite Clark has no children. Write to the Talmadee sisters at their studio. 318 East 4 Sth Strect. New lork City. Do they play any kind of music? Vo. I think they are rather particular. Bill Hart. his own studio, Bates and 1:ffic St., Hollywood.

Lecile, Michicas- - d doube if Charles Meredith will send you his photozraph. He is too modest to have one taken, but he maywrite you a letter. I know him-he's a line hap. Married" les. If you have red hair and still wee pink paper i think you're a brave young woman. Meredith is with Lasky in Ilolhwoorl Eugene OBrien i(i)l with Sclanick. working in Fort Lev, … J

Gertride, Pensisulution - The difierrnce between a star and a ieatured player? Oh, about inve hundreal dollars. Priscilla Dean is married to Wheler Oakmian and he plays opposite her in "The \irgin of Ftamtoul." and "Outide the Law." her latest crook play. Iddress both at Univeral City, Cal Lottic Pickford is divorced irnm Fict Rupp

Thiman. Jerni City - 1 poter announce: "Fric von Strohem's Foolih Wives Looks: bat for Eric. Serously: howewer, he is not married hut is reported in le engenged (0) Valeric Germonprez. E II Lawrence played opposite Fannic Ward in "Common Fannic is married to Jack llan and lives abonat she has a place in I:ngland and an apartment in Paris. Dont kno: when the ll return to this country
 Ch-sh'! My stenoerapher saw the pitture firct =0 mite time fil advies you to write under another name biou miver can tell ahout mes temographer. And when 1 tokd ber proully that at hat sommene wa= going In send mie a lemon-criam pie she said she hoped it was a kemon. liy the way, when are youl going to end it ' Plate let me know so she wont git it lid like to meet bou some time; rour letter was very goold anded lrome Cummen played the part of Themas larick Diama in Ethel Claymon's ficture. "The Thirtuntla Commandment

## Questions and Answers <br> (Continued)

L. M., Orange-It is very nice of you to want me to write to you. But I am a modest man-that is, moderately modest for a male-and can't help but think you intended asking some questions in your letter. If you'll write again and tell me what you want to know I'll try to be of some service to you.
F. T., Jacksonvilie.-Would they take girls in the Follies? I have heard it rumored that they do. Mr. Ziegfeld, however, recently picked only a dozen girls out of three hundred candidates. He's so particular. Ethel Clayton is still signed with Paramount; she's abroad right now but will return to make more pictures at the Lasky studios in Hollywood. Address Elliott Dexter there also. Frank Keenan isn't doing any film work right now. Address him care Pathe office in N. Y .

Joseph F. S., Perth Amboy.-I am sorry that I can't help you to obtain employment in pictures but it is difficult for me to advise you. It is entirely up to you whether you want to apply for work in eastern or western studios. Conditions are much the same both in New York and California film colonies but you are nearer New York than Hollywood. Good luck to you.
N. G., Avalon, Cal-The only kind of food that bain't gone up in price is food for thought, and I'm suspicious of that too. Why do you ask me about all those popular songs? You must think I am musical. My technique on the victrola is wonderful but outside of that-I wonder would I be as popular as Wally Reid if I played the saxophone. Probably not. Wally is thirty. Mary Hay is still in her teens.

Betty, Lake Mills.-A woman's worst punishment would be to make her wear her last year's hat. If you'd read that article carefully you wouldn't have to ask me about it. However, in that Talmadge picture they were, reading from left to right, Natalie, Constance and Norma.

Peggy, Fitit.-Yes, I make a good confidante. I seldom say what I think. I have no record of a Ruth Dean or an Irene Daley. You say they are bathing beauties. I'll look them up right away.
L. E., Balimore.-Love may know no laws-but it usually knows some in-laws. You can't get away from 'em. Dick Barthe!mess will make one more picture for Griffith before starting work on the first picture for his own company. He has lately appeared in "The Love Flower" and "Way Down East" for D. W. G. Nazimova's latest is "Madame Peacock." Address Madame at the Metro studios, Hollywood, Cal.
M. S., Montclair.-If paper suits are really being sold we shall at last see something interesting in the papers. Grace Darling has played in "The Perils of Pauline," "Our Mutual Girl," and the "Beatrice Fairfax" serials for International. She was born in New lork. She last appeared in Burton King productions for Hallmark-a company not now producing, I understand.
G. M., Washington.-Hazel Dawn is coming back to films. She will be the star in four Bimberg Productions, the first of which is called, "What Is Love" and directed by Burton George. Miss Dawn is working at the Bimberg studios in 44th Street, New Vork City. You're very welcome.
(Continued on page 107)


It will cost but a few cents to settle forever the question of Baked Beans in your home.

Serve a dish of Van Camp's, a dish of common baked beans and a dish of home-baked beans. Then you and the man decide.

If you find any baked beans to compare with Van Camp's, we've nothing more to say.

## The only way to match them

The only way to match Van Camp's is to follow what we've done. Scientific cooks have worked for years here to pelfect this dish. Able chefs and domestic science experts have worked with them. The experimental cost exceeded $\$ 100,000$.
The finest kitchen in the world has been built and equipped to prepare them. It cost $\$ 1,700,000$. We use only beans grown on certain soils. Each lot is analyzed.
The water used is freed from minerals, for minerals make skins tough.
The baking is done in steam ovens. Thus hours of high heat are applied without bursting or crisping the beans The beans come out mellow, mealy, whole - easy to digest.

We bake in sealed containers. so no flavor can escape.
the sauce is a masterpiece. We bake it with the pork and beans, so every atom shares its tang and zest.
its tang and zest. Camp's with any. Then you and your folks decide. Learn now how good
Compare Van Cam dish can be.

# VAN CAMP'S <br> Pork and Beans <br> Three sizes, to serve, 3,5 or 10 

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce-Also Without It Other Van Camp Products Include
Soups Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.
Prenared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis


Van Camp's
Tomato Soup
One of our 18 famous anupg - the
finest sonps chnt cost and akill frn minke.


Van Camp's Spaghetti
Particutarly famour for ita de-
licioun cheeme Mnda in Itnlion licioun
ntsle.


Van Camp's
Evaporated Milk
Twice an rich an mitkman's milk in luterer fal and wolide

Phatorime Mavaine-Admertising Section

## Nomore"runs" in your stockings



## Fose $\mathfrak{J}$ avers

keep your stockings snugly up and Goun corset tirmly doun. They keep your stoctiogs in perfect shape and clminate the cause of "runs." Stock lug's may be changed without removing llose Savers or detaching corset supporters
Hose Savers may be used with any stockings and any supporters. No trouble; no bother. And what a great saving in your monthly stocking bill! Hose Savers are $\$ 1.00$ a pair-direct from the manufacturer to you. Patent applied for.
Absolutely Guaranteed
Yoone back flose Siver are not per ruickly above the knee and fit comfort. ably. When ordering, state size: small. medium, or larke.

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 the undiontradiag that if. nfter a werok' that How saveru and my money will bere

## TO PROTECT

 HIS referred to him as the Title Bird. When I heard jt, I considered it a slang pleasantry. But when I experienced it-when I became a "title bird"-I understood the application, fully and painfully. For he flies high; he's always up in the air-except when he falls; and when he falls, he falls hard-into the mud!
My prayers are for hini-may Heaven help him! For he has-whoever he is: I make no exceptions-bitten off more of the old plug cut than he can chew. Only the other day a title editor characterized his state of being to me. "I never know whether to laugh, or cry," he complained. And that is his life, collectively and individually:
I entered blithely upon the career of a title editor, innocently, unsuspectingly, like a babe approaching its first rect-hot stove. The powers that arrane such things came to me with oily pleasantries, subtlest of thatteries and the most deceiving of countenances. They explained that this was an emergency I little knowing that everything in the film came is always an emergency, chronic and semingly incurable
"Only for a week or so." they murmured, "until we get someone to do it resularly We know you can do it. Can't you?"
"Vo," I replied, with my natural modest,
"Fine!" they exclaimed. "Start at once."
1 baven't given all of the conversation. To me, now, it is still too poignant with memories of what followed-such as allnight sescions with directors and cutters and
authors. Being an author myself, I oucht to forgive the last. but I don't. While I was a title editor I grew to hate my professional brothers with all of the bate of one hundred and twenty pounds of bony substance and a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles. They said to me, in effect, that 1 was fitted by nature, training and enwironment to write subtites that would fairly jerk the audiences out of their seats and pull them down the aisles. I thought mavbe so. they put it so convincingly. Hadn't 1, in the carly stages of my young life, been a newspaper reporter-a copy-reader-an editor? I said that I had, and that I was blamed prout of it. I think that I went even so far as to say that I wouldn't trade my newspaper experience for a million dollars. I believed it-then.
"Aha!" the powers cloated. "What a neriectle ideal title celitor you will make!" Being maturalls modest, I was inclined to subpect so myself.
And hodn't I been a magazine editor: hadn't 1 written reams and reams of articles and stories? 1 had-swelling perceptibly. Then-said they to me-I was cut out as a perfect specimen of what a title writer should be. However, the gist of the argument was that me trainine fitted me to mirase flickering thouchte, catch lines and diallocue snappily and peppily and forcefully. 1 was told that writing titles was much like writine newsmaper headlines.so I was
(Continacd on pase 104)


Tm ranged them stighte differently in the two sernes thas must matel.
 O those who are choosing gifts. that are useful as well as sentimental, we can offer no better suggestion than the new Christ

## HYGLO <br> Manicure Preparations

It will be doubly appreciated first, because of the intrinsic value and usefulness of the outfit and, secondly, because of the introduction that it brings to the simplest and surest way to perfectly manicured fingernails.
 on mordus to - 2 pikep IRTTONS, in lud ng orane tichBYGDOMNTCHRFRPRMSTLOS

GRAF BROS.. Inc.
harold f RITCHIE \& CO., Inc.
 haps, to make the story stronger, he must
lift one whole episode from one part of the film and slip it in elsewhere. Or, frequently, to cut the photoplay down to its proper Tength, he must climinate entire sequencessequences that the author and the director considered absolutely necessary to the

In other words, he must edit the story and whip it into shape after it has been photegraphed. He must make it run smoothly. When, in a "long shot," meaning when the actors are far away from the camera, the leading man leans over to kiss the koading woman, they are suddenly brought up close to yon, you see them completing the action they started in the "long shot." The cutter must match this lone shot and close-up exactly, so that when thes are shown at your theatre, there is $n 0$ jump betwen scenes. In the long shot vou sed the hero begimming to lean forward in put his arms around the heroine; then the dose-up flashes on the sereen, and you see the hero and hernine in the same positions the: were in in the lone shot, with the hern moving (owards her. This is called "matching." and it isn't always ton casy a joh, enpeciatty when the director has forgotem just how his people were posed and has ar-
plucked, mellowly ripe and ready to servein an emergency!
I entered upon the career that promised so much, with the zest of innocence. And now I'm looking for the man who said that innocence is bliss! He never wrote titles.
I stowed away two or three half-tinisheel storics and breezed down to the studio and yelled for work. I yearned for a picture upon which to begin the rare job of titling. I'd been told that the titles' value represented at least thirty per cent of the value of the finished film. So 1 felt my imporinnce.
My first picture was a seven-recl feature. I went after it hungrily. "Work directly with the cutter," I was told, and I went out to took up that worthy in the cutting-room. Ii I hadn't been so full of my own impertance and considerable energy in addition, I would have noted that sympathy in his gaze when I told him what I was to do. From that day on-and forever in my lifeI offer up thanks to Heayen for providing the world with the gentlemen known in film parlance as "cutters." They proved to me the meaning of salt of the earth.
Cutters are, in reality, film editors, a craft as yet not boomed to the fame which belongs to them. They take the photoplay in the rough, in the rawest of the raw, and tone it down and touch it up until it is presentable. And that, usually, is a brain's real job.
The director may take from two to five or even ten weeks to photograph a fivereel photoplay. He "shoote" scenes herc, there and everywhere; and when the developed positive prints have been finished by the laboratory, they are turned over to a cutter. Quite frequently the director will thoot forty thousand feet of film for one five-recl picture. The cutter must take this mess of scenes and calm and soothe them down from forty thousand to less than five thousind feet.
By inserting close-ups and flashes he must buitd up suspense. By introducing short scenes here and there he must achieve what for so long was considered the imposiblethe psychological element; make the audience know clearly and distinctly what the characters on the screen are thinking; what their mental processes are, when their actions and expressions do not show them. Perlift one whole episode from one part of the

## ultimear is


l cxk Whao's Howe." sals -
"The exquisite dainturess if

The cutter must watch the tinting-night and day, dawn and moonlight, exteriors and interiors, to see that all match periectly.
And then, as if all I have feneralized isn't enough for one man, he must do what oftentimes seems the impossible: he must make the story logical and probable. His is the trickiest trade I have come upon.
The cutter looked at me sympatheticam "Here's the "ecript," he ofiered, handing me the scenario, in continuity form, written out scene for scene, as a guide for the director, "and here's the titte shect." The title sheet proved to be a copy of all the subtitles contained in the scenario, some one hundred and forty in all. I read a fow of them, and wondered what they were all about.
"But," explained the editor, "the title sheet won't do you any good- cause the director has shot away from the 'script titles." This bald etatement did not startle me then; now it would have a world of meaning. It meant just this: that the director, white photographing the story; had not cared particularly for a number of phases in the author's plot, and had chansed them. Nearly every situation upon which a subtitle hinged had been changed. He had not put into the mouths oi his characters even so much as one sentence written in for them by the author of the scenario. Everything was changed.
"Ile"d better go down and run the picture," offered the cutter. And, in the dim little projection room-much like ans nickleodeon, except that it had seats for only a dozen or so-1 saw the nirst photoplay that I was expected to brinz out of the depths of mediocrity by "snappy and peppy and forceiul" titles.
It was to be sent out as a seven-recl feature. The cutter, after a week's work on it, had boited it down to eleven reels. There wasn't a subtitle in it.
"What's it all about?" I asked hin three hours later, after the last reel had been run off.
"Search me," he answered, cheeriully: "Tye been working on it a weck. and I can't find out."

I hunted up the director who had made it. and asked him the same question.
"Why, it's as clear as rainwater," he said. He told me what he thought the story was. I had learned enough about photoplays in the few weeks I had been writing them to know that if the picture was turned out as he saw it, that it would be the worst ever inflicted upon an already-suffering public.
-What do you suppose that pone bonchead of an author did?" he asked me, complainingly. "He lost sympathy for every character in the piece. I had to change em all around to make the public like em. The idea of making that girl's father a dogheary! Itd give the audtience a bad taste for the girl. And the locations he gave me to shoot around-Gawd! There was a finelooking cafe "set" atl up for another picture. so, instead of having the girl meet the fellow in a boarding-hnuse, where she was supposed to be a slavere, I made a cabaret dancer nut of her and had 'en meet in the cafe. Nice flasly stuii, wasn' it?"
It sure was! But it chanced the mbole tone and phot of the stars from top to hottom. 1 ent the director: poimt of vicw: He was, in a wow, richt He wanted in furn out a creditable film: his reputation depends upon such. The author, he f had fiven him a drath story-so he. changed it.
I went in the author. "Ith have nothing to do with it." he roared. "It inn't me story. It's all mixed up and misdirected. 1 went rermit my name to go on it."

Title Editor

## (Contmued)

I went to the cutter again. "What'll we do about it?" I asked, becinning to realize that Mr. Title Editor has his troubles.
"Well," said the cutter, "I guess we ll make a good picture out of it. That's what we're here ior."

And, if the public is a judge, we did. It has been one of the big molles'naking pictures of the year. The author's name is on it; so is the director's. But the story isn't theirs. It is, largely, the cutter's. I had something to do with it, its true, but not enough to brag about.
We made it an entirely new story simply by sub-titling and by inserting some scenes and throwing away others. The author had written his heroine as a boarding-house slavey; the director had changed her into a cabaret dancer; we-the cutter and 1 -(by the simple twist of the wrist of an introductory description) made her a girl who had run away from her rich parents to go on the stage and, having failed to get a place, was filling in for a week as a dancer in a cafe.
By throwing away all that past of the plas. that related to the girl's early life, we changed her father from the sympathetically (?) drunken character that the director gave him, to a man suffering from an acute attack of democracy, combined with a desire to find his daughter. As the author wrote the story and as the director produced it, the father kept constantly getting in the girl's way, throughout the picture. As we rearranged it,-without photographing an additional scene-he pursued her.
These changes give an idea of how it was possible for us to reconstruct the entire photoplay-after it had been photographed: after the author had labored over it for a month or six weeks, and after the director had shot it, taking enough film for five such pictures. Such cases are rare, but they happen more than once in a cutter's liietime.

One of the title editor ${ }^{\circ}$ ) hardest jobs is to reconcile certain actions and situations to probability and logic. It is his dutyand the cutter's, too-to "fill up the holes" in the finished film. This means, in part, covering up inconsistencies in plot, bad spots in acting. absences of otherwise necessary scenes, and all manner and means of improbabilities.

You sometimes see stories on the screen that are "full of holes," as they say at the studio- $i$. $e$., full of thines that either couldn't or wouldn't happen in real life. Such stories are evidence that the title editor and the film editor were not Jerry on the job. In the words of the peer of them all, "anything can be alibied." Bad acting-acting that not only doe-n't register what it should, but registers something far different-is more common than the public realizes; and it is up to the title writer to explain it away with some apparently innocent twist of a substitute. And coincidences that must be made appear otherwise are the bugaboo of the title bird's life.

One story carried the leading man half way through the film before the audience knew who he was or anything about him. The picture, as it stood, made him a despicable craven, a creature one detested on general principles. Later in the story a "vision" explained what had happened to lim. But, meantime, he was getting no sympathy; his story was uninteresting. We couldn't, in an early subtitle, tell the audience about him because to do so would spoil the effect of the vision when it came. What we did was to suggest in titles during


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Ten Months to Pay

## Confessions of a Title Editor

the furepart of the story that comethins terrible had come into his life to make him such a weakling; in other words, to apologize for him. We succeeded in ectuing sumpathy for him from the start-off; further, we created a greater interest in the wan that followed.
And building up interest is always inaluable.
lateers of law, matters of medicine, matters of business-details in every line of human activity touched upon by the films -enter into the title editor's work. If a scene shows a doctor giving a patient Epsom salts for a cut over the eye, the tille man must give a reason why. If, in a courtroom scene the director forgets that the jury, and not the jurlge, returns a verdict, the title writer must change things-or else the cutcer must - to make them right for legal minds in the audience
If Reginald Curlyeyes walks into a morning scene in an afternoon suit, either the title writer must change the seene to afternoon by means of a subtitle, or elice explain that Reginald doesn $t$ know any better. If Daisy Ringlets is shown, on the screen in the little projection room, walking through one scene in a black dress, opening a door, and then, in the next scene, entering the next room, garbed in white, the title editor and cutter must get tozether and insert "An Hour Later" or some such thing between the two scenes.

It's all in the day's work.
One company that I know of lays particular stress on the importance of titles and subtitles. It does not want them superlative, nor flowery, nor over-poetic. and yet it doesn't want them stereotyped. It places a ban on such as "That Night." "The Next Afternoon," "Dawn," "Midnight." and the like, that you sce on the screen nisht after night.

Which is perfectly right and proper. There is no reason for such trite titles-no reason but onc: in many cases there is absolut:ly nothing else in say. So vou must say it, but say it differently
I worked with the subtitle writer on one of my pictures. I, in the blithe frecdom of authorship, had peppered my story with "That Nights" and "The Next Afternoons." I found the title writer tearing his hair over them. He and the cutter were in anguished conference.
"All right!" quoth the title bird, with sudden access of energy. "Let's so! The nest title is No. 23-'That Nisht.' What's Che action that follows it ?"
The cutter explained. "The next scenc opens on a lonely hillside," he pointed out.

## "with none of the characters on louive

 Hot to say that it is night, because the photofraplive docen'l show it. Jou've fut to say that it is night; otherwiec the audience won t know but what it is two nights bater, when these two have planned to tlope."How about, 'That nisht two loving hearts meet under the stars?
"If you do," objected the cutter, "you're telling the audience in advance just what they are goung to sce on the screce. There's no use telling anything in a subtitle that is told in pictures. Anvway, the picture is over footage now, and every extza word you use takes up an extra foot of film-a foot to a word, you know.
'Well, how about, 'Dusk's Mantle?'"9 suggested the title writer.
'It isn't dusk, though," complained the cutter. "It"s ten o"clock that nisht, as we show later. Answay, weive got to show that it's that particular night.
This discussion went on for about an hour, all over that one title. They tried evers ancle. There was some reason that everthing they tried was not proner. Either it didn': tell enough or ton much. I don't know what their final achievement was. I tled. For, you see, I remembered that in that one scenario I had written in cight or en such snappy titles.
There is much in the tone of the titles. They must-or should be-periectly in key with the action around them: lisht and fluffy if the acting is airy; heavy and solemn if the action is dramatic and strons They must be in tone. 100, with the s.ttings. If they flash in while a storm is raging, they must have the fecling of the storm-a surge of words. For there is poetry in them as they apply to the pictures surrounding them, even if their phrasine is not poctic; even though ther should always be subservient to the action.
Strictly speaking, titles are a necessary cvil. Every producer is workine to what the film world believes is the ideal-the title less picture. But so long as we have no reached that state of perfection, so lone as the title still is needed, my own feeling has been that it should he only a backeround; not a thing to stand out by itself, but a thing to ease itsclf into the action without effort or violence. That necessitates their being smooth-running in phrasine: that they contain no thousht difficult to grasp casily and that, 10 make them flow into the les educated mind without interruptine the thread of the story as his mind winds it there be not one word to halt or stumble

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Of Photoplay Marazine, published monthly at Chicako, Illinois, for October Int, 1920.


[^27]
## Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 101)
E. V. A., Cincinnati.-You don't like Wallace Reid's motor car comedies. He has been absorbed in a cloud of dust for a year now, that's a fact. "What's Your Hurry" and "Excuse My Dust" are Reid releases. lou adnire Snub Pollard. I wouldn't call him handsome, exactly. Address him Rolin studios, Los Angeles, Cal.
R. B. M., Syracuse.-"Film producers not allowed" is a sign at the entrance of an old country graveyard. I can't tell you how eagerly I pardoned your typewritten letter. It was almost easy to read. You should see some 1 get. Bill Hart. Bates and Eftie St. L. A., Cal. Regards to all the girls.
M. H., Pexnsylyatia-Mary Pickford Fairbanks is twenty-seven; her husband is ten years older. Theda Bara is about thirty. Annette Kellerman is thirty-three. George Walsh is twenty-eight. The Answer Man? At least ten years younger than he looks and five years older than he feels. Figure it out for yourself.

Miss Bobbyx, Westerly, R. I.-So you were offered infty dollars for your oil painting. It must have had a beautiful frame. Never mind: keep right on and you'll succeed. Some day I may let you do my portrait. House Peters with Louise Glaum in "The Leopard Woman." Herbert Rawlinson and King Baggot are both benedicts.

Effie M. W., Saline, Kansas.-Roy Stewart is not Anita's brother. Anita's brother is George Stewart, who played with Mildred Harris Chaplin in "Old Dad." Lloyd Hughes and Gladys George had the leads in Thomas Ince's "Homespun Folks." George McDaniel was Sir Nigel in "The Shuttle.

Ed, Providence.-G. M. Anderson-once the " A " of Essanay and the Broncho Billy of all small boys-is now a theatrical producer in New York City. I doubt if he will ever act in pictures again. Milton Sills opposite Mary Miles Minter in "Sweet Lavender." Address him I816 Argyle Street, Hollywood, Cal.
M. K., La Salle.-So Jack Dempsey is receiving many requests for his autographed photograph! Well, maybe there is a chance for me. Dempsey is making a serial for Pathe. He is working in California.

Sphinx-I cannot send you pictures of stars. I can only give the addresses. Irene Castle has not made any pictures since "The Amateur Wife" for Paramount ; address her there. She's Mrs. Robert Treman in private life. Your one-line drawing of Mary Pickford is very clever.

Blue, Michigan. - Philo McCullough, who played the dastardly political opponent of Tom Moore in "The Great Accident" thereby incurring the enmity of several thousand young ladies who just love Tommy, but otherwise a nice chap, may be reached care the Allan Dwan Productions, Robert Brunton studios, Los Angeles. Leon Barry in the old serial "The Shielding Shadow."

> (Continued on page 127)

## All But the Noise

ERDINAND EARLE is making Richard Wagner's trilogy, "The Ring of the Niebelungens," into a motion picture. It's all right with us and Wagner is dead.


# You Can't Escape Tooth troubles if you leave a film 

You should try this new method of teeth cleaning. Try it ten days without cost. It combats the film which dims the teeth and causes most tooth troubles. See and feel the results. To millions they are bringing cleaner, safer, whiter teeth.

## The tooth wrecker

Film is the great tooth wrecker. A viscous film clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not end it. Old ways of brushing leave much of it intact. And very few people have escaped the troubles which it causes.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which fer-
ments 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 py orrhea - a disease now alarmingly common.

## A new dental era

Dental science has now found ways to combat that film. The methods have been amply proved by years of careful tests. Now millions employ them. Leading dentists everywhere advise them.

The methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And, to let all know how much it means, a tenday tube is being sent to all who ask.

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Pepsodent brings five desired effects. It combats the teeth's great enemies as nothing has done before.

One ingredient is pepsin. Another multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. The saliva's alkalinity is multiplied also. That to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.
Two factors directly attack the film. One of them keeps teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily ad-

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here. Every application repeats these results.

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AFTER one has become sterped in the picturesque argot of show busines--for drah-mah of the speaking stase the circus, the music hall varicties or motion picturesone becomes aware of the free and habitual use of the strange word that has no place in N Webster's comprehensive tomes. nor clsewhere outside of the amusement world.

That word is hoakum.
Anything may be hoakum and to the professional showman or purveyor of amusement and entertainment, virtually crerything eventually becomes hoakum. Hoakum means sure-fire stuff. It is supposed to be a certain force or influence that helps in the success of the entertainment, i. e., some influence that "puts it across" or "gets it over."

Gentae Michael Cohan, the gifted genius who writes plays with casual pen, and, when he cannot find a suitable artist to create a role. gnes on and creates it himself. is credited with being the inventor of patriotic hoakum. An American flag is invariably waved in every Cohan play. There is no disesespect intended, by cither Monsicur Cohan or the envious fellows who stand upon the curbings of Broadway and declare this penchant to be hoakum.
When the orchestra plays "Hearts and Howers" as the pale heroine confesses her one great sin-that's hoakum.
When the violinist, off-stage, plays an ob'igatn as the handonme Irish tenor, in areen tights, sings "Mother Machree"-that" hoakum.

AND we have hoakum in pictures. To nur mind. however, it is a mont question if the premise of the professional showman who affects to scorn hoakum cyen if circumstances do compel him to employ. it. is one that will not stand up under mieroscopic scrutiny.
Supposing we were to en and sec a photoplay in which all hoakum had been scrupuIously avoided or climinated. Supposing the heroine did actually marry the villain and live happily ever after. Supposing that when the hern was clarged with forging the Governor's name to the deed that it was absolutely proved that he did forge them and he was Inted off to prison (without hand-cuffs) and by a sheriff who had mo chin whiskers, mo tin hadge fashioned like a star. and who smoked pellmell cigarettes instead of chewing tolbacen.

All these time-honored traditions are in be seen in the motion picture today, jut as in the native drama of fifty years agn Would we he happier if hoakum were left nut?

Of course not! We would leave the theater and say: "What a had pieture" Fwervthing all wrong!"

A Lhe the is hy way of gelting at the us that this deliehtiful hit ni hoakum was borrowed by the movie directors from-let's see-Herbert Kelcey, we believe it was Herbert Kelcey and Effic Shannon played on the speaking stage a quarter-century azo for maybe it wasn't so lone aso as that but that it scems that distance back) in a play called "The Moth and the Flame." If we are not ill-served by memory, Herbert Kelecy sprung the dressing gown idea and it has since thrived like the well-known bay tree.
Lew Cody perfected the dressing gown idea and now all the handsome devils of vilainy, especially those whose lives are dedicated to the luring of married ladie from their husbands-they all possess wardrobes in which we feel certain the collection of dressing gowns hold first place.

The He-Vamp's Dressing Gown is as essential in crery plot now-a-day: as the foaded revolver in the ton Icli-hand drawer; as necessary as the butler who butles as no eenuine butler in real life ever dreamed (f butling: as traditional as the close-up embrace, with iris-nut.

AND yet there are producers whe send us word that there is no hoakum in their pays. If this were true it would mean os self-confession of impending ruin and bankruptey, but happily, it is not true at all. Hoakum means tradition Perhaps Master William Shakespeare would have employed the word had he thought of it. For Shakespeare was not above lonakum, if you please and if the hoakum-tradition-were climinated or cxpunged. we assure you that all Shakespeare would be a drab discursion of dreadful dullness
Reflect upon the best nicture you ever sam on the sereen and you will lind, as you recall scene after scenc, situation upon situation, that it fairly bristled with hoakum. The triumph of virtue nver evil is hoakum The happye ending is hoakum. The success of the poor country lad-Charles Ray please write -whe makes anond in the wicked city is hoakum. The machinations of the muse tachioed scoundrel are hoakum. Whether we call it tradition or hoakum. it is all to the same end.

In spite of the lofty-browed llaphonalle of those who deplore the "same old stuff." we daresay the cichte millinn Americans who go to the movies as a hahit will continue in Inve it. If this were false, a producer would never have paid the neat sum of $\leqslant 175.000$ for the pieture rights of "WVyy Down Fast" which had a stage carcer of a dozen vears. The play is hoakum from statt In finish. It is the wifima thule of hoakum Ind we are clad that it is in be seroconed. lonakum and all, for hoakum is clean. idyllic human: trie to life as we wish it might be.

# Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Dorit Know It! 

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison, of New York, one of the highishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write Well, c.3me to think of it, most anybody can tell a story. Why can't most anybody urite a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few posscss? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken posscss? Isn't has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could
hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex-athe fotsam and jetsam of Life-even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for storics
and plays-a wealth of material, a world of th ngs and plays-a wealth of material, a world of th ings
happening. Every one of these has the seced of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a tire, or saw an aecident, you could come home a a d tell
the folks all ahout it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically And if sou would describe by and wrote down pxaetly what you saud, you might be amazed to find your story would
sound ust as intcresting as inany you've read reanze its fullest purport. It will visuatize for thousands of aliens the great purposes of this country. "America for Humanity"

The critical might call this rather optimistic, especially inasmuch as not a foot of this "super-production" has been shot. But would it not be worth while to invest a few dollars in a film that twenty million school children and thirty million church members must see, to say nothing about the forty million workers "who will crowd the theatres"? We here have ninety million spectators lined up to see the big show long before its production. Of course it would be unfair on the part of the promoters to count on the patronage of the infants in arms, the bed-ridden, lunatics, idiots, and the jail population; and the blind will probably prefer the spoken drama to the visual one. But all these classes of our population probably do not number more than twenty million.

It is interesting to note that the Crusader dramas which fifty million school children and church members "must see," and to see which forty million working people "will crowd the theatres," bear the usual endorsements. Pages 16 to 20, inclusive, of the same booklet which counts on the patronage of approximately ninety million persons, are packed with endorsements from persons, quite as prominent in public life as the "prominent persons interested" in the Birtl of a Race, but who were later found to be not at all interested. Be it said in all fairness that the Crusader pamphlet states that the letters of endorsement "relate only to the educational objects and purposes."

These endorsements are from Governors Emerson C. Harrington of Maryland, Simon Bamberger of Utah, Emmet D. Boyle of Nevada, John G. Townsend of Delaware, J. P. Goodrich of Indiana, E. J. Edwards of New Jersey, and Thomas E. Campbell of Arizona. Then there are endorsements from prominent edurators such as President Henry Louis Smith of Washington and Lee University, President Burton of the University of Minnesota, President Harlan L. Freeman of Adrian College, President J. C. Hardy of Baylor College, President A. IV. Van Hoose of Shorter College, H. W. Chase. Chairman of the Faculty of the University of North Carolina, August O. Thomas, State Superintendent of Schools, State of Maine, George Wilson, Director Extension Division, University of North Dakota, C. P. Cary, State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Wisconsin, J. J Cummack, Superintendent of Kansas City Schools, Dudley Grant Hayes. Director Extension Department, Chicago Board of Education, Orrin G. Cocks, Secretary of the National Committee for Better Films and others.
Crusader Films is another Delaware corporation with $\$ 500,000$ of preferred stock and 150,000 shares of common of no par value. The officers are President, Francis Trevelyan Miller, who is described in the circulars as "Founder of Journal of American History" and president of the Helen Keller Film Corporation; treasurer, Herbert F. Seward, of Seward, Stone and Monde, accountants of 43 Cedar Street, New York City ; secretary,
iike a swallow ten thousand feet above the carth and
laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow
men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility

## today

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will be writers-there will be writers-there will
be countless thousands of

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ser"en. Now, you will naturallysay, "Well, if Writing is
as simple as you say it is,
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denly find it out. How the Semarlo Kings and the Slory
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brient men and wonl bright men and women. Withto their own amazement that
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was working in a shop for
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a month
alay a month
plays. one
the other

 in factories, bending over sewn lour morrow.
For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. Don't you betieve the Creator gave writer? Only the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given theimagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!
$\mathrm{B}_{\text {UT }}$ two things are essential in order to become B a writer. First, to learn the ordinary prinfaculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your riglit arin. The more you use it the
stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more eomplex than the principles of speling, arithmetic, or
any other simple thing that any Jody knows. Writers learn to piece togather a Story as casily as a child sets up a miniature house
with his toy blocks. It is a mazingly easy It is a mazingly casy the simple"knowhow." A little study, a little patience, a ittle conthat looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.
Thousands of people fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poor-
est scholars. Peoplc est scholars. People schools. They may schools. They may get theprinciples there,
but they really learn to write from the great wide, open, boundless Yes, seethingall around

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William Chandler Prak, M. B., Prestdent
 Room 601 Crencent Place

Schuyler Merritt Cady of Elizabeth, … J General Counscl, Irving E. Burdick, \ew York City; J. B. Ferber, one of the directors described as "former Assistant U'niled States District Attorney in Massachusetts, former Chairman of the Banking and Insurance Committees of the Massachusetts State Legislature, general counsel for some of the largest corporations in the film industry and a vicce-president and a director of the Reelcraft Pictures Corporation." Another director is Charles Kingsley Fankhauser, "associated in recent re-organization of one of the largest pressed steel industries in this country. In this industrial cxpansion were such banking houses as White, Weld and Company of New York; W. P. Bonbrizht and Company of New York, Elston and Co. of Chicago. He is secretary of Helen Keller Film Corporation.
One of the directors of Crusader Films expressed his decided disapproval of the pamphlet quoted above, but at the same tine very emphatically announced that he did not wish to be quoted as disapproving. He added that he would take up the matter with the officers and tone down the sales circular.
But on the strength of such statements as already quoted, Crusader Films has sold stock up to the present. In a letter dated Aug. 28, Mr. Cady, secretary of the company, stated that Crusader Films Corporation had sold $\$ 120,000$ in stock as late as July 1 , 1920. Dr. Miller, president of the Crusader, disagreed with this statement, saying that according to his latest reports stock subscriptions only amounted to a little more than stro,, 000 .
Crusader Films has produced nothing as yet. None of the officers of the company with the exception of Dr. Miller have had any practical experience in motion picture production. Dr. Miller was president of the Helen Keller Film Corporation and wrote the story of Miss Keller, the blind mute, which was filmed as "Deliverance." The company, Dr. Miiller stated, was financed for $\$ \mathbf{I 5 0 , 0 0 0}$ by one man, Mr. Charles Schwab, who did not much care whether the film made money or not. "Deliverance" cost \$126,000. Dr. Miller was unable to whether it had made any money as yet. For some reason motion picture companies which make the public their partners are relicent about telling the public about their financial affiairs. The Únited States Photoplay is an exception. Here is a company that was organized "on a shoe-string" to quote one of its officials, who admits frankly that it was not an assured success. "If we were an assured success," he writes, "the stockholders could not expect to get in on the terms that they are being tiken in under the present circumstances."
The guiding genius of the United States Photoplay Corporation is Captain Frederick F. Stoll, president and general manager. Captain Stoll is a man well over fity. He was at one time sencral superintendent of
carriers of the Chicago post olice. Then he became identified with Kiralfy Brothers in one of the exhibits at the Chicazo World's Fair, 1\$03. Later he followed the gold rush to Alaska. "I went to Alaska with a capital! of $\$ 0,000$, and came out with $\$ 250,000$." said Captain Stoll, adding that he still had mining interets in Alaska. Mis experience in amusencent ventures, he admitted was limited to his association with Kiralfy Brothers during the Chicigo Fair, staring an Elks' carnival in Salt Dake City and backing some shows. Now he lias turned a nowing picture impresario, writine his own film dramiss, the first of which "f)etermination," he is now producing in the E. K. L.incoin sludios in Grantwood. N. J. Captain Stoll's company is another Delaware corporation, cappithlizel for $\$ 2,000,000$. Its heal-
quarters are in the Munsey Building, Washigton, D. C.
The Linited States Photoplay Corporation launched more than a year ago a sales campaign that has continued ever since. It started by offering stock at $\leqslant_{5}$ a share, the par value being Sio. It sold 10,204 shares at $\Sigma_{5}$ a share, then boosted the stock to si.50, selling 407 shares at this price. An- $^{2}$ other boost sent the stock to par, Sio, at which price 12,673 shares were sold. A third boost raised the stock to $\$ 15$, the price of U. S. Photoplay stock as this is written. On September 20, about 15.000 shares had been sold at $\$ 15$ a share. In -6, the company has taken in about $\$ 405,000$ "This cost us about $\$ 100,000$ to self, making a net receipt by the corporation of about \$300,000," said an official spokesman of the company. In other words it has cost Stoll only 25 per cent. to dispose of his stock, according to his story
But Captain Stoll struck a more difficult snag when it came to producing his play: He leased the Lincoln studio for twenty-six months at $\$ 100$ a day: It cost a pile of money to install lights, cameras, carpenter shop and other necessary accessories. The scenery came high, and so did the director rather directors, for there have been changes in the U. S. Photoplay staff. Finally, Cap tain Stoll's story: "Determination" had to be reduced to scenario form. Captain Stoll had no experience as a writing man. That is something he had never done in his varied career. Production was started last Spring. and on the first of September, only the prologue of "Determination," had been filmed, and the cost up to that time, Stoll admitted, was $\$ 130,000$. As this is written Stoll's company is being sued by a former director and the company's screen star.

What assurance can you give your stockholders that their money will be protected and they will see any of it again?" I asked Captain Stoll.
"Why, 'Determination' is going to make 3 bir hit. It's a box-office show, depicting the life of the underworld in London and Paris. I fived for months in the Whitechapel district of London and in the underworld of Paris, studying types. The show has international boxing events, boxing matches, aviation races, motor races. We show life in the underworld and high societs
None of the characters of the Whitechapel district, who, Stoll in full page adiertisements announced he was bringing to this country under special arrangements with the C"nited States Immigration authoritics, have actually been brought to these shores. Captain Stoll said their services "were not necessary" to the production of "Determination," not when he could dress up American actors as costers and apaches.

And what makes you so certain that 'Determination' is going to be such a great money maker?" I rentured. "Has any ex perienced motion picture man, not in your employ assured you oi its success?
"Why, no. I didn't have to do that. But Dr. C. II. Parkhurst has stated that it is a story that will live because the public know so little ahout the unfortunate of the underworld, and B. S loung, Past Supreme Chancellor of the $\mathfrak{K}$. of $\mathrm{P}^{\prime}$. one of the brain iest men in the United States, calls it a story of a master-mind."
Now Dr. l'arkhurst is a man of mational reputation as a minister of the gospel, and Mr. Voung is undouhtedly a man of splendid attainment: But neither of them is recosnized authority on motion pictures.
Stoll's venture may turn out a money maker, but there is nothing in his mast achievenents to warrant it- assured success He is a novice in motion pietures, and so are the other officers of his company

## The Male Background

 (Continued from page 33)in what a heroine feels tlan what a man does or thinks. I feel you allow men in your cinemas at all only because you want to make the ladies happy, God bless them,for wanting us at all, I mean," he grinned. "l hope," Powell confided, "that perhaps the Paramount office is going to export me soon. Not that I wish to leave America at all but that I rather want to get back to England for a while. Of course it will be like getting a divorce from Mr. Fitzmaurice, he has been directing me so long, but a chap likes a change. . . . And home is home Besides, I'm tremendously interested in showing the English cinema audiences all that I've learned here in America. I would have a ripping chance to, too, because most of the British picture actors have had little or no cinema experience and, worse, have had lots of experience on the stage which you must forget as soon as possible if you're going to do your possible best for the camera play

He happened in pictures for money's sake because as an actor he was so tired of being without a job during the summer months. He was first an extra at five dollars a day and the following winter, at ten, when he was playing at the same time the artist in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" with Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. Later he decided to go into pictures altogether. "And then I couldn't get into them for a year. Fact. Out of a job. It was the queerest thing," he smiled shamefacedly, "I just couldn't get a job. I tried everywhere. I was too ignorant of the way to do it, or too British, or something. Ridiculous?" He laughed at the recollection. "Ah, well. I finally did land, anyhow. And have been leading a terrifically polygamous life ever since. Husband to first one, then another." Mr. Powell is not English at all, but Welsh-or practically. He would have been entirely but for the fact that both he and his mother happened to be in Glasgow at the time. "But outside of that," (outside of Glasgow, we took it) "I am entirely Welsh, certainly so by inheritance, and-er, selection. You know, my digging up my past experiences and so on reminds me of what George Bernard Shaw said to me on the boat just before I sailed over here for the first time. I was playing in his 'Capt. Brassbound's Conversion,' as I remarked before. He stood talking to me on the deck and finally said, 'Do you know anyone in the States, Powell?' I said no. 'Do you want to?' I laughed and replied, 'Naturally.' He looked thoughtful. Oh, a rare old chap is Shaw and though unexpected, the most delightful fellow in the world. 'Here's a plan, he said. 'Try it out. Just as the boat lands in New York, print on a large placard, 'I know George Bernard Shaw,' and tie it on your hat and walk down Broadway. I give you my word, Powell, in fifteen minutes you'll meet everybody!'" Mr. Powell laughed. "And at that, he is probably right. G. B. Shaw is always right."

## Launching the Winter Mode

(Continued from page 43)
included. I bought my hats in America before coming over here and have not regretted it. I shall buy more of them at home when I get back. If you have the time and the money-and it takes an unheard of quantity of both-you will like the gowns that any one of a dozen great houses here will make for you, and, at that, I have had gowns done in New York that compare

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(From McCutcheon Carioo

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# Launching the Winter Mode 

(Continued)

favorably in every way with the finest examples of l'aris creation

As I said before, the ateliers of the style creators are busy center these days. There are really eight seasons to the year in the calendar of l'aris style. There are the four big showings, when the modes for spring, ummer, autumn and winter are dieplayed. Then there are the demi-sision, the smather promenarles of styles created especially for professional and society women. It is loyical that these showings should follow the larger ones, as the commercial buyers must get their purchases home, ready for display and for copying by the time the season opens. On the other hand. society women and those in professional life do not buy their clothes until they want them-for a season or for large production. The year is alway's turnerl around for the stylists, as in August they are showing the winter mode to New York buyers, while in January they are exhibiting beach toilettes and summer dancing irocks

If you want to follow the most important dictum of Paris this winter you will have your strect clothes in black and white. There is a veritable craze for this combination. Sometimes a street suit of black will have black buttons that have insert discs of white, sometimes the linings are of black satin embroidered in white, but it seems whenever black is used there is sure to be the complementary note of white. An especially novel note of linings is the use of two colors. For example, if the upper part of an evening wrap is lined with white satin, the lower part will be in black, or coral or turquoise. Sometimes this combination of colors is achieved by embroidering sprays of flowers on a white satin background.

Here is a hint I picked up in one of the ultra-smart establishments that is decidedly worth trying. Blouses of fine white linen, organdie or batiste are made to accompany the tailleurs for street wear. These are simple tuck-in-the-belt affairs with a front closing, the novelty being in the collars which are pleated ruffs, reminding one stroncly of pictured Queen Bess. These pleated ruffs, as well as the jabot frills down the front of the blouses, are bound with a color. Black predominates, but occasionally a bright color like pink or cherry red is used. These neck ruffs are wide, pleated frills that fall from the top of a high, tight collar that buttons snugly about the throat.

There are a number of interesting things to be seen in Paris now that have to do with materials, color and trimmings. For example, there is a revival of old-fashioned smooth-finished cloths for tailored gowns and suits. Last year's wild revel in fur trimmings has disappeared. I suppose the wetl-known II. C. of L. has had something to do with this, but whatever the reason may be, fur is mot used to trim the tailored suits Draids wool stitching and patent leather bands are the favored trimmings and are shown in endless variety

But if furs have declined in favor as trimmings they have more than made up for it in the matter of coats and wraps. Such : rush for fur earments has never before been known in the memory of the fur inclustry. Apparently every woman here seems to think se will be the only one in the world withnut a kolinsky or sable wrap unken the hurries. As a rexule. the P'aris furriers were busy all summer filling orclers for fulf-kength wraps in thene the cape seems to kead in fovor. They are aboolutely without sleeves the arms pascing throush slits at either side

Late winter no one carried mutis it
didn't matter how cold your hand: gotyou could keep warm by recollecting how fashionable you were. But thes year it's different, and your muff may once more come out oi retirement and accompany your carí.

This season your furs may by no means be limited to your personal wearing-1f your pocketbook doesn't protest. Fur is being used lavishly in floor cushion=, and the latest whim in bedroom furnishings is to have huge, that pillows of fur instead of bed-ide rugs. Nany oi the fur cushions shown are made in the form of foot mufis for motoring in January days.

As I mentioned before. Paric is mad about black and white combinations, but if I were you I should study my mirror carefully before decidine to follow this style Americans wear colors much better than Parisiennes-this is especially true as regards hats and, take us bv and large, we look much better in colors that harmonize with our eyes and complexions than we do in magpie effects

Speaking of hats, feathers have come into their own again. If you have a lot of them put away you are lucky. Bring them out and recurl them, secure in the knowledse that the more of them you wear the more fashionable you are. Coq d.Or himself was never gayer than some of the feather-loaded hats that are being offered for admiration and sale. Dresses and wraps have not escaped this craze, and some of them are simply loaded down with feather trimmings So dig all the old 1000 models out of the attic and garb yourselves gloriously in them!
This matter of buying clothes is not such a complex affair when one is renitling ones wardrobe for strictly personal needs-but it is quite a diiferent problem when one is costuming for the production of a film play You may be interested to know the amount of clothes required to make one picture and for this the "Branded Woman" is a fair example. The clothes required when I made that picture included the following:

School girl's dress, one piece, serge.
White graduation dress
Evening gown. low cut. very daring
Simple one piece summer dress, hat to match.

School girl's long coat and hat
French race track outht.
Smart afternoon dress
Street costume with hat, very smart
Evening dress
Nurse's uniform and cap
Vurse's coat and hat.
You wil! readily see from this list that a great deal of time and trouble co into stlecting and fitting the clothes needed in one picture.

Coming back to the winter clothing of 1021, did I tell you that all styles emphasize leneth of line. If your woight is under one hundred and twenty-live pounds this information will not interest you in the least, but if you are nver that weight sou will welcome it joyfully. in ome ctors almost tearfully i think this matter of emphasizing ong lines was announced in Paris with America in mind- for it is a well known fact that we grow garls who are taller-and broader-than the French May. be it's the air, lout whatever the calle one of the ills of our race is the combtant warfare against too much liesh

The Ing line in suits has brought a correpponding length in the owerblouse. Longe loose and claborately embroidered is the nverhlouse of this winter, and the variations of style are practically limutle.. Jou may have a long, tight sleeve or a short wide one and be cqually in the mode. NIt the tones of reddioh brown are in high

## Launching the Winter

 Mode
## (Concluded)

favor with the blouse makers, and navy blue is also shown excessively. Net blouses are in again, after a long period of disfavor, and the greater number of these are trimmed with jabots of real lace. Handkerchief linen, georgette and chiffon are the materials most favored.
If you are clever with your needle you may have some lovely things this winter at a comparatively small outlay of money, for the greatest stress in decoration is laid on embroidery. There are inexhaustible sources from which $t$, draw new designs, which perhaps accounts for the way in which embroidery holds the center of the stage, season after season. Old Moorish embroideries seem to be the favored designs, and the method of applying embroidery this winter is to embroider the bodice and leave the skirt plain or throw a heary band of embroidery around the skirt and leave the waist devoid of trimming. Both dresses and evening wraps are heavily embroidered, and the fact that fur trimming may be omitted where embroidery is used, makes this type of trimming for evening wraps something to be considered carefully.

## Raising Riches

(Continued from page 32)
to stay, so you'd better find me something." She played extra. She played bits. I dare say she worked harder than she would have worked scrubbing floors. But she "caught on." She played a lead or two. Then she went with Will Rogers. Now her contract with Goldwyn has over a year to run. She is an excellent leading woman, perhaps the material of which stars are made.

It is always heroic-the fight that a woman makes single-handed against the world for her little ones. Who was it said-"A woman is too slight a thing; to trample the world without feeling its sting?"

But to Irene Rich, still in her early twenties, with every experience, every joy and sorrow of a woman's life behind her-with the mind and heart of a woman who has lived behind the smooth, serene face of a girl just out of college, it has been a rich heritage. It has endowed her with womanliness, with completeness, with emotional depths, with quict force, with determination.

She is without exception, the most popular person on the Goldwyn lot, star or no star. "Miss Rich" seems to be a universal favorite. I don't know how many of them know her history, but I think all of them do. That is probably why they offer themselves as shock absorbers for any "knocks" studio life may have to offer-why the wardrobe woman takes blame for a misplaced coat, why the director softens his voice when he speaks to her and even the assistant director (the bugaboo of all actors) brings her her make-up box.

I believe everybody in the world who admires Irene Rich will feel exactly that way about it. I don't believe her appeal is to the class or section of fans who will love her less because she is a mother. Maybe they will, but I don't think so.

Her latest releases are "Stop, Thief," with Tom Moore, and "Out of the Dark," an all-star feature directed by Frank Lloyd.


IN every numan heart are finer emotions which need only the magic of good music to bring them to life. Responsive, living, human music, breathing the soul of the person who plays it-such is the charm of the Steger Grand Piano. One needs but to hear its beautiful tone of wonderful richness to appreciate the growing affection which Steger owners have for their instruments.

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## "California Syrup of Figs"

Mother! You can always depend upon genuine "California Syrup of Figs," but you must always say California or you may get an imitation.

## Laxative for Children

All children love the fruity taste of this harmless laxative. Directions for babies and children of all ages are on bottle. Say California. Look for the name California Fig Syrup Company.


## The Mighty Messenger

(Continued from page +8)
so much more about folk: $t 0$ tart with. than I did. There was a bunch of boy: "The C'nion Street Gang," who just naturally flocked to William from the time he went out on the sidewalk to natl up his first poster. They sold tickets, they took tickets at the door, they ushered, they swept, they dusted, they ran errands, they carried reels, they watched the exit to present those outside the fold from sneaking in. They had free admission of coursc and the proud privilege of bringing sister or little brother. They were as proud as kings of their priviluges, and somehow profanity, cigarette-smoking and mischief-making dropped away from them. Not that William ever mentioned those things to them, but they were too busy for mischici and "The Boss" didn't smoke or swear, so why should they?

They were the nucleus, the first point of contact which brought the whole neishborhood, naturally, to our doors. Their families became our allies, and good fellowship, once started among those people, rolls up like the proverbial snowball. We got to know everybody, their joys, their griefs, their problems, as William had prophesied. We helped them as much as we could, and they helped us immeasurably more.

And all this time we were coming to realize, more and more, that the motion picture theater was, as John O'Reilly had expreseed it, "putting a crimp" in the saloon business! Not just our motion pictures cutting in on O'Reilly's business, but all the motion pictures cutting in on all the saloons.
The people of the poorer districts of our large cittes do not stay at home in the evening. They have a few overcrowded rooms, too cold in winter, too hot in summer, with no quietness, no privacy, no rood lights to read by, nothing to make them attractive. Before the days of the motion picture, the children played in the strects, after supper, in imminent danger of being run over byo street car or truck. The zirls and boys strolled up and down or sought vacant stairways or park benches. The women gathered in groups to go-sip. The men. and the older boys went to "the poor man's club," the saloon. It was the nearest approach they could find to comiort. sood cheer, companionship.
Then the motion picture came and save the poor man the first place to which he had ever been able to take his whole iamily. He found that the films interested him, and gave him something new to think about He spent less money, and he felt better the morning after.
For a few years old Jolan Rarleycorn rolled up his seeves, gnashed his teeth, and put up a good tight. Then he succumbed to two enemies. The organized reformers who had worked long, patiently and heroically for prohibition, and the motion picture industry which in promoting its own interests hatd automatically opmoed the interest of the liquor makers and dealer
John Barleyeorn himself recomized his natural enemy almost from the begnoing He knows how ereat a factor it was in hidefeat

Do the reformers know it?
I few of them do. Most of them do
I few of them do. Most of them do
hot. With a curious reflex which is either blinelness or grose ineratitude they have turned to attack their non-t efficient afly
Sou see. in this country, reforming ha become a real busines, a highly organized efficient, and fairly well paid buamese and when prolibition came in it struck the reforming industry a blow from which it can never recover.
Sfeer the firit flush of victory. the reformer besan to feel a great vacancy in

The Mighty Messenger

## (Continucd)

life. It was like the emotion of a mother who has married ofi the last one ot a large family of daughters, or the captain of industry who has retired at sixty, or the soldier who has won the war, got his discharge and has no job awaiting him.
"Look here, we've got to have something to reform, haven't we?" they sid.

They looked all around, and, not being cowards or shirkers by nature, they picked on the biggest thing in sight and they are going after it, tooth and nail.

In practically every state in the union groups of zealous but inisguided reformers are attempting to push through their legislatures bills which provide for the censorship of the motion picture. And censorship means death to the motion pacture. Death, at least, to its proper cxpansion, development and achievement.

For these advocates of censorship ask that before a film is given to the public it shall be judged by a select board of judges who will decide whether or not the people of this free country shall be allowed to see it!

Could any industry or any art survive and grow under such conditions? Suppose every one who wrote a book, or painted a picture, or composed the score of an opera, or perfected a marvelous invention, knew that some legally appointed committee would decide whether his work might ever be given to the public!

Who is competent to appoint such a committec? Who is competent to serve on it? Whom are you willing to have decide what you shall or shall not look upon?

There were those who raged against Gutenberg, inventor of the printing press, and called his work the invention of the devil. They predicted dire results from the printed page being made available to everybody. A long time ago? Yes. But do you happen to know that there are pious souls today who violently resent the aeroplone, [rotesting that if God had wanted men to fly he would have given them wings like the birds?

And it is such sincere and zealous souls -Heaven help us!-who go in most violently for "reforms" and hence are most likely to be appointed on censorship boards. This is proven by the irrational decisions in the four states where censorship now exists-Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kansas, and Maryland.

In the state of Ohio it is forbidden to show a film which portrays any kind of a snake. The snake is unpleasant to many of us, but after all he is admitted to the most select museums and zoological gardens, and he can hardiy be called immoral.

In the state of Pennsylvania a woman making baby clothes may not be shown on the screen. And the censors solemnly say that the reason for this is that children think babies are brought by the stork! Why not prohibit pictures of Christmas shopping, because children belicre in Santa Claus?

And speaking of what children should see, this is as good a time as any to suggest that we try to get rid of the absurd idea that every film should be suitable for children to see. We might as well try to grade all magazines by St. Nicholas, all stage plays by Peter I'an, all art by Kate Greenaway!

Recently the Methodist Episcopal church has shown its breadth of interests and its wisdom by establishing an immense bureau for the promotion and advancement of the motion picture among its people. One of the films which they recommended to their members, without qualification, was the re-
cent Barrymore production of "Dr. Jckyll and Mr. Hyde." And in three out of the four states having censorship this film failed to pass the boards!

Do our motion pictures need reforming? They do, in certain respects. So do our newspapers, our books, our music, our drama, our clothes, our schools, our diet, our churches, and our retormers.

But are we willing to appoint a committee to pass on any of these things and dole out to us what they think is proper?

Did you ever meed an advocate of censorship who felt that he needed his pictures censored by anyone before he saw them? His invariable attitude is that he can look at any of them without being harmed, but his neighbor, or his neighbors wife or "people of the other class" need some one to decide for them.

But do they? William and I look at our experience in the motion picture business, among the people whom the reformer likes to call "the other class." We think how vigorously they applaud patriotism, courage, generosity, virtue, and how quickly they hiss the traitor, the coward, the braggart, the villain. We think of the packed house when the posters outside advertise a religious film; of the blear-eyed, broken men who say as they go out after the story that shows forcefully the wages of sin, "that"s good for the boys-give 'em more of it;" of the young girls and their "fellows" who go away shining-eyed after a strong, clean story of love triumphant; ol the careworn, weary faces that lose their tired lines for awhile in the uproarious fun of the harmless comedy; and we know that the great majority of every audience likes the good pictures. We know that by the operation of the good old law of supply and demand the film will grow better, not worse.

The only way to abolish any evil is to erlucate the people until they will not tolcrate it. In all history no wrong has ever stayed dead until it was killed by force ot public opinion. Reverend Cyrus Townsend Brady said shortly before his death, "It is the duty of the church to make people righteous. Then they will want and patronize only good pictures."

Every citizen should realize that we already have laws which are ample to protect the public against obscene or immoral books, pictures, or plays, and it is a civic duty to see that these laws are enforced.

Unquestionably there are both producers and exhibitors who have no hesitation in trying to put before the public films that are vicious and degradling. It is a cheering fact that these films invariably have failed to pay their makers as well as the cleaner kind. They will pay still less when every one who dislikes them registers disapproval at the box offec.

There are just two short and casy steps to "reforming" the motion picture.
I. Stay away from the theater that ardvertises a bad film. If you inadvertently patronize one, tell the manager you did not like it.
II. Watch for announcements, in the newspapers and magazines, of the good new films, and tell the manager of your favorite theater that you want to see them.

That's the kind of censorship that brings quick and lasting restuits.

In this country, the people will stand for just one kind of censorship-that which is of the people, for the people, and by the people!
Speak up, you people who believe in free speech, free press, free government, and tell the legislators of your state that you'll censor your own pictures, thank you!


REMATURE gray hair
that falsely proclaims the passing of youth is not more unpopular today than it was two thousand years ago.
All through the ages, in every land. women have sought and chemists have tried to perfect a satisfactory preparation for coloring and renewing gray, faded and streaked hair.

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HANNTBAI. PHARMACALCO.【on C, 659 Olive St., Se. Louss, Mo.

The Mighty Messenger
(Concluded)

I can hear readers asking, "Did they stay in the motion picture business?" We did not. The heart of a social worker and the spirit of an adventurer are seldom combined with a genius for money making. The kind of show William ran would need an endowment. Tlat would make it a philantliropic institution and folks would be airaid of it. When our savings were ex-
hausted we sold out, reluctantly, to a gentleman whose idealism was balanced with business experience. Then, having appeased our restlessness for that time, we passed into a new field of social service where we still remain. But whenever any oi our coworkers begin an unwise or unwarranted attack on our old friends, "the movies," we feel impelled to lift up our voices.

# Why I Do Not Believe in Censorship 

(Concluded from page 70)

little business of their own, began to meddle in the affairs of others. With oily tongues and lazy bodies they take advantage of the weak side of human nature and start a propaganda that enables them to live without work, to travel, and what is dearer still to their warped and diseased minds, to receive the plaudits of the unthinking multitude.

We prate of our liberties, when in fact they are slipping away, insidiously but surely, till now we are hedged about by a multitude of "Thou Shalt Nots."

When a few men can arrogate to themselves the right to say what one hundred million shall or shall not see or hear they become tyrannical usurpers. A country permitting it is not free.
Witl so many axes to grind in our legislative bodies, it is easy for a handful of charlatans to get measures slipped through that are just as surely robbing us of our blood-bought liberties as was King George.

Down deep in every heart is a love for the good, the true and the beautiful. However base and ignoble we may be ourselves, we dislike to see such traits in others.

Unhampered public opinion will so set its seal of approval of the good play and disapproval of the bad as to make the production of the latter unprofitable. If unprofitable they will not be produced.

The great heart of the peopte is sound, the censors to the contrary notwithstanding.
L. A. Stockwell,

1835 Fort Stockton Drive,
San Diego, California.

## He Tells Why in Thirty Words

CE.NSORS are meddlers. The peoplethe common people, if you like-are as a whole saner, more critical, than any individual or committee of individuals. Leave censorship to the people.

Lewis H. Eddy.
3430 Peralta Street,
Oakland, California.
Conscientious Producers Build for the Future

TWICE I have been asked to serve on a local board of censorship for the mowing pictures. Twice I have refused. Why, my reasons are twofold

First. No person or set of persons can have the wisdom to choose for another what be slatl read, see or think. What may be one person's mental food may be another's mental poison. Therefore I folt that while I might for meself and my children exercise a personal censorship, it was the right of each inclivitual to make a similar choice.
The photoplay that would appeal to an uncultured longshoreman might not be one
that a college-bred lady may choose, yet he would be as entitled to have his taste considered as she.

Second. The precedent in creating a Board of Censorship is dangerous. If controlled by a majority of minds prejudiced in any direction the public could easily become the victim of propaganda. In a similar manner a lack of vision on the part of the board may rob the public of many plays that would be productive of much good.
So far as obscene productions are concerned, a theater which caters to that element soon finds itself in disrepute. Theater managers are looking at returns for tomorrow as well as today. They can be trusted to build for the future by being even in advance of the ever increasing demand for improved filmplays.

The best and safest censor is public opinion. Any other censor is un-American, and tends to rob the citizen of his inborn right to use his own intelligence in all matters pertaining to his personal development and enjoyment.

> Mrs. John Gratke,
> $40 \%$ U'. S. Natl Bank Blds.,
> Portland. Oregon.

## Too Much Sense to Censor

THE chief objection to censorship of moving pictures or of anything else is that censors do not iunction properly. They do not know how to cense. Only a person of unusual depth of soul and breadth of sympathy is capable of being a censor, and such a person has no time for censorship. He is too busy creating masterpieces of his own.

Censors, official or self-appointed, have existed in all ages and have flourished in all periods of the world's history. They had them away back in the time of Christ, and that philosopher oi philosophers tersely states their most salient characteristic in the words, "le blind guides, which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."
Is 10 what constitutes a gnat and what a cancl opinions differ. For instance, mey particular gnats are Percy and Ferdic. If I were a censor I might readily swallow the camels of vice, vampirism and vulgarity, but 1 should strain futilely at that pair of insufferable bores and "beastly bounders"
Censors being thus limited and prone to prejudice, why should an intelligent majority, rapable of judging for themselves be governed by the opinions of a paid minority:a minority under a conscientious impulsion to earn their salaries? The only effective consorship is that of the prople themselves, poseresing collectively, if not always individually, the wisdom to recosnize, appreciate, disparage or condemn.

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## Parisian Cinéma

## Impressions

By RALPH BARTON

FRENCH movies are American movies but the French theatre is Frenchdecidedly: After sceing "L'Amour en Foile" at Folies-Bergère I begin to wonder if, after all, it wasn't there that Pussyfoot Johnson lost an eye.

Serials are five years old in France and become more and more popular. The house always buzzes wben the week's instalment of a serial is flashed on the screen-shouts if it be American. One of them, "Impéria." gives itself quite an American air by calling a character, described as "an American adventurer," Billy Sunday

There is a great deal of gnashing of teeth over the fact that American films monopolize the French screens-but it is the cinematographistes and not the public who do the gnashing. With all their natural beauty of scenery and mimetic talent they do not produce pictures as good as ours. The acting falls far short of the standard set by the French stage, the plots are ridiculously thin and as for the technieal end-well, they still do interiors with bright sunlight and breezes! If they were shown in America, Photoplay would bave to give another fifty pages to the "Why-do-they-do-it ?" department.

## French Aliases for Old Favorites

Charlie Chaplin
Mutt and Jeff Mary Miles Minter. Harold Lloyd
Larry Semon
Mack Swain
$\qquad$
.......Charlot Dick and Jeff .. Mary Miles Lui (himself) .Zigoto

Paris does not receive its films the day they leave the American studios and as a result one sees combinations that recall other days. Among this month's editions are found, working in the same picture, Sessue Hayakawa and Lou Tellegen; Alice Joyce and Harry Morey; Victor Moore and Fugene O'Brien; Maurice Costello and Norma Talmadge; Theda Bara and George Walsh.

The music in even the smallest Parisian cinéma is better chosen than in New York. Victor Moore weeps to the strains of "Pagliacci" in "Piffle, the Clown," for example.

The cinéma critic of Figaro asked me seriously if I thought a leap from a balcony which he pointed out would be too much for Douglas Fairbanks, and waited, all ears, for an answer. Being an American, you see, I ought to know.

Some German scientists are making experiments with movies as a remedy for seasickness. Necessity is the mother of invention.

Versailles is to buird a "vast and splendid cinema." They miss the Peace Delegates.

The orchestra of the Parisian cinémas is divided into three "series," the first series and most expensive seats are those in the middle, the front rows form the second series and middle priced seats and the third series and cheapest seats are at the back. If you come out with a crick in your neck or a strained eye you may blame yourself for it.


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A. S. HINDS

228 West Street
Portland, Maine


Marilyn was rightthere is no substitute for

IKE a breath of fresh mountain air she burst into
the shadowed firelight of the living room and dropped into the deep couch. The young man who had been absorbed in atechnical looking book closed it resignedly and regarded her placidly from behind his pipe.
"What have you done with Ned?" he inquired lazily. Pulling aside the window curtain he glanced out at the heavy mantle of white which had been falling foralmost an hour. "Gad, Sis!" he exclaimed, "do you mean to say you've been dragging that pons man through all this just for your confounded notion of 'fresh air'?"
"You don't need to be superior, Lazy Bones-we had a glorious time! Walked miles and miles over the hills and saw lots of rabbits and everything. And now we're starved! Oh, here's Ned now,--"

The newcomer sank down on the couch by the fire, smiling wanly. "Well," he said, "I love fresh air in its place but I must admit my face is chapped to the last degree! It takes all the joy out of outdoor sports, unless you have a skin like a rugwhich no one wants. How do you ever survive, Marilyn-and keep your rose-leaf complexion?"

Marilyn smiled mysteriously. "I have the secret that is age-old but still being proved-in other words -Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. You know this almond complexion cream has always been known to be one of the purest and best things in the world for keeping your skin soft and nothing could be more soothing for chapping and sunburn. That's why Hinds Honey and Almond Cream for ycars and years has been considered the best by people who anpreciare real value-for nothing but real value could have stood the e tests. Buster-do take Ned unstairs and inntiate him
into the ioys ofit-and hell never 2uain know into the joys of it-and he 'll never again know
what it means tobechapped or sunburnt, and what it means tobechapped or sunhurnt, and
as for soorhing qualitics-well! just let him try as for soothing quadities-well! just let him t:
it unce and hell never use anything else:

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Name.
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# The Woman in His House 

(Concluded from page 40)

It was evening when the fight in the tenement was won and Philip went out. There wats a great clation in his heart as he went ewiftly homeward. He had given a child back to life and it would not be crippled. IIe had saved one from the horrible, twisted back or the shrivelled limbs. He would save others-hundreds, thousands! He could see them marching down the Avenue ahead of him, a glad host, little forms straight and lithe, young heads held high. Ihlda would be proud and glad too, and Peter-dear old Peter with his vague, impractical dreams!

As he let himsclf into the house, a chill struck his heart. What is there about the atmosphere of a house of sorrow which communicates itself so readily? Even as he bounded up the stairs Philip told himself that something was horribly wrong!

The group about the little bed turned and parted as he came into the room, and he saw Hilda kneeling there, beside the still iorm of their child. But as he sprang forward with a bitter cry, she rose, swiftly, and faced him, eyes blazing, one hand outstretched to hold him off.
"While you stayed away, your child died!" she said. Ah, the shrill, pitcous sweetness of her voice! "I could bear your neglect of me, but you have killed my baby! I never shall speak to you again. No, don't touch me!"

Unconsciousness came to her relicf then. Fever followed, and after that a bitter calm that nothing could shake. She refused to see Philip, and he grew old of face and stooped and broken, as he went about his work, spending his days in the districts where the plague was thickest, his nights in the grim silence of the old laboratory.
Recklessness succeeded to Hilda's fearful calm. Then, to their utter dismay, she began to go out with Livingston, to late dinners, to dances, coming in defiantly in the carly mornings, laughing at Pcter's distress, corning Philip's protests.
"When I wanted Philip he ignored me, and let our child die," was her answer to all Peter's gentle remonstrance.
There came a night when midnight found Peter pacing the hallway of the home alone. Hilda had gone with Livingstone. Philip was shut up in the Iaboratory. The whole house was silent when, as he passed the laboratory door in his restless pacing, Peter heard a voice-a child's voice-Junior's voice.
For an instant he stood, staring, incredulous. Then the sound came, clear as a bell, a sweet, querulous cry. "But I want my murver-dear!
With a bound, Peter was beside the door, pounding on it. wrenching at the handle. "Philip! Philip! Let me come in! I hear him!"
The door opened and Philip faced him, white-lipped. In the center of the room stood a wheeled chair and in it was the child, helpless, his little, thin arms held out toward Peter.
"He wasn't dead!" Philip said, huskily. "I saw it that night, as soon as you left the room with Hilda. The nurse and the doctor know my sceret, of course. I wanted to cure him, before his mother knew, for the would hate me more than ever if she knew he lised and was crippled. l'ou know. Peter, how she always shrank from Sigurd with his crooked back. lou leard her say the would rather a child of hers was dead. So I wanted to restore him-but the serum "as not injected soon cnough Ile looks all right, his back and his little limbs are
straight, but they are helpless. Somehow, he just cannot use them. He sits there and cannot move, and I dare not let her know!
"Let her know!’ thundered Peter, "oi course she must know! Do you think her mother love will not meet the iest? What it she hates you, or does not! She must have her child, and he has a right to his mother! I tell you she will meet the test, and who knows what will happen?"
Peter's whole face was illumined as be spoke the last words softly, almost under his breath. "I shall briny her, now." he said, "is soon as I can find her. Have him here, just as he is!"
It was long. Iong afterward that Philip knew that Peter found Hilda that night in the sitting room of Livingstone's apartment, pacing the floor, trembling, doubting, while he begged her to remain and her poor tortured mind almost yielded. Now, Philip only knew that Peter secmed gone for centuries. that the child slept in his little wheeled chair. that the tall clock in the corner ticked on and on, that all his life and love and laith seemed hung by the balance of a slender thread which Hilda's coming would shatter.
"Nothing can cure him. nothinz!" he kept repeating. He saw again the shining host of children, lithe and straight and gay, marching bravely down a long, sunlit stretch. And far behind, in the shadows, his own litle lad, wheeling himself, painfully: in his little chair.
"Always, he must suffer, and I must endure her hatred!" He groaned, and heard steps in the hall, voices, a hand on the door knob!
He tried to brace himself ior the shock, for the look of scorn and late in Hilda"s face, as she would come in. Then the door swung open. and she stood there ior a moment, her eyes ignoring him. fixed on the little, wan face against the pillow. And on her face was a look of rapture, and faith. and joy unutterable.
"My" baby!" she crooned, coming iorward a few steps, "my little son! Wake up, precious, your mother has iound you!
She stopped, and on her face the still. shining look grew and deepened, while the child moved. opened wide his eyes, and threw out his arms with a happy cry
"Murver-dearl Come to me!"
But she stood quite still. as if holdins herself by sheer force of will, eazing at the child with an intensity that crew and deepened until the room throbbed with it
"No, little son," she said, and in her voice was a new, vibrant quality like the notes oi a clear-toned bell across wide open spaces, "you come to Muwer-dear."
And the child's white face grew roy. with the effort that lifted his hoal until he at straight. Then, as they watched, breathles-, he put out one little foot, then the other, tested their strength, stood crect, and with outstretched arms ran straight to the woman who dropped to her knees to receive him, saying only, "Mother's boy! Mother's boy! Mother's boy !" in soft, sobling whispers.
Peter waited until she lifted her face and held out her hand to Philip. "Come dear," she said. "You sec your work was not enough There had to be love to finith itlove, the greatest thing in the world!"
And suddenly he was on his knees, wife and child in his arms.
Peter slipped awar then, a shining light on his face, a great glory in his keen, kind eyes.
"He knows now," he whiepered "He knows that science is not everything! He knows that love is greater than all!"

## The Conquest

AFTER the Cosmos Club nailed deal planks across the entrance to the buffet, and not even a veteran member like himself might enjoy the luxury of a private locker, Macineas Mooch became entangled in the moving picture habit, the cinema craze, the Great Indoor Sport-as you will.

Alas!
At the Little Casino, but a block from the uncomfortable but expensive bachelor hall where Mr. Mooch resided in peace and plenty, there appeared every Tuesday evening "The Red Hot Splurge," a thirty-episode serial in which beautiful Carrie Careless was the lady hero.

Again alas!
After four successive sittings of a Tuesday, Mr. Mooch decided that no longer would he exist as a mere mollusk, a being without aim or ambition. He decided to werl and he decided to make, for his happy bride, none other than whom do you guess?
Ah, you have a bit of perspicuity about you, me child; or is it perspicacity?
So to the Jazzbo Studios wended Mr. Mooch, armed with his income tax receipts to prove that he was, to say but the least of it. a man well worthy of wedding Carric Careless.

Miss Careless belied her monacker from the very first. The word came out: "Not t' home!"

But have a care, Carrie Careless, for none hath scorned the mighty Macineas Mooch and absorbed any lasting nourishment thereby.
By the liberal and lavish use of money, with which base substance Macineas Mooch was upholstered, he learned many things concerning Carrie Careless which no bachelor has a right to be hep to-especially when the heppee is a beautiful screen idol with yeller hair and all that stuff.
He lay in wait for her at the Gilded Grill where Carrie (who felt she was a big girl now and didn't need no escort to drag around when she tied on the nose-bag), where Carrie, as we were saying, was wont to take sustenance.

Every night this slick party, Macineas Mooch, was there at the Gilded Grill when Carrie Careless tripped in and dined.
Night after night it went on, till the waiter who waited on Macineas Mooch bought tenement house after tenement house, so rich was the jack that Macineas slipped him to take notes to thrust in Carrie's soup.
But not a sign did she give until one night-success!
Macineas was toying with his terrapin and salad when all of a sudden he aroused from his black despond. He glanced up furtively and Carrie Careless was smiling at him!!!!
Macineas Mooch could scarce believe his eyes.

He glanced again in the direction of the goldined divinity and-yes-there was no mistake, her eves were brimming with sweet maidenly happiness; she showed her pretty teeth between her cherry lips and bent his way.
Macineas Mooch walked home upon air.
He let himself into his magnificent apartment.
"I have won her," he mused, with a soft, subtle smile. "She has smiled upon me, at last."

He entered his chaste boudoir and walked to the mirror to study his own happy face. Why had she capitulated, after all, he wndered?
Was it because he was rich, handsome, dictingué, polished, a true lover?
With these joyous speculations he gazed upon his reflected image in the cheval glass and then
he knew!
Upon his beautiful shirt-bosom there was spread a great ugly smear of sauce tartare!


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## The Testing Block

## (Continued from page 65)

T'll kill the man that did this!" he exclaimel, and as he spoke he saw Ringe running toward him, carrying a heavy whip.
"That horse's a devil, but l'll show him who's mater," Ringe yelled.
Sicrra drew his gun.
"Get out, or I'll fill you so full o' lead you'll sink to the bottom of hell," he ordered.

Ringe did not wait. It was just as he had planned. In half an hour he was back with the sheriff.
"Placer's been a law-abidin' camp for quite some time," the sheriff said. "I'm arrestin' you f'r stealin' a horse you sold, an' threatenin' a peaceable citizen's life. Better come quiet, 'cause you can't kill off my whole posse, an' murder 'll only make it worse f'r

To Sierra's explanation, the sheriff's reply was that he would have to tell his story in court and only when Rosita ran up, pledging to care for the sick boy, until the doctor came, did Sierra's lips tremble. They took him to jail, crushed by the succession of disasters. He began to suspect, at last, that Ringe was at them. He knew that Ringe would not dare inform the authorities of his past record, as he would have to implicate himself in doing so. But he knew Ringe hated him, not only for their tinal fight but because he had always been jealous


NARRATED, by permission, from the Paramount production starring William S. Hart. Story by William S. Hart, picturized by Lambert Hillyer. Directed by Lambert Hillyer, with this cast: Sierra Bill....... William S. Hart Sellie Grey. ....Eva Novak Ringe.
Rosita
Buster
.Gordon Russell Florence Carpenter .Richard Headrick
of Sierra's leader-
ship. While he was pondering these
things, Ringe limself came to the jail, two days after the arrest, and hurled his taunt through the protecting bars.
"Ire got you where 1 want you now," he said, "an' I'm here to tell you that I'm leavin' fer Sacramento on your horse to meet up with your wife. She's waitin' fer me there, but she don't know just what foryet. I'm goin' to steal her, same's you did An' I'm travelin" so fast that when 1 get there, this pet horse of your'n is goin' to drop dead."
With this, he left. Sierra raged in his cell like : madman. Ile screamed for help and shonk the bars, but no one came. Ile lonked albout for some me.ins of breaking out of the place, but the wills were strong, the window heavily barred. Still, there was the roof. The slint was low, and the cross beams high. Swinging hmself up the knclt upon a beam, his back asainst the roof iteelf, and exerted all the strength that fad enabled hims to heat six mon in open light. The swat streamed over his eyes, but he felt the roof hegin to give, and with another mighty effort it broke above him. In an instant he hal swung himself but and to the ground. leaped upon the tirst Forse he saw, and was off.
Siora knew there was no hope of overtakimg the swift P'intu with this animal. but

As he approached he familiar sound-but it could onle-are a dream. let it surely was-Xellies violin and her favorite tune. He went to the door and opened it cautiously: She was stteme there, in her favorite corner, as if nothong had happened, and her lips said "sh-h-h," as her eyes turned to the little cot. liu-ter lity there, sleeping, and beside him stond the doctor.
Sierra looked irom Nellie to the doctor, and Nellie's lipls said sottly to the phy:ition, in a tone barely audible above the music
"Please tell him."
The loctor led Sierra out-ile
"The woman, Rusita, sent word to her hy your meseenger." he said "It was al part of a plot of Rince: We arrised ju-t in time to swe the boy, and I sum he coull not recover unless he could set sleep so your wife hegan playing, and it ched the work. She must not stop, for a while, until he is sound asleep. But she wants sou to understand "

Sierra slipped back into the cabon. and with his lips bru-het awsy the tears that were gathering in Vellies eye-
a. few short weck- Buter's recosery provided the hard-earned peace for whoh they had huncered

The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 85)
Rachel Crothers' comedy drama, "39 East," and the other William S. Hart's "The Cradle of Courage,"
" 39 East," with Constance Binney as the heroine, makes no claim to bigness. It is just a simple, human, well-told, well-acted, cleverly directed story of the experiences that befell a minister's daughter when she went to New York hoping to earn money enough to help her brothers through school and was forced to take a position in a musical comedy chorus in place of the church choir to which she aspired. Here there was no straining for moviesque suspense and the comedy, thanks to John Robertson's fine sense of selection and good taste, was admirably developed. Scandal threatened the heroine when the landlady and the boarders at " 30 East" caught her coming home late at night and she had no reasonable explanation to offer. Suspicion grew when she was caught clandestinely meeting a handsome fellow boarder in Central Park, with a bottle of ginger ale on the table. And there was the element of real danger when she met one of those allegedly wicked theatrical managers who offered her money and a good part if she would be reasonable. But he turned out to be a different sort of manager for once, and the heroine and her boardinghouse prince were happily united for ever and ever when the tale was told. Miss Binney is forging ahead as one of the wholesome ingenues of the screen backed by a real talent as an actress and a most likable personality: Reginald Denney assists her capably as the hero, and many of the original cast of the play are seen in their old parts, notably Alison Skipworth, who plays the landlady.

## THE WHITE CIRCLE-Tourneur-Paramount-Artcraft

HERE are foggy nights on the moors, made shiveringly realistic by adventurous souls who invade them with swinging lanterns in their hands, and the flash of a haunted fear in their eyes. Here are Italian banditti bobbing up back of innocent looking bushes and threatening to get the huddling Huddleston who has stolen their funds and is being secreted in "The Pavilion on the Links" by the crafty Northmour. Here, in "The White Circle," which is Maurice Tourncur's new title for the Stevenson story, is a nicely toned and sanely screened series of typical moviesque adventures through which enough Stevensonesque at mosphere filters to give them a certain quality and sufficient suspense to hold an audience through to the last scene. No Stevenson fan will admit, of course, that Jack Gilbert and Jules Furthman, who prepared the scenario, have done well by R L S, but they must agree that the attempt to be at least fair is apparent. The story is sketchy and wears thin quite frequently. Neither is freckled Wesley Barry anything like a typical Stevenson boy, though his employment as a relieving comedy interest may be otherwise excused, for he again plays very well. There is considerable good acting by Spottiswoode Aiken, as the fear-crazed Huddleston, and good straight performances by Jack. Gilbert as the hero, Harry Northrup as the philosophic villain, Northmour, and Janice Wilson as the heroine.

## By Photoplay Editors

WHILE NEW YORK SLEEPS - Fox

WE are going to forget the first episode of this three-act drama of Manhattan It should not have been done at all. The second act is satire, satire as clever and as


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## The Shadow Stage <br> (Contmucd)

keen as any ever screened. It has iun with bou, with me, and even with the solemn mi: 11 who plays the trombunc in the orches1ra. In it, we mect E-telle Taylor as a -prighty vamp If -uren-were not out of lyle lon the screen wed term La Taylur the empress of them all Wie won't spoll the surprize of the satire by pinning it to paper. A thrill is handed all mlander in those secne showing Tor the irst time on any screen a clow-up of Ziecfelds Midnaght Irolic, with a gorgeou- glimpee of the stately Lolores. This is Broadway-the very breath of $1 t$.

The third of the three act= is by far the best. It is the most gruesome tragedy the cereen has known. It is not entirely original in conception, with all due recpect to the programmed author of it. Once French, this plot of the paralytic old father who watches his only zon murdered by an untaith?ul wife and her lover is peppy pabulum for the picture-roers accustomed only to sugarcoated sex drama. Mare McDermott, after a long absence, returns to blms as the father, giving the best performance of his career and pretty nearly the best characterization of its kind in celluloid. Harry Sothern, nephew of E. H., is reminiscent of Kaymond Hatton as the son. Earle Metcalfe comes back with a bang as the young gangster-lover-a capital performance, this. Estelle Taylor, the same ensuous young woman of act two, has her first big rôle here. This beautiful newcomer has a vast dramatic reserve: she fairly hurls horeelf upon a part and tears it to pieces. - With very careful direction she should go far. lou will gasp, you will shudder all the way through this three-ring circus. For once the advertisuments have not exaggerated. The suspense is well sustained-:o well that you could hear the proverbial pin drop if it ever did, not to mention smothered shrieks from the women and soft-pedaled profanity from the men. William Fox will make money with this one, as he has with so many others. But this time he earns it. He has not attempted here to sugar-co.1t his sex-theme or veil his violence or mask his melodrama. It is as frank and unashamed as the above alliteration. And we would advise you not to miss "While New lork Sleeps," providing you're equipped with shock-absorbers and check your nervous 'stem with your hat. It’s a real thriller.

## THE BRANDED WOMAN- <br> First National

THIS is pretty poor stuti for even the most enthusiastic Norma Talmadge fan. They have been giving one of our best emothonal actreses the cheapest of material for a long time now. It is not because it isn't well mounteel-it is. And not becouse Miss 「almadec innt very beautiful and superbly dramatic and intencely emotionalshe is And we canit blame her supportang (a) $=1$, wher-for it includes such tine players as Peres Marmont it is, as usual. the -tory that is at fisult-and perhaps it is be cause her manazers insist upon preantins her only as a moresinnet against-than sin. ning herome that Xirma is continually cast in this sort of rolle lou will be disappointed in ths we.h. doctored drama, bat-lot to " the fowns.

## HONEST HUTCH-Goldwy

I- Will Kogere bour foworite ator Well, he's one of ours, and he is hetter than err more hamath, more humorous, and more saried in "llomest Hutch" than he has had a chance of ha suce "Jes" Call Me Jim" H: : is lerable shifters soul, is Hutch. and
only when he finds a goodly sum of money halt-disdainful, half-wistful charm necessary does he reform and earn enough to be able to spend the miraculously discovered gold. It doesn't end at all as you thought it would -at last we have a hero who is not at all noble, but mostly all human. Rogers' homely charm was never more in evidence-and it is reinforced here more than at any previous time with a real power of characterization -whimsical, genuine, thoroughly original.

## A SPLENDID HAZARDMayflower

YOU are always insured of entertainment in an Allan Dwan picture. Dwan is perhaps our sanest director-yet he is fearless, too, and continually presents something new, never travelling the beaten track in stories or action. This Harold McGrath novel makes a fine picture for the few. Henry B. Walthall returns to the screen in the part of Karl Breitman, descendant of Napoleon-a madman who plots empire and follows a quest for buried treasure. An enthralling, strangely fascinating yarn, with exquisite lighting effects and generally fine acting by Walthall, Rosemary Theby, Ann Forrest, and Hardee Kirkland. You may like it ; Then again it may not be your kind of a photoplay. But in any case it will interest you. Dwan always does.

## THE BROADWAY BUBBLEVitagraph

HERE'S Corinne Griffith again-this time in a dual role. Both of her are very beautiful, naive, and histrionically competent. Her story? A good one, with opportunities to show Broadway in its various moods, a bit of theatrical life, and a slice of domestic drama that is absorbing and real. Corinne and her sunken bath provide the month's best optical moment. There is no actress more charming, more convincing and more modest than Miss Griffith-a sort of young Elsie Ferguson, only more so. There's some double-exposure to make the how-do-they-do-it fans sit up and take notice; good acting by Joe King, and a gown display that looks like Fifth Avenue and undoubtedly is. George Sargent's direction is sensible and at times spirited. He uses the Great White Way itself for his chief "location." Most women will want to see it; and they may safely bring their husbands with them.

## THE SUITOR — Vitagraph

FOR boys and girls of all ages. When we saw it, a family of three-staid middleaged father, decorous younger mother, and a son of eleven-had mutual hysterics from mirth, although I suspect the small boy's enthusiasm penetrated to his parents. Larry Semon isn't standing still, that's certain. He has improved his methods of funmaking immeasurably in the past months, and this tworeeler is packed with bright bits of business, clever clowning, and all-round good sense in sets and story. For there is a story-all about a band of plotting dynamiters who are hounding the rich father of the lovely heroine, deftly played by Lucille Carlisle. A few more like this and Semon will be in the front rank of silent comedians.

## MID-CHANNEL-Equity Pictures

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG plays the Rôle of Zoe Blundell in the screen ver-
sion of Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's play, "MidChannel." With all due respect to Miss Young's beauty and talent, she hasn't the
lo give life to Pineros aristocratic English Ethel Barrymore. The film translation of the tragic drama of marital life is, at best, mechanical. And the adapter has given it a sappy happy ending. Lo and behold! it is all a dream and no such nasty things as bitter quarrels and suicide really occurred Like Booth Tarkington's Willie Baxter, we mutter, "Ye Gods!"

## THE DWELLING PLACE OF

 LIGHT-Benjamin Hampton HodkinsonASTORY of a New England mill town, "The Dwelling Place of Light" is Winston Churchill's contribution to the capital and labor discussion. And from it we learn that wealthy employers should not pursue poor working girls and that injustice engenders strikes. As a story of social conditions, Mr. Churchill's novel is a little out of date but it makes fairly interesting film drama. It is well acted by Claire Adams, King Baggot and Robert McKim.

## H.

## FELIX O'DAY-Pathe

 B. WARNER is seen as Felix O'Day, who is noble and oh, so refined. The picture relates the story of a man who seeks to revenge himself on a false friend who has lured his wife away from her estate in Ireland. The plot is effectively told and Mr. Warner makes a sympathetic figure of Felix, so basely deserted and yet so worthy of love. Margucrite Snow is seen again as the faithless wife who drops so far in the social scale that she reaches the gutter. The picture will please the ladies.
## ONCE A PLUMBER—Universal

EDDIE LYONS and Lee Moran take a mean advantage of the poor plumber's unpopularity by casting themselves as plumbers in this picture. Plumbers are seldom less than half-witted. The comedy is both silly and cheap.

## A FULL HOUSE-Paramount-Artcraft

THIS is rather a zippy little crook comedy with an ingenious plot. As our clerical friends say, it affords plenty of innocent amusement. Fred Jackson wrote the play which serves as inspiration for the film and Bryant Washburn and Lois Wilson head the cast. A merry time is had by all.

## OUT OF THE DUSTMcCarthy Productions

THE oldest living movie fan will recall the Ince pictures of the early days when Thomas H. used to make the red-skins ride around a circle of prairie wagons until they would fall dizzy from their horses. "Out of the Dust" is just such an old-fashioned west-ern,-a story of frontier days when shooting Indians was a duty and a pleasure.
The picture tells of the wife of an army officer who grows tired of the prairies and clopes with a devil-may-care villain. It is sympathetically acted by Russell Simpson, Dorcas Matthews and Robert McKim. The western scenes, inspired by Frederic Remington's paintings, are produced with dash.

## HITCHIN' POSTS - Universal

THERE is something about these stories of brave Southern gentlemen and beautiful Southern women that makes us want to use two picturesque words introduced to literature by Mark Twain. We would ex-
 for those you love

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## The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)
of the prettiest girl in it in particular, and then marches his boots back to prison to atone for his misdeeds. The tale is amusingly told by Lloyd Ingraham. Doris May gives smiling support, and the cast is replete with hayseed types

## SUNDOWN SLIM - Universal

"SUNDOWN SLIM" ambles his way unsatisfactorily through five reels of film to an unsatisfactory finish. Sundown Slim, through no fault of Harry Carey, the star in the production, but simply because the character is poorly and inadequately drawn, fails to arouse any interest or sympathy, and it is as difficult to follow his peregrinations as it is to put together a jigsaw puzzle in which sundry pieces are missing. We recommend "Sundown Slim" as an excellent test for the imagination. Carey needs another "Overland Red."
HEADIN' HOME-Kessel and Baumann

PERHAPS you are one of those who saved up enough pennies to see Babe Ruth display his prowess on the baseball field only to be interrupted by the fair damsel on your right requesting peanuts and lemonade just as Babe scores a homer. Perhaps you have been carrying a heavy grudge on your shoulder ever since. Be that the case you can remedy the evil, for Babe Ruth not only enacts his life story in "Headin' Home" but he throws a wicked bat and slides a tricky home plate. Ruth's rise to fame is told by an old man from his home-town seated in the grandstand. There is a real plot and a counterplot and enough views of Ruth to please the most inveterate "fan." Madison Square Garden, being the largest hall in town, was engaged to present the feature in New York.

## UNCLE SAM OF FREEDOM RIDGE - Harry Levey

"UNCLE SAM OF FREEDOM RIDGE" is a screen adaptation of Margaret Prescott Montague's story written frankly to
sound a message on behalf of the League of Nations. Therefore, in a sense a propaganda picture, the production is by no means equal to the dignity of its task. The story concerns an old patriot of West Virginia who, giving his son up to the great war to end war, feels that the boy's death has been sacrificed in the cause of world peace; but when the old man finds that America is turning her back on the League of Nations, he makes "a blood atonement" and wrapping himself in the flag, dies by his own hand. Such is the story which has been given production under the directorship of George Beranger. The principal parts are played by William D. Corbett, George MacQuarrie, Paul Kelly and Helen Flint.

## THE BAIT—Metro

HOPE HAMPTON redeems herself in this picture, which might well be called "The Proof of Good Direction." Miss Hampton is laboring under the handicap of being starred by violent means rather than permitting her to develop by experience. "Salome," her first venture, was pretty bad, mainly because of the inexcusably poor direction of Leonce Perret, who forced the star to act all over the screen, and made of it a "movie" of the early Kilem period. Mr. Tourneur reversed this process, adding real intelligence to the direction, and the result is a very good entertainment and a fine performance by Miss Hampton. If you have seen "Salome" you should see her new vehicle. Aside from a good picture, it is a most interesting contrast in direction.
"The Bait" is good, straight melodrama, the story concerning a shopgirl who is framed and sentenced to prison, only to be rescued by a band of crooks who surround her with luxury and give her all the advantages of travel and education that she may trap a rich man's son into marriage and subsequent profit for the gang.

Any weakness the story may have is compensated for by the director's usual excellence of setting, lighting and photography.

## The Male Background

## (Concluded from page 33)

in what a heroine feels than what a man does or thinks. I feel you allow men in your cinemas at all only because you want to make the ladies happy, God bless them, -for wanting us at all, I mean," he grinned. "I hope," Powell confided, "that perhaps the Paramount office is going to export me soon. Not that I wish to leave America at all but that I rather want to get back to England for a while. Of course it will be like getting a divorce from Mr. Fitz Maurice, he has been directing me so long, but a chap likes a change. . And home is home. Besides, I'm tremendously interested in showing the English cinema audiences all that I've learned here in America.
He happened in pictures for money's sake, because as an actor he was so tired of being without a job during the summer months. He was first an extra at five dollars a day and the following winter, at ten, when he was playing at the same time, the artist in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" with Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. Later he decided to go into pictures altogether. "And then I couldn't get into them for a year. Fact. Out of a job. It was the queerest thing," he smiled shamefacedly, "I just couldn't get a job. I tried everywhere. I was too ignorant of the way to do it, or too British, or something. Ridiculous?" He laughed at the recollection. "Ah,
well. I finally did land, anyhow. And have been leading a terrifically polygamous life ever since. Husband to first one, then another.'
Mr. Powell is not English at all, but Welsh. Or practically. He would have been entirely but for the fact that both he and his mother happened to be in Glasgow at the time. "But outside of that," (outside of Glasgow, we took it). "I am entirely Welsh, certainly so by inheritance and-er, selection. You know, my digging up my past experiences and so on reminds me of what George Bernard Shaw said to me on the boat just before I sailed over here for the first time. I was playing in his 'Capt. Brassbound's Conversion,' as I remarked before. He stood talking to me on the deck and finally said, 'Do you know anyone in the States, Powell?' I said no. 'Do you want to?' I laughed and replied, 'Naturally.' He looked thoughtful. Oh, a rare old chap is Shaw and though unexpected, the most delightful fellow in the world. 'Here's a plan,' he said. 'Try it out. Just as the boat lands in New York, print on a large placard, 'I know George Bernard Shaw,' and tie it on your hat and walk down Broadway. I give you my word, Powell, in fifteen minutes you'll meet everybody!'" Mr. Powell laughed. "And at that, he is probably right. G. B. Shaw is always right."

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## University Training at Home

WTHIN the la-t decade the photoplay has tecome an accepted iactor in the everyday life oi the general public. Some of tho-e who are intere:ted in it are interested purely from the point of riew of the spe-tator, but there are a great many who are interested from the point of view of the wrter There are many writers who have never been able to gut their work across to the public who have splendid ideas for photoplays but lacn a knowledge of the technique of photoplay form, which is nece-sary to make their ideas salable. In the early days a knowledge of the technique of the scenario was not e=ential. A writer sold his idea= for fiftwen or twenty dollars to a producing company and was saltificd. Nowadays a good uriginal story means a matter of several thousana dollars. The companies in return for this increased emolument demand an increased perfection of material. Therciore if a writer is to sell the product of his brains he must overlook no opportunity to acquire the be-t possible equipnent in the medium in which he desires to write. Such writers will be interested to know that the Home Study Department of Columbia University is oijering the courses in photoplay composition given for the last five years on the campu to those who are unable throuzh the exigencies of circumstances to attend the lectures at the University
The photoplay is a field of literary endeavor which has had up to the preeent time no help from educators. Those photoplaywrights who have succeeded have done so through their own natural ability and have as it were stumbled upon the technique of this new channel of expression. It is now no longer necessary that each writer should have to carve his own pattern in cinematic endeasor. The technique of the scenario. flexible and progresitic though it is, is nevertheless definite enough in its present usages to be set down in more or less permanent form. The writer of photoplays must have natural ability: prolitic ideas, versatility, and ingenuity. But in addition to all these he must have complete mastery of his craft.
Frances Taylor Patterson is the Intructor in Photoplay Composition The content of the Course corresponds cxactly to that given at the University. It has this advantage over work done in residence, it may be fitted to the students" own convenisnce and circumstances. Instead of having to cons. plete the assignments withon the bifteen weeks of the acadenic semester. he mas extend it ower the full calendar year, moking his own schedule of study and rectittonThe printed syllabus which is prosided ior cach course contains an outline of the work and instructions for following it which form the equivalent in class-rtom lectures. Fur thermore, the syllabus will he -uplemental by direct correspondence between the stu dent and the instructor in which ind lisilual necels and difficultics mave be prexted. The instructor will carciult supersine all f-ignments and manustripts, which in the case of creative work like photophy comperation will furniols an accurate salue of the ton dent's thoroughness in following test-bonk and sylahu- and his ability to protit by th. metruction there in


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Gentlemen:-Enclosed find $\$$.


## Questions and Answers

(Continued from page ror)
L. A. W., Minneapolis.-I suppose you have a long arm. No, Pearl White isn't playing in serials any longer; she's making features. Her first is "The White Moll" others, "The Tiger's Cub" and "The Thief." Address her at Fox Studio in New York Thomas Meighan with Katherine MacDonald in "The Thunderbolt." Tom is now a star for Paramount. Katherine's latest is "Curtain." Ruth Roland, Pathe; Doris May, Ince. Pauline Frederick, Robertson-Cole.

Leona, Chicago.-You are the tenth bluecyed blonde I have answered this month. Fortunately I always did like blondes. I am sorry that I have no record of a Marion Gates who used to be in the Sennett comedies. Perhaps some of our readers will know. Madame Petrova will come back to the screen soon, I believe. Madame is married.

Bernadine, Jerome, Idaho.-I am awfully sorry, but neither of the young ladies you mention cares to divulge her birth date. And I am equally sorry that I cannot answer your question addressed to me. It is, "Do you tell the truth?" How can I? Nazimova will appear in "Billions," "Madame Peacock," and "Aphrodite." Norma Talmadge will send you her picture.

Emily, Washington.-You girls beg me not to be sarcastic in one letter. If I write you a gentle answer, you complain in your next that I didn't pay any attention to you. Thanks for your charming picture. How can I be sarcastic, Emily? Gloria Swanson is in retirement right now; she is married to Herbert Somborn, and is coming back to pictures as a star. Gloria is very good in "Something to Think About." You will write again, won't you?

May, New York-Richard Barthelmess is married. I am sorry to have to disappoint all you girls, but I can't help congratulating Dick. Mrs. Barthelmess, who is Mary Hay on the stage and screen, is a charming girl and very clever, too. They're bound to be happy. Constance Talmadge isn't married or engaged. Vivian Martin has her own company now; she is working on her second picture under Sidney Olcott's direction. Miss Martin's husband is William Jefferson.
H. M. F., Great Barrington.-Well, well, that's a new one on the old Answer Man! You say whenever one of "you girls" likes a star immensely, you are her "crushie." That is a lovely little word-it fairly crinkles with humor. So your crush is Dorothy Gish. Just drop her a line care Griffith Studios in Mamaroneck and she will get it when she returns from her trip abroad. I wouldn't try to write to her in Europe. No -Dorothy isn"t engaged.
V. L. G., Missouri-Coming from there you want to be shown, I suppose. I hereby solemnly swear to the best of my belief Eugene O'Brien has not been married this month. Conway Tearle with Norma Talmadge in "Human Desire." Mahlon Hamilton is married. Come again, you skeptical chiid-and don't demand an aftidavit next time you write.
M. S., Fort Wortil-Wonder how many theaters there are with "the largest pipe organ in the world?" Geraldine Farrar weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds and stands five feet six inches in her heelless slippers, to put it politely. While Alice Brady is five feet seven and weighs one hundred and eight pounds. James Crane is Alice's kusband. Farrar is Mrs. Lou Tellegen.

The Man and the Maid


## The Valley of Silent Men

By James Oliver Curwood

The Man: Jim Kent, lean and bronzed, keenest of all the keen man-hunters of the Royal Mounted, lover of wind and woods and stars, and knowing the 2000 miles of his "beat" through God's Country like a book.

The Maid: Marette, maid of mystery, appearing suddenly at the wild trading post in French heels and Parisian gown, but with violet steely eyes that make strong men wilt. Bent on a strong errand from her home in

## The Valley of Silent Men

The Story: Those two are thrown tozether under circumstances that grip and hold your interest like a hound following a hot scent.
For Kent, through a strange freak of Fate, becomes the hunted instead of the hunter; and Marette, accused of the murder of Kent's chief, flees with him.

Pitted against the whole of the Royal Mounted, fighting by river and through forest to gain the secret Valley of Silent Men, their adventures make the most thrilling story James Oliver Curwood has yet written. And that's saying a good deal.

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 easy of cour worne the canct help it. No, Euqene O'Brien is positively not married. You never read that he was in my department or in any other department in this maazazine. Priscilla Dean is now Mrs. Wheeler Oakman. Helene Chadwick is reported 20 be encaced to William Wellman, but I have not heard they have been married. I cannot even promise that they're engaged. as I have no confirmation of the rumor. Sorry
I. H., Texas.-How has the Chaplin divorce case turned out? It hasn't, yet. Bob Gordon is married to Alma Francis. Zane Grey has sold several of his stories to film and these have been produced: "Desert Gold," "Last of the Duanes." "Riders of the Dawn" and "The U. P. Trail." Charles Bryant opposite Nazimova in "Heart oi a Child."

Question Box.-The Big Four means Iary Pickiord, Charles Chaplin. Douqlas Fairbanks and D. II: Griffith. They form the United Artiste Corporation through which all their pictures are released. That is, all but Chaplin's-he has to finish his First National contract before he can begin his new agreement. I never intend to be sarcastic but sometimes the provocation is something tremendous. Really you've no idea.

A Caxtcck Rfader.-You say Miss Marie Prevost has two good standing reasons ior stardom. I am sure I don't know what you mean. Katherine MacDonald has golden hair and blue eyes. She is five feet eight inches tall and weighs 1.34 pounds. Her latest release is "Curtain" from Rita Weiman" story. Miss MacDonald has been marricd but secured a divorce from Malcolm Strauss an artist. Mary MacLaren is Katherine : sister. Ethel Clayton is the widow of Joe Kaufman. the director. They were a great combination in Lubin days.

Hllis M., Nfw York.-Arneld Daly -all- motion pictures "tun in a photosraph gallery." Daly used to play in picture but hasn't made a celluloid appearance ier a long time now He is playine in lew Jork City it this writing in a new legitimate comedy "The Tavern" لlice Brady i- twenty- five Jane Norak is divorced from Frank Newburah Dorothy (irh is twenty-two.

A M. Sル Jun- How personal you people are this month! liou w.11t to know what kind if dye I weet on my templar fringes. 1 teil boul l-atnt any The Talmalege girk and Doraths (iinh heve returned from Europe Wornthy cane batk after sis waks abroat: Vorma and Con-tance dieln't return unitl October Olne Thomas is surviad loy her mother and two brothers

E B. Oklihom-Sunshine Sammy by ary other name would be as funny, but Rulin-Pathe doesn't care to call him anything but ju-t that. He's the iunny little colored kil who play= with Harry Pollard In Rulin oomedic- Helen Gibon is Mrs. Hont Giben-yte. Clyd. Fillmore was the American (fficer in Firle won -troheim: Vniversal picture "The Devil's Pa--key." Sam deGra-se wa= the hu-band. Una Trevalyn the wiie: Maude Gtorge the modi-te; Mae Bu=ch the dancer. Come dsain-alway telad to hear irom yeu.

K B , New Zealivn. - There are no Maori girls in the movic: that I know oi. Ve, Mary is now Mri. Douglas Fairbanks. Haven't heard of Nina Byson for a long time. Thanks tor your kind praice.

Swefty Peach, Lafifettfe-I was riding in the subrray the other day and my =trap was next to those of two youne thines whose voices came to me as clearly ds their jockeyclub. One said. "I don't like him a-tall" The other answered. "He's a dumb-bell, my dear. don't cream!", Can anyone tell me just what they meant: Marjorie Daw, Marshall Neilan productions. $1 / 2=$ Allesandro Street. Los Anseles. Mary Miles Minter and Alice Brady are with Realart; Billie Burke and Elsie Ferzuson with Paramount. Theda Bara, care A. H. Woods, Eltinge Theater. ハ. 1.

Miss Trcker.- lou want to know ii Harland Tucker is any relation to the Tuckers in Penyan City, New Lork, who used to live in an old cobblestone house in which your grandiather also once lived. All I can do is give you Mr Tucker's address: write 10 him and see what happens. It is. C'niversal City. Caliiornia. Luck be with you!
E. L. Ferguson, Peekskill. N. Y-How do I know whether or not you're related to Casson Ferguson? That's his real name and you may write him care the Goldwyn Company. Culver City: Cal. Elsie Fercuson is Mrs. Thomas B. Clarke in private life. Mise Ferguson is now touring the world.

EliNorr.-So you are attending the same hich-school in Denver that Douglas Fairbanks did? Do they turn out athletes like Dous? IVith diplomas certifying that $50-$ and-so can turn a perfect hand-spring. and desrees for pole-vaulting. I suppose. |ValIn : "whole" name is Willian Waflace Reid Bebe Daniels in "sickabed" Lucy Cotton wals born in Houston. Texaz. She is now supporting Georse Arlise in the screen version of "The Duil" Mis- Cotton lives at the Hotcl Verada, -oth Strect and Broadway. N. 1 C

Bibe, Nitstfifin.-I should $c$.ll all this much-advertised star-stcaling. petti lirceny. A-hton Dearholt in "The Cirl in the Dark" Aclutress Ashon at o-s: Hollswool blvel. Holywood. Cal The be-t of luck to you, Babe-yuu write a tine letter.

1. M. Lovi=11!Lf—me nen buy alkin: machine- other men zet nerricil lirGlam Pearatn is thist wo: he" Vre sheldon Lewt in proste lic Lett Piekiorl and 13il Kuwell had toc lead m. role in the elif erial. "The Ilia and from the skv" I wtte Fa-n't made anco pieturce ior a lone tive Den't kinoss when the will be hack. Im sure That - her Itte serl you have ach Marv l'ickiord is her real. lezal name. a- Mre Charlotte likforl adopled her and incilentally changed the name smith to rickiord.


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For further particulars see pape 67 this issue.

## Questions and Answers

## (Contintred)

K. M. P., Fulton, N. Y゙-Too many people try to make others live and believe as they do. Don't be intolerant. Selznick has its studio in Fort Lee, N. J. Here's the cast of "The Diamond from the Sky" Esther, Lottic Pickford; Arthur Stanley, Irving Cummings; Blair Stanley, William Russell; Vivian Marston, Charlotte Burton; IIagar, Eugenie Forde; Luke Lovell, George Periolat; Marmaduke Smythe, Orral Humphreys: Quabba, the hunchback, W. J. Tedmarsh.

Elmiwood Sten., Winnipfg.-Bobby Harron's death was purely accidental. He was taking a suit out of a trunk when a gun fell from a pocket, discharging and wounding Harron in the chest. For a time hopes were entertained for his recovery, but he passed away in the hospital. His mother came from California to attend the funeral, where D. W. Griffith, Miss Lillian Gish, Mildred Harris Chaplin, Victor Heerman, Richard Barthelmess and many other friends mourned him. He was one of the most charming and modest actors on the screen and to know him was to admire and respect him Many of his unknown friends feel a

Annette, Lynbrook, L. I.-It is out of my line but I do know that Miss Marilynn Miller of the Follies is in mourning for her husband, Frank Carter, the actor who was killed in an automobile accident. Miss Miller recently returned from abroad. She will be seen in a new play this season. She's never been in pictures.

Horace D., Spartanburg, S. C.-The revenge of Lycurgus the Spartan was, if I remember correctly, his gentle dealing with a young man who put out his-Lycurgus'cye. Lycurgus abstained from all vengeance and instead instructed the guilty one and made a good citizen of him. Then he said to the Spartans, " I received this young man at your hands full of violence and wanton insolence; I restore him to you in his right mind and fit to serve his country." Thus endeth the first lesson, Horace. Beverly Bayne is making some new pictures now William Farnum, Fox.
V. T.. Syracuse.-You say I should have an announcement at the head of my column, "Answcrs while you wait." I presume you are one of those who has been waiting-and waiting. I'm sorry, but I am kept very busy. Edith Johnson is really a brunette but she sometimes wears a blonde wig Theda Bara was born Theodosia Goodman She appeared on the stage once under the name of Theo de Coppet. Geraldine Farrar is her real name-no, she's Mrs. Lou Tellegen. Louise Lovely is married to William Welch.

Josephine, Indtanapolis.- Some of the Sox seem to be White in name only. Babe Ruth stars in the baseball picture, "Headin" Home." Marguerite Courtot is twentythree; she's still Mlle. Courtot. June Caprice is not married, either; and Mary Pickford doesn't wear a wig. Very nice of you to say those things.

Ima Lyteilite, Orange, Cal.-You don't ay! You pronounce it Lie-tell, with accent on the tell. You may say "Baby" Daniets if you want to-she doesn't object; but the real pronunciation is Bec-bee. H. R. Macy was DeForrest Young and Harold Lockwood Frederick Graves in "Tess of the Storm Country." That was one of Little Mary's

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melancholy，never over－tired．Always she radiated that magnetic force the world calls charm．From the many suitors who surrounded her，she chose the man she loved．The care of children and a house． hold，that came with the
dimmed her radiant charm．
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## You will tearn，nt once，n number of pimpled effective things how to attract，interest and flective things how to attract，intcrest and ating e；es－nnd how to make people serrive to please you．You know the charm of beautiful please you．You know the charm of beautiful expression．You will learn how to make your ought to be．And all the time your mind and body will be arowing in thst dee，underlying ，

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# Questions and Answers 

（Concluded）

Loretto，Onlo．－You cas you should th the want is＂The hic 11 at five－reeler which Charlic $-1 y$ is his bet picture has not yet been placed or re Clark in＂Let＇s Elope．＂Eugene OBren play＇ed with the same star in＂Come Out of the Kitchen．

Mildred，Martisixa．Fla－No．Corinne ；riftuth innt marricel to David Wark Grif－ fith，hut you certanly can ack original questions．That＇s an entircly new one on me．and I thought Id answered them all H．B．Warner in＂The Man Who Turned White．＂Albert Roscoe was Phillip Smith in＂Molly and I．＂lec－Mary Hay．now Mrs．Richard Barthelmess was the little dancer in the dug－out scene in Grifith＇s Hearts of the World．＂Dick wasn＇t in it． II is Hay has a much more important fart保

Billie and Frankie．－Has he marriecl asain？I really can＇t say－I haven＇t seen the evening paper yet．No，Wallace Reid＇s ：on Bill didn＇t play with his dad in＂Excuse My Dust．＂You mustn＇t belicve all those umors．None of them happens to be truc．
Odessa．－No no－Priscilla Dean never tarred in＂Lashlux．＂But you do read the advertisements．don＇t you．Odessa？Howard Ralston in＂Pollyanna．＂Alice Lake starred in Metro＇s＂Shore Acres．＂

A．M．D．，Denver．－Norma Talmadge lives in New York，not California．Write to her in care of her own studio．You will find all the addresses you want in ou： tudio Directory，which appears in every eve of Photoplay Magazlee．

G．B．，Visalia，Cal－－You say after wit－ nessing many regrettable historical errore it the films you wonder how soon some director is going to show the battle of Thermopylae where 300 Grecks defeated the huge Persian army with a iew machine guns．Thanks or your letter．

Olive Thomas Ammirer，Supirior，W＇is－ W⿵⿰丿⿺⿻⿻一㇂㇒丶𠃌灬丶 are using a full－page portrait of Miss Thomas in this issue It is one of the latt portraits for which she posed and her favor－ ite of all her many pictures．You may care In cut this out．Write to Selznick，$i=0$ Sev enth Avenue，New York，about getting an original．
e P．，Salt lake City－Thats all right old fellow．Don＇t feel so sorry for me I me how hard I an working．Shirley Ma－ on is married to Bernard Durning．Korma Talmadge is Mrs．Joseph Schenck．Gladys Brockwell was divorced from Rohert Broad－ well and Harry Edwards－on different oc－ casions，you understand．William Russell， For western．

$$
\because \mathrm{ONt} \text {-Tack Dempey }
$$ made one cerial for lathe．A－forr as that company knows he i－n＇t going to make any more．Never can tell，though．lither Georges Carpenticr or Jack is gening to be a hig drawing－card one of these daye．II B Warner，Hotel．Hollywnod，Cal．

1ms Visar－Fom are mot．Heary vampo are out of date，any how The wit sweet roung thinge who liph both vocalty and op－ ircally have my wote，Constance Binney i ＇wenty one atcordin＇，to me tatitios．Fonire． ir siter，is at vear or en vounges

Gerald．－You a：k if it was a dimmy tlat was thrown from the airplane in that serial I wouldn＇t be surpried Takes a better ciunt than that to git a rise out of you．doesn＇t it，Gerald

M F S．Kextox，Ohio．－The more you Write the worec sour writing gets，you think lou have written me a good many letters．haven＇t you；I thought as much Tom Noore is divorced from Nice Joyce． she is now Mrs．James Resan．Jr．Little Alice Joyce Moore spend half the year with her mother and the other half with her dad．Here＂s the cazt for＂The Woman Thou Gave－t Mc＂：Mary Mc．Veill，Kather－ ine MacDonald；Lard Kaa．Jack Holt．Dar－ iel McNeill．Thendore Robert－；Martin Com－ rad．Milton Sills：Alma Lier．Fritzi Bru－ nette．Hugh Ford directed this Hall Caine stury for Paramount－Artcraft \liss Mac－ Donald is now a Fir：t \ational star．

B．K．Iola，Kasiste．－Some wives are so con－iderate．When a husband is late for dinner his wife immediately makes it hot for him．Always be good to your husband． Bertha．Niver give him the cold shoukler Frank Mayo is still starring for Universal． ＂Hitchin＂Posts＂is his latest．June El－ dridge＇s most recent screen appearance was in＂The Law of the Vukon，＂for Realart． She played in a musical comedy．＂The Cirl in the Spotlight，＂in I．V．C．．but did not accompany the show when it started on tour． Rosemary Theby isn＇t married．Narie Wal－ camp．Üniversal City．Cal．

A Girls Citb－Charles Dickens used to wear a sky－blue overcoat with red cuffis Alas！I am not a Dickens－althoush 1 fre－ quently raise it－so cannot indulge my pas－ sion for vivid ties．Here＂s the cast of＂The Long Lane＇s Turning＂：Harry Sezier Henry Walthall：Cameron Craig．Jack Rich－ aldsnn：Paddy，the Brick，Harry OConnor： Bezerly Allen，Joe Dowling；Echo Allen，Mars Charleson：Goicernor Eicland，Ralph Lewis： Charlotte Allen，Vera Lewis；Tire Judge Melbourne McDowell；Jubilee，Willian De Visul．

M．B．M．．Chicaco－Stars do not always Irve their own cars in their plays．But it may thrill you to know that the motor W＂ally Reid drixes in＂Always Audacious＂is his very，very nwn．If you lonk closely you may even see him name on the donr．Tom Moore is with Goldwyn，Culver City

M．M．．Mamputs．－A lot of alliteration lately：（And there $I$ go！Mildred Harris Chaplin isn＇t divorced from Charles at this writing．To save me I can＇t keep up with the matrimonial affairs of that celehrated couple．Fra Novak is now a Universal star： her fret film for them is＂Wanted at Head－ quarters．＂She＇s Jane＇s sister Olive Thomm＝ passed away in France．Funeral crobce， were held in New lork when her husband， Jack Pickincl．brousht back the body of the much－beloved litile star to this country Everyme who knew Olive Thomas loved her

Fouktexi．Soliervilye－ 1 enod lether inurs．Peasy Carturicht wis the litt girl who played whth Reter Blythe in＂The ＂Third Cencration＂Porothy Daltons may be rewhed care Paramount Kishe now she is plavine in＂ A phrodite＂durine that spec tadees sum in Cheako，hut the is still under contract to Paramount and will come back to New Vork－onn to resume picture work Sn sou recomed a two yeare subecription to Pnotory is as a birthedy preath congrat ulations 1


# 132 <br> Photoplay Muhzive - Anderthinc; Sechos <br> <br> WHEN <br> <br> WHEN THE THE LICHTS ARE 

 LICHTS ARE}
and all withir is snug and cozy despite the howling wind and drifting snow without when sparklisg eyes reflect the firelight's glow, and the lilt of melody tingles through our veins - then do we know the sweet thrill of real companionship, when soul meets soul on that blessed plane of mutual understanding to which music opens the way. And of all music, there is none so intimately, humanly appealing as the silvery voices of

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[^3]:    Thora, Bedford.-Robert Louis Stevenson has said-in other words-that no art produces illusion; that when we are in a theater we never forget that it's all a plav.

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     slimgeblana school of music. Inc. Degl. 42 chicago, ile.

[^5]:    

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[^7]:    "Accept my congratulations on your wonderful picture. 'TIIE VIRGIN゙ OF STAMBOL II. opened to most tremendous business Sunday and has continued wonderfully all thru the week. Have been unable to liandle the crowds at evening performances."

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[^11]:    Him undo it if He can!'

[^12]:    "And Tom is an awfully good husband, isn't he?" I asked jokingly.
    "But I've kept an awful ,secret from him all this time just the same," Lola said. "It was really the dress, and not I at all. For I made that dress myself just after I had

[^13]:    Please ornd hy return mat my cany on "A Road in Rigger Thinge" ingether with entpiete intormation

[^14]:    Dept. G-771, Drexel Ave. and 58th Street, Chicago

[^15]:    1z9y Goldumn Islide.. St. Mam, Minn.
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    - Mary r Goldman. 1797 Ooldman Bias. st. Paul. Minn.

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[^19]:    

[^20]:    Name.

[^21]:    First Hawalian Conservatory of Music, Inc.
    233 Broadway

[^22]:    McCoy's reply was a lighting-like right to the jaw. The challenger went down, completely out for at least a double count of ten. McCoy stepped quickly over to the manager to put himself at his service, and to explain.

    But the "patient" was left tottering and bewildered, above his would-be annihilator.

    Presently that gentleman opened his eyes.
    "What happened to me?" he said weakly.
    The little drunken man smiled a wry smile and wobbled more than ever. He doubled up a pair of small fists.
    "You lie right where you are," he threatened, "or I'll do it again!"

[^23]:    

[^24]:    R. R. Stkulorll - lou like the Korma Talmadge inshom articles? So do a great many girls. I sometumes wish I were ot the feminime peratasion when I read what Norma has to say She make shopping suth a eory delightiful diverion. indecd. Write is Corma care her own studion-addres siven in our Studio Dirctory

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